

Christ is Victor

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2011

“With Fear and Trembling”

“Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.” (Psalm 2:11)

Why trembling? We are serving a heavenly majesty. Let no presumption enter into your faith. Do not feel you can do as you like because God is love. Serve the Lord with fear because His purposes are very great. With fear and trembling you must be fitted into His service. How is He going to use you? “Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron: thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter’s vessel” (Psalm 2: 8-9). What power God is going to give you if you serve Him with fear and trembling!

If you have to dine with the Queen of England you cannot be free to do as you please. In your own home you laugh and chat and are at ease. But in the presence of the Queen you have to be very careful. In the presence of the King of kings you should be even more careful. You must be very holy. He reads your thoughts and innermost motives. He watches what kind of affections you have, and what kind of thoughts are dominating your mind.

“Speak unto all the congregation of the children of Israel and say unto them, ye shall be holy: for I the Lord your God am holy” (Leviticus 19:2). You have your own standards. But God’s standards are far higher. When you go into His presence you must tremble. If we are careful, if we

... “FEAR” CON’T ON PAGE 4

“From Bondage to Sonship”

“For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.” (Romans 8:15)

What is the Spirit that we have received? Is it the Spirit of adoption or the spirit of bondage? The Spirit of bondage is trying to recapture people. Paul is fighting to release these people from their bondage. Somehow, we like some bondage. Somewhere some bondage takes hold of us. Bondage of fear is a very common thing and our fertile imaginations multiply our fears. So we keep on imagining things — things which do not exist. That is the spirit of bondage. The Spirit of adoption makes us to focus on the throne. We are told that we are ‘joint-heirs’ with Christ. The Spirit bears witness that we are joint-heirs with Christ. This Spirit of adoption makes us cry, “Abba, Father”.

“And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt.” (Mark: 14:35, 36) This was in the garden of Gethsemane, and there Jesus cried, “Abba, Father”. This cry appears to be an undefined expression of a strong relationship. Something which you will tell only to a father in great confidence, confiding to him, “Abba Father, what can I do now?” Here Jesus faced the cup of man’s sin. What a moment, the sinless Son of God, faced with this cup of sin! So this heart cry, this sigh, comes from the heart of Jesus. Those who do not carry the cross will never have such a heart cry. We do not like humbling and do not like to own up our sins, or the sins of our nation. I do not think that it has brought pangs of sorrow to us that thousands have perished without the Gospel ever preached to them. We shut our eyes to the crying need of the nations today.

We are very busy with our own work and have no real burden for the world around us. Our Lord Jesus could have been very busy with His service. Organizational work has this great danger. It depends upon your work, so you have to work harder and it is not God at work. This is human regeneration; it has no “Abba, Father” in it. It has no cross, and no blood drops as great sweat drops. No, it is a physical exertion and zeal. Is that what we see? Are those the steps what Jesus teaches us? The burden for souls, the burden for the sins of others is what you should have. If that cry “Abba, Father” goes away, I can tell you that there is a big vacuum, and anything can come into that vacuum. Your thoughts, fears, evil inclinations and lusts, those old habits of speaking lies and half-truths will flood your heart.

But what is the spirit which Jesus gives His children? He says, “I have brought you out of bondage. So your spirit of bondage is gone. Now you have the spirit of adoption. Is there not the cry, “Abba, Father” in our hearts? What kind of spirit has taken