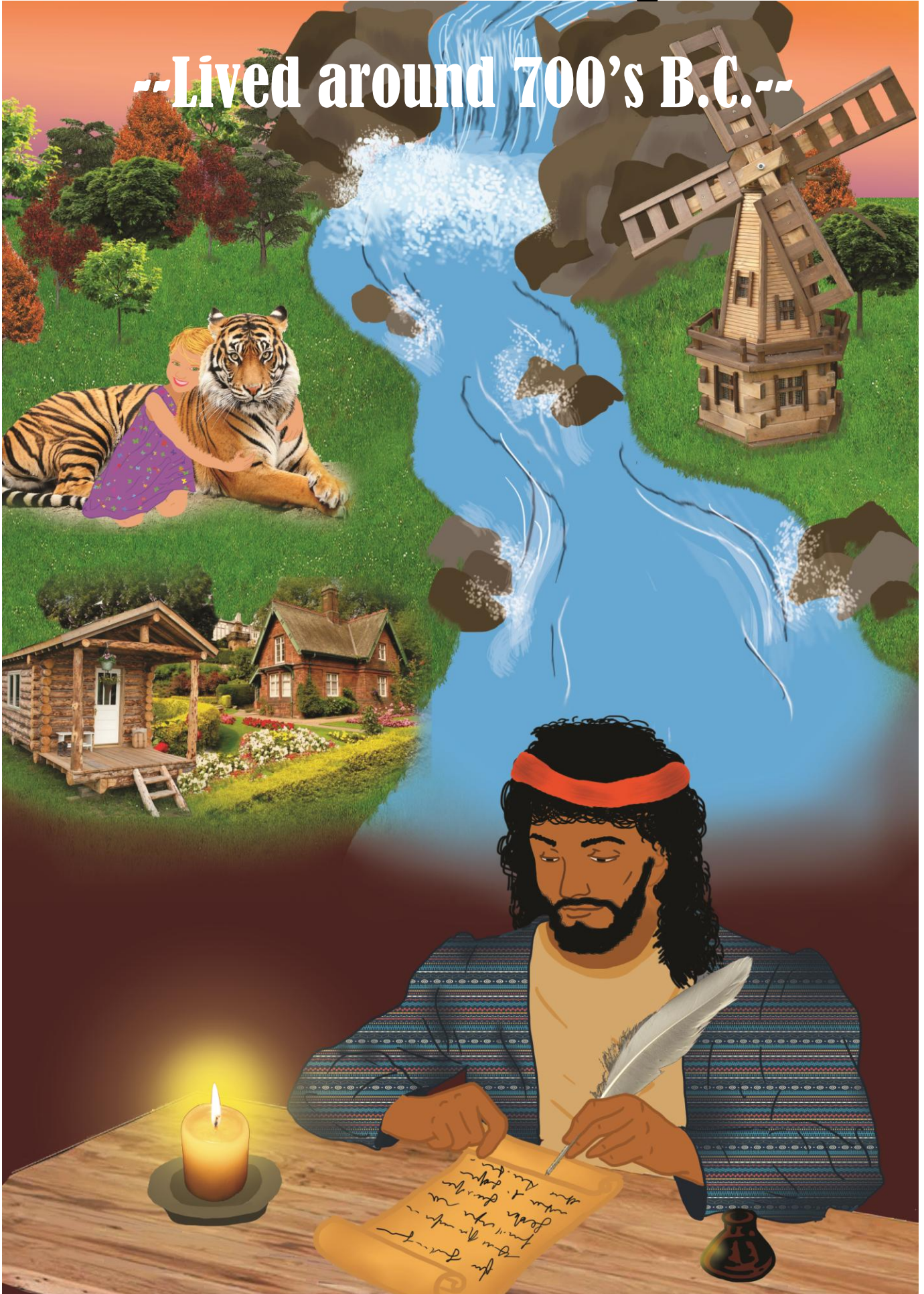


Isaiah the Prophet

--Lived around 700's B.C.--



Writing for Him

That part is finished! I lay down my pen,
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast
Through the more difficult defile. For the last
Was easy, and the channel deeper then.
My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest;

Give me just what Thou wilt,
And that will be my best!

How can _I_ tell the varied, hidden need
Of Thy dear children, all unknown to me,
Who at some future time may come and read
What I have written! All are known to Thee.
As Thou hast helped me, help me to the end;
Give me Thy own sweet messages of love to send.

