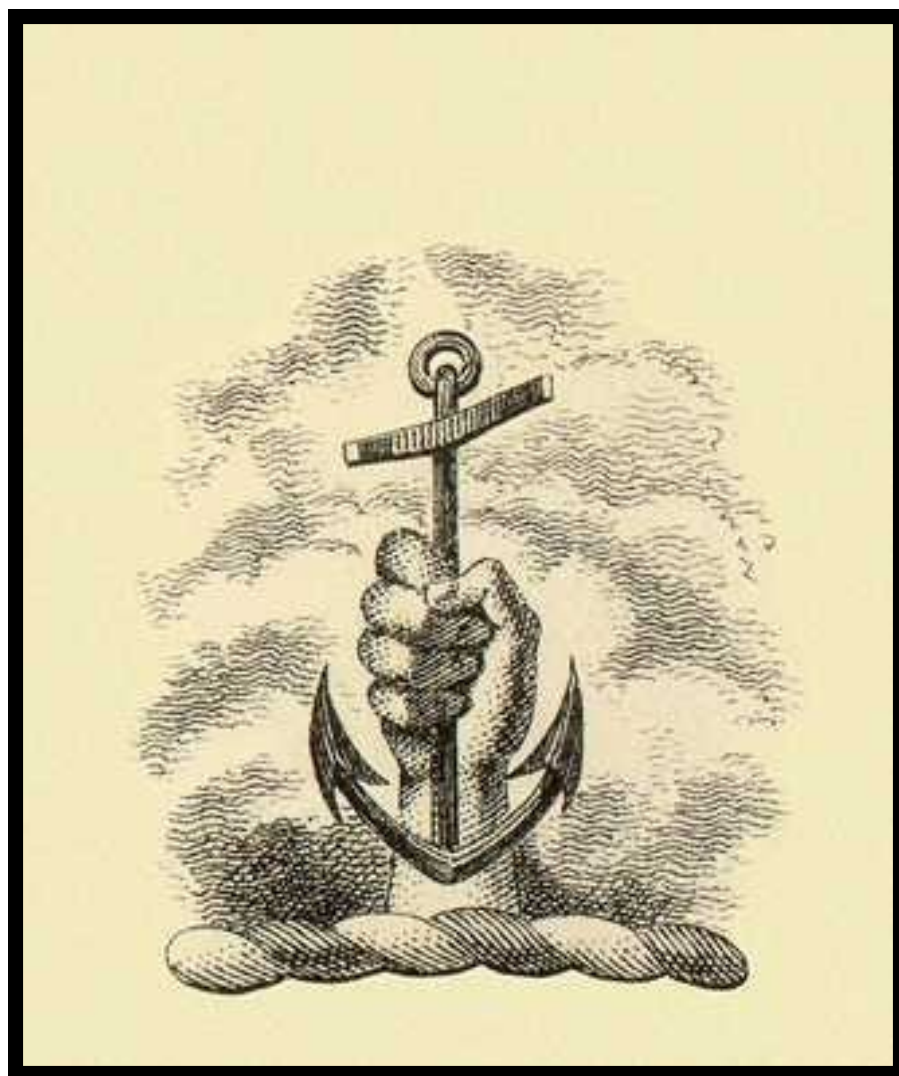


TIMES  
OF **RESTORATION**

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2005



STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

TIMES OF RESTORATION proclaims the glad news that the "restoration of all things" promised in the books of Matthew and Acts is under way. We are now living in the climactic times "whereof God spake by the mouth of His holy prophets that have been from of old" (Acts 3:21). The Christianity of the Early Church with its intense reality with God, its fervent love for Christ, its expectancy of His return, and its absolute submission to the Holy Spirit has been restored. The return of Jesus Christ is imminent, and it is our privilege to prepare the way of the Lord by practicing now the way of life that will prevail during the Millennium.

This publication aims to define and encourage that way of life, as understood by the Christian movement known as The Kingdom. (A Statement of Faith is available upon request.) It is a humble and holy way, based on practice of the whole Bible and an acute responsiveness to the leadings of the Holy Spirit. Our prayer is that the paper will strengthen, challenge and edify all earnest Christians.

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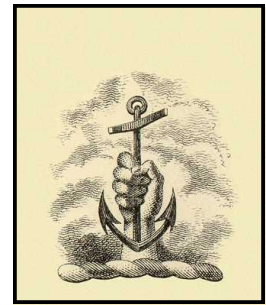
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“Will your anchor hold  
in the storms  
of life, ... ?  
It is safely moored,  
'twill the storm  
with-stand,  
For 'tis well secured  
by the Savior’s  
hand; ...”  
  
*From*  
“We Have an Anchor”  
*by*  
*Priscilla J. Owens*

## **“ALL HOLY LIVING AND GODLINESS”**

**As summer gives way to fall, and the cycle of the school year begins again, there can be no higher calling than to follow Jesus in the good and holy way He established in His Word. For a fine example of how it’s been done in the life of one young lady, see “Learning With Him” elsewhere in this issue.**

**Our writers below are no longer young, but they testify to the same upward calling. Together, they can look back over a combined 140 years of life experience in sharing what it has meant for them. And even an elderly dog provides a fruitful lode of insight!**

# **“Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus”**

*by Marguerite Plummer, Concord, North Carolina*

## **There can be no substitute for the true Lord and Savior**

**I**N reading about God’s dealings with the Nation of Israel, a recurring problem is their being influenced by other nations to serve their gods and be led astray from His calling for them. “Thou art a holy people unto Jehovah thy God: Jehovah hath chosen thee to be a people for His own possession, above all peoples that are upon the face of the earth” (Deuteronomy 7:6). “Ye shall not walk in the customs of the nations.... I am Jehovah your God who hath separated you from the peoples” (Leviticus 20:22, 24). This was the intent of God for them, but they repeatedly failed to pay attention.

In our day, what are the “gods” of the worldly populace around us? They aren’t in the category of obvious idols of wood or stone, but they are very real. Jesus pointed them out: “Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon earth ... but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven ... for where thy treasure is, there will your heart be also.” “No man can serve two masters.” “Ye cannot serve God and mammon.”

Mammon was the Phoenician deity of wealth or possession. And our own society is fixated on the same kind of god—the pursuit of affluence, status, and pleasure. But opposed to that stand the Scriptures: “Take heed and keep your-

selves from all covetousness, for a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth,” said the Lord (Luke 12:15). “Put to death your members which are upon the earth ... covetousness, which is idolatry,” added Paul (Colossians 3:5).

