

# Christ is Victor

SEP/OCT 2001

## Watch!

*"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" Ps. 141:3*

What a wonderful prayer this is! If you keep your mouth, then you will save yourself from a lot of trouble. Do not speak harshly. Think, "Is this word pleasing to the Lord?" If not do not speak it. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth." How important this is!

We like watchmen to watch our things; we like watchmen to watch our houses. But who would put a watch over our tongues that we may not sin? There is a kind of loose talk when people meet. Some people talk about things that do not pertain to them. That is not their business. That will destroy their spiritual life and the spirituality of those around.

When you talk to others, the first thing should be, "The Lord is teaching me this. The Lord is teaching me that." I have been telling people these days that the Lord shows me that my faith is not enough. This need is a burden on my heart. I am sure they are challenged in their own hearts when they hear this. What God shows to me about my need will be a blessing to someone else. That should be the type of talk among us.

If we just talk what we think and what we have heard, what somebody said, it is very dangerous. Because of lack of watchfulness in words, the spirit of revival is going down.

*"Incline not my heart to any evil thing, to practice wicked works with men that work iniquity: and let me not eat of their dainties" (Ps. 141:4)* I feel something which loosens the tongue is a nice dinner. Some people have the habit of asking preachers to come for dinners. They keep on inviting until it becomes a weakness with some preachers. If they do not watch their words, instead of being a blessing to that family they are a curse. They leave some words behind and some suggestions which are negative.

We should speak things that will edify the hearers. Otherwise, it is better to keep still. Some people allow their hearts to become negative. The more you keep evil in your heart, the more your spirit is disjointed and separated from God.

... "WATCH" CON'T ON PAGE 4

**ON** Christ is Victor  
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## A Teenage Triumph

*"THREE YOUNG PEOPLE KILLED, 3 HURT IN 3-CAR CRASH." Palm Springs, June 6. Three young people were killed and three others injured in a three-car head-on collision on Highway 111 at the northern edge of this desert resort town this afternoon. The dead were Robert Joseelyn...his passenger Karen Ruth Johnson 17..."*

With these words a correspondent for the Los Angeles Times broke the frontpage news in cold print to the sprawling city of Los Angeles that a horrible tragedy had just taken place in nearby Palm Springs. Three young people had been cut off in the bloom of their lives, and a fourth soon died from injuries in the accident.

What the correspondent could not have known was that the family of Karen Johnson would publish a brochure in which they described this indubitable tragedy from a human point of view as "A Teenage Triumph." Perhaps as many as 1,000,000 copies of this brochure, in twelve different languages, have since been distributed.

### TRIUMPH?

How could a grieving family possibly view the sudden death of one of their dear members as "triumph"? The answer to this question lies in the fact of Karen and her family's belief that not even death itself can separate us from the love of God.

### DEDICATED

Like so many other Christian parents, Edward and Joyce Johnson decided to dedicate their first-born daughter to the Lord. One Sunday morning they went to Moody Memorial Church in Chicago where, in a dedication service, Pastor Harry Ironside prayed that the Lord would bless their small child. For the Johnsons this was no mere ceremony. They believed that the Lord had given Karen Ruth to them as a gift; Karen belonged to Him, not to them. To be certain that Karen would later know that she had been dedicated to the Lord, Ed Johnson made a recording of the service.

As a small child, Karen was full of life. She loved to play. She also loved to listen to Bible stories which her mother and father read to her. One evening when she was five, she said to her mom: "I want to give my life to the Lord." She got down on her knees and asked Jesus to come into her heart."

### THREE HOMES

Not much time later, as the family was driving near the Johnsons' summer home at Bethany

Beach, Michigan, with Karen sitting in the back seat of the car, she suddenly piped up with: "Daddy, you know we have three homes." One of her startled parents turned to the five-year-old in the back seat and asked: "What do you mean, Karen?" She responded, "We have one home in Illinois, one home in Michigan, and one home in Heaven." Her father was to remember this incident very clearly later in his life.

Karen Johnson was a very special person. Both the fellows and the girls in her youth group found her both kind and outgoing. They held a surprise party for her when she was a senior in high school. Her classmates at San Marino High School were so impressed by her personal warmth and charm that they described her as a "precious pearl" in her senior yearbook.

