



Welcome to the King

Midst the darkness, storm, and sorrow

One bright gleam I see,

Well I know the blessed morrow

Christ will come for me

Midst the light and peace and glory

Of the Fathers home,

Christ for me is watching, waiting--

Waiting till I come

Long the blessed Guide has led me

By the desert road;

Now I see the golden towers--

City of my God.

There amidst the love and glory,

He is waiting yet;

On His hands a name is graven,

He can ne'er forget.

(Continued in next mag)

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

REVELATION 4:11 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.

ROMANS 1:20 For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse.

ISAIAH 45:12 I have made the Earth, and created man upon it: I, even My hands, have stretched out the Heavens, and all their host have I commanded.

ISAIAH 66:2a For all those things hath Mine hand made.

Adam:

Ah, come, let us sit in a special garden—a garden quite like the garden of Eden. Did you know as part of my reward, and as a way to show God’s special forgiveness to me, He made a simulation of that very garden—only many, many times better—for me here in this realm of Heaven. I like to take walks and sit down on the green verdentry with visitors.

Come, let’s sit by this cool refreshing waterfall and have a chat.

Ah, there she is, the crown of God’s beautiful creation, hiding there behind that large leafy plant. She doesn’t want to disturb, but she smiling your way.

I invite her over. It seems she has a filled a basket with plenty of treats for us to share.

“Delicious” is what these fruits and goodies are.

We have a simple house over there, though of course we don’t really need a house and feel far more relaxed out in the nature that God made for us. For us, this is home and beauty. But for visitors like yourself, and for variety, we have a simple place for those who want the ‘Garden of Eden’ experience, but aren’t totally relaxed just sleeping on grass, as they are fairly new to this land of love. I see you are perfectly relaxed here, but more than relaxed, you are incredibly curious and want to know about each plant, each animal, and most of all everything I thought and felt and went through on that nearly 1000 year journey stay on earth.

There is a room in the house that has pictures on the walls. These show you the Days of Creation, and all the different animals that I named—not just the type that were originally there, but THE original ones, photos kind of, on the wall, but more like a video clip to look at. They were taken in my favourite poses and things that actually happened.

After our picnic together I’ll take you for the tour there.

Now what was it you wanted to know most? I lived a long time, and had many times of breaking, of crying, of repenting, and times of joy. Imagine seeing for the first time the wonder, a magical wonder of seeing

what happened to a seed after it was planted—and then it springs up and produces food. No wonder my eldest son loved to help me harvest, and see the crops grow. Hard work it was, compared what we had known, but still it was beautiful to see the growth of plants. Each one was a like a miracle, each one God’s way of saying He loved us and wished for us to live and learn and grow. Each time a new plant sprung up it was like He was saying, “there is still more I have for you to learn; I will keep you growing and learning and provide all that you need”.

When I held my first child in my arms, to see a small human being was something that brought fatherly tears to my eyes. It was a wonder, and I loved all my children very much—more than you can imagine. And all I wanted to do was to make things nice for them. That is one of the hardest things about how things got in the world. All I wanted was a perfect world for each of my children in my very large and growing family, to have a perfect place to live and grow. But then as time went on and things began to decline and people followed their own ways and evil thoughts got darker, I, the father and grandfather, and great-great grandfather and so on, couldn’t make things all right for them.

Sometimes I would cry as a looked up at the stars and keep holding on to the promise of things being made right again and that a Deliverer would be sent. I would talk with God and would hear Him speaking to me. I needed to know all kinds of things. Some things were just placed in my mind and heart right at the start, like the gift of language and all that, or being able to walk and know how to eat, and eliminate, how to drink, and chew and all that. Even how to hug and show love to my wife I knew. But other things, many other things I had to learn—either by experience, or by hearing my Father in Heaven teaching them to me. Just like you can do now.

Let’s go look at the pictures of the animals in my house—and on our way there, there is a chance you’ll see some of them too, and my children might be around. Yes, I have little ones around. I love children and love being a father in this perfect place. Though the world still suffers, not so much for my sins, but for their own continued wrong choices, still there is beauty and perfection and joy for those who have received forgiveness.

I was in paradise for that long time, until we saw Him again, the One who walked with us in the garden. He spent time in the garden of Gethsemane and soon was then in our paradise garden down in the depths where souls must wait out their sentence, so to speak. He came walking over to us, and the look on His face and in His eyes was that of forgiveness. All I could do was weep and hold his feet. He took us in His arms, one on each side and asked if we would accept His gift of forgiveness and come to live in the realm above with His Father. "I do" is all I could say, and in that instant we were transported to a new land. A land filled with more light and beauty than we had ever seen or known yet. All of a sudden we were surrounded by our old and original friends, the animals. Then as if we were part of a stage play, the moment we arrived we heard the words "there he put the man who he had formed..." we arrived here, in this recreated Eden, and were placed here, saved at last.

