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## WALKING WITH THE SPEAKING GOD

### 1. My Yearning Heart

There was nothing unusual about me as a child. With my little round face and bright hazel eyes framed by dark brown hair, I looked like any other little girl on the block. That was, on the outside. On the inside, there was a difference. A great hunger to know God and to hear His Voice burned in my little heart.

I remember, at the age of five, lying on the grass one Sunday afternoon after attending Sunday School with my parents. I looked up at the sky and vocalized my longing: “God, I wish I had lived when Moses lived because he heard Your Voice and could tell the people what You said. I wonder if You still love us. I know Jesus loved us, but it’s been such a long time since He was here. I wonder if You *still* love us. There is no one now who hears You speak to tell us if You still love us.”

My heart was like that of another child’s of whom I had heard. She asked her Grandma, “Tell me what God looks like. I’ve forgotten.”

This unspoken desire to hear God speak governed the course of my life and has proven to be the source of my deepest joy. “The Speaking God” has put it upon my heart to share publicly some of the experiences I have had **walking with the speaking God**.

### 2. Many Mountains to Cross

At the height of the Great Depression, my family were living in Surrey, British Columbia, Canada. With six (later, seven) little mouths to feed, and unemployment rampant, my Dad looked for a place to move where he could find steady employment.

He had read a glowing report of a town called Edson, in the foothills of the Rockies in Alberta and my parents de-

ecided to move there. They found there were “many mountains to cross” before they would find a new home.

To prepare for the long trip across the mountains, my Dad, George Collin, had to be very innovative. There was no way they could afford to stop at motels on the way (if there were any!) He would have to make his own provision for shelter for his family. Years later he told me he believed that he had constructed the first camper on the back of a truck. My response was: “You could have been rich! Why didn’t you market your invention?”

His simple answer said it all: “No one could afford to take holidays in depression times!” The truck box was loaded with a tent and supplies and four precious children. Baby Elaine, at four months of age, sat on her mother’s lap in front and Lloyd, a toddler, snuggled up to his daddy who was driving. There was an opening to the truck box so we could talk back and forth to each other.

The plan was to cross over into the United States at Vancouver and use their northern highway because our Highway 3, the Crowsnest Pass Highway, was still under construction and was not yet open to the public.

In 1927, America’s Great Northwest was still sparsely populated. When we arrived at the U. S. border, the customs officer asked if we’d be interested in settling in the United States. My mother is from United Empire Loyalist stock who left North Carolina during the War of Independence in 1776. They chose to remain loyal to their “mother country.” Canada offered free land and free seed so her family took ship to Nova Scotia. (This explains how we became Canadians. And it also explains why every time I would be in North Carolina, I’d feel like I had “come home.”)

With a background like this, my mother, when asked if they would like to settle in America, stood as tall as she could and declared, in no uncertain terms: “Not on your life.” (Actually, those are probably not the exact words she used, but that’s what she meant).

The customs officer pulled himself up to his tallest stature and addressed my Dad; “Sir, you may come through with all your children and the dog, but that woman will have to stay behind!”

We laugh at that now, but it was very serious business at the time. Now they had no choice but to take the treacherous, unfinished Canadian road through the Rocky Mountains in July of 1927.

It was during this trip that we saw the mighty Hand of God watching over us in a remarkable way. The road was rocky with steep ravines, no guard rails and few shoulders or turn-offs at the side of the road. From time-to-time my parents would see a vehicle that had left the road and fallen down a deep ravine. It was enough to make one shudder and wonder if he would share the same fate!

Then, our testing time came! We came to a place where a rockslide covered the road in front of us. There were no big boulders, just small rocks that made the road slope to the edge. Should a vehicle try to move across, there was a great danger that the loose rocks would move and propel them over the edge of the steep road to their deaths. You can be sure that my parents prayed. There was nothing to go back to. They must keep on!

Dad spoke to the children and the dog, “Be very still and quiet now.” He edged the truck forward by inches. The rocks rolled beneath the wheels, but the vehicle stayed on an even course, defying all the laws of nature, until it was safe on the other side of the slide.

My Dad stopped the car and the whole family drew a collective sigh and I’m sure that those who were old enough to do so, lifted a prayer of thanks to God!

Near the journey’s end, my family wheeled into the city of Calgary, after dark. They parked on the side of the street and didn’t set up their tent that night. All of the family squeezed into bed in the little truck camper which my Dad had nicknamed “Wandering Willy.”

They awoke in the morning to the sound of many voices close-by. They decided it was time to get up and investigate what the stirring was all about. They had no idea that they had parked on McLeod Trail, one of the main arteries of the city. The people, on their way to work, had stopped to examine this strange little house on the back of a truck. The crowd watched, wide-eyed, as father, mother, six children, and a dog emerged from the tiny home on wheels. I don’t know if they cheered out loud, but I’m sure they did so in their hearts!

Years later when I was on the mission field in Canada’s North, I was feeling very lonesome for my family and wishing they would keep in closer touch with me. We didn’t even have a phone through which I might hear their familiar voices from time-to-time. I felt alone and forsaken. Suddenly, the Speaking God brought before me the incident of our deliverance on that memorable day on the mountain road. He said, “I delivered all of your family for your sake, for I purposed to use you and I would allow nothing to thwart My plan for your life.” Instantly, every cobweb of loneliness and feeling of lack of love evaporated as if it had never been! My God loved me and had a plan for my life! How could I be downcast when my life had both promise and purpose in Him!

### **3. A Smorgasbord**

The Spirit witnesses to me that this book will be a smorgasbord of my life experiences. A smorgasbord is a Swedish buffet lunch or supper made up of various courses and foods. That is what I’ll be “serving-up” to you—a variety of my life experiences, not necessarily in the order in which they happened, but in the order in which the Spirit of the Lord brings them to my remembrance. I’m leaning heavily upon Him to show me what to share.

One morning, as I waited before the Lord, He spoke to my heart: “Did you not know that when My children’s will and way would be aligned with Mine, when their desires

would be no longer to please self, but to please Me only, that I would grant them the power **to speak for Me? I am a speaking God** Who speaks forth His will and desire and it is done. I shall have a “speaking people” who shall no longer struggle in their own strength and reasoning to do a thing, but will align themselves with My will and will speak it forth as I put it upon their hearts.

“My sons must be first partakers of my new fruit, the fruit of righteousness and obedience, so I say unto them, begin to walk in the Speaking Word that I put into your heart.” (end of prophecy).

The Holy Spirit truly is our Teacher, as the scripture says, and He is the very best Teacher! When He says something in words, it won’t be long before He will bring you into a ‘hands-on’ experience to learn how to *apply* that word. I call it “the Lord’s classroom followed by His lab.” The “lab” came with a call from a friend to take part in a funeral for her husband, a close friend of ours and a dedicated Christian. At first, I was reluctant to say “Yes” because I thought I wouldn’t know what to say at a funeral. When I prayed about it, the Lord gave me His one-sentence eulogy for this brother. It was, “He is a man who has a love for the Word.” I knew this was true and I rejoiced to hear the Lord speak it of him. Then, He said, “Tell the people **that I am a speaking God.**”

I pondered this. My friends had been out of the church system for years and believed like we did regarding walking in the kingdom of God and being made ready for the third feast—the Feast of Tabernacles. Their Baptist and Pentecostal friends would be there. Already they were chiding the wife, “Surely you’ll come back to church now that you’re alone.” She wanted them to know what she believed so that they would not continue to press her in this manner.

In the days preceding the funeral, the Lord dropped into my heart all that I should say. (And Bill was to do his

part). Although I knew all that He wanted me to say, I didn’t know the order in which to say it.

At one point during my address, I reached over and touched the casket and said: “Tony is not here. He has left his overcoat behind and we are going to put it into the ground today. But Tony is not here. He has gone into spirit. He is with the Lord. When a person gets saved, he must feel the drawing of the Spirit to cause him to desire to give his heart to Jesus. Everyone will acknowledge that. How then, is it, that after an initial encounter with the Spirit of Jesus, that you are expected to go the rest of your life until you die before you hear His Voice again?

“If you say you hear the voice of **the Speaking God**, even in some Christian circles, they are ready to call in the “white coats” and take you away. Should it be such a strange thing to hear from your Father when you are His child? My friend spoke to Him all of his life and at his passing, he simply continues the loving relationship they had in this life.”

A young man came to me during the reception to ask: “How could you change a room full of sad, mourning people into a group of joyful people in fifteen minutes?” I knew the words of **the speaking God** had given them hope and comfort! And no one has bothered my friend about going back to church. They had a little taste of what her “church” was like—“the Lord in the midst of thee—a holy temple.”

#### 4. A Moth-Eaten Pillar

As many children of that day, I was brought up to attend church regularly. My parents would take their “little tribe” to the United Church of Canada faithfully every Sunday. I learned the Bible stories and that is all they were—stories. I thought those must have been wonderful days to live in, but I didn’t see anything miraculous happening in our “everyday world.” The world seemed to go on apace without man giving much regard to the God of Creation. It was as if He

had entered into a long period of silence, and we were doing quite well on our own without Him, thank you!

I sang in the junior choir and when I was older, I was occasionally called upon to give the address when the minister was away. I marvel now at my audacity in standing at the pulpit and speaking for Someone I didn't even **know!**

My friend, Jimme, had a similar experience, for she shared: "The love of God is an awesome thing. To think of how long I acted out the way I was told to live for God but never really **knew Him** is amazing to me. At least, I guess I was obedient to what I knew." (unquote)

At the time, that didn't concern me, but at the age of 24 when I was teaching school in the Peace River country of the North, the God whom I didn't know, sent the Hound of Heaven, that blessed Holy Spirit, to follow at my heels. He was to dog my tracks until I was tired of ordering my own life and doing my own thing, and acknowledged my need of a Saviour!

For two years I was conscious of a deep drawing of the Spirit in my life (although I didn't know at the time what that was). I had a deep desire to know the Lord of glory and to have a personal relationship with Him. I wasn't even sure that was possible!

Being a determined "searcher" by nature, I began to search after God—in all the wrong places, of course. I read the Book of Mormon all the way through. I eagerly studied the booklets the Jehovah Witnesses left at my door. And then, someone sent me some writings from the Unity School of Christianity, which dealt me a hard blow. They talked of God as though He were a "force." I didn't want to worship a "force!" I wanted to have a warm, loving relationship with the One Who sent me here. You would be right to say that I was confused.

During this time, no Christian ever spoke to me about Jesus, or shared her faith with me. I tried a few other churches but failed to find His life there. By this time, my longing for Jesus had become intense. I was still attending

my liberal church which taught a "social gospel," and little of the Word.

My brother Lloyd told me that he and his wife had found good fellowship at the Pentecostal Church. I thought to myself, "I'll never go there." The ones who went there seemed to me to be a strange lot. But, a few Sundays later I had to "eat those words." Something happened one Sunday morning that made my husband and I late for church. That would be an embarrassment to us, for the folks filled the back pews first and the late-comers had to walk down the long aisle to the front with the eyes of the whole congregation upon them. It was like "walking the gauntlet."

Rather than endure that, I suggested we go to the Pentecostal Church. Maybe we could just slip in the back, unnoticed. We "pulled that off" quite well and felt a bit smug about it. That is, until the visiting evangelist got up to speak. I didn't at all like his message. It wasn't the comforting message I was used to hearing in my comfortable pew. To this day, I couldn't tell you what it was all about except to say that it seemed to be all about *me!* How could that be? I never saw this young man before and he certainly knew nothing about me!

The mystery that I didn't realize at the time was that the "faithful Hound of Heaven" had cornered me and brought me to a place where I had to hear what my true nature was like! I needed to hear that, for my Dad always implied that we did everything right, and about the rest of the people—well, he wasn't too sure about them! I had embraced his attitude and never realized it was **pride**, through and through. I wasn't too sure if I ever wanted to hear this man preach again but he said that he was going to pray for the sick that night and Jesus would heal them.

Heal them? That was a new thought to me. I'd never heard that Jesus healed today. My curiosity got the better of me and I determined to come back and see for myself if it was true that Jesus heals. To go a step further, I felt we'd

drive to the country and invite a friend who had cancer. If she was healed, I'd know for sure!

She jumped at the chance to have prayer for healing. Again, that night, the evangelist "read my mail" and described my nature to a "T"—a very disturbing thing to me. Then, he called for the sick to form a line. I watched very closely and noticed that sometimes he would speak over a person in a language I didn't understand. Later, I noted, those were the ones who were healed.

Our friend was instantly and wonderfully touched by the Lord. She was still raising small children and there were many things she had been unable to do. She couldn't even use an eggbeater, but after prayer she had no trouble with any of her household chores. She lived in health from that time on and raised her family until they were grown. Her daughter, the eldest of the family, worked for me at the time, and gave her life to the Lord when He healed her mother.

At that prayer service, when the invitation came to go to the front and repeat a prayer for salvation, I didn't hesitate for a minute. I rushed to the altar and gave my heart to Jesus, the One Who loved me and whose love I had been seeking for a long time. I was "born" strong. The next day I felt I had a complete change-of-heart—the things I had loved, I had no more regard for, and the things I had not desired seemed to me now to be very desirable.

I had received the life of God into my being. The Spirit of the Lord now indwelt me and I was His holy temple that was not made with hands. I now understood that the Lord indwelt, by His Spirit, all those who received Him. He didn't dwell in a building, but in the hearts of those who invited Him to come into their lives and take them over and teach them of His ways. I now realized that, up until that time, I had been "**a moth-eaten pillar**" of a religious system that had no life of God in its midst.

## 5. Baptism of the Spirit

I began to hear that there was a further experience in Christ called the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The scriptures said it would give you power to witness. I really needed that, so I began to hunger after receiving Him in this measure. I never saw anyone in the Pentecostal Church, where we now attended, receive the infilling of the Spirit, so I didn't know how to go about receiving Him. In addition, I had this "hang-up." I felt I wasn't good enough to receive something so holy from God.

I felt this way for some time until the thought came through, loud and clear, that I *never would merit this blessed anointing*. I had to *receive Him by faith*. And as for cleaning myself up, that was *His* work, not mine. I couldn't make myself acceptable by my own efforts. Once that was settled in my mind, I began to seek the Spirit diligently.

We spent some time in Calgary and attended a large lively Pentecostal Church there. I asked for prayer for the baptism of the Spirit. Three or four believers gathered around me and began to speak in languages I could not understand. I was so fascinated by this that I found myself listening to them rather than looking to the Lord. Naturally, nothing happened.

The next day I was home alone and decided I would pray for the Spirit. I praised the Lord for awhile and then I felt my lips moving in a strange way but no sound came out. The thought came into my mind that I needed to put some breath to the words that were in my mouth. When I did, a river of strange words poured from my mouth while a great sense of worship and wonder filled my soul. For the next two days I could hardly speak in English. I had earlier asked my husband to pick up some groceries and when he asked what I wanted, I couldn't put my mind on such mundane matters, so I answered, "Oh, get whatever you like!"

From then on, I began to know the Lord as my Teacher. I had very little spiritual instruction thus far, so my heart

was like a blank page, ready to be written upon. I didn't have much error to put off because I didn't know much. I did hear two doctrines in the church that my spirit refused to embrace and I didn't know why. Everyone else seemed to believe them. They were: the rapture, and everlasting punishment.

I learned too, that the power we would receive would not be simply to work miracles of healing. It was, first of all, power to die to our self-life and exchange it for His life. I wondered *why* the Lord would want my life, so He explained it to me this way: "It is a divine exchange—your life for My divine life." That sounded awesome to me and my heart agreed readily to those terms. I could see, though, that I was getting the best part of the deal!

The church we attended emphasized **sin, as in outward acts**, but never considered sin as self-will, self-serving, walking independently of God, "doing your own thing." The Spirit began to zero in on areas of my life that were unlike His nature. I was quite embarrassed by this for I thought "we did everything right." I found quite a large space between His ways and mine.

As a respite from teaching, I bought a small candy store in Edson, Alberta. All the young people came there for treats so I touched many young lives. One Saturday night I saw the town drunk go staggering up the street. In my heart I despised him and criticized him because of the life he lived. As soon as the thought was born, I heard another thought (from my *new mind, the mind of Christ*) say, "When he wakes up tomorrow morning, he may repent of his sin, and wish he didn't live like that, but ***you have never repented of your pride!***"

I felt like I had been taken to the woodshed by my Father and it really smarted! That was the beginning of seeing myself as God saw me—it was hard to acknowledge the weaknesses of my humanity, but when I repented of them, the Lord cleansed me and it felt wonderful to be clean!

One day I found that the meaning of the word "witness" was "martyr". All the lights went on! We were given power to deal with our self-life, and to lay it down as a martyr would his physical life. I compared this to what some churches do. As soon as a person is saved, they equip him with tracts and send him out to save the lost. He has the seed of Christ's life within him, but he hasn't learned to yield up his self-life, or to hear the Lord's Voice which would lead and guide him as a *living martyr*. He hasn't been given time to grow, but is sent out as a babe to win other babes.

## 6. Gifts of the Spirit

For several years I attended the Pentecostal Church and went along with its program. Then, the Hound of Heaven appeared again to nip at my heels to leave familiar pastures and to press on to the highlands and mountains of the Spirit.

"There was a man sent by God" and he came to our home to see if we would like to attend his teaching on the gifts of the Spirit. We had never heard that the Lord had any gifts for us. We thought only of going to heaven when we died. Of course, I wanted to know about His gifts! The teaching was to be given in a home about 100 miles away. It was impossible for me to attend, for my baby was too young to take any distance.

I felt so badly! I wanted to know **all** that the Lord had for me. After a few days, the thought came to me to ask the brother to hold the meetings at our home and bring all the people to stay with us. He said he'd do that because he saw how hungry I was.

I can't remember how many came. I just know that we met some saints who were a delight to know and established some lasting friendships. When I heard the teaching on the gifts of the Spirit from I Corinthians 12, I was utterly amazed. I described myself as "a stunned apple." To think that the Lord had such marvelous gifts of utterance, heal-

ing, and discerning of spirits, and no one had told us about them, put a big question -mark in my heart. *Why* were they kept hidden from God's people? First, in the United Church, salvation by faith was hidden. Now, in the Pentecostal Church, spiritual gifts were kept hidden. Was there a conspiracy here, or what?

The prophetic gifts flowed through me readily once I realized they were *for me*. A brother who attended my church challenged me. "Elaine," he said, "if the Lord moves on us to prophesy in the service, would you have the courage to do it?"

I considered this briefly. "Well, if the Lord wants to speak to His people, who am I to refuse Him?"

The following Sunday we stepped into the mystical arena of prophetic utterance. You could have heard a pin drop when we stood and spoke a word of prophecy. There were no "Amen's" or other signs of approval—only a stony silence greeted the words which we knew were inspired by the Holy Spirit. They were words of exhortation and edification but the people didn't know that. They had never been taught.

The pastor was far from silent. After the service he called us to remain. We felt like errant schoolboys who were being sent to the principal's office. We didn't get three straps on each hand, but we were told, in no uncertain terms, that if we ever prophesied in church again, our Sunday School class would be taken away from us. You see, the pastor had never prophesied, so he couldn't allow us to manifest some gift he didn't have! How pitiful it is to let pride stand in the way of spiritual growth!

My husband and I considered our options before the Lord and told the pastor we would leave rather than deny what we had received from the Lord. That caused him to near-panic and he confessed he might leave the ministry if we left. (We were steady tithers and could always be counted on for help). He would miss our support. But we had spied a glimpse of a heavenly spiritual realm that we

never dreamed existed and we could not turn back. We must press on to those higher hills we saw in the distance!

### **7. Flee the System!**

This sharing consists of a writing by Jackie Caporaso, a friend from Florida who writes kingdom teachings. She addresses this to picture much more ably than I could. Quote:

"The system will kill anyone that stands in the truth, yet God has ordained a day when He will send life back into His witnesses and they will go forth in the true image of God and destroy the false. Jesus explained by way of a parable, *"A man planted a vineyard and set a hedge around it, dug a place for the wine vat and built a tower. And he leased it to the vinedressers and went into a far country."* (Mark 12:1)

"Jesus was saying, 'This is what I did. I planted the seed that would bring forth the vine of God's life in the earth. I set in all in order so that it would grow and I built a safety tower to guard it. That tower is not as Babel which represents man's confusing ways of reaching God. That tower represents the true anointing that opens our ears and our understanding to the voice of God. That anointing comes through the Holy Spirit and speaks to us the things that we need to hear from Him'.

"Then Jesus explains, 'I went into a far country and I was no longer visible to the natural eye. One could only reach Me through the Holy Spirit. At first, you found Me in the literal written Word. Then you found Me in the gifts and manifestations of the Holy Spirit and that was new life.

"The purpose of it all was to lead you and teach you to hear My voice....for I am alive forevermore. I am not as other gods who can only communicate through doctrines of men; I am alive and speak to you through the Spirit. I make you to hear My voice and understand My ways.

"In times past, we were sent to the vinedressers who reject the true servants of God. We may not have realized this because we thought we were part of them. But when

the Lord began to speak to our hearts and we told them what we heard, they rejected us. However, when they rejected us, they rejected Him.

*“They took him and killed him and cast him out of the vineyard. Therefore what will the owner of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the vinedressers, and give the vineyard to others. Have you not read this Scripture: The stone which the builders rejected has become the chief cornerstone? **This was the Lord’s doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes ?” (Mark 8:11)***

“Jesus will repossess His vineyard and those who have rejected Him will lose their place in His kingdom. They have been acclaimed and recognized as the leaders of God’s people. They have held a place of prestige and power among the masses. They have been in charge. But when the True came among them, they quickly threw Him out because he was a great threat to them. He was about to reveal their works of darkness and dethrone them.

“Paul admonished the church, *“But put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill its lusts.”* Romans 13:14. Beloved, this is what has happened to all of us. When we put on the Lord Jesus Christ, we were violently rejected by the establishment because we became the light that could uncover their darkness.

“When we put on the Lord Jesus Christ we become a threat to the works of darkness. When we put Him on we are as He is in the midst of them and we find ourselves rejected as He was, and this too, is the will of God.” (Unquote)

### **8. Afraid of His Voice**

Even though we were now out of the church system, we were not out of fellowship with God’s people. We found a people, like David’s motley band, who were disgruntled, disillusioned and discontented with the church system as it is today. The church called them “backsliders” but I recognized that they were those who wanted a more intimate walk with the Lord. They were tired of cold ritual and

form. They wanted to hear God’s Voice and to walk with Him. They wanted to know *the Speaking God*.

Many Christian are unaware that there is a “third” great move in the earth today. Up until now we have had the two main divisions of Catholic or Protestant and a person fitted into one or the other. Now, there is a “third wave” that doesn’t fit in either category. These are the ones who have left the system of religion because the Spirit of the Lord was teaching them and the traditional pastors and elders could not receive the truths that were being revealed to them. It was not *new* truth, but truth that had been hidden or obscured which the Lord was revealing to those who would hear His Voice.

I began to be aware that the main issue was hearing the Voice of God. The traditional church was obviously afraid of anyone who claimed to hear the Voice of the Lord! How did the church come to this state? Certainly the life of the apostle Paul, whose example is set before us, shows us that he was led constantly by the Spirit. What makes us think we don’t need to be led by the Spirit today? The answer is to be found in Exodus, Chapter 19, that tells of the first Pentecost. It was held at Mount Sinai in the wilderness after the children of Israel had left Egypt. It is a type and shadow of what has happened in this Pentecostal Church Age.

The Lord told Moses to prepare the people, for on the *third day* the Lord would come down and speak with them. Did the people want to hear His Voice? In a way they did, but they were afraid. They said, “If God speaks to us, we will *die!*” I never could understand their reaction. Why didn’t they want to hear God’s Voice? Surely He wouldn’t kill them! But I read on and found that it was true that God had said, in Exodus 33:20, “Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me and live .”

Taken at face value, in a literal interpretation, it sounds like God is very austere, perhaps even cruel. He calls us His children and then tells us we’ll *die* if we look at Him!

He doesn't *sound* like a loving God, One with whom we could be intimate.

In the account of Jacob wrestling with the Man in Genesis, Chapter 32, Jacob exclaims, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." We see that there are conditions to seeing God's face. I understand this term to mean *knowing his nature*. Jacob did not give up wrestling with this Man. He said, "I will not let You go unless You declare a blessing upon me." The Amplified Bible puts it this way: "***And [in shock of realization, whispering] he said, Jacob—supplanter, schemer, trickster, swindler!***" When Jacob acknowledged the truth about his nature, the Lord gave him a new name. No longer was he to be known as a supplanter, but as Israel, a contender with God. And we, too, when we acknowledge our state before God, will be changed into His likeness and have a change of nature! This is the condition for seeing His face!

And, when Jacob asked His name, He would not tell him. You see, Jacob had to acknowledge his self-nature before he could know God's nature. Men can believe horrible things about God because they don't know His nature. I judge all things in the light of what I know of His nature. I say, either, "That sounds like my Father", or "That doesn't sound like my Father" because I know something of His nature. So, we may see His face and know Him **when we have seen our own state.**

The children of Israel must have felt He was an austere, fearful God, for when He came down upon the mountain to speak to them, all the people trembled. Then, when "all the people saw the thunders, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking:.....they removed and stood afar off." (We could say, "They ran from God.")

"And they said unto Moses, speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, **lest we die.**" (Exodus 19: 20:18-19)

They didn't understand what kind of death God was referring to. He didn't mean "to die" as if your life expired and you were buried in a grave. No! This is a spiritual reference to dying to your self-life, that life that we inherited from Adam that is natural, carnal, and *self-serving*. The Lord wanted us to understand that we could not **know His nature**, or "see" Him as He is, until we would permit His Spirit to put to death our *self-life* that is opposed to the life of God. No doubt the Israelites never thought of themselves as living for self, for were they not "chosen?" Today, most Christians have the same attitude. And, I've learned from experience, if you get close to God, close enough to hear Him speak, you *will die*. He will begin to show you your self-life and when you yield it up, then you are able to "see God!"

So, the Israelites moved backward at His Voice. Perhaps some even ran. I've been in meetings where individuals ran out because the Spirit was moving and they were afraid. He was coming too close to their comfort zone.

What a quandary! God comes down to speak to His people and they run away from Him and tell Moses, "***Speak to us yourself and we will listen. But do not have God speak to us or we will die.***"

We have here a shadow or type of what the Pentecostal Age (from the cross until now) would be like. God "came down" by His Spirit on the Feast of Pentecost and His people were afraid to hear His Voice. They said, "Let the pastor hear from God and we'll do whatever he says." Though His people have received His Spirit, they are still afraid to hear His Voice. If they *do* hear it, He will deal with their self-life so that He might make them like Himself. Isn't that what the Christian life is all about, after all? That's what God said in the beginning: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness....." (Genesis 1:26)

Bill Combs, a friend, had come into a place where he heard the Voice of the Speaking God. One night he felt to share at church the things of his self-life that the Lord was

plucking up and tearing down. He was rejoicing to have it so, and expected that other believers would rejoice to hear it.

His testimony was greeted with stony silence. No “Amen’s” were heard among the congregation. After the meeting, they discussed how “poor old Bill” had backslidden and had publicly confessed all his sins. They missed the point entirely because they had never seen His Face nor heard the Speaking God reveal their self-nature and give them His power to be cleansed and to rise above it.

Why, then, was Moses able to go up into the cloud and commune with God? The Speaking God had been dealing with Moses’ self-life for many long years until the Bible calls him “the meekest man on earth.” I doubt he was *born* meek! He didn’t act very meek when he slew the Egyptian. He was *made meek* by the Hand of the Speaking God upon his life. He learned to take his instructions from the Speaking God and was able to appear before His Face.

Would to God that every church leader had the spirit of Moses in our day! When a young man ran to Moses to report that “Eldad and Medad prophesied in the camp, but they *went not out unto the tabernacle* (they didn’t come to church!), what did Moses say? “Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that **all** of the Lord’s people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon the m!”

Yes, we who have left the system (the tabernacle) know that those in charge love to “play Moses” and encourage the people to hear from God through them. They have taught the people to *fear His Voice*. They should take heed to I Corinthians 12:1, “Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, *I would not have you ignorant (without information).*”

### 9. The Lord’s Answer

I didn’t have any idea how big this dying-to-self was. I thought the Lord was just dealing with a few character flaws and then all would be well. I didn’t understand that

He was going to bring every part of my being into alignment with His nature and will.

