

God at Work Through His People

Household Discipleship

Planting a Church in
Manitoba

See page 3



God's People Pray...Voodoo Ball Ends in Confusion *See page 14*

Household Discipleship

Planting a Church in Manitoba

The Rick Leibee Family

“How about moving a family of fifteen up to Manitoba for the winter? The new church, that started from the revival among the Hutterites in August, needs help.”



Several of our brothers at Ephrata Christian Fellowship felt a need to send a family to a small, new group the Spirit had awakened—someone to give support, love and wisdom where needed. The proposal was discussed and prayed over. And God sent us, the Leibee family, in late November, to Manitoba.

Looking back we feel very privileged to go and see firsthand the working of God in Manitoba. Many of our readers have probably read or heard the backdrop of the group we found in Oakville. God, who sets eternity in the hearts of men, has been convicting and awakening the hearts of individuals in the Hutterite colonies. Through various

means and circumstances they were exposed to deeper truths and answers to questions that had plagued them for years. As the Spirit moved some were converted and responded to the light. A hunger was kindled in many others. Many got right with God. They also saw the need for commitment to a New Testament church. A group of believers began meeting together every Sunday morning.

Our family found ourselves among this group. How they welcomed and accepted us as one of their own!

Our vision focused on discipling church families and working with the body. Indeed there is much potential with new contacts and sharing the gospel with the unconverted. But our primary focus was on building a strong local body of believers for the new ones to look to for direction. We were burdened to throw most of our efforts into the believers. When they come under the burden to share Christ, they will be effective witnesses to those yet without light in the surrounding colonies.

So we went to Manitoba planning to stay and aid and support the church for about 3½ months. That was as far as we planned. We projected no program, agenda or details as to how the vision would function. Rick would probably do some teaching and preaching, and we just wanted to be a blessing. God opened doors. Nay, rather the doors seemed to fly open! Very soon we realized what we had already sensed. This work had the

unction of the Spirit blowing and moving upon it. He was bringing forth increase and fruit right in front of our eyes.

Relationships came to be the key in our whole time up there. We were awed by God's work in this area and how He prepared their hearts and ours to blend together in oneness in such a way. They freely opened their homes, their lives and later their hearts to ours. This could only make us do the same. Our months in Manitoba became an accelerated ministry time. It was true "gemeinschaft" (a German word for true fellowship).

Our days were always full. We never knew quite what to expect from one day to the next. Each day was different as we threw ourselves into working with the local congrega-

tion or potential believers who would later connect with the new local body. We were involved in a new ministry that we didn't know existed (at least to the extent that we saw). It could be termed "living room discipling." Many were the hours and dozens were the meals over which we held a lively or heartfelt discussion. We discussed God's word, how to relate to a brotherhood and numerous other topics. At times we invited over one or two older families from the church. Other times we would get a call from someone wondering if they could "drop by". God often used these visitors to provide an evening that hosted a moving discourse.

These evenings became a beautiful opportunity for our visitors to witness how a family relates and functions together. Most of the families

hadn't been able to be a part of simple family interaction from day to day for devotions, for meals three times a day, etc. (In colony life the meals are eaten in a corporate dining hall, the men at one table, ladies at another, and children in a separate room.) We came to understand how God not only uses the home for a training ground, but also as a means of witness.

Each one of our family was involved down to the younger children. The young ones spent time with the Manitoba children, time in the prayer room with their parents, and time at our fellowship meals. Truly even a child is known by his doing.

The older boys spent two to three days each week out near the small town of Richer where five families from Aspenheim Colony moved. They went out to help in the building projects by day and slept in a trailer, often sharing late into the night in fellowship and study with the dedicated Manitoban young men. Working together side by side in everyday situations built relationships, helped with the practical aspects of leaving the colony and provided a basis for much spiritual growth for the future leaders in God's Kingdom.

Our girls found open doors for ministry in varying ways. Quite a bit of time was spent doing the normal tasks that it takes to keep up a house, plus plenty of extra cooking for all the company we had! Being a servant behind the scenes can be one

"Deep relationships were a key part."

"living room discipling"



of the most rewarding ministries when we set our hearts to it. If we didn't have company, our boys took some of the girls to visit different colonies: sharing together in the Word, in discussions, in singing and encouragement.

Helen was able to hold weekly Bible studies on and off with some of the ladies from the different areas. There was opportunity for personal counseling especially in the areas of salvation, assurance, and prayer life. She got to see tremendous growth in their lives. Before our coming, most of the discipling had been focused on the men. So it was Helen's great joy to interact with them and share nuggets and day-to-day truths from a woman's or mother's perspective.

Around the first of the year we received a call from two young ladies. They desired to leave the colony and come to a place where they could grow spiritually and be involved in a Christ-centered church. So Selma & Aleda Baer joined our family. They became a real blessing to us and to the rest of the church.

One of the highlights of the winter was in early March when all the men got together for a Men's Retreat. Mose & Rick shared messages. The retreat bound the hearts of the brothers to each other and set visions and godly principles in their hearts. The effect was

life-changing and lovely to behold.

The Spirit of God was deeply stirring hearts and lifting up the name of Jesus. We were able to see the changes right before our eyes. One of those times was one Sunday morning in late January. God led Rick to give an altar call after a message on "Unbroken

Love—How Much Do We Love God?" His Spirit moved, and forty of the hundred people present went forward to pray and confess issues in their lives. How mighty is the power of our God! How awesome to

be among people we can see mature and grow before us.

Time would fail us to tell of the precious baptisms that we were able to witness. The first time seventeen threw in their lot and the next time a group of five. From old grandpas and grandmas to young people, each had a radiant tes-

timony of the work of God in his or her life.

The church group is growing. When we first arrived there in November the church numbered from 60 to 70. Lately there were 120 to 150. Many lives are maturing. Though God has much work yet to do there, in many ways the church is far ahead of most churches that are this young.

We bless God for the precious time we were able to spend with our dear brothers and sisters at Hosanna Fellowship, Manitoba. Please pray for us as we settle back in Pennsylvania where the Lord has led us for this season of our lives. Especially pray for the brethren in Manitoba. Pray that God would raise up leaders that could be ordained. Pray that He would give them wisdom beyond their years to preach and teach and face the difficulties challenging them. Pray that He would unite them together to be of one mind and one heart in the gospel. □

"Each one of our family was involved, down to the younger children."



