

Saint Patrick
Maewyn Succa
Lived in 400 AD

Singing for Jesus, Our Saviour and King;

Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love!

All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as they praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace,--
Love from eternity, love to the end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful, and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright;
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark!

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide;
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died;
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives!

Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy;
Thus will we praise Him, and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

ACTS 17:11 These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so.

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.

St. Patrick:

I feel the call of the isle of Ireland
Its whispering trees flow in the breeze
The land that awaits the touch of God's spirit
To light it afire, while on bended knees.
I lift me up and get me away,
Off from the comforting bed where I lay
I'll go to the lost to the hurting ones sore,
I'll teach and I'll reach, these Irish once more.
May they always know to where they will go,
For if in darkness they grope without any hope,
They'll drown out the call,
Of their heart's lonely need,
And the Master's hearty feast,
Will not get the heed.

They are hardened and weeping, scared about
what is ahead. The rain fills the land, like the
tears on God's hand that longs for these ones,
these descendents of yore, that fight on, though
no longer knowing what for.

They speak your language. They trust you. You
aren't a far, a foreign one for them. They could
love you, if you would open your mouth and still
their painful cries.

Instil in them the faith for the dark days ahead
by giving the vision of the glories to come.
Woo them, and touch them deep in their hearts.
Be patient, for every good farmer knows only
that is what helps bring on a good crop.

So are you to go, actually go there? Why not
spend a summer one of these years, bringing
light to dispel the darkness and dankness. You
could go there with the mission of seeing the
sights, and all the way letting the sights of those
around see you.

Light their hearts with a ray of hope, and let it be
as a slow burning fire that keeps going and will
stay with them long after they are gone. Give
them a package that will keep burning in their
hearts and something that in time, just might
light up and flame up and burn up the old from
life and serve to bring them new growth from
the ashes of the old being spiritually burned
away.

(Excerpts from his book, "THE CONFESSION OF
ST. PATRICK")

For I am truly a debtor to God, who has given me
so much grace that many people should be born
again to God through me, and that for them
everywhere should be ordained priests for this
people, newly come to the faith, which the Lord
took from the ends of the earth, as He promised
formerly by His prophets: "Our fathers falsely
prepared idols, and there is no profit in them, to
thee the Gentiles come and will say."

And again: "I have set thee to be the light of the
Gentiles, that thou mayest be for salvation unto
the utmost parts of the earth." And thus I wait
the promise of Him who never fails, as He
promises in the Gospel: "They shall come from
the east and the west [from the north and from
the south], and shall sit down with Abraham and
Isaac and Jacob." So we believe that the faithful
shall come from all parts of the world.

Wherefore behold how in Ireland they who
never had the knowledge of God, and hitherto
only worshipped unclean idols, have lately
become the people of the Lord, and are called
the sons of God.