First, He had quickened and made my *spirit* alive. Once that connection had been made, I was able to contact the realm of His Spirit. The next step was to deal with my *soul*. Some of the early writers refer to “the long, dark night of the soul.” I didn’t know what that meant until it happened to me. It was both long and dark (symbols of the absence of light or understanding, ignorance). Our soul is that part of us that orders our life until the Lord takes over and rules by His Spirit. I was going to learn this the hard way. The soul does not easily give up its control and rulership to the Lord.

We need to understand what happened in the Garden of Eden if we are to understand what the Lord is doing with us now. Before the temptation, Adam and Eve knew God’s Voice and communed with Him. It sounds like the Speaking God was their portion. We could safely say that the spirit within them was alive and well and was ruling in their lives. The Lord showed Jane Leade, a prophetess of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, that Virgin Wisdom, the female part of God, indwelt them. When they listened to the lies of the enemy and broke the one commandment that God had required of them, Virgin Wisdom departed from them. They had believed the serpent’s lie that God was grudging and didn’t want them to be like Him, so they decided to be like Him through self-effort, independently of Him. Look around you! This is the prevailing attitude of the world of our day: they are doing their own thing! Being their own god!

The **spirit** of man, which had been ruling Adam through the power of Virgin Wisdom, fell into a dormant state which the scriptures call “death.”

From that time on, the **soul** rose to rule. Man expresses himself through the soul by means of his mind, will, emotions, affections and desires. When man chose to rule himself and to make himself like God, **by self-effort**, we see

the appearance of the carnal, natural man. His appearance bears the marks of the tempter, the one who seduced them to follow his ways of self-serving. *This* was their fallen state which Adam passed down as the inheritance of every child that has been born.

Look around you and see if man has been successful in making of himself a god. There have been many self-proclaimed gods who have ruled with cruelty and oppression. Their natures have been far from the nature of the One Who is Love.

Shall the world continue on in this thralldom of change and decay and evil men waxing worse and worse? Is the Lord helpless to restore mankind? The answer to both questions is an emphatic “No!” The Lord definitely has a plan to *restore* all mankind, not only to the original glory they had in the garden, but to bring them into the image and likeness of Himself. This was His stated purpose from the beginning. “And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness...” Adam and Eve were untested and untried, but after 6000 years of permitting man to try, through self-effort, to be like God, the Lord is going to intervene on the Seventh Day, the Day of the Lord, even our present day, and turn things around.

How is He going to do this? Most pastors would tell you that Jesus is coming to rule in a restored temple in Jerusalem and He’s going to bring the whole world under His control and dominion. And He has the power to “back it up!”

Those who have been walking with the Speaking God have heard otherwise from His divine councils. To those who have surrendered their wills and ways unto Him, He has revealed His great plan of restoration in the Seventh Day in which we live.

His plans are usually so simple and seem to man to be so feeble, that mankind wonders if they could possibly work. Who would ever send forth a *choir* to sing praises on the way to meet the enemy? Who would send a young

*lad* against a giant, armed and fierce? I could go on. The Lord’s ways are always in such great simplicity as to seem almost laughable to His creation. Think of Gideon’s small army. After all the mighty warriors had been sent home, 300 men were sent forth with only empty earthen pitchers with torches inside and a trumpet in their hands. They were to meet a mighty host without any weapons! How foolish to man’s eyes, but what a mighty deliverance God wrought in His “foolish ways.”

Now; in our day, He is again about to do something *most foolish* (to our eyes)! He is going to take a small number of people whom He refers to in the Word as the “remnant.” He tells us about them in **I Corinthians 1:24-29: “But to those who are called, whether Jew or Greek (Gentile), Christ [is] the power of God and the wisdom of God. [This is] because the foolish thing [that has its source in] God is wiser than men, and the weak thing [that springs from] God is stronger than men. For [simply] consider your own call, brethren; not many [of you were considered to be] wise, according to human estimates and standards; not many influential and powerful; not many of high and noble birth. [No], for God selected—deliberately chose—what in the world is foolish to put the wise to shame, and what the world calls weak to put the strong to shame.**

**“And God also selected—deliberately chose—[what] in the world [is] lowborn and insignificant and branded and treated with contempt, even the things that are nothing, that he might depose and bring to nothing the things that are; So that no mortal man should (have pretense for glorying and) boast in the presence of God.” (Amplified).**

This remnant whom the Lord is calling comes from all walks of life, from many races, of both men and women, none of whom consider themselves as “some great ones.” They are like David’s band. They are dissatisfied with Saul’s rule and are willing to follow David (a type of

Christ) outside the camp, bearing His reproach. Saul will hound them and speak against them but they will remain true to David who will, with these humble followers, bring in the kingdom which will extend over *all Israel* (all His people).

This is the pattern! The Lord is calling out a remnant people and is dealing with the rule of the *soul* in them until they are willing to have the *spirit* rule. The soul must become submissive once again to the Spirit as it was in the beginning.

It is through this people, little in their own eyes, but mightily trusting the Speaking God in their lives, that God will not only restore mankind but bring them, each man in his own order, into His nature. These are His secret plans, formed in the council chambers of His own heart, for the good of mankind. This is His “final solution”, that through a yielded people, He would show forth His nature and power so that man could not resist His loveliness and beauty of character. It will be Christ living and manifesting Himself through a yielded, cleansed people that will be the answer to humanity’s sorry plight. Those who are called unto this know who they are and are awed at what the Spirit is doing in their lives. They know His plan and know that they are the weapons that He will use to break down the enmity of man against Him and against hearing the Voice of the Speaking God!

### 10. I Meet the Healer

The school term started out quite uneventfully in the fall of 1959 and I was enjoying the class I was teaching. Like a bolt from the blue I was stricken with leukemia and was confined to my bed. I was not encouraged to go to the hospital for there was no treatment for this dreaded disease at that time. As I looked death in the face, I felt that my world had fallen in upon me. My three-year-old son, Stephen, needed his mother!

My friends prayed diligently for me, but I had no faith to be healed. They might as well have been reciting the alphabet, for my heart was unmoved. Eventually, I realized that I needed to take a hold of God for myself. I knew He could heal, for He had answered prayer for others through me. I just wasn’t sure He could heal anything this serious. My prayer was: “Quicken your Word to me that I might take faith to be healed.” I needed a personal revelation!

The Lord honored my request, but not in the way I had expected. He first showed me my heart and I was shocked at what I saw there. He said, “You have been ashamed of Me.” I wanted to protest and deny it, but the Lord brought before me one incident after another where I would “pick and choose” whom I would pray for on the basis of how they would treat me. If I felt I would not suffer any persecution, I’d gladly consent to pray, but if I was in danger of being called some mocking name, I would find some way to refuse their request. I didn’t see that I was preserving self!

The Lord spoke further, “I want to use you for My purposes and I cannot use you with this in your life.” This word from my Father brought me to great repentance and with tears I made a firm dedication of My life to serving Him and His people, no matter what “self” had to suffer!

Within a few days He quickened three scriptures to me and I was no longer in doubt that He would heal me. The verses were:

**Isaiah 53:5, “But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.”** I thought, “Oh, it’s already done, then. It was said to be done before Jesus even died on the crosses!”

**I Peter 2:24, “Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.”** And here, the Word confirms the prophecy that Isaiah had about being healed by the stripes the Lord suf-

fered on the cross. My one remaining doubt was, “Would He heal this terrible scourge that was devouring my life’s blood?”

The next verse settled it for me: **Psalm 103:3, “Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.”** I knew that all my sin and iniquity had been removed by Christ’s sacrifice, so I had to believe the rest of the verse.

My husband called for our faithful friends to come and pray for me, but none were available. He phoned a friend 200 miles away who had the gifts of the Spirit and he prayed for me over the phone. Since the Spirit is not limited by distance, His power was present to heal and I began to amend from that hour. Not only had my body been healed, but my soul had also been healed of a fault that had no place in me.

The Lord tested me in several ways to see if I would respond to His people by His Spirit, and no longer by self-preservation. The first test was with my doctor who had rejoiced at my recovery and acknowledged that it had been an answer to prayer. He told me that I could return to teaching whenever I felt strong enough—I didn’t need to see him any more. I had heard that the doctor’s wife, the mother of six children, was suffering from a serious form of cancer. The Lord told me to go to their home and offer to pray for her.

My first impulse was to voice my objections: “They are Catholic, and who am I to pray for a doctor’s wife?” I put down my objections firmly and went to the doctor’s home and offered to pray for his wife. He seemed genuinely pleased. She was in the hospital in a large city at the time so I prayed in the doctor’s presence and left. I heard later that she was well and was restored to her family.

In the second test, I was walking down the main street of our town when I passed an acquaintance sitting in her parked car. She waved to me and I waved back and kept on walking until I heard the Speaking God say, “Join yourself

unto this chariot.” That really got my attention and I came to an abrupt halt. I had assumed this lady was a Jehovah’s Witness because she had mentioned that they visited her a lot. “Okay, Lord, that’s fine by me. I’ll go and talk to her.”

Her face looked happy when I approached the car and she greeted me warmly. She came right to the point. “Oh, Elaine, the Jehovah’s Witnesses have been urging me to join them but I don’t feel right about doing that. I left the Catholic Church some years ago and I don’t know who is right. Would you please come and see my son and me and tell us about the Lord? We believe you have the truth. Please come soon!”

I could clearly see, in these two “test cases” that the Lord’s way was always best. I realized that my carnal mind had been raising objections to the work of the Spirit and the Lord truly needed to deal with my self-life (and of thinking that I always knew best!)

I went “soon” to see my friend and she told me: “There has been a lot of talk around town that you prayed for a man who was deaf and dumb from birth and the Lord healed him. I didn’t know whether to believe this report or not until recently. This man lives on my street and always smiles at me and sometimes makes a guttural sound in his throat when we meet. But, last week he stopped and wiped his brow and said, quite clearly: “Hot!” It was a hot day. That is why I called you to come. I felt that you knew God and my son and I both want to know Him too.”

Both of these hungry hearts received Jesus as their Saviour and the Baptism of the Spirit that evening. And I went home, marveling at the Lord’s ways and resolving afresh to walk in the Spirit rather than in my own understanding. I found that His ways are far more fruitful than mine!

After my healing, people started coming to our home for prayer and Bible Study. Our living-room was overflowing every Sunday without any advertising on our part. Once we ran out of chairs and brought in a block of wood for

someone to sit on. When a friend phoned to tell us they were bringing this deaf and dumb man for healing, my heart sank. “Lord, I don’t have faith for something like this!” I fled to my room and started to pray in the Spirit until my “well” was full and I knew it was a small thing for our big God to do!

This man was a well-known mechanic in town. He would start up a motor and put a metal rod on the engine and could tell from the vibrations how it was running. He was always friendly but he lived in a silent world.

And, so it was a small thing for his Maker to restore him! We just spoke to that “deaf and dumb spirit like they did in Bible days, and told it to leave in the name of Jesus, and it left. The man could hear even a whisper! We wanted to shout it from the housetops—well, at least put it in the local paper to the glory of God. The editor refused, saying, “This is too hot to handle.”

We began to teach our friend the words for different things. He’d drop by for tea and we’d work on increasing his vocabulary. One day when he was visiting, one of my family phoned me. He had heard all the rumors that were flying around town about this man being healed. (Some faithless Christians were saying that we had hypnotized him!) He reproved me for promoting this false report. My reply was, “It’s true. The Lord healed him. Actually, he’s here right now for a vocabulary lesson. Would you like to speak to him?” The phone became very silent at the other end and he said, “Goodbye” and hung up the phone. He never mentioned it to me again.

### **11. Workers Together with God**

Because our house was bursting at the seams with people, a core group of our “come-out” friends felt we should have a building in which to meet. We didn’t want to establish another “church.” We’d had our fill of that. We prayed and felt at liberty to go ahead and build a simple building. We had no building program nor did we take

pledges from the people. One donated the land, another lumber, and everyone, their labor and soon a very humble meeting place was erected. (No, we didn’t sit on blocks of wood!) We had no debt at the bank and we rejoiced at what God did when each gave what they could.

We didn’t even consider hiring a pastor. Different ones would bring a word as the Lord led and we’d always have ministry afterwards where everyone would take part. One of the most blessed sights was when a young lad of five or six prayed for my husband’s sore knee and the Lord healed him. We were wonderfully free and the Lord was free to move and to teach and to bless by His Spirit.

We noticed something remarkable happening. The people who came were so thrilled with Jesus that they couldn’t help but share Him with those they knew. They would bring people to the Lord and then bring them to the meeting place to meet the rest of the brethren and to learn more about the Lord. I felt this was the way it should be. People who hire a pastor are inclined to sit back and let him win the souls to Christ. That’s his job! Their witness is usually: “You really should come to my church and hear our pastor.” That is not a “drawing-card.” Much better that they should say, “Let me tell you about Jesus.” They have confidence in you as their friend, for you have shown that you care about them. They are more ready to hear the gospel at your lips than from someone they don’t know, in a public setting. So, this continued, people bringing others to the Lord and then bringing them into the assembly of the believers.

No one person was in charge. We had no hierarchy. A dedicated nucleus of believers were responsible for the affairs of our fledgling work. When we met to deal with business matters, we never *voted* on any matter—we *prayed* and moved in one accord. We had the feeling that the Lord was teaching us how the “church” should operate.

Bert and Irene Lind were part of the backbone of the work. Bert was the man who prophesied in the Pentecostal

Church the same day I did which resulted in both our families departing from organized Christendom.

Bert was a vacuum-cleaner salesman who went from door-to-door selling Electro-Lux vacuum cleaners. After receiving the gifts of the Spirit, Bert became their number one salesman. Let me tell you how he did that. I'm still shaking my head over the wonder of it all! When Bert would come to a home, he wouldn't start giving them a spiel about vacuum cleaners. No—he visited in a friendly manner and asked after their welfare. More often than not, there was someone in the home “standing in the need of prayer.”

Bert would pray for the need and often saw a miracle of healing transpire before his eyes. After a time of rejoicing together, the mother or father would ask what he was selling. (He hadn't even mentioned it yet!) “Whatever it is, we want to buy one,” they would often say. Now, have you ever met a Holy Ghost Salesman like that? When he put the needs of the people first, the Lord met his needs through no effort of his own. How do you like that?

Bert came to see us one day to tell us that a man by the name of James who lived in his town, came to tell him about a family who had lost their son and couldn't find him. It appeared that he was lost in the thick bush around the area of Marlboro. The police had searched for two weeks and finally gave up looking. His friend said, “This young man had been receiving treatment at the Ponoka Mental Health Hospital and had been discharged and sent home. Some months later the hospital sent him a letter. Of course, their return address was on the envelope. This troubled him greatly. Now everyone in this small town would think that he was crazy! How could he handle that? Apparently, he couldn't.

He took out his gun and told his folks he was going hunting, which was a common thing to do in that district and in that season. But, he never came back and his family were concerned that he had come to harm. When the police

called off the search for him, the family were very sorrowful. They needed to know what had happened so that they could have some closure. If he were dead, they wanted to give him a proper burial.

Bert went to the police and asked, “Is there any chance that you could resume your search for this young man? The parents are very distressed.”

Their answer was, “We're sorry, but we can't spend any more manpower on this case than we have. But, if you feel that you and your friends would like to look for him, you can feel free to do so.”

With that on his heart, he came to see me and we prayed and asked the Lord to show us where the young man was. The Speaking God, Who has a heart full of compassion, showed both of us a round patch of snow in a clearing, with the body of a man lying upon it. We knew that he was dead, but where was he? The Spirit dropped into my heart these few words, “Four miles north of Marlboro.” We felt we were really going out on a limb when we heard that! Bert believed it was the Lord and went to his friend James and asked him if he would join him in looking for the young man since the police wouldn't look any more.

James readily agreed and they set out. After walking a few miles, Bert told him what the Lord had shown us and how He had told us where we would find him. Well, James, an unbeliever, mocked and laughed and ridiculed the idea of God speaking to us. Bert didn't respond to this barrage of mockery, for he believed God had spoken to us. At the four-mile mark they came to a cut-line in the bush that was clear of trees. Bert felt to turn and walk down this clear space. He went only a short distance when he beheld with his natural eyes what he had seen in the Spirit with his spiritual eyes. He saw a man's body lying face-down on a patch of snow. He walked slowly back to his friend. “I guess we can go back now. I found him,” Bert said.

James replied with a great guffaw! “Yeah? I bet you found him! You're just full of baloney and can't walk any

further, that's all! Excuses! Excuses!" and more of the same. He continued to scoff and mock all the way back to where they had parked their car. Bert didn't protest but remained quiet.

When they got to town, he went directly to the police station where he said, "I found the body exactly four miles north of Marlboro, about ten yards left of the cutline, lying on a patch of snow."

James' jaw dropped down to his collar! He couldn't believe his ears! Hey, this guy must be telling the truth or he wouldn't be reporting it to the police. Wow! Maybe he's right about this "God-stuff!" No apology was forthcoming but his actions on Sunday morning revealed his change-of-heart. He appeared bright and early at the door of the meeting place with his wife and six children. They all gave their hearts to Jesus, "the Speaking God", that morning. James proved to be an outstanding convert, reliable in every way and a blessing to all.

The young man died by his own hand, for he couldn't bear the thought of what people might think of him. What a pity! The family, though sad, were relieved to be able to give their son a proper burial. Relatives came from near and far, even from the United States, to mourn the loss of this dear young man. We were invited to attend the funeral and to come to the home afterwards. The parents wanted to know how we found their son in one trip of searching when the police failed to find him in two weeks.

We had never met this family and felt we should not intrude upon them at such a time as this, but they wouldn't take "No" for an answer. They wanted to know how we had found their son!

We went to the funeral and to the parents' home where the family was eager for us to share. We introduced them to "The Speaking God" who loves His people and who gave Himself for them. Bert gave a simple gospel message and we prayed a "mass prayer" for all present who, after hearing our story, wanted to know Jesus. The Lord brought

glory unto Himself and their mourning was turned into laughter to learn that God was alive and well and would lead *them* and speak to *them* as well as to us. We have no idea of how far the ripples went from this solemn occasion!

## 12. Call to the Mission Field

Most people who go to the mission field feel a "call" to do so. I can't say that was the case with me. I wanted to serve the Lord in some meaningful capacity in appreciation for Him giving me back my life. When Joe and Pam (not their real names) came to visit us and told us about their work among the Indians and Eskimos in the far North, I felt I would like to help them. They had no mission board behind them and no certain income. They truly lived by faith. We were challenged to leave our jobs and learn to trust the Lord like that.

We believed the fledgling band of believers with whom we were associated would be in good hands if we left. A traveling pastor had come to town and wanted to be their pastor and they consented to that. I had noticed the ardor for soul-winning by the people had cooled off as they began to leave that to the pastor.

We felt a full liberty to go to the mission-field even though the pastor and an evangelist friend came to visit us with their Bibles under their arms. They quoted a number of scriptures that would seem to say that God was not in it; that we were being rebellious and more of the same. There was no way that we were going to be intimidated in this manner. *Peace* is the "umpire" and peace was saying all was well with our souls. We had no idea that the Lord was not particularly sending us there for the *people's sakes*, but for *our sakes*.

He had many things to teach us and had purposed to send us to "the boonies", to a very remote place where He would have us all to Himself. There wasn't even a road built to this town in the North West Territories. The only way in was to fly or go by boat, or to wait until freeze-up

and bump your vehicle over a rough bull-dozed trail through the bush and cross over frozen creeks. Ah, but God was there! There were no Job's Comforters there offering free advice and telling us we couldn't hear from God for ourselves.

### 13. The Teacher Arises

Up until now, whatever we had learned about doctrine had come from sitting at the feet of some man who knew more about the Bible than we did. That was about to change! Upon "burning our bridges behind us" and leaving for the mission field, we had, unknowingly, entered into a new phase in our spiritual growth. The Holy Spirit began to arise in our hearts to teach us, even as He had promised to do in **John 14:26**, "**But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatever I have said unto you.**"

We didn't realize how *badly* we needed His teaching and the ability to hear His Voice more clearly. Being able to prophesy was not sufficient for the task before us. We needed to be able to hear that still, small Voice saying, "This is the way. Walk ye in it." The Indians would come with some sob-story about a child in the hospital whom they must visit and asked if we would drive them the 16 miles to town. We always fell for "sob stories" until we noticed that they came home with a replenished supply of liquor. We knew God didn't send us there to help them when they ran out of beer, so we got desperate before God. Either we would hear His Voice more clearly or we'd pack it in and go home.

After this, when an Indian would come, we would ask him to wait in the porch. We ran and closeted ourselves in the one closet in that old, ramshackle house. We would cry aloud unto the Lord, asking Him to show us if this was a valid request or not. At first, we received no words, but when we compared notes, we both felt good about it in the spirit, or an absence of spirit-rising which we took to be

Yes or No. We acted on how we felt in the Spirit and we must have been getting it right, for word got back to us that the people were saying, "They're on to us. They can tell if we're lying!"

One day as I was crying aloud in the closet, I heard the Voice of the Lord (not in my *head*, but in my *heart*), saying, "There is no need to cry aloud. I am not a God that is afar off. I am nigh at hand." I guess I was praying loudly so the Lord would hear from heaven. I forgot that He was as close as my heart!

The next time I heard Him speak was when He dropped this verse into my heart: "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways" from James 1:8. This really got my attention because we had been praying about a certain Indian man who seemed to be the most trustworthy of them all. We had considered giving him a place of responsibility working with us. With this warning, which we didn't like to hear, we waited and watched, only to find his character was indeed double-minded.

I soon began to understand what it meant when He said He would "bring all things to **your remembrance**, whatever I have said unto you." Sometimes when we would pray about a matter, into our thoughts would come some incident from the Bible. At first we wondered, "Why am I thinking about *that*?" But, as we pondered it, we could see that it was very similar to the situation we were praying about. Or, perhaps He would bring to mind something we had experienced before, as if to say, "Learn from this lesson." When we understood how He teaches and guides us through incidents from the Bible and our own lives, we saw the truth of I Corinthians 10:11, "***Now all these things happened to them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world (age) are come.***"

The "key" word here is "ensample." It means "example, instruction, type, resemblance." The Lord is telling us that the way He dealt with those in Old Testament times and the

things that happened in their lives, were examples for us today, showing us the right way to walk. Many times the Lord would bring to mind an instance from the life of some Old Testament character that applied perfectly to the present-day situation about which we were praying. Since I've learned this, I realize how much believers are missing who are taught that the Old Testament is simply the history of the Jews. They are throwing out the framework and references of their faith!

Do we not learn a mighty lesson by observing the life of Jacob, the supplanter, and how he came to a place where his nature was changed so that God could call him "Israel", a prince with God? We can see many spiritual lessons for us in his life.

And we see the patriarchs Abraham and then Isaac, in their turn, going **down** to Egypt, the sense realm, for help when things got hard, instead of trusting the Lord to care for them. The Lord uses the example of their lives to show us the pitfalls of trusting in the "arm of flesh" which will always fail us.

I learned that there are at least five distinct ways by which the Lord teaches us:

1. By His Voice speaking within.
2. By bringing things to our remembrance.
3. By the rise and fall of the spirit.
4. By visions and dreams.
5. By songs within in answer to your prayer.

#### **14. What Did He Teach?**

When the Lord brought us to a place where we could readily hear His Voice, He began to correct our doctrine and to teach us new doctrines of things we had seen only as "types and shadows." Actually, the doctrine was not new. It was simply that the Lord gave us spiritual understanding of things that we had seen only with our natural understanding.

The first doctrine that He took away from me was the rapture. (Actually, my spirit had never received this). He simply told me there would be no rapture. I was glad to hear that, for I felt there must be more to life than trying to escape from trouble! Our Lord must have a higher purpose for us than that.

I did wonder how I should tell my friends who believed in the rapture. Would they believe me? To my great surprise, when I met them, the Lord had already told them, for they also were "tuned in" to the voice of The Speaking God.

Some years later I read a booklet called "**The Rapture of the Church—What Is It?**" By **Bill Britton**, a notable kingdom ministry. We have copies of it. Please feel free to ask for one.

In it he says, "The word 'rapture' does not appear anywhere in the Bible. It has been associated with the coming of Jesus and is spoken of as the 'hope of the church.' The dictionary defines it as "Rapture....strong feeling that absorbs the mind; very great joy." However, to most fundamental and Pentecostal Christians, the word rapture brings to their mind a picture of white-robed saints leaving the earth and soaring through the air to a meeting on some clouds somewhere in outer space. Many have come to accept this as gospel fact without bothering to check and see if that is what the Bible actually says.

"The reason for this is, they say, because the Antichrist will then appear and the great Tribulation will begin. And God is far too good to let His people go through much tribulation. The implication is that they are far too weak to survive in the face of such demonic power. They will then attend the Marriage Supper of the Lamb up in Heaven and get their 'rewards' for their labors here, and have seven years of joy and singing. At the same time, their unsaved loved ones and the untaught millions of heathen are suffering untold agonies on earth. 'Good enough for them',

seems to be the general attitude. They should have gotten prepared, like me.” (Unquote)

Can you see why the Holy Spirit would tell me that this doctrine was not true? It is quite *unlike the nature of our Father!* Further, He desired to reveal His plan and purposes to me and “escaping from trouble” had no part in them. I rejoiced to know that.

### 15. The Sabbath Rest

There is a saying, “One picture speaks a thousand words” and we know that this is true. But, we can take this a little further and say, “One picture written **upon your lives**, by experiencing and walking through a lesson, leaves a truth that is written, not only upon the mind, but upon the **heart**.”

The Lord began what we called “His strange act” in our lives. He would lead us through situations where He would teach us spiritual truths that we had never heard of before. This was not easy on the “natural” mind. I did my share of kicking and screaming at these strange dealings until finally, the Lord told us **why** He was teaching us in this unusual manner.

He told us that *we had not passed this way before* and He needed to teach us in ways that we would *understand*, so He chose to draw pictures illustrating spiritual truths upon our very lives for us to see and for others to see and understand. He told the Israelites who were ready to possess the Promised Land: *“You have not passed this way before”* and He taught them to diligently seek Him for every problem that arose. Only in that way could they be victorious over their enemies. The Lord was making it very clear that He was teaching us now how to enter into the Promised Land—a higher realm of Spirit—in *this day*. The Israelites had a *literal* land to possess, whereas we have a *spiritual* land, or realm, to possess. Most Christians see only the *literal*, whereas the *spiritual is the real*. The

Old Testament “example” was *literal*; the New Testament has the *reality*.

So much of what has been taught from the Bible has been taken literally and outwardly. I’ve had people argue with me: “Well, this is what the Word says!” They are pointing to something that is, in itself, a type, or shadow that is pointing to something *real—something spiritual*. Take, for instance, the Sabbath Day. There is a large denomination whose main doctrine is in keeping the Sabbath on the seventh day of the week, on Saturday. They say that we must forever keep the commandment to keep the seventh day holy. I didn’t know anything about this controversy until I saw, in Colossians 2:16,17, “Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or drink, or in respect of a holy day or of the new moon, or of *the Sabbath days: Which are a shadow of things to come*; but the body is of Christ.”

A shadow means a representation, a sample which gives us an idea of what the *real thing is*. But it is not, itself, the real thing! If you had never met me but had only seen my shadow, you might have a vague idea of how tall I was, but you would not really know how I looked. Until the real thing came into view, the Lord required His people to observe *the shadow* so that they could recognize *the real when it came!* The requirements of the Sabbath can be summed up in one word: **Rest**. Taken literally and outwardly, that has meant that we are not to work on that day. We are to put our feet up and just rest. My Dad used to complain that, as a boy, he was not even allowed to play on the Sabbath Day, and found it a very boring day for a boy.

I was teaching on the **Rest** when a sister asked if she could share. She told us that the Lord had said it was time for her to enter into His Rest. She didn’t know what that meant. All she knew was how Israel observed it, so she started trying to copy their ways. She prepared food ahead of time so she would not have any work to do on the Sabbath. She really worked hard at it for a month or more and finally felt it was an exercise in futility. She could see no

purpose in the whole exercise. How she rejoiced when I shared what the Sabbath Rest really means in the spirit!

If the key word here is “**REST**”, what kind of rest would that mean? I’ll tell you how the Lord taught us about His rest.