MISSIONS OUTREACH IN NEW YORK CITY

by Steven J. Butts

*As it is written, "How beautiful are the feet
of them that preach the gospel of peace,
and bring glad tidings of good things!"
Romans 10:15b*

Home missions are an important part of fulfilling our Lord Jesus' command to "go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Matthew 28:19) Those who have not been called to serve in foreign mission fields have wonderful opportunities to reach out to lost souls right here in our own country.

Seventy-eight people, anxious to share the love of Christ with the hurting, took part in a mission's trip to New York City.

One of our goals was to pass out CDs, specially prepared for New York City residents, by Christian Aid Ministries (CAM). The comforting and uplifting hymns on the CDs done by the Antrim Choir from Ohio seemed to fit the purpose well. Included in the CD case was a Gospel of John and a tract on salvation with the burning towers of the World Trade Center on the cover.

Our trip began at 6:30, Monday morning, January 14th in the parking lot of Ephrata Christian Fellowship.

The three and a half-hour bus trip to the city was a blessing. We prepared our hearts through prayer, took part in a Bible trivia activity and sang songs of praise and worship to the Lord. Throughout the trip we could sense the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst.

As we neared the city we saw famous sights like the Empire State Building. Our attitude grew more sober as we noticed that the twin towers of the former World Trade Center were missing from the skyline. This served as a reminder to all of us that we were entering the city as ambassadors for Christ (2 Cor. 5:20) to comfort and reach out to as many people as we could.

Testimonies from the trip

"The New York trip helped me to be more bold and not to have the fear of man in giving out tracts and Christian literature—especially when I saw how open many of the people were in receiving them. I was really blessed and I would like to go back again someday."

"My favorite part was ground zero, singing songs like The Comforter Has Come and When Peace Like A River and seeing the response on the people's faces. Many were crying and blessing us for that."

"It just overwhelmed me with the sense of who God is. He has created so many people, and He cares and watches over them even if they are not His, even if they do not follow Him, even if they live a life of sin. He is there. He cares. He brings His message to them again and again."

"There were business ladies who probably had busy schedules, but they just leaned against a pillar in the subway and they listened to the singing. One of them had tears rolling down her cheeks. Her business world stopped for a few minutes—and her soul got fed."

"New York City was a life changing experience for me; I will never be the same again, and I don't ever want to be the same again. What touched me the most were not the seeds we were able to sow, but the ones that we weren't—the people, the souls that we missed, that may never know our Jesus, that may never take the time to look for Him and to find Him. If we don't reach out to them, who else will?"

Jon Stoltzfus from CAM was our guide. Daniel Pollard from Followers of Jesus Mennonite Church in Brooklyn, NY met us in the city along with a couple of volunteer youth.

Our first stop was Grand Central Station, a massive underground subway station that would afford us many opportunities to interact with people. We broke up into several groups at this location, set up tract racks and began distributing CDs. We sang hymns together and small groups of four or five people took turns interacting with the people for 10-15 minutes. Then they came back to sing while another small group went out to the subway exits and entrances to distribute materials. It seemed like the thousands of people rushing through the maze-like corridors of the subway were “as sheep not having a shepherd”. We prayed that before the day passed God would enable us to plant some seeds of the Gospel in their hearts.

The people responded in various ways as we offered them the CDs and tracts. Some walked directly in front of us ignoring us completely or shaking their heads ‘no’. Others took the CD or tract, thanked us and kept right on walking. Several times people stopped to listen to our singing and asked for prayer for specific areas in their lives. In some instances people screamed at us as if the Christian hymns had a physically painful effect on them.

Everyone in our group had opportunity to give a CD or a tract to someone. We were able to distribute most of the 3,500 CDs in the subway location. We were encouraged by our guides to keep some for the area around “ground zero”. After spending two hours ministering in the subway, we walked back to the bus and vans. We continued our trip southward towards the place where the World Trade Center once stood. We walked several blocks to “ground zero,” witnessing as we went. We noticed a somber, quiet atmosphere as we neared the historical site. We were led to a memorial that stretched along a picket fence. Along the fence were numerous belongings and memorabilia from the people that died in the terrorist attacks. It was an emotional place with teary-eyed family members, firemen and friends of the victims paying their respects to those who died.



Statistics on CAM's outreach to New York City

225,000 CDs distributed with the Gospel of John and a tract.

43 bus groups, totaling approximately 2,000 people helped in the distribution over the past four months.

Followers of Jesus Mennonite Church in NYC received more than 300 phone calls from the recipients of the CDs. Four people wanted to receive the Lord, 80 Bibles were requested, and 100 New Testament Bible study courses were mailed out.

It is difficult to describe our thoughts and emotions as we saw the devastation from the viewing platform. It was not much more than an open pit in the ground. But yet, it is so much more. A reminder of suicidal terrorists and hijacked airliners! The burning twin towers crumbling! The massive heap of rubble! A grave for the day laborer, the firemen and other rescue personnel! A shocked nation! Fear and turmoil, unbelief and anguish! Eternity for those who died!

Looking down into the pit reminded me of the fathers

and husbands, mothers and wives, sons and daughters, that began their day last September 11th, not realizing that eternity was so near. How many of them were prepared to meet God? Perhaps some of them had never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Perhaps no one had ever spoken to them about their need for salvation.

Looking out from the platform for about ten minutes gave us such a renewed burden for souls. It was a life-changing experience for many of us. After leaving the platform, we returned to the memorial area and gave out the few remaining CDs and tracts and continued to sing songs of comfort for grieving souls. All too soon it was time to leave. With heavy hearts we walked back to our vehicles realizing that there were many more souls we would not have the opportunity to reach.

I must admit that prior to the trip I had reservations about bringing my children to New York City. I wondered what sights and sounds they might be exposed to. The Lord poured out His grace on our entire group throughout the day. I can now say that the blessings associated with having your children involved in tract evangelism outweigh the concerns about some of the worldliness they might encounter. It put boldness in our young boys' hearts to reach out to the lost. I encourage anyone who has never had the opportunity to take part in city evangelism, when the next trip is planned, say, "Here am I; send me" (Isa. 6:8). □

IS GOD SPEAKING?

As it was in the days of the Tower of Babel...

