

Christ is Victor

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“Waiting on the Lord”

“And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me” (John 12:32).

The Bible from the beginning to the end points to the Cross. Jesus says: “When I am lifted up, I will lift all men unto myself.” It was a great work done on the Cross. Meditation on the Cross and understanding of the Cross provide a mighty lifting power to lift one into the higher regions of spiritual life. When you are alone in prayer, suddenly one by one your thoughts appear to be wrong, and then His thoughts possess you. What may be God’s plan for you, for your son, for your family enters your mind.

Moses came into the place where God could freely put in His thoughts into him. Those that wait on the Lord find their bodies strengthened, their spirits rebuilt, their will remade, their memory sharpened, their affections purified, and their imaginations corrected. If your one aim is to wait on the Lord in prayer and get yourself remade, you will rise. Jonah outside God’s will was dead weight to himself and all around him. Only when he was thrown out, the boat became light, the wind stopped and the storm ceased. A man outside God’s will is a danger to others—especially a man of God. May God give us the grace of waiting on Him.

“Evidence not seen”

During the bloody days of World War Two, the Japanese successfully occupied the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia), leading to the internment of many prisoners of war and brutal suffering. Among these prisoners was C. Russell Deibler, a pioneer Christian missionary to the Kapauku tribe, and his young wife, Darlene. Russell would die in 1944, but Darlene survived to tell her story in *Evidence not seen*—the story of miraculous faith in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp.

Shortly after Darlene’s arrival at the camp in Kampili (1943), a senior missionary exhorted her: “Lassie, whatever you do, be a good soldier for Jesus Christ.” Those words sustained her in the dark days ahead.

In the darkness, God spoke comfort to Darlene’s heart. On her first night of being evacuated to a trench, bombs exploding, Psalm 91:7b repeatedly came to mind: “*It shall not come nigh thee*”. Having learned of her husband’s death, the Lord stood in the cathedral of her heart and read from His Word: “*He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted ... to comfort all that mourn ... to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness*” (Isaiah 61:1-3). The sword of sorrow pierced deep within, but He bathed the sword in oil and blessed her with the comfort of the Holy Spirit.

One day, the Kempeitai—the feared military police of the Japanese Army—came to collect Darlene from the camp and take her to a separate prison. Darlene had known the quality of God’s love, and so her heart bowed in submission to this discipline: “All right,” she whispered, “just don’t leave me.” He was faithful.

Late one afternoon, Darlene discovered a knife on a ledge in her cell. Where did it come from? Who put it there? When? Why? What should she do with it? Was it to encourage suicide, or to use as evidence against her? Darlene’s stomach churned within her. On her knees, with her face to the floor, she explained the whole situation to the Lord. Quietness invaded her spirit and she began to worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of Elijah and Daniel, the God of miracles. “Lord, if You could open the Red Sea to deliver Your people from Egyptian tyranny, and if You could send Your angel to shut the mouths of lions that they might not kill Daniel—then, Lord, it is nothing to You to remove that knife. Thank You, Father.”

For three days, Darlene did not leave her six-foot-square cell. Yet in the afternoon of the third day, she crawled up to find an empty ledge. The

knife was gone! “—and Father, erase all memory of it from the mind of whoever put the knife there.” He did just that. With Him, all things were still possible.

He, the Great Physician, passed by too when Darlene was troubled by dysentery; by faith Darlene reached out to touch the hem of His garment, and He healed her of dysentery, beriberi, and malaria. She could witness to the guard who brought her medicine that God had healed her.

God provided for her too. Once as Darlene hung from the lintel bars above her door looking out, she saw a woman receiving bananas through the vine-covered fence of the camp. Dropping to the floor, exhausted, Darlene asked the Lord for one banana. Then she began to rationalize—how could God do it? She couldn’t see how He could get a banana to her through those prison walls, even after the knife episode and her healing. “There’s no way for You to do it,” she prayed.

On the following day, Darlene received an unexpected visit from Mr. Yamaji, the very cruel camp commander at Kampili to whom she had witnessed of Jesus and His love, and for whom she had prayed. After he finally left her cell, the guard returned, opened the door, walked in, and with a sweeping gesture laid at her feet—bananas! “They’re yours,” he said, “and they’re all from Mr. Yamaji.” Darlene sat down, stunned, and counted. There were ninety-two bananas!