Jesus explained it another way in the parable of the sower, where the seed that was sown among thorns referred to “these that have heard the word, and the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word and it becometh unfruitful” (Matthew 13:22). That indicates a need to watch those areas. And in speaking

of the end times in Matthew 24:12, He said, “Because iniquity shall be multiplied, the love of the many shall wax cold,” showing the effect of the influence of the culture.

Material blessings that are necessary, or those God has given us, aren’t wrong, but there’s a need to have our senses exercised to discern what is affecting our hearts. It is only natural for our minds and hearts to be centered on something. What is the way to overcome the pull toward that which the world around us goes after? This chorus shows the way:

*It wasn’t religion as such, but the sense of His presence that pulled my heart God-ward.*

*Turn your eyes upon Jesus,  
Look full in His wonderful face.  
And the things of earth will  
grow strangely dim,  
In the light of His glory and  
grace.*

How can we turn our eyes on Him? In my experience, my heart is deeply touched through considering all the ways Jesus shared our lot. When He was 12 years old, intent on His Father’s business, His parents didn’t understand it. Yet He went down with them and came unto Nazareth; and “He was *subject unto them*” until He was 30 years old! No doubt He helped His mother with the care of the younger children and His father with his trade.

It is wonderful to see how He fulfilled the Scriptures this way: “For we have not a high priest that

cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but One that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin” (Hebrews 4:15). “For it became Him in bringing many sons to glory, to make the Author of their salvation perfect through suffering” (Hebrews 2:10).

Then, at the last, there were the various agonies at the close of His life—disappointment with His disciples in Gethsemane; their fleeing when He was taken; Peter’s denial; the scourging, the crown of thorns, the mocking; and the final

torment of the Cross. He had told His disciples, “The hour cometh, yea, is come, that ye will be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone” (John 16:32). And then the cry on the Cross, when he sensed His Father had to turn away His face since He was carrying such sin—our sin: “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” Meditating on these things, we find so much that draws our hearts to Him.

My eyes began turning to Him even as a child, when I was introduced to the blessings of God’s presence. This made getting to know Him attractive to me. During the depression, we had a family time together each Friday evening in our humble home, when my father led us in singing hymns. God’s presence often came down

as our voices blended in heartfelt praise. It wasn’t religion as such, but the sense of His presence that pulled my heart God-ward.

My mother once told how she got a cue on how to raise us as girls, and even this homely experience helped “turn my eyes.” She heard how another godly woman directed her children when a neighborhood problem arose. Their chickens would wander into the neighbor’s yard, and he would make a real fuss about it. So when it happened that his cow came into their yard, her children were gleeful about getting even. But she called them together and read Romans 12:18–21, “Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place to the wrath of God: for it is written, ‘Vengeance belongeth unto Me; I will recompense, saith the Lord.’ ... Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.” So the children gracefully escorted the wayward cow back to her own yard, and the neighbor was kindly toward them ever afterward.

My mother’s advice to us was, “There is something in the Bible that pertains to every situation in life. Trust the Holy Spirit to show it to you. Obey it even if it is difficult, and you will find peace.” That has been very helpful to me. I’ll cite one instance.

Years ago I worked as a typesetter for *The Standard*, predecessor to *Times of Restoration*. “Setting type” meant we placed all the type, letter by letter, and line by line into a tray with tweezers. Then, after the printing was finished, we re-distributed each letter into the proper tiny box in a large case of type. Standing by those cases, or sitting before them on a stool, it took hours and days of tedious work. Just re-distributing type for one issue of the magazine took two weeks. One day a young woman working with me decided

she had had enough. She got up, leaving the rest of the job for me, and as she walked out she commented that she expected me to just keep on working. Her attitude of taking me for granted hit me hard. Then I noticed in Matthew 10:24–25 that Jesus had said, “A disciple is not above his teacher, nor a servant above his lord. *It is enough* for the disciple to be as his teacher, and the servant as his lord.” That helped me say to myself, “It’s all right. It’s enough just to follow Him.” There was an answer in the Scripture. My eyes were turned.

Philippians 2:5–8 has also stirred my love for Jesus. “Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but *emptied Himself*, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea the death of the cross.” There’s a joy greater than this world can ever bring in knowing Jesus, daily considering the price He paid in so many ways.

Finally, I’ve found another simple yet profound chorus that also puts it well:

Friendship with Jesus, fellowship divine.

Oh, what blessed sweet communion—Jesus is a Friend of mine. ❧

*A lifelong Bible student, and an unswerving follower of her Lord, Mrs. Levere Plummer, 80, writes from a lifetime of experience. She is one of three daughters of August and Irene Marstaller, the mother of five adult children, and grandmother to several.*

# Lessons My Dog Has Taught Me

by Joseph N. Brown, Jr., Wesley Chapel, Florida

## Old truths from an old dog

**M**Y dog, Jimmy, is going on 14 years old, while I’m approaching 61. Since I bought him as a tiny puppy, I have passed from “middle age” nearly to the rank of “senior citizen.” He has gone from an energetic, enthusiastic pup to a very old dog, partially blind and almost deaf. As I see him this morning, napping in a patch of sunshine on our living room floor, he is for me God’s object lesson in the brevity of life. How do we make every day of our short lives count for God? And how, in this life, do we obey such lofty commandments as, “Ye shall be holy, for I am holy” and, “Love your enemies”? I’ve concluded that Jimmy can serve as an object lesson here as well as in the process of aging.

Holiness, obedience, and unselfish love for others all require first that we surrender to God daily as the Lord of our lives. Although this yielding is an ongoing process—which I sometimes liken to peeling off layers of an onion—it must begin with the recognition of Him as our Master: He is greater than we are. Similarly, Jimmy had to recognize me as his master and submit to my authority.

When I bought him as a pup, I was already experienced at “house-breaking” dogs. I was perplexed,

though, when he refused to cooperate. Finally I did some research and acted upon an expert’s advice that suggested Jimmy was refusing to submit to my authority, because he failed to recognize me as the leader of the family “pack.” So the next time he started to be naughty, I grabbed him on both sides of his scruffy little puppy neck and thumped him against the floor, and shook him, and shouted loud rebukes into his little puppy ears. Since this dramatic incident, when he apparently did truly surrender to me as his leader, he has never once done a “no-no” in the house! He has also been in general remarkably obedient and cooperative. Sure, he struggles with his canine nature, at times, but he has also learned to overcome his instincts when necessary.

We find that our carnal nature, too, is at war with spiritual aspiration. The apostle Paul exhorts us to “put off, concerning your former conduct the old man, ... and put on the new man which was created according to God, in *true righteousness and holiness* (Ephesians 4:17–24).

