

Lived in
mid to late
1900's

Chinese woman

Set apart for Jesus

Set apart for Jesus!

Is not this enough,

Though the desert prospect

Open wild and rough?

Set apart for His delight,

Chosen for His holy pleasure,

Sealed to be His special treasure!

Could we choose a nobler joy?

--And would we, if we might?

Set apart for ever

For Himself alone!

Now we see our calling

Gloriously shown.

Owning, with no secret dread,

This our holy separation,

Now the crown of consecration*

Of the Lord our God shall rest

Upon our willing head.

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

[* Num. vi. 7.]

JOSHUA 1:8 This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

PSALM 25:5 Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me: for Thou art the God of my Salvation, on Thee do I wait all the day.

JOB 23:12 Neither have I gone back from the commandment of His lips; I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.

PSALM 1:2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

The Resilience and Power of God's Word

- By John Bechtel

The lady said, "I know a Christian." I said, "Alright, where do we meet?"

"10 o' clock tonight (blah, blah), over there." So I said, "Alright."

10 O' clock I went down to the corner to meet this woman. She said, "Don't talk. Make yourself as small as you can and follow me." We did so. Around here, around there, around the other way and finally we came to this big wooden house – two stories.

We got up the stairs, go down the hall and go into this little room with a candle and a wooden bed. I said, "Tell me about this Christian." She said, "Everybody knows her. She's 62 years old. Her father owned this house and all the property in the area. Her father and mother were Christians. When the Communists took over because they were wealthy and educated they were martyred.

We all stood there one night when they put this young lady on trial in a sports stadium. She had a dunce hat on (which is what they do in China), and a sign on her that said, 'Christian.' We all sat there and watched her. She's a wonderful lady. This was 30 years ago. They brought her out to humiliate her. The Judge said, "If you renounce Jesus I'll set you free."

We were all there sitting because the Chinese have a little thing about them sometimes where you can say something with your mouth, but not mean it with your heart. So we all thought if she could just say it he'll let her go. We were shocked when she turned to the Judge and said, "I will follow Jesus the rest of my life." The Judge got angry. He sentenced her for the rest of her life -- a life sentence – of cleaning a sewer in the city of Guelin. Sewers in those days were open ditches where the sewage went down the ditch. Her job for one city block was with a rake to clean that ditch every day. She lives in this house. She lives downstairs in the servant's quarter's room, even though her father used to own this house and all the ground around here."

I couldn't wait to meet her. Then I heard this booming sound up the stairs, and down the hall. The door burst open and in the words of Gordon McDonald, a great speaker, he said, "Her face was like that of an angel" – a round, fat, good-looking

Chinese face with a smile from ear to ear – about this tall. It was kind of cold so she had quite a few clothes on. She looked like a round ball. She stood there and she looked at me and said, "Are you a Christian?" I said, "Yes, I am." "Let me hear you pray."

So I started to pray and the more I prayed I thought, 'I'm going to take a look at that lady.' My eyes looked at her and tears were rolling down her face. When I was done I opened my eyes and looked down and tears were just dropping off her chin. She said, "That's the first time I've heard a Christian speak or pray in 30 years." Then I said, "You're a Christian, aren't you?" She said, "Yes, I am. I love Jesus with all my heart." I said, "Let me hear you pray." What would your prayer be? I know what mine would be. "Well, Lord, finally you sent somebody – 30 years, you know."

On and on and her first word out of her mouth and you know what this means? Jo nay – I praise you. She went on praising the Lord on and on. Then she said, "gum che" which means 'I thank you.' Then she said, 'do je' which means 'I thank you for giving me something.' Then she went on and on praising God and thanking Him for all His goodness to her, when I think this poor woman that had to suffer for Jesus all these years.

So I do what any good American would do. I reached into my pocket and I took out – I was a missionary at that time so I didn't have too much to take out – but I took out all the money I had I didn't need and I said, "This is a gift." I insulted the lady.