Darlene had never known such shame before her Lord. She pushed the bananas into a corner and wept before Him. “Lord, forgive me; I’m so ashamed. I couldn’t trust You enough to get even one banana for me. Just look at them—there are almost a hundred.”

In the quiet, He answered back within her heart: “That’s what I delight to do, the exceeding abundant above anything you ask or think.” Darlene knew in those moments that nothing was impossible with God—and on the day that she peeled the very last, then black and shrivelled banana, she was taken back to Kampili. The bananas helped her to survive.

After Darlene’s liberation later that year and return to America, she came back to New Guinea to share the Gospel. In those dark days, Darlene had come to experience faith as “*the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen*” (Hebrews 11:1), her trust in the unchanging Person of Jesus Christ.

—Darlene Deibler Rose, *Evidence not seen*

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“The Cross”

“These words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee” (John 17:1).

People have all kinds of notions about the Cross. When we refer to the Cross, we refer to that great, perfect, peerless sacrifice of Jesus made for you and me to cancel all our sins. There is no parallel to this propitiatory sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross. The greatest hater of Jesus, when he comes to the Cross, is broken by the love of the Saviour.

If you have not gone to the Cross, and unloaded all your garbage, all your hidden sin, you will continue to be a garbage truck. I am sad to see that many men and women are just garbage collectors. Their mouths spew garbage. Their eyes spew garbage. Their thoughts spew garbage. When they sit at their dinner table, they talk evil about somebody. There should be love at the table, not evil talk about somebody. Some people think that without that pickle of slander, they can't eat. When you talk like that, you are poisoning yourself, your children and your family. Oh, how sad it makes me! So many people who ought to know better default here! They know so much religion in their heads. They warm the church pews with their presence by merely sitting there. But never does it get into their hearts.

No man can do you harm, only your evil heart and your evil thoughts—they will do you in. You are your greatest enemy. Your negative thoughts and negative mind are your worst enemies.

My dear readers, what a deliverance we get at the Cross! The slavish mind is gone! The slavery is gone! I often say: “I am not afraid of anybody. I am only afraid of Joshua Daniel.” That which cometh out of a man, that defiles a man, not that which comes from outside. What is coming out of you?

There are too many people who are killers in their homes. Their words are sharper than daggers and spears. They are grave-diggers of their own children.

But at the Cross of Jesus, there is a transformation for you and me. And you will find that there is something to glory in. So St. Paul says: “*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ*” (Galatians 6:14). At the Cross, Jesus crucified my old nature and released a flow of positivity. At the Cross my old nature dies and the risen nature comes into me. Yes, the Cross is our only refuge from our old nature and from our wicked heart. What a refuge I have found in the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus!

Here the Lord Jesus says: “Father, glorify thy name. This is the hour of glory.” There are hours of testing for everybody. There are hours of stress for everybody. That is a part of life. But we never call it the hour of glory. We suffer from those hours. We never think of calling them our “glory hours”.

When Mr. Moody was dying, his family was around him. He touched the lives of millions of people. When he was dying, and his heart was failing, the doctor tried to revive him. When the doctor tried to revive his heart once again, he said to the doctor, “Doctor, is it wise to do that?” And as death drew close, he said, “This is my Coronation Day.” Yes, all of us hate death from visiting us or our loved ones. But who will call it his “Coronation Day”? Because of the Cross, because of the resurrection, our dying hour becomes our coronation hour!

Whatever your doctrine may tell you, whatever some of these fanatics may tell you, you can never disprove the resurrection of Jesus. No power could keep Jesus within the grave. I knelt in that open grave. There was nothing there. But oh, how my heart was thrilled! I made my little children kneel in that open grave. Within that grave, into which we entered by a narrow opening, oh, how my heart was full of praise! My dear people, you have to experience this power within your heart.

When the disciples saw the risen Saviour, and ate with Him, they became revolutionized. From being fearful they became emboldened men. They became men full of power. All of you can enjoy this power. It is the power of the Holy Spirit. It is a purifying power. It burns out all the sin and dross. When fear is banished, and your sin is cancelled, being made free from sin, you become servants of righteousness.

My father, being a mathematics teacher, used to describe it this way, saying, “Jesus will wipe out your denominator.” When you say one, what do you mean? One by one makes one. Alright, if you remove that which is below, what happens to one? It becomes infinity. Infinity! What power should come out of your life because the Cross of Jesus and the resurrection power of Jesus wipes away the denominator in your life!