“Put off ... put on.” How easy to say, but how hard to do! Jimmy loves me and really wants to obey, but as a rat terrier, he has such terrifically strong terrier instincts to hunt and kill little furry animals,

that it pulls him as much as any “besetting sin” could pull us. For example, when we are out for a walk, and he has been told to “heel,” he has had to learn to ignore the squirrels that occasionally cross the road—but oh, what a powerful temptation!

He has learned obedience through some suffering, but he finally reached the point where even if I was allowing him to run loose with me down our country road, I would control him with voice commands. For example, when an occasional car approached, I would shout to him, even at some distance, “Sit!” He

“It’s like having a big black dog and a big white dog fighting inside me!”

“Which one wins?” asked his friend.

“The one I feed the most,” was the reply.

We all have to deal with the black dog, the “old man,” our human nature. And we also have the “new man,” the white dog, our born-again nature—the righteousness of Christ received by faith. Why didn’t God just shoot the black dog when we were born again? He is a holy God, He is our Judge, He wants us to obey His law even though we are naturally

fall in our goal to “put on” Christ. Take the example of lust. This is such a common problem that many think of it as “normal.” However, God’s word tells us to put on the Lord Jesus Christ and to “make no provision for the flesh and its lusts” (1 Peter 2:11). Let me make one point clear. Just because that “black dog” never completely goes away doesn’t mean we must keep on sinning! The Bible never teaches us that obedience is impossible in some circumstances. There is always a “way of escape,” and there is always the presence of the Holy Spirit.

Jimmy also provides a fine example of devotion to my service. For example, if I’m reading in my favorite chair and see an unwanted bug crossing the floor, I can order Jimmy to “Get it!” He will get up and paw at it until it finally stops wiggling. He only does it to humor me, since bugs are only mildly interesting to his fur-loving terrier nature, but he does like to be praised, even if he doesn’t understand why. Are we as “dedicated or devoted to the service of God”? That’s one of the definitions of “holy.” The 1828 dictionary of Noah Webster puts it this way: “We call a man holy when his heart is conformed in some degree to the image of God, and his life is regulated by the divine precepts.”

Jimmy has conformed his heart “in some degree” to my image, as he has made his lifestyle compatible with mine, and as his life has become regulated by my precepts and rule. In fact, he has so conformed his life to my “divine laws,” that I have often thought he’s a good candidate for “doggy heaven” if there is one!

He’s also a terrific example of love for his master. He misses me keenly when I am away, and is invariably glad to see me when I return. If I’ve been gone for sever-

*The Bible never teaches us that obedience is impossible in some circumstances. There is always a “way of escape,” and there is always the presence of the Holy Spirit.*

would sit where he was by the edge of the road, until the car passed by, and wait until I had called, “Okay!” Once, a passing neighbor lady who had observed this scene stopped beside me and said, “I just want to tell you how impressed I am with your little dog’s behavior!”

Impressive, yes, but easy for Jimmy? Not at all. His inner struggle with his hunting instinct versus obedience to me mirrors our own inner conflicts, illustrated by another well-known dog story. An old American Indian became a Christian. When a young friend asked him what it was like to live this way, he replied,

prone to break it, so why does He allow this struggle to continue? Apparently He expects us to work with the Holy Spirit through a lifelong process called “sanctification.” It’s our job to “put off” the old man who is corrupt and lustful, and “put on” the new man in true righteousness and holiness.

The real difficulty, as I see it, lies in “besetting sins,” those weaknesses that are deeply ingrained in our inherited temperament and disposition. Sometimes this weakness is obvious, like having a violent temper, but in other cases it’s more subtle, or we have “blind spots,” so that we may not even be aware of how far short we

al days, he's overcome with emotion when I return and will often make little cries and whimpers of joy as he greets me at the door. Even my beloved wife of 38 years can't match that! I think dogs in general have people beat, paws down, on this one.

Why does Scripture stress the importance of loving others as we seek to become more like Christ? Love for others is truly unselfish. It shows we have subdued the natural self-centeredness which is the essence of that "black dog." We may even do this out of obedience, at first, as an act of will. But it becomes more: 1 Peter 1:22, "Since you have in obedience to the truth purified your souls for a sincere love for the brethren, fervently love one another from the heart." This holy, unselfish love is evidence that we have passed from the old man to the submitted servant of Christ, as our new man grows strong with love for others. The apostle John says, "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren."

Here's an example of how that works. When I served as Principal of Fair Haven Christian School 25 years ago, I asked the parents for safety reasons to pick up their children behind the building on a circular driveway, instead of on the main street. One mother persisted in parking on the street and waiting there at the end of each day. For several days I felt irritated by this and calculated my best approach to confront her. One morning I decided that I would just go out to the street before her children got there and give her a safety lecture. But that same morning I "just happened" to read the Epistle to the Colossians in my quiet time. When I got to the third chapter, I knew the Holy Spirit was speaking to me: I was to use a gentle, loving

approach to correct this seemingly rebellious parent. And it worked. The problem was solved with no hard feelings, and I've been grateful ever since that I didn't hurt her by giving a lecture.

In this case, she was not trying to give me a hard time, but what if she had been? What if she distrusted me and was trying to "make a statement"? What do you do with an apparent enemy? Jesus told us to love them, even the most difficult person you can think of! Bill Bright, founder of Campus Crusade, taught that even if we have enemies, we can learn to "love them by faith," using the following sequence:

1. God loves us unconditionally.
2. We are commanded to love others, even our enemies.
3. We are incapable of loving others in our own strength.
4. We can love others with God's

- love.
5. We must love by faith—just as we received Christ by faith.

Mr. Bright liked to point out that 1 Corinthians 13 describes *agape* love, not as an expression of our emotions, but of our will. He encouraged his student audiences to make a list of the people who made them angry, and pray until they felt God's compassion for them. When you begin to show compassion, he said, you'll be

learning how to "love by faith."

Jimmy, again, taught me a lesson here. I have hurt Jimmy's feelings terribly, several times, in the process of training him. Once when I wanted him to stay out of the living room in a new house, I picked him up the first time he came into the room and gently tossed him several feet into the middle of the rug. Then I screamed at him and chased him out of the room. He was terrified and bewildered and went off in a corner to hide. One more episode taught him that for whatever reason, the room was forever "off limits." And, more importantly, he held no grudge. Dogs don't do that. That's one reason they are "man's best friend." His love is unconditional, and he is always willing to forgive his master. May God help us to do as well when others offend us.