But what made her so special? What made her so attractive to literally hundreds of people? It was probably only after Karen's death that some of us began to realize how deep her love for the Savior had been. For she knew Jesus in a way that transformed her relationships with her teenage friends.

On Thursday June 4, 1959, Karen finished a school assignment at San Marino High School. On Friday, June 5, 1959, she gave it to her teacher. On Saturday June 6, the very next day, Karen's earthly life ceased in the split-second trauma of a head-on automobile accident.

It was only after the accident that a next door neighbor girl reminded the Johnsons that Karen had written the school assignment. The San Marino high school principal looked for it and gave it to the parents. The Johnsons had never read it before. Karen had written it as her last senior paper for her high school teacher. The paper revealed her deep love for the Lord Jesus.

Karen's 'Philosophy of Life' starts like this: "My philosophy of life is based on the Holy Bible and the God that wrote it. I know that He has a plan for my life and through daily prayer and reading of His Word I will be able to see it. As far as my life work or life partner is concerned I am leaving it in His hands and am willing to do anything He says.

*I feel that this philosophy is very practical and can be applied to everyday life. Every decision can be taken to the Lord in prayer and the peace that comes from knowing Jesus Christ as my personal Savior is something many cannot understand. Many search for a purpose and reason for life. I know that I am on this earth to have fellowship with God and to win others to the saving knowledge of His Son, Jesus Christ. I know that after death I will go to be with Him forever..."*

# The Widow's Faith

*"...And many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing...For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." (Mark 12:41-44)*

Jesus watched and He saw the self-congratulatory way in which the rich were giving their contributions. They were not giving with gratitude that God had enabled them to give that much for His great purpose. As for the widow, according to mathematics, she gave 100 percent and that was in greater proportion than that of the rich. It is not the hand, but the heart behind the hand that matters. We should not give with the attitude of bribing God.

God is specially mindful of widows. It was the widow's oil that Elijah, the man of God, multiplied. It is the widow that has brokenness who is very acceptable to God. *"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."* (James 1:27)

There is, in this widow, no hatred or resentment or unfaith in God. The rich men had a very different attitude. Their money had buried them in self-satisfaction and hence prevented their talents from coming out. God sees wealth in the rich man greater than his riches. It is your personality, life and preaching that God depends on, but He looks for faith. How many young people in Christian homes die early! They never cared for God nor developed faith, and now they cannot cope with sickness. What a loss is their death! The rich men's faculties are never developed. The riches of the rich men are buried in them and the talents God has placed in them for the benefit of the world lie hidden.

Hudson Taylor and Wesley- how they developed their spiritual faculties and proved a blessing to the world! How many men who came into riches in the middle of their lives, have become useless for the kingdom of God! Some got it by marriage and some by their own pursuit. It was money that they aimed at and it was money that they got. Of course, they give to God. But they themselves are not His. This widow gave her all.

*"Who has known God's mind?" Do you know how much He has given for you? If you did, you*

*would give all. You would empty yourself. "Empty the barrel and empty the oil out of the cruse", was what Elijah said. "You will see how it will be filled again."*

God sent the prophet to the widow of Zarephath. He came to turn death into life, sorrow into joy. Let not disappointment pull you down. When you come to the end of your resources, it is God's time, God's opportunity. As long as you have something to look to, and to rely on, you will look in that direction. But when there is nothing to depend upon, then you come to the place of the widow's hopelessness, the widow's brokenness, and that is God's opportunity. The widow had no future. But God created a future for her. God was mindful of her. When there is no one to help you, God will help you.

Once Sadhu Sundar Singh was in a desert and missed his way. In that helplessness, he cried to God. He could see nothing but sand all around. Then there came a man and engaged him in gentle conversation that completely relieved him of his fatigue. Soon they came to a village and the man disappeared. Sundar knew it was an angel.

God's angels are watching those in despair. It is not God's purpose to let any one die in despair. God has great things for you. When you come to a place of despair, you will see God's glory. Keep your heart humble, then you will see God's blessing and His multiplying you.

