

Queen Esther

--Lived about 400's B.C.--



How Beautiful the Feet

And He hath said, "How beautiful the feet!"

The "feet" so weary, travel-stained, and worn--

The "feet" that humbly, patiently have borne

The toilsome way, the pressure, and the heat.

The "feet," not hasting on with wingèd might,

Nor strong to trample down the opposing foe;

So lowly, and so human, they must go

By painful steps to scale the mountain height.

Not unto all the tuneful lips are given,

The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet;

Yet all may turn, with humble, willing "feet,"

And bear to darkened souls the light from heaven.

And fall they while the goal far distant lies,

With scarce a word yet spoken for their Lord--

His sweet approval He doth yet accord;

Their "feet" are beautiful in the Master's eyes.

With weary human "feet" He, day by day,

Once trod this earth to work His acts of love;

And every step is chronicled above

His servants take to follow in His way.'

--Sarah Geraldina Stock.

PROVERBS 1:7a The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.

PROVERBS 4:13 Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life.

1 CORINTHIANS 2:13 Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

1 TIMOTHY 4:15 Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all.

JOHN 6:45 It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God.

Queen Esther

It's not beauty that remains. That always fades like a flower. But the Word of God that is what lives on forever. This is what gives renewal of life and inspiration. God's Word beautifies whatever it touches. Sometimes first God's Word has to clean out, purge out and cast away that which is filthy and rotting and aging in the wrong ways.

But then new life and joy spring forth.

For a time the chastisement comes, which is the cleansing, mostly of the heart of a soul. For different people it comes in a different way—in a way that suits them.

Maybe for you, your time of heart cleansing and renewal, and forsaking of what is wrong will be a difficulty that to you is a burden, and this draws you near to Jesus. If you yield quickly to what He wants to tell you and wish to learn fast the lessons, and don't hold on to that which is corrupting you, you'll come quickly out of this time of purging and on to the joys that Jesus wants to give you.

His heart is very attuned to the needs of yours. As your heart beats, so does the Master of love know just what it needs to keep it humble and able to be filled with love and grace, mercy and truth. Did you know that it takes humility to be the happiest? The proud and full are too stuffed with themselves that they can't fit in anything else, like true happiness.

I had lots to be sad about in life, you know. Just being a queen doesn't come with a happiness rechargeable battery pack, making it "everlasting". No. Perhaps those in power are some of the saddest and sorriest ones on Earth.

However, but because I kept choosing to do the thing that pleased the Lord, He gave me joy—and that which pleases Him will always come with a package deal of humility included, for you can't do His work in His way for His glory, if you are proud. It doesn't work. Rather than pleasing Him, you will be a disgust to Him.

So to please Him, you always must walk in utter and genuine humility. So when He gives a job or mission, it will humble you to complete it and fulfil it—and to do so in His way.

My job was a very humble one, for though I was the queen, I didn't have any real power of any sort. I merely played a role. Then when it was my time to rise up and speak up, again I had to utterly humble myself. I had to give up myself, for that is what it could easily have cost me.

Why did the king choose me? Because I was in the habit of acting in humility. He knew he could trust me to play the role I needed to as a queen.

A queen had to be in complete submission and yieldedness to the king of the land, or he would feel she was a threat to his power and Kingdom. So only the most humble and self-sacrificing ones did the king like to have in that high place of honour.

See, before honour is humility. Humble yourself in the sight of the Lord and He will lift you up.

I humbled myself in those days of preparation through keeping quiet, speaking kindly, and asking for the advice of the one that knew the king's likes and dislikes. I didn't just be "me" or assume that I always knew what was best. I assumed that I didn't know much, and wanted good advice from others.

And of course I depended on the power of prayer to do the work that I couldn't do—to make that king's heart change. It would take him humility to listen to me and to realise that he was wrong.

I didn't point out his failure, as that would have had a very negative reaction. Instead I threw a feast, twice, to encourage him, show love and "honour the king".

Then when he was made glad, and felt loved by these times of private feasting, then I broke the news to him—or rather pointed the finger at the real culprit.