In conclusion, my dog has been a good example for me in his submission to my authority, in his

*Why does Scripture stress the importance of loving others as we seek to become more like Christ? Love for others is truly unselfish.*

obedience, and in his unwavering love. As Christians, we have all surrendered to Christ, but each day holds the possibility of doing more for Him. We can surrender on a deeper level, or in some new area. We can obey Him even when it seems impossible. And through it all we will grow in holiness and our love for Christ. ✠

*Father of three grown children, Joe is pastor at Quail Hollow Chapel. For several years he delivered the weekly "object lesson" at Fairwood*

Here's another thought-provoking letter from "Sagacitus Ignus," (a pen name loosely interpreted as "fiery wisdom"), in the style of C. S. Lewis's well-known classic, *Screwtape Letters*.

## Letter No. 4

My Dear Wormtape:

So your patient is considering a new church. Excellent. With very few exceptions, it doesn't really matter.

More important is the fact that the reason for his discontent has nothing to do with heresy, and everything to do with the people who sit two rows behind him. Their odd quirks, strange habits, and annoying pattern of always coming two minutes late for the service have produced a delightful coolness in their relationship to your patient. This positive turn of events has been nicely combined with the fact that several old friendships that he has enjoyed for years are gradually growing stale.

For the first time since I have known you, you have actually done something clever. Oh, you've had some minor victories in the past, but most of them had to do with the natural stupidity of your patient, and little to do with your skill as a tempter. Now, however, you are starting to accomplish one of our great objectives: driving wedges into what they perversely call the "Body of Believers."

You have cleverly encouraged your patient to see only the oddities and annoyances of family X sitting behind him. In fact, he is now almost incapable of seeing them as people; he now sees them—and dismisses them—as irritations to be criticized or avoided. Such a view is the beautiful antithesis to that repulsive command to which he gives empty lip-service: "Love one another."

I am also encouraged by the cooling of other friendships he once enjoyed in the church. Your patient has allowed himself to become too busy to visit people much, and his friends are likewise engaged mostly with themselves. What was once a bond of strength and harmony has grown brittle and awkward. On the rare occasions when they do encounter one another, conversation falters after a few moments, and they both make weak excuses to drift away, slipping safely back into their narrow, comfortable worlds.

To encourage and cultivate this delightful awkwardness, we must continually redirect their focus from their God and their so-called "mission" onto the

petty things of personality, self-serving, and ego. Instead of using their spiritual and practical gifts for the benefit of others in the Body who are weaker, we want them to look down on those people for those same weaknesses. It is roughly the equivalent of having a sailor fall overboard, only to have his fellow sailors mock him for his helpless thrashing instead of throwing him the life ring.

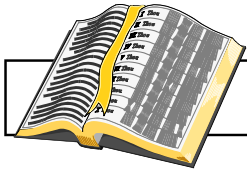
And it helps when the man in the water has a personality clash with the sailors on deck. The Enemy wants to use these personality clashes for the development of patience and love; we want to use them for the development of selfishness, hostility, and (if all goes well) outright hatred. Our job is made easier, of course, because human beings have a tendency toward selfishness anyway. The bad news is that if they overcome this selfishness and truly care for each other, our doom is certain.

I cannot warn you enough about the consequences of failure. I am sure you know what our Enemy wants for this Body of Believers. He wants them to be united—one in fellowship, one in worship, and one in warfare. And what He hopes will bind them together is what He calls "love," exercised in practical ways.

That love is the great antidote to our schemes for driving them apart and clouding their minds with envy and dislike. When they use the (troublesome) gifts the Enemy has given them—preaching the Word, giving generously of their time or money or abilities, visiting and encouraging the weak, supporting their spiritual leadership—they become a force to be reckoned with. No longer are they directing their energy at stabbing each other in the back; instead they become unified and thus strong, a loathsome army, moving with purpose and direction. Their swords are sharp, their faces clear, and their victory (I shudder to admit) is certain.

This we must oppose at all costs, and you, young demon, had better buckle down and produce results. Get moving.

Your Affectionate Uncle,  
Scarsoul



## Family Foundations

# Young Children's Responses to God

*Compiled by David H. Murray, Dublin, New Hampshire*

**As Christian parents we sometimes mistakenly assume that our young children have little ability to discern the things of God. It is really tragic when a child responds to God's call and no one recognizes what's going on. The following true accounts are being shared in hopes that you will be encouraged to look for and reinforce any spiritual responses that your children may be making. For more on the same subject, see "King's Kids" in this issue.**

### A Lesson in Child Training

I HAVE many times thought that an experience I had with one of my boys might be a help to other mothers, though I realize that no one method will fit every child—far from it. I always leaned very hard on the Holy Spirit to teach me in the training and discipline of my children, and it is His part in this instance that I especially desire to emphasize.

My youngest boy was five years old, and one day when I had him in my lap and was rocking him, he suddenly began to cry. I tried to find out what the matter was, but though I questioned him and sought in every way I knew to get at the trouble, it was all in vain. He just kept on crying. I felt irritated—who wouldn't? And if I had gone by my feelings I think a spanking would have been the decision.

Then the Holy Spirit came to my help. I am sure it was He, for quite suddenly it occurred to me that the child was under conviction for sin and didn't know how to say so. I immediately changed tactics, and began to talk to him about how Jesus died to save him and how much he needed to be saved. He readily received the glad gospel and was genuinely saved. Young as he was, there has never been any doubt that it was a real transaction between him and God, and now he is an upright young man in His Kingdom, living a consecrated life, and serving the interests of others.

Looking back at this experience I am very thankful I was kept from applying the stick rather than what the Spirit saw was needed to meet the child's heart. What a different effect it would have had on him, and what a different young man he might have become if at that critical time he had been turned away from God rather than towards Him! What a different stamp would have been put on his life had my irritable spirit controlled me just at that time instead of God's patient Spirit!

Those of us who are given children are also given a great responsibility in caring for and training them right. Our minds are not capable of knowing just what is best for them every time, but the Holy Spirit is reliable, and He understands perfectly what each of them needs under each new circumstance. All of us parents have to learn as we go along, so how we do need to trust Him and always look to Him first when a fresh problem arises! He is the One, and the only One, for us to rely on if we would be sure of success.

### God Speaks to a Child's Heart

SOME people say that small children should not be led to conversion for fear they might not properly understand. But I am sure they understand much more than older people generally think they do.

When I was about eight years old, I had an experience that I have never forgotten, though I am now over seventy. Not far from our home was a

summer resort called Delano Beach. One summer after the visitors were gone, our neighbors stayed to close up the cottages and look after things at the hotel. Their little daughter, Virginia, was a child about my age, and she was so lonely after her playmates had gone that her mother asked me to come over and spend the day and a night with her.