So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine;
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask
To understand the 'wherefore' of each line;
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task,
Just to look up to Thee for every word,
Rest in Thy love, and trust,
And know that I am heard.

-- Frances Ridley Havergal

ISAIAH 34:16 Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate: for my mouth it hath commanded, and His Spirit it hath gathered them.

ISAIAH 40:8 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the Word of our God shall stand for ever.

ISAIAH 46:10,11 My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; I have proposed it, I will also do it.

ISAIAH 55:10,11 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the Earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: So shall My Word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Isaiah

A prophet's room is filled with memories of all that he has gone through in order to proclaim the Word of God. Did you know a complete replication of one of my main abodes when on Earth in years gone by, has been made for me? It's somewhat like a museum. It's small, of course, and doesn't have fancy decor. It's but a simple place, with the things most essential.

A lamp, for a prophet always needs those, for he must provide the world with the lantern of fresh Words of God. The Words must be written, whether day or night, as God sees fit.

A place to rest, for in rest and sleep can the Lord restock what one has expended on their pilgrimage. Every prophet must rest in body, in mind, and in spirit. For then they can have the clarity to see the visions the Lord has for them, and to hear His voice.

Parchment and pens; ways to record the Words of the Lord; and a ready scribe to assist.

A vessel to drink and pour water from for washing; something fit for gathering water from a well or nearby stream.

A pot to cook in, and a way to make the fire.

A cloak for warmth, and other basic clothing needs according to the season and climate.

Shoes to be worn when necessary.

A bag or pouch to carry essentials for long journeys.

A warm rug to keep out the cool and dampness in the room. Roughly made tapestries adorn the walls and keep out some of the chill, and bring some colour and softness to the room.

A clock of olden days to notice the changes of the watches in the day or the night; as a reminder that a prophet is to be a watchman, and to sound the warnings.

A staff, shovel, bowls, and towel. A chest to keep one's papers, scrolls, and other important items in. There is little else needed.

Though there aren't many items in this room that you would even use today, where you are, I still see the words of God.

Those words that were ordained of God have been passed down from one generation to the next, and the next. God was preserving His words. Those words He showed to me, are still there in your room of the Little Prophets of God, where you are learning to hear His voice at an early age.

I didn't have the Bible to read, like you do now. I couldn't just "search" for any scripture and instantly the text would show up in light. It's a wonder, but it's a fulfilment of the passage about God's Word is a light. You have a vessel made with light to light up the words and then you can read and pass it on to others. Such vessels reserved for this time, so that God's Word might go on and be unconquered.

I know things aren't always the easiest for you, even though so many things are much easier for you to do than they were for me in my days, but you also face a host of troubles and trials that I didn't have to face. So, all in all, the Lord balances life out.

All His prophets, and prophets-to-be go through tests and difficulties, no matter what era of World History they lived in. All know His love in some way. All have to face opposition and doubt. All have to make a stand for the Lord no matter what anyone else is doing or saying.

Will you stay true and faithful till the end? Whatever your "end" happens to be? Or for however long your trials batter against you? Be faithful to God's Word. Always stand by it, because it will always stand the test of time and any rigorous test you put it through.

Will people hold up this way? No. Those who fight you with all their might can crumble instantaneously when something of true strength stands in their way. People come and go, but God's Word alone stands true and firm for all eternity. It will, because God says what He does and does what He says. He is all powerful, and so His Word is the same.

A humble home is fit for prophets of the end, less to pull you down and away from the rock of your salvation. One day you will fly up and up and get to live in the most grandiose

abodes. But a reminder of how God uses the humble, the weak, and the lowly, is good for anyone wanting to hear from God. Great people, who live like they are going to be there forever, aren't "great" enough to let God rule their life and teach them the most valuable lessons in life.

You have to want to learn, you know. And once you do, nothing else will top the greatest feeling of hearing right from God yourself. Do you know how special you are? Think of all the children, all through world history, how many of them got to stop and take the time to hear right from Heaven, every day? Most were made to be too busy, or worldly, or too poor to have ways to record the Words of the Lord.

Think how blessed you are, not only that the God of Heaven and of all would speak to you, but has given you the time, the means, and the way to record and write it down. You could get a complete education from the Lord Himself, if you needed to. A clear channel to the Lord is all that is needed, plus a way to record it on paper for future reference.