The parallels are intriguing, the consequences astounding. **What does it all mean?**

The World Trade Center was a prominent, high-reaching symbol of man's aspirations for utopia on earth. "The Sphere" in the plaza was dedicated as a monument to world peace through trade. It rose up out of the religion of secular humanism, a faith in man's ability to solve his problems. Will its fall serve as a warning to the rich and the proud? **How far does God allow man to go before stepping in?**

The financial capital of the world has grown prosperous in a time of unparalleled worldwide economic growth. Trade barriers are coming down. The power of money and the control it brings is spreading its tentacles to the farthest parts of the earth, its sights set on a one-world economy. **But were things getting ahead of God's schedule?**

Found amongst the dust and rubble of the south tower, after 93 days of fires, a thin frail page of the Bible speaks a powerful prophetic message. "*And they said, 'Come, let us build ourselves a city, and a tower whose top is in the heavens; let us make a name for ourselves; lest we be scattered abroad over the face of the whole earth.'*" Is this a message for us today? Even the secular news media was asking, **"Is God speaking?"**

Yet for most, the unrelenting quest for wealth continues. Are riches really the passport to world prosperity? Can money ever buy peace? As though it never happened they say, "Come, let us rebuild and recapture the fame and glory." **But, what of the soul?**

For hundreds of millions, peace of the soul is still beyond reach. No one has yet told them. Did God confuse and delay the advance toward one-world economy and government? Does He not have something in mind? Will it take a persecution to jar Christians loose from their pleasures and "things" to go out to a lost world? **Is God giving us more time to reach out?**

Whether it be New York City, Ghana or elsewhere, the loud cry for workers is reaching a crescendo. Will we sit on our silver and gold, polishing our armor, continually preparing for the battle, yet missing it? When last have you labored over this in your prayer closet? Truly the laborers are few, yet the harvest is waiting. Pray that you yourself be thrust out! **Are you saying, "Here am I, send me?!"**

Polishing our Armor... While the World Waits

An Allegory of Full Churches and Empty Mission Fields

by Daniel Kenaston

I dreamed, and in my dream I stood on a hill overlooking a large plain. The sun was just rising beyond me. I saw in the growing light a great and formidable army, marching in perfect formation, spreading as far as the eye could see. It appeared to me, by observing the demeanor of this large army, that a battle was to be fought in the plain below, for their weapons were gripped tightly. A great battle cry swelled from this advancing horde. I naturally looked to determine what army was about to be engaged by this large and menacing force. The scene that met my eye as I swept the plain below alarmed me.

Below me was a small grove of trees. I saw that beneath these trees numerous men were resting and sleeping. At the sound of the battle cry the men started up, shook themselves, and began to call to their fellow comrades to awake and face the enemy. As these men began to arrange themselves into a fighting formation, several things were immediately obvious. They appeared very haggard. They were obviously in recent heavy combat; filthy, wrinkled uniforms, bloody stains on their shirts, and hastily bandaged wounds. This army was not made of men in their prime, fit and ready to fight. Most of the men were quite young, just overgrown boys in oversized uniforms. I wondered at this.

One other detail stood out in stark contrast as I surveyed the men now standing at arms below me—their number. It was a very small band. The number was so few that I began to look around behind me, certain that I could not be viewing the entire defending force. Maybe I had only viewed one battalion? The men now were raising their own feeble but hearty battle cry. There was not a single man in reserve, much less whole battalions of comrades to support the motley group of fighters.

The battle was now joined in force below me. I was gripped with the awareness that the little band of soldiers now fighting valiantly against the huge oncoming army was on the side of Truth. The large and well-equipped army was evil. I found myself carried along by the weight of its reality as I remained like one in a trance, on the bluff above this scene of war. My heart leapt at every successful arrow from the little band. I winced in pain when one of the tired young men took a painful blow. The battle raged on. Being so engaged in this battle as I was in my heart, the blood drained from my face. A hoarse cry escaped my lips when I realized that quite a number of the men on the defensive side had been either killed or seriously wounded. The few who remained were being slowly pushed back.

The conquering army, sensing that victory was within their reach, pulled back slightly to rearrange themselves for the final assault. The bedraggled troops took this moment to catch their breath. I knew that the hum I heard, mixed with the cries and groans of the wounded, was a prayer—a last and desperate prayer for assistance. The bugle sounded from the opposite side, signaling another advance. I saw that several of the men I now call my comrades were looking off behind them into the distant hills, as though searching for something. My eyes followed their gaze. I saw in the distance what they were looking at with such longing and questioning eyes. My heart began to throb with hope. I saw the glint of steel reflecting the morning sun now high in the sky. Could it be, O joyous thought, fresh reserves, new troops to aid in our struggle? Were we to gain victory at last through such a miraculous arrival of back-up troops? Victory is sweet, but victory for our rightful cause, so nearly dead a moment before, would be even sweeter because of our near defeat!

I shook myself from my stupor and began to move in the direction of this reflected light, all the more beautiful because of our desperation. I decided to run quickly to these ranks of our comrades to inform them of our plight. As I drew closer to these comrades on whom all of our hopes for rescue and victory hung, I was amazed to find that while it was a large army, it was not marching to our aid. I could clearly hear the sounds of battle behind me and without much difficulty could make out the forms of men in mortal conflict with my naked eye. Sensing that if these sights and sounds did not move them to come to our aid, my shouting to them would do nothing, I resolved to go and inquire of the reasons behind their inactivity in the face of such perils for their brothers-at-arms.

I came to the camp and saw immediately that these men were not sitting totally inactive. Each man was working feverishly with a cloth and oil, polishing his armor and weapons. Each piece of military equipment was polished to an incredible luster, truly lovely to behold. With such equipment and obviously careful soldiers we could quickly turn the tide of the horrible

carnage below us. Feeling thus, I called for the leader. Upon quickly explaining our predicament to the young and handsome commander, I eagerly awaited his response. I had yet another surprise in store. In a slow and steady, even somewhat condescending tone of voice, he answered:

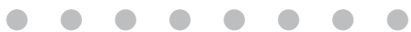
“So you come as a messenger from our brothers fighting yonder, do you? We could tell from the sights and sounds that the enemy is raging. We are sorry to hear from your lips such dread tales of the fury of this army and even more so to hear that many of our comrades have lost their lives in this conflict. We are praying, yes, praying quite seriously that those who remain will be held up by a power not their own and will somehow be able to hold the line against this massive horde of evil. You mentioned us going out to assist them? You must know that though we are comrades in this sacred cause, we are in no wise prepared to march to their assistance. Not that we do not want to, for indeed, many of the less experienced among us wanted to cease our polishing and double march to the battle when they heard the cries of our brothers.

“No, we would love to help, and that day may come in due time. But now we are not ready. We certainly do not consider ourselves worthy to go down and fight alongside such battle-wise men. They have experience. We are just raw recruits. We are waiting for the special trumpet blast which signals the call of our commander to come and join the fray. Until the blast it would be presumptuous to think we could assist our brothers. Our duty is to wait. While we wait we are involved in much good and useful work, such as polishing. We take great pride in our armor and weapons.”