Virginia's playroom was a wonder to me with its dolls, doll dresses, carriages, play dishes, and other toys, but the thing that impressed me more than any of these was that when we were ready for bed, Virginia's mother came in to hear her say her evening prayer. I was embarrassed, as I had never been taught to pray. The mother was very kind and suggested I learn the prayer her little daughter had said. So I memorized it:

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.

Back in my own home the next night I did not have the courage to kneel and pray before my older sister, whose room I shared, so I got into bed without praying. But I was so troubled that I could not sleep, thinking that if I should die before I awoke, perhaps God would not take my soul, since I had not asked Him to. Finally, I covered my head with a sheet and prayed the little prayer, but still I did not feel happy, for I wondered if God would hear me if I did not kneel as I had done at Virginia's house.

The next day I asked my mother about it, and she assured me that God would always hear me. She said that she also prayed, and was glad I had learned the little prayer.

Years later when I had drifted into worldly pleasures like dancing and theater going, no matter where I had been nor how late I came home from a party, I would not go to bed without first saying that simple prayer. I am sure that the deep impression made on my soul at the age of eight was the beginning of what later on led me to give my heart to God and devote my entire life to Him.

## How He Taught a Girl of Twelve

I GAVE my heart to Jesus when I was twelve years old. The following month a Christian worker explained to me how I could invite the Holy Spirit into my heart to dwell forever if I would obey Him. She told me that He would be a friend to me in every way. Accordingly, we knelt together and I asked Him to

please come into my heart; and He did. Right away I found a joy I had never known before, and all the out-of-doors seemed fresh and new to me, just as the song says:

Heaven above is softer blue,  
Earth around is sweeter green;  
Something lives in every hue  
Christless eyes have never seen.

At this very time it happened that our class at school had been finding great difficulty with a certain group of problems in arithmetic. For a whole week we had labored over them, yet none of us could seem to get his mind around them. The teacher had patiently explained them, and at home my father had done what he could to help; but when I still failed to grasp the solution he took to teasing me about it and playfully called me a "cabbage head." So that evening after I had invited the Spirit to come into my heart, the first request I made to Him was for guidance in this school work. It was too late to study any more, so I went to bed.

As I slept, I dreamed that we were back at school, and that our class was again wrestling with those special problems. I was sent to the blackboard, and wonder of wonders, I wrote them all out and got each one exactly right!

When I awoke in the morning the dream was so vivid that I hastily got my arithmetic book, paper, and pencils, and began to figure just as I had in the dream. When I consulted the answers in the back of the book, I found I had done them correctly. Talk about joy! I could hardly take it in that I had really done this "impossible" work and done it all correctly. This new Friend who had just come into my heart had already begun to help me!

At school that morning the teacher asked if any of us had made progress with those problems, and I raised my hand. She sent me to the blackboard to try them and explain my work as I went along. No one could have been more bashful than I, but so pleased was I with the way the Holy Spirit had helped me that I felt He wanted me to put the problems on the blackboard. Sure enough, I got them all right.

This remarkable experience was the beginning of my acquaintance with the most wonderful Friend I know. ❧

*Reprinted from The Standard, December 1952, August 1953, and April 1954. The first was by Mrs. Willard N. Gleason (1877–1956) about her son Nahshon (1907–1962), and the second by Rose V. Tiedeman (1880–c.1959). The third was anonymous. Though all these folks have now passed on to their reward, the truths remain the same.*



# The Foundation of Faith

By Amy Partin, New Boston, New Hampshire

**A recent graduate of The University of New Hampshire in Manchester sounds the trumpet of victory.**

**T**HE most valuable lesson I learned in four years of college education was about the college experience itself: I was there to learn how to think, not what to think. Classes such as Introduction to Critical Analysis trained my mind how to think about the deeper meaning of a text. Beginning Logic was another class that had an impact on how I think, as I learned to evaluate arguments for various kinds of fallacies. These, and other thinking skills, were well worth my tuition dollars.

However, Christian students in a secular school have to constantly sift through the bad to get to the good. Professors who color the truth while claiming to be unbiased, subversive literature, and brilliant but blasphemous intellectuals assault students from their very first day until graduation. Trying to navigate these hazards, I kept in mind a common bumper sticker slogan: *Question Authority*. Professor, where is the evidence that the Bush administration had pre-knowledge of the 9/11 attack? Why is the biblical account of Creation not considered as credible as the Big Bang theory? If we cannot know anything with certainty, as Nietzsche said, how

could he make such an absolute statement?

Sometimes a strong dose of skepticism was not antidote enough, however. There was a strong poison in those classes that made me want to question everything I had thought was true. Once, after reading an essay on

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Only one text  
was vital  
to my college  
“un-education”  
—the Word of God.

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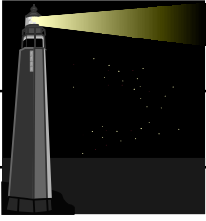
human development, I went home with my mind reeling from facts and experts that testified how closely humans and primates (as well as other animals) are linked. The apparent implications of those discoveries were unsettling. With the shaky feeling that my foundation was irrevocably cracked, I opened the first page of the Bible and read, “In the beginning God created.” That was enough. That simple, powerful, and unchangeable phrase was enough to sweep away the rubble

and build a newer, even stronger foundation of faith.

The process of not learning what to think took as much work as training the mind how to think. There were even assignments and textbooks for this discipline: magazines like *World* and *Creation*, the extensive online database at the “Answers in Genesis” website, and even editorials in *The Union Leader* helped me think clearly and intelligently about the thorny issues that I dealt with in the classroom. But only one text was vital to my college “un-education”—the Word of God.

Over the past four years the Holy Spirit has used many teaching moments to show me how to wait for and respond to His guidance. This was most necessary in the classroom, when arguing or discussing with the professor and my classmates became a tightrope act of speaking for God without becoming overbearing. Waiting for God’s impeccable timing, I experienced a wonderful example of the Truth as a sharp-edged sword rather than a heavy club.

A few days after the attack on the Trade Towers, one of my  
*(Continued on page 14)*



## The Monadnock Beacon

# To Pray or Not To Pray

By Bethany Jones

**A testimony and an exhortation: Stand firm and take action!**

**I**N my first year at Fairwood Bible Institute I had a hard time really entering into the various prayer meetings we had throughout the week. Sometimes I would come and be completely inspired and feel like we had connected with God. Other times I felt like I was in a little concrete box with no windows, no cracks, nothing. No one could hear me, I could hear no one, and what in the world was “faith”?