So if you wish to correct others, or your parents. Do so with love and first lavish appreciation. Then find out what the real problem is and help to bring their attention to it, if it's something they can do something about. Not just point the finger and say "you are wrong" but "This is the trouble, can you help?" this shows loving humility and is bound to bring a far better result than just getting upset and all that.

Will you remember that? Humility shows love, and then the Lord can use you for what you were created to do. It won't feel all glamorous all your life—like my life was very behind the scenes, just being there where I was meant to be, with hardly seeming to do anything great. But if I wasn't where I was meant to be, serving the Lord and the king in humility, I wouldn't have been able to do what I was called to do.

Humility can mean waiting. Patience takes humility, and humility is patient. Like being meek—that's humility and patience all rolled into one.

Remember, the meek will inherit the Earth. Jesus' humble servants that serve with Him now today, will one day get to rule in humility with Him later, and great joy will come to them then, when they see the good fruit of their patience, that was tried with many a sorrow or cumbersome way.

I love to kneel at the feet of King Jesus now. He kisses my hand and calls me to come to Him. He is the best King in the Universe. I'm serving Him now, and loving it always. He makes me so very glad. I laugh now, rather than cry. I can have freedom rather than being compelled to be only in that one place I was to stay at when on Earth.

I have eternal life and wish to help many others to have it too.

And one day I'll help to be a queen on Earth again, when Jesus comes to rule and reign—along with all the others who served Him faithfully on Earth now, each in their humble place of service.

Long live King Jesus!

PRAISE

I sing to You from the very depths of my being. With my last breath I will sing to You. Glory and honour are Yours in all Heaven and all the earth and all the worlds beyond.

Jesus, the words in my vocabulary don't express what I want to say, and when I say "I love You," it just doesn't seem to do the subject justice.

What amazes me the most is that Your love for me is thousands of times greater than my love is for You. I don't even understand how You could love me so much. But I know that You do because You said so, and I believe in Your words and Your love. You are dearer to me than any other in Heaven or on earth, and I want to keep loving You more and more.



IT'S HUMBLING

**TO PRAY...
TO PRAISE...
AND TO LOVE ME...**

**OUT
LOUD**



**I HEAR YOUR SOFTEST WHISPER AND EVERY SILENT THOUGHT, BUT
YOUR AUDIBLE WORDS AFFECT EVERYONE WHO HEARS THEM!**

--I LIKE THAT!--



From Jesus With Love

The happiness of the spirit is far above the happiness of the flesh, for the happiness of the spirit is something you will always have with you. It is something that will never end. The loneliest nights or the darkest clouds can't take it away from you.

The happiness of the flesh is temporal and a fleeting feeling.-It comes and goes with your mood, with your surroundings, with the physical things that you see, touch and feel. But the happiness of the spirit comes from knowing that I am your Saviour, and that I care.

The happiness that I give is as constant as the sun. When the sun sets at night and disappears beneath the horizon, do you worry that it has left forever? Do you say to another, "There is no more sun in our lives"? No, it is constant, always there. Though the night comes and you cannot see the sun, you never doubt its existence, nor that it will rise the next morning. So is the happiness of spirit--though ever-present, the night comes and you lose sight of it. That is the time to trust and rest until morning, until it comes into sight again.

Master's Arts

Holy Spirit Empowerment— Gifts and Fruits of the Spirit

The Master says:

It's a birthday! Whose? The one who was just Born Again! Let's celebrate with gifts! Who do you think invented the idea of birthdays and gifts? Yep, Me, your Lord and Maker. And for a spiritual birth you need the right kind of gifts—gifts that are made in the Spirit, given by the Spirit, used for the Spiritual battles. The gifts I give can help you combat the enemy and bring his strong holds down. My gifts make you powerful as you hold them and use them right. But you have to learn to use them—like a child learns to use their new gadgets, so can you learn to use the gifts and power source from Heaven. And just like each child, around the world, doesn't get all the same presents on their birthdays, so do My Heavenly Children receive different gifts at different times, according to their ability and desires, and how responsible they will be with the gift, and what they will be called on to do. Take the gifts that I offer you from Heaven. Cherish them, use them wisely and well. And see the difference it makes to you in your life! I love you, My children.

LAMBIBITS

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

Many things never get done because nobody takes the responsibility for doing them. Everyone thinks someone else is doing the job--and, as a result, it may never get done.