The response stunned me. I stood stock still for several moments. I noticed the commander looking quizzically at me. Realizing that my behavior was to him quite unusual, I turned and looked out over the plain. The army of evil, shouting now in derisive joy, had pushed my lonely, valiant comrades to the very edge of the bluff that ran along the end of the plain. It was here, surrounded by the wicked ones and with nowhere to turn, that my brothers were making their last stand. One by one I saw the enemy

archers killing them. The swordsmen completed any work that the archers left unfinished.

I forced my gaze away from the now very broken line of soldiers at the edge of the precipice, unable to watch any longer. I turned with an ashen face to the commander I spoke with earlier. But he had moved on to other things. I looked around this great field of able-bodied men sitting in the mid-day sun. Several prayed. A few were napping. The majority was busy with their cloths and oil, trying to polish out some imaginary smudge. The emotion of the moment, caused by the mortal conflict I had just witnessed below contrasted with the futile toil and inactivity all around, overcame me. I cried out. When I cried, I awoke. Wonder of wonders, it was only a dream! Or was it?



Brothers and sisters, please understand I write these words with a heart full of love and not condemnation. It is my earnest desire that we all would be in our place, doing our part towards the salvation of the world—specifically the Konkombas from where I write. Forgive me if this sounds harsh, but it does feel to us like God would have many more actively involved in His work here and in other parts of the world. If only our hearts would be more tuned to His heart for the world and less focused on the smudges on our weapons. We are not criticizing your good work at home. We know that much work remains to be done there, but we do experience regularly the spiritual frustration that comes from being unable to answer all of the cries that come our way. We cannot help but wonder if there are not several people whom God has called, but who are somehow missing or postponing the work that God called them to do.

Our plea to you is this: Is not the sound of the battle cry you have heard echoing in the pages of these newsletters enough to alert you to be ready for immediate deployment? Is not the fact that most of our missionaries are stretched to the max enough for you to come and at least present yourself to God and others, to see if maybe God is calling you? Are you waiting for a lightning strike to confirm the call

that God has on your life? Have we missionaries somehow given you the impression that we are such special people to the point that you do not consider yourself a possible candidate? Do you look up to us to the degree that you realize the dire straits in which we find ourselves? Isn't something better than nothing? When you face the hungry villages and satanic opposition, any sword wielded is welcome, no matter how small. Maybe you are afraid that you will be competing with us here, as if the hundreds of villages without Christ are not space enough for many to work without bumping elbows?

No, dear brother or sister, the field is not full. It is quite empty. At any time an old veteran may become worn out and will need to be replaced if the work he began is not to be lost to the enemy.

Maybe YOU are the one who is meant to answer the repeated cries I hear for Bible teaching and churches? Maybe YOU should be placed in that hub of thirty villages that I was called to recently, to reach out to the thousands of Konkomba residents without a church or God's word? Maybe that is the reason YOU were born, that hidden nagging reason why you find no satisfaction in what you are filling your life with now? I do not have a revelation from heaven as to whom or how many God has called to this work or other works like it. I do know that God is calling out the same cry that Isaiah got close enough to hear in Isaiah 6, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" He has cried this for thousands of years, most of the time with a very meager response. Only trickles respond to go to the thousands of peoples around the world.

To any that question my theology or think I am riding this high horse at the expense of everything else, I beg for your understanding. I know that God does not send all of us across the seas, and those who remain at home are in no way second-class Christians. We are very conscious that we need some of you there. We also acknowledge that God does put all of us through His training school. We are not the ones who decide when that course is finished.

The pinpointing of excessive polishing on the part of the soldiers on the hill in no way

continued on page 15



God's People Cry Out

by Emanuel Esh

The neighboring witch doctor informed the missionaries that she is planning the biggest and best voodoo ball ever. It is to begin on Thursday and continue to a grand climax on Sunday evening. She will host it at her house next door to the mission houses in Haiti. New altars will be built! New dedications to Satan! Fresh blood sacrifices! Drunkenness and immorality! Voodoo drums and dancing! Sacrifices will be made to win back voodoo worshippers who have converted to Christ! Hopes are to discourage the missionaries so they will go home.

Different attempts have been made over the last few years to have a voodoo ball, but their efforts failed. (See "Background"). Now voodoo seems to be gaining strength again. The young

church is wrestling with sin in its midst. Repentance and confession are needed. Will the church at home pray for the situation? Prayer, yes, prayer! Earnest prayer! Effectual and fervent prayer! It is the only answer.

We set Wednesday aside as a day of prayer and fasting with an evening meeting for corporate prayer with the whole church.

We began the prayer meeting with singing and an exhortation on prayer from Psalm 34. We then stood and read II Chronicles 20:1-30 as a congregation. This text was the base for our prayer meeting. We applied these scriptures to our situation:

In verse 2 Jehosaphat heard that the enemy was approaching. We heard the enemy being strengthened against the church and missionaries in Haiti.

In verse 3 Jehosaphat sought the Lord and proclaimed a fast. We sought the Lord and proclaimed a fast.

In verse 10 Jehosaphat identifies the enemies. We identified our enemies. Satan was working through the witch doctor and the voodoo ball.

We went over these scriptures a portion at a time, making even more applications to Haiti. We noted that during Israel's worship service a prophet spoke by the Spirit of the Lord and gave clear direction for the coming battle. Jehosaphat appointed singers to lead in the battle. As Israel began to sing and praise, the Lord caused the enemies to rise up and fight each other until they totally annihilated themselves.

Three days of gathering the spoil followed this mighty victory. Afterward, the Israelites came back to Jerusalem with rejoicing. The fear of God was on all the kingdoms round about when they heard that the Lord had fought against the enemies of Israel. And God gave them rest.

We prayed in faith. We prayed very specifically, naming the witch doctor and others involved. We prayed for our missionaries by name. We also prayed specifically for Jay and Amy Smoker who were visiting the mission at the time. Because of their years of missionary experience in Africa, we felt it providential that they were in Haiti during this time. Three from the Reinford family were also there visiting. They

had worked in Haiti for several years and were well acquainted with the family of the witch doctor.

We prayed against the strongholds of fornication, lying and deceit. We prayed for renewed strength in the believers and for revival in the church. Again and again we lifted our voices in one accord and cried out to God, the Captain of the Host of the Universe.

We realized that there might be a showdown between the Christians and the witch doctor. David the shepherd boy was called to a showdown against Goliath. Elijah had a showdown with the worshipers of Baal. We prayed that God would give the missionaries the faith needed to stand in the midst of whatever difficulty that faced them.