It was during the spring, one Thursday two o’clock prayer meeting when God answered my cries about what was happening. I had been asking Him what was wrong, why it was this way, why I couldn’t connect, and He gave me this picture in my head. Every single thing about it was awe inspiring, and from it I realized that it did not matter if I *felt* inspired or full of faith, I just had to draw my sword out and do His bidding. He would see to it that the job was done. All He wanted me to do was obey. It’s been an incredible help and good

for me to make sure to pray at every meeting and opportunity. You never know how God will use even your smallest prayer.

The following is the picture as He gave it to me, emblazoned in my mind’s eye to this day.

Complete mayhem abounded. Upon the pock-marked, grassy battlefield, a mighty war was raging. It was not just a battle, but the war itself, the War of the Ages. The saints, in brilliant pure white robes now speckled with blood and gore, fought with unearthly zeal and vigor. Their immortal faces were beautiful beyond description, eyes afire with holy wrath, mouths set in grim little smiles.

Swords aloft in strong arms smashed down onto the hideous, evil forms, their mighty weapons felling even

the strongest foe. But the enemy always pressed back; where one fell cleaved apart, it seemed three more would replace their demon comrade. It was like a sea of writhing bodies, where glints of piercing light winked in and out of the foul blackness. The saints grew weary but carried on faithfully in battle; and when it seemed that the ground would be lost, a fresh wave of holy energy swept through the ranks. Those bent in exhaustion rose and fought anew with bright, clear, and terrible faces.

In the midst of this throng stood a lone figure. She caught my eye, for unlike her comrades fighting the battles through, she stood unmoving, sword still sheathed. No wound was on her, fear was nonexistent; instead, her body and

features exuded an aura of a fierce warrior, able to hold her own. Her eyes flashed and glinted with longing to engage the battle—but she did nothing. Her hands just flexed and clenched at her sides.

The demons advanced around her, gnashing their teeth and showering her with the foulest slime. Blaspheming God and His creation, they came on until they were almost on top of her, when blinding light pierced their midsections or sliced through their extremities: other saints had engaged the foes and pushed

them back.

Why was this woman not fighting, not pushing the enemy back? Why? She was called to battle, she knew how to fight, she had been given the tools and the weapons, yet she stood unmoving.

That was the picture, and this is what it meant to me: it was the prayer meeting situation. If we sit there doing nothing, on the spiritual plane we stand in the bloody fray, swords useless in their sheaths. Standing still or sitting silent is not enough. We need to fight! It is our duty, our calling, our orders and also our pleasure to

put back the enemy. Rise up, shake off that lethargy, and join the fray. Our leader calls, we must obey! ✠

*Bethany is commencing her third and final year at Fairwood Bible Institute, where there is always occasion to pray!*



## LEARNING WITH HIM The Foundation of Faith

*(Continued from page 12)*

professors began asking the class to imagine living under terrorist rule. Given the freedom and safety that Americans enjoy, he said, can you picture yourself daily running for your life? Total silence fell as he began to go around the room, asking each student what he or she would do if, when they left the building, there were men with rifles waiting to kill them. No one spoke. I didn't have an answer either, but when the professor asked me, "How would you live?" there were words in my mouth. God used me to tell 15 very somber people that He was in control, that He knew how long each one would live and that believers in Him had no reason to fear death.

Happily, the Lord has been working through other Christians at UNH Manchester, and this year, for the first time, there is a chapter of Campus Crusade for Christ. Meeting and working with other Christian students on campus was a tremendous answer to prayer and boost to my faith. As we prayed in the old, brick-walled classrooms of the former mill building, I felt the spiritual walls shaking. Secular barriers and other forms of godlessness at UNH Manchester are crumbling—and there's proof! In response to the flyers that Campus Crusade members posted around the school, we met an entire office of Christians who work for the administration. An island in a sea of liberal college staff, they have been faithfully praying for a student-led, Christian movement and have offered to work with and help CCC any way they can.

Every day at school I passed a sign in a professor's office window that read: "Never Doubt that a Small Group of Thoughtful, Committed Citizens Can Change the World." As these spiritual developments became evident, that sign stood out more and more. "Yes," I thought, mentally changing the words, "The 'salt of the earth' can change the world." ✠

*Amy, an alumna of Fairwood Bible Institute, received her degree in English Literature, and will begin teaching this fall at her former high school.*





# Spiritual Leadership at Home

*By Neil R. Sandford, Dublin, New Hampshire*

**M**ANY men love challenges, and God has given one of the greatest challenges of all to fathers. Here on earth a father is called to demonstrate the relationship between Christ and His bride by the way he treats his wife. In addition, he is called to represent God to his children by giving them an accurate picture of what their heavenly Father is like.

Our high calling as fathers also includes the spiritual leadership of the family. We are to point and direct them toward Christ and His ways. God illustrated this by what He said about Abraham, “For I have chosen him, in order that he may command his children and his household after him to keep the way of the Lord by doing righteousness and justice” (Genesis 18:19, NAS). Whether we feel capable of successfully fulfilling our spiritual leadership role or not, God has placed the responsibility clearly in our court. I find that just faithfully being there is more important than mastering a bag full of fancy techniques.

In seeking to be a better leader in the church, I’ve been reading books about leadership recently. And I’ve discovered that the truths which apply to pastoral roles also apply to fathers. Let me share a few observations that I found convicting and applicable to my responsibility as a father.

First, I learned that leadership is not just a position we hold. It’s something earned—by demonstrating that the interests of those for whom we are responsible are more important than our own well being. Just because I have the God-given role as head of the home doesn’t automatically incline my wife and children to follow me. As I lay down my life for my wife, then her heart responds by wanting to follow my lead. Jesus won the heart of His church this way and set a wonderful example for us to follow. When my children see me consistently putting their interests ahead of my own comfort and desires, they develop a trust in my leadership, because they know that what is best for them is my first priority. Wherever I fail to put their interests first

and they see me pursuing my own agenda or selfish desires, trust in my leadership is eroded.

Leadership also includes making connections with people’s hearts. Having a heart connection is more important than trying to convince people through a logical mental process. People will respond and follow when their heart is touched. This is also true in the family. It’s one of the main reasons family devotions are so important. Not only do they provide a time to communicate values, but they offer time to share from your heart. This may involve recounting some experience where God taught you a lasting lesson, or discussing a verse from God’s Word that moved you, or sharing a prompting to your own heart to pray or reach out to someone else. The more your wife and children see and know your heart, the more they will respond to your leadership decisions. They can see that your heart is following God and that you are not arbitrary, unreasonable, or tyrannical.