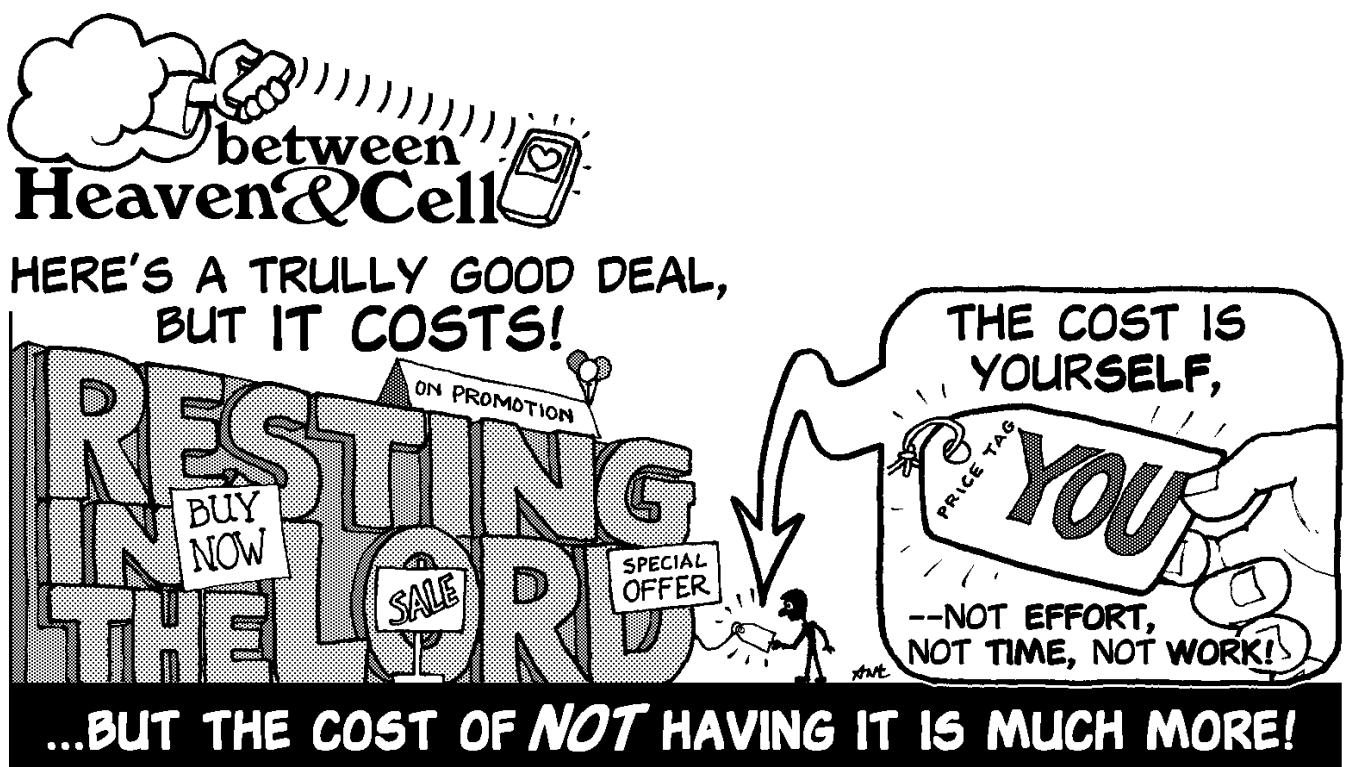
Therefore, though I could have wished to leave
them, and had been ready and very desirous to
go to Britannia, as if to my country and parents,
and not that alone, but to go even to Gallia, to
visit my brethren, and to see the face of my
Lord's saints; and God knows that I desired it
greatly.

But I am bound in the spirit, and he who witnesseth will account me guilty if I do it, and I fear to lose the labour which I have commenced—and not I, but the Lord Christ, who commanded me to come and be with them for the rest of my life; if the Lord grants it, and keeps me from every evil way, that I should not sin before him. But I hope that which I am bound to do, but I trust not myself as long as I am in this body of death, for he is strong who daily tries to turn me from the faith, and from the sincere religious chastity to Christ my Lord, to which I have dedicated myself to the end of my life, but the flesh, which is in enmity, always draws me to death—that is, to unlawful desires, that must be unlawfully gratified—and I know in part that I have not led a perfect life like other believers. But I confess to my Lord, and do not blush before him, because I tell the truth, that from the time I knew him in my youth the love of God and his fear increased within me, and until now, by the favor of the Lord, I have kept the faith.

Let him who pleases insult and laugh at me; I will not be silent, neither do I conceal the signs and wonders that the Lord hath shown to me many years before they took place, as he who knew all things even before the world began.

Therefore I ought to give thanks to God without ceasing, who often pardoned my uncalled-for folly and negligence, who did not let his anger turn fiercely against me, who allowed me to work with him, though I did not promptly follow what was shown me and what the Spirit suggested; and the Lord had compassion on me among thousands and thousands, because he saw my good-will.

Therefore I have simply related to my brethren and fellow-servants who have believed me why I have preached and still preach to strengthen and confirm your faith. Would that you also might aim at higher things and succeed better. This shall be my glory, because a wise son is the glory of his father. You know and God knows how I have lived among you from my youth up, both faithful in truth and sincere in heart; also, I have given the faith to the people among whom I dwell, and I will continue to do so.



Master's Arts

Praise and Joy and Contentment— Words and thoughts Glorifying God

The Master says:

Hallelujah! The Angels sing in unison, their hearts like chimes and bells ringing out in praise. The very sound of their voice to Me in praise stirs the celestial harps and they play out the music that accompanies the praise. And so is it with you, when you are praising Me and giving Me glory, that I stir the strings and make music play in your life.

Just like the mood music on a film, sets the feelings and shows what is happening, so will the music I play along with your life set your mood. When you sing and rejoice, then I play lovely, heart-lifting music to cheer you and lift you. It sets the scene for something good happening next, as the music picks up and inspires you onward. If you dwell in the lower notes, and think about the sad times, then the music goes on a minor key, and the stage changes to darker settings, and the script of the play changes too, to be a more sobering part.