Enjoy these days, for there will come a time when it won't be as cosy as you have it now. It won't be as easy to just stop and hear from the Lord. Use the time you have now to learn all you can from the Lord, and from the Bible, and glean all you can from the written works of others who have likewise learned from God Himself, in their own quiet times.

When you hear from Jesus, and write His Words down, you are living what He has envisioned for you. That's what He has made you to be—those that learn and then pass on His Words. It's not going to be easy as time goes on and there are yet more distractions, but remember my room, my simple room that is free from wordly distractions.

Always keep a prophet's room somewhere in your abode, a place that is uncluttered and free of gadgets that will pull you away and keep you from the most important times of your day.

Where can you go to get quiet and still and learn from Jesus and His Word?

Make a place, and most of all take the time. That's what will make men, true men out of you. It's not knowledge that grows you up, but taking in the Spirit of the most grown up of them all, God. He's as mature and wise and big as they come.

Only by letting His Spirit abide in you can you truly attain great manhood. The rest is just like foolish little boys trying to pretend they are big and powerful. But God will knock them all down to the real size they are. And those little humble ones who knew they weren't big enough to try to live a life without God to lead them, will be shown for how big they really are. If they have taken in plenty of God's Word in their life, the real them will be big and tall and strong, when the day of reckoning comes, and people are seen for what they really are.

Just being tall now won't make you appear so in the world to come. Your maturity and being looked up to all has to do with, and only to do with, how much of God and His Word you have taken in. Nothing else makes you be "big and great" in the world to come. You'll see.

So if you want to be looked up to, get down on your knees in prayer and ask for a hunger like nothing else you've ever felt before, for the Word of God. And then, feeling or not, take that time daily to learn from the Lord. Just you, your heart, your mind, your Bible and notebook. He can show you things and in ways that He has never showed anyone else quite the same before.

He has tailor-made lessons and times of teaching just for you. But if you are too busy and encumbered by the ways and lusts of this world and life, you will miss out. You could catch up on it, in some way later on, but you will have missed the benefits of what it could have done for you there and then, and the wonders you could have known.

Believe me, you will not lack if you put time with your Heavenly Shepherd as the most important part of your day, just you and He together. Try it. You will never be disappointed.

A servant and lover of God, Isaiah.

PRAISE

As I look back over the time that You and I have spent together, Jesus, I can't help but marvel at the many ways Your hand has guided my path. I have passed through pleasant places and through places of adversity. I have been up on the mountains and down in the valleys.

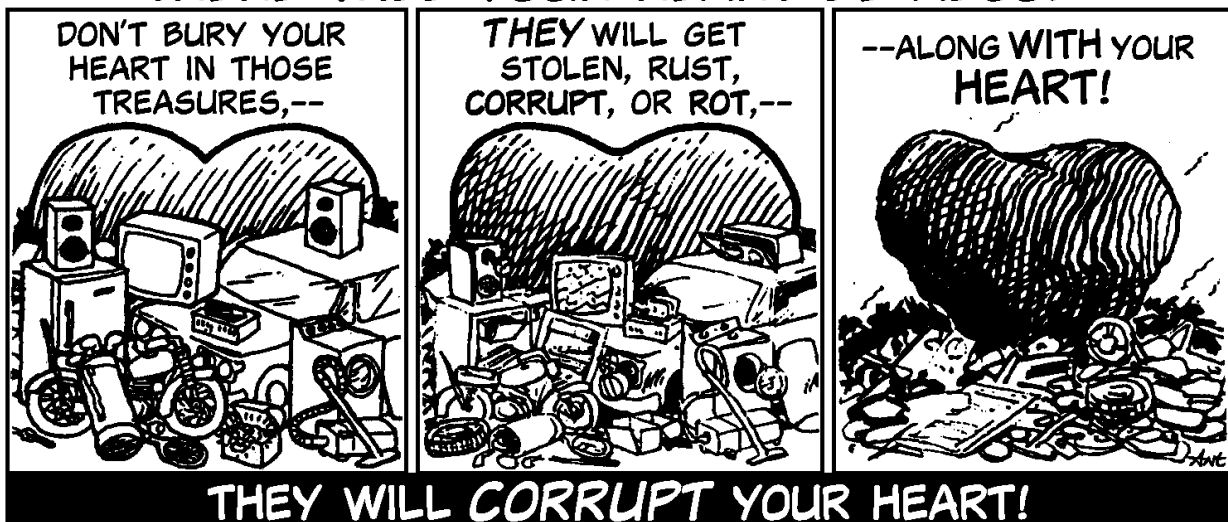
I have felt happiness and I have felt sorrow. But through it all, You have brought me forth and are forming me into the person You want me to be.

