

Paul the Apostle
Saul of Tarsus
Lived in the 1st century

I Am Thine

Jesus Master!

I am Thine,

Keep me faithful keep me near,

Let Thy presence in me shine

All my homeward way to cheer,

Jesus! at Thy feet I fall,

Oh, be Thou my all in all

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

Is it for Me?

Is it for me, dear

Saviour Thy Glory and Thy rest?

For me, so weak and sinful oh, shall

I thus be blessed?

Is it for me to see Thee in all Thy glorious grace

And gaze in endless rapture on Thy beloved face?

Behold Thee in Thy beauty, behold Thee face to face,

Behold Thee in Thy glory and reap Thy smile of grace

And be with Thee for ever, and never grieve Thee more!

Dear Saviour I must praise Thee and lovingly adore.

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

ROMANS 8:18 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

ROMANS 8:28 And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

ROMANS 8:38 For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

ROMANS 8:39 Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Paul the Apostle:

I've got my own horse here in Heaven, you know, and I get to ride around on missions to Earth, and in Heaven too. I can't get enough of telling the Good News of my wonderful Jesus and forgiveness.

I had to be a hard worker when on my call for the Lord Jesus; I had to be good and hardworking student when young. I learned to read and write and speak in various languages; learned and memorised the scriptures. This was all part of my training so that I could be a good witness later on, and sock it to the learned men, bringing to their attention the words of Moses and the prophets to help convince them that Jesus is the Lord and Saviour.

I've written a long and detailed description of my life for Jesus while on Earth, each of hardships. Many are written in a brief way in the Bible, some aren't, or there is barely something touched on. When you get here you are welcome to drop by my study and library and take a look at the tome. The Lord did so much for me, protecting me time and again. It's a long and detailed "power and protection" story book. I think you'll enjoy it.

There are many of these books, and many writers of these types of books, for the "Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad". You'll get to read amazing stories, and get to meet the authors as well. It's good that you are trying to seek out all the good and true testimony stories now that you can, for you'll need the faith for the impossible, and to know the Love of Christ that shows out in these testimonies. And I bet you'll have your own volume to add to the libraries of heaven for others to read.

Let me take you down stairs. Here is where I meet with those that want to talk about things I wrote in the letters to the early believers, and where I get to find out also some of the outcome

of those books and those verses and what happened as a result—the times they really helped, and at times people took things a bit in the wrong way, without the leading of the Holy Spirit guiding them in their reading, and just looked only at the text and did some pretty funny things. I get to talk things out and explain a bit more how things were. They share with me what they learned in life too and the things the Lord showed them.

I like to talk, as you can see; but I talk mostly about the thing that is of primary interest to me—Jesus, the one I lived for and gave my all to, once I learned that He was the way the truth and the life.

Okay, so you wanted to know about the "light show" I got, huh?

Picture yourself somewhat tired, hot from travel, thirsty and weary, half wondering if you are making the right choices in life. I was these things and more as we travelled on to Damascus. But the more I thought about this "Jesus" revolution, the more it angered me. For one, I wasn't getting the glory I would have liked. I had studied well, but wasn't thought of as anything great. Yet this one that seemed to be uneducated, at least to the extent that I was, was getting famous all over the place—even though He no longer was around to be seen and heard.

Another reason that I was upset was because it angered me that I had not been told this from the beginning. If only my teachers would have let me know that this was the truth, then I might have been able to swallow it better. But nearly all my peers and acquaintances didn't think He was really the messiah—though I found out later they did, many of them, but they kept it to themselves, holding in their terrible guilt feeling for having been part of His crucifixion.

It was a terrible feeling to know that at last the Messaiah had come, and they didn't receive Him. There were no words to describe how bad this

made them feel. So the best thing they could think of was to tell the world “it’s not true” and fight vehemently against those who proclaimed the Messiah risen and alive.

Boy, this was tough news. No one wanted to face a God that had already sent His Holy One, and have to answer for their lack of belief. The best thing they could think to do—the same thing people in the world are doing today—is to just repeat, yell out, that truth is lie and lie is truth and punish any who say differently.

So I was angry and mixed up, and didn’t know what to do with the turmoil in my soul.

Well, Christ met me, and made a sudden and sound and sure entrance into my life. You can truly say that, “I saw the light” and was transformed. My heart was ready for truth and in need of it in a hurry. Those in Damascus were praying and desperate.

God did a flat out miracle on that day by suddenly stopping me and turning me around. I had three days to do nothing but think about it, pray about it, and choose to be on the right team, even if that meant losing all my team players so far and joining what was to us the “opposing team”.

But with Jesus as the star player, it was clear who was going to win, so like any sensible man I chose to hop teams and then to work hard to make up for lost time. It took some time for the players on Jesus’ team to be willing to accept me and trust me, but that didn’t matter. I was there for Jesus and chose to give Him my all, and tell the lost about Him.