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One of the signs of a good leader is always keeping your eyes open and checking to see that everything is running smoothly--that the snags are all ironed out--that everything is getting done that should be done!

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Let's make sure it's the Lord's Will first--let Him decide! If this is already being carefully taken care of keep up the good work!

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Little things are so important! Have you ever had one word, or a smile or a thought stick with you, and the Lord use it to cheer your whole day, or help you get the victory over something, or make a hard decision about something the Lord wanted you to do? I've had that happen lots of times!

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So continue to be faithful stewards and to know that you are not running in vain. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver!
--He loves His precious little diamonds of dust!

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Always remember, in whatever you do, that the mark of a good leader is to always consult with others--those above you, or, if you're the top one in your department, with the over-all supervisor--in the multitude of counselors there lacketh not wisdom.

--Pastor David (1919-1994)

Inspiring True Stories from History: For His Sake—Fire and Friendship

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. (John 15:12-13)

Stories from: Remarkable Answers to Prayer (Compiled by S.B. Shaw)

You ask me "How did you come into these new notions of giving?"

Well, it was this way. A year ago this winter our house took fire. It was in the middle of the night, and we were all asleep. The flames were first discovered by a poor neighbour, who at once gave the alarm, and then burst in the door. The house was full of smoke, and the fire had already attacked the staircase which led to the rooms in which we were still sleeping. It seems almost a miracle that we were got out alive. We were dazed and suffocated, and it was only the heroic courage and strength of our neighbour that brought us down the blazing stairway into the open air. But it nearly cost him his life.

Indeed, we thought the man, gasping there for breath, would die on the spot. Intent on protecting us, he had exposed himself so that he was terribly burned about the arms and chest. He had also drawn into his lungs the almost furnace-like air. As he stumbled out of the door with the last child in his arms, he fell down, utterly spent. I shall never forget the anguish of that hour. He had saved us, but himself seemed dying--dying for our sakes. All thought of our misfortune at once left us. The best physicians were summoned, and we bore him tenderly to his own house. When the immediate danger had been averted, it became plain that it would take careful nursing of many months to bring him back to his ordinary health, if, indeed, he had not become disabled for life.

And now it was our turn. He was a labourer, and his family were wholly dependent on his daily earnings. It did not take us long to decide upon our course. In fact, there was no debate or counselling about it. The immediate and common thought of each of us, down to the youngest child, was, that we should at once take the whole care of this family upon ourselves. They were now allied to us by a tie stronger than any bond of kindred, and we did not for a moment hesitate what to do.

I had a business that gave us a comfortable support, though we had followed the custom of our acquaintances generally, of living in a liberal way, quite up to the extent of our means. But we did not stay to ask whether we could afford it or not. We just settled it at once that this should be done first, and then we would somehow contrive to live on what remained.

We arranged that the women of our family should relieve the heart-broken wife of the poor man from all household cares, that she might devote herself wholly to him. They were very tenderly attached, and no one could care for him as she could.

"It was just like Jo," she said, as she patiently sat by his bedside; "he never thinks of himself." But a happy smile flitted across her wan face, as she added, "I wouldn't have him different."

My oldest daughter soon secured a class in music, and the next one found a place in a kindergarten. It was a great, delight to me, and a stimulus to my own efforts, to see how intent the younger children were, each one of them, to earn or save something for the great purpose which had now come into our hearts.

It sometimes brought the tears to see especially how Charlie, the last one saved, took wholly upon himself to look after one of the children of our brave friend, a boy about a year younger than himself, he could enjoy nothing, neither garment, schoolbook nor plaything, until he had seen to it that his little mate was fitted out as he himself was. And often this was done at a real sacrifice by the little fellow.

As our friend began to be able to walk, we found that there was something weighing upon his mind. It soon came out that he was the superintendent of a little Mission School which he had gathered in a neglected part of the town. Somehow it had come to him that in his absence it had sadly run down. You may be sure the whole teaching-force of our family was turned into that school the very next Sunday. I am ashamed to say that it was new business to us; but for his sake we were there, and we threw our whole souls into it. And it was a great satisfaction to see how like medicine it was to the poor man, to hear our weekly report of the growing interest and numbers. And when in the winter there came a blessed revival, his joy knew no bounds. It was noticeable that from that time on, he showed a marked improvement.