On the mission field, we’d drive to town on Sunday and have a meeting there. We always prayed before we left and when we prayed this day, the Holy Spirit spoke to us that we were **not** to go, but were to weed the gardens. It was true that the gardens needed weeding—but, on Sunday? And, we had no phone to let anyone know that we would not be coming. We changed into our grubby clothes and worked in the gardens until we were all dusty and sweaty. We saw a car pull up in the yard and out came the only white family who attended our meetings. When they greeted us, their eyes were questioning and cold. They had caught us *working* on the Sabbath Day—the day of rest!

Pam told them we’d come that evening and tell them why we were working on the Sabbath. The look on their faces said, “You’d better make it good!”

That evening, the Spirit of the Lord opened up the mystery of the Sabbath Day and His Rest to our wondering ears. The Lord gave spiritual understanding to Hebrews 4:9-11, “***There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His. Let us labor therefore, to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.***”

We saw that we did not break the Sabbath Day by *working*, for the work was not “our own.” It was something that the Lord had asked us to do. We were in *His rest* when we were doing *His will*. We had to ***cease from our own works***, or way, which would have been to go to the meeting. The Lord said His way was to weed our gardens. We found that His Sabbath was not just *a day to be kept holy* where one would do no menial work. It was a people who would yield themselves to do ***His will rather than***

***their own***. They would ***choose to cease from their own ways!*** It was entering into a realm of spirit where ***the Lord ruled!*** If you let the Lord rule and you labor to put self under and let the Spirit have His way in your life, you will walk in His holy Sabbath ***every day of the week!***

I learned that I am in His rest—working or not working, when I am doing ***His will and not my own***. I have written on this subject more fully in a booklet called “**Seeking His Rest**” which may be had for the asking.

## 16. Learning the Hard Way

The Lord had a very important spiritual principle to teach us, but He first planned to teach us “by the things we suffered”—by experience, before He would teach us truth in words. That way, we would never forget it! We didn’t have a clue this sunny Sunday morning that we were to learn one of the most important spiritual lessons of our lives! We were preparing to drive to Rocky Mountain House to visit a pastor whom we had never met. A friend felt strongly that we should meet him, so we were heading for his church, an hour’s drive away.

As we were making preparations to leave, the thought came to me, “Why don’t you take some of those buns you made yesterday?” Another thought immediately rose up to oppose the first thought. It was, “If I do that, the pastor will think we are inviting ourselves for lunch!” (That is a self-preserving thought which I failed to recognize at the time). I listened to the second voice and didn’t take my fresh, homemade buns.

Just as we were about to drive away, the thought came to mind that I should take a sweater. I looked up at the cloudless sky and heard a second voice—the voice of “reason” rise up in opposition to the first thought. It said, “You won’t need a sweater. There’s not a cloud in the sky.” Again, I listened to the second thought that was in opposition to the first one, and we drove away without my sweater.

After the service, the pastor invited us to have lunch with them. They had been away for the weekend and were out of bread. In this small town, no grocery store was open on Sunday, so the pastor's son had to go to the Chinese café and beg them to sell him a loaf of bread. You can imagine how "small" I felt when I realized I should have brought my rolls. (To bring home the lesson so that I should never forget it, the rest of my rolls went moldy before we had finished eating them. That had never happened before!)

After our visit there, we drove through the countryside to visit some friends. The wind came up and it started to get cool and to rain. I was cold and wished I had brought my sweater!

Through these two humble examples on the same day, the Teacher taught me that it is His Voice that usually arises first in your heart. Then the voice of "Self" arises to oppose the thought the Lord has given you. And the voice of "Self" is always Self-serving. (I have proven this to be so, many times). If our carnal, reasoning mind can hold sway, the *soul* can continue to rule on the throne room of our heart. But, when we obey the Lord's thought, we give Him the rulership of our lives until the soul loses its authority. This is something we learn **the hard way**, but it is a much-needed lesson.

Jane Leade, the 17<sup>th</sup> century prophetess I mentioned earlier, was taught much about the warfare of our carnal, reasoning mind that wars against the mind of Christ which we are seeking to put on. Few pastors exhort their congregations to "put on the mind of Christ." I have never heard this from any pastor, but I have heard it from my Teacher. I was standing in a little church one morning, singing with the group, when the Speaking God dropped this verse into my heart: "***Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus***" *Philippians 2:5*. I didn't know how to do that except to determine if one thought was contradicting another and was self-serving. But, Jane Leade was wonder-

fully taught of the spiritual mind and the carnal reasoning mind, shared in her book called, "**The Laws of Paradise.**"

Briefly, we'll share a few points from her book. It was told her, "Know that thou art to enter into covenant to obey the ***Laws of the New Creation*** which shall be revealed." The Lord showed her the *spiritual meaning* of each of the ten commandments. Then the enemy of her soul presented to her his ten laws, all based on worshipping self and reason. He promised her an increase of riches and honors if she should continue obeying his laws which were all based on self-serving. He threatened to make great war against all who would try to come out from under his dominion and rest in the mind of Christ Who dwells within them. He mocked her, saying that these spiritual things are not to be attained unto in this life, but are reserved for heaven. In this life, he maintained, we are to be under *his* dominion completely and honor him as the prince who rules this terrestrial realm of created beings.

Jane resisted him steadfastly and so does that remnant that is called to leave the ground of reason and enter into ***the mind of Christ***. It is to this end that the Lord is teaching me these lessons!

## 17. Lights and Perfections

After teaching us that there was no "escape rapture," the Lord showed us the spiritual meaning of the Sabbath Rest. Many years later I can say I consider this to be one of the most significant truths of the Bible. It goes all through the scriptures like a silver thread. From the time of learning about the Rest of the Lord, I was conscious of the Lord's "bit and bridle" being put upon me to lead and guide me whither He would have me to go.

Because of this I was always running into His presence, asking what to do about this or that. I wanted to do *only* His will. Finally, the day came when He taught me that I didn't always have to come to Him in prayer for every little thing. He wanted me to learn to just "***look and know.***"

Look within and know. He opened up the “shadow” of this in the Old Testament so we would understand what was meant by “the rise and fall of the spirit.” The High Priest had a pocket in the breastplate of the ephod over his heart. In this pocket were some stones called the Urim and Thummim. The priest would take out the stones and make his enquiry of the Lord. God “spoke” through those stones.

That sounds strange! How did He do that? We must first understand the meanings of the stones. “Urim” means **“lights”--to make clear, visible, manifest, to be unclouded, transparent.** The light enables us to see so that we may know what is the mind of the spirit and the will of the Lord.

“Thummim” means **“perfections.”** It comes from the word “perfect” which means—**whole, entire, unblemished, true (as a way of life), an emblem of complete truth.** God gives **knowledge** (Urim—light) by revelation with the view of leading men into a true, or a whole way of life (Thummim—perfections). Put together, these two words can mean: **“The wisdom by which I walk in truth.”**

When the priest would look at the stones and ask the Lord for guidance, the stones would either “light up” or remain “dull.” By this, God’s will was determined. These stones were a shadow of the Spirit within and when you look to the Spirit about a matter, you will either feel a “lightness” of spirit, or a “blah” feeling. By this you will determine if the Lord is saying “Yes” or “No” about the matter!

This was the lesson the Lord gave us to learn about the rise and fall of the Spirit. We had friends who lived thirty miles away from us. They wanted us to come and visit them some Sunday but couldn’t tell us which Sunday we should come. We didn’t have a phone so that we could check with them about it. The brother challenged us, “Just pray every Sunday morning and when the Lord tells you it is time to come, just come. We will do the same at our end, so we should be expecting you the day that you come.”

We prayed faithfully every Sunday for three weeks and felt nothing at all. (All was dull, or blah!) I was beginning to wonder if this method of praying was really valid. Then, the next Sunday when we prayed, all was light and bright in our hearts and we knew the Spirit was pleased for us to go. When we arrived there, we found the family standing in their front yard watching for us. They also had felt that we were coming that day! I thought, “Wow! Now I have learned how the Lord says, “Yes” or “No.” I found that the rise and fall of the Spirit was much bigger than that—it was a method of quickly telling if something was truth or not, or of determining the will of the Lord in your life.

The Spirit of Christ in our hearts is the fulfillment and spiritual *reality* of the Urim and Thummim today. God has opened His heart and has given to us, in Jesus, a revelation of Himself. As the final **truth and light**, Jesus is brought out of the bosom of the Father to be made visible. In Him is hid all the **wisdom and knowledge** we will ever need. He is telling us now to learn to just “look within and know.” He has told me that there could come a time when our very lives could depend upon knowing His will in a second.

Sometimes I may go for weeks without hearing any words from the Lord, but I’m being led by Him all the time as I turn to look within. Numerous believers ask me how they can tell if something they read or hear is true or not. Some tell me they just can’t understand some particular writer or speaker. I advise them to cease feeding upon their works because the Lord is not making it “light” to them. The stones (the spirit) register darkness or light. If you feel uncomfortable, or distressed, or lose your peace when listening to some teaching, recognize that the Lord is telling you, “No. It is not truth for you.”

I try always to “look within” concerning any matter. That is letting the mind of Christ rule—by refusing to let the carnal mind have its way first! This has become a way of life for me. I have come to understand His will by the rise and fall of His Spirit.

## 18. The Feast of Tabernacles

Before I went to the mission field, I had the privilege of attending a camp-meeting where George Warnock, the author of the book called **The Feast of Tabernacles**, was speaking. I had looked forward to hearing him.

The first ten minutes were so good that my spirit was doing “jump-ups” and then suddenly, I didn’t know what happened, but I couldn’t understand what he was talking about. He was still speaking English, my native tongue, but I didn’t know what the words meant! For an English teacher, this was quite a shock. So, I just sat there, under the anointing, with my spirit still rejoicing, but my understanding was unfruitful. For some time I didn’t understand why this should be.

Several years later, after the Holy Spirit had broken up more fallow ground in my “land” (through trials and testings), someone sent me George Warnock’s book on **The Feast of Tabernacles**. I read it avidly and exclaimed, “O, this is wonderful! I needed to know that there is another Feast, or spiritual realm beyond Pentecost.” It seemed to me that the reason I could not “hear” it before was immaturity on my part. It didn’t mean it wasn’t “for” me, for I felt the anointing and the “Yes!” there. I was just not ready to hear it. The Lord needed to prepare my heart!

The same One who said, “Receive the Holy Ghost,” spoke to *believers* to “...wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence” Acts 1:4,5. Jesus had already told them there would be a further outpouring of His Spirit (which happened at the Feast of Pentecost). Many call *this* outpouring “the fullness” but it is not. It is an *in-part anointing*.

Ephesians 1:13-14 makes these three experiences very clear:

1. The first is **salvation** through faith and repentance. This is the time when the seed of God is imparted unto you as when a baby is conceived in the womb. This is the time of the conception of the new creation which comes from God. This seed must be nurtured until it grows to maturity and is birthed in fullness, which takes some time. **Vs. 13, “In whom (Christ) ye also trusted, after that ye heard the gospel of salvation...”**

2. Next, comes a second experience: **the baptism of the Holy Spirit**. Ephesians describes it as an experience following initial salvation. **Vs. 13-14, “In whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise, Which is the earnest of our inheritance.”** It doesn’t say anything about “fullness” here! It says *it follows* our initial experience of salvation and is the earnest of our inheritance. The earnest is not much! It is like the “earnest money” which is a small amount that is sent with an offer to purchase a house. It is *not* even the down payment. It is simply an act of trust, to signify that a person is sincere in making an offer to purchase that house. It’s like the Lord is saying, “With this anointing, I am **sealing** you for something greater to come.”

3. And what is that “greater”? Vs. 14 says that we have the earnest of our inheritance “...until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory.” Now, we are His possession which He purchased with His shed Blood. The word “redemption” here does not mean simply “salvation,” for we have that already. It means to be **fully redeemed**, as in spirit, soul, and body.

Our *spirit* is made alive at salvation (the fulfillment of the Feast of Passover).

Our *soul* is cleansed and brought into submission to the spirit by the operation of the Holy Ghost (the fulfillment of the Feast of Pentecost). This is not accomplished in a moment’s time, as it is with salvation. We may walk for many years working our way through “death to our self-life.” You see, the Lord wants to give us the **fullness** of His

Spirit and He needs to have our **soul yielded** so that He can **trust us** to use the fullness of His Spirit according to His Wisdom.

If our mind, will, emotions, desires, and affections have not come under the authority and rulership of the Holy Spirit, we could act in our natural way and do the opposite of what the nature of God would desire. Of this one thing I am persuaded: the dealings with the soul shall continue until there is nothing of self that would act contrary to God's nature. If He wants to show mercy, we will not be thinking revenge! If He wants to judge a matter, we won't be excusing it!

Our **body** is to be redeemed! You may quote, "**It is appointed unto man once to die**" and we would have to agree that this has been true up until this time. But, we have now come to the time of fullness—to the Feast of Tabernacles when **all parts** of our being shall be redeemed! Paul spoke of this in **Romans 8:22-23**, "**For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit (i.e. Pentecost), even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption (i.e. son-placing), to wit, the redemption of our body.**"

### 19. Going On Unto Perfection

There were some lessons that began on the mission field and continued for many years afterwards. One of these major lessons was when the Lord taught us, through the vehicles He led us to buy, the various stages of our spiritual walk from salvation to spiritual maturity. I have to admit I was not always a willing pupil. I had many doubts and fears at these strange dealings. I knew that He had spoken in strange ways to His prophets of old, but I never dreamed He would do that *today*, and to *us*! The only comfort I had was His reassurance, "You have not passed this way before," and because that was so, He was "writing" spiritual

lessons upon our lives. He witnessed to us that He wanted to make the pathway *so real* to us that we would be able to encourage His children who are going through fiery trials and do not understand *why*.

This dealing is written up in a booklet called **Going On Unto Perfection**, free for the asking. I shall simply share a small portion of it here

1. The Lord had us purchase an **older truck**, a dark blue color, which would be practical for hauling wood. But when we headed for civilization across the frozen bulldozed trail through the woods, we found it didn't have enough power to make the hills and finally, it just groaned to a stop and refused to go any further.

The Lord showed us that it *spoke of the darkness that we were in before we knew the Lord*. Even as it had no power to *overcome the obstacles* in the wilderness, neither do we have power to overcome in our lives *until we are born of God*.

2. We traded it in on a **shiny red truck** that looked so good to us that we felt we could never have better! It wasn't long before we began to see its faults and wanted to get rid of it. Gradually, the Spirit showed us that this red truck spoke of His born-again children still walking in their own fleshly ways. So many feel, after initial salvation, they will never need anything more than what they have—a passport to heaven! We considered fixing up the truck, but the Lord made it real to us that we can't "fix up the flesh" and make it look good. We must *put it off!*

3. The next car we purchased seemed to be "too good for us." It was a **blue and white Olds** which spoke of a *transition period, of a change-over, from walking in the flesh, to walking in the spirit*. The white top spoke of being *overshadowed by the Spirit*, and the blue exterior spoke of the heavenly realm that we are to enter into by the Spirit.

It looked classy and was very comfortable, but it also had imperfections which the Spirit used to show us that *we* have many weaknesses in our flesh during this transition period of learning to walk in the Spirit and putting aside walking in the flesh and the carnal mind.

4. We would gladly have enjoyed the comfort of that Olds until the wheels fell off, but the Lord wasn't finished with His project yet! He gave me a vision of a **common, older truck**. I wasn't too happy about that. It struck me as going backwards to drive something like that! I challenged the Lord to make provision for it without our praying about it or telling anyone about it. That was nothing to Him! He did just that and showed us where this next vehicle was to be found.

The Lord caused us to know that there would be a period of *humbling and rejection* before we would enter into perfection (fullness, maturity). He knew just how to accomplish this in our lives! We had an accident on the icy roads and our truck overturned. We were fine but the truck suffered some dents and bruises and a broken back window. The Lord would not give us the liberty of repairing the damage. It was such a poor-looking vehicle that the brethren must have wondered if the blessing of the Lord had departed from us (especially if they were judging His blessing by your prosperity!)

5. During our "humbling time" the Spirit talked to us about *entering into a higher realm of the Spirit*. He showed us a "**Valiant**" model of car along with Joshua 1:6, "**Be strong and of a good courage**: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land which I swear unto their fathers to give them." The Lord is today exhorting His people to be of good courage (valiant), in order that they might defeat the self-life and the enemy and possess the fullness of their inheritance in the Spirit.

We spoke of this white car as our "**perfection**" car and felt, since it was to be new, that we would not have enough funds to buy it. We had never before bought a new car. After many trials of our faith, we possessed this white Valiant and felt it was the epitome of the dealings of the Lord as far as vehicles were concerned.

6. After some years of excellent service, our Perfection car started showing signs of wear and the Lord dropped the word *Montcalm* into my heart. I didn't even know what that was! He spoke to me about the *Mountain of Rest* and I felt the color "green" (new life) in the spirit. Five days went by before we saw a Montcalm on the road. Bill preferred *blue* to *green* and in prayer the Lord told us that His people were looking *heavenward* (the blue realm), but the kingdom of God is coming down to this earth—the *green*!

How this spoke to my heart! I thought of how the majority of Christendom is waiting to be raptured into the *blue*, out of all their troubles. They do not yearn for God's Kingdom to come upon *this green earth*, as the Lord has promised and taught us to pray for its coming. Long have their eyes been looking *heavenward* for release from their bondages and they have looked to *heaven* as the place of their *rest*. When a person dies, they say he has entered into his rest, but that is not the true meaning of the rest of the Lord.

We finally found a green demonstrator model. It had been used and had suffered a few bruises. We wondered if that would be alright, and the Lord spoke, "Does My Kingdom come unto that which is already perfect? Nay, I say unto you—it comes upon that which is worn and weary and upon those who have *labored to enter into rest*. I send My Spirit forth into a bruised and torn world to redeem it and to bring it unto the Mountain of Rest and to its God. Look at yourselves, My little ones, and at My children round about you and know that you see no perfection in yourself or in

them. The scars of the battle, even long and weary, are upon you and upon this war-torn world.

“I have promised to pour out My Spirit and to give them *rest*. I have said My blessing shall distill as the dew and as the early rain upon the green herb and new life shall spring forth, even everlasting life, even the life of the ages. Fear not to possess that which has been used and bruised, for it surely is of Me, for that is the state in which all creation is in and surely it is time for My Kingdom to come in your midst. The promise has tarried for a long time but it is steadfast and sure and My Kingdom shall come in your weary, heart-broken vessel of clay, for this I have purpose d afore time and *I shall perform i t.*” (end of prophecy)

The Lord made a way for us to purchase this car of His choosing and after the paperwork was all done, Bill turned on the key and a man sang over the radio, “*There is a place of quiet rest, near to the heart of God.*” It was as if the Lord were speak ing directly to us, confirming H is Word!

7. If you think this story goes on forever, we thought the same thing! Over a period of twenty years, the Lord chose all our vehicles for us and taught us, through them, the stages we would walk in the Spirit. The time came when we were in the country, keeping purebred goats and needed a truck more than a big, fancy car.

The Lord’s choice was a silver van. Silver is a type of **redemption** in the scriptures. I was not looking for salvation. I was searching for the divine nature (gold) of the Lord to be inworked into my life. When I finished voicing all my objections, the Spirit said, “**Full redemption.**” **Romans 8:23** tells us that full redemption is “**to wit, the redemption o f our body.**”

He showed us that the Montcalm was to go at this time, for we had learned the lesson of which it spoke—of coming into His rest, and ceasing from our own works. One must enter into rest before he can hope to possess the fullness of

his redemption. The rest flows into and **is a part of the fullness.**

8. After several years of country living, and many goats later, we moved to a small village and prepared ourselves to travel across America. (We made nine trips in all, sharing with the remnant that has been called out for His purposes in this Day). The goats soon became “history” and we were started looking for a camperized van if the Lord should agree to that.

It seems it was His idea, after all. He led us to another silver van with wine interior that was professionally finished in every way. It had everything we could ask for. The Spirit spoke to us of it representing **full salvation and the glory of the Lord.** It was to be fully paid for and after we paid for it we found that neither of us had a cent on us! He showed us that there was *nothing in us—it was all of Him* (our possessing full salvation and the glory of the Lord). You might wonder why there is a double title here. Why is “the glory of the Lord” added? The Lord’s glory is *His nature*. And, when He has dealt with each part of us—*spirit, soul and body, we shall stand in His nature and in His mind* in contrast to the Adamic nature and the carnal mind. Then we shall be to the glory of the Lord! The Word He gave us was, “**Yea, truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the gl ory of the Lor d.**”

## 20. The Seven Spirits of God

Norene Nicholls used to receive very deep revelations from the Lord. She confessed that she didn’t always understand what He was saying, but she wrote them down and shared them as the Lord led, believing that He would open up the spiritual understanding of the person reading them. When I read a writing she had on the Seven Spirits of God, I felt I had to “put it on the shelf”, for I didn’t have a clue as to what she was sharing. I reached into the highest cupboard in our m obile home and dro pped the paper there.

Some years later the Holy Spirit dropped this word into my heart: “*The Seven Spirits of God.*” That quite took me by surprise, for I didn’t know what it meant. It had a familiar ring to it, as if I’d heard those words before. Then I remembered that I had tucked away a writing on that subject. When I looked for it, I found it right where I had left it. From this began quite an adventure—let me tell you about it!

When I read it again, I was only slightly wiser than the first time I had read it. This bothered me and I had a little “whining time” before the Lord. “Why do You speak to me about things I can’t understand? Why don’t you speak to my husband? I’m just a woman—how come You are teaching me deep things that I can’t understand?” The Lord understood my frustration and didn’t “take me to the woodshed” for my behaviour. I finally settled down to the conclusion that He was the Teacher and it was His responsibility to cause me to understand His teachings.

Soon after this, I was invited to minister in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Before I left, I had a call from a Christian brother in Toronto, in Eastern Canada, quite a distance from where I was ministering. He was interested in my upcoming trip and asked for my phone number in Winnipeg. He kept saying, “The church where I attend really needs to hear some of the things that you teach.”

I wasn’t surprised to hear from him when I was in Winnipeg. He said if I could come to Toronto on the day of their Bible Study, he was *sure* the pastor would ask me to speak and then I could tell them about the Feast of Tabernacles. He offered to send my airfare if I would come. I felt led to accept, not knowing that the Speaking God had an unusual adventure prepared for me through which He would teach me about the Seven Spirits of God.

Brother Paul was unable to meet me at the airport because he was working. I had his phone number and house address. These were my only ties to the man. Being still a novice at traveling, I didn’t even know how to get out of

the airport. Finally, I noticed buses coming and going outside the terminal. I took courage to go outside and asked the driver where his bus went and explained that I didn’t know my way around. I showed him the address and he said: “Hop in! I’ll take you as close as I can.”

At one of his stops he said, “You’ll need to take a taxi the rest of the way. I’ll get one for you.” So he passed me and my luggage into the hands of a cab driver with the instructions that he watch over me carefully and see that I reached my destination safely. I had the feeling that I was a precious cargo that he was protecting. It was then I began to feel the angel-wings sent by God to watch over me!

The taxi driver pulled up to this brother’s rooming house and said he would not drive away until he saw me safely inside. I was glad for that, for the lady who answered the door said Paul was at work and wouldn’t be home for a few hours. She didn’t invite me in. The taxi driver said: “There’s a coffee shop a block away. I’ll take you there and you won’t have to stand on the street.”

Finally, Paul answered his phone and was glad that I had come safely to his place. He took me out to supper and I found him to be a precious brother with a real hunger for the deeper things of God.

We went eagerly to his church where he was *certain* that I would be invited to speak. I shared his optimism, but when I met the pastor and his wife, they both shook my hand and gave me a little smile like they would greet any other new face at the church. There certainly was no invitation forthcoming to share with them! I don’t know what Paul had told them, but it was quite clear that they wanted no part of me!

After the meeting, we drove around for an hour or so looking for accommodation for the night. Paul paid for my room and told me he couldn’t see me until 5 p.m. the next day. You can be sure I was wondering *why* the Lord had brought me all this way for nothing—wasting my time and Paul’s money!

I slept in, since I had nothing better to do. When I got up and looked at the “Room Regulations” I came wide awake and worried! I had to leave this room by 12:00 noon and I didn’t know where to go or what to do. There was no use whining—I’d learned that! I began to seek the Lord earnestly. Here I was in a strange city, with little money, and I didn’t know what to do. Time sped on and soon it was only half an hour before I had to leave the security of the hotel.

The Lord is always faithful to watch over us, even though we are fearful and don’t realize that is true. As I prayed earnestly in tongues, I “saw” a man’s face in the spirit. I didn’t recognize him as anyone I knew so I asked the Lord who it was. The Speaking God said: “Pastor Nunes.” I had heard that name before as someone in Calgary who taught the kingdom message, but I had never met him. Could he have moved to Toronto? I checked the phone book and found his name and that of his church.

I phoned him and explained my predicament. He was very sympathetic and reassuring (angel’s wings again!). He said, “We have a couple in our church whose ministry is to host people who come to town. I’ll call them up and they will come right over and pick you up. Feel free to stay in the city for a few days and come and have fellowship with us.”

I took courage to ask him if he knew anything about the seven spirits of God because I wanted to know about them. He said, “Yes, the Lord has been talking to me about that subject. I’ll send my assistant pastor over to where you are staying and he will be glad to share with you.”

Well, the sun came out and shone brightly in my soul! I was “rescued” by a lovely couple who arrived just before the deadline so that I was not “out on the street.” They were very loving and kind to me. And, the youth pastor came every morning and we shared to our heart’s content and I learned what the Lord wanted me to know about the seven spirits of God.

Before I left the hotel, I got this “giggly” feeling inside as if my whole being were being filled with laughter. Now I knew *why* I was in Toronto! The Lord had taken me all the way from the West Coast of Canada to the East Coast to answer my frustrated prayer of being taught by the Spirit. I never again doubted His ability to teach me whatever He wanted me to understand!

## 21. The Seeing Eye and the Hearing Ear

Rev. Nunes asked me to attend the Sunday night service. They wanted to lay hands on me and bless me unto the service of the Lord before I returned home. That sounded great to me, but they also imparted unto me by the laying on of hands, “the spirit of wisdom and revelation as it is written in **Eph. 1:17, “That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him....”**”

That sounded like a very spiritual prayer and they prayed it sincerely. I had no idea of the changes that prayer would bring into my life.

When I next met with our small group of believers, I felt no anointing to prophesy, the gift that had operated in me freely. Instead, when I prayed for someone, I would see a picture in my mind’s eye. When I asked the Lord what it meant, I just *knew* in my spirit and just explained it to the person in my own words. I thought it quite strange that there was no anointing to prophesy. There was just this “inner knowing” to cause me to understand what the picture meant.

I found the Lord has a sense of humor, for shortly thereafter I was ministering in a mission in Winnipeg where many of the people who attended were unsure of their salvation. Whenever there was a new evangelist speaking, they would come to the altar to receive salvation. They had been taught that you could lose your salvation if you ever sinned.

I didn't know this about them at the time, so when the Lord showed me a scene of a frog pond where the frogs were merrily swimming around, enjoying themselves, I didn't know what it meant. Then, I saw them jump out of the water and stand on the shore for a while. Then they would jump back into the water again for a little while and then jump back on the land. I wanted to laugh but I sensed this was serious business, so I contained myself and asked my Teacher to show me what it meant.

It was a very simple lesson. The Lord showed me that, when the evangelist was there and the people had prayed the sinner's prayer again, they jumped into the water of regeneration and enjoyed their salvation. God had accepted them once again. But, when something happened in their lives where in they felt they had sinned, and had surely lost their salvation, they jumped back on to the land. In and out. In and out—never knowing any security in God, as if the Blood of Jesus was unable to cover all their sins, and to cleanse them from sin!

I explained what the Lord was telling me and the people rejoiced. Well, not quite *all* the people! One of the leaders took me aside later and told me they didn't believe in the doctrine of "once saved, always saved." She was quite upset with me for encouraging the people to "stay in the water" (the spirit). I had never heard that there was such a doctrine because I mostly knew only what the Lord taught me. All I knew for sure was that Jesus had died for the sins of mankind—to set them free—and if He was not able to forgive them when they "missed the mark", then His sacrifice was far less than we needed to remedy our condition. But, praise the Lord, I John 1:9 tells us, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Our human love is not greater than Divine Love! If we do not cast our children out of our family every time they sin, why should we feel that our Heavenly Father would do that? Do we make ourselves more righteous than He?