He gave me a greater family, new brothers and sisters, close friends, and a whole lot of adventure, I’ll tell you. It’s all in the book.

PRAISE

I love You so much, and I want to spend time with You. I want to love You and be with You always. Thank You, Jesus, for how Your love is manifested in our lives in innumerable ways. You know we have our daily battles and our ups and downs, and life doesn’t always run smoothly for us.

Life is full of lessons to learn and there is progress to be made, but You’re trying to teach us to be fighters and to go to You and Your Word for the answers and direction we need. Still, the struggles we face are nothing compared with those endured by all those poor people who don’t know You.

Thank You that my life is rich and full and satisfying, and that I don’t have to turn to drink or drugs or money to find joy and satisfaction. Thank You, thank You a million times, for how You hold me in Your hands and take care of me every single day.

LAMBIBITS

(Lessons, anecdotes, messages, Bible-based beliefs, inspirational talks, and sayings.)

It was said of Paul: "his letters are weighty and powerful: but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible" (2Cor.10:10). The powerful apostle Paul was powerful how?--In what way? What was his greatest power and his greatest ministry?--Healing a few sick folks with his immediate physical bodily presence, and the power of his spirit on direct contact?--The encouragement of the sight of him?--The inspiration of the fire of him? Even the physical words of man's wisdom? These were not his greatest power! These were not his secret! But rather, the demonstration of the power of the Spirit!

How was this power most greatly demonstrated?--Through his physical presence only? Today we don't even know what he looked like! We've never seen him or heard him speak in the flesh! We've never felt the power of his physical presence! But across the centuries, we've felt the dynamism of the power of his spirit in his words--words that he wrote because he had to go away--because he had to be absent physically, so he could be present with them in spirit.

And how do I feel it most? How do you feel Jesus most? How do you feel Paul most? The words they speak to us--they are spirit, and they are life. Jesus said, "The Words that I speak unto you--they are spirit, and they are life." His bodily physical presence, the sound of His voice, the sight of His miracles, His healing touch--these immediate physical manifestations are nothing compared to the power of the Spirit in His words.

Which has been most powerful and had the greatest effect and been most lasting through the years--the pitiful few Paul was able to minister to in the flesh--the brief crowds that were able to hear the sound of his voice--the occasional sick folks who felt his healing touch--his most intimates who breathed his fragrance and tasted his sweetness--or the power of his eternal spirit--the Truth which has come down to us over the years, to millions through his words?

How do we have these words today? Because he had to go away and write them in his Epistles in his absence, or we might not have the record at all, and the millions who have benefited from them, would be left in the darkness, and only the pitiful few who profited from his physical presence would have enjoyed them and lived by them!

Half the New Testament is the epistles of the men who had to go away--who had to be absent from them in body, that they might be present with them in spirit, and that their words might be recorded for posterity and generations of followers to come.