I'm so happy that I invited You into my life, Jesus. I don't know what I would have done without You. Nothing in this world could ever fill the place that You have in my life and in my heart.

I'm proud that I can be called by Your name, that I can receive Your love and Your words.



**"FOR WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS,
THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO."--JESUS**



From Jesus With Love

There are so many things that can and do go wrong in this life--so many broken dreams, so many visions that do not come to pass, so many things that just do not work out the way you so desperately wanted them to. Yet through all the broken dreams, your visions that do not come to pass, the things that don't work out as you had hoped they would, I am there with you.

I hold in My hand greater dreams than you've ever dreamed of, more beautiful visions than you've ever seen, and greater things than you've ever hoped for. Your heart has not imagined the fantastic things I have in store for you who love Me, for you who stick it out through thick and thin.

Master's Arts

Resting in the Lord—Loving, Learning, Labouring, and Living with Him; letting Him do it through us

The Master says:

Think of it like being the engineer of a train. You are there doing all the controls, looking out the window, sending signals, making sure all things are going right. There are things you must do, and that I need you to do. I am like the engine. I'm all around you, surrounding you, protecting you, carrying you, moving you along to your destination. Just as you can't see the train while you are in there—just the interior—so can you not see Me. But you see My heart and you know you are safely inside My Spirit. However, I don't just get you from here to there with no participation on your part. There are things I want you to do. You do affect the outcome of the journey in many ways. And that is good. I want you to. I want us to work together.

You don't have to labour to take every step to your goal, you can rest in Me as I move you along. —Just like taking time to rest your weight down on Me. I can carry all your burdens, like a train carries the cargo. Trust in My strength, let Me carry your loads, and don't forget that I surround you, protect you, and have what it takes to get you and all those you are trying to help, to the destination. I supply all the tools and aids, valves and throttles and what you need to do your job—like all the skills, gifts and talents I've given you that help you to do what I've called you to do. You are bringing Me to others—like a train is brought to the next town. More people are invited to come on in—just like they need to enter through the door, Me, to go to Heaven, the destination. And give yourself a break every now and then too, to stop travelling and rest on a bed in one of cars. "Rest in the Lord", and have your strength renewed.

LAMBIBITS

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

When things got too rough in the world, Noah wondered what in the world to do. They were probably getting a lot of persecution from all that wicked world. I'm sure they were. It must have been difficult to even build the boat and to think they were obeying what God said to do today, but they did it. They did it under pressure and under persecution, but it was also under what? It was under a threat of the judgments of God that were coming. Right? God said, "You'd better get that boat built, buddy?"

"You'd better get that boat built, buddy, because I am going to do something and you are going to wish you had!--Because when things begin to swim you'd better be able to float!" And so, under the pressure of the impending judgments of God, Noah got busy and did what he could do and his sons could do and their helpers could do, their families could do, and they built the boat and got ready for God!

Get ready for God! Do what you can do today, and get ready for God! Now that's all you need to do. When God says, "Now! Right now!" let me tell you, you had better do it now, or you are going to miss the boat and suffer for it!

So they got ready for God. We can do the "wenting." As my mother used to quote, "As they went they were healed." God told them, "Go thou. Go thou and do this! Go thou and do that! Go wash at the Pool of Siloam. Go home and tell your loved ones." And "As they went, God healed," or "as they went, God gave them the power." We have to do the "wenting".

We've got to do the obeying. We've got to do what we know God has told us to do! We have to first of all do the forsaking, the dropping out, the dedicating to God, the utter dedication, the complete 100% commitment to God. We don't have to know what's going to happen tomorrow or what He's going to do in the future or what's going to happen as a result.

--Pastor David (1919-1994)

Inspiring True Stories from History: A Son, a Father, a Brother

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. (Luke 15:20)

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. (James 5:16)

(From Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody)

I can give you a little experience of my own family. Before I was fourteen years old the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business, and failed. Soon after his death the creditors came in and took everything. My mother was left with a large family of children.