—Late Mr. N. Daniel

## Tenderness of Spirit

It is the very cream of Christian holiness to keep the heart full of tenderness, that lovely, compassionate love which seeks to be just like Jesus. In a world like this, where we meet with treacherous, cruel, selfish and proud people on every hand, and where we are so frequently disappointed in our fellow men, it is easy to imbibe a spirit of harshness or bitterness or a little tinge of resentment, almost imperceptibly. But the least degree of retaliation or severity will harden the affection and give a coldness and toughness in the inner life. It is not wise to reflect on the cruelty and unkindness of others, for by keeping the meanness of other people in our minds it will soon settle down upon our hearts, and then we will soon have the same evil tempers that we condemn in others.

When the automobile accident took place on June 6, 1959, Karen's family was out at the family cabin in Hesperia, near Palm Springs. As a friend and several others came toward the cabin, Ed Johnson sensed that something was wrong. He left the cabin to meet them and asked, "Is it Karen?" The friend sorrowfully explained what had happened and asked if he could help Ed by telling the family. Ed Johnson thanked him and said that this would not be necessary. He walked back into the cabin and gathered the family around him. Even in this dire situation, the Lord met Ed Johnson's needs as a grieving father. Ed introduced the family members to the tragedy with these words: "Before we asked God why He took Karen Home, let us thank Him for the seventeen years we had with her."

One of the police officers who had first come upon the scene of the accident took Ed Johnson aside at the inquest, saying to him: "You are a Christian, aren't you?" "Yes," replied Ed Johnson. Then the officer told him, "I will never forget the smile on her face."

Throughout the years the Johnsons have received boxes of letters from people who had read Karen's "Philosophy of Life." many have noted that they had decided to follow Christ after reading this "Philosophy," and some young men decided to go into the Christian ministry as a result of it. Perhaps the Johnsons were right after all. This was indeed a "Teenage Triumph."

Their daughter Karen was at her third home with the Lord she so dearly loved.

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## Suicide is Satan's gateway to defeat, but Christ is the only "Door" to freedom and victory!

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### CHRIST IS VICTOR

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Getting sanctified and professing the cleansing power of Christ is not sufficient; but we must at any cost constantly surrender our own rights, our feelings, our dignity, and keep ourselves in the humble attitude of resisting not evil, of not speaking against those that despise us, and keep where we can bear all things, hope all things, and endure all things. Tenderness of the spirit is the essence of true saintliness and the inward private mark of the Christ life.

So let us beware of envy, or grudges, or unkindness, or else the foundations of religion will be poisoned. We cannot keep full of tender love by accident, but we must make it a matter of constant prayer and cultivate daily, gentle, loving thoughts acceptable to God.

— G.D. Watson

## Henry Martyn Turns to God and Receives a Purpose For His Life

There was a tremendous row going on in the school playground.

*“Walk in, walk in, and hear the explosion! Admission-six pins from seniors, three from juniors.”*

Humphry Davy was shouting the words at the pitch of his voice near a corner of the shed which he had fenced off with old boards. He afterwards became a famous inventor of lamps for coal-miners. Already he knew how to make gunpowder that went off with a bang, and he was reaping a fortune in pins.

Henry Martyn was crowding in with the others when a big bully knocked the three pins from his hand, and tried to shove in before him. Martyn lost his temper. He was always losing his temper. Although he was undersized, he hurled himself at the bully, threw him to the ground, and began to punch his nose.

*“Let up!”* shouted Kempthorne, a senior boy pulling Martyn off. *“You are a little terrier, Martyn. Go easy.”*

Suddenly a loud explosion, louder and sooner than the inventor had expected, sounded within the shed. The boards collapsed on a crowd struggling in a thick pall of smoke. Humphry Davy with singed hair, staggered from the hut, rubbing his eyes, and banged into the master who had hurried out.

*“You again, Davy? Take a thousand lines, and go to my study at once. Martyn fighting again? Go to my study. Five hundred lines to every boy who is here. I am surprised at you, Kempthorne.”*

After a very painful interview with the Head in his study, Martyn was turned over to Kempthorne to be

taught how to conduct himself properly.