The Lord continued to speak to me in this new way. I would "see" something in my spirit and would just "know" what the Lord meant by it. The anointing to prophesy was gone. If the Lord wanted to speak at length to me, He would drop a thought into my heart, usually just one sentence. I would run for my prophecy book and write down that sentence. When I did that, I continued writing as the Lord's words flowed into my spiritual mind. I wrote what I "heard" in my spirit. Sometimes I wondered if this was "alright" because I didn't know anyone else who did that.

One day the Lord gave me confirmation from I Chronicles 28:19. Although King David was not allowed to build the temple because he had been a man of war, the Lord gave him the **pattern** of it. Solomon was to build according to the pattern that David (a type of Jesus) had received from the Lord. Vs. 11,12, "*Then David gave to Solomon, his son, the pattern....of all that he had by the spirit.*" Vs. 19, "*All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by His hand up on me....*"

I was much puzzled by this operation of the Spirit at first. I had been walking in the gifts of the Spirit and now I felt empty, as if I had lost something. Finally I asked the Speaking God what He was now doing in my life. I think He was waiting for me to ask, for He dropped Proverbs 20 into my heart and there was my answer! Verse 12 says, "*The hearing ear, and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them.*" Oh, so that's what this new operation of the Spirit was! The Lord had opened my spiritual eyes and ears to see and to hear in the spirit. My heart was greatly comforted by this understanding.

This is not yet the operation of the seven spirits of God. John 3:34 tells us, "*For He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him.*" At Pentecost, we receive **gifts of the Spirit**, but at Tabernacles we shall receive **the fullness of the Spirit** that Jesus had. Instead of having a "**word** of wisdom, and a **word** of knowledge, we will have the **spirit** of

knowledge of wisdom and understanding, and the **spirit** of knowledge (Isa. 11). This is the measure of Spirit that Jesus walked in when He said that He only did those things He “saw” with His Father. The spirit of a matter is far greater than to know a “word” about it! To receive a word is still “to know in part” whereas when you have the “spirit” of the matter you know all that is necessary to deal with the matter fully! How we long for that!

We may wonder sometimes what God is waiting for! He has made it very real to me that He is working on our preparation—of bringing us to full yieldedness unto His will so that He can trust us with this kind of power! When our lives are cleansed and yielded, we also shall know the fullness of the seven spirits of God moving in us. The Lord does not want us to settle for the gift realm, for it is an in-part realm and He has a realm of **fullness** for us to walk in!

This is how Jesus walked in the fullness: “...*The Son can do nothing of Himself; but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.*” John 5:19.

## 22. A Demonstration of the Spirit

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the moving of the Spirit of which I have been speaking, I will share an experience that my friend, Marjorie Lewis, had. I quote:

“I had a beautiful experience in 1971. My son was nine years old and had pneumonia. He was admitted to Victoria Children’s Hospital where I was able to stay with him. After the first day, he improved and the doctor released him. The second afternoon he had a fever again, and was sent back to the hospital. On the third day, he once again spiked a fever and was put back in. This time we were in a room with two other families: one large Cuban family, and one very large black family. We were in the middle.

“The black family hovered around their child’s bed. Late that afternoon the Cuban family was released. That left Tommy and me and the black family. That night all the

black family left except the mother and the little patient whose name was “Bunny.” I made a cot on the floor and was reading. I noticed the mother was standing at the foot of Bunny’s bed. It looked like she was holding a little vial of oil in her hand and was anointing the four posts of the bed. I sat up and without knowing what I was going to say or do, I suddenly said, ‘It won’t leave with just doing that.’ I was totally in the Spirit when I said that. The mother looked at me as I stood up, and she said, ‘Well, you will have to do it.’

“I took one step up to the bed and suddenly realized I was standing **inside** of Jesus. He was the risen, glorified Saviour, and I was **inside** of Him. I could see His arm and hand, and see mine was inside of His—like He was transparent. His eyes were over mine. I could see that, and His hair falling over His shoulders. Between the folds of His garment sparkling opalescence was coming forth. I can’t describe how I felt; it was too awesome.

“In my heart I said to the Lord: ‘Lord, You will have to do this; I can’t.’” He gave me the Lord’s prayer. I told Bunny to begin to praise and thank the Lord. I didn’t know if she even knew what I was talking about, but she did it. She was beginning to be in pain and was squirming around. I started to pray, using the basic form of the Lord’s prayer, blessing the Father, etc. Then I felt to take authority over infirmity; and suddenly, looking out of my right eye, I saw as if in a magnifying lens: “Sickle Cell Anemia.” The cells were boomerang-shaped and were all hooked together. Bunny’s elbows, wrists, and knees were as big as huge softballs. I looked at her mother and asked her if Bunny had Sickle Cell Anemia. She said, ‘Oh, no. The doctor swore to us she didn’t have that.’

“I asked her if it ran in her family. She said, ‘Yes. On both sides.’ So I took authority over the Sickle Cell, and then we thanked Father and Jesus, and praised the Lord.

“I went back to my cot and began reading. The mother waited a minute, then came up to me and said, ‘What did you do? How did it happen?’

“I said, ‘What?’

“She said, ‘She was in pain and was starting to have an attack, and once that happens, things become horrible. We have to sedate her with pain medication to calm her down.’

“I said, ‘Oh well, I just prayed and took authority, sent it away, and told it not to come back.’

“She said, ‘Our church is all Spirit-filled. I’m the pastor’s wife. Bunny has a healing ministry in song. Our church has fasted, sometimes for a month at a time, and prayed and anointed her with oil, and nothing like this has happened. She is quiet and peaceful. What did you do?’

“I said, ‘Jesus came.’ They were released the next morning and so were we. My son Tommy never had any more problems after that. A month later I received a phone call from this mother. She told me they took Bunny for a checkup, and the doctor (from the Dominican Republic) pronounced her well. He asked them, ‘What did you do—use witchcraft? This girl had Sickle Cell Anemia and was dying.’ The parents started shouting there in the doctor’s office, and the father said, ‘No sir; it was the power of God that healed her.’ I heard years later that she was like an evangelist, who, when she sang, people were healed.

“Jesus came from **out of me**. I am carrying Him around in me every moment of every day. All His children are! Soon He will manifest outwardly from all of us. Glory to His Name!” (Unquote)

I need to add a postscript to what Marjorie shared. In the eighties, I had a vision of Bill and I looking like dolls, being held against the Bosom of the Lord. I didn’t know what that meant. Ten days later I saw the same vision again, but this time, as I watched, I saw us ‘melt’ into Jesus. We were *inside of Him!* I was aware of looking out through His eyes and seeing all things as He sees them.

He told me that the first vision portrayed what He brought forth in the Church Age: **Christ in you**. In the second vision, we had **come into Christ**, as it would be in the Kingdom Age when we would do “only those things that Jesus wanted to do.”

### 23. Waiting for Resurrection

I have a neighbor who is 93 years old. She is in excellent health and lives alone in her little home. Whenever you ask her, “How are you today?” she never answers in physical terms.

Her answer is always: “I am waiting for my *change*.” What do you think of that! Some might think she’s a little “daft” or “delusional” if they didn’t understand what she means by that. I know exactly what she means, for I too, am waiting for my change. Like a caterpillar leaves behind that crawly, earthly creature that it is and is transformed into a beautiful butterfly that ascends into the heavens, so do I look for a change—a transformation—of this body of corruption into an incorruptible body.

Did I just make this up? Is this just wishful thinking—a pipe dream? No! It is in the scriptures but we have neither seen it nor believed it, for it wasn’t the time for it to happen. God has certain events that are slated for certain time frames and before that time comes, His children are seldom aware of what they are. He told Daniel about some of these things and then told him to shut up the words of the prophecy, for they were not for his day, but for the “end days.” Not the end of time, but the end of an age, where we now stand.

Remember when Israel’s cry for deliverance from Egyptian bondage sounded so strongly in the Lord’s ears that He came down to deliver them? In our day when people are travailing and praying for their *change* it must be because it is the Lord’s time to perform this mighty act!

I feel that all Christians believe in a bodily resurrection—maybe after the White Throne Judgment. No one

seems to know when for sure, but certainly ‘sometime.’ But, as long as it’s a mystical happening ‘way out there sometime,’ no one is going to take faith to believe for it, like my little neighbor does.

Not only did we not know about the resurrection, we didn’t realize that there was some preparation needed to qualify for this marvelous act. The Speaking God made it so very clear to me that the preparation required was *to subdue self* so as to be in full obedience to God’s will, as Jesus was.

He introduced it to me in these words: “The next thing I shall teach you is of the resurrection of the just. In every generation, some hold this hope in their hearts, that perhaps they would see this day, but this day is now upon thee and few are taking seriously My words concerning My promises. Teach My children plainly of My resurrection. All that you know, share with them and I shall blow life upon thy words and they shall begin to take faith for them.

“Do the words that you hear in My Spirit these days sound to you like the words of a beautiful song—something to listen to and to rejoice in its beauty? Or are you hearing the trumpet-call of My Spirit calling you to arise and to prepare yourselves for that which I do speak unto you? Put not My words into the back of your minds as some treasured memory to take out at times to admire and rejoice in. Keep them ever before you. Study them diligently until your fainting heart believes that there shall be a resurrection in this day!

“Be not as My disciples who would not even *consider* the thought of My dying and entering into another realm. When it happened, they were in great confusion and anguish of soul. *Commit yourself wholly unto Me* as did Mary of old when she said, ‘Be it unto me according to Thy word.’ I would that you stand in the same attitude in this hour.”

Later, the Speaking God spoke to me again on this matter. He said, “The grave clothes were unwrapped from My

body and the head cloth folded separately. The head and body were separate. They had not yet come together; but the Head and the Body *shall* be one!

“Even so, am I not now *removing from My Own their graveclothes, those things that have hampered them from walking in My life*. This is My present operation in these I am preparing for Resurrection. Walk softly before Me and you will see what I will do.”

#### 24. The Sure Mercies of David

One day the Speaking God asked me a question: “*What is thine inheritance?*” One thing I have learned by walking with the Speaking God is that when He asks a question, He is not really expecting an answer from me. He wants to tell me something. So, when I heard this question, my mind searched for a suitable answer without finding one. I had to admit, “I don’t really *know* what my inheritance is.” (Many have been taught that to find heaven as their home is surely their inheritance. I knew it must be much more than that!)

When I admitted I didn’t know the answer, the Word came forth: “It is certainly *the sure mercies of David* that are coming unto you. It is not only *My nature* inworked in My people; it is *My life* that is coming forth in them. You can not have one without the other. And *when* these are one in My people, the result is Resurrection from the dead!

“The *reality* that I have spoken in parables and dark sayings is about to come to light, and you shall know that new Life comes from Me in a way you have not known it before.”

I found two scriptures that spoke of “the sure mercies of David.” One was in the Old Testament, and the other was in the New. Isa. 55:3 says, “*Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear and your soul shall live ;and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure (confirmed) mercies of David.*”

Again, in Acts 13:34-37, “*And as concerning that He raised Him up from the dead, now no more to return to corruption, He said on this wise, I will give you the sure mercies of David. Wherefore he said also in another Psalm, Thou shalt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption. But He, whom God raised again, saw no corruption.*”

Do you hear what these verses are saying? David was a type of Jesus. Jesus is known as “the Greater David.” It is evident that King David went to the grave and his body knew corruption. But Jesus, our Greater David, did not know corruption, for He was *resurrected!* So, it is plain to see that *our inheritance* is the sure mercies of David—**Resurrection**—not knowing corruption!

## 25. Kingdom Economics

My testimony would not be complete if I neglected to tell you how the Lord has dealt with me about finances, in particular, our giving to Him. I receive many calls on this subject.

When I took my teacher’s training, the English teacher told me I had a talent for writing and encouraged me to develop it. I couldn’t think of anything I wanted to write about at the time. When I was around ten years old I’d write scribbles full of stories to read to my little friends. My biggest problem was that I would put my characters in situations that were exciting but I could never figure out, in my childish mind, how to save them or to deliver them! “So much for writing!” I thought.

That attitude lasted until the sixties when the Speaking God made it very clear to me that He wanted me to write for Him. You’d think I’d be jumping for joy, but I wasn’t. I had objections. For one, I felt I didn’t have anything to say that someone else was not already saying better than I

could. And then, being “as poor as a church-mouse”, how could I afford to publish anything?

He showed me that He wanted us to share what He was teaching us, and also to provide an avenue of expression for other members of this remnant company. In this way, the Body of Christ would be encouraged and find confirmation of the way in which the Speaking God was leading them. I wholeheartedly agreed with that, but I had one more objection. Almost all the writing ministries that I knew of charged for their writings and seemed to be always begging for money. If I should write, I’d want my focus to be on the Lord, not on the money!

I remember receiving a letter from some “prophet” telling about some wonderful prophecies he had received from the Lord. They could be mine for a certain number of dollars! I felt so bad because I didn’t have the money to send for those words from the Lord. I felt, too, that there was something wrong with putting a “price-tag” on words from the Lord. Should they not be shared freely? Would the Lord have him charge to hear His words?

Experiences like this prompted me to present my “terms” to the Lord. I would write for Him and His people if He would supply the necessary funds to do so. At no time would I ask or even *hint* for money, but would offer all our writings without charge. And, if at any time He wanted us to stop, all He would have to do was to stop speaking to His children to send gifts to this ministry. I’d not beg “to be kept going” but would accept from His Hand that it was time to stop. A number of years back I went through a time of weariness and wondered if I should stop writing. When I asked the Lord, His answer was, “But the best is yet to come!” That did it! I haven’t looked back for a minute even though I shall be eighty years young this year, in 2007. Like Caleb, I am saying, “Give me this mountain!”

I had the witness of the Spirit that the Speaking God was pleased with my terms and would be glad to be the Finan-

cier of whatever ministry we might have. For 39 years (as of 2007), we have walked like this—sending out “The Gospel of the Kingdom” newsletter, teaching booklets, tapes, and CD’s, at no charge. We are presently sending them to 62 countries where the Lord has His remnant people who are hungry for deeper truth.

Tim Moores, a precious man of God, has built a Web Site for us in Canada which provides another avenue of spreading the good word of the kingdom. He looks after it as unto the Lord and we appreciate his labors more than we can say. **Our Web address is: [www.kingdomgo spel.org](http://www.kingdomgospel.org).**

I asked the Speaking God what I should do about our personal giving since we do not attend a church. Most churches are adamant that a believer should give ten per cent of his income to the church as his tithe. Some even go so far as to use the scriptures from the Old Testament, in Malachi 3:8,9 to tell us that we are robbing God and are cursed with a curse if we do not tithe to the “storehouse.” Nobody wants to be curse d, so we want to get it right!

I didn’t want to rob God, either! I wasn’t sure, though, that tithing was a matter that was to be a law in New Testament times. Ne ither Jesus nor any of the disciples made a point of teaching the people to tithe to the house where they met. The answer from the Speaking God brought everything into proper focus for me. Yes, the New Testament is full of encouragement to give to the needs of God’s people. They took up collect ions to help those in f amine, so giving was a part of thei r godly ser vice.

My question was still: “To whom should I give? And, how much should I give?”

The answer left no doubts in my mind as to what to do. The Spirit of the Lord made it so real to me that all I had belonged to Him and came from His loving Hand. That being so, we were to give all that He said to give, and to whom He said to give it! (They need not be in ministry as long as they were pressing on into the Lord. ).

This way of giving takes for granted that the person is able to hear from the Lord, otherwise it won’t work! There are people who help to support our ministry who are so open to the Lord that they always know when we have a need and they send help without our sharing anything with them! We marvel at this all the time.

We are not bound to a law of a certain amount or a certain place. The Speaking God determines what need we should minister to and puts the amount on our hearts and the name of the person who should receive it. Both they and ourselves are blessed by obeying Him. We both know that it is a gift from His Hand!

We were faced with the temptation of putting access to “Pay Pal” on our Web Site where people could leave a donation. We refused this because we had promised we wouldn’t even *hint* that someone should give to us!

The past few years we have been exerc ised in a different way. Someone would send us a generous gift and before it even got warm in our hands, the Speaking God would say, “It’s not for you. It’s for.....” So, we’d send it on to that person.

After awhile I asked the Lord why He was doing this. Why didn’t He just send the gift directly to that person instead of by way of us? His answer was enlightening: “I am teaching you kingdom economics.” This happens from time-to-time and I don’t question it. I have noticed, though, that when I obey the Lord in sending the gift to another, soon a gift comes for us that is ample to meet all our needs. That is Kingdom Economics! We never obey in hopes that the Lord will give it back to us with increase, as the tele-evangelists teach people to do. We obey simply because it pleases the Lord to bless this child of His. We enjoy obeying what He wants to do.

## 26. An Adventure

When I look back on my life, I realize that I have had many adventures. No, I’ve not discovered new lands or

sailed the seven seas, but I've had adventures in learning to trust my Maker. I'd like to share this adventure with you.

The scene was set in the mission field of the north. The assignment from the Lord was to drive out to "civilization", to the nearest city, Grande Prairie, some 400 to 500 miles away, to obtain supplies. The time of year was winter—not the best time to travel, but the only time we could drive out over the bulldozed road through the wilderness. The creeks and rivers were frozen so we could cross them. There were no bridges in that remote area and we had to wait for the ice to freeze before we could cross any body of water.

I was somewhat fearful to venture out and entreated the Lord to at least permit me to leave our six-year-old son, Stephen, behind in the safe care of our friends. The Lord didn't grant my request, but reassured me that it would be good for him to learn to trust Him through difficult circumstances.

There were no service stations for several hundred miles so we had to buy a barrel of gas to carry in the back of the truck. We didn't have enough cash to do that but the day before we were to leave, Stephen's child allowance of six dollars came in the mail and we used it to help buy the gas.

The next day we packed some food and dressed as warmly as we could and started out. Sometimes we barely made it up a steep hill and Stephen and I prayed that truck up many steep inclines. I could see the Lord's wisdom in allowing our son to share in our adventures.

Up hill and down dale we went for many miles until my husband noticed that we were getting low on gas. It was time to stop and fill the tank from the barrel in the back.

Can you believe it? The barrel was gone! It had rolled off when we had gone through some bumpy place. We had no idea how far back it was. We were half-way to the first town. Would we have enough gas to make it there? If we turned around to search for the barrel, would we run out of gas before we got there and be stranded in the wilderness (where no one lived)?

It was a weighty decision: to press on ahead or to turn back. Only the Lord would know which decision was safe for us. We were at a crossroads and needed desperately to know the mind of the Lord. Is it not the same in life that we need to know God's mind at our respective "crossroads?" He alone knows how to direct our way. It is not in man to direct his own steps.

(I was sharing this experience at a church of black brethren in Toronto and when I got to this part, they all stood up and started praying loudly so that I had to stop and wait for their fervor to subside).

The decision was to turn back and we were rewarded by finding our gas barrel not too far back on the road. We gratefully filled up our tank and turned around again. We drove all through the night and were very tired. Only the child slept upon my shoulder.

At long last, the whine of a snowmobile motor reached our ears which told us that we were approaching the first town. Several snowmobiles speeded around a corner and we had to pull over fast to avoid a collision. We didn't have a collision, but we were stuck in the snow and couldn't move a wheel! The "young blades" who were out for a lark tried pushing us out. They were young and strong but the truck didn't budge. Finally, they gave up and we encouraged them to go on their way. We were confident that the Lord would surely send other help.

We waited a while and were rewarded with a sight that is very common to the North. A man was coming along at a good pace with a dog sled pulled by four or five sled dogs. He stopped to see if he could be of any help to us. He was sure that his dogs could pull us out of the snow. We laughed at that, but let him try. I wished I had a camera with me to take a picture of this dog team trying to pull our truck!

Suddenly, my husband felt to check the box of the truck. He felt he might find a chain there and he did! This was the answer to our dilemma. He fastened the chain around sev-

eral wheels, and stepped on the gas. The truck came out easily. The dogsled owner rejoiced with us and went on his way and we continued on our way.

When we arrived in the town of Hay River, we visited a friend of the missionaries with whom we labored. The sister made us a hearty breakfast and we warmed ourselves at her fire and at the love in her heart.

As we left town, we saw a sign that said: “**Enterprise: 26 miles.**” We looked at each other, asking with our eyes, “Is it safe to go that far?” We had been using quite a lot of gas from our barrel. Yet, after experiencing two deliveries already, we determined to press on.

As we were parked at the sign, praying, a big Esso bulk gas truck passed us and stopped. The driver came over and asked, “Are you having any trouble?” We had found that the people in the North watched out for one another because of the harshness of the weather.

My husband said, “No. We’re just getting a bit short on fuel and wondered if we would make Enterprise.”

The driver said, “That’s where I’m going to deliver this load of gas. I’ll stay close in front of you and if you need gas before we get there, I’ll give you some.”

We were suddenly giddy with joy and were feeling God’s loving watchcare all over us! The Lord was almost “overdoing” His protection--sending a huge gas truck ahead of us, escorting us, as it were, to the next town! Who could harbor a fear in the face of this?

When we arrived at Enterprise, we pulled over to the side *away* from the pumps. The truck driver looked a little surprised because he expected us to pull up to the pumps. We couldn’t do that, for we had hardly any money left for gas. What to do? Pray! Although I had to admit, I could not imagine how the Lord could help us in our present situation. When we prayed, I “saw” in the Spirit an Esso credit card. I was sure we had cut up all our credit cards when we went north, for we were going to learn to trust the Lord’s provision. But, just to check, I asked my husband,

“Do you, by any chance, have an Esso credit card in your wallet?”

“I don’t think so,” he replied, “but I’ll look.” He looked, and to his surprise, he found one there that had not been cancelled. So, we pulled up to the pumps and filled up our barrel, with the assurance that the Lord would enable us to pay the bill when it arrived.

It would have been nice to have stopped for a coffee and some lunch, but we had only fifty cents on us, so we had no choice but to travel on to High Level, the next town. Looking back on this incident, it looks like we had taken leave of our senses to start out with almost no money. But, we had the promise of the Lord that He was going to send us home with all the supplies we had need of for both us and the animals we had. And, when we arrived at Grande Prairie, we had loving friends waiting for us who would gladly offer us food and lodging.

By now we were feeling very weary as we were driving into the second night on the road. I started praying in earnest, and specifically: “Lord, You know how tired we are. We would appreciate it very much if You would provide a place to for us to sleep at our next stop, without our asking anyone for help.”

The One Who answers prayer did abundantly beyond what we could ask or think at our next stop! We had no reason even to stop at High Level, for we had plenty of gas to keep going. Yet, we were facing another night on the road and I was wondering how my husband would stay awake. Fifty cents won’t buy much, but back then it would buy a cup of coffee and enable him to carry on without falling asleep.

We went into the little coffee shop and bought one cup of coffee. (That must have looked unusual to the owner of the service station who was on night duty). I had a few sips but refused any more because I was not driving. The owner engaged us in conversation and asked where we were driving this cold night. We told him we were missionaries to

the Indians in the North. He thought the Lord's money would be better spent in some more populated country like Africa. We disagreed because the Lord loves the Indian people too and wanted them to hear the gospel also, no matter how hard the conditions were nor how sparsely settled the people.

After the coffee was gone and we turned to go on our way, he asked: "Would you like to spend the night here? I'm on night shift and my wife is in hospital with our new baby, so there is no one sleeping in our bed. If you'd like to stay over, you're welcome to use our house." Heaven's joy bells were ringing all over the place! The Lord had answered my prayer exactly as I had prayed it! How the three of us thanked the man and the Lord for His merciful provision.

In the morning, the young man came by to invite us to breakfast at his parent's home. We found them to be lovely Christians from Saskatchewan. I'd honor them here if I could recall their names, but I know the Lord shall honor them for the loving heart they showed to us.

After breakfast, someone went to the piano and we sang the songs of Zion joyfully together and worshipped the One Who is altogether lovely!

Eventually, we had to be on our way. As we drove down the highway again, my husband's face was beaming: "Did you see what they gave me?" he asked.

I said, "No. What did they give you?"

He pushed over to me five crisp twenty dollar bills! I could hardly take it in—my cup was surely running over, for the goodness of the Lord!

The Lord took us safely to the city of Grande Prairie where we encountered more adventures with the Lord, but that is another story!

## **27. Where Angels Fear To Tread**

Our friends in Grande Prairie, an older couple, welcomed us with open arms. They lived right next to the Pen-

tecostal Church. The brother was an Elder in the church. It was natural to attend the services with them, and it was just as natural for us to talk to the people who wanted to talk to us. We never thought anything about the matter. Some folks would come and visit because they were hungry for more of the Lord. The rapture always seems to come up when believers come together. This is the hope of the church—to fly out of here before they might have to suffer. Believers have suffered great persecutions in other lands, but we in the Western World seem to feel that we are somehow favored and that is not going to happen to us. Surely the Lord will remove us before anything bad happens.

Corrie ten Boom, of *The Hiding Place*, recognized the damage this doctrine had done to many believers who were taught that they would escape and they didn't. Many lost their faith, thinking that God didn't keep His Word to them!

We had precious times of prayer and fellowship with our dear friends, the Ericksons. They were the only ones who knew why we were staying with them. We never told anyone else that The Speaking God had led us to come out to civilization and had promised that He was going to supply our needs for the mission. This seemed like a big project, but we knew that we were not to try to bring it to pass by seeking donations from people. We two families were determined to seek His Face until He made His will known in the matter. After all, we were learning to hear His Voice and to obey Him. We couldn't bring out any "do-it-yourself-kit!"

After staying in the Erickson's home for two weeks we were embarrassed to be still dependent upon their hospitality. They had a work trailer parked in their yard. We asked if we could stay there for awhile. They didn't want us to do that (for they thought it would appear demeaning to us), but they finally consented.

It was then a summons came from the pastor of the Pentecostal Church to meet him in his office. He opened up

his big Bible where he had something written on the flyleaf that spoke of wolves in sheep's clothing who devour the flocks. He said that described us perfectly. He asked us point-blank: "What are you doing here?"

We told him; that the Lord had promised us provisions for the mission and we were waiting upon Him for how He was going to do that.

The pastor said, "Why didn't you come to me right away? I could have give you some meetings and taken up a collection for you I can still do that and then you can be on your way home."

We replied, "That is very kind of you but we must refuse your offer. The Lord has not told us that He was going to supply our needs by seeking money from your congregation. We must wait upon Him until He reveals His will unto us."

This didn't set well with the pastor. His face got red and his eyes flashed, "Well, if that is the case, I don't want to see your faces in my church again. And I don't want you talking to any of *my* people!" With that, we were ushered out.

As if this rejection was not enough, our benefactors were also attacked. The brother was removed from his position as Elder. The pastor's feeble excuse was that he had fallen asleep in church a time or two. We all knew that this attack was because he was keeping these "wolves" on his premises next door to the church!

One bright ray of sunshine came when we received a large box from a spiritual friend who lived in Edmonton, 500 miles away from where we were. She had heard that we were spending some time in Grande Prairie and the Lord put it on her heart to send me a complete outfit—from head to toe: from a classy little hat to shoes (the right size!) Only The Speaking God could have put that together! He alone knew that I had come out of the North wearing baggy ski pants, big overboots and all the sweaters I could find!

I was so thrilled to receive these lovely clothes yet I wondered what the Lord had in mind. Where would I need to wear clothes like that? We were forbidden to attend the church next door so we didn't need to "dress up." But, The Speaking God knew exactly what lay ahead of us and what we needed for this assignment.

Before we left home, Pam had suggested we visit a certain Mennonite lady who lived at the Crooked Creek Mennonite settlement. They had been in the hospital at the same time when their babies were born. Pam was invited to come and see her new friend whenever she could. She asked us to go in her place and extend her regards to her friend.

Since we were no longer welcome to fellowship with the church next door, we felt we'd pay a visit to this family. With this decision came a great thankfulness for the lovely outfit that our friend had sent us. This group was "old-order Mennonites, also called the *bearded Mennonites*, as the men all wore beards. The women wore dresses of a sombre color—no slacks allowed. I felt I would be quite acceptable in my brown outfit.

So, I dressed up and we drove out of town to Crooked Creek where we called on Pam's friend. She and her husband welcomed us and told us they were attending church that evening, for they were holding a two-week "revival." (I couldn't understand how anyone could hold a revival unless the Lord moved in to revive. And, since the baptism of the Spirit with speaking in tongues was not part of their doctrine, but was rather taboo, how could they get revived?)

I put aside all my questioning and we went to church with them at their request. After the service, the pastor's father invited us to spend the night with them. We readily agreed to do that, but when I was hanging up my coat in the presence of this bearded man, the first thing that came out of his mouth was: "Do you believe in speaking in other tongues?"