She said, "I don't want that." I don't know how many of you have travelled as much as I have, but you don't find many people that you give them money and they say, "Keep it." That's how she felt. So I said another thing that changed my life. I said, "What can I do for you?" She said, "All I want in the whole world is a copy of God's Word." I looked at Donna, who I love. I'm married now for 40 some years, and didn't know what to say or do, here we are talking to the biggest saint I ever met in my life and we'd give away all our Bibles. We don't have a Bible left. So I said, "I'll find one by tomorrow morning. We're leaving by about 10 o' clock."

I went back to the hotel. You have to understand. One flight comes in to Quelin every morning. I look at the desk and here is Ronald Yu, a pastor in Hong Kong

checking in at this hotel. I said, "Ronald, do you have a Bible?" "Yes." "Give it to me." "Give it to you?" I have six of them. I was caught with them. They wrote in my passport 'six Bibles in, six Bibles out' right under the visa. So I can bring them in, but they need to go back out."

I said, "Ronald, give me six of them until tomorrow morning." He gave me the six Bibles. I went upstairs and took my Swiss Army knife and cut Matthew, Mark, Luke and John out of one Bible, and I went through six Bibles and cut out an entire Bible. My wife sat up all night sewing it together, covered with a T-shirt – made a cover.

The next morning I gave back Ronald his six Bibles. I gave them back to him very quickly so he wouldn't look inside and see that I cut out large portions. Later on he made it okay. Don't worry.

Anyway, I go get Gordon out of bed at 6 o'clock. I said, "Gordon, we're going over there right now. I got a Bible." He said, "You did? Where did you get it?" I said, "God used another method. Here it is."

He said, "That's a Bible?" I said, "Yes, it is. It's all in there."

We went over to the woman. She's sitting on her bed praying asking God for a Bible. I walk in. All the clothes we didn't need to take home, I had them. Both of us had a big pile like this. She said, "Put it over there." Then I handed her the equivalent of four years of her salary from Gordon and my money. She said, "Just put that over there."

Now you try me with four years of my salary and you'll get a different response. It didn't mean anything to that lady. She said, "I only asked for one thing." I said, "I have it." I took out the crumbiest looking T-shirt covered Bible sewn together all night long of God's Word. She grabbed it, put it to her breast, and said, "Oh boy, oh boy – precious, precious." She started to cry.

She said, "You know, that's not precious. That's not precious. There's only one thing that's precious. It's this! I haven't held it for 30 years. I know some of it, but now I can know all of it." She went on and on and on about how much this special gift meant to her – a crummy Bible made out of T-shirts, torn out of other Bibles. She said, "Go back to your country and tell them the answer is found in this book – God's Word."

PRAISE

Thank You for Your love. Thank You for Your constant care, assurance and safekeeping. Thank You that I don't have anything to fear. I don't have to fear the future because I know that You've taken care of me this far and You will always be there for me. Help me always to stay by Your side and never go off on my own.

You are everything to me! I love You more than tongue can tell. I need You and praise You and shower You with words of adoration, and praise You for Your awesome greatness.

Thank You for loving me with such love; it's so priceless. In a world where men seek power and riches, there is no price that can be put on Your love. It is far greater than all the riches that this world contains. I praise You for this wonderful, marvellous love--Your limitless love that is changing my life.

between
Heaven & Cell



YOU CAN SEND ME
 REMINDER
 PRAYERS.



I LIKE TO KNOW
 YOU'RE COUNTING ON
 ME TO TAKE CARE
 OF THE SITUATION.

BUT DON'T COME
 RUNNING BACK TO TRY
 AND PUSH IT CLOSER
 TO ME "IN CASE
 I DIDN'T
 SEE IT"!



...OR GRAB IT AND
 TRY TO PUT IT
 ON MY LAP!



**TRUST
 ME!**



From Jesus With Love

You may not understand some things today because it is not My time to fully reveal to you My complete plan and purpose. Believe and trust, even though you do not understand. My ways are not your ways, and you can never know the mind of God by trying to understand and analyze with your own mind. I will reveal My thoughts and My ways by the power of My Spirit to those who will receive My voice with faith, love and appreciation.