The Spirit of the Lord began to move in our midst. A brother spoke up with an exhortation. We followed with more earnest prayer. More brethren shared, and we prayed more. Time did not matter as we cried out to God. We ended the meeting with numerous songs of praise and thanksgiving. Surely God inhabits the praise of His people. No one wanted to go home.

It was one of the most powerful prayer meetings I have ever attended. Praying through God's Word lifted our faith to new heights. We waited expectantly to hear from the missionaries. Surely God would answer our cry. How? We did not know, but we knew that He heard us. And if we know that He hears us, we know that we will have what we desire of Him. What will God do with a whole congregation all crying out to Him in one accord? □



artwork by Lisa Weaver

Background

It is a family obligation to carry on the voodoo tradition. A voodoo ball is supposed to be held yearly in the Moiz family. They have not had one for three years. Their last ball was in 1998. It was practically rained out. They tried three times to have the ball before they finally succeeded. The first try their money was stolen. The second try Madam Moiz was attacked in Port and barely escaped with her life. The third try she got sick. Was God speaking loud and clear?! The next year they had no ball. In 2000 and 2001 they planned to have a ball. Both times Madam Moiz's daughter, Natasha, requested prayer that the ball would not be held. Neither ball materialized.

Deliverance

God's power has been revealed to the people there in the past. Klomen, Evette and Tania were delivered from demon possession. Curses had been put on the girls. They were told they were going to die. At least one of the girls had been dedicated to the devil as a baby and one was supposed to become a witch doctor. Their families were not happy that they wanted to be Christians. Klomen's family had dedicated a goat to the devil, with intent at a later date that Klomen would lay her hand on the goat's head and then the goat would be killed. This was to remove the curse that had been put on her. We told her, "Klomen, you must renounce that thing. Only Jesus can help you; that goat can never do anything for you." We led her in a prayer renouncing that thing and giving herself to God. Later we heard that on that very day the goat they set aside to be sacrificed for her suddenly started bleating, fell over and died! Contrary to what the enemy was saying, all three girls were delivered and set free by the power of God.

God Answers Prayer

Voodoo Ball Ends in Confusion

by Jay Smoker

When our trip to Haiti was postponed, we realized it would coincide with the planned voodoo ball. The day before I was so sick I wondered if I could even travel. Yet we had an overriding peace that we should go. We wanted to see the mission work in Haiti firsthand.

The voodoo ceremony started on Thursday evening. Without sleep and without food they gave themselves continuously to the powers of darkness. At one point the group went up to the mountain to offer a drink offering to the evil spirits. It was a strange unnatural sight as a thin, wiry man, dressed in traditional voodoo colors, rode backwards on a horse holding a machete up in the air in front of him. What an eerie sight as they went swaying by, singing and chanting.

All the missionaries were so conscious of the prayers of God's people during these days. One night the throbbing of the drums and dancing became so intense outside our bedroom window we couldn't sleep. Even with earplugs and outer ear protection the barrage still got through. But God gave rest... "if I make my bed

in hell, behold Thou art there." Yet, in the morning, on asking one another how the night went, they testified of God's peace in their hearts.

Madam Moiz appears to know the hold this has on her. She does not want her children around during these occasions so she sends them to Raymonde's family. During the time of the ceremonies, Natasha, one of her daughters, was weighed down. At Brother Levi's house she unburdened her soul and was born again. She is going on but needs prayer to stand firm.

By late Sunday afternoon we noticed the tempo had picked up. At times the drums went into a heavy roll and excited trance-like movement. We heard the ball was to climax on Sunday night. We were sitting around the table talking. Suddenly we noticed the drums had stopped. All was quiet.

Later we learned that the people possessed by the demons began fighting and attacking one another. The drums had to stop. And so did the ball. We recognized that God had answered the cries of His people when they prayed! He brought confusion into the midst of the demons just like

the examples in the Old Testament! They fought each other and were defeated!!

That evening we walked out into a beautiful, peaceful atmosphere. As we meandered up the trail, we prayed out loud, sang and shouted the praises of God. A serene spirit had settled onto the valley. You could feel it in the air. The moon shone through the passing clouds and a light rain began to fall. What a contrast to the buildup of tension just a few hours before. Earlier a child was screaming on the mountainside in an unnatural way as the demons began to come up into the valley. Now all was quiet. We circled back around to the cock shack and prayed more.

During the week we prayed for an opportunity to witness to those caught in this terrible bondage. This grip of Satan is worse than the curse of physical slavery. Early the following Sunday morning I felt a strong impression to go to speak to Madam Moiz. She earlier expressed a desire to get out of her bondage, but says she has a debt to pay first.

I gave a brief testimony about my own debt. Because of sin and death I could not pay it. Only Christ could pay it. He is the perfect sacrifice. She was unsettled. I took hold of her hand and asked her to look me in the eye. At that point I no longer saw a practitioner of evil but a driven soul crying out for love and acceptance, a lost soul who needed a Savior. Still holding her hand I said, "God leads us in the light, with our eyes

open. He wants us to see where we are going. He loves us and cares for us. God will lead us by the hand.”

“But the devil, he drives us from behind. Your hands are bound behind your back. And there’s a blindfold over your eyes. He drives you into darkness. He is a taskmaster. He drives you into darkness and confusion, into hard places.” She wiped the tears from her moist eyes. We knew she understood all too well.

As we closed she begged us. “Please keep praying for me. And tell those back home to continue to pray too.” We made it clear. “Yes, we will pray for you, but you must make a choice. We can pray, but you must choose which way you are going to go.”

“There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in Thy help, and in his excellency on the sky... and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the

enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them...and thou shalt tread upon their high places.” Deut. 33:26, 29, 30 □

Jay & Amy Smoker worked in southern Africa for more than 20 years as missionaries. They have 5 children, all born overseas. They are members at Charity Christian Fellowship. Jay serves as secretary on the Mission Board.

continued from page 11, Polishing Our Armor...While the World Waits by Daniel Kenaston

refers to holiness. We know that to enter warfare with the enemy requires disciplines like training, marching, and even polishing. Please do not allow the details, which I agree I may not have portrayed in all the right balance, dissuade you from feeling the heartbeat of what we are trying to share with you. There is an incredible need for more workers. Recognize the mental pitfalls that keep people off of the front lines and on the hill polishing their swords. If you can understand that I write with a full heart and teary eyes, maybe you can give me some room for a little fanaticism? The hundreds of dying Konkombas I have seen has impressed and changed me.