The words from the song “Dare to Be a Daniel” have been echoing through my own heart lately:

Standing by a purpose true,  
Heeding God’s command,  
Honor them, the faithful few!  
All hail to Daniel’s band!

Every organization needs a purpose. A good leader keeps focused on that purpose and helps set measurable goals. I have been amazed to learn how successful organizations and leaders keep their mission statement before their eyes and remind those who are working with them to do the same. As humans we need to be reminded over and over of our mission, and we need to be able to see how the various activities in which we are engaged fit into the bigger picture of our overall calling. That gives a special sense of meaning to life.

When our daughter went through a leadership training course several years ago, she was required to write out her own individual “life mission statement.”

It made me realize the value of having the family purpose or mission written down as well. It could be posted in a prominent place in the home as a constant reminder to us and our children. And it doesn't need to be complicated. It might be as simple as, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," or, "Know Christ and Make Him Known," or it could be just the mission statement of our fellowship. Regularly reviewing our family purpose to see how well we are doing in fulfilling it is important, too, as is setting specific goals to help us achieve it.

Finally, every personality has a different leadership style for fulfilling given responsibilities. Some are

very "hands on" and intimately involved, while others may be more effective with a lighter touch. Some think of their roles as that of a "coach" to inspire, instruct, and advise, while others picture themselves as a "shepherd," lovingly leading the sheep, through kindly words or gentle prods. Still others may prefer the idea of a "CEO," leading a business team with each person giving input around a circle. Whatever your style or the picture that God has given you, lead out with all your heart to see your family is all that God wants it to be.

Here's a poem that helps express the ideals I'm describing.

## The Patriarch

*by Douglas W. Phillips, Founder of Vision Forum*

More noble than the valiant deeds of shining knights of yore,  
More powerful than earthly plights that make the rich man poor,  
More kingly than a royal throne or lion with his pride,  
Is he whose babes sleep well at night, sure Daddy will provide.

There is a spirit in this land, and "Jezebel" 's her name.  
She's calling you to leave your home for power, fun, and fame.  
She wants your wife, your children too — she'll never compromise,  
Until your house is torn in two by listening to her lies.

But though a hundred million men may fall prey to her lures,  
And wives en masse leave home in search of "more fulfilling" chores,  
Though preachers praise, and friends embrace, her pagan plan of death,  
Stand strong and quit you like a man with every blessed breath.

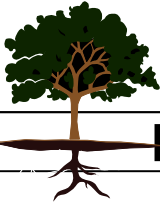
Stand strong and rise, O man of God, to meet this noble call,  
The battle is not new, you see; it's been here since the Fall.  
Your wife is your helpmeet, my friend, and not another man's,  
So care for her and keep her far from Mistress Jezi's plans.

Protect, provide, and give to her your undivided life,  
This is the dear one of your youth, your precious bride, your wife.  
And rally to those tiny ones who trust you for their care —  
A lifetime spent discipling them's a lifetime pure and rare.

For when they put their hand in yours and know a Daddy's love,  
You're showing them a picture of the Father from above.  
Look not toward worldly goal or gain, or for your liberty,  
Look only into their sweet eyes to find your ministry.

Devote your heart, and sacrifice, and make your manly mark —  
There's none so great as he who finds his call as patriarch.

*Neil is Pastor of Fairwood Bible Chapel and Director of Fairwood Bible Institute. The poem is used by permission and was selected from Poems for Patriarchs: The Verse and Prose of Christian Manhood, which may be found at [www.visionforum.com](http://www.visionforum.com), website of Vision Forum.*



## Lest We Forget

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

# The Feast of Tabernacles

**J**UST 100 years ago this fall, the Bible School community at Shiloh observed their 12th annual Feast of Ingathering. First, however, they harvested their extensive crops, in order that everyone could be present at the meetings with that safely behind them. This included 22 acres of potatoes dug and gathered in one day!

During the services, various texts took center stage, but the Feast of Rosh Hashana occurred on September 30 that year, thus coinciding with their observance of Tabernacles, and it was marked by a distinct message from God to Mr. Sandford. He described it this way:

On the Jewish New Year, God gave the writer two prophetic words, "Tender ... leaves." They spoke of the Jewish fig tree, cursed and withered because of God's wrath, but now at last, through His everlasting mercy, beginning to put forth "tender leaves," a prophecy that "the winter" was "over" and "the summer" had come back to God's ancient people.

It was a simple message, but it had a most powerful effect upon the hearts of the people. The knowledge that God had undertaken in this very year to reap the Jewish people, to harvest them, to bring them to their own land, to do great and mighty things in their behalf, to "dig" about the tree, to "dung" it, to see if it would "bear fruit this year, and if so well: and if not, to cut it down," put an awe over the people of God and caused them to pour out heartfelt prayers of faith.

It's worthy of note (and they could not have been unaware) that elsewhere in the world, the new Zionist Congresses were taking place, and European Jews

were making their way back in increasing numbers to the Land. Faith at home was linked powerfully with "facts on the ground" in Palestine.

As the Feast continued, they also prayed at 3:00 each afternoon for a different one of the seven continents to be "harvested" just as thoroughly as they themselves had brought in their potatoes. The descriptions of these prayer meetings were powerful, as these words about their intercession for the vast peoples of Asia will indicate:

It was a sublime charge of faith, and at last there was a consciousness went through the assembly that our great God had heard and answered.... It was not theory. It was reality, the same kind of reality as is seen today in the vast structures on Shiloh hilltop, in the beautiful yachts on the water, and in the farms possessed by the Kingdom. The faith that harvested the twenty-two acres of potatoes yesterday, gathered in all Asia today.

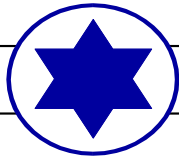
Finally, on the eighth day, they worshipped this way:

Then followed twenty-four hours of continual worship to the God of the whole earth. We kept pace with the sun in its circuit, and declared that as fast as his beams went over the hilltops to the different places from the north to the south pole, our faith and adoration and worship in behalf of that people should ascend to the mighty God of Zion.

Ah, it was sublime! It was marvelous!

For seven hours an uninterrupted stream of

*(Continued on page 19)*



## “He Loveth the Tribes”

*by Jean S. Dart, edited by Times of Restoration*

For our fifth installment in this space, we describe the next two Tribes (nine and ten, in their birth order), Issachar and Zebulun. Interestingly, they are almost always mentioned together in Scripture, as if they had been closely associated even as boys and their descendants maintained the connection. The two have been tentatively identified by various scholars (both Christian and Jewish) with the Swiss, the Finns, and the Dutch. But God knows just where they are, and one day there will be 12,000 bridal souls “sealed” from these tribes, taking their place on Mt. Zion “with the Lamb.”