*“Feeling sore?”* Kempthorne said to him. *“You will find it easier if you don’t sit down for a bit.”*

*“I owe that bully something for this.”*

*“I’d forget it if I were you. The scraps you get into are all your own fault, you know. The fellows know you will lose your temper, and that is why they tease you so much. If I were you, I’d learn to go easy. Keep your temper.”*

Henry Martyn never forgot these words. The lesson was difficult to learn, for he had lots of spirit. But by the time he went to Cambridge and could shoot and ride and box, he was known as a friendly lad who was not easily ruffled.

At college, one subject he loathed above all others was mathematics. He was impatient at the stupid problems set him, threw aside his books in disgust, and prepared to leave the varsity rather than go on. A senior student was told to see him and have a chat.

*“Can I help you in any way, Martyn?”*, this man asked quietly.

*“Thanks, but nobody can help me very much. I am finished with mathematics, and nobody is of any use here without them.”*

*“I felt like that too when I first came up, though it was Latin that floored me. We all have one subject we hate more than the others. The great thing is to keep calm and to keep pegging away.”*

*“Look here, have you been talking to Kempthorne? That is what he always says.”*

*“I do not know Kempthorne very well, and I have not been talking to him. What I am saying is plain common sense. What is the use of losing your temper and getting flustered if a thing is hard? Keep cool, do your best, and let the results look after themselves.”*

*“Mathematics is my father’s favourite subject.”*

*“Let him see he has not all the brains in the family.”*

Instead of pitching books about, Martyn began to work quietly at the dreaded subject. At the Christmas exam, he was surprised to find he had come out first. His father was surprised too and hastened to send his congratulations.

Unfortunately the journey home to Cornwall by stage coach was too long for winter-time, so Martyn spent Christmas with some friends. He looked forward to going home at Easter. It would be great fun seeing his dad again and seeing the surprise and delight on his face. Henry had come out first in mathematics! His father would shake him by the hand and boast about it in the village. *“My boy is doing rather well. Good at mathematics, you know.”* It would be as great news to the old gentleman as if Admiral Nelson had beat the French.

Early in the New Year, long before Easter, Martyn received word that his father was dead.

It was a bitter blow. What was the use of working hard and gaining prizes now? What was life for when it ended so quickly and so sadly? Martyn now wanted to understand, not mathematics, but life itself. What was it for?

The only book which could tell him anything on that subject was the Bible, he was sure. He began to read it, but found Paul’s epistles stiffer than Euclid.

*“Why not begin with the Gospels?”* asked Kempthorne,

who had dropped in to see him. *“And by the way, do you ever pray?”*

Kempthorne’s face was red, for it was not an easy thing to speak about to a friend. Only Martyn’s great sorrow for his father made him speak.

*“Praying has never been of much use to me,”* said Martyn with a touch of the old impatience in his voice.

*“Go easy, and keep pegging away. I expect that praying needs practice as well as anything else. That’s all I have to say. Good-bye.”*

Martyn could not understand either the Epistles or the long sermons he heard; but he began to pray. Soon he became aware there was some Person listening to him. He did not understand the long talks about salvation which were very fashionable then; but quickly he understood something better. He discovered that Christ was alive.

Just as before he had worked for his father’s sake and relied upon his father to help him, so now he began to live and to work for Christ. And He helped him. Martyn became the most brilliant scholar of his year at Cambridge.

At this time, when he had become a fellow at St. John’s, he happened to read a story of adventure among the Red Indians of America. David Brainerd was the hero. Martyn discussed it with a friend.

*“What a great man Brainerd must have been,”* he said. *“I have just been reading of his work among the Red Indians. Instead of shooting them down like wild beasts, he lied among them as a teacher. They made no attempt to scalp him, though they willingly scalped other white men whenever they had the chance. They knew he was their friend. It must have taken more courage to go among them unarmed than to shoot them from behind a rock. Brainerd was one of God’s heroes, in my opinion.”*

*“You are right,”* replied the other, who was one of Wesley’s men. *“Why don’t you go and do likewise?”*

The brilliant university man paused, then added, his keenness showing in his eyes, *“I’d go at once, only there has been a revolution in America. It is no longer a British Colony.”*

*“Why not go to India? I know a man, Charles Grant, who wants a man to do in India what Brainerd did in America. There are a few missionaries in India now, but more are wanted. William Carey is there, a great man and a great missionary. Why not join him?”*

*“I have already offered my services to the Church Missionary Society.”*

*“What! Then you are the first Englishman to volun-*

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**“BE SURE  
YOUR SIN  
WILL FIND  
YOU OUT.”  
(NUMBERS 32:23)**

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teer for that Society. It has been in existence only three years, and I hear they have been able to get offers of service from only a few foreigners."