If you feel like you are in that part of life, rejoice and be exceeding glad! This will get the music changing to the positive, and the rest of the setting will follow. You are in a play that God is watching. You have a lot to do with the way the script goes, and the music that is played along with it. Your voice of praise and joy in the Lord make the best scenes happen. –Ones that never would have, if you hadn't rejoiced in the Lord.

From Jesus With Love

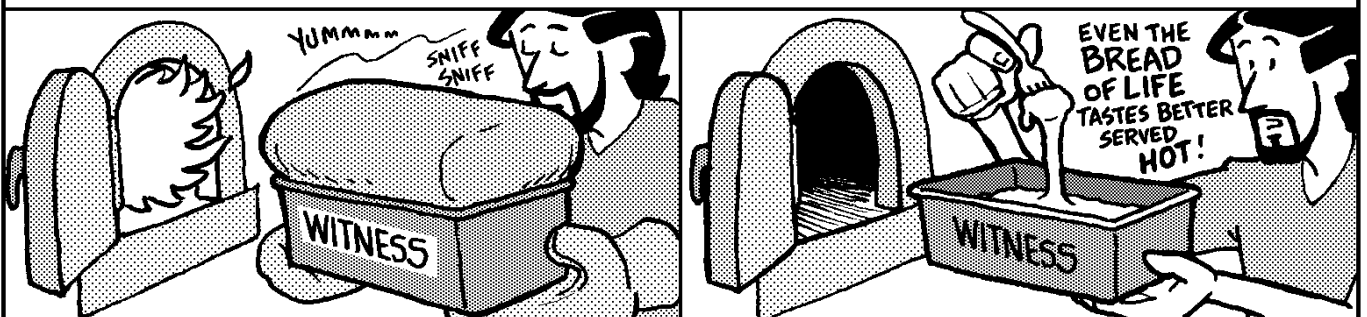
The joy of the Lord is your strength. How do you get this joy? It's actually very simple: Love Me with all your heart, with all your mind, with all your strength, and also remember to love others. Don't worry about what others may think or their opinions. Just do the loving thing and the humble thing. In fact, people will love and respect you more for that.

Remember to show outgoing love and concern for others, and I will fill you with My joy, My peace, and My happiness.

The joy of the Lord is your strength! It is My will that you find great joy and great pleasure in serving Me and loving Me. It makes Me happy when I see you enjoying yourself, when I see you happy and laughing. I love to see you laugh. I love to see you happy. So be happy and enjoy yourself and enjoy life. Enjoy your meals, enjoy your house, enjoy your recreation, enjoy your work, enjoy your times together. For in enjoying these, you are enjoying Me. I love to see you happy. So be happy. Don't be afraid to laugh and enjoy yourself.

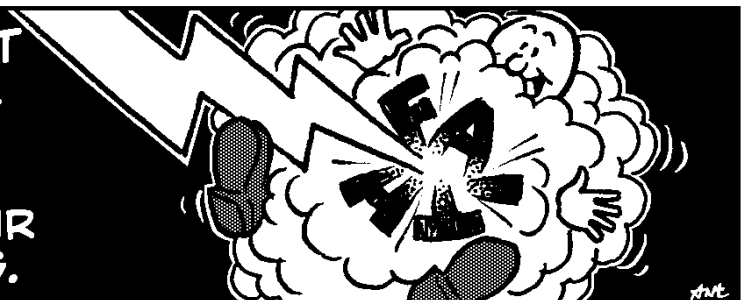


WE NEED TO ASK THE LORD TO HELP US TO REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT THE FIRE IS IN OUR WITNESSING AND WINNING,



AND THEN BE WILLING TO LIGHT THOSE FIRES.

THE FIRE THAT WE WANT IS ULTIMATELY THE LORD, THE SPIRIT OF GOD, INFUSING US WITH FAITH TO TRY NEW THINGS IN OUR WITNESSING AND WINNING.



LAMBIBITS

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

All we have to do is follow Jesus! Praise the Lord! He cannot fail, He cannot deny Himself. Even though we are faithless, yet He remaineth faithful, He cannot deny Himself, and He cannot break His word, He is going to see it through. God is going to carry us through. He has begun a good work in us, and He's going to complete it to the end.

You don't always have to know all the answers. Someone recently asked: "Well, what shall we say when they ask this? What shall we say when they ask us that?" Well, one of the best answers is, as Dr. Irwin Moon said: "I can answer any question you ask me, only most of my answers are going to be: 'I don't know; I don't know!'" So, why don't you get smart and just say I don't know?