This is not mere “eschatology”—that sealing is quite possibly going on today. If our faith will have it so, it *is* going on today—and since God’s Spirit has turned our attention this way, what better calling could we have than to pray for this?

To our knees, then! Let’s adopt the uncompromising faith expressed by the author, as we continue this good work of prayer through the end of 2005.

### ISSACHAR—“Hire, Reward”

No matter whether it is the first child, over whom the mother cried, “Behold, a son,” or the ninth one, whom she feels is a special reward, the final outcome is the same—12,000 souls ready for the Master. Jacob blessed him by describing him as “a strong ass couching down between two burdens: and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute” (Genesis 49:14–15).

The territorial allotment of Issachar stretched from Carmel to the Jordan and was, as it still is, one of the richest parts of the Land of Israel. Maybe that is what Jacob referred to in his blessing, for his words would imply a tribe resting in a pleasant land, without spirit enough to drive out the enemy. All this must vanish from 12,000 souls in Issachar; for the 144,000 ride white chargers and through Christ can do anything.

The children of Issachar were “men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to

do” in David’s day, and many of them came to Hebron to make him king in 1 Chronicles 12.

But now, O Issachar, come forth from thy tents: leave thy pleasant places, cleanse yourselves from all that is at ease, and become purged from all that is tributary to the world, the flesh, or Satan. Join your God-given Leader once more on the battlefield of faith’s Last Charge!

Twelve thousand from your tribe must be ready to receive the seal of the Living God. Then with life’s work for the Gentile world well done, ascend with the Master and come back with Him on White Horses, riding with Him into Armageddon where He will conquer the antichrist.

To this glorious end we faithfully do our work in prayer during this month of September, “stamping them with Divinity” as the days go by, knowing well, that others can only be stamped through us as we are well stamped ourselves.

## ZEBULUN— “Dwelling, habitation”

Of the individual Zebulun, nothing is recorded. But Jacob foresaw that he would “dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for an haven of ships; and his border shall be unto Sidon.” Moses declared, “Rejoice, Zebulun, in thy going forth.... They shall call the people unto the mountain; there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness, for they shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand.”

One commentator explains this to mean that they “should traffic with the Phoenicians in gold and silver, pearl and coral, especially in murex, the shell-fish that yielded the famous Tyrian dye, and in glass, which was manufactured from the sand of the river Belus, in their immediate neighborhood” (Jamieson, Fausset, and Brown).

When Gideon sent out the call for cooperation in his miraculous undertaking, Zebulun responded

(Judges 6:35)—and that is all you have to do, Zebulun, keep on responding to God’s calls, cooperating wholeheartedly with Him, and you will have 12,000 on faith’s battlefield whose spiritual warfare elicits the praise of Heaven, and wins the seal of the living God.

In David’s day, 50,000 of this tribe, “such as went forth to battle, expert in war, which could keep rank, and were not of double heart, came to David to help him”—and what a help to have such single-hearted men! In the future, 12,000 such, whose very existence on earth has helped stop the groans of a great multitude whom no man can number, will help the Master at Armageddon. For them we are praying this month that they will be so stamped with Divinity that every characteristic of the Son of God will be theirs, that they will triumph over every difficulty in winning their part of that “great multitude” of converts, and then swell the chorus on Mount Zion that none but the Overcomers can sing. ✠



*(Continued from page 17)*

### LEST WE FORGET **The Feast of Tabernacles**

prayer, praise, and worship ascended to the throne of God.

For the next three and a half hours, there was a most remarkable mixture of testimony, bursting out into prophecy, then into prayer, and often times into worship. It was the voice of God through humanity as I have never heard it before in my life.

Ten hours and a half, without any interruption in this sublime march of the Holy Ghost through the assembled people in the temple of God—“the little sanctuary!” It was truly the God of Jerusalem receiving the worship of His people for the Gentile world that had been redeemed in fact as well as theory.

We closed up with the 14th chapter of Zechariah, the great, central point of which was the return of Jehovah to be “king over all the earth,” with “all His saints,” while “living

water” flows out from Jerusalem in summer and

in winter: then all the globe is seen journeying once a year up to Jerusalem to keep the feast which this movement represents: the bells of the horses having “holiness unto Jehovah” upon them; every common pot in the City “like unto the bowls before the altar,”—“holiness unto the Lord of hosts,” and after God’s judgments have smitten every rebel in the antichrist army, “it shall come to pass that every one that is left ... shall even go up, from year to year, to worship the King, the Lord of hosts, and to keep the Feast of Tabernacles.” ✠

—From *The Glad Tidings of the Kingdom, July 1904 to Oct. 2, 1905, pp. 94–96*. This account was the final published installment of what had been an unbroken series of publications at Shiloh, beginning in the fall of 1895. It would not commence again until after the Coronet’s epic voyage around the world, four years later.



## King's Kids

# Testimonies from Former Children

*Compiled by Bria Sandford, Bedford, New Hampshire*

Below are four brief, but important testimonies which bear witness that Jesus cares for children—and that they can be made perfectly aware of His care, even while young. The young ladies mentioned here were part of the past summer “Girls Week” camp, led by Andrea Murray. For more on this subject, see “Family Foundations” in this issue.

DURING my first youth camp, when I was about nine years old, I became very homesick at bedtime. Not knowing where to turn, I prayed, and Jesus Himself came into my room. He was sitting beside my bed, and it seemed that He cradled my head on His lap. I could feel His presence until I fell asleep, and I was totally at peace. I have never felt Him so real as I did that night. Jesus cares for His children!

*—Andrea Murray, 25  
Dublin, New Hampshire*

WHEN I was younger I was deathly afraid of thunderstorms. I'd huddle into a ball and shake, moan, and quake. Slowly, I began to realize that Jesus was bigger than thunderstorms, and not just storms in the weather. I've found that Jesus is bigger than everything.

*—Klara Holscher, 14  
Hobart, New York*

WHEN I was younger I used to be very fearful. I was always very scared when my parents would travel. I was afraid that they would die. I would pray a lot. But just a couple of years ago God took my fearfulness away. I praise Him!

*—Stephanie Knowles, 14  
Quarryville, Pennsylvania*

WHEN I was younger I seemed to worry about everything. For example, if I came home and found nobody was there, I would worry that they had been raptured, and I had been left behind. But eventually God took my worries away. And I'm sure, now, that when the time comes, I'll be going up with Jesus, too!

*—Heidi Bean, 15  
Leeds, Maine*