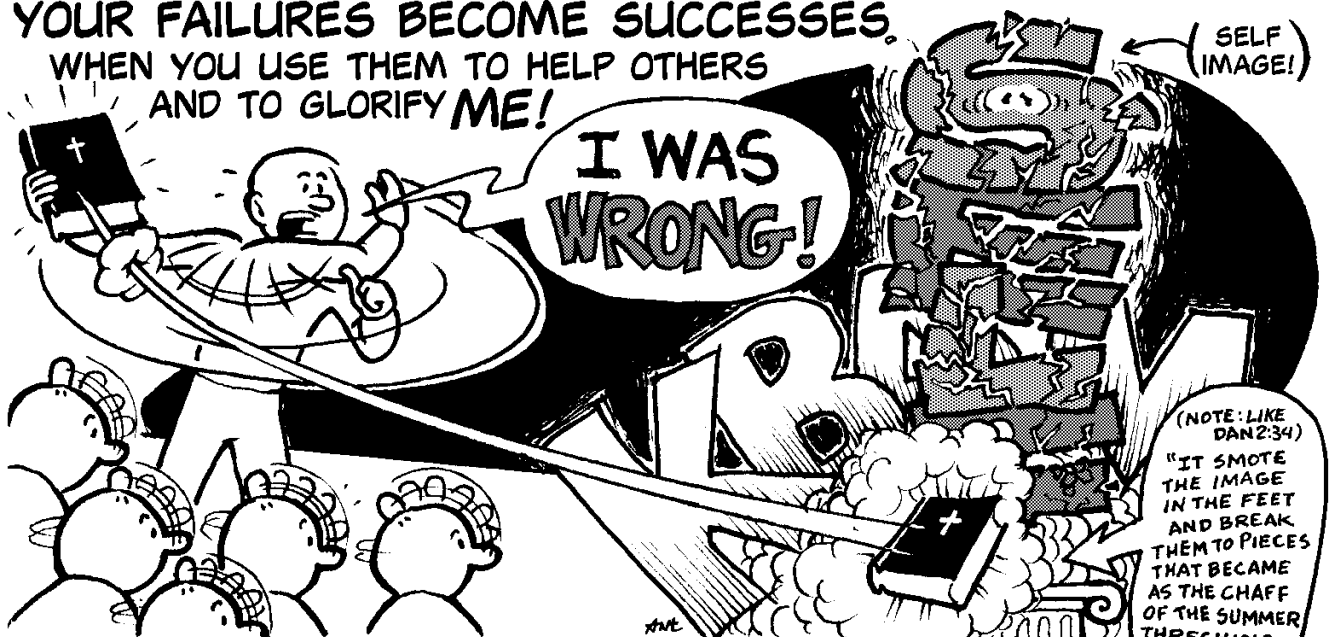
From Jesus With Love

My eye has been upon you since before you were formed in the womb. I have been with you every step of the way. I have watched you. I have loved you. I have cared for you. You have never been out of My sight.

How I long to pour My love upon you! How I long to draw you to My bosom! If you will take time with Me in prayer, and listen to My voice in your heart and through My Word, I will show you My great, great love for you-love which is greater than the ocean, which stretches further than the horizon, which the whole universe with all its stars and galaxies cannot contain, which reaches out of understanding into infinity and eternity.



**YOUR FAILURES BECOME SUCCESSES,
WHEN YOU USE THEM TO HELP OTHERS
AND TO GLORIFY ME!**



SO IF YOUR MISTAKES CAN HELP OTHERS TO LOOK TO MY WORD MORE, THEN BE HAPPY TO SHARE THEM!

Inspiring True Stories from History: Feet Shod

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. (Ephesians 6:15)

And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Howbeit then, when ye knew not God, ye did service unto them which by nature are no gods. (Galatians 4:6, 8)

And be renewed in the spirit of your mind; And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. (Ephesians 4:23-24)

(From "The Black-Bearded Barbarian" The life of George Leslie Mackay of Formosa, by Marian Keith, published in 1912)

Mackay's home during this period was a musty little room in a damp mud-walled hut; and here every day he received donations of idols, ancestral tablets, and all sorts of things belonging to idol-worship. He was requested to burn them, and often in the mornings he dried his damp clothes and moldy boots at a fire made from heathen idols.

For eight weeks the missionary party remained in this place, preaching, teaching, and working among the people. It was a mystery to the students how their teacher found time for the great amount of Bible study and prayer which he managed to get. He surely worked as never man worked before.

Late at night, long after every one else was in bed, he would be bending over his Bible, beside his peanut-oil lamp, and early in the morning before the stars had disappeared he was up and at work again. Four hours' sleep was all his restless, active mind could endure, and with that he could do work that would have killed any ordinary man.

One evening some new faces looked up at him from his congregation in the little brick church. When the last hymn was sung the missionary stepped down from his pulpit and spoke to the strangers. They explained that they were from the next village. They had heard rumors of this new doctrine, and had been sent to find out more about it. They had been charmed with the singing, for that evening over two hundred voices had joined in a ringing praise to the new Jehovah-God. They wanted to hear more, they said, and they wanted to know what it was all about. Would Kai Bok-su and his students deign to visit their village too?

Would he? Why that was just what he was longing to do. He had been driven out of that village by dogs only a few weeks before, but a little thing like that did not matter to a man like Mackay. This village lay but a short distance away, being connected with their own by a path winding here and there between the rice-fields.

Early the next evening Mackay formed a procession. He placed himself at its head, with A Hoa at his side. The students came next, and then the converts in a double row. And thus they marched slowly along the pathway singing as they went. It was a stirring sight. On either side the waving fields of rice, behind them the gleam of the blue ocean, before them the great towering mountains clothed in green. Above them shone the clear dazzling sky of a tropical evening. And on wound the long procession of Christians in a heathen land, and from them arose the glorious words:

O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is
Be stirred up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

And the heathen in the rice-fields stopped to gaze at the strange sight, and the mountains gave back the echo of that Name which is above every name.

And so, marching to their song, the procession came to the village. Everybody in the place had come out to meet them at the first sound of the singing. And now they stood staring, the men in a group by themselves, the women and children in the background, the dogs snarling on the outskirts of the crowd.

The congregation was there ready, and without waiting to find a place of meeting, right out under the clear evening skies, the young missionary told once more the great story of God and his love as shown through Jesus Christ. The message took the village by storm. It was like water to thirsty souls. The next day five hundred of them brought their idols to the missionary to be burned.

And now Mackay went up and down the Kap-tsu-lan plain from village to village as he had done before, but this time it was a triumphal march. And everywhere he went throngs threw away their idols and declared themselves followers of the true God.