My dear readers, you must realize that when this miracle does not take place in your life, instead of being the solver of your problems, you become the creator of problems. Why? You are not at peace with yourself. So wherever you go, you will create problems. But you can only go to the Cross and say: “Lord Jesus, I want this horrible denominator to be taken away.” The resurrection power of Jesus will touch and transform your life and you will become a blessing instead of being a problem and a curse. May the Lord help you.

—Joshua Daniel

Reality Check!

“O WRETCHED MAN THAT I AM! WHO WILL DELIVER ME FROM THIS BODY OF DEATH? I THANK GOD—THROUGH JESUS CHRIST MY LORD!”
(ROMANS 8:24-25A).
(MARK 10:47, 51).

“The Cottage Floor”

During a visit in 1904 to a remote part of the Transvaal, I was lodging at a small house on the veldt.

On retiring to rest at night, I could not help noticing the extremely dirty state of the bedroom floor. It looked as if it had not been cleaned for months. I determined that the following day I would call the landlady's attention to it, and ask her to have it scrubbed.

The next morning, however, I saw what had escaped my notice the evening before. The floor was of such a nature that no scrubbing could make it any cleaner. It was made of big clods of dirt, dried and hardened in the sun, and trodden down till a solid surface was formed, as level and smooth as any ordinary floor.

Of course I gave up my idea of asking the landlady to scrub it. The more such a floor was scrubbed, the worse it would become. No amount of soap and water would do it any good. Will you be surprised, reader, if I tell you that that bedroom floor aptly sets forth your condition in the sight of God?

I wonder if you are prepared to acknowledge that in God's sight you are so bad, so unclean, so corrupt, that you can no more improve yourself, or do anything to amend your condition than the bedroom floor could be made clean by scrubbing it?

That is a truth that many are very slow to learn. They labour under the delusion that if only they try hard enough, and persevere long enough, they can make themselves more fit for God's presence. They might as well imagine that if only they could get a good scrubbing-brush, and plenty of soap and water, they would at last succeed in improving the condition of the bedroom floor. “*For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet*

thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord GOD” (Jeremiah 2:22).

Multitudes of men and women are engaged in a hopeless task of this sort, and many are the various kinds of scrubbing-brushes that they use.

There is, for instance, the scrubbing-brush of Self-Restraint. Have you not sometimes used this brush? You have tried to control your temper, and put a curb upon your unruly tongue. You have kept a strict watch over your actions, and have endeavoured to restrain your passions. In this way you have been scrubbing away at the dirty floor. But you have utterly failed to effect any real improvement. You are as far from God as ever. Your heart is just as bad as when you began.

Perhaps it is the scrubbing-brush of Moral Living that you are trying. You do not swear or cheat, or get drunk. No impure speech ever soils your lips. You never do anything that men would call wicked. But all this makes no difference in your condition before God. Your moral living has not changed the evil character of your heart. Who can say: “I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?”

Many fancy that where other scrubbing-brushes fail, the brush of Religion will succeed. So they read their Bibles and say their prayers. They are regular attendants at Church, and take the sacrament. Perhaps they sing in the choir. They may become Sunday-school teachers. But all this leaves their carnal nature unchanged. Their religious garb serves but to cover up the uncleanness within.

If the scrubbing-brush of Religion could make anyone clean, it should have made Saul of Tarsus so. Zealous beyond all his contemporaries, rigid in his observance of ceremonies and ordinances, devoted in his

obedience to the priests, he might well have claimed to be the most religious man of his day.

But all the while there raged in his heart a bitter hatred against Christ. When at last his eyes were opened, and he found how terribly mistaken he had been, he confessed that he was the chief of sinners. In spite of all his religiousness he had to acknowledge: “*In me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing” (Romans 7:18).*

Do not, then, make a scrubbing-brush of religion as it can never make the sinner clean. It can never wash away his sin.

But if neither self-restraint, nor moral living, nor religion, nor any other scrubbing-brush of a similar kind can make you clean, there is One who can.

The LORD JESUS CHRIST is the only Saviour. There is power in His precious blood to wash all your foul stains away. “Ye must be born again,” are the words that confront every Christless soul. They were addressed to a most religious man. And they are as true today as ever. What you need, reader, is to be born again. Nothing short of that will do.

Own your exceeding sinfulness. Pass sentence upon yourself unsparingly. Then look away from yourself altogether to Christ: “*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His blood” (Revelation 1:5). “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John 1:7).* Happy is the heart that can say: “Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee Whose blood can cleanse each spot: O Lamb of God, I come”.