One calamity after another swept over the entire household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick. The eldest boy was fifteen years of age, and to him my mother looked as a stay in her calamity, but all at once that boy became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away to make a fortune. Away he went.

I can remember how eagerly she used to look for tidings of that boy; how she used to send us to the post office to see if there was a letter from him, and recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, "No letter." I remember how in the evenings we used to sit beside her in that New England home, and we would talk about our father; but the moment the name of that boy was mentioned she would hush us into silence.

Some nights when the wind was very high, and the house, which was upon a hill, would tremble at every gust, the voice of my mother was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all the rest of us put together, and I believe she did.

On a Thanksgiving day--you know that is a family day in New England--she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up and her boys left home. When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country, but could find no trace of him. One day while in Boston the news reached me that he had returned.

While in that city, I remember how I used to look for him in every store--he had a mark on his face--but I never got any trace. One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door he stopped. My mother didn't know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and great beard flowing down his breast, his tears trickling down his face.

When my mother saw those tears she cried, "Oh, it's my lost son," and entreated him to come in. But he stood still. "No, mother," he said, "I will not come in till I hear first you forgive me."

Do you believe she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him long standing there? She rushed to the threshold and threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness. Ah, sinner, if you but ask God to be merciful to you a sinner, ask Him for forgiveness, although your life has been bad--ask Him for mercy, and He will not keep you long waiting for an answer.

I remember at one of the meetings at Nashville, during the war, a young man came to me, trembling from head to foot. "What is the trouble?" I asked.

"There is a letter I got from my sister, and she tells me every night as the sun goes down she goes down on her knees and prays for me." This man was brave, had been in a number of battles; but yet this letter completely upset him.

"I have been trembling ever since I received it."

Six hundred miles away the faith of this girl went to work, and its influence was felt by the brother. He did not believe in prayer; he did not believe in Christianity; he did not believe in his mother's Bible. This mother was a praying woman, and when she died she left on Earth a praying daughter. And when God saw her faith and heard that prayer, he answered her. How many sons and daughters could be saved if their mothers and fathers had but faith.

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

At the close of a prayer-meeting, the pastor observed a little girl, about twelve years of age, remaining upon her knees, when most of the congregation had retired. Thinking the child had fallen asleep, he touched her, and told her it was time to return home. To his surprise, he found that she was engaged in prayer, and he said: "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." She looked at her pastor earnestly, and inquired: "Is it so? Does God say that?"

He took up a Bible, and read the passage aloud. She immediately commenced praying: "Lord, send my Father here; Lord, send my father to the church." Thus she continued for about half an hour, attracting by her earnest cry the attention of persons who lingered about the door.

At last a man rushed into the church, ran up the aisle, and sank upon his knees by the side of his child, exclaiming: "What do you want of me?" She threw her arms about his neck, and began to pray: "O Lord, covert my father!"

Soon the man's heart was melted, and he began to pray for himself. The child's father was three miles from the church when she began praying for him. He was packing goods in a wagon, and felt impressed with an irresistible impulse to return to his house, he left the goods in the wagon, and hastened to the church, where he found his daughter crying mightily to God in his behalf; and he was there led to the Saviour. - Foster's Cyclopedic

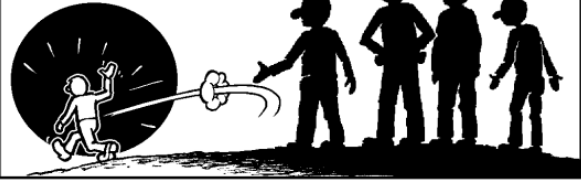
DO PEOPLE LAUGH AT YOU BECAUSE THEY



DON'T THINK YOU ARE FUNNY?

YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!

FIRST, LOOK FOR ACCEPTANCE FROM SOME DIFFERENT PEOPLE!



WHY SPEND YOUR TIME TRYING TO BE ACCEPTED BY RUDE PEOPLE WHO LIKE LAUGHING AT OTHER PEOPLE?



YOU'D HAVE TO BE READY TO JOIN THEM IN LAUGHING AT OTHERS,...



AND READY TO FORGET ABOUT FINDING BROTHERLY LOVE IN YOUR LIFE!

BUT IF NOT, THEN MAYBE YOU ARE SIMPLY LOOKING FOR ACCEPTANCE AND LOVE IN AN UN-LOVING WORLD,



...AND ONLY FINDING REJECTION.