Only God knows what to do, and only God knows what He wants done, and only God can do it. Do you get the point?-- Now don't forget it! God has His own plan. God has His own way. God knows what He's doing. So for God's sake let Him do it and just look to Him to find out what He's doing, and what He wants you to do, and which way He's going!

Don't try to reason around with your own understanding, but get down in prayer and cry out to God with strong crying and tears and desperation, and look to Him alone for the answers. God alone has the answers and God alone can do it. It's His business, His programme, and His plan. We're His people, it's His world, it's His idea, and it's got to be His whole leading, His decision. It's got to be His protection. It's got to be His provision.

He's the one who has got to lead, because only he can! He's got the programme, He's got the provision, He's got the protection, and He's got the prevision, to see the future and to lead and guide us. So don't try to figure it out on your own. You've got to get together in prayer.

--Pastor David (1919-1994)

Inspiring True Stories from History: Supply on a Snowy Day

Psalm 34:8-10

O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the LORD, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:

but they that seek the LORD shall not want any good thing.

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

In the winter of 1855, in the state of Iowa, the snow fell early in November to the depth of two feet. The storm was such that neither man nor beast could move against it. In a log cabin, six miles from her nearest relative, lived a woman with five children, ranging from one to eleven years.

The supply of food and fuel was but scant when the snow began falling; and day after day the small store melted away, until the fourth evening, when the last provisions were cooked for supper, and barely enough fuel remained to last one day more. That night, as was her custom, the little ones were called around her knee to hear the Scripture lesson read, before commending them to the Heavenly Father's care. Then, bowing in prayer, she pleaded as only those in like condition can plead, that help from God might be sent.

While wrestling with God in prayer, the Spirit took the words of the Psalmist and impressed them on her heart: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And again, these words came as if spoken audibly: "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that wait on the Lord shall want no good thing."

Faith took God at His word; and with an assurance that help would come, she prayed God who heareth prayer, and retired to rest without a care or fear for the morrow. When again the morning broke, that mother arose, kindled her fire and put on the kettle as she had done on other days before the food was all gone.

Just as the sun arose, a man in a sleigh drove up to the house, and hastening in inquired how they were getting along. Her heart at first was too full for utterance; but in a short time he was told something of their destitution, and of her cry to God for help.

He replied: "Last night about nine o'clock, wife and I were both impressed that you were in need. Spending almost a sleepless night, I hastened at early dawn, to come and inquire about the case."

Then returning to his sleigh he took into the house breadstuff, meat and groceries, so that mother had abundance to prepare a breakfast for the little ones, who had eaten the last bread the night before.

And as if to make the case above-mentioned a special providence, without a doubt remaining, the individual who was thus impressed and that at the very hour that mother was crying to God--was a stranger to the circumstances and surroundings of this family. Indeed, he had never been in that house before, nor had ever showed any interest in the person referred to; but he ever afterwards proved a friend indeed.

Now, after years have rolled around, and these children are all married and settled in homes of their own, that mother's heart is still strengthened to bear hardships and trust in God, by the recollections of that hour, when faith in God was so tested, and yet was so triumphant.

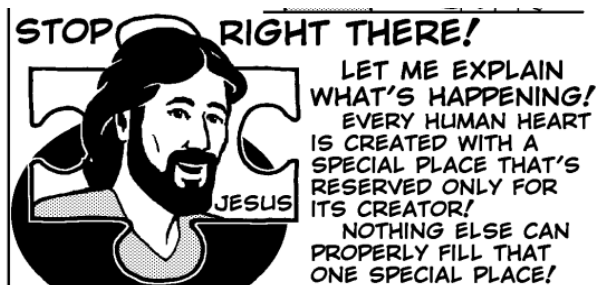
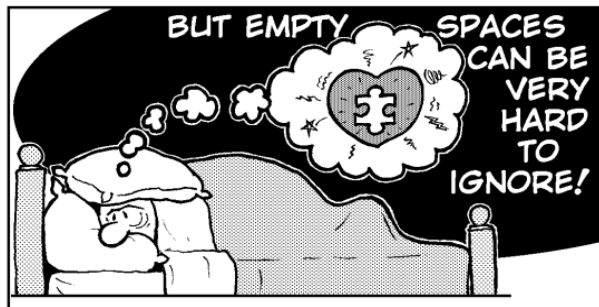
Let skeptics ridicule the idea of a special providence, or lightly speak of prayer. One heart will ever believe God's ear in mercy is open to the cry of the feeblest of His children, when in distress their cry goes up for help to Him.