I promise that if you will hold on by faith-not even knowing if you have the strength to hold on-you will not fail. Just as gold is purified in the refiner's furnace, those who pass through the hot flames of testing are those who come out as finer gold. I test you that all the dross and impurities may be melted away. So do not fear the testing, for I purify you out of love, and I cleanse you in answer to your prayers.

Master's Arts

Love and Charity—Forgiveness —Unity, fellowship, brotherhood

The Master says:

How many hugs did you give out today? Or even verbal embraces that make people feel welcome and loved? Chase away the chill in the air that the enemy is always trying to bring; the chill of indifference and lack of love; the chill of lack of acceptance; the chill of criticism.

When a harsh word is spoken—either by you or someone else—go quickly to the rescue! Send out a warm wave of loving words that brings the heat of God to warm the air. It's the opposite of fire on this world, where cold water is splashed to save others. In the spirit when cold is freezing things up, send a breeze of warmth and cheer to keep things flowing happily along.

When things freeze up, not much can be done; growth is staid. But with the warm breath of God's love, all can keep growing and thriving, and flowing along.

LAMBIBITS

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

Do what you can, and God will do what you can't. Now that is the way it's always been. Like when Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead: The people couldn't raise him from the dead, but they could roll the stone away from the door. So what did Jesus do? Did He roll away the stone?--No, He said, "Roll ye away the stone," and they did it. That was something they could do, so why not let them? Their obedience in rolling away the stone also was a manifestation of their faith that God was going to do what they couldn't do.

Your obedience in doing what God tells you to do shows your faith that God is going to do the rest, what you can't do. Jesus said, "Roll ye away the stone." Well now, they could have argued with Him saying, "What's the use to roll away the stone, Jesus? He's dead! He's been dead four days! We might as well not even try to do what we can do today because the future is so impossible. Let's just quit. Let's just quit today, and let's not do even what we know we can do. Let's not do even what God's already told us to do. Let's just forget the whole deal, because the future is so impossible! We can't do it, so let's quit!" Is that what they did?--No!

They manifested their faith by obedience! When Jesus said, "Roll ye away the stone," they said "Wow! He's going to do what we can't do. He is going to raise the dead! We believe it, so let's get that stone out of the way quick! Let's make room for God! Let's hurry up! Let's make a way for the Lord, He's going to start working! Let's do what we can do, let's clear the way!"

"Let's not worry about tomorrow, but let's do what we can do today, right now, today! Because look what God's going to do tomorrow! Wow! God's going to do mighty miracles tomorrow! He's going to do greater things than we ever imagined! Let's do what we can do today, so God will be able to do what He can do tomorrow!"

--Pastor David (1919-1994)

Inspiring True Stories from History: God Hears—God Heals

Behold, the LORD's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear. (Isaiah 59:1)

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not. JER.33:3

And it came to pass also on another sabbath, that he entered into the synagogue and taught: and there was a man whose right hand was withered. And looking round about upon them all, he said unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he did so: and his hand was restored whole as the other. (Luke 6:6,10)

And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible. (Mark 10:27)

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

A mother, living not very far from the post-office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a moment the other day for a few second's rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half-open door.

She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair in front of the telephone, and stood upon it, with the piece against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes; the little one carrying on both sides, as if she were repeating the answers

"Hello."

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well?"

"Is that you, Jesus?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Our baby is sick, and want you to let it get well."

"Won't you now?"

No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "Yes."

The little one put the ear-piece back on its hook, clambered down from the chair, and with a radiant face went for mother, who caught her in her arms.

The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend that day, and got well.
--Elmira Free Press.

Brother W. B. Bailey wrote us from Hybrid, Mo., January 7, 1887:

"I had a cancer in my left breast. It pained me very much; had become very bad and tender, and was a running sore. The saints prayed for me, and the Lord answered our prayers. Praise His holy name! The pain left me instantly, but the cancer healed gradually. It healed up without medicine or plaster, or anything but by trusting God alone. Praise the Lord for healing me, both soul and body. See Mark xvi:18 and James v:13-16."