My dear reader, I beg you to think about the above story and words. Ponder them in prayer. Find out where you stand in relation to the great task of evangelism being undertaken by so few when compared to the size of the territory we are defending or taking from Satan.

Stand with me on the hill overlooking the fierce conflict that rages. Ask yourself if you are

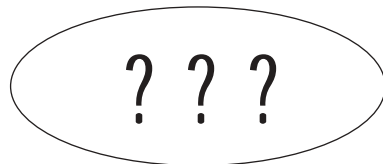
doing all that you can do to aid those who are maintaining their lonely vigil. Maybe your job is in the very vital supply lines. Do it with the awareness of the life and death struggle that is being waged. Prepare yourself to be called to active fighting duty at a moment’s notice. Or maybe, just maybe, you feel in your heart a willingness to go and fight beside those valiant but harried troops. Maybe you have realized that you are the answer to your own prayer for God to send out more laborers. Take the sword you have and go in Jesus’ name. God bless you.

I am told that there is a certain glow that is visible on a sword that has constant use. May that be the new glow on your sword. It is a soft glow that comes, not through feverish polishing, but through valiant fighting and constant use. Maybe you are sitting down, polishing your armor for the thousandth time. I beg you to stop. A battle is in progress where that sword of yours could be put to good use. I implore you, whatever you do, do not sit there polishing your armor...while the world waits. Rise up! □

**It is at the point where we are just about to faint,
that God gives us the strength to go on.**

- Author Unknown

TIME =



by Ross Ulrich

I remember sitting with my family on the backless benches in the open-sided church building. Outside in the African night the crickets were singing their songs, and deeper in the jungle bush-babies cried their weird cries. It was time for the evening service to begin, but the only other creatures present besides my family were the myriad of “critters” buzzing around the lights and a few lizards perched on the walls watching for a chance to grab a careless insect. Ten minutes went by, and then twenty. Twenty minutes stretched to thirty. In my mind I was thinking, “What a waste of my time! Why can’t these people get to church on time?” Finally about thirty-five minutes past the set starting time the first member strolled in with a greeting and a big smile on his face as if nothing were wrong. To him, nothing was wrong, but I was irked.

“I’m sorry,” the secretary apologized. “Mr. Mensah isn’t in the office this afternoon. He left early to attend a friend’s funeral at Koforidua, and he won’t return until Monday morning.” So said Mr. Mensah’s secretary to me on this Friday afternoon as I was rushing to finish up some business in Accra before starting the two and one-half hour rough ride home. This meant another trip to Accra another day. “That means,” I thought, “I’ll have to waste at least one more day before I get this business finished.” Frustration and anger started to rise in my heart. It seemed that everybody was always taking off from work for his friend’s uncle’s wife’s funeral!

These examples show the frustration we missionaries often feel as we try to relate to people whom we think do not realize the proper value of time.

Time—that thing we seem to always be running short of! We Westerners—those of us from the Western Hemisphere, particularly United States of America—are *driven* by time. We have clocks in nearly every room of our houses. Not satisfied with that, we have clocks in our vehicles and clocks strapped to our arms. If we don’t know the exact time of day, we are quite uncomfortable until we ascertain the number of hours and minutes ante- or postmeridian. We live in a culture that is basically materialistic, and therefore we are task-oriented people. The American proverb says, “**Time is money.**”

Many cultures of the developing world are not so concerned about *things*. Rather, *relationships* are more important to them. They are people-oriented. To them friends mean more than money; therefore to them time is *people*, not money. They are not so concerned with the passage of time, so long as they are maintaining meaningful relationships. Knowing the exact time of day is much less important to them than knowing they have a good standing with their

extended family and community.

This difference of the fundamental value of time creates much frustration for Westerners who work or live in Africa or Asia. Until we come to see time from their perspective, this difference will be a continual pebble in our shoe. But if we can take a humble, honest look at the value of time, I believe we will learn much from them. Maybe we need to exchange our shoes for sandals, then the pebbles will fall by the wayside and trouble us no longer. What I mean is this: when we become more flexible and people-oriented with our time and less pressured by materialistic constraints, we get along better in Eastern cultures. Our family finds it so in Ghana, though we still find it painful at times to be flexible.

I have a hunch that the reason people refer so wistfully to the “good old days” is not so much a desire for the primitive ways of doing things; rather our conscience is uneasy with our present value system. In the “good old days” people took time to talk. People did things together. Family was important.

Really, who is right in this matter of the value of time? When I consider the culture of the Bible and the way Jesus and His disciples lived their lives, I am forced to conclude that “**time equals people**” is a better assessment than “time equals things.” This does not mean that all those who hold the value of “time equals people” are seeing from an eternal perspective. Many Eastern cultures who value human relationships higher than material things do so out of a selfish or even idolatrous



foundation. Only in the light of eternity is this question seen in true perspective.

Of highest importance is our relationship to *God*. Time spent in developing and maintaining our relationship with God is time redeemed. Next in importance should be our relationship with other *people*. People have eternal souls. Time invested to save the lost and edify the saved is not time wasted. Last in our order of importance should be our relationship to *things*. Yes, we need a few things to live in this world, but much fewer than we think we need. How soon we forget that “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” “And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.”

Everyday we are given twenty-four hours of sixty minutes each. Every day we exchange those minutes for something. We are spending them. We pass through life only once. The minutes are like the grains of sand in an hourglass. One by one they are quietly flowing away, forever gone, and we cannot stop them. The only thing we can do is exchange them for things of eternal value—things that will still exist after this globe has melted away with fervent heat.

Brother, sister, what does time mean to you? How did you exchange your minutes yesterday? Last week? Last year? Are you investing in eternity? □



artwork by Lisa Weaver

*“Redeeming the time,
because the days are evil”
Ephesians 5:16.*



Country Profile

ALBANIA



The world's first official atheistic state vigorously suppressed all forms of religion. Today the gospel is proclaimed through literature, radio, and small, but growing churches.

The Albanians are a stalwart and loyal people. Even through extreme circumstances, the Albanians have been able to maintain their strength and identity as a people group. If their bravery and loyalty could be used for God's glory, it would be a crushing blow to the kingdom of evil. There has been a war for their souls.

EARLY PAGANISM

Darkness surrounded the early Albanians. They were pagans with close associations to Greek mythology. They were a conglomeration of tribes called Illyrians. Even after Rome conquered the Illyrians in 165BC, they preserved their pagan and cultur-

REPUBLIC OF ALBANIA

SIZE

Roughly the size of Maryland

LOCATION

Eastern Europe, bordering Yugoslavia, Macedonia, Greece and the Adriatic Sea.