Suddenly, a fear came over me at the strangeness of his appearance and of being “put on the spot” as to my doctrine. I wished I was somewhere else! I looked quickly to the Lord and said: “Help from the throne!”

I found myself answering him with these words: “Yes, I believe in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. We have noticed a great change in the Indian brethren who receive this experience. They have power to overcome the sin in their life whereas those who make only a commitment to the initial salvation, do not have. Yes, we feel it is a valid and necessary experience for a believer.”

After that answer I was expecting we might be asked to leave, but the brother looked rather pleased. He was so much at ease with us that he told us something he had hidden in his heart for some years. He was on a secret quest to find out if this was a true experience and if it was for today. He told us how he had spent some years working among the native people in the north also and had been greatly disappointed by the lack of overcoming in their lives. They would always come to the missionaries for the things that were given to them, or for a free meal, but they showed little desire to clean up their lives and to walk with The Speaking God. They were what missionaries called “*Rice Christians*”, those who would come for the blessings but not for the Saviour.

The pastor’s father was grieved over this and wondered what the answer would be to that problem. And here we were, telling him what the answer was and it was something that his church’s doctrines refused to embrace.

He told us that some Sunday mornings in the north, he and his wife would sit on a rock by the river and pray and study the Bible. He loved the liberty and informality of doing that. Then, one day he came upon some scripture that told about the outpouring of the Holy Ghost in the early church. Their church said, “It’s not for today.” So he was searching to see if that were true. He was pleased to hear that we had that experience and found that our con-

verts had more victory in their lives because of the Spirit’s presence.

“I set myself to search this out,” he told us. “I found one church in the States where people spoke in tongues. I didn’t go back to it and my brethren never knew I went there but I was satisfied to know that some people had this experience. But how come *we* didn’t have it? We are the Bride of Christ, so we should have this experience. What has happened that we do not have the Baptism of the Spirit?”

We shared on these things the rest of the evening and the older couple seemed quite edified and glad that we had come home with them. The next day they asked us to stay and go to church with them that evening. This we did, and another older, bearded man invited us to stay the night at his place. We noticed some younger men standing nearby with a look on their faces that told us, “I wish you would come to our place.” This happened for three nights in a row and each time we were prompted to ignore the pleas in the young men’s eyes and accept the invitation of the older men. Little did we know this was by the Lord’s design. He wanted to give the elders and principal men the opportunity to ask us about the infilling of the Holy Spirit. We were barely inside their doors before they asked the same question: “Do you believe in speaking in tongues?”

Finally, a younger man invited us to visit him in the morning. He teased me later because, as soon as we entered his door, I popped the question to him: “Don’t you know you can receive the Baptism of the Spirit at any time? It was poured out 2000 years ago and is your portion if you believe.” He and his wife were very hungry for more of God, so we wasted no time in praying for them to receive this precious anointing. The brother was a little shy and fearful, but the next time he went to milk his cows, he started singing and realized he didn’t understand any of the words that were coming out of his mouth!

We went back to our humble little work trailer in Grande Prairie, happy and refreshed after our blessed time with the “Bearded Mennonites.”

## 28. Spring Up, O Well

Some time in the next week a family from the Mennonite settlement came to visit us. They came with a definite prayer request in mind. Since we had the Holy Spirit, they asked us to come and pray for Reg, a Metis man who had suffered a broken back while working in the bush for them. A tree had fallen on him. They had all prayed hard for him and he lived but he wished he hadn't because he was always in pain. One leg was wizened up and he had to wear a brace and special shoes with a lift in them. He lived with his wife and family but was unable to help them as a father should. Our new friends entreated us to go and pray for him and told us where he lived near their settlement.

Well, this was a bigger challenge than we wanted! We had seen Jesus heal in answer to our prayers, but this man was a *cripple!* Our faith didn't actually extend to cripples. We didn't feel like we were “the man of the hour with power.” Our answer was noncommittal. We said we'd pray about coming (all the while feeling it was the last thing we wanted to do!)

Sunday came around again and once more we felt lonely and rejected as we heard the believers next door singing the songs of Zion and we were forbidden to join them. There's no use crying over rejection. The best thing to do is to seek the Lord and praise the Rock whose Love for you is always steadfast and true.

That's what we were doing when my spiritual eyes were opened and I “saw” a man's back. He had no shirt on. I saw only a bare back. I thought that was rather funny until the Spirit reminded me of the man with the broken back. Oh! Oh! There came to my heart such a certainty that we were to visit him and pray for him. All the fear of “praying for a cripple” left, for this reason: the **Lord** was initiating

this, so, since it was *His idea*, that meant that He intended to heal him! It didn't depend on how much faith we had. It simply depended upon us obeying the will of the Lord in the matter.

I began to understand more clearly how Jesus walked while on earth. He said, “The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do; for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.” Now, we were going to do that which we had “seen with our Father” and pray for the man with the broken back!

We packed our suitcases, cleaned up the trailer and bid our faithful friends goodbye. We had no idea how long we would be away. We thought that perhaps we'd visit a few Mennonite families again before we returned.

Down the road we went and this song came to our hearts. We sang it joyfully all the way there.

*Spring up, O well, within my soul,  
Spring up, O well, and overflow  
Spring up, O well, flow out from me  
Spring up, O well, set others free!*

Our hearts were glad because we believed to see the Lord work.

Reg and his family welcomed us warmly, especially after we said we had come to pray for him. We asked if he knew Jesus as His Saviour. He said he had heard some teachings from the Mennonites. “I was just like a chicken,” he said. “I picked out what was good and left the bad.” That was rather a homespun philosophy, I must say. He told us he had constant headaches and his stomach was very bad so he couldn't even enjoy his food. This was in addition to his crippled condition.

When we laid hands on him to pray for his healing, I expected to feel some anointing. Surely I should feel a few “shivers” if the Lord was with us! I didn't feel a thing, and I don't think my husband did, either. We just prayed in faith and because we didn't feel any manifestation of the Lord's presence, we couldn't tell if Reg was healed or not.

We simply had the assurance that it was His will for us to pray. And since we were obeying His will, it was His responsibility to answer our prayer.

All was silent for a few minutes until I felt to ask Reg, “How high can you lift your arms?”

He said, “I can’t lift them above shoulder-level.” And, he proceeded to demonstrate how he could not lift his arms very high when they shot straight up in the air. You should have seen the look on his face! It was priceless! He reached out and took hold of his child’s bike and lifted it straight up above his head with no problem. His eyes grew wide and he started to grin. “I’ve never done anything like that since my accident.” We knew then that the Lord had touched him, but to what extent we would not know for a few days.

We visited a Mennonite family for a few days. They were very hungry to hear of the ways of the Spirit and to know The Speaking God. The second day, several men came over to see us. One of them had driven by Reg’s place and had seen him up on the roof fixing a hole in the roof—this man who had been crippled for many years! He told them that we had prayed for him so they hurried over to see us to ask by what power was this man made whole? All the members of the Mennonite Church had been praying for him for years with no results. They wanted to know what we had that they didn’t have!

### **29. Holy Spirit Revival**

Those men came back that evening with their wives and some other brethren. They wanted to know about the Holy Spirit. We were delighted to teach them. Their hearts were open to hear due to the work of the pastor’s father who had been challenging them for years to see if there be a Holy Spirit anointing for today. As they left that night, they asked, “Where will you be to morrow night?”

Someone piped up and asked, “Will you come to my place?”

We readily agreed. “We’ll be at his place.”

This continued for two or three weeks. We were at a different place every night. Have you ever heard of a revival where no one hired a hall or opened a church door or announced that a revival was in progress? Each night more people came and received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. Some needed healing and I can say truthfully that everyone who came was healed. One brother was deaf from having a shotgun blast go off too close to his ear some years previous. We spoke to a deaf spirit to leave and he was able to hear perfectly.

He was so delighted to be out of his silent world that he told all the men he worked with on the road crew. The next night some fellows from the work crew came to see what was happening.

One person set out to walk to where he heard the meeting would be held. He came to a crossroads and didn’t know which way to turn. He prayed and felt very impressed to take the right fork. He had just recently received the baptism and this was his first experience at knowing the leading of The Speaking God.

During the day the brethren would take us to visit different people, even some who were not Mennonites and were unbelievers. We were kept so busy that we never had time to ask the Lord what we should share at the next gathering. We prayed in tongues while driving from one place to another and would find that the Lord’s answer would be there just when we needed it.

Our visit to a certain family is indelibly printed in my memory. Preston was a returned war veteran. He told us of a time in the service where there was a long stretch of land that had been mined by the enemy. Their officer asked for volunteers to cross the area to see if it would be safe for the rest to cross at this point. You know how they pick volunteers in the army—it is “you and you and you.” He was picked for this dangerous mission.

Preston said, “You can be sure there was not a man who was not praying in his own way. Each knew that this could well be their last walk and perhaps they would never see their families again in this life. I promised the Lord that if He would take me safely across that mine field, I’d find Him and serve Him the rest of my life. Sorry to say, I haven’t found Him and I haven’t served Him.”

We presented to him the simple gospel and He received the spirit of the Lord into his heart. Then he asked his wife and each of his children to give their hearts to Jesus also. He was, at last, going to fulfill his promise to the Lord. Each person was quite happy to obey his father in this except the eldest boy, a teenager around fifteen years of age. At that age they are not so easily bent. He refused to have prayer.

At that point we witnessed something that utterly melted our hearts! The father went to his son and got down on his knees before him and begged him, with tears, to give his heart to Jesus. The lad could not resist his father’s love, and his reluctant heart was melted. He asked the Lord to receive him. I thought, ‘Oh, what a difference it would make in families if the father would humble himself before the children like this man has, for the sake of the Lord.

(Little did any of us know that this young man’s life would be taken through a work-related accident when he was in his early twenties.)

Preston was so joyful that he was able to keep his long-time promise to the Lord to find Him and to serve Him the rest of his life. And now it was not only he, but his family also! .

A young man came in hopes of receiving healing for a leg injury that would not heal. It had been operated on several times and it still was not healing. The healing was granted and He received something he had not been expecting: the anointing of The Speaking God. He went away greatly rejoicing.

I giggle every time I remember that night. A Christian couple, who were not Mennonites, invited us to have the meeting at their place. The hostess must have had in mind that it would be the usual Bible teaching and a little prayer and then she would serve tea and cake. She had baked a lovely cake for the occasion but never got to serve it! The Spirit was moving so mightily that there was no time for socializing. People were being prayed for all over the house. The ones who had received the Holy Spirit were praying for others to receive.

One Mennonite brother brought us some special news. He felt that Reg no longer needed to wear that leg brace and shoe with the lift. He had called him to come over to his place and try on all of his shoes. He found they wore the same size. So, Reg took off the brace and put on the pair of shoes and walked normally across the room—with no limp at all! All of us rejoiced to see that the Lord had restored him perfectly!

### **30. Just a Little Honey**

We read how Christians are persecuted for their faith in other lands, but we never think of it happening in our *free country!* I soon found that those who had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit would receive a very subtle form of persecution called “shunning.” Should it happen that a husband had received the Spirit and the wife had not, she was obliged, by the rules of their church, to not eat at the same table with her husband. She could sit down with their children at the table, but he must eat separately. He was to be “shunned!” in his own home!

And, of course, the brave young pastor was to be removed from his position as pastor because he had gone against the doctrines of the church. I heard, that sometime later, he sought for fellowship with the Pentecostal group who were coming to their settlement. He thought he could at least teach a Sunday School class. He was denied any

kind of ministry with them because he had not gone to *their Bible School!*

I was so sad to hear that. I prayed that the Lord would comfort his heart so that he would not suffer from this rejection. The Speaking God dropped a word from the Bible into my heart to show what spirit was operating here. He said to me, **“I did but taste a little honey”** so I knew there was a parallel in the story of Jonathan and Saul.

There is an incident in I Samuel 14: 1-46 where a multitude of the Philistine army had come unto Israel. God’s people had been in servitude to the Philistines for some time. All their weapons had been removed from them until Saul and his son Jonathan were the only ones who had weapons. Their 600 men without weapons were no match for the Philistines. But.....God!

One morning Jonathan awoke with a brave, but foolhardy idea. He called his armor bearer and shared his plan. “Come, and let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumcised: it may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint (limitation) to the Lord to save by many or by few.” His plan was to reveal themselves to the Philistines, and if the men said they would come unto them, they two would stand in their place. But, if they said, ‘Come up unto us’, then we will go up and know that this is a sign that the Lord has delivered them into our hand.

The men of the garrison called to them, “Come up to us, and we will show you a thing.” Jonathan and his companion knew that the Lord was with them and they climbed up to where they were and the fight was on! They slew about twenty men, and then the Lord sent His “fireworks!” The whole host started to panic, and to tremble as the Lord sent an earthquake: “...and the earth quaked: so it was a very great trembling (panic).” And, as can happen at a time of confusion, the Philistines started beating down one another! And, then the multitude “melted away.”

Now, you can appreciate that Jonathan and his man had had quite a strenuous day and were very tired and hungry.

It so happened that they saw honey lying upon the ground. Jonathan dipped his rod into a honeycomb and put it into his mouth and “his eyes were enlightened.” We would say that was a fitting reward for a brave man! Jonathan had no idea that this simple act would put his life in danger!

Meanwhile, back at Saul’s camp! The watchmen saw the Philistines melting away and reported it to Saul who set about to find who was missing from the camp. He found that Jonathan was missing. Since the enemy was being routed, he roused the people to go after them and made a solemn proclamation: “Cursed be the man that eateth any food until evening, that I may be avenged on mine enemies.” Of course, Jonathan didn’t hear this edict because he was busy winning the victory over their mortal enemy. He should have been received with banners flying and with loud acclaim. But, no! Because of his father’s foolish vow, he was facing death. His father said: “For, as the Lord liveth, which saveth Israel, though it be in Jonathan my son, he shall surely die.”

Jonathan’s defense was: “I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and, lo, I must die.”

Saul’s reply was, “God do so and more also: for thou shalt surely die, Jonathan.”

The people rescued Jonathan saying, “Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid!” And, their will prevailed over Saul’s unrighteous edict.

I have told this Bible story to illustrate the Saul spirit who can make unrighteous edicts against those who are truly of the Lord and who simply want to have more of His Spirit. The Saul spirit of his denomination dismissed him from being a pastor because he had received the baptism of the Spirit. And again, the same spirit of another denomination refused him a place of service because he was not “one of them” and didn’t attend their Bible school. And what was this pastor’s crime? Why, he had just tasted a little

honey! He had tasted that Honey in the Rock and his eyes were opened to see spiritual things such as he had never known before!

### 31. The Lord's Promise Fulfilled

The day came when the Speaking God told us it was time to go back home to our mission post in the North. We were having such a great time that we were reluctant to leave, but He told us we had brought them as far as we had gone ourselves. We had taught them about spiritual gifts. By this we understood that He had much more to teach us that we didn't yet know—and how true that has been!

All of this time we had not mentioned money or provisions to these precious people. But, they had such big hearts that it wasn't necessary, for the Lord spoke to them to bless us this way before we left. The day we were to leave, people kept coming to the place we were staying and left us money, and provisions of food for ourselves and for the cow that we kept. Nothing was missing from all that we needed! Our truck was loaded full when it was time to leave. I wish I could have put their love in my pocket and taken it with me, but it remains in my heart unto this day!

We proved that the Lord was worthy to be trusted and obeyed! We found that we need not look to man, but to keep our eye steadfastly upon Him Who is our provider. He is the One who provides for all the beasts of the field and sees when the little sparrow falls, how shall He not care for us? We were so glad that the Lord had held us steady and trusting during all this time of proving Him faithful.

One thing I want to say here in view of the things that I have said about the two church groups involved here. I have no personal animosity toward them. Both groups have done a lot of good in their time. But, to share the conclusion of a former Mennonite on this subject, I will quote her: "I have nothing against any denomination. I just see that they are **not going anywhere.**"

As years passed, I would hear people speaking in my presence about "*that woman*" who was involved with the Mennonites. It was quite amusing because some of them were happy about what happened, and others were not. I could always tell their reaction by how they said that word "*that!*" Sometimes I would reveal that I was the one involved there, but often I said nothing and laughed inside! It was a very precious experience but I can't expect that everyone would rejoice over it. If they wanted to hear from The Speaking God, they would rejoice, but if they wanted to continue on in their old ways, they would not be happy about anyone upsetting the status quo. They had no idea that they were missing the most precious experience of this life—of walking with The Speaking God! If anyone should ask me if I'd like to trade places with the Queen of England, I would have to refuse if it meant not having the sweet voice of the Lord in my life! That is my most precious possession!

### 32. There Is A Third Wave

When you are no longer a part of the organized church, what do you answer those who ask, "What church do you attend?" (It is assumed that if you are a Christian you surely must attend some church!) I have been challenged many times by this question. How do I answer it so that people understand that I have not left the Lord—far from it! Today I have a more close, intimate relationship with Him than I ever had when I was part of a denomination.

Sometimes I would answer, "I belong to the New Jerusalem." My questioner would look surprised.

"What does that mean?" they would ask.

"The New Jerusalem Church are those whose names are written in heaven." I could see they weren't satisfied with that answer, so I tried another approach, "I belong to the Generic Church." This time their eyes look at me suspiciously. I add, "That means 'no name' brand!" By that

time they have concluded that I am a heretic of some sort and decide to leave me alone.

Lately, my answer to those who try to ferret out where I “go to church” is this: “I belong to the Third Wave.” That really has them looking puzzled until I explain, “There are two major denominations: Catholic and Protestant. I belong to neither. The Lord has brought me out of denominational churches into a relationship with Himself. I have found that the *people* constitute the church. The church is not some *building* that I must “go to” for fellowship. It is not some *organization* to which I must belong to be in favor with God. I belong to the “Ecclesia”, the Third Wave, who are called out of man’s religious systems.

Jackie Caporaso writes in her monthly bible study, “The “elect” are a people that have been chosen and anointed according to God’s foreknowledge from the beginning. They are the ones who are following the Lamb wherever He leads and letting the Christ be fully formed in them. They have been chosen to restore the image of God in the earth. Romans 8:30 tells us, ‘Moreover whom He predestined, these he also called; whom He called, these He also justified; and whom He justified, these He also glorified.’” Unquote.

All through this dispensation of 2000 years, there have been a few believers who have had the courage of their convictions to leave man’s organized system of worship. These men and women have left a lasting impression upon the world. I will name just a few. Almost everyone is familiar with the name of John Bunyan who wrote *Pilgrim’s Progress* while he was in prison. This book has been second to the Bible in popularity for many years. Now, for what reason could such a godly man be imprisoned for a total of 13 years? What did he do that was so heinous a crime that every time they let him out, he’d commit that crime again and they would throw him back into jail? What was his obsession? his sin?

You may not believe this, but his “sin” was that he refused to take out a license to preach! He preached to large crowds out in a field whenever he was a free man, but this was not favorable to the religious system of that day. (They would probably have taken exception to Jesus speaking out-of-doors without a license too!) They simply could not have some “loose cannon” preaching outside, out from under their control! So, for this they had him imprisoned, time and again. The authorities pleaded with his wife to entreat him to comply with their regulations. (They did not know that he was called to be a part of *The Third Wave* that would have no part of the organized church!) All he had to do was agree to get a license to preach and he would be out of prison immediately and could be reunited with his wife and family.

His wife refused to plead with John for her sake, for she knew the reason for his stand, and stood by him. Finally, the Speaking God started to give him dreams every night. He asked his friends to bring him some paper and pens so that he could record these dreams which seemed to him to be quite spiritual. When he had finished his book, *Pilgrim’s Progress*, he asked his friends if they thought it had enough merit to publish it. They didn’t think so. It wouldn’t be accepted, was their opinion of his wild dreams.

John knew that the dreams were from the Lord and he refused the verdict of his “Job’s comforters.” He arranged to have them published and thus was born one of the classics of Christian literature! The popularity of this book has been second only to the Bible.

Another “household word” is the name: *Madame Jeanne Guyon*, of France. She stayed in the Catholic Church, but she walked so closely to the Speaking God that she made a great impact on high-ranking members of their clergy. They couldn’t control the spirit that was upon her, so they put her in the Bastille, that infamous French prison! What was her crime? Was she accused of loose living, of being a shameful example to the Church? None of these

things! Her only crime was that she walked in such a place in the Spirit that she influenced many to look to the Spirit rather than to the organized church (a crime of the first degree—unforgivable, it seems). The Catholic Church appealed to the king to put her away, which he did. But there, she had paper and pen and wrote marvelous works from that dingy prison room. She was one of *The Third Wave* who dared walk with the Lord outside of the organized church!

The last example of another one of *The Third Wave* happens to be my favorite writer of Bible truths, **Andrew Jukes**. He is not as well known as the others I have mentioned but he has opened up the types and shadows in the Bible like no one else I know. His *Types In Genesis* is recognized as the foremost book on Genesis and is used in some Bible Schools.

Andrew Jukes was licensed to preach at St. John's Church in England, but he was in an unusual situation. He refused to take an oath to acknowledge the ruling king (who was recognized as Head of the Anglican Church). Without taking an oath to the king, he was not allowed to preach. I understand he kept his position, but he had all that time to write and pray and bring forth such mighty truths that enlarge our spiritual understanding. This persecution served the Lord's purposes well, because from it came wonderful revelations and writings.

I have given you a thumbnail sketch of those who left the organized church to seek a closer relationship with the Lord and by so doing they left a great impact on the whole of Christendom. Now, let me tell you that in the last fifty years, the Speaking God has been calling out a people all over the world to come out of the systems of religion unto Himself, that He might teach them and prepare them for what He has for them today. Many of these precious ones are in touch with us from many countries of the world. All they want is to know the Lord better! Their hearts pant after Him as the source of their life! It is no longer a few people,

but a company, a remnant, that is being brought forth in our day, for a specific purpose!

### 33. A Vision of Twin Theaters

I have permission from Mitt Jeffords to share the vision the Lord gave him of the Church Organization and those of the Remnant of the Third Wave. It will speak more perfectly than I could tell you. I quote:

When this vision began, I found myself as though I were an usher in a theater. All my focus was on the huge backstage area that was packed with people. I was told that they were anxiously preparing to go on stage to act out everything that they believed to be right.

Suddenly someone called out, **'The Lord is coming!'** From the people's reactions I could tell that they had not been expecting Him to come, nor did they desire Him to be there. I heard them saying, "I have got my rights! I've got my rights!" I realized that this stage was just a platform for each one to act out his own beliefs as well as his judgment of others, and his own opinions of how others should live their lives as Christians. I wondered why the stage was covered with beach sand

For the opening act, all of the thousands of people came on stage carrying a banner that said, 'Christian.' They greeted each other with a hug and told each other that they loved them.

I saw a wolf walk up on stage, greeting each one in the same way. Then he began to preach, declaring how he thought God ought to be worshipped. Some turned away from him and some agreed with him and they followed him. The wolf drew a line in the sand that completely compassed their little group. Other wolves came on stage until the people were all divided into groups and changed their banners to the name of a denomination. They seemed friendly to each other until one crossed the line of what they believed to be right and then they spoke evil of them. They agreed, "At least we serve the same God; and we

agree to disagree; and we believe that it is our 'right' for us to do so."

As the curtain fell on this act, I heard the Lord say, I Cor. 1:10, **Brethren, I beseech you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ (Christians), that you all speak the same thing ;and that there be no divisions among you; but that you be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment."** He added, **"This is what is right in the sight of the Lord ."**

For the second act, the stage looked like a carnival with many side-show booths. The first hawker was trying to entice people into playing a game entitled "Three Steps to a Better Marriage," promising immediate results. The next booth promoted "Five Easy Ways to Financial Success." The next booth had a game, "Prosper and Gain Favor and Grace with God through t he Ten Comman dments."

Next came "The Blame Game." A person told the barker, "I did not seek the Lord because I just did not have any time to seek Him." The barker stamped his hand with a stamp that read, "APPROVED: Self-justified" Another said, "I did not cast any of my cares upon the Lord because I did not have any belief that the Lord really loved me enough to take care of me." Bam! "APPROVED: Self-justified."

The next guy said, "I know that I should have forgiven this man, and not have slandered him, but he really offended me and hurt my feelings, and I feel that I am just in hurting him also." Again, the barker stamped him Approved. Another said, "I know that I have followed after false doctrines and religious traditions, but I only did so because everyone in my family also did the same." The line of people was very long and everyone left smiling as though their own self-justifications had freed them from guilt. Then the Spirit spoke: **"But to him who works not, but believes on him that justifies the ungodly, his faith is accounted for 'righteousness.'"**

The next booth was similar to a game I had played when a child. Stacks of balls were placed on a counter at the front of the booth. A man came out and stood in the back of the booth. The hawker yelled, "This man has been accused and judged to be a child molester" and everyone stepped forward and began throwing the balls as hard as they could at him. I could hear that they were stones, and not balls. The man was dragged out and another brought in and accused of some crime such as drinking beer or smoking cigarettes, or eating fried foods, or for wearing fashionable clothes, or of being in the wrong political party, or for his race, or his nationality, or for committng adultery. Each time the stonings took place I realized that the ones who were throwing stones had bruises on them so that they also had been stoned.

Yet, the barker was able to get everyone to participate in a game in which they had also been hurt many times over. When their stone hit the person, they were given an "Official Certificate" that said, "This certificate is your official certification that gives you righteous justification and excuse to judge, or to accuse, or to speak evil, or to condemn, or to find fault with, or to murder, or to slander, or throw stones at all those who have hurt you in any manner." This game seemed to be the one that people most enjoyed playing. It was the favorite sport of the self-righteous.

As the curtain fell on this act, I wondered who this barker was that could deceive the people of God into being so eager to inflict such pain upon those whom Jesus Christ came into this world to save. The Spirit spoke, **"It is just a sport for Satan to kill, to steal, and to destroy the lives of all the saints. It is also a sport for those who have been deceived by him to inflict the same pain on others. Truly, everyone who has judged without mercy is also going to be judged without mercy; seeing that God is going to judge them with the same judgment by which they have measured and judged others."** As the curtain

fell, I heard neither cheering nor booing; just an eerie silence that seemed to swallow up the entire theater.

The next act showed different groups of people sitting at tables with an open Bible in front of them. They were discussing different doctrines. Each person would use the scriptures to back up what he believed to be the “right” interpretation. If someone disagreed with him, he would interrupt them. It was not long before much strife and arguing broke out as each one seemed willing to defend to the death what he believed to be right. No one desired to learn the *truth* of the matter, but wanted only to defend that which they believed to be *right*.

I heard other groups discussing the rapture, tithing, and speaking in tongues. Just like the first group, each one used the scriptures to back up his interpretation. The curtain went down, leaving everyone on stage still arguing and defending their own opinions. Still, not one peep of noise could be heard from the audience. There was only silence.

When the curtain arose for the next act, I saw what looked like a podium in the middle of the stage. It stood about eight feet off the floor and you had to climb a set of stairs to stand at it. I saw a man step up to the podium and proceed to declare all of the righteous works that he had done. Next, another came who boasted about how often he prayed and fasted, as well as how much money he gave to his church. A woman spoke of her work in a soup kitchen. A man spoke in detail about the importance that tradition had in his church. All declared what they believed was the right way for a Christian to live. Not one person seemed to be listening as each one boasted of their own goodness, and righteous works, will-power, determination, and intelligence. Everyone was so enamored with self that they could not hear anything that did not seem to be beneficial to self. It was as if the person who came to the podium did not even exist in the eyes of the others who were on stage.

As the curtain went down, I heard these words: **Psalm 39:5**, “..Truly, every man at his best state is altogether

**vanity (worthless, vain). I Peter 1:24, “All flesh is as grass, and ‘all of the glory of man’ is as the flower of grass. The grass withers, and its flower falls way. But the word of the Lord endures forever.”** What does a man glory in except those things which he believes and does for himself? And what man believes or does anything that he does not believe is right?

Suddenly, the lights came on and I was shocked to see that this theater was more like a football stadium in size. But I was more shocked to see that there was only one person sitting there. It was Jesus and He had watched everyone play out those things which they believed to be right. He stood up and said, **“I have seen all the works done here, and I have heard all of the words that have been spoken; and all that I have seen is vanity, and all that I have heard is vanity; vanity of vanities. This is the act that is, but is not; and that was, and was not, and neither shall it ever be.”**

Then Jesus walked to an exit which was an entrance into another theater and said, **“Come out of there and follow Me.”** It was all lit up and I saw a person sitting in about every fifth seat and many greeted me and told me that they had witnessed the same show and were told by Jesus to follow Him into this theater. I also sat down about five seats from the nearest person.