IF SO, THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THERE IS LOVE FOR YOU!

--LOVE SO GREAT YOU CAN FORGIVE THE REJECTION OF THOSE YOU ARE TRYING TO LOVE, AND KEEP ON GOING!



THAT'S WHAT I DID!
--FOR YOU!



I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE REJECTED BY EVERYONE! BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO GIVE LOVE ANYWAY, AND I DIED FOR YOU SO THAT YOU CAN HAVE THE ETERNAL LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE OF MY FATHER IN HEAVEN!

YOU CAN HAVE THAT FORGIVENESS AND LOVE RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ASK! IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, YOU COULD SIMPLY SAY SOMETHING LIKE THIS, AND TRULY MEAN IT IN YOUR HEART:

"JESUS, I ACCEPT YOUR LOVING SACRIFICE OF DYING ON THE CROSS FOR MY SINS. PLEASE COME INTO MY HEART AND LIFE WITH YOUR LOVE THAT'S SO STRONG THAT I CAN LOVE OTHERS, EVEN IF THEY REJECT IT. PLEASE HELP ME TO FIND OTHERS WHO HAVE OR WANT THAT SAME KIND OF LOVE! THANK YOU!"

IF YOU'VE HONESTLY ASKED FOR MY LOVE, THEN I TRULY HAVE ACCEPTED YOU AND WILL LOVE YOU ETERNALLY! MY FATHER SO LOVED THE WORLD (YOU) THAT HE GAVE ME, JESUS, HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, TO DIE FOR YOU. ANYONE WHO ACCEPTS WHAT I HAVE DONE FOR THEM WILL HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE! (READ JOHN 3:16 IN THE BIBLE.)

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Thoughts and True Stories

A preacher talked to the children about making and flying kites. He quoted some lines about kite-flying. Here they are:

Who flies the kite?
"I," said the boy; "it is my joy;
I fly the kite."

Who flies the kite?
"I," said the wind; "it is my whim,
I fly the kite."

Who flies the kite?
"I," said the string, "I am the thing
That flies the kite."

Who flies the kite?
"I," said the tail, "I make it sail;
I fly the kite."

Who flies the kite?
All are wrong; all are right;
All fly the kite.

Now belonging to God's true Church is like that. Paul says the Church is like a body, with hands and feet, and eyes and ears and nose, and it takes every one of these parts, and more, to make a body. In the Church there are Apostles and Prophets and Evangelists and Pastors and Teachers, and there is YOU. Jesus needs every one of us to do His Work, and each must play his part. Don't forget--all fly the kite.

Anecdotes from Dwight L. Moody

A man was once being tried for a crime, the punishment of which was death. The witnesses came in one by one and testified to his guilt; but there he stood, quite calm and unmoved. The judge and the jury were quite surprised at his indifference; they could not understand how he could take such a serious matter so calmly. When the jury retired, it did not take them many minutes to decide on a verdict "Guilty;" and when the judge was passing the sentence of death upon the criminal he told him how surprised he was that he could be so unmoved in the prospect of death. When the judge had finished, the man put his hand in his bosom, pulled out a document, and walked out of the dock a free man. Ah, that was how he could be so calm; it was a free pardon from his king, which he had in his pocket all the time. The king had instructed him to allow the trial to proceed, and to produce the pardon only when he was condemned. No wonder, then, that he was indifferent as to the result of the trial. Now that is just what will make us joyful in the great day of judgment: we have got a pardon from the Great King, and it is sealed with the blood of His Son.

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

Rev. E. B. Slade tells an interesting instance of answered prayer. One cold winter he was forty miles away from home, holding revival services, when, in the midst of a terrible snowstorm, during which travel was almost wholly impossible, his wife, at home, ran out of wood. To save the little that remained, she put her children to bed, and wrapped them up in blankets, At last baking must be done, and, making a fire of her last wood, she began to pray that help might come, and persevered until her faith won the victory. She then went about her work in perfect peace of mind, assured that relief would come. In the course of a few hours her nearest neighbor, a lady, waded through the snow, saying that she had been impressed that she must come over and see what was the matter. The facts were stated, and relief promised. Hardly had she gone when another lady came in with the same statement, and the same offer was made. A little while later a gentleman came in expressing a similar feeling; and when he learned the facts, he took them all to his home, and cared for them until Mr. Slade returned home.