"Now I find I cannot go," said Martyn sadly. "Missionaries are paid only ten shillings a week. I knew that quite well, and I was perfectly willing. But my sister has lost the small income she had, and now I shall have to support her."

"You must see Mr. Charles Grant. He is a director of the East India Company. Are you prepared to give up your post at the university?"

"Yes. I am already studying Bengali and Arabic."

"Then you must see Mr. Grant. Do not forget the name—Charles Grant, Director of the East India Company, and one of the biggest men in London. You will like him. He has the strongest character of any man I know."

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Henry Martyn might have become a university professor and spent his days in peace and security.

He surprised the university by giving up his career in order to prepare to go abroad for such work among the natives as Brainerd had done in America. One day he appeared at the head office of the British East India Company, and asked to see Mr. Charles Grant.

A long-legged, lantern-jawed Scotsman received him. A pair of shrewd eyes summed him up.

"What can I do for you, sir?" the great man asked.

"I want to go abroad as a Christian teacher—to India, if possible."

"Why not go? William Carey is out there now with half a dozen others. They would be glad of your assistance."

"William Carey is a missionary and as you know, sir, the British Government at present is not in favour of missionaries teaching the natives. He had to go out on a Danish ship. He receives no wages except enough from a missionary society to live on. I cannot afford to do that. I must go as a chaplain of the East India Company."

"You wish to go as a chaplain and have an official salary?"

Martyn's face flushed. "I have a sister to keep, sir. I cannot leave her destitute. But before she lost the little money she had, I had already volunteered as a missionary."

"Then why not stay at home? Will you please tell me why you want to go abroad as a Christian teacher?"

"Because I believe that Christ commanded us to preach the Gospel through all the world to every creature," said Martyn simply.

The Scotsman's hand went out and grasped Martyn's in a grip like a vice.

"The truth is dawning, Mr. Martyn. I am really glad to hear you say that. I have been pestering both Church and State for years to make them see that our religion is not a little thing we keep to ourselves. It is a joy we must share with others, a way of living we must teach. It is the only way."

"I have learned that."

"It took me a long time to learn it. Forgive me speaking about myself, Mr. Martyn. Years ago, I went out to India to make a fortune. I was only a poor boy in Scotland, but out there I became a little tin god. I had swelled head. Dozens of servants waited on my wife and myself. I never walked anywhere. Four bearers carried my chair. If servants did not please me, I did hesitate to thrash them. I expect the climate tried my temper. India is a most unhealthy place for a white man."

"I have heard so, sir."

"A hundred years ago, a traveller, called Peter Mundy, describing a certain street out there, wrote, 'Out of the gate of this city go many an Englishman that never returned, it being the way to our place of burial.' The same is still true of Calcutta. I lost my two little daughters out there. Small-pox. Both died within a month."

Martyn murmured sympathetically, then the Scotsman's

voice became firm again. "That made me think, Martyn, and when a man begins to think, he is not far from the Kingdom of God. I had been piling up money, drinking, gambling, using the natives as tools, leading a life of complete selfishness. It was a life of complete misery. When Christ spoke to me, He showed me that we must lead a life of complete love. That is what made me keen upon missions. Instead of ill-treating the natives, I tried to treat them like friends. I tried to learn from them and to teach them all I know. A parson out there, called Brown, was looking after five hundred children who had no parents. White people did not want them, and the natives did not want them. I reckon that Christ wanted us Christians to do something for them. But London would not hear of it. We had not to teach or help the natives in any way whatever. Did you ever hear how we sent a message to the King?"

"I have heard only rumours. I would like to hear the story."