—Selected

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This Fellowship is an inter-denominational missionary and prayer group working for revival in churches and amongst students in several countries. We invite every layperson to become God's ally in changing his or her corner of the world. We train people in evangelistic work and to be self-supporting missionaries.

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“The Matchless Pearl”

By a stretch of water, the Christian missionary David Morse was carefully handling a pearl diver's catch: “Why, it's a treasure!” he declared.

The old man near him shrugged; yes, it was a “good one”.

“Good! Have you ever seen a better pearl? It's perfect ...!”

“Oh, yes, there are better pearls, much better,” came the reply. “Why, I have one...”

The diver saw imperfections in the new find—the black specks, tiny dent, slightly oblong shape ...but it was good as pearls go. “It is just as you say of your God,” said the pearl diver. “To themselves people look perfect, but God sees them as they actually are.” The men started walking.

“You're right, Rambhau. And God offers a perfect righteousness to all who will simply believe and accept His free offer of salvation through His beloved Son.”

It was “too easy” for the diver: “I cannot accept that. Perhaps I am too proud. I must work for my place in heaven.”

Morse disagreed: “There's only one way to heaven,” he told the aging diver. “If you ever want to see heaven's gates of pearl, you must accept the new life God offers you in His Son.” He should prepare for the life to come.

“That's just what I'm going to do,” replied Rambhau. He would begin a pilgrimage that he had planned all his life: “I shall make sure of heaven this time. I am going to Delhi on my knees.” Would not the immortals reward his sweet suffering, this 900-mile journey, and heaven thus be purchased?

“My friend!” said the missionary, “You can't! How can I let you do this when Jesus Christ has died to purchase heaven for you?” But the old man could not understand and accept the free salvation of Christ, though often told of God's way to heaven.

One afternoon, Rambhau desired Morse to visit his house.

The heart of the missionary leaped. Perhaps God was answering prayer at last. Yet his heart sank when the diver announced his impending departure for Delhi.

After they had arrived, Rambhau brought a small safe to Morse: “I keep only one thing in it,” he said. “Now I will tell you about it. Sahib [‘Sir’] Morse, I once had a son.”

“A son! Why, Rambhau, you never said a word about him!”

“No, Sahib, I couldn't.” The diver's eyes were moistened. Before leaving, he would share the story of his son, the “best pearl diver” on India's coast: “What joy he brought me! He always dreamed of finding a pearl beyond all that had ever been found. One day he found it. But when he found it, he had already been underwater too long. He lost his life soon after.” The old diver bowed his head and for a moment his body shook. Before leaving forever, “[T]o you, my best friend,” he told Morse, “I am giving my pearl.” Then a package was drawn from the safe and a mammoth pearl placed in the missionary's hand. Its glow was never seen in cultured pearls.

Speechless, Morse gazed upon it with awe. “Let me buy it,” he finally said.

“Sahib,” Rambhau's body stiffened, “this pearl is beyond all price. No man in all the world has money enough to pay what this pearl is worth to me.” He would not sell it. Morse could only have it as a gift.

“No ... [a]s much as I want the pearl,” Morse replied, “I cannot accept it that way. Perhaps I am proud, but that is too easy. I must pay for it, or work for it.”

The old pearl diver was stunned. The missionary did not seem to understand: “Don't you see? My only son gave his life to get this pearl, and I wouldn't sell it for any money. Its worth is in the lifeblood of my son. ... Just accept it in token of the love I bear for you.”

The missionary was choked. “Rambhau,” he finally said, “don't you see? That is just what you have been saying to God.” The diver looked and slowly began understanding. “God is offering to you eternal life as a free gift.” So great and priceless, it could not be bought, earned, or deserved. “It cost God the lifeblood of His only Son to make entrance for you into heaven,” continued the missionary. “In a hundred pilgrimages, you could not earn that entrance. All you can do is accept it as a token of God's love for you, a sinner. Rambhau, of course, I will accept the pearl in deep humility, praying God I may be worthy of your love. Rambhau, won't you too accept God's great gift of eternal life, in deep humility, knowing it cost Him the death of His Son to offer it to you?”

The old man was crying, the veil lifting, understanding: “Sahib, I see it now. I believe Jesus gave Himself for me. I accept Him.”

“The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Romans 6:23).

“Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift” (2 Corinthians 9:15).

“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3:16).

—See “The Matchless Pearl”,
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