He was overcome with joy. It was so glorious he wished he could stay there the rest of his life and lead these willing people to a higher life. But Tamsui was waiting; Sin-tiam, Bang-kah, Kelung, Go-ko-khi, they must all be visited; and finally he tore himself away, leaving some of his students to care for these people of Kap-tsu-lan.

Thoughts and True Stories

Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody

"I remember clearly lying in my berth early that Saturday morning (Nov. 26th, 1892, on the steamer Spree when she was one thousand miles out from Southampton on her way to New York), congratulating myself that I had gotten passage in so swift a ship, when my thoughts were stopped by a great crash that shook the vessel from stem to stern.

"My son, William Revell Moody, jumped from his berth and rushed on deck. He was back again in an instant, crying that the shaft was broken and the ship sinking. Then ensued a scene the like of which I hope never to witness again. There was no panic, but the passengers, who had scrambled on deck at the first warning, looked at each other in an appealing way that was, if anything, more terrible than demonstrative fear.

"The captain told us there was no danger, and some of the second cabin passengers returned to their berths only to tumble back pellmell a moment later. The rising water had driven them out. Some of them lost all their clothes and valuables. The people, though terribly frightened, did not seem to realize what had happened. The women didn't scream, but stood around trembling and with blanched faces. Nobody said a word, but each waited for his neighbor to speak. We felt that we might be looking on our graves.

"The captain told us at noon that he thought he had the water under control and was in hopes of drifting in the way of some passing vessel. The ship's bow was now high in the air, while the stern seemed to settle more and more. There was no storm, but the sea was very rough, and the ship rolled from side to side with fearful lurches. I think that if she had pitched at all the overstrained, bulkheads would have burst and we should have gone to the bottom. The captain cheered us by telling us that he thought we should run in with a ship by 3 o'clock that Saturday afternoon, but the night drew on and no sail appeared to lighten our gloom.

"We knew the ship was sinking when we came on deck, but there was no panic. The big engines of the ship were all working at the pumps, but the water was steadily gaining in spite of them. With each roll of the ship it could be heard like the roar of the surf. All the day was passed in anxiously watching for a sail. We could not talk of religion, for the first word brought forth a hundred exclamations, 'Are we sinking?' It seemed an age until the Sabbath morning came, When the vigil on the deck was resumed.

"I think that was the darkest night in all our lives. None of us thought to live to see the light of another day. Nobody slept. We were all huddled in the saloon of the first cabin--Americans and Germans, Jews, Protestants, Catholics and skeptics--although at that time I doubt if there were many skeptics among us. For forty-eight hours we were in this mortal fear.

Sabbath morning dawned upon as wretched a ship's company as ever sailed the sea. There was at that time no talk of religious services. I think that if this had been suggested then there would have been a panic. To talk of religion to those poor people would have been to suggest the most terrible things to them. Everybody was waiting for his neighbor to say: 'Are we, then, doomed to die?'

"But as night approached I gathered those 700 quaking souls together and we held a prayer meeting. I think everybody prayed. There were no skeptics present. I have stood by deathbeds during the cholera epidemic in Chicago, but I never was so sorely tried. I could with difficulty command my voice as I read the ninety-first Psalm. I read without comment, and then I prayed that God would still the anger of the deep and bring us safely to our desired heaven. The people were weeping all around me. I also read from the 107th Psalm.

"We tried to sing. I gave out the first verse of 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and General Howard started the tune. He sang the hymn through in a strong voice, but very few joined him. Instead, the melody was punctuated by broken sobs and exclamation of grief. That night I went to bed and slept, I felt that everything would be all right. Never was a more earnest meeting held than this. All prayed together, and I did not hear much talk of skepticism, I can tell you.

At 2:30 o'clock in the morning a ship's light was sighted, and in a few hours we were comparatively safe, although our danger was not over. The strain on our minds was almost as great, and minds gave way under it. When we were finally safe in port we had a thanksgiving service, and then such singing as there was--such praises that went up. We prayed that the ship be brought to a haven, and relief came on the night after our prayer meeting. I am a firm believer in prayer. I always have been. I believe and I know that God saved the Spree in response to our prayers."

Master's Arts

Praise and Joy and Contentment— Words and thoughts Glorifying God

The Master says:

"Saying words of praise is like shining a bright beam of light into the eyes of someone lurking in the darkness. They can't see straight and are apt to stumble around a bit. If the enemy is lurking around you, telling you that this thing or that thing is wrong, and making the list longer by the moment of all the things wrong he thinks your Heavenly Father did or didn't do, then please, help yourself to the light. Turn it on as brightly as you can by uttering words of praise. These will expose who the true trouble makers are, and get you feeling all cheery as the light shines all around you."