There was a natural, but unlooked for result from the self-denials and solitudes of this year. We were drawn, not only to this man, who was making a brave fight for life in at the next door--for we were continually running in and out--but we were also drawn to each other as we had never been before. A new tenderness and patience came into our lives. Somehow the common service and sacrifice upon which all our hearts were set, softened us and brought us together in a sympathy and oneness of feeling which was altogether new; and thus it proved to be the happiest period of our domestic life.

Last evening, as it was the anniversary of the fire, we gave up the accustomed hour of family worship to a review of the experiences. It was a delightful and precious season. We felt with humble gratitude, that we had come up to a higher plane of life, and no one of us desires to go back to the old way of self-indulgence. There had been quietly growing in our hearts for some months, the thought: If for this man's sake, why not even more for Christ's sake?

We were, indeed, as "brands plucked from the burning;" and this often led us to turn to the Lord Jesus, with much yearning and tenderness of soul. And there would sometimes appear to us, with the vividness of a new revelation, the words: "Ye are bought with a great price;" "Ye are not your own."

And so, at the close of our review, there came out, in a formal covenant, the purpose which had thus been quietly growing in all our hearts, that we would never, any more, live unto ourselves; that we would keep right on doing for our Lord, just what we had been doing for this man. It seemed easy and natural, and the most reasonable thing in the world, that for the next year, and for all the years, we would make Christ's business our business; that we would take to our hearts the things that were nearest to His heart; that henceforth His Church, His poor, His little ones, and the salvation of the world, for which His soul is still in travail, should be the chief care of our lives.

Our daughters have wrought and hung on the walls of our rooms a motto. It is only a faint reflection of that which is deeply, and we believe, permanently graven on our hearts:

FOR HIS SAKE-FOR HIS SAKE!

And so I have answered your question: How did you come into these new notions of giving?--S.J. Humphrey.

COLLECT YOUR GIFT!

IT'S FREE!

Art by Mike

FIRST OF ALL: WHAT IS A GIFT?

IF SOMEONE GIVES YOU A "GIFT" BUT THEN ASKS YOU TO **PAY** FOR IT.

YOUR PAYCHECK IS **NOT** A GIFT.

HAPPY WHATEVER

...IT'S YOURS BECAUSE YOU **WORKED** FOR IT!

WINNING THE PRIZE FOR SOMETHING YOU DID IS **NOT** A GIFT.

...IT'S YOURS BECAUSE YOU **EARNED** IT!

(HELPFUL HINT:)

← THAT'S A GIFT!

HAVE YOU EVER LOVED SOMEONE SO MUCH THAT YOU GAVE THEM SOMETHING NICE, --FOR FREE?

ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS REFUSE IT OR **ACCEPT** IT!

WHEN GOD DOES THINGS, HE DOES THEM IN A BIG WAY, AND HE HAS A BIG **GIFT** FOR YOU --**HEAVEN!**

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS **RECEIVE IT!**

GOING TO HEAVEN IS CALLED "SALVATION" BECAUSE WE ARE SAVED FROM ANY OTHER ALTERNATIVE!

SALVATION IS **NOT** A REWARD, IT'S NOT PAY, IT'S NOT WAGES, IT'S A **GIFT** THAT YOU CAN'T EARN BY ANY KIND OF WORKS OF YOUR OWN.

PEOPLE ASK, "WHY CAN'T I EARN A PLACE IN HEAVEN?" USING YOUR OWN GOODNESS TO BUY A PLACE IN HEAVEN IS LIKE TRYING TO BUY EUROPE WITH ONE EURO!

YOU HELP ME... I HELP YOU!

O.WOW! THANKS!

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

"FOR BY GRACE ARE YOU SAVED THROUGH FAITH: AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES: IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD: NOT OF WORKS, LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST."
(EPHESIANS 2:8,9)

IT IS THE **GIFT OF GOD** **NOT OF WORKS** **LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST!**

IT'S NOT OF WORKS IN ANY WAY.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRAY IT DOWN,

...OR WORK IT UP,

...OR HAVE AN EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE!