Angels met us and offered us fruit from the tree of life, and cherubim welcomed us too.

Of course we weren't complete without those we loved, and God's voice promised us that as many as believed in His Son, would become also the sons of God and would join us.

There is Immanuel! Riding that awesome beast. He likes to be up on top, because he says it's easier to pick the fruit from the tall trees that way, and peer into the nests of the birds as well. Ha! He slides down the long neck to come and greet us.

You meet him, and find the name suiting. He has the light of Heaven on him and takes plenty of time with the One who is his name sake—Emmanuel, the son of God. He's given you some fruit, and then is off to play again with the animals.

You enter the house and are surprised to see it full of many others, happy, beautiful people. I let you greet them while I introduce them to you. Some are my daughters and sons, others are just here for the "Garden" experience.

I see they have prepared a lovely feast for us all to enjoy on the outdoor patio area. There are lots of children running round, streamers of flower garlands are being pulled through the air by some children.

Others are sitting and chatting with a lion as a cushion. Ah, we know lots of joy now, more than the tears and sorrow. God has special ways to make it all up to us.

After greeting people and taking a brief look around, we enter the gallery to view the pictures. It's like you get to travel into them when you look at them. When you leave the gallery you feel like you have really been somewhere else.

I tell you some of the names of the original creatures—though it is in a different language than you have now or could type. In this picture here I am hold one of my little favourites, curled up on my arm. They came with me when I had to leave the garden, holding on to me, like a symbol that showed that though we had to leave the garden, the garden didn't have to leave us, and love was always.

When I sat to watch the first sunrise in my first day outside of the borders of the garden, I thought I'd never seen one so beautiful. There was still love, there was still beauty, I still had a family, and I still had God. He spoke to my heart in ways that only He could. He said that though it was going to be hard, and mostly hard for me to see the wickedness that would show itself in the world, that because I was His son, and parents feel, even more the pain and hurt at times than their children do, that each thing that I experienced and felt and the ways it hurt me, He would feel it too. He was not estranged from me and would be even closer than ever, because He knew I knew I would need Him more than ever.

"Father," I plead. "Is there anyway to get back? I want to get back. Not so much as to the garden, but to the closeness that we had before... please, won't you make time go back, and let me do it the right way this time?"

He said that though I didn't understand it all now, that it would make it better in the end if at first humanity learned the hard way, how hard it was to be without God as their King and ruler, choosing to shun Him. Though it was hard for me now, it would teach all my children and grandchildren and descendents to love and fear God. It would be better in the end, and all would live in peace and harmony at last. Though He could change things and press

'restart' and give us both a new chance, that wouldn't take away the need for all the others who would come after us to learn that God's way was best. So, I surrendered to His wisdom, and chose to trust through the long and hard road, that in the end, when all had learned from their heart that He was best and His voice was to be heeded, and He was to be feared and loved above all, it would be for the best. I knew joy would come, after a long time.

And so it has.

By this time you are crying too, for when looking at the pictures and hearing me tell you these personal things, you felt my pain, and it's like you are thanking me for going through all I did. Being chosen to be the first man on the planet wasn't an easy job at all. Everyone looked up to you and expected you to know it all. I only knew what I had learned. And I had to keep learning things all the time.

Let us go to the feast now that is ready.

We sit among friends new and old, and relations, and I lead in a prayer of praise before we begin the meal.

Each new day is like the first day after creation, when all is beautiful.

I love to see my wife dance, she does it so beautifully. She dances around the table gracefully and showing