His wife wrote at the same time:

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matthew xxi :22. I praise the Lord, prayer was answered for me. I was very much afflicted in body. I went to the doctors. They could not cure me, I only grew worse. Was taken with a pain in my right shoulder. How I suffered none can tell. I could not use my arm without great pain. I could not raise my hand to comb my hair.

"My arm wasted away until it was less than the other. My hand was cold most all of the time. I was a cripple ten years. The saints prayed for me, and I was healed in answer to prayer. I can use my arm now. My hand is like the other. I can write and work with my right hand. I also had the dyspepsia seventeen years, and am healed in answer to prayer."

**YOUR
FREE
TICKET
IS
READY FOR
COLLECTION!**




IMAGINE HAVING A RICH FRIEND WHO LOVES YOU SO MUCH THAT HE BOUGHT YOU A TICKET TO THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT FUN-PARK EVER!

HE HOLDS OUT THE TICKET FOR YOU TO TAKE IT AND SAYS:

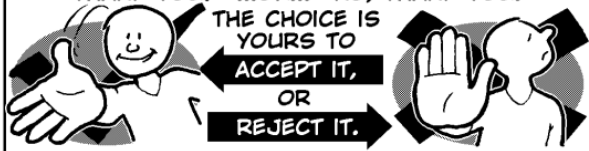
I PAID THE PRICE FOR THIS TICKET AND I WANT TO GIVE IT TO YOU AS A FREE GIFT FROM ME TO YOU!

AT THAT POINT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK FOR THE TICKET, OR DO ANYTHING TO EARN THE TICKET,



BECAUSE THE TICKET IS ALREADY YOURS IF YOU WANT IT!

ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS SAY "THANK YOU!" ...OR... "NO, THANK YOU."



WOULDN'T A FRIEND LIKE THAT BE COOL!?

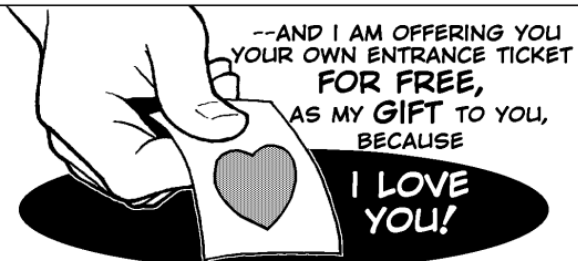
NOW, FOR THE REALLY GOOD NEWS!
YOU DO HAVE A RICH FRIEND WHO LOVES YOU!

WHEN I CAME TO EARTH AND DIED FOR YOU ON THE CROSS, AND ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD, I PAID THE FULL PRICE FOR YOU TO GO TO HEAVEN!



--TO HEAVEN!
THE FUN-PARK OF ALL FUN-PARKS,

THAT IS WONDERFUL BEYOND COMPREHENSION! MAN HAS NOT EVEN COME CLOSE TO IMAGINING THE AWESOME THINGS THAT AWAIT YOU THERE!



--AND I AM OFFERING YOU YOUR OWN ENTRANCE TICKET FOR FREE, AS MY GIFT TO YOU, BECAUSE

I LOVE YOU!

IT'S ALL YOURS IF YOU WILL ACCEPT IT!



SOMETIMES A GIFT CAN BE SO BIG THAT IT'S HARD TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY! SO, LET ME MAKE A SUGGESTION THAT MIGHT BE HELPFUL.

IF, IN YOUR HEART, YOU WOULD HONESTLY LIKE TO ACCEPT WHAT I AM OFFERING TO YOU, YOU COULD SIMPLY SAY SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

"JESUS, I ACCEPT YOUR FREE GIFT OF ETERNAL SALVATION! THANK YOU FOR DYING ON THE CROSS TO PAY THE PRICE FOR ME TO GO TO HEAVEN!"

DID THAT SEEM TOO SIMPLE? I PROMISE YOU THAT IF YOU PRAYED THAT PRAYER AND TRULY MEANT IT, THEN YOU NOW HAVE YOUR FREE ENTRANCE TICKET INTO HEAVEN, AND I WILL MEET YOU AT THE FRONT GATE WHEN YOU ARRIVE!