In the middle of the stage was a large, beautiful chair. Beside it was a bag like the bags that postmen used to carry. When Jesus walked on stage, the theater erupted with great rejoicing and praise--quite a contrast to how He was received in the other theater. With smiles of great joy, He sat down and greeted everyone of us saying, **“Thank you for believing on Me and on My words. Thank you for waiting for Me to come to finish the works that I have started. I want to thank you also for enduring My correction, and not loving the corruption of “self.” I want to thank you for believing My word by taking up your crosses and dying to your own desires to be god**

**over your own lives; dying to the lies that have enticed you to believe you can do good of your own self, as well as the lies that have sought to deceive you into believing that you can make your own opinions to be the truth.”** I remembered what Jesus said in John 15:5, **“Without Me, you can do nothing.”** Then Jesus said, **“Thank you for your patience and your faith.”**

Jesus reached down into the bag which contained the prayers of these saints and read aloud the prayer on a card. **“Lord, we have been as scattered sheep for so long; for there has been division and strife among us, and we know that the members of your church should be like-minded, as well as esteeming the lives of our brethren to be greater than our own. Lord, You have asked us to do what we have no wisdom of ourselves to do; thus it is impossible for us to be that body which You desire to have. If You are willing at this time, would You bring your flock together?”** This seemed to be the prayer of each of us there. Jesus simply said, **“Unity, Be”** and suddenly we all found ourselves sitting right next to each other and we felt that we had known each other all of our lives and had all been best friends.

Jesus pulled another card and read, **“Lord, I know that when You called me You gave me the belief that You were the Son of the living God; and that You shed your Blood to cover my sins, and that You were crucified and raised from the dead, but Lord, will you finish the work that You have started in me and give me the belief that all things are possible?”** Jesus put down the card and said, **“Belief, Be.”** Everyone started touching others and each person was healed of his infirmities. We rejoiced and praised the Lord for hours.

Again the Lord read this request: **“You promised that when You came, You would set us free from all of our bondages to satan’s lies. Would You do so now?”** He pulled out another card, **“Lord, You said that it would be by**

**Your hand that You would make us to be kings and priests. Would you now make us kings and priests unto You?”**

Jesus said, **“I promised you that when I would return, I would make all those who remained faithful to My words to be a ruler over all that you have. It is done. Now speak and loose your own selves from your bondages.”** We began to say things as, **“Anxiety, be gone”**; **“All evil thoughts, be gone”**; **All fear, come out and be cast into the sea**; **“Division and strife, perish”**; **“Uncertainty, flee”**. What we spoke, immediately came to pass. What we had been unable to tame was suddenly tamed through the authority that Jesus had given us over our own tongues. No matter what was spoken, it was done. Who would have thought that when the Lord made you ruler over all that you had, it would have been your tongue? I remembered James 3:2,8, **“If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, able also to bridle (rule over) the whole body...But the tongue can no man tame; an unruly evil full of deadly poison.”** Again, everyone stood up, loudly rejoicing and giving thanks to Jesus.

The next request read: **“Lord, You said once we believed on You, You would do that which is exceedingly abundantly above anything that we could ask or think; so would You now do that for us?”** With a smile on His face, He leaned forward toward us and spoke and suddenly we were all changed. We had bodies of a 20-year-old and faces of a 6-year-old. Jesus had much joy doing this for us, and then, we were all back in the theater.

Jesus read one more request: **“Father, You said that unless You built Your church, all of our labor would be in vain. So, would You now build Your church like the one described in your Word?”** Jesus looked up and said, **“Church, Be.”** A beautiful spirit filled the room and it began to stretch forth itself as though it were changing itself into some manner of rope. This spiritual yarn began to move in and out of our bodies, actually knitting our hearts together in a love that was more beautiful than the spirit

itself. I felt a love for my brethren that was nothing like anything I had ever experienced before. I felt a feeling of oneness with everyone and a feeling of a unity in liberty. The love freed our minds from all our judgments of others and we had the liberty to be ourselves without having to control our situation or please someone else. There was no selfishness in this love.

The last card read, “Lord, I have one desire—that You might give me a new heart and a new mind so that I might be changed into the image of my Father who is in heaven. I would love to have a mind that did not think it was robbery to think that I could be equal with my God.” With tears of joy in his eyes, Jesus said, **“Done!”**

We all witnessed another spirit come forth out of Jesus that was even more awesome than the spirit that had brought brotherly love into our hearts. It was as if the first spirit we saw was as only one color of a rainbow, but this spirit contained all of the colors contained in a rainbow. Now we loved our heavenly Father with all of our heart, all of our soul, all of our minds, and all of our being. Then we were filled with a manner of love for our brethren where we would gladly lay down our lives for them. Not only this, but we were filled with a love for those who hated us, had offended us, used us, persecuted us, slandered us, were evil and unthankful. As if that were not enough, we were filled with a love for the unlovable; all who had not met this world’s approval, and had been outcast, despised, neglected, or rejected.

It was then we knew that we had been made equal with God through unconditional love towards “all” men. There was no desire in any of us to be exalted as God. There was no desire in us to rule over or to have control over the lives of any other; there was only love. Neither was there any desire to have a name as esteemed and honored as God’s so that we could be made equal with God. I now clearly saw that all of those desires come forth from Satan, the very same desires that caused him to fall from his place in God’s

kingdom. We saw that these desires motivated all those who were acting in the other theater.

When this love had finished filling our hearts, we all stood cheering, praising and thanking Jesus for all the work that He had just performed for us. After many hours, Jesus stood and said, **“You are now My witnesses; witnesses of My love, My goodness, and My power. Now I am sending you out into a world filled with hopelessness, vanity, loneliness, hatred, uncertainty, wickedness and darkness. I am sending you forth as My priesthood of believers, those who know and believe that the only show in town is what I will do for you because I love you. Go, and know that I will always be with you.”**

We knew that there was never an end to the performance that we had just witnessed. It was, rather, a beginning that would never have an end. As I left the theater, I looked back to see how the marquee described what I had just seen.

On the left side of the theater, the marquee read:

**“Mystery Babylon; the False Church”  
Starring all of the Foolish  
who desire to be glorified and exalted as gods.”**

The marquee on the right read:

**“New Jerusalem, the Church of Jesus Christ”;  
Starring Jesus Christ,  
and all those who came out of Mystery Babylon.”**

Across the bottom of the marquee was written:

**“Coming Soon; Very Soon:  
The 144,000 who were redeemed with Love  
and have overcome the world.”**

### **34. Why A Remnant, Lord?**

Some may take offense at us speaking of a remnant that is chosen rather than all of the believers. The scriptures bear this out—we did not make it up! Acts 15: 13-17 gives

us the pattern. The brethren had just concluded a meeting in Jerusalem to settle some matters about what they should require of the Gentiles (those of other nations). In conclusion, James brings something important to their attention. He reminded them that the Lord had given Peter the plan for the age before them—the Church Age that would last for 2000 years. He wanted the brethren to bear this purpose in mind. This is what he said:

**“Men and brethren, hearken unto me: Simeon hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for his name. And to this agree the words of the prophets, as it is written, After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up: That the #residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles (nations), upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things. Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world.”**

# “residue” means “what remains after a part is taken; remainder.”

The first thing we need to notice in God’s plan for the Church Age is that He did not plan to save all men in that age. Many Christians believe if they can just get the gospel out there so that every man can hear it at least once, they have fulfilled the Great Commission and the Lord can come. They haven’t heard the plan the Lord revealed to Peter about *calling out a remnant first, and doing something in them first, before bringing in the remainder of men*.

This was such a sure word that Simeon boldly declared that the prophets of God agreed with these words! They were not his own, but had been spoken by the Holy Spirit to holy men of God in past ages.

But what was it that He was going to do with this remnant that He wasn’t going to do with the church-at-large? It has been like a mystery shut up and is only now being revealed by the Spirit. Because He is *doing it* in our day!

The Lord showed Peter that He would build again the tabernacle of David which had fallen down. And, He would set it up again. If we consider this in the natural, we might at first think He is talking of a rebuilt temple in Jerusalem in our day. Wrong! For God is today dwelling in temples not made with hands, even in the hearts of His people, and has no plans to reinstate animal sacrifices since the Lamb of God has come!

When you think about it, the Bible doesn’t tell us anywhere that David built a temple! In fact, when he wanted to build one, the Lord forbade him, for he had been a man of war and had shed much blood. He could collect the materials for the temple but it was for his son Solomon (whose name means Peace) to build it.

The only other structure in which we read of David worshipping is in the tent he had in his backyard where he kept the Ark of the Covenant. It is quite a story of how he learned the correct manner of bringing back the Ark, which represented God’s presence with them. He put it in a humble tent in his backyard and worshipped freely there in the Lord’s presence, with nothing between—no priesthood to say him “nay!”

It is quite apparent that this kind of liberty in worship has not been known in this Church Age. The Bible was, for years, literally chained to the pulpit and the people could not know God’s Word for themselves. They had to go through some priesthood who was over them and told them what they ought to believe. I could go on! But, the point I wish to make is that the Lord is restoring that intimate, personal relationship that David had with His heavenly Father. He is restoring it first in a remnant, a small number of people. Some feel that this makes God “a respecter of persons” which He says He is not. So, why is He doing this?

The answer is simple. In the Old Testament we see, many times, a remnant called out to do a tremendous job against great odds, and the Lord gives them the victory. I would say that Gideon is the clearest example of this. The

Lord kept sending warriors home until He had only a small handful to send forth, and He didn't even give that small group any weapons! Now, what was that all about?

The New Testament example tells us very clearly what it was all about! **I Corinthians 1:25-29, "Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. 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 nought things that are; That no flesh should glory in his presence.....That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, (boast) let him glory in the Lord."**

God has always to show man that he is **not God!** It's a matter of man's pride. And that is why the Lord always let Israel come against a great host of their enemies with but a small brave band, and when He really wanted to humble them, He sent a choir marching down the road singing, so that they would know that **He** was in charge of the battle! And then, one day it was a *very* small remnant that He used—a young lad with a slingshot and five smooth stones to stand up before a giant who had filled the army of Israel with fear.

He is first calling out a remnant, and when you meet someone from that remnant you will recognize them. Their greatest mark is their deep hunger for God! The next mark is that they are persecuted and misunderstood and simply "don't fit" the organized church system. They are hearing from the Speaking God and that makes them "suspect." I am in touch with this remnant all the time from 62 countries of the world. What sets them apart is their hunger for God. A brother shared, "I take some good spiritual reading material to work every day and I read during my coffee

breaks. The other fellows think that's strange, but there is no fellowship in hearing them munch their food."

Jackie Caparoso says, "The popular church has taught the people that Christ is given so that they can have the good life here on earth and reach heaven later. She has failed to hear His voice and to follow Him to the altar of sacrifice. Just as Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, she has failed to pay the price for the inheritance." Unquote.

One day I heard from two sisters, each with the name "Michele, and Michelle," one from Canada and one from America. I was struck by their letters which were almost as identical as their names! They each expressed their hunger for more of God and their joy at finding our Web Site with teachings like the Lord was giving them. They rejoiced that they were certainly hearing from The Speaking God even though most of those around them felt they were backslidden or in a cult. We were as confirmers to them that they were a part of this remnant that the Lord was calling out of the organized church system so that He could raise up the Tabernacle of David in them—that place of intimate, personal relationship that had been lost!

And the Lord does not intend to leave anyone out! He says that after He has done this work in His remnant, He will bring in the residue (remainder) of men. I had someone accuse me of "elitism." She thought I believed this called-out people were better than other Christians. I knew I didn't feel that way, but I did not know how to tell her that. When I sought the Lord, He showed me that it was like the harvests in nature. Each crop comes in its order—they do not all mature at once. In this fruitful valley, the strawberries are the first to poke through the hard, cold earth. Often they will find some frost on their leaves and blossoms but they bear it bravely. The rest of the fruit--cherries, apricots, peaches, apples and grapes come in their turn from summer to fall. None have as hard a time as the strawberries, who come first! In the spirit, we can see that

it is harder for this group because no one has gone this way before them and they are persecuted, misunderstood, and judged as “unfaithful” for not going along with the church’s program.

The Speaking God used this homely illustration to show me how He brings mankind forth through the different stages until they come into His image and likeness. Each man is in his own order! I am mostly dealing with Strawberries, but I see some “Cherries” starting to come forth! When He spoke to me about going to Scotland for the second time, He told me that He was going to establish a nucleus of “Strawberries” there, and from this nucleus would spread the word of the Kingdom and others would come in. People come and ask this small remnant if they have any spiritual “bread” to eat because they are so hungry! It has happened just as He said, and these first three feel so privileged to be called “Strawberries” and to be able to share with others this precious message of the kingdom of God come to earth.

### 35. Confirmers to the Remnant

When the Lord told us it was time to leave the mission field, we were rather sad. We felt like the Lord was “putting us on the shelf” and we would not have any service to Him any more. Nothing could be farther from the truth, but we didn’t know it at the time. He was about to open up a whole new avenue of ministry for us—to that remnant that He had called out unto Himself—to the Strawberries!

When we sought Him about this, He told us, “I am sending you to the ones and twos and threes throughout the length and breadth of the land. You will not teach them anything new, but will confirm to their hearts *what I have been teaching them. You will be confirmers to them.*”

Realizing we knew only a few people in the land, I put this question to the Speaking God: “How shall we find them, Lord?”

His answer was, “I shall take you to their very doorsteps!” And this He has been faithful to do.

One other thing He said to us as we were leaving the North: “*I have stripped you.*” We realized this was true, for when we had decided to give our labors to the Lord, we had a lovely new home, a new vehicle, and money in the bank. Over three years later we were leaving with just what we could hold in our used car, with no home or money in the bank! Yet, we had learned priceless lessons in trusting the Lord as our Provider. We didn’t know we needed stripping, but when the Lord said that word, we realized it had been necessary. You don’t learn faith as long as you are trusting in your own ability to provide for yourself. We found that there was an exquisite joy to find yourself the object of the Lord’s tender watchcare and saw that all you had and all that you needed came from His loving Hand! Now, that is what I call “up close and personal.” To know that the One Who sees the little sparrow fall, is watching over you is to enter into a place of love and confidence that can never be known as long as you remain self-sufficient.

Down through the years we have heard this familiar phrase numerous times from others, “The Lord is stripping me.” It seems to be a necessary preparation to learn to trust Him for your provision. It removes our desperate clinging to the values of this life. Before we had this dealing, we were very busy “trying to get ahead”, to accumulate more and more possessions. After being stripped, our values were definitely changed! We no longer had that “getting ahead” motivation in our lives and were content to live very simply in whatever manner the Lord supplied.

The second word He gave us about taking us to His remnant, lay dormant for a while. The Spirit put it on our hearts to write eight pages called The Gospel of the Kingdom. He told us we were to share the dealings He gave us and to share from others who had no outlet to share what

He was speaking to them. It was to be a way of confirming to them what He was speaking to them personally.

I loved the thought of writing for the Lord but I didn't like what I had seen in Christian circles. Either they would ask a set price for their material, or they would constantly beg the people for money to provide for what they were doing. I didn't like the thought of doing that so I entreated the Lord, "If You will speak to Your people's hearts to make provision for us to do this, then I will send out free of charge all that You give me. If at any time You stop sending the provision, I will take it that I am to stop writing. I will not beg Your people to keep the ministry going!"

I felt that we had entered into a covenant together and both parties have stayed true to that covenant. We don't ask for money, and He faithfully supplies through His children. He does the asking! We have been doing this for 39 years (as of 2007) and it has been a true labor of love. We have loved sharing with the people through the newsletter, booklets, tapes and CD's, and have basked in the love that has been returned to us from the Lord's family. When we move, lovely cards and little parcels start coming in the mail to bless us in our new home. If one of us is having a health issue, the mail pours in full of encouragement and assurances of prayer on our behalf. In short, we are part of this loving, caring Family such as the average person has never heard of or experienced. What a blessing and encouragement it has been all of these years to minister to this small company and to receive their loving ministrations to us!

### **36. We Go To Their Doorsteps**

At one phase of our colorful life, we developed a subdivision from the 37 acres that we owned. It is quite an interesting story, for the Lord led us in a strange path, teaching us spiritual things all along the way. I am not going to share those dealings because I have written them up in two

booklets called "**Possess Your Inheritance**" which are free for the asking.

The only reason I am mentioning this is that, as soon as the property started to sell and we had some money in the bank, the Lord put it upon our hearts to travel among His remnant to encourage them. We were glad to receive an assignment like this, and appreciated the fact that we were able to pay our own way and would not have to look to the people for help. Starting in the early eighties, we made nine trips all the way across America.

Scattered all across the land we met "Gideon's small band." It was a blessing that continues until this day, for we met many of God's choice ones and were blessed to be able to break bread with them and to share the precious truths the Lord has for those who are being prepared to walk in this new age of the kingdom of God.

We seldom make long trips any more as it's all we can do to keep up with the demand for kingdom materials from 62 countries of the world. And, I will be 80 this year—in 2007, and can only look after "the home front", it seems.

We had some interesting experiences in our travels through the U.S. At one place, in the deep south, our friends invited their neighbors over to meet us. They asked our friends, "How did you meet people all the way from Canada?" We looked at each other and began to laugh. We couldn't even tell them. We really didn't even know how we had found each other so we had to say, "It was the Lord that brought us together!" This particular question was repeated many times in our travels.

We had a delightful surprise while visiting a lovely family in Florida. The husband's job was looking after a wildlife preserve on one of the nearby lakes. He took us in his Jeep to visit his job site in the wilderness, a place where the tourists never get to go. It was a special "guided tour." To our amazement, we found that this was where the Canadian Geese wintered. The American Government even grew

plots of corn to feed the geese and various birds who came there to winter. We were quite impressed!

Before we left, we were invited to sign the Guest Book at the Wildlife Center. On behalf of all Canadians, I thanked them for taking such good care of our geese! How about that?

I'll have to admit that Bill and I were like a pair of country kids when it came to traveling afar and finding our way through large cities. We were very aware of the Lord watching over us. We stopped at a fruit stand in Michigan late one afternoon and bought some fruit and chatted with the people. Then, nearby, we saw a large building which seemed deserted—not a soul was there, not even a vehicle. There was a nice paved parking lot so we decided it was an ideal place for us to camp for the night.

So, we parked and started to settle down in our camperized van. Suddenly, we noticed that we had company. It was one of the children from the fruit stand. He said, "My Mom says to tell you it's not safe for you to park here. It is a Road House and when it gets dark, there will be lots of people here and it will be wild and noisy. She said to tell you are that you are welcome to camp at our place tonight. We are going home soon and we'd like you to follow us home."

We were pleased to accept their invitation and we marveled at the goodness of the people and the Lord who was watching over us. Our benefactors invited us in for coffee. We drank coffee and they drank beer. We found them to be friendly and helpful people and we appreciated their kindness.

In the morning they wanted to show us their market garden. It was a wonderful sight—melons and squash of every kind grew lavishly all over the ground. They began picking squash of every variety and sent us on our way with a large quantity of garden produce, especially squash. We didn't really know what we were going to do with all those vegetables, for we weren't doing much cooking in our van. But,

the Lord, who made the provision, knew exactly how much they would be needed!

At the next place we visited we found our new friends were somewhat embarrassed to have us come to visit, for they were very low on food. We could have offered to buy them some, but we knew that they would be twice as embarrassed if we did that. So, we invited them to use all the lovely vegetables that had been given to us. Our new friend was a good cook and had some lovely squash recipes and made some delectable meals from those homely-looking vegetables! And, we all marveled at the ways of our Lord Who so personally orders our ways! These are just a few of our precious memories of our traveling days.

We were away for months at a time. We would print the Gospel of the Kingdom in any place we could, which was usually in North Carolina. I remember arriving home after more than three months away and found it hard to pick up the pieces of my life again. I asked the Lord, "How do I return to normal living again?"

I'll never forget His answer: "You will *never* return to a normal life again." And, I can see that has been true. I never know what a day may bring!

We never made it a custom to rent a hall, but were content to sit at the kitchen table for hours drawing diagrams of the temple or such, on the paper napkins. Some friends tell me they still have those first lessons!

While in South Dakota, our host insisted that he wanted to rent a hall for us. He must have felt that was more "proper" and more people would come to hear us. He probably did not realize that we were sent to a very small remnant to encourage them. Anyway, when the meeting was over, Bill told our host that he wanted to look after the rent, and he refused to let him, so they were trying to settle who would pay. The hall was almost empty of people when a man returned and spoke to Bill and our host, "I was on my way home when the Lord (The Speaking God) told me I was to come back and pay the rent for the hall."

The two men took that as an answer to prayer and thanked the Lord. They sat down to visit with this farmer and he shared some precious dealings he had experienced through the years. He said, “One thing I have learned is that the Lord cares about *everything* in our lives. He is interested in it all and delights when we include Him in everything that we go through! He told us about the time when his large herd of dairy cows started to sicken and die with some disease that was spreading like wildfire through the district. He started praying for them and would go and stand in front of each cow and speak the healing power of the Lord upon them. He never lost another cow after he started believing for the Lord to heal them. And, his neighbors were losing cows even though they were treating them with everything that man could offer! It was plain to see that he was one of that “hidden” remnant whom the Lord was preparing.

It was when we returned from our first trip across America that I realized the Lord had surely made a covenant with us to meet all our needs when we would give freely all that we had to those who were spiritually hungry. I am a detail person, and love to keep track of things. I kept track of all our expenses and all the gifts that the people had given us. Much to our amazement, the gifts were only thirty dollars less than our expenses. I was mystified by this. It looked like the Lord was paying *all* of our expenses, but there was this small discrepancy. I began to search for it in my figures only to find that we had bought thirty dollars worth of gifts for our grandchildren! I laughed at that—the Lord provided everything for His children and expected us to look after ours!

The Lord was always faithful to make full provision for us as we made those nine trips across America! He is a faithful God and loves it when we trust Him!

### 37. Painful Preparation

Wayne Beveridge has consented to let me share one of

His precious exhortations that he sends me by Email from time-to-time. He introduced this writing by saying: “There are so many wounded sheep, rejected and hurting souls that have been separated and are at a loss of understanding. They have been in a fiery crucible for such a time as this.”

*Lord help us, with the help only You can give  
And the relief only You can bring.  
I ask that today You give an understanding to things  
That have not been previously clearly understood.*

Many things that we go through  
Are preparation for the future.  
God knew that King David  
Was going to experience  
The rejection of his family  
And the nation of Israel.  
There was a progression  
In the successful battles he fought  
To prepare him so he would be able to have  
Good character in the midst of those battles.

He killed a lion, then a bear, then a giant.  
He then dealt with rejection from King Saul  
And his attempts to take his life.  
David and his men experienced  
Rejection by the fool Nabal.  
David’s wife Michal rejected  
And despised him in her heart  
When she saw him dance before the Lord.  
She brought a low to what could have been  
An even greater event in David’s life.

*She could have shared  
In a wonderful blessing  
But wound up barren.*

I had fasted for three days

In seeking the Lord for a word  
 The week that my wife  
 And I were to be baptized.  
 A young man I worked with  
 Went to the assistant pastor  
 And told him he did not think  
 I was ready to be baptized.  
 I was distressed about it  
 And the assistant pastor said:  
 "That just confirms  
 You should not be baptized now."  
 Bewildering, considering  
 The Ethiopian eunuch saying,  
 See, here is water;  
 What doth hinder me to be baptized?  
 And Philip said,  
 If thou believest  
 With all thine heart,  
 Thou mayest.  
 And he answered and said,  
 I believe that Jesus Christ  
 Is the Son of God.  
*Painful, but it too was  
 A learning experience*

I was doing night repair work  
 On a power plant  
 And that same young man was a supervisor  
 And an immature Christian that drank beer  
 With the guys on the job and ridiculed me  
 For fasting and not smiling all the time.  
 He and his father-in-law, another supervisor  
 Who cussed much, went to the ministry  
 To complain about my work ethic.  
 The pastor told me I had a problem  
 With pride and submission  
 And had me to have a further meeting

With a couple of elders.  
 They told me they both drank wine  
 And acted as if his drinking beer was all right.  
*I told my wife I could not believe  
 They could serve the same God we did  
 And try to minister those things to me.*  
 Sometimes things are not  
 The way they appear  
 And ministry can be wrong  
 And not even know it.  
 After all, there were two of them  
 And they were supervisors!  
 Surely I had to be wrong.

If you are following Christ  
 There will be people  
 Who will not understand you  
 And will even reject you.  
*God uses our experiences to teach, train,  
 And prepare us for the future.*

My father did not speak to me  
 For twenty-two years.  
 And when he did, he said:  
 "I don't care if I don't speak to you  
 For another twenty-two years."  
 It was finally resolved just before he died,  
*But he missed out on so much  
 With his grandchildren.*  
 How I wanted his approval, but  
 It took nearly sixty years for me  
 To hear my father say, "I love you."  
*Painful, but it was preparation.*

My pastor was a father figure to me,  
 And I also wanted his approval  
 But I had a pastor that would walk

Into a crowd of people that I was standing with  
And speak to every one of them  
And deliberately ignore my family.  
That pastor also walked down a corridor, saw me  
And turned around and went the other way.  
He said I just didn't fit in.  
*Painful, but it too, was preparation.*

Joseph spent years in preparation  
For what was to come.  
God uses our past and present  
To make us stronger, better, wiser  
And more understanding for the future  
And for what others are going through.  
*It is all to make us better, not bitter.*

Rejection is easier to deal with now  
Than it was in those early years  
No, I'm not perfect —  
But much better than what I was.  
*Distress is the stimulant  
That makes us grow!*

God has prepared some rugged troops  
That He has kept separated  
In the wilderness.  
They have been living in  
Spiritual dens and caves  
Prepared for just such a time as this.  
Perhaps they do n't quite fit in;  
Their experiences are a little different.  
It doesn't mean they are rebellious,  
Renegade, or loose cannons.  
They love the Lord with their whole hearts  
And all they want to do is serve Him.  
They are not out to make  
A name for themselves,

Or to fulfill some personal agenda.

There are some hidden  
Or less comely parts  
In the body of Christ.  
Some have caused the Lord shame...  
When exposed or revealed...  
They are looked down upon.  
They just do not seem to fit in.  
They are separated,  
Hidden away from others  
And have to be meticulously covered...  
Even so, there is a river  
That flows through them  
To bring cleansing to His body.

Moses was separated,  
Covered and hidden  
For forty years  
On the backside of the desert.

Joseph was separated, hidden away  
In prison, until his time.

John the Baptist was in the wilderness  
Hidden away until his time, as well.

Jesus was hidden  
For thirty years of his life  
Except for a time around puberty.

I know of at least five people  
To whom God has expressed  
That they are a *hidden body part*.  
They are treated as if  
They are inappropriate.  
“What are you doing here,

Where everyone can see you?"  
They just do not fit in or seem to belong  
With those that are out in the open.

Those members of that *obscure body part*  
Are to arise with passion  
With the flow of life that is within them  
And expel great portions of seed...  
The seed of God's Word.  
They shall be covered in that seed  
And do great exploits.

I believe that God expressed  
That some of us are to do  
What He desires for us to do.  
*Then with draw ourselves  
And move quietly away  
From that ministry and not draw  
Any more attention to ourselves.*

These hidden ones have been saved  
For a greater glory...  
To bring the greatest pleasure  
And reproduction  
To His end-time Church.

There is a reason  
For the things you go through.  
There will be answers to all  
Your questions in the  
*The price paid in preparation  
Is nothing in comparison  
To your harvest and blessings!*

### 38. Learning His Ways

After we left the mission field, we had nothing to "go home" to. We were not too sure where "home" should be.

So, we tried to learn the mind of the Lord as to where we should be. At first, we stayed, free of charge, in a little teacherage—a small house in a rural schoolyard where the teacher could live. While we were there, we found the principal of the school was very interested in the word we shared with him.

It was there that we printed our first Gospel of the Kingdom. The principal let us use their printing equipment which was quite old-fashioned compared to what we have today. The device was called a "spirit duplicator" because it used alcohol in the process. We were permitted to use it if we supplied our own paper. That was where the first copy of our newsletter was printed and mailed out to fifty people of our acquaintance.