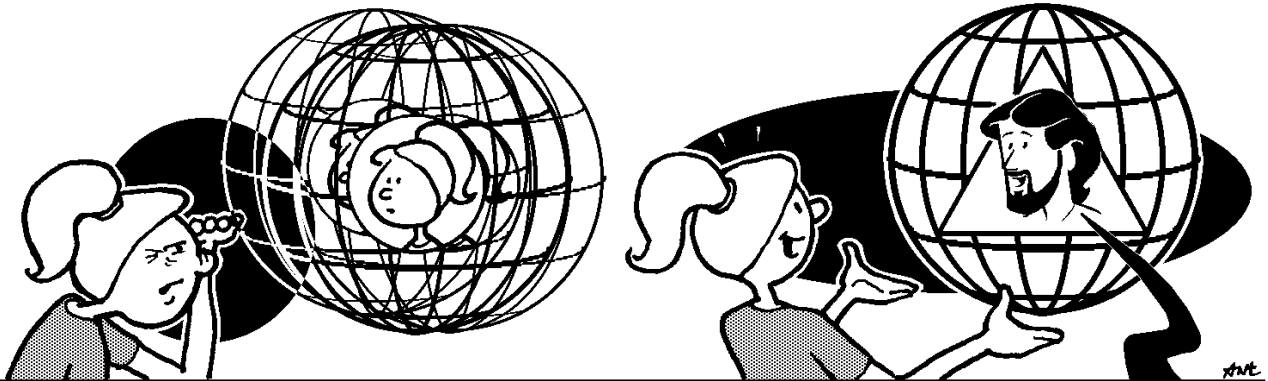
forth the beauty of a woman. All the guests love it. It's her gift to them. Musicians play songs, and we join in singing too, in between talking and laughing and at times praying for those who we know of that need prayer, as they are in a garden that more resembles the garden of Gethsemane, or times of great trying. But we pray for them that they too will trust in God's mighty power and wisdom, and that the foolishness of man will in the end prove the greater wisdom of God; and trust that all things will work together for good to those that love God.

"Come, Darling," I say to my wife. She sits on my lap and she feeds me a few bites of some special desert. Every meal is like our wedding meal. We love each other more each day. We laugh and then excuse ourselves from the table. You are welcome to stay and linger, but we've got to get out and enjoy the garden and ourselves, and visit with our children who like to play all around.

I hope that gave you a little glimpse into the things you are wondering and wishing to hear about. I'd love to have more time to talk with you again some time, if not where you are then when you get up here.

Keep the faith and know that the end is going to be more beautiful than if it had all been so called 'perfect' when I was first on earth.





WHEN YOU DRAW CLOSE TO ME, SUDDENLY EVERYTHING BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE!

PRAISE

Thank You for leading the way. Thank You for being the shining light before me that I can walk toward, that warm glow that I can run into and revel in. I jump up and down for joy that I can be filled up with You, Jesus. Thank You that I can drink You in and that I can absorb Your spirit

Thank You for loving me, for teaching me, for keeping me, for strengthening me. Thank You for using me in spite of myself. I'm so very thankful for Your love, Your understanding, and Your help in my life. Please help me to continue to do my best for You, to give You all of my heart. I give You everything, because You gave me Your all. You went all the way for me. Help me to have the determination to go all the way for You.

Thank You so very much, Jesus. You're wonderful! I love You.

From Jesus With Love

If you were to stand before Me now, you would be so engulfed and overwhelmed by My love, that all the hurts and the pain and the misunderstandings of the past and the present would completely vanish. So great is My love for you that there is no room for sorrow or condemnation. If you were standing before Me, you would feel only total acceptance and total love, because you would know that all is forgiven. There is no fear with Me. I wash away all fear, and there is no fear in My love.

Even though you are still in human flesh, trust that My love for you is no less than when you shall arrive Here and stand before Me. I am no less distant now, and you are every bit as much in My presence. You are just as much forgiven and there is nothing held against you. You are My dear one, My beloved.

Master's Arts

Heavenly Vision—Thoughts of God

—Our Mind's Meditations Only What Pleases the Lord

The Master says:

“Think about what eternity might be like for you—hanging out with the Top Guy who knows everything there ever is or will be to know. Think about what beauty you will know while living in a place designed by the one who invented the concept of beauty, and knows how to make things the best. Think about having endless adventures and thrilling encounters, each one giving a sense of wonder and amazing you, making you so glad you are there to live out this life given to you. Just think about it for a minute.

“Stop thinking about this world for a moment now, just think about life with Me, forever, doing and seeing, and enjoying things greater than you can even imagine. It's big. It's great. It's fabulous. You'll never tire of what is to come in the world beyond yours—for those who work hard now for Me, and who give up all the cheap counterfeits of things that try to amaze you there. They are nothing compared to the real thing that is yet to come. You'll always be glad that you chose to hold the riches of Heaven with greater regard than anything this planet has to offer or to lure you with.”

LAMBIBITS

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

I have a hard time bawling other people put for the same things I'm guilty of myself, and of which most of us are guilty, even worse, so about all I can do is [rebuke them] for it momentarily, confess what a mess I made along the same line, weep a little, cry a little, sympathise a little, and take each other in each other's arms, forgive each other, and try again.