STUDY & FAST & STUDY & READ & READ & READ & ABSTAIN & PRAY & STUDY & READ

IT IS A GIFT. THERE IS ONLY ONE THING YOU HAVE TO DO, AND ANYONE CAN DO IT, EVEN A LITTLE CHILD: JUST RECEIVE IT!

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED". (ACTS 16:31) PERIOD! PLUS NOTHING! THAT'S ALL! BELIEVE THE WORD, RECEIVE JESUS AND YOU'RE SAVED. THAT'S IT! IT'S DONE!

IF YOU HAVE NEVER PRAYED BEFORE, OR DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, YOU CAN READ THIS PRAYER TO JESUS AND MEAN IT IN YOUR HEART:

"JESUS, I ACCEPT AND RECEIVE YOUR FORGIVENESS, AND YOUR FREE GIFT OF SALVATION, ETERNAL LIFE, AND THE PLACE THAT YOU HAVE PREPARED FOR ME IN HEAVEN. THANK YOU!"

IF YOU SAID THAT PRAYER TO JESUS AND MEANT IT, THEN YOU NOW HAVE A PERMANENT PLACE IN HEAVEN! IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HEAVEN OR THIS PRESENT LIFE, CONTACT US!

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Thoughts and True Stories

Agostino D'Antonio, a sculptor of Florence, Italy, wrought diligently but unsuccessfully on a large piece of marble. "I can do nothing with it," he finally said. Other sculptors, too, worked with the piece of marble, but they, too, gave up the task. The stone was discarded. It lay on a rubbish heap for forty years. Out strolling one day, Michelangelo saw the stone & the latent possibilities in it. It was brought to his studio. He began to work on it. Ultimately, his vision & work were crowned with success. From that seemingly worthless stone was carved one of the World's masterpieces of sculpture--"David"!

The bulb is accorded an awesome respect by Fire Captain Kirby Slate and his men. In a time of planted and planned obsolescence, when gadgets are forever falling apart or burning out or breaking up, it's reassuring to watch a dusty 71-year-old light bulb shine on and on and on.

Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody

I remember my little girl had a habit of getting up in the morning very cross. I don't know whether your children are like that. She used to get up in the morning speaking cross, and made the family very uncomfortable. So I took her aside one morning and said to her, "Emma, if you go on that way I shall have to correct you; I don't want to do it, but I will have to." She looked at me for a few moments--I had never spoken to her that way before--and she went away. She behaved herself for a few weeks all right, but one morning she was as cross as ever, and when she came to me to be kissed before going to school, I wouldn't do it. Off she went to her mother, and said: "Mamma, Papa refused to kiss me: I cannot go to school because he won't kiss me." Her mother came in, but she didn't say much. She knew the child had been doing wrong. The little one went off and as she was going down stairs I heard her weeping, and it seemed to me as if that child was dearer to me than ever she had been before. I went to the window and saw her going down the street crying, and as I looked on her I couldn't repress my tears. That seemed to be the longest day I ever spent in Chicago. Before the closing of the school I was at home, and when she came in her first words were: "Papa, won't you forgive me?" and I kissed her and she went away singing. It was because I loved her that I punished her. My friends, don't let Satan make you believe when you have any trouble, that God does not love you.

It is said of West, an eminent man, that he was going to take up the doctrine of the resurrection, and just show the world what a fraud it was, while Lord Lyttleton was going to take up the conversion of Saul, and just show the folly of it. These men were going to annihilate that doctrine and that incident of the gospel. A Frenchman said it took twelve fishermen to build up Christ's religion, but one Frenchman pulled it down. From Calvary this doctrine rolled along the stream of time, through the eighteen hundred years, down to us, and West got at it and began to look at the evidence; but instead of his being able to cope with it he found it perfectly overwhelming--the proof that Christ had risen, that He had come out of the sepulcher and ascended to heaven and led captivity captive. The light dawned upon him, and he became an expounder of the word of God and a champion of Christianity; And Lord Lyttleton, that infidel and skeptic hadn't been long at the conversion of Saul before the God of Saul broke upon his sight, and he too, began to preach.