We were able to buy a small, older mobile home—the first of a long line of mobile homes for us. Then the Lord led us to a small town called Burstal, in Saskatchewan. Our missionary friends knew a widow-woman there. We had no money left to rent a lot on which to park our mobile home, so our new friend insisted that we pull it into her yard and park there.

This widow lady whom I shall "Grandma" was a great blessing to us. She had such a big heart! We had wonderful fellowship together. She was from Lutheran background but she embraced the baptism of the Holy Spirit as soon as we told her about Him. It was almost hilarious to hear an older German lady speak in a tongue which sounded like it came from darkest Africa!

There was one shadow on our joy. Grandma had an ugly-looking growth on one cheek. I believe she had had it removed and it returned, worse than ever, so she determined she would not go back to the doctor. We confidently prayed for her, expecting to see that large, ugly growth drop right off in a short time. This did not happen, but that didn't bother this dear "Grandma." She confidently told all her friends and neighbors that we had prayed for her and she was healed! She was not "waiting for her healing." As

far as she was concerned, when we prayed, she was healed! This began to be a source of embarrassment to us, for she did not *look like she was healed* ! In fact, the growth started to look worse instead of better.

We were secretly wishing that she would go back to her doctor, for she obviously was not healed. I have to admit that our pride entered in here. She was crediting our prayers for her healing and she certainly didn't look like she was healed! We didn't want people thinking we were "fake" healers.

I don't recall exactly how long we waited, with Grandma declaring, unwaveringly, that she was healed, until something happened. One day that big, ugly scab just fell off her face and under it was soft, pink baby-skin. It had some tiny holes in it where the cancer's "legs" had hung on. Now it was our turn to rejoice in Grandma's healing and we repented before the Lord that we had not believed when "we could not see" the evidence before our eyes. It was a good lesson for us.

My husband looked around for work and I began to pray that the Lord would find some work for me to do, as we needed some income. A neighbor told me that the local café needed some help. I didn't rush over there, for I had a prejudice about being a waitress. My Dad always said none of his girls would ever be a waitress. He'd make sure they would get a good education so they wouldn't have to take a lowly job like that. I had this prejudice against that kind of work so I didn't know if I should apply for the job or not. I prayed, "Lord, if you want me to take that job, have the manager of the café come and ask me personally." That seemed quite improbable, so I dismissed it from my mind.

That very afternoon, a man came to our door and introduced himself as the manager of the local café. He said the oil pipeline crew was in town and they needed extra help. Could I come and help them? There was no way that I could refuse when The Speaking God had answered my

prayer so perfectly! They needed a short-order cook, not a waitress, so that would be my job. (The Lord erased my Dad's prejudice against being a waitress. That is honest labor, and hard work, and I respect them for how they have to deal with the public and put up with disrespectful behaviour at times).

In my home I am used to communing with The Speaking God, praying or singing, while I prepare a meal. I couldn't seem to do it differently in a public place, so I just sang the songs of Zion while I was cooking meat on the grill. One day a waitress told me that the rough, tough "pipe-liners" were really quiet and liked to listen to me sing. Immediately, I was embarrassed and shy at the thought of them hearing me sing to the Lord, so I stopped.

A few minutes later the same waitress came back and said, "The guys want to know why you stopped singing, and would you please sing again?" Well, I was ready to cry at that, but I recognized that if they wanted to hear those words of worship to my Father, who was I to withhold them? So I sang again, joyfully, glad to hear that the men wanted to hear my praise to the Saviour of all men. The waitresses liked it too, for there was a quiet, peaceful atmosphere in the café as long as I sang.

My employers were Lutheran and they had a little boy of seven who spent a lot of time in the kitchen with us. He was a sweet lad, but once in a while he would spill something and make a mess or some other small thing that children will do simply because they are children. His mother had no patience with the little lad and each time he would do something to displease her, she would warn him that "God is mad at you. He knows what you did! You had better be careful or you'll go to hell!" And, other such things she would say to the child. I've blotted them out of my mind because they were so distasteful.

I felt so badly because she was setting the stage for this young lad to hate God, to consider Him as an ogre, and far from the loving God that we know Him to be. I tried to

softly entreat the mother, but she could not “hear” me, for her words reflected her image of God. Part of my duties was to wash the dishes from the evening meal, so many a time I was praying and my tears were falling into the sink.

Sometimes an older man would come into the kitchen and if he saw I was working on a large pile of dishes, he grabbed a dish towel and helped me. We would visit or I would sing and it made the work seem to pass quickly. I so appreciated his help and his kindness to me.

One of the waitresses came to me one day to inform me that all the employees were getting together and were going to go on strike for higher wages. They wanted me to join them. When I spoke to my Friend, The Speaking God, He told me, *“You are not working for a man. You are working for Me, and I do not want you to join them in what they are planning to do.”* I told this to the one who asked me to join them and I heard no more about a strike. It just fizzled out! I didn’t try to convince anyone they should not do this—I just obeyed what the Lord told me, and it all came to naught. And I learned another spiritual lesson!

There is no way that I can tell all the wonderful spiritual lessons that The Speaking God has taught me. I will just share those that He brings to my mind.

### 39. God’s Family

We all know that Jesus taught us spiritual truths through the things of this natural life that is all around us. He also taught us of our relationship to Him by using our family relationships as an example. He even uses a different word to designate the different levels of maturity of a person. We should notice the differences He makes because they have a deep meaning.

Yesterday, on our walk, we saw the neighbor stop in front of her house. We had heard that they had a new baby girl so we stopped to have a peek at the newborn. When I looked upon her, all I could say was “Perfect!” She was beautiful in every respect. Yet, as a baby, she had many

things to learn, and a whole lot of growing-up to do! This new-born babe represents those Christians who have come into the Feast of Passover. They have had their sins forgiven. They have experienced the love of the Father. They have come to know a freedom from the guilt of their sins.

The scriptures use this Greek word to describe them: *“Teknion”* which means *“not far from birth, an infant, one who cannot care for himself.”* I John 2:12 says, **“I write to you, little children (teknion) because your sins are forgiven you for His name’s sake.”**

Paul says this of these members of God’s family: **“My little children (teknion), for whom I labor in birth again until Christ is formed in you” Galatians 4:19.** This word tells us they are still undeveloped in spirit. Wuest’s translation expresses the same thought: **“until Christ be outwardly expressed in you.”**

If we are honest with ourselves, we have to admit that when we were first born (as in “born again”), we were immature and unable to portray the nature of Christ truly. We were full of zeal for the Lord but lacked the knowledge and experience that only “growing up” can give. Our age didn’t matter at all—if we were nine or ninety when we first came to Jesus, we were still an “infant” in the Family of God. The Lord is certainly not going to entrust us with His spiritual keys any more than our Dad would let us drive his car!

So, in the Family of God we have infants. We also have some teenagers who have done some “growing up.” But, not enough growing up that Dad would willingly give them the key to his car, either, though they may beg for it! God calls this part of His Family by the Greek word *“Paidion”* which means *“a childling, half-grown; 50 percent.”* These are they who have entered into the second feast, even the Feast of Pentecost, and have received a further measure of the Spirit of the Lord. They are as teenagers—partly mature, but not having the fullness of God as Jesus had. This group has spiritual gifts, but are still ignorant of the con-

forming power of God's love. They, like regular teenagers, are subject to stages of rebellion against authority. It is at this stage that the Lord begins to deal with their self-life if He is calling them to enter the Feast of Tabernacles, where they will experience the full measure of the Spirit of God.

In this "growing stage" we come into a lot of knowledge which we take as a sign of maturity. Yet, knowing about the Spirit and the Word, does not make us mature in the Spirit! It takes a *processing* to make the Word to be Life to us! Our knowledge must be applied—walked in—to become life, or we have only a philosophy. A philosophy about life can never set creation free from the bondage of corruption. It only makes us informed souls—not *life-giving spirits*!

The "infants" in the Family have experienced God's forgiveness. They major in what God can do for them, and are preoccupied in asking for things all the time. The "teenagers" have come to know a measure of seeing the quality of His life. The forgiveness of sins is but our beginning back into God—when His life is planted within us. **John 17:3** says, "And this is eternal life, that they may know You, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom You have sent." The structure of the Greek is saying "the reason, the purpose of this life is that we can come to know God and Jesus Christ." The word "know" here means "to know by experience." We've been given the capacity to know God!

It does *not* say, as the New Agers teach, "The Son of God has come and *awakened us to what we already have.*" Before we received the Spirit of Jesus, we had no capacity to know Him. Paul tells us, "**But the natural (soulish) man does not receive the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him; nor can he know them; because they are spiritually discerned.**" This natural, soulish man cannot know the things of the Spirit because he does not have the Spirit of God living in him.

"Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit who is from God, that we might know the things that have been freely given to us by God" **I Cor. 2:12.** We were slaves to our passions but when our spirit was quickened (made alive), we received the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." When we received the Spirit of God, we also received *the mind of Christ*—all the potential of God is resident with His Spirit that is within us. Yet, we are still far from being fully developed or mature.

**I John 3:2,** "Now are we children (teknon) of God; and it has not yet been revealed (rendered apparent) what we shall be, but we know that when He is revealed, we shall be like Him..." Just because we *know it*, doesn't make it a visible reality in our lives. Moses *knew he was the deliverer* for Israel and he tried to do it, but it took 40 years before it became a visible reality. Many think they can just *awaken* to who "they" are in the Spirit, and then it is so. But, it doth not yet appear! At Pentecost, we have Christ in us the hope of glory, but walk still in the realm of "it does not yet appear." Our expectation comes because He is come; He is present.

Little children are growing into young men—moving from an inner knowing to a reality of knowing Him who is true, from knowing their sins are forgiven, what God has done *for us*, to knowing the Father. This is not just in theory, but in reality; not just preaching about it, singing about it, jumping up and down, but living it before our families and neighbors!

We are born of the same substance as Jesus. At 12, He knew God was His Father but it took 18 more years of walking out the reality of life, laboring in the carpenter's shop, being under subjection to His natural parents. He had the knowledge to confound the religious leaders of His day but He still remained subject to His parents! Knowledge is just the beginning of the process. It will take everyday situations which seem of no value to the kingdom of God to

place us in a position to live out the reality of *our Father's life in us, which is the true Pentecost*.

From the age of 12 till the age of 30, Jesus was subject to His parents and did not perform any public ministry. 30 was considered the age of maturity at which time a man might be a priest. For 18 years He was “in the wilderness”, as we are, being tested, and learning obedience as He walked out this mundane existence. 18 is the number of “bondage.” There are also 18 inches from our head to our heart. As long as the knowledge we possess is only in our *heads*, we remain in *bondage*. The Word must be written upon our hearts. Then we shall do *by nature* what pleases our Father. It is the walking out of our knowledge that will bring us into fullness—not our declaration of such a realm. The question is : “Shall we walk or shall we talk?”

#### 40. God Will Have Sons

I can't think of anything more sad than to have an infant that is unable to grow up in a normal way, whether mentally or physically. As much as we love the cuteness of a baby, we don't want him to stay like that all his life! We want to see him grow into his manhood and live a full life. And, so it is with the Lord! He also desires that His children should grow up. The Bible calls it “growing up into the Head”—growing up into Jesus until we take on His nature!

Why, then, do we see so many “infants” in God's Family? The answer is found in what I shared of the plan of God for the dispensation of the Church Age. He planned to call out a remnant and to bring them into His fullness, even the third feast, The Feast of Tabernacles. And, when He has done that necessary work in them, He will then bring in the remainder of His children. And, among the “teenagers” are some who have been apprehended of the Lord to come into maturity. **God has purposed to have sons!**

Many times The Speaking God has whispered into my heart when I've been facing something that is bringing

death to my self-life, that it is necessary for me to die to the natural, carnal life so that He can trust me with the fullness of Himself. He cannot give us that measure of Himself unless we are fully yielded unto Him and He can trust us! We thought the issue was learning to trust God. From God's perspective, He must be able to trust *us* to let Him have His way in every part of our life. He cannot take a chance that we would use His power for self and self-glorying.

God is going to have sons—those who have grown up and become mature. This does not mean that they are full of revelation and “have all the answers!” Not at all. Our knowledge is not a sign of maturity. I'll tell you what they have—a heart that wants to let God be God in them! They know that they are the vessel of clay that is indwelt by its Maker and the important thing is that the Maker be allowed to show forth Himself through the clay pot! **That He be seen** is the most important thing!

The scriptures use a different word for those who are growing up and are learning to know the Father by experience. It is “*huios*,” meaning “a son.” You might believe that God's children are all His sons, but the Lord narrows the definition down to “**For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God**” **Romans 8:14**. In order to be led, one has to deny self and let the Lord have His way in his life, which infants and teenaged Christians are not inclined to do.

One of the first lessons The Speaking God teaches those who are called to be mature sons and to leave behind the in-part, immature realm of Pentecost, is written in **Romans 8:5-8**, “**For they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.**”

I share from Norman Grubb: “What He is telling us is that if we are trying to please God by obeying what our mind tells us to do, we are simply *self-serving*. We have made *self our god*, not God! We just naturally run our own lives. And that is the whole trouble. We are not aware that there is not a single problem in humanity except our self-reactions. We have blamed a lot of things on the devil, but he was dealt with 2,000 years ago. Your neighbor, your circumstances, are not your trouble. Distorted self, out of gear, is our problem. Once we know how to handle the human self and put it back where it belongs, *under God*, we have found the key to life.

“He is telling us that our natural mind is an enemy of God. That is rather shocking news to us, for we have spent years and thousands of dollars educating this mind, only to find that God considers it His enemy! How could that be? Have we taken those self-assertion courses in vain? If we’re born with a mind that is against the things of God, what can we do about it?

“We can learn the lesson that Moses learned, the hard way! He thought he could do the job, but he found he could not and he had to flee for his life. He could not find God because, until he had come to an end of himself, God was a distant Person to him. We also have to learn that we do not do God’s work by self-effort and self-wisdom. God showed Moses what humanity is meant to be: a common bush aflame with God. Moses saw God’s presence and God’s word come out of a common bush—and as the divine fire consumed the bush, it refuelled it. “The bush was not consumed.” (Ex. 3: 2)

“A Christian should be motivated by the divine resources, the divine power, the divine Person. We have to learn by our hard knocks to clear out of the way and recognize Another functioning; get His voice, His plans, His resource. Then we come back into the situation as **servants**, not bosses. Once you have come to understand that your basic function is a constant recognition of Another, the

whole of life is transformed. Another is the Person who inspires the prayers and imparts the faith and thinks the thoughts through our minds and expresses His compassion through our hearts and puts our bodies into action. Once you have seen that, you see “***This is what life is, basically: Another living His life in you.***” You have your key to everything. Every problem becomes an opportunity. Every tough spot becomes a chance to enjoy the luxury of seeing Him deliver us out of it. And you welcome such spots.

“*Normal Humanity* is God-indwelt. Humanity which is not indwelt by Deity is sub-human. Jesus Christ was a real human, a representative man—one of us. When challenged on the source of His power, He answered, “The Son can do nothing of Himself.” His basic self-consciousness as a human was awareness of His nothingness in Himself! When He said He did what He saw the Father doing, it was not that He had some telescopic view into heaven, but that as the Father *in* Him took Him into various situations and faced Him with various needs, He would know this was a call to action. As He saw the Father moving into action, He took action. The action of faith.

“The same was true of the words He spoke. He was expressing the thoughts and words the Father thought and spoke in Him. So you see the human nothingness and the divine union? He was always saying, “I have what the Father *gives* Me.” Yet, what words He spoke and deeds He did! To teach the disciples further, He stopped by a vineyard. “See,” He said, “I have been the branch of My Father. He has been My vine; His sap has been flowing through Me, and I have just been bearing the fruit. Now, I am your vine and you are My branches. We are to have the same union which I have had with the Father, and apart from Me ye can do no thing.” (unquote)

These are God’s sons, His mature ones, those who have recognized that their carnal mind is self-serving, and have agreed with God’s Spirit to function from the mind of Christ within them, which is always self-giving. They

know that the whole of creation “**was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope**” (Rom. 8:20). This word “vanity” means “emptiness and futility.” We know that mankind is subject to these feelings, for the rate of suicide speaks for itself when a man can find no reason to live. Some say, “I didn’t ask to be born!” We were not willing to come into this realm of emptiness and death. But, look! The One who subjected us all to this emptiness had a good reason to do what He did! After all, He takes the blame for it when He says “**was made subject to vanity, not willingly.**” It was definitely not our idea, and we have not liked it.

What reason does God give for doing this to His creation? He says, “**...by reason of Him who hath subjected the same in hope, Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.**” He says He purposes to deliver creation from their bondage to decay and death and bring them into the glorious liberty of the children of God—mature children, sons!

He speaks of His reason as “**hope.**” He tells us that all creation is waiting to see the mature sons of God—those of humanity who have come into the likeness of their Father. “**For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.**” All of creation is waiting for that remnant that is being prepared even now by the Lord. All mankind is waiting for their showing-forth. The scriptures say they are “**...waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.**” The Lord intends to redeem His sons—spirit, soul, and body, in that order!

At Passover (salvation), our *spirit* was quickened and made alive. At Pentecost, the *soul* was brought into submission unto the spirit. At Tabernacles, the *body* shall be quickened and changed by the power of the Spirit. A mature remnant shall arise to set creation free from their bondage to this world, and God’s “**hope**” will become **a reality!**

### 39. Learning to Trust

Some people tell me that they always look at the back of a book before they read it and then they can tell if they want to read it. Well, I’m going to fool anyone who has an idea like that. I’m going to put some “beginning things” near the end of the book just to confuse them!

This experience might not seem so spiritual but it was a landmark time in my life and I learned to trust the Lord in so many ways that I want to share it with all my friends. It took place after I felt I was suffering a measure of “burn-out” from teaching. I had taken over a Grade Nine class in the Peace River country. Their Grade Eight teacher did not seem to understand children and did not get along with her students. If one misbehaved, she took their recess away. A bad idea! They needed their break to get outside and wear off some of that excess energy that teenagers have. Some of the boys told me they had only had three recesses in the entire school term!

If you think they hated teachers and hated school, you would be right on both counts. Consequently, they hadn’t learned all that they should have learned in Grade Eight, and were not ready for the work in Grade Nine. It wasn’t long before I realized I was in a situation that would be very trying for me and devastating for the students if most of them should fail this important grade. I had a heart-to-heart talk with them one day and told them that I was sorry that they had not had a good year last year, but we couldn’t do anything about that now. What was facing them was that they would have to do two year’s work in one. I would help them as much as I could but they would have to make a commitment to me that they would work hard and cooperate with me in every way. I felt confident we could pull it off if they would work with me and not against me.

They seemed relieved to hear me say that, for they must have known that they had made no progress for a year and did not want to repeat that. So, all the students worked

hard and I worked doubly hard to cover all the material they had missed plus the new work. At the end of the year the students passed and rejoiced greatly. As for me, I was very weary of teaching and felt I'd like to do something else for a change but I didn't know what that could be.

I tendered my resignation and spent the holidays with my parents at Edson, Alberta. My brother Slim told me one day that there was a little Candy Store on Main Street that was for sale. He wondered if he and I should buy it and I'd run it. Well, I had never thought of such a thing. It was a favorite haunt of the children, and I knew I'd like that because I enjoy relating to children.

I can't say I prayed about it exactly, because I didn't yet know the Lord. But, I prayed about a lot of things before I knew the Lord, so, let's say I did! Anyway, Slim and I went to the bank to see if we could float a loan to buy the store and our application was accepted.

We were to open on Monday morning and in the meantime we would have to learn how to run the popcorn machine to make popcorn daily for the movie-goers. Then, we had to hire several girls to help me and two choreboys to look after all the pop bottle returns. We sold penny candies, boxes of chocolates, ice cream, pop, and so on.

On our first day of business we realized that we needed to put some money in the till in order to make change. Suddenly we realized we didn't have any money. We had scraped together what we could to put down on the purchase and didn't even have any money to make change. I'd say that was running it close, wouldn't you?

Slim came up with the bright idea of borrowing the money from his daughter's piggy-bank! She was happy to lend it to us, so we opened up our first business with money from a child's piggy-bank. That is either called faith or foolishness; I'm not quite sure which!

I had to learn to deal with the long string of salesmen that came my way. We had very little in the bank and would have to count on what we sold to pay the bills for

what we had to buy. I was very careful about ordering. I'd order a few things and say, "Add it up!" The salesman would oblige, and I'd see if I felt I could order a little more or not. I wondered what they thought about me when I ordered in such a manner, but one young man told me later that he had the utmost respect for me because I was so careful.

And, when the bills came in, the money was always there to pay them! Although one time I was expecting a large bill and it was burdening me so that I wasn't my usual happy self. (I always greeted people in a friendly manner and sang a lot behind the counter). By this time I had met the Lord and He cautioned me about this by telling me that other stores down the street had the same things to sell as I had. The reason they came to my store was because I had a happy face and made them feel welcome. I was to leave my burdens with Him and just be happy to bless the people. That was a precious lesson!

One night an old "bush whacker" came in to the store. He worked in the woods all week and came to town on a Saturday night. He had been in before but this night he kind of hung around and finally he came out with it: "Would you sing a song for me, Elaine?"

"What do you want me to sing?" I asked.

"Would you sing 'Save the Last Dance for Me?'" I thought that was a bit romantic to sing to an old "bush-whacker" but he looked so pitiful and lonely that I felt I should do it. Besides, it was late and there was no one else in the store, and, hopefully, no one else would come in. So, I felt I "made his day" by singing this song especially for him. He looked quite happy when he left!

The place was always full of children, of all ages, and I enjoyed counting out the penny candies and serving ice cream cones. Sometimes the place would be so full of people that they couldn't get back out through the press and I would have to direct them to go out the back door. It seems like there was nothing for an even nickel or dime—you al-

ways had to have a few pennies extra. The children didn't always have the extra pennies, so we had a little red boot beside the till from which they could have the pennies they needed. All they had to do was to say the "magic word" to get them. (It was "please", of course!) The parents liked that. They always knew their little ones would not be sent away empty!

I remember one Easter season when a lad of about 14 was sitting on the bench in the store for some time. When we were alone, he asked me a question. He waved his hand in the direction of all the chocolate eggs and bunnies and asked, "Elaine, what is Easter all about, anyway? I'm sure it must be more than just chocolate candy!"

Before I answered him, a wave of sorrow came over me to realize that this young man could have been brought up in a supposedly Christian country and he had no idea what Easter was all about! You can be sure that I told him about the Lord, and he seemed glad to hear what I had to say. From that time on, he became my "champion." If any rough boy should say a bad word, he'd be on his case. "Elaine doesn't like anyone to swear in here, so you'd better watch it!" I never had any discipline problems because Bobby spent a lot of time in the store with me when his father was at work and there was no mother at home.

Once a year we gave away ice cream cones all day long. We opened up a window and handed them out to all the passersby. We enjoyed that day very much and the children were very happy for it, too.

The Lord blessed our little business. After being in business a little over a year, we were able to take out enough money for my brother Slim to put a down payment on the grocery store across the street. In time, he even bought the building. It remained his source of livelihood until it was time to retire. And yes, I'm sure he repaid his little girl for her investment in our first business from her piggy-bank!

Occasionally, we would go to the city of Edmonton to visit some of our suppliers. They would "wine us and dine us" and treat us royally. I thought they did this with all their customers until an official at Palm Dairies told me that we were their best customers in all of Western Canada. I could hardly believe that because our Candy Store was just a little "hole-in-the-wall", so to speak. But, with the Lord's blessing upon it, we sold a lot of ice cream!

It was in this little store that I started to learn to be led of the Lord. I needed His help and leaned on Him a lot until I learned to trust Him! When I became pregnant with our first child I sold the store. The parents told me they missed having a place where their children could go and buy things on their own and be safe. I missed them, too, but the Lord had other plans for my life. He had a calling and a ministry for me that I knew nothing about!

#### **41. A New Age Encounter**

My friend, Faith, would tell me from time-to-time about her sister who had left the faith her parents taught her and had joined the New Age movement. Her sister not only believed what they taught, but she was avidly teaching it to others. I could tell this made my friend sad, but I couldn't relate to her sadness because I didn't understand what New Age was all about. The Lord didn't want me to remain ignorant of this subject so He arranged to plunge me into a New Age encounter.

A pastor in Australia kept sending me teaching tapes with a request to come to Canada and hold meetings. We had no interest in inviting him to come. There was something about his preaching that didn't just set right with us, but we had no idea what it was. This was followed by a man phoning us from Australia with a sob story that he had a bad problem and needed prayer. He wanted to come and visit us to have prayer for deliverance. I protested that it was a long, expensive trip for prayer, but he insisted that

was not a problem. (I found out later that he belonged to the same church as the man who was sending us the tapes).

So, he flew up to visit us and Bill met him at the airport. Bill couldn't believe the things he was saying—it sounded like what Faith had said about her sister's teachings. For several days he poured out all these New Age teachings until I asked him pointedly, "You said you came for prayer for deliverance, but since you have been here, you have not ceased talking about the doctrine of New Age. Why have you come?"

His answer was quite candid: "I felt you wouldn't receive what I had to say unless I came and told you personally."

We didn't know a lot of the doctrines that the New Age promote, but we do know *the true gospel*, and this didn't sound a bit like it! I understand that when bank clerks are trained to detect counterfeit bills, they don't study the deceitful currency—they study closely, the true money. This way, when they see something that deviates from the true, they can discern it. We knew that what we were hearing was not the true gospel! Yet, this man was spouting it to us all day and to everyone who visited us.

Finally, Bill had had enough and told him that we would not put him out of our home, but if he wanted to stay he must stop talking his New Age doctrine. At that, he left and we didn't see him for a few days. He had gone to visit a sister whom he had met at our home. After a day or two, her husband told him to leave so he came back to us to get his luggage. He made one more attempt to convince me that I was Jesus, and when I refused to agree with that, he cursed all the literature in my office and "wiped the dust off his feet" as he left. This experience motivated us to find out what the New Agers believe.

#### 41--The "Stuff" of New Age Beliefs

One can never understand any belief unless he knows where it has originated. I have seen that New Age doctrine

is not at all new. It is the same old lie whispered to our first parents in the Garden of Eden when the serpent first put forth a suggestion questioning God's love. He opens the temptation by questioning what God does. "***Hath God said, Ye shall not eat?***" No mention was made of the proofs of God's love everywhere; the serpent fixes on the one thing denied.

If we *question* what God does, we judge God; we get out of our place, and put Him out of His! We become His judge rather than His worshipper. Man concludes that if God loves us not, we can but try self and creatures and creature love.

Love being doubted, truth is next assailed. "The serpent said, Ye shall not surely die." God is now treated as a liar! If God loses His place, something else must take it. Where God is not trusted, Satan will be. The man who doubts the love and truth of God, must trust the creature. If men ask him to sin, he will obey them, for they are now in the place of God to him.

After God's love and truth are denied, the next step is to take God's place openly. So, the serpent says, "***Ye shall be as gods.***" If the poison of the first two lies has entered, God has lost His character in the heart of man. *Self* may now seek to be "as God" and to feel itself capable of judging "good and evil." (As an example, our government has voted against God by making the marriages of homosexuals legal. They must feel they are qualified to make a right judgment here.) One young man who was steeped in New Age teachings, told me, "God doesn't care what we do in the flesh. He's just interested in our spirits." That one statement does away with all holy living and gives liberty to "just do what feels good."

Some may find no objection to being "as God" because didn't God Himself say, "Let us make man in our image...?" Ah, but only God, working by His Spirit within a man, can make a man in His own nature. But what the serpent was suggesting was that our first parents could be like

Him in self-effort, independently of God! And, to this they agreed. Not for a moment did they consider that it was God's grand purpose to make them like Himself. That was His stated purpose for their creation! They believed the lie that God was grudging and untrue and didn't want them to be like Him, a thought which made the enemy's lies more attractive. They didn't need God; they were free to set themselves up as gods and to judge good and evil!

This is the origin of the New Age doctrines. There is nothing new about them—they are as old as mankind, and the enemy introduces them to each succeeding generation as if this is some “cutting-edge” doctrine that will really take them places! That is pretty “heady” stuff—to be your own god! This is “the stuff” of which New Age is made!

### 43. A Course In Miracles

The Bible that Christians claim as their guide to living a godly life were those words that were spoken by holy men of God as they were inspired by the Holy Spirit. Those following New Age teachings also have a “Bible” and it would be well to know the origins of this book called “A Course In Miracles.” The writer, Helen Schucman, claims that this book of over 1200 pages, was authored by Jesus Christ Himself! Hear the facts. Be the judge!