IT WILL BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU WITH ME IN HEAVEN! AND YOUR HEAVEN CAN BEGIN RIGHT NOW, HERE ON EARTH, WITH EACH AND EVERY LOVING WORD OR DEED YOU GIVE TO OTHERS!

AS YOU GIVE LOVE TO OTHERS, YOU WILL BEGIN TO RECEIVE LOVE! AND AS THE SPIRIT OF LOVE GROWS AROUND YOU, SO WILL THE SPIRIT OF HEAVEN, BECAUSE GOD IS LOVE! (1JOHN 4:8.)

HEAVEN RIGHT NOW, AND HEAVEN HEREAFTER! YOU'VE JUST RECEIVED THE BEST DEAL YOU'LL EVER BE OFFERED!

Feel free to reproduce and distribute this tract!
Copyright © 2014, Anthony Mizany. All rights reserved. www.anitracts.com

Thoughts and True Stories

Have you ever heard the story of the rich old lady and her washerwoman? The rich old lady was saved, she knew the Lord, but she had lived for her riches and her own selfish interests and family and her palatial mansion on Earth. All her life she had been too busy making money to serve the Lord. Once in a while she gave a little offering to the church or a little bit to missionaries, or an evangelist, but never very much. She was so selfish she even shortchanged her poor washerwoman, cheating her on her already meager wages.

The poor washerwoman was also saved, but she really loved the Lord; and even though she had very little money, she cheerfully tithed and gave what few little pennies, nickels and dimes she could to the missionaries and those in need and she really tried to help support the Lord's Work and did everything she could to help others!

One night the rich woman had a dream: In her dream both she and her washerwoman had died and gone to Heaven. The rich old lady had been so miserly and selfish that she hardly had a friend to greet her when she arrived at the Pearly Gates. So this one Angel "took her under his wing"--he was sort of a doorman--and began to escort her to her new Heavenly residence. As they walked down the crystal-gold streets of Glory, down the shimmering golden avenues of the Crystal City, they passed one gorgeous mansion after another. The old lady enquired of the Angel who each of the mansions belonged to, and he would tell her the names of each resident.

But by and by, they walked past the most beautiful mansion she had seen yet: It was placed in the midst of the most luxuriant gardens imaginable, and a long flight of unearthly-high ivory steps rose from the walkway to the doorway of a golden, crystal-domed palace, far more beautiful than the Taj Mahal. "Oh, and whose mansion is THAT?" gasped the rich old lady.

He answered, "That mansion belongs to your poor washerwoman. Even though you didn't pay her much, she really loved the Lord and gave everything she could to the missions and the Lord's Work. And this is her reward."

The rich old lady thought smugly, "Well, if my washerwoman got a mansion like that, imagine what a fine palace I'M going to get!" But the Angel led her on and on, down the back streets of Heaven, ever downward into the basement of the Holy City, and the houses they passed became poorer and shabbier! Finally they came to nothing but a little sort of a grass shack made out of this and that and little bits and pieces and odds and ends and cardboard and pieces of tin, etc. The old lady looked at it in disgust and said, "What's THIS?"

And the Angel and, "This is YOUR home!" She gasped, "What do you mean?--'My home'? THIS little shanty, this little shack?! I couldn't POSSIBLY live in a little run-down hut like that! Why, I'm used to living in a palatial mansion on Earth!"

The Angel sadly answered, "Yes. That's just the trouble: You spent all your money on yourself and your home. You lived for yourself selfishly and you didn't send us very much up Here in the way of gifts and tithes and offerings, good works for the Lord or support for His missionaries. You didn't send us very much material to build your mansion with. This is all you sent up Here. THIS," he said, pointing at the little piece-meal shanty, "Is the best we could do with what you sent."

The poor old rich lady who HAD been rich on Earth, was now VERY poor and though saved and in Heaven, was going to have to live There like her washerwoman had lived on Earth. She could just be thankful that she was saved and in Heaven at all. That's the way it's going to be with some people when they get to Heaven! - --Pastor David

Too many people conduct their lives on the cafeteria plan--self-service only!

"Self-centered Christian" is a term of impossible contradiction. [Oxymoron]