You're bound to win sometimes, and when you lose, it'll help keep you humble, and help others to know you're only human, and give God all the glory! ... I believe in the good old Bible Doctrine of Habitation, "Christ in you, the Hope of Glory". "Without Me ye can do nothing. "Even Jesus said of Himself, "I can do nothing, but what the Father showeth Me". And it was later said of Him," Even the Son learned obedience through the things which He suffered. ... You might as well face it:

You can't get the victory! It's impossible for you to get the victory only Christ can! "Let go and let God! " You can't do it yourself. "Not of works, lest any man should boast!" "For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."--Only God can give it! You can't earn it, work for it, work it up, pray it down, pray it through, and become so wholly sanctified, that you're some kind of a sinless saint!

You haven't got anybody's righteousness except Christ, and He's the only one that can give it to you! Your own righteousness stinks! ... "So quit trying! Let God do it! Let the Light in!--And the darkness will flee of itself!

You need to apply to yourself what Jesus said to the self-righteous hypocrites, "you need to learn what it meaneth: 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice!'" You need to learn what that meaneth. ... for God's sake, let's remember that only Jesus can do it, and quit trying to legislate righteousness. It's a gift of God! Let God do it!--Love never fails! Jesus never fails!

Inspiring True Stories from History: Power to Pump

And he said also to the people, When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, straightway ye say, There cometh a shower; and so it is.

And when ye see the south wind blow, ye say, There will be heat; and it cometh to pass.

Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time? (Luke 12:54-56)

(From A Sailor of Fortune; personal memoirs of Captain B.S. Osbon, by Albert Bigelow Paine—1906)

On entering the Atlantic Ocean we were met by a succession of fierce gales and it was impossible to work the ship to the westward. For days we battled with the storm. Finally the ship sprung a leak, our sail were blown away and we had a most terrible time. The water gained on us very fast, and the men's hands were covered with running sores from their constant work at the pumps. It seemed impossible to save the ship. Finally the crew refused duty. It was just about noon and I was attempting to get our position from the sun as it appeared from time to time from beneath the flying clouds. The mate came over to where I was and said, " Captain Osbon, the men are utterly discouraged and refuse to pump any longer."

I asked him to tell them to wait until I had worked up the ship's position. When that was done, I would ask them to come aft in a body. My intention was to plead with them once more to stick to the pumps. If they failed in this, our hope was gone, and I would request them to kneel in a last prayer.

On sending for them, the crew came into the cabin, and I told them that where there was life there was hope, and begged them to go to the pumps again. They gave me a sorrowful but decided " No." Then I had an inspiration.

" Well, boys," I said, " let's ask God to help us."

And taking up a Bible that always lay on the cabin table, I added, "I will open at random, and read the first verse that my eye falls upon."

Sailors in those days had great respect for the Bible. The men stood in perfect silence as I picked up the volume. I opened it entirely by chance, and my eye fell on the tenth verse of the forty-first chapter of Isaiah. I read aloud as follows:

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee ; be not dismayed ; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

I read no more, and stood and looked at the men for a moment, when one old sailor said, " Boys, let's go back to the pumps. That's a message from God to us, and He never lied. I believe he will fulfil this promise."

They did go back and it was not many hours until the wind shifted and went down, the sea moderated, and on the 23d of December, 1856, we entered the harbour of Queenstown and came to anchor after having been buffeted about on the coast of Ireland for twenty-seven days, pumping the Western Ocean through the ship.

I immediately employed a gang of 'longshoremen to come off and man the pumps and sent my men to the forecabin, where they slept undisturbed until next morning.



Art/By ANIC

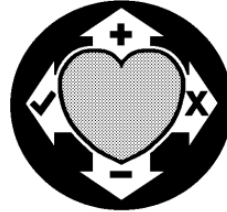
SIMPLICITY IS A GIFT!

EVERYONE STARTS OUT WITH IT.



BUT AS SOME PEOPLE "GROW UP" THEY DISCOUNT THIS GIFT BECAUSE THEY ASSOCIATE IT WITH IGNORANCE, NAIVETÉ, IMMATUREITY, AND A LACK OF SOPHISTICATION.

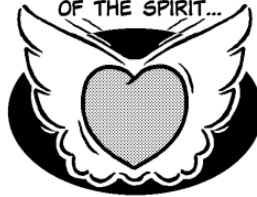
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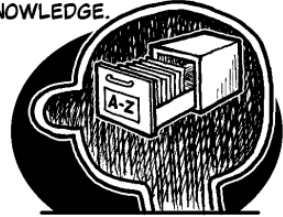
IS EXCHANGED FOR A LABYRINTH OF COMPLEX THINKING,



AND A HEART THAT IS SENSITIVE TO THINGS OF THE SPIRIT...



...FOR MERE HEAD KNOWLEDGE.