--E.M. Dodson, of Orworth, Kan., in Michigan, Holiness Record.

PRAISE

How glorious Your mercy! How wonderful Your kindness! Your love surpasses all things. Your mercy endures forever. Your forgiveness is complete--washing my soul, cleansing me, casting away all that is dark and filthy to make me pure. And so I present myself to You--my Lord, my God, my Saviour, my all--laying myself low, humbly, in submission. For I am as nothing, and You are everything.

There is no honour, glory, strength or love like Yours. What I have, I give to You. I raise my voice and my heart and my spirit to You in praise and thanksgiving and honour and gratitude and glory, giving You all that I have, for You are worthy.



WHAT I'M OFFERING YOU IS NOT A "ONE-SIZE-FITS-ALL" SOLUTION! EACH PERSON IS DIFFERENT!--LIKE YOUR FINGERPRINTS, OR YOUR DNA!

YOU ARE UNIQUE!

AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT IS THAT YOU NEED! --THE EXACT KEY FOR YOUR UNIQUE LOCK!

TRUE FULFILLMENT AND JOY IN THIS LIFE BECOMES POSSIBLE WHEN YOU ARE ASSURED OF WHAT YOU WILL FIND IN THE NEXT LIFE. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT I DIED FOR YOUR SINS AND I PAID THE FULL PRICE TO OPEN HEAVEN AND ETERNITY FOR YOU!--AND I LONG TO GIVE IT TO YOU!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ASK! I NEVER REFUSE A SINCERE REQUEST! USE YOUR OWN WORDS, OR REPEAT THIS AND MEAN IT IN YOUR HEART:

"JESUS, THANK YOU FOR DYING FOR MY SINS SO THAT I CAN BE WITH YOU IN HEAVEN FOR ETERNITY. I ACCEPT WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME. PLEASE COME INTO MY HEART AND LIFE, AND FILL THE EMPTINESS WITH YOUR LOVE AND JOY."

I PROMISE I WILL COME THROUGH FOR YOU!
--JESUS

Feel free to reproduce and distribute this tract!
Copyright © 2012, Anthony Mizrany. All rights reserved.

Thoughts and True Stories

Roberto Rossellini, late Italian filmmaker, on learning: "I have an immense treasure: My ignorance. For me it is a great joy to overcome it. If I can get others to profit from what I acquire, I have twice as much joy. As long as I go on discovering new things, life will be beautiful, but it will be too short for everything I want to learn."

*

If you don't think cooperation is necessary, watch what happens to a wagon if one wheel comes off.

*

We cannot all play the same instrument, but we can all be in the same key.

Thoughts from Dwight L. Moody

-- Praise is not only speaking to the Lord on our own account, but it is praising Him for what He has done for others.

-- If we have a praise church we will have people converted. I don't care where it is, what part of the world it's in, if we have a praise church we'll have successful Christianity.

-- Every good gift that we have had from the cradle up has come from God. If a man just stops to think what he has to praise God for, he will find there is enough to keep him singing praises for a week.

-- We have in our churches a great deal of prayer, but I think it would be a good thing if we had a praise meeting occasionally. If we could only get people to praise God for what He has done, it would be a good deal better than asking Him continually for something.

Not long ago a young man went home late. He had been in the habit of going home late, and the father began to mistrust that he had gone astray. He told his wife to go to bed, and dismissed the servants, and said he would sit up till his son came home. The boy came home drunk, and the father in his anger gave him a push into the street and told him never to enter his house again, and shut the door.

He went into the parlor and sat down, and began to think: "Well, I may be to blame for that boy's conduct, after all. I have never prayed with him. I have never warned him of the dangers of the world." And the result of his reflections was that he put on his overcoat and hat, and started out to find his boy.

The first policeman he met he asked eagerly, "Have you seen my boy?"

"No."

On he went till he met another. "Have you seen anything of my son?" He ran from one to another all that night, but not until the morning did he find him. He took him by the arm and led him home, and kept him till he was sober. Then he said: "My dear boy, I want you to forgive me; I've never prayed for you; I've never lifted up my heart to God for you; I've been the means of leading you astray, and I want your forgiveness."

The boy was touched, and what was the result? Within twenty-four hours that son became a convert, and gave up that cup. It may be that some father here has a wayward son. Go to God, and on your knees confess it. Let the voice of Jesus sink down in your heart; "Bring him unto Me."