"Before I left India for London, I promised Brown I would approach King George III to secure facilities for missionaries to work among all classes. I saw the Archbishop of Canterbury and asked him to speak for me. If it had been only poor Charlie Grant, I would have been kicked out of Lambeth, but the Archbishop did not care to offend the East India Company. His Grace does not care about missions himself, but after a little persuasion, he put on his best wig and purple coat, and drove away to ask an audience. George III has an income of one million pounds a year. He bought Buckingham House for 28,000 pounds, and intends to make it into a Palace. It does not seem very much to ask permission for a few missionaries to be allowed to work for ten shillings per week. We were not asking the King for money. We knew he would never give a farthing. All that we wanted was his gracious permission."

"It does not seem very much to ask," said Henry Martyn.

"Well, the Archbishop went in, knelt down and kissed the royal hand, and made his request. But His Majesty was in a particularly bad mood. The Prince of Wales had run away to marry a common woman, the sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

"Would he not listen to the Archbishop?"

"Who has put this insane idea into your head?" he asked. The Archbishop said it was a Scotsman named Charles Grant. The King exploded in anger. "Another pestilent Scotsman! There's one called Robert Burns writing poetry about us. He hits the Prince and you as well, Dr. Moore; and both of you deserve. But this fellow dares to write about our royal self. Now, you come in with another Scotsman. A plague on both of you." That closed the interview. "We must get on as well as we can without church or State to help us. But we shall get on. The motto of the clan Grant is 'Stand Fast!' I am standing fast for Christianity to be taught throughout the world. That is why I am particularly glad to see you. You must come and have dinner with me this evening."

In the merchant's house, Martyn met several great men: Wilberforce, who was trying to end slavery; Granville Sharp, who had done much for America; and Richard Johnson, who was going to be the first chaplain to the convicts in Botany Bay.

"Those men are all making history," whispered Grant to Martyn as they rose from table. "Let King George be as mad as a March hare, and the Prince of Wales as frivolous as he likes. They are of no importance. Men like those here are doing things. Have you ever read Robert Burns's poetry? You should read it, my boy. The world is crying out for men who can do things."

"I am afraid I shall never be able to do very much."

"I shall get a chaplaincy for you. Someday the world is going to be proud of Henry Martyn, the man who did so much in India."

(Excerpt from *Henry Martyn*, by Hugh F. Frame. Published by Laymen's Evangelical Fellowship International, 1993)

"Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil..." (Ps. 141:5) Over the years I have seen this transition in many people. A stage is reached in the decline of the soul where correction is resented and from that point he plummets down very rapidly. They come to a stage where they do not want any correction. That is a very dangerous mark. From that point their spiritual life ceases and strange spirits take over. I have seen people used of God come to that stage and from that stage they nose-dive. Be very careful.

The correction of a righteous man is a precious ointment. The moment it becomes a hardship to you, it is downhill for you all the way. "And I beseech you, brethren, suffer the word of exhortation..." (Hebrews 13:22). Accept this word of exhortation. What a terrible thing it is for those who do not want rebukes, who do not want discipline, who want a nice work and a sense of importance. A truly spiritual person never seeks for importance. Importance is a kind of spiritual destruction—it is not necessary at all. The glory of the Lord is important. Our spiritual discipline is important. The recognition of people is not important.

The rebuke of God's children is a precious ointment. I do not like to rebuke anybody who does not want rebukes. It is very unpleasant to rebuke anybody who does not want rebukes. It is like treating a person who does not want medicine. It is almost impossible to do that. By the time a man reaches that stage, he has lost all touch with the Spirit of God. Let us not lose touch with the Spirit of God. It is very critical to your own spiritual growth. If you lose out here, you are finished. May God help us!

— Joshua Daniel

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Sat. 7:30 am, Sun. 11:00 pm
- Fort Wayne, IN:** 1090 AM (WFCV) Sat. 4:00 pm
- Council Bluffs, IA:** 1560 AM (KLNK) Sun. 8:00 pm
- Atlanta, GA:** 86 AM (LOVE 86) Sun. 2:00 pm
- Guyana:** GBC - Sundays at 6:30 pm
- Trinidad:** 610AM (NBS) Mon. 9:30pm

**PLEASE PASS THIS ON TO A FRIEND**