LAND

Mountainous and hilly, plains along coast.

CLIMATE

Mild

ENVIRONMENTAL DANGERS

drought, earth quakes and tsunamis (violent tidal waves) along the coast.

POPULATION

Estimated to be 3,510,484 in July 2001. Most people are between 15 and 64 years old.

GOVERNMENT LEADERS

President of the Republic, Rexhep Meidani

Prime Minister, Ilir Meta

NEXT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

2002

CAPITAL

Tirana (Tih-rana), pop. est. between 300,000-500,000 people.

ETHNIC GROUPS

95% Albanian

3% Greek

2% Other

LEAST OR UNREACHED PEOPLES

Bektashi, folk religion - 300,000

Vlach (Arumun), culturally Orthodox - 40,000

Gorani & Pataree Macedonians, culturally Muslims - 15,000

Cham, Muslim Albanians fled back into the country from Greece, socially closed - ?

Roma (Gypsy), live in ghettos - 80,000+

RELIGION

70% Muslim

20% Albanian Orthodox

10% Roman Catholic

al traditions. Through the years ancient paganism remained in folk religion, blending itself with Islam and Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY

God was not sitting placidly on the sidelines while the Illyrians were serving His enemy. After He sent Jesus to earth, God flooded light to the Illyrian people. Sweeping through Illyricum in the 1st century AD, Christianity became the Illyrian's faith of choice. Neither paganism nor the eastern religions introduced by the Romans could stand against God's mighty love and truth. The Illyrians became a Christian people.

The devil soon deceived them through "religion." Before long Illyria was incorporated into the greater Catholic church, where it remained for centuries.

Between the 8th and 11th centuries AD, Illyria slowly changed into Albania. The name Albania replaced Illyria. The people's sense of ethnic loyalty increased. Yet their sense of religious harmony suffered a great setback when the Catholic church divided. Albania experienced its first major religious rift.

ISLAM

After years of war and struggle, the Ottoman Turks conquered Albania in 1506 AD. In order to squelch insurrection by Catholic Albanians and create stronger spiritual

ties with the homeland, the Turks set out to force all Albanians to the Islamic faith. Through persecution and crushing economic pressure (heavy taxes were laid on all Christians who would not convert) nearly 70% of the country became Muslim. People with Christian names took on a Muslim one for public use. Meanwhile, thousands of Albanians fled into neighboring countries. Albania was now firmly under the guise of Islam.

COMMUNISM

Albania remained under the rule of the Ottomans until she declared independence on November 28, 1912. Forty-two years later the country came into the hands of the Albanian Communist Party. Deep darkness and confusion settled over the land. Enver Hoxha was the first Stalinist dictator. He immediately began to vent his intolerance for all forms of religion. Hoxha swiftly took possession of all religious property and shortly thereafter expelled all Catholic nuns, monks and priests.

Hoxha's ideological war grew hotter and fiercer. Through the 1950s and 60s he gained tighter control over the Muslim and Christian communities. In 1967 all religious establishments were banned. As a result 2,169 churches, cloisters, shrines and mosques were either abandoned or revamped into youth cultural centers. Religious leaders were expelled or pressed into

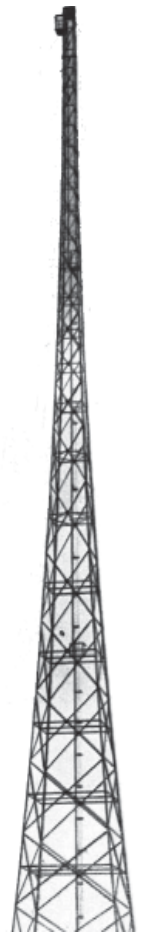
renouncing their faith as "parasitic." Anyone involved in "religious propaganda and the production, distribution, or storage of religious literature" was given a prison sentence of three to ten years. Citizens with names that did not meet "the political, ideological, or moral standards of the state" were forced to change them. Albania became "the world's first atheistic state".

FREEDOM

After Hoxha's death in 1985, communism in Albania fell apart. Its power eroded until it died in 1992.

The horrors that came upon this country as an atheistic state were awful. Yet God was merciful. Religious freedom was restored. Religion itself was encouraged to add stability to sin-torn Albania.

At this encouragement both Islam and Christianity



Albania's atheist radio station was once a propaganda machine, but now it broadcasts Christian programming!

rushed in to stake their claims on the Albanian people. In 1995, Albania was both Islam's and Christianity's most evangelized European country. Between 1993 and 1996 Islam reopened hundreds of mosques and inundated the country with missionaries. Their advancement was hindered when Albania withdrew from the World Islamic Council in 1997. Many extreme Islamic missionaries were sent home.

Since 1992 evangelical Christianity has grown steadily. Groups of believers are scattered everywhere. By the year 2000 many denominations were represented in Albania. Slowly the Albanian church is reclaiming ground for the Lord.

Once again God's truth is permeating the country. Besides the Bible, many Christian books have been translated into Albanian. The airwaves have also taken on new life. "Radio Tirana", once Hoxha's atheist propaganda machine, now broadcasts eighty hours of Christian broadcasting weekly!

God loves the Albanian people. He loves them with truth and strength. He eagerly desires to see the bonds of hatred, vengeance, and bigotry finally broken off of their necks. The Illyrians still have their place in heaven among "every kindred, tribe and nation". May these next few years see many Albanian Christians rise up and lead their country into a new generation of faith. □

Himself

Once it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord.
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is His Word.

Once His gifts I wanted,
Now the Giver own.
Once I sought for healing,
How Himself alone.

Once was painful trying,
Now 'tis perfect trust.
Once a half salvation,
Now the uttermost.

Once 'twas ceaseless holding,
Now He holds me fast.
Once was constant drifting,
Now my anchor's cast.

Once I hoped in Jesus,
Now I know His mind.
Once my lamps were dying,
Now they brightly shine.

Once for death I waited,
Now His coming hail.
And my hopes are anchored,
Safe within the vail.

All and all forever,
Jesus will I sing.
Everything in Jesus,
And Jesus is everything.

--A.B. Simpson



The Life of David Brainerd

from Five Pioneer Missionaries

Five *Pioneer Missionaries* is a compilation of five biographies (each by a different author): David Brainerd, William C. Burns, John Eliot, Henry Martyn and John G. Paton. These five men were unique in their time because they rose up against the religious sentiment of the day and dared to be different. They ventured out where no one previously dared to go: to people groups unknown, to cannibals, to the dangerous, and to the North American Indians.