WHEN IT BECOMES DIFFICULT TO FIND JOY IN THE SIMPLE, EVERYDAY THINGS OF LIFE, IT'S A SIGN OF BECOMING COMPLICATED AND LOSING THE "HUMAN TOUCH."



I SPOKE GREAT TRUTHS, PROFOUND WORDS THAT CHANGED LIVES AND CONTINUE TO DO SO. BUT I ALSO SPOKE TO THE CHILDREN!



I WAS SIMPLE, I WAS CLEAR, AND I DIDN'T LOSE MY APPRECIATION OF LITTLE THINGS. I STOPPED TO ENJOY THE FLOWERS. I COOKED FOR MY DISCIPLES!

THE GIFT OF SIMPLICITY REMAINS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE THE HUMILITY AND WISDOM TO VALUE IT AND CLAIM IT AS THEIR OWN!



THERE IS MUCH TO DISCOVER THROUGHOUT LIFE AND EVEN MORE IN HEAVEN, BUT YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND THAT THE MOST PROFOUND TRUTHS, THE GREATEST BEAUTY, AND THE MOST OUTSTANDING WISDOM ARE EXPRESSED SIMPLY.

Except you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. (Matthew 18:3)

IF YOU CAN HAVE THE CHILDLIKE SIMPLICITY TO BELIEVE IN THE "IMPOSSIBLE" AND THE UNSEEN--ME, THE ONE WHO DIED FOR YOU AND ROSE TO LIFE AGAIN SO YOU COULD HAVE THE WONDERFUL BUT SIMPLE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE--YOU TOO CAN ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN!

AND IT IS SIMPLE! ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS ASK! LIKE THIS: "JESUS, PLEASE COME INTO MY HEART AND LIFE. I BELIEVE THAT YOU DIED FOR MY SINS; AND I ACCEPT YOUR FORGIVENESS AND YOUR FREE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE. THANK YOU."

IF YOU ASKED ME THAT WITH A SINCERE HEART, THEN I PROMISE THAT YOU NOW HAVE A NEW LIFE, SPIRITUALLY RE-BORN AS A CHILD IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD! YOU ALSO NOW HAVE A SECOND CHANCE TO START AGAIN AS A NEW PERSON!

LIFE MAY BE COMPLICATED, BUT YOUR SOUL IS NOT! IF YOU READ MY WORDS IN THE GOSPELS, YOU WILL FIND GOOD, SIMPLE GUIDELINES TO HELP KEEP YOUR HEART FREE FROM THE CONFUSIONS OF THIS WORLD!

--JESUS

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Thoughts and True Stories

The merchant Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles in France. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry and by habits of the severest abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser and thought he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace, whenever he appeared, pursued him with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. At length he died and in his will were found the following words: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are badly supplied with water which they can only purchase at a high price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

Dr. S. D. Gordon tells of an old Christian woman whose age began to tell on her memory. She had once known much of the Bible by heart. Eventually only one precious bit stayed with her. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." By and by part of that slipped its hold, and she would quietly repeat, "That which I have committed unto him." At last, as she hovered on the borderline between this and the spirit world, her loved ones noticed her lips moving. They bent down to see if she needed anything. She was repeating over and over again to herself the one word of the text, "Him, Him, Him." She had lost the whole Bible, but one word. But she had the whole Bible in that one word.

Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody

When I was in London there was a leading doctor in that city, upwards of seventy years of age, wrote me a note to come and see him privately about his soul. He was living at a country seat a little way out of London, and he came into town only two or three times a week. He was wealthy and was nearly retired. I received the note right in the midst of the London work, and told him I could not see him.

I received a note a day or two after from a member of his family, urging me to come. The letter said his wife had been praying for him for fifty years, and all the children had become Christians by her prayers. She had prayed for him all those years, but no impression had been made upon him. Upon his desk they had found the letter from me, and they came up to London to see what it meant, and I said I would see him.

When we met I asked him if he wanted to become a Christian, and he seemed every way willing, but when it came to confession to his family, he halted. "I tell you," said he, "I cannot do that; my life has been such that I would not like to confess before my family."

"Now there is the point; if you are not willing to confess Christ, He will not confess you; you cannot be His disciple." We talked for some time, and he accepted. I found while I had been in one room his daughter and some friends, anxious for the salvation of that aged father, were in the other room praying to God, and when he started out willing to go home and confess Christ, I opened the door of the other room, not knowing the daughter was there, and the first words she said were: "Is my father saved?"

"Yes, I think he is," I answered, and ran down to the front door and called him back.

"Your daughter is here," I said; "this is the time to commence your confession."

The father, with tears trickling down his cheeks, embraced his child, "My dear daughter, I have accepted Christ," and a great flood of light broke upon him at that confession.