We would expect, if this claim were true, that Ms. Schucman must be a devout Christian who had walked with the Lord for many years. Such was not the case. She was an atheist (no communication with God there). And, she was a psychologist (who are not noted for looking to God for answers). She was not having much success in her profession so began to seek for answers to improve the results of her practice. (None of this sounds too spiritual!)

She began to hear an “inner voice” which would give her dictation sometimes until her fingers bled. By this process of “channeling” over a period of seven years, the New Age Bible was born! Dr. Kenneth Wapnick, in an introduction to this book, explains: “It is given in a Christian con-

text, but it's a Christianity that **has nothing to do with the Jesus of the Bible.**”

J. Preston Eby, a kingdom Bible teacher, says, “I do not doubt for one moment that he is the Jesus the apostle Paul spoke of when he said, “But I fear, lest by any means, as the *serpent* beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. For if he that cometh preacheth *another Jesus, whom we have not preached*, or another gospel, which ye have not accepted...such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel: for *Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light*. Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works” (II Cor. 11:3-4; 13-15).

Ms. Schucman does not testify to any New Testament experience of salvation or of being washed in the blood of the Lord Jesus. Her initiation to her revelation was through dreams while she was still an atheist! In her first dream she retrieved from the canal a book, called **Aesculapius**—the Greek god of healing! It was a book of the pagan deity of healing whose symbol was: **the serpent!** This book stood for the revelation she was about to receive, which was obviously inspired by the very same personage who taught mother Eve her wonderful revelation in the Garden of Eden!

Though the course talks about Christ, the Holy Spirit, the atonement and prayer, it comes to very different conclusions from the Bible. It even disputes the gospel preached by the apostles, elevating its own revelation above the bible. In several places, they comment on its “upside-down thinking” in regards to the crucifixion, and how “the apostles often misunderstood it.” They claim: “Jesus did not suffer and die for our sins.” This idea flagrantly contradicts the Word of God: “For Christ died for sins once for all, the righteous for the unrighteous to bring you to

God” (I Peter 3:18). This book is definitely a perversion of the central message of the gospel!

J. Preston Eby says, “All the gods of the pagans were *overcome* by the gospel of Jesus Christ! That is why the temple of Aesculapius is lying in ruins today, as are nearly all the pagan temples of the ancient world! I have seen them in Rome, in Greece, in Turkey, and in other nations of the world. The Lamb overcame them, for He is King of kings, and Lord of lords! They could not withstand the power and authority of the name of Jesus! Their myths, their lying signs and wonders, their deceiving oracles, their perverse and licentious rituals, their corrupt priesthoods were no match for the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit that was poured out upon the world through the ministries of the apostles of Jesus the Christ. Oh yes, God poured out the Spirit from the very throne of the heavens and a power and authority smote the false, demonic gods of the heathen that swept their abominations from the earth!

“And now, in this hour, the greatest hour since the early church, when the Lord is preparing the firstfruits of His redemption, the manchild birthed from the womb of the true church, the manifest sons of God to set creation free—that wily serpent of old, in order to *get back* at the holy seed, has manifested himself again as he did to Eve in the garden, appearing as an angel of *light*, the demon spirit of Aesculapius, impersonating the very person of Jesus the Christ, in his subtle effort to prevent the birth of the manchild, to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect! I have known many who received the call to sonship with joyful hope and expectation who have since been turned aside by this insidious delusion. This is why it arose in the earth at this specific time of *our* generation! It is part of the ancient serpent’s effort to destroy the promised seed!” (Unquote)

A friend recently attended her son’s graduation from University. The main speaker was introduced with many accolades and honors because he held six degrees. His manner was very slick and “cool.” You could tell that the

student body held him in great admiration. Yet, different times through his address he would attack the beliefs of the “fundamentalist” churches and hold them in derision. It did not take my friend long to discern that this man was steeped in New Age doctrines and was trying to indoctrinate the students. In the spirit, she saw that, by his charm and cunning, he was pulling out by the roots, sound teaching that had been given these young people by their parents. Her own son was taken by him and claimed that he was his “mentor” which meant that he was ready to follow him!

In a nutshell, New Age doctrines claim that sin is an *illusion*, and death is an *illusion*. If this be so, how come Jesus did not know about it, for He came to deal with **sin** and went through **death** to do it! The enemy is still saying, “Ye shall not surely die!”

#### 44. Ministry to Children

From the title of this section you might think I am going to share on how to teach the gospel to little ones. Not so! I’m going to share several experiences that the Lord gave me to make me aware that sometimes children need to be delivered from some power of darkness that is afflicting them. Don’t gasp and tell me that these innocent little ones could never have an evil spirit afflicting them, for I have found out differently! I have a revelation of this, not just an opinion.

At one point when we were attending a little church, a new couple drove 20 miles to attend the meetings. The husband was a new believer and his wife wanted him to hear the Word of God. Their toddler came with them and sat quietly during the song service and announcements, but as soon as the minister started sharing the Word, he started to act up. He seemed to do his “on cue” every Sunday. His father never heard a word of the sermon because he had to take the screaming child outside.

I decided to do something about this! The next time this happened, I reached my arms out for the child and went over to the pastor's house. He put up quite a fuss, but I just prayed in tongues and held him tightly. I prayed for some time when I noticed that the little fellow had fallen asleep in my arms.

There was nothing unusual about this, but the report from the parents the next week was definitely unusual! They came to me beaming, "We've got our good little boy back."

I didn't know what they meant by that. They told me that every since the child had been very sick, he had been a "difficult" child. Before his sickness, he was a very good boy. Since I had prayed for the boy, he was just as sweet as he used to be at home and no longer acted up in church. I had heard that a spirit could enter a person after an operation or a sickness, but this was the first time that I saw for myself that it was so. While praying for him, I was not aware that I was casting out an evil spirit. I just knew that I was not saying any "Lay me down to sleep" prayer and that little man was resisting me as hard as he could until he was set free and fell asleep. His parents were delighted and the little one must have enjoyed the peace that was restored to his soul.

After my healing of leukemia, someone brought Bob to see us. He had a bad drinking habit and wanted deliverance. He gave his heart to the Lord Who gave him victory over his drinking. The Lord gave him a gift of faith and he had a precious ministry among the men who look to alcohol for an escape from life. He would go to a bar from time-to-time and give the gospel to the ones who opened their hearts to him.

The pastor who took over the work that we started, thought he shouldn't go into a bar—it wasn't a good testimony for a Christian to be seen in a bar. Bob felt so badly about that because that is where the Lord was using him. So, we prayed together about it. In the Spirit, I saw two

pairs of footwear—one pair of shiny patent-leather shoes, and a pair of homely moccasins. The Spirit explained that these pairs of footwear spoke of two types of ministry—the shiny leather shoes were those of a man who did things after the traditions of men. The one who wore the humble moccasins also had a ministry, but it was humble and not esteemed by men. In fact, he won quite a number of men, including the town drunk, to the Lord and then he couldn't find a church that would welcome them to fellowship with them. Bob started having prayer meetings in his home and the Lord blessed these times together.

Bob told me the problem they were having with their four-year-old girl. She seemed quite unloving. She didn't like to sit on anyone's lap or cuddle up to them. Her grandparents were wondering what kind of child she was, for she never wanted to receive any demonstrations of affection from them. The whole family were affected by this lack of desire for love in this beautiful little girl. Bob asked if I would pray for her, so I did. The Lord gave me the name of a hindering spirit which I cannot recall after all this time. Its name was closely allied to the word "unnatural" which means "not being in accordance with normal feelings or behaviour."

After this prayer, she was a different girl and delighted in receiving and giving love. Her grandparents were especially delighted and impressed with the change in her behaviour. The next time we went to their home for Bible Study, the little girl was in bed and was certainly not asleep. She was putting up quite a lot of noisy complaints. Her parents tried to quieten her down so we could pray, but she wouldn't stop whining. Finally, one of us asked her what she wanted and were almost bowled over by her answer! She said, "I want the Spirit too so I won't be a bad girl any more!" (This from a four-year-old!)

I had never prayed for such a young child for the Baptism but this one saw daily in her home the power of the Spirit and knew it was He who had set her free to love. We

laid hands on her and prayed, and she received simply just as a child would do and spoke in other tongues. We went back to prayer and she stayed happily in her room and fell asleep with the assurance that she had the power that would keep her in this new state of love in which she found herself. (And so the Lord kept her and she grew up to be a beautiful young woman and was a happy, well-adjusted person. Glory to God!)

Neither of these testimonies are weird or scary or took any screaming times of exorcism to deliver the child. The Lord simply gave the wisdom and delivered the child by His Spirit as we looked to Him Who has given us power over all the power of the devil. But, let it be understood that if a child is acting abnormally, it is possible that the enemy has a foothold there, and they need the help of the Lord to be set free. And, the Lord has given us power over all the power of the enemy!

#### 45. Teach Me to Worship

In my quiet time of waiting before the Lord, I heard Him speak to my heart the following: “Does it seem unto you that I am a God who strives always to receive the pre-eminence simply that **I** might be magnified? Is it My own glory that I seek? Nay, My Own, it is not thus. I seek not that which is My Own, for My glory is in My nature, in my divine Being, and whether man acknowledges My glory or not, he cannot change it or take away from that which is eternal.

“I am not as one who, in the market-place, competes for the attention of the people that he might be seen as some great one. This My people have not known, that their power and anointing is found only in being joined unto Me. And when **self** is magnified in any way as the source of their life, My Own cut themselves off from the true source of their life! So, when I have commanded My people to render unto Me the calves of their lips, it has been for their good, that they might always honor *the source* of their life,

lest self-love cut them off from it. I Am the Self-Existent One Who needeth not praise, but My creatures need to praise to keep themselves from self-love which severs them from Me.”

In May of 1994 as I was praying, I was very conscious of my inability to pray with words fitting my Maker. I prayed, “*Lord, teach me to worship You acceptably.*” Much to my joy, the Speaking God answered with these words:

“When you accept whatever situation you are in without murmuring, you are worshipping Me.

“When you can rejoice in Me in the midst of your infirmities, you are worshipping Me.

“When I have brought pressures to bear upon you to bring out the gold of My nature and you bear them patiently—blaming not Me, nor another person, nor yourself, then you are truly worshipping Me.

“When you can ‘forgive yourself’ for your weaknesses and failures and cease expecting your human nature to bring forth perfect ion, you are worshipping Me.

“When you have come to the place of recognizing and acknowledging that ‘of myself I can do nothing,’ then do I have praise of thee.

“When you can look upon a wasted life and agree that I can and will make this one every whit whole—that this is My desire—then you have offered Me true worship, for you have seen My true nature!

“When you look upon My natural creation and the beauty of it and magnify Me, then am I worshipped.

“When you hear My word within you saying, ‘This is the way—walk ye in it,’ and ye obey My word with rejoicing, I feel worship from thee.

“When you look with compassion upon one who is afflicted, tossed, and broken, then am I worshipped.

“When you recognize My Body and honor them as My brethren, this is true worship unto Me.

“When thy lips are silent because of your pain, and you lift your heart to me, I feel your worship.

“When you say, ‘I cannot—please help me!’ then am I worshipped.

“Worship is a heart attitude in every place and situation in which you find yourselves. It acknowledges My Lordship, the righteousness of My nature, the truth of My Word, and the reality of My indwelling presence. You may offer true worship at all times and in every situation by keeping your heart right toward Me and toward your fellow-man.”

#### 46. Simple of Heart

*The Speaking God* dropped this word into my heart: “*The simple of heart shall enter in.*” I had just been speaking on the phone to a Hispanic brother from Texas. He has brought forty-five families to the Lord. They have been meeting in his humble home which can barely hold them all. He told me that recently some of them have chosen to attend the large charismatic church in the city. The church building is right up-to-date and they have a magnificent sound system and everything that the modern church feels it must have. These couples feel it must have the truth because it is prosperous and this humble brother is not. They equate prosperity with the blessing of the Lord.

My friend was feeling some rejection over this, for he felt he was walking in the present-day truth of the Feast of Tabernacles and Sonship. I pondered this situation in the light of “who shall ascend unto My holy hill?” This scripture came to my mind, “.....but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word” Isaiah 66:2. The following word came out of my thoughts concerning that situation.

“Do you think I could entrust My *heavenly riches* to those who lust after them? It is not evil to be rich. It is only evil if riches hold the highest place in a man’s thoughts. Those that be of Jacob, to whom the birthright belonged, shall esteem *the dew from heaven* and the blessings of the earth will not be considered the most valuable treasure.

Those who look for **Me** as their treasure shall be rich above all men. So be it !”

This incident reminded me of something that happened to the principal of Pinecrest Bible School in New York, a Bible School that taught the message of overcoming and death to the self -life. The principal was invited to meet with a pastor of a large, denominational church in the city. He went to the church building and was ushered into the office which was covered with thick, rich-looking carpet, and all the furniture was of the finest quality. It fairly shouted the words: “prosperous! successful! blessed!”

The humble Bible teacher thought of his school with its leaky roof, broken shingles, old desks and tattered books. It was quite a comparison. It made him feel that he was a complete failure and was far from the blessing of the Lord.

Now, I can’t recall the exact words the Lord spoke to this dear brother, but I remember well the lesson the Lord taught him. The Lord pointed out to him that he had the True Riches of His Word and the revelation of the Lord’s plan and purpose for this new age of the kingdom. And, the Lord was teaching him and the students valuable lessons in trusting Him, rather than begging from the people and looking to them to meet their needs. Yes, He had given this denominational pastor worldly riches, but He had given the humble man heavenly, spiritual riches which were far greater. Needless to say, he was greatly comforted to see things as God sees them!

I told this true story to my Hispanic friend and I believe he was comforted. I suggested that some of the people he led to the Lord might need to go there for some time to find out what the true riches are! They have nothing to do with outward things!

#### 47. My Unexpected Discovery

It seems most fitting to *The Speaking God* and to myself to conclude this book with a writing from the anointed pen of Hannah Whitall Smith. She is the author of **A Chris-**

**tian's Secret of a Happy Life**, generated during the 19<sup>th</sup> century Holiness revival. After her death, her publishers took it upon themselves to remove the two chapters with which they did not agree. They had not been open to the revelation that God had given to her. Here they are!

While focusing on the anguish of man, she was 'caught up' in the spirit and God revealed His purpose to her in reconciliation. She was told that "Christ is to be satisfied", and through that satisfaction, He was to make all mankind "alive". She was able to move far beyond the fundamental teachings of religious doctrine and see that the "salvation is equal to the fall. There is to be a final restitution of all things." (I Corinthians 15:38)

### Chapter XXI "Questionings"

"During all the years of which I speak, the Plymouth brethren were among my principal teachers. I began gradually to find some things in their teachings that I could not accept, especially their extreme Calvinism.

"There have always been, I believe, differences of opinion among them in regard to this view, but those with whom I was thrown held very rigidly the belief that some people were 'elected' to salvation, and some were elected to 'reprobation,' and that nothing the individual could do could change these eternal decrees. We, of course, were among those elected to salvation and for this we were taught to be profoundly thankful. I tried hard to fall in with this. It seemed difficult to believe that those who had taught me so much could possibly be mistaken on such a vital point. But my soul revolted from it more and more. How could I be content in knowing that I myself was sure of Heaven, when other poor souls, equally deserving, but who had not had my chances, were 'elected' for no fault of their own, but in the eternal decrees of God, to 'Reprobation?'"

"It seemed to me such a doctrine was utterly inconsistent with the proclamation that had so entranced me. I could not find any limitations in this proclamation, and I

could not believe there were any secret limitations in the mind of the God who had made it. Neither could I see how a Creator could be just, even if He were not loving, in consigning some of the creatures He Himself, and no other, had created, to the eternal torment of hell, let them be as great sinners as they might be. I felt that if this doctrine were true, I should be woefully disappointed in the God whom I had, with so much rapture, discovered.

"I could not fail to see, moreover, that, after all, each of us was largely a creature of circumstance--that what we were, and what we did was more or less the result of our temperaments, of our inherited characteristics, of our social surroundings, and of our education; and that, as these were all providentially arranged for us, with often no power on our part to alter them, it would not be just in the God who had placed us in their midst, to let them determine our eternal destiny.

"As an escape from the doctrine of eternal torment, I at first embraced the doctrine of annihilation for the wicked, and for a little while tried to comfort myself with the belief that this life ended all for them. But the more I thought of it, the more it seemed to me that it would be a confession of serious failure on the part of the Creator, if He could find no way out of the problems of His creation, but to annihilate the creatures whom He had created.

"Unconsciously, one of my children gave me an illustration of this. She woke me up one morning to tell me that she had been lying in bed having great fun in pretending that she had made a man. She described the color of his hair and his eyes, his height, his power, his wisdom and the grand things he was going to do, and was very enthusiastic in her evident delight in the joy of creation. When she had finished enumerating all the magnificent qualities of her man, I said to her, 'But, darling, suppose he should turn out badly; suppose he should do mischief and hurt people, and make things go wrong, what would you do then?'"

"Oh", she said, "I would not have any trouble; I'd just make him lie down and chop his head off."

"I saw at once what a splendid illustration this was of the responsibility of a Creator, and it brought to my mind Mrs. Shelley's weird story of the artist Frankenstein, who made the monstrous image of man, which, when it was finished, suddenly to his horror, became alive, and went out into the world, working havoc wherever it went. The horrified maker felt obliged to follow his handiwork everywhere, in order to try to undo a little of the evil it had caused. The awful sense of the responsibility that rested upon him because of the creature he had created, opened my eyes to see the responsibility God must necessarily feel if the creatures He had created were to turn out badly. I could not believe He would torment them forever. Neither could I rest in the thought of annihilation as His best remedy for sin. I felt hopeless to reconcile the love and the justice of the Creator with the fate of His creatures, and I knew not which way to turn. But deliverance was at hand, and the third epoch in my Christian experience was about to dawn.

### **Chapter XXII--The Third Epoch In My Religious Life**

"After a few years of exuberant enjoyment in the good news of salvation through Christ for myself and for those who thought as I did, my heart began to reach out after those who thought differently, and especially after those who, by reason of the providential circumstances of their birth and their surroundings, had no fair chance in life. I could not but see that ignorance of God, and, as a result, lives of sin, seemed the almost inevitable fate of a vast number of my fellow human beings. I could not reconcile it with the justice of God, that these unfortunate mortals should be doomed to eternal torment because of those providential circumstances, for which they were not responsible, and from which, in most cases, they could not escape. The fact that I, who no more deserved it than they, should have been brought to the knowledge of the truth,

while they were left out in the cold, became burdensome to me. I often felt as if I would gladly give up my own salvation, if by this means I could bestow it upon those who had been placed in less fortunate circumstances than myself.

"I began to feel that the salvation in which I had been rejoicing was, after all, a very limited and a very selfish salvation. As such, it was unworthy of the Creator who had declared so emphatically that His tender mercies are over all His works," and above all, unworthy of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world for the sole purpose of saving the world. I could not believe that His life and death for us could be meant to fall so far short of remedying the evil that He came on purpose to remedy. I felt that it must be impossible that there could be any shortcoming in the salvation He had provided. I began to be convinced that my difficulties had simply arisen from a misunderstanding of the plans of God, and I set myself to discover the mistakes.

"As I have said, my first refuge had been in the annihilation of the wicked. But this had soon seemed unworthy of a wise and good Creator and a very sad confession of failure on His part. I could not reconcile it with either His omnipotence or His omniscience. I began to be afraid I was going to be disappointed in God. But one day a revelation came to me that vindicated Him, and that settled the whole question forever.

"We often had revivalist preachers staying with us, as we sought every opportunity of helping forward what we called 'gospel work'. There came one who was very full of the idea that it was the privilege and duty of the Christian to share, in a very especial manner, in the sufferings of Christ, as well as in His joys. He seemed to think our doing so would in some way help those who knew nothing of the salvation of Christ. He had adopted the plan of making strong appeals on the subject in his meetings, and of asking Christians, who were willing for the sake of others to take a share of these sufferings upon themselves, to 'come forward' to a front bench in the meeting to pray that it might

be granted to them. Somehow, it all sounded very grand and heroic, and it fitted in so exactly with my longings to help my less fortunate fellow human beings. Although I did not go 'forward' for prayer at any of his meetings, I did begin to pray privately in a blind sort of way, that I might come into the experience, whatever it was. The result was very different from what I had expected, but it was far from tremendous.

"I had expected to enter into a feeling of Christ's personal sufferings in the life and death He bore for our sakes, but instead I seemed to have a revelation, not of His sufferings because of sin, but of ours. I seemed to get a sight of the misery and anguish caused to humanity by the entrance of sin into the world, and of Christ's sorrow, not for His own sufferings because of it, but for the sufferings of the poor human beings who had been cursed by it. I seemed to understand something of what must necessarily be His anguish at the sight of the awful fate which had been permitted to befall the human race, and of His joy that He could do something to alleviate it. I saw that ours was the suffering, and that His was the joy of sacrificing Himself to save us. I felt that if I had been a Divine Creator, and had allowed such an awful fate to befall the creatures I had made, I would have been filled with such anguish, and would have realized that simple justice, even if not love, required that I should find some remedy for it. And I knew I could not be more just than God. I echoed in my heart over and over again the lines found by one of George MacDonald's characters engraved on a tombstone.

**"O Thou, who didst the serpent make,  
Our pard on give and pard on take."**

"I had been used to hearing a great deal about the awfulness of our sins against God, but now I asked myself, what about the awfulness of our fate in having been made sinners? Would I not infinitely rather that sin should be com-

mitted against myself, than that I should commit a sin against anyone else? Was it not a far more dreadful thing to be made a sinner than to be merely sinned against? And I began to see that, since God had permitted sin to enter in to the world, it must necessarily be that He would be compelled, in common fairness, to provide a remedy that would be equal to the disease. I remembered some mothers I had known, with children suffering from inherited diseases, who were only too thankful to lay down their lives in self-sacrifice for their children, if so be they might, in any way, be able to undo the harm they had done in bringing them into the world under such disastrous conditions. I asked myself, could God do less? I saw that, when weighed in balance of wrong done, we, who had been created sinners, had infinitely more to forgive than anyone against whom we might have sinned.

*"The vividness with which all this came to me can never be expressed. I did not think it, or imagine it, or suppose it. I saw it. It was a revelation of the real nature of things—not according to the surface conventional ideas, but according to the actual bottom facts—and it could not be gained."*

"In every human face I saw, there seemed to be unveiled before me the story of the misery and anguish caused by the entrance of sin into the world. I knew that God must see this with far clearer eyes than mine, and therefore I felt sure that the sufferings of this sight to Him must be infinitely beyond what it was to me, almost unbearable as that seemed. And I began to understand how it was that the least He could do would be to embrace with untold gladness anything that would help to deliver the being He had created for such awful misery.

"It was a never to be forgotten insight into the world's anguish because of sin. How long it lasted I cannot remember, but, while it lasted, it almost crushed me. And as it always came afresh at the sight of a strange face, I found myself obliged to wear a thick veil whenever I went in to

the streets in order that I might spare myself the awful realization.

“One day I was riding on a tramcar along Market Street, Philadelphia, when I saw two men come in and seat themselves opposite to me. I saw them dimly through my veil, but congratulated myself that it was only dimly, as I was thus spared the wave of anguish that had so often swept over me at the full sight of a strange face. The conductor came for his fare, and I was obliged to raise my veil in order to count it out. As I raised it I got a sight of the faces of those two men, and with an overwhelming flood of anguish, I seemed to catch a fresh and clearer revelation of the depth of the misery that had been caused to human beings by sin. It was more than I could bear. I clenched my hands and cried out in my soul, “O God, how can Thou bear it? Thou might have prevented it, but did not. Thou might even now change it, but Thou dost not. I do not see how Thou can go on living and endure it!”

“I upbraided God. And I felt I was justified in doing so. Then suddenly God seemed to answer me. An inward voice said, in tones of infinite love and tenderness, **“He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.”**

“Satisfied! I cried in my heart, “Christ is to be satisfied! He will be able to look at the world’s misery, and then at the travail through which He has passed because of it, and will be satisfied with the result. If I were Christ, nothing could satisfy me but that every human being should in the end be saved, and therefore I am sure that nothing less will satisfy Him.” And with this, a veil seemed to be withdrawn from before the plans of the universe, and I saw that it was true, as the Bible says, that “as in Adam all die even so in Christ should all be made alive.” (I Cor. 15:22) As was the first, even so was the second. The “all” in one case could not in fairness mean less than the “all” in the other. I saw therefore that the remedy must necessarily be equal to the disease. The salvation must be as universal as the fall!

“I saw all this that day on the tramcar on Market Street, Philadelphia—not only *thought it, or hoped it, or even believed it*—but **knew it**. It was a Divine fact. And from that moment I have never had one questioning thought as to the final destiny of the human race. God is the Creator of every human being, therefore He is the Father of each one, and they are all His children; and Christ died for every one, and is declared to be **“the propitiation not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world” I John 2:2**. However great the ignorance therefore, or however grievous the sin, the promise of salvation is positive and without limitations. If it is true that *“by the offense of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation,”* it is equally true that *“by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life”* Rom 5:18. To limit the last “all men” is also to limit the first. The salvation is absolutely equal to the fall.

“There is to be a final “restitution of all things” **I Cor 15:28, when “at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father” Phil 2:10**. Every knee, every tongue—words could not be more embracing. The how and when I could not see; but the one essential fact was all I needed—somewhere and somehow God was going to make everything right for all the creatures He had created. My heart was at rest about it forever.

“I hurried home to get hold of my Bible, to see if the magnificent fact I had discovered could possibly have been all this time in the Bible, and I had not seen it. The moment I entered the house, I did not wait to take off my bonnet, but rushed at once to the table where I always kept my Bible and Concordance, and began my search. Immediately the whole Book seemed to be illuminated. On every page the truth concerning the “times of restitution of all things” (Acts 3:21) of which the Apostle Peter says, **“God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since**

*the world began*” shone forth, and no room was left for questioning. I turned greedily from page to page of my Bible, fairly laughing aloud for joy at the blaze of light that illuminated it all. It became a new book. Another skin seemed to have been peeled off every text, and my Bible fairly shone with new meaning. I do not say with a different meaning, for in no sense did the new meaning contradict the old, but a deeper meaning, *the true meaning, hidden behind the outward form of words*. The words did not need to be changed, they only needed to be understood; and now at last I began to understand them.

“I remember, just about this time, in the course of my daily reading in the Bible, coming to the Psalms, and I was amazed at the new light thrown upon their apparently most severe and blood thirsty denunciations. I saw that, when rightly interpreted, not by the letter, but by the spirit, they were full of the assured and final triumph of good over evil, and were a magnificent vindication of the goodness and justice of God, who will not, and ought not, and cannot, rest until all His enemies and ours are put under His feet. I saw that the kingdom must be interior before it can be exterior, that it is a kingdom of ideas, and not one of brute force; that His rule is over hearts, not over places; that His victories must be inward before than can be outward that He seeks to control spirits rather than bodies. I realized that no triumph could satisfy Him but a triumph that gains the heart. In where God reigns, there is a surrender of the convicted free men, not merely the outward surrender of the conquered slave. Milton says, “Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe,” and I saw this was true.

“Read in this light of these views, my whole soul thrilled with praise over the very words that had before caused me to thrill with horror. “Let God arise; let His enemies be scattered; let them also that hate Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melted before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.” God’s wrath is against the sin, not against the sinner,

and when His enemies are scattered, ours are also. His sword is the righteousness that puts to death sin in order to save the sinner. The fire of His anger is the “refiner’s fire,” and He sits, not as the destroyer of the human soul, but as its purifier, to purge it as gold and silver are purged.

**“Implacable is love  
Foes may be bought or teased  
From their malign intent;  
But He goes unappeased  
Who is on kindness bent.”**

“The Psalmist says, *“Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou takest vengeance of their inventions.”* With this key to interpret it, all the denunciations of God’s wrath, which had once seemed so cruel and so unjust, were transformed into declarations of loving determination to make us good enough to live in Heaven with Himself.

“Similar instances of new illumination shone in entrancing beauty on every page of the Bible. I began to understand what the Paul meant that he had been made the minister of the new testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit, for *“the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life.”* Things I had read in the *letter*, and had shuddered at, now read in the *spirit*, filled me with joy.”

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