In this review we will look only at the first one, David Brainerd written by John Thornbury. His ministry spanned only a few short years, 1743-1747. Brainerd never made scholarly contributions such as the translation and publication of books in the Indian languages. Nor did he win as many souls among the Indians as some of his contemporaries. But the intensity of his commitment to his Lord sets him apart. And in this, his impact on missions and countless lives over the past 250 years is immeasurable.

Many of the early settlers were religious but few showed much concern for the Indians. They cheated them and treated them with disdain, more as savages than a person with a soul for whom Christ died. Why should the Indians even consider worshiping the white man's God?

David Brainerd stands out as one different. With a burning passion to preach to lost souls he sacrificed all and went deep into the forests and lived among the Indians. Riding on horseback, sometimes hundreds of miles, he sought them

out. Carrying only a few clothes, some food and a Hebrew lexicon, he slept on straw and sometimes rode in harsh, even freezing weather. He had to learn how to sustain himself and his horse in the wilderness. Great loneliness and poverty often overwhelmed him, body and soul.

Young David lived a devout and respectable life. But by his own testimony he was far from God. At times he felt dejected and spent time alone looking inward. He would even spend days of fasting and pleading with God to reveal the evil of sin and to break his rebellious heart, but to no avail. After his conversion he came to see his own righteousness as filthy rags. After many bitter struggles, at age 21 while walking in a grove, he finally found peace. This "unspeakable glory" he found, being in the presence of his Beloved, became the driving force in his life.

David's father was a prominent person in the community and the church. His mother came from a long line of ministers. And four of David's five brothers became preachers. In 1739 he entered Yale to study theology. He was shy and quiet but an excellent student. At the time, revival under Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield began to sweep New England. Space does not permit details here, but through an unfortunate incident related to the revival he was expelled from college. God used this to turn Brainerd toward his life's work. "He made an indelible mark in the history of Christian missions and attained a fame far excelling the

*I cared not where or
how I lived, or what
hardships I went
through, so that I
could but gain
souls to Christ.*

David Brainerd

honors which would no doubt have been conferred upon him as one of the ablest students of the year.”

His heart began to yearn for the salvation of the Indians. One afternoon he agonized so much in prayer that he was wet with perspiration. Soon afterwards he joined a mission society. The Indians were scattered and hard to reach. After 1½ years he had little to show for his labors. When Brainerd returned home for a visit he was invited to serve in a large prosperous parish but declined. He still felt called to a life of self-denial.

Changing circumstances took him one hundred miles west into the wilderness to the Forks of the Delaware. Here Brainerd saw utter spiritual blindness. “Their devotion to idolatrous feasts and dances seemed unbreakable. Religious teachers known as ‘powwows’ threatened to enchant and poison any who accepted Christ”. He cast himself wholly on God and engaged in spiritual warfare. He travailed long hours in prayer and intercession. Instead of sinking into despair he had strong hope. Sometimes he went days in prayer and fasting “to give the Almighty no rest”. Many listened, often large crowds, with solemn faces and wet eyes. Yet after 2 years, not a single convert. He began to regard himself as a burden to the missionary society.

Once he traveled 85 miles south. There the Indians listened attentively. Word spread. Some traveled 15 miles to hear. They requested preaching twice a day. His first convert was his interpreter, a drunkard. Soon there was much sobbing and groaning of souls in travail. Earlier, much earnest pleading, but little response. Now, the simplest word about the grace of God fell upon his hearers with crushing power. There was an outpouring of Pentecostal power on the Indians.

Brainerd records that it was “enough to convince an atheist of the truth, importance and power of God’s word”. The Indians so pressed Brainerd at times in his home that he wearied himself to exhaustion ministering to them. Yet they were unwearied and insatiable in their thirst.

During these years of ministry he rode deeper into the wilderness seeking to preach wherever he could find Indians or get a hear-

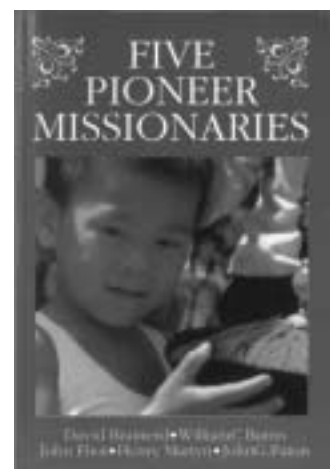
ing. One circuit was 340 miles. The burden overtook him at times. So did discouragement and extreme illness. Bleeding left him so exhausted he could barely look after himself. Brainerd labored for 1½ years after revival broke out until ill health forced him to leave. Under his brother’s care the community continued to grow and prosper. The revival was genuine and lasting.

Consumption was a disease that ran in his family. Without seasons of rest, disease overcame him. Both his parents and some of his brothers died young. Jonathan Edwards, his mentor and friend, noted and lamented his tendency to melancholy and despair and that it was unhealthy. “But though his scale of emotion descended low, it also reached a height few Christians experience in this world.” Highly sensitive minds are capable of great grief as well as great joy.

On his death bed at age 29 David Brainerd wrote fondly of his clear view of eternity. Yet at the same time, true to his deep passion, he wrote of the awfulness of souls facing hell without Christ. To the very end his plea was for “the pagans of the wilderness”.

At a mission’s conference in the mid-1980s in South Africa a speaker posed this question, “If David Brainerd had looked after himself better and lived another thirty years, how much more might God have done through him?” No one can answer that. Though he ministered only four short years, and geographically, in a limited place, their intensity and spiritual power left its mark on missions forever. The names of many early missionaries are among those inspired by Brainerd’s writings. Today he continues to challenge us to reach deeper and higher in our quest for God and for souls. □

Five Pioneer Missionaries
Publisher: Banner of Truth Trust
Cost: about \$11.00



Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Am I a soldier of the cross,
a follower of the lamb,
and shall I fear to own his cause,
or blush to speak his Name?

Must I be carried to the skies
on flowery beds of ease,
while others fought to win the prize,
and sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
to help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
increase my courage, Lord.
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
supported by thy Word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
shall conquer, though they die;
they see the triumph from afar,
by faith they bring it nigh.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
and all Thy armies shine
in robes of victory through skies,
the glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1724

A life totally
consecrated to God
sees all of its tasks as
God appointed.

-Author Unknown



Charity Christian Missions

Charity Christian Fellowship

Publication Offices

400 W Main St Ste 1

Ephrata, PA 17522

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