



Sir Charles Spencer Chaplin 1889-1977

(Born April 16, died on December 25)

Tell Him about your heartache
And tell Him about your loneliness
too,

Tell Him your baffled purpose
When you scarce know what to do.

Then leaving all your weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that you bear the burden
And carry away the song.

Give me a mind that is not bound,
that does not whimper, whine, or sigh.
Don't let me worry over much about the
fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humour, Lord;
give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
and pass it on to other folk.

--Thomas H. B. Webb

I keep in step with Jesus
And he keeps in step with me,
And so we walk together,
In perfect harmony.

--There's not an hour that passes,
There's not a day goes by,
But that we have sweet fellowship,
My precious Lord & I.

ECCLESIASTES 3:4 A
time to weep, and a time to
laugh; a time to mourn,
and a time to dance;

JEREMIAH 30:19 And out
of them shall proceed
thanksgiving and the voice
of them that make merry:
and I will multiply them,
and they shall not be few; I
will also glorify them, and
they shall not be small.

PSALM 149:5 Let the
saints be joyful in glory:
let them sing aloud upon
their beds.

PSALM 150:6 Let every
thing that hath breath
praise the LORD. Praise ye
the LORD.

PROVERBS 17:22

A merry heart doeth good
like a medicine: but a
broken spirit drieth the
bones.

Charlie Chaplin

Cheer up you saints of God, there is nothing to worry about; nothing to make you feel afraid, nothing to make you doubt.

Sing your way to victory. Just make up songs that will cheer you on, for there is nothing satan hates more than lips that are filled with praise in song to Jesus. It drowns out the weak squeaks and angry roars, and hideous laughter, and doomlike droning sounds that are sounding out.

Just turn on your own piece of music, and let it play loud and long. Merriment in God's Spirit is a tool and an aid that will get you out of most traps and pits, slime and grime. Songs of praise are like the wings of a bird. Up and up you will go, high above the negativity.

Since everything is going to be made right, no use getting down about it and wasting the few

Earth moments that you have. They will seem few in the end.

Sometimes it's good to be sombre and to show the Lord that you are taking things seriously—things that He is deeply moved about; that you want to feel along with Him what He feels about a situation. You show Him that you aren't only trying to be around for the laughs, but you can cry out in prayer and desperation when the situation needs your sober prayers and concerned heart.

But then you can laugh and smile again, knowing that in His good time, all will be made right.

Trust in the Lord with all your heart. He'll pull you through. "Though the day grows dim, there's no need in me balking. My Lord is carrying me."

PRAISE

I praise You for Your great love, for always being there. You never let me down. Others can fail, the whole world can fail, but You never fail. I'm so blessed. You are the inspector of my soul. You have much patience, much grace, and much understanding when You do Your "inspection" and find that sometimes things are not as they should be. You love me no matter what condition You find me in. Thank You for Your proddings, Your questioning of some of the things that You find during Your inspections. You help me to clear out the junk, get rid of old baggage, clean out the cobwebs, and air out the rooms that have become stale and stagnant.

From Jesus With Love

I broadcast all the time. You just have to learn how to tune in and receive it. I have given the gift of hearing from Me to anyone who wants it. It's free. It's like a radio station, broadcasting all the time, and anyone who has a receiver can tune in and pick up the sounds, the music, the broadcast. I have placed a receiver within each person. All you have to do is learn how to use it. This requires effort, so don't be discouraged if it's not very clear right away. Keep practicing, keep coming back to Me. Keep waiting in faith, and you will begin to hear Me more and more clearly.

Master's Arts

Prayer and Intercession—Rebuking and Fighting the enemy

The Master says:

A horse trainer has to work hard, and can't be lazy, or let the animal do whatever it wishes to, or it won't be of much use. The trainer gets back good results according to the effort and time and skill that it gave out helping the horse to become the best it could be. So it is with the prayers you pray. You need to concentrate and train your mind to focus. You need to learn how to put effort into prayer. A prayer that is said while you are busy with other things or wishing you were doing other things, isn't going to bring as much result as a prayer that is focused on, and you've given it all your effort, and used the words that God likes to hear. Just like training a horse, certain words need to be used, so it is with prayer. Saying words of praise, and saying words of humility, and then backing up your prayer request with the Word of God and quoting scriptures, because you know what you are praying for is according to the will of God, makes for a good and powerful prayer that yields results.

LAMBIBITS

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

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake."--Mat.5:10. They come down from the mountain & offer the peace of the mountain to those in the valley & they are mobbed & jailed & crucified!--But they are blessed! ... "Blessed is he that is persecuted for righteousness sake." You are persecuted because you are right & they cannot stand the right! The valley people have been in darkness so long the light blinds them & they cannot stand to find out you are right & they have been wrong. They don't want to be exposed!

"For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." We end where we started. The poor in spirit are the persecuted, & both wind up with the Kingdom of Heaven! "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you & shall say all manner of evil against you falsely."--Mat.5:11. "You are disturbing our false sense of security, disturbing our peace."

What you were really trying to do is give them peace!-- Really disturbing their confusion. You were bringing in a peaceable atmosphere in the midst of confusion. They don't even see things like you do. To them confusion is peace. That's the kind of peace they understand. It disturbs their peace. They hate for you to come along with real peace because it reveals to them that they don't have real peace.

So they'll lie & deceive & say all manner of evil against you falsely. But "rejoice & be exceeding glad for great is your reward in Heaven!"--Mat.5:12. Not here always. Of course, if you live in the continual Heaven of His peace & joy, you get a lot of that reward right now, don't you? You're already in Heaven in Spirit. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you", so great is that reward of Heaven in your heart, & great is your reward in the Heaven hereafter.

"So persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Other prophets like yourselves. You, too, are prophets. This proves you are prophets. This is a part of your reward because they persecuted them too. You have attained the ranks of prophets when you receive persecution for your prophesying & "great is your reward in Heaven!"

Thoughts and True Stories

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

A MANIFESTATION OF PARENTAL LOVE.

There are some who reject Christianity because it seems to them incredible that God would have taken so much trouble, as the New Testament represents him to have done, for the salvation of creatures so infinitely beneath Him as we are. They forget that the New Testament teaches also that God is our Father. That being true, I declare to you that it is not surprising that God made such sacrifice to save us. Even a man will not permit a child to perish--any child, it need not be his own without putting forth mighty effort to save it.

One fact is worth a dozen arguments; and I will therefore ask you to listen to a humble man, as he relates an incident in his otherwise uneventful life. For a little while imagine yourself to be seated around the table of an American boardinghouse, where the inmates are spending an hour or two in the evening relating the more remarkable events that have occurred to them; imagine that you are listening to one of the guests there, instead of to me.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live many miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when we moved there, my wife and I and now we haven't many neighbors, though those we have are good men.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle--fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back and, above all, a doll for our youngest child, Dolly (she never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag-babies her mother made her). Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one."

Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I started off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico, and delaine, and tea, and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to have stayed until the morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so eagerly expecting.

I mounted a steady-going old horse of mine and, pretty well loaded, started for home. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch while I was in the midst of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost like doing that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and the rain fell in torrents. I was five, or may be six miles from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry, like a child's voice.

I stopped short and listened. I heard it again; I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass; called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me, and there to rob and murder me. I am not superstitious--not very--but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away. But once more I heard that piteous cry, and, said I: "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here and die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and he came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as best I could, promising to take it home to mamma.

It seemed tired to death, and soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I sup-posed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the dooryard, I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and myfe amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said; "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

And one said: "Nothing now, I hope. What's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. "Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly. It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while her mother was at work, and for her they were lamenting as for one dead.

I thanked God on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors; but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now, if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road the little baby-cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

Is God less pitiful than man? Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Did you notice the last sentence in that man's story? "It is not much of a story, neighbors; but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard that cry for help upon the road--that little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

To me that sentence explains the whole story of redemption. That man's love for his child was such that life would have been intolerable to him had he failed to save her.

Sinner! God the Father listened to the cry for help, the piteous wail of misery that ascended to Him from His lost children; and he sent His Son to seek and to save that which was lost.

For, be it remembered, He knew not merely that certain children were perishing, but that they were His children.

--Homiletic Cyclopaedia.

ISAIAH 40:11 HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD: HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM, AND CARRY THEM IN HIS BOSOM, AND SHALL GENTLY LEAD THOSE THAT ARE WITH YOUNG.

ISAIAH 43:1 FEAR NOT: FOR I HAVE REDEEMED THEE, I HAVE CALLED THEE BY THY NAME; THOU ART MINE.

THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST

REVELATION 2:17 He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

JESUS SAYS:

I have My own pet name for you, dear one, a name like none other. Sometimes on Earth you might have the same name as another, sometimes even the same first and last name as others. But the name that I call you and that you are known by, is unique--for you are. There is only one of you in all the universe. This name is your special name, known only by you and I, for it's something only you can understand and recognise. But I know everyone's names, everyone that has or ever will live. I know each person and, what's more, I know all the names. I can remember them all, and instantly know all that there is to know about a person—their life and all their thoughts, their dreams, their deeds, and all they've ever said.

So if you listen to My voice when I call you, and you “hear what the Spirit saith” and give Me your full attention, I'll feed your heart and mind, nourish you, help you to grow in faith and in understanding. The hidden things, the secrets that I keep for those who listen to Me, I will give to you.

To those who overcome, they get rewarded. First you have to listen to My instructions and do them, then you win victories for Me. Next you get nourished and fed and given special things only for winners—those who follow Me all the way, no matter how hard. Then I reward you with special treasures, and you'll know you are a part of Me, called by My name, forever. You'll realise then, like never before, just how special you always have been to the Lord, your Maker, Saviour, and King.

Listen to My voice today that calls you now. Heed My instructions, My leadings, and let Me guide you and encourage you that I am near. I love you dearly.

HOW HE SAID HELLO

Ben Joseph says:

It was back in the early 1970's and I was taste testing Protestantism, coming from a Catholic background. One day as I was getting home from somewhere, and I pulled my car up into my parent's driveway, and I was 21 or 22 years old, and I had the radio on and I was listening to some religious broadcast up in New Jersey, and they were telling the story of a little boy that had said he had seen Jesus at the foot of his hospital bed or in the hospital. He was going through some sort of a surgery treatment.

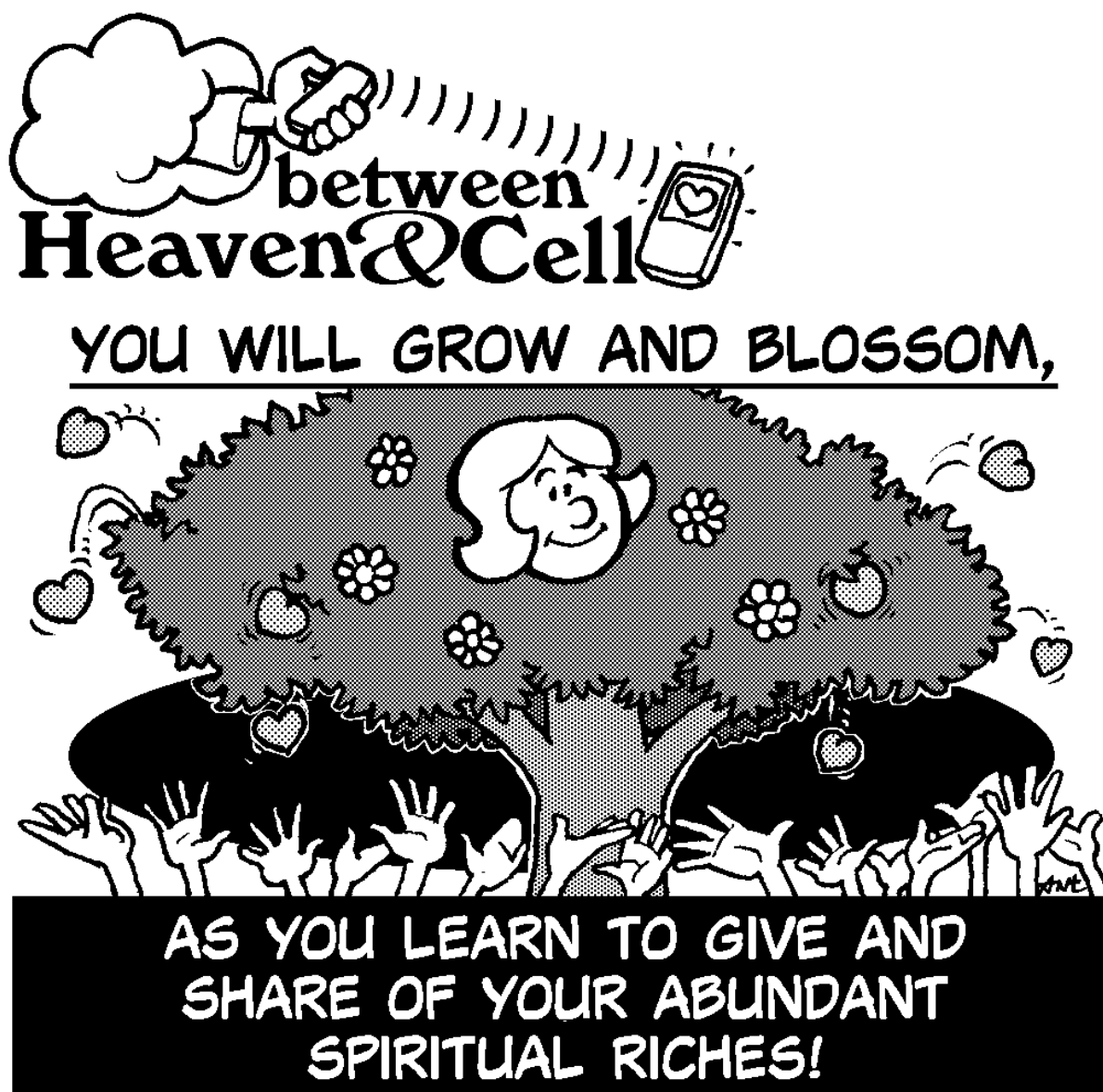
I stopped the car and I'm listening to the radio, and I'm thinking, hopefully they are not going to get some little child to lie on the radio, to create a sensation. And I thought, let's listen to this story and I'll judge for myself what it's all about. They said they had little Timmy there in the broadcasting studio with them, and that he was going to speak about what he saw when he had reportedly seen Jesus. So I thought, maybe he is one of these high-wired boys that can make up all these colourful, far-out stories. So let me just listen to it and see what I think of it. Of course I was highly skeptical. My skepticism was sort of at a peak at the time for Pentecostal claims of healings, of visions. Well, I'm sitting with the radio going

"Timmy," they said, "What did you see? What did Jesus look like when you looked at Jesus." I thought, this is going to be rich. The little boy is going to tell us what Jesus looked like. Well, he came right out and he said, "He looked like," and then paused for a moment, just a little. "He looked like 'I love you'." He said: "He looked like 'I love you'!"

At the very moment that he said the words 'I love you' for some reason I can't explain, I put my head down and I closed my eyes, and at that moment a radiant, full-colour, live face of Jesus was looking straight at me. I didn't search around to see all the features, because the eyes had me spell-bound, and the eyes said one thing louder than anything else: **I love you!**

So the very thing coming out of the boys mouth, I got in visual form. It was real. It was full-colour, brilliant, with the eyes looking straight into my soul, with all peace and authority, and love above all.

Being a portrait artist, and an artist in general, I tried numerous times to depict what I saw, since I can still see it pretty fairly clear in my mind's eye, what I had seen--those eyes. They were so arresting. There are very few artists attempts at painting Jesus that come even slightly close to what I saw. They catch one little aspect of what they are trying to catch, they are trying to catch that look of love, and utter calm and peace. And they do a pretty good effort some times. But I tried several times, as good as I am--and I'm quite an accurate portrait artist—yet I could not capture any of that life that was in those eyes. It was beyond words.





INSPIRED STORIES FROM ABOVE

From “Story Time with the Master”

The Disguised Prince (Part 5)



Meanwhile, something else had been stirring in the countryside. Though not everyone of the land had met this pauper-prince, those who had met him decided they needed to do something about what he taught them, as poor as he looked. In their heart grew a desire to help others, and to tell others about the poor man that taught how it was best to show love and help each other.

The kind folks, who were also the friends of the disguised prince, began in new ways to help any others who were in need, and began to teach others what they had heard this visiting pauper-prince tell them. They also made sure to listen extra carefully to whatever announcements and proclamations were made in the country, sent by the king. They realised things would be better for everyone if they listened and obeyed.

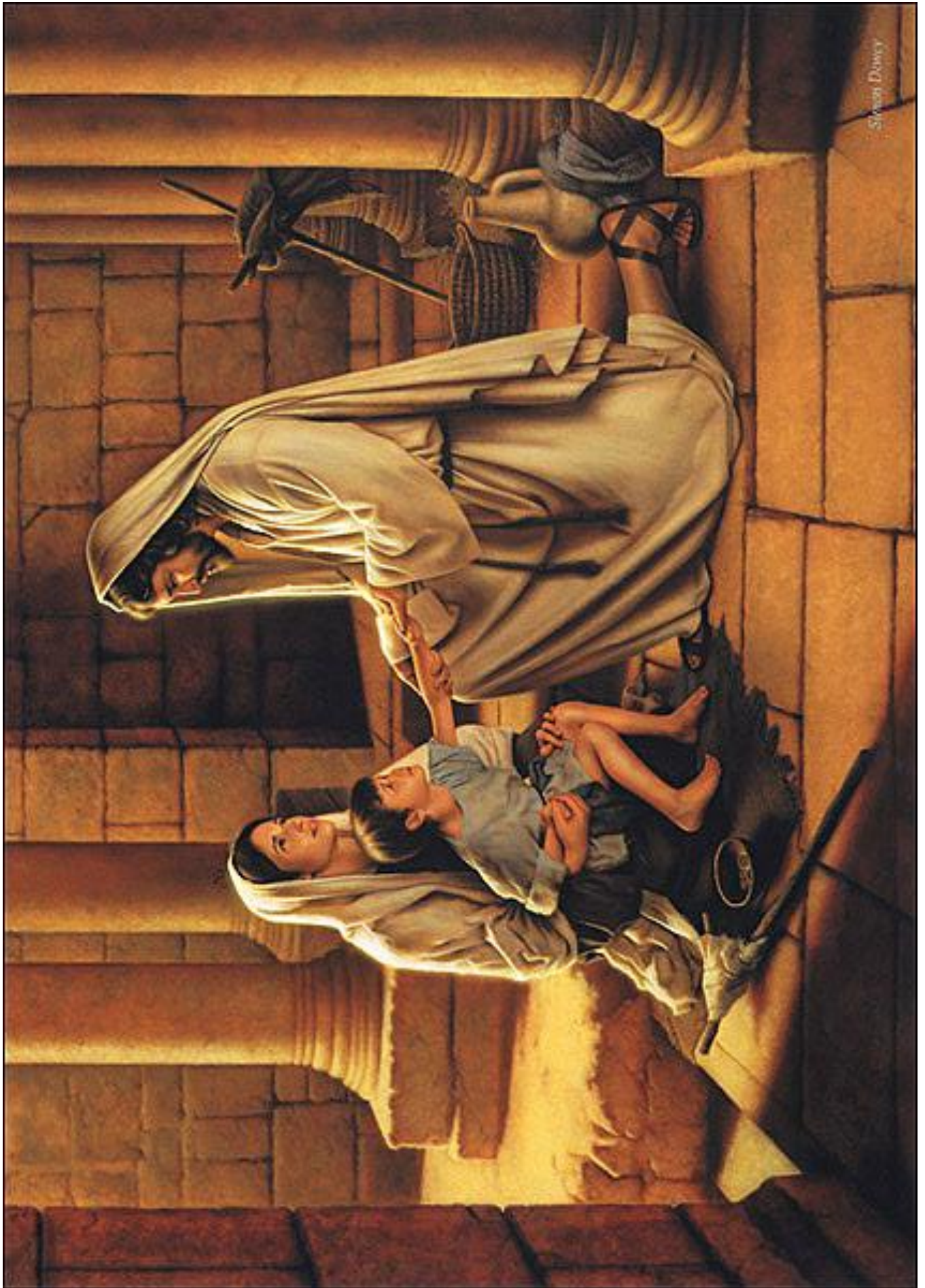
Not everyone was in favour of the King’s efforts to improve things. They had other ideas of how things should be run. They didn’t like the King’s approach to problems, mostly because they didn’t listen to all the things he had said before. They thought they knew better anyway on their own. They already knew they didn’t like the king’s way of doing things, so they didn’t bother to read any of the messages posted around—or if they did, it was simply to mock the message and speak against it.

Little did they know, but their names and every detail of their lives were being written down by those the king had asked to secretly keep track of all that was going on. He wanted to be very fair to each one in his land, and no one to ever be unjustly punished, or to ever miss out on a reward they earned and deserved.

That is why a record was kept about all that was said and done. These reports would be collected sometime in the future when big changes would come in the land, and rewards and punishments were to be given out. The king’s very loyal, secret messengers were doing this job.

At long last the grand day came, and the prince donned his most royal attire. He sat in a golden carriage, with a music band playing instruments including trumpets, walked alongside. It was the day of summoning.

(Continued in Part 6)



Simon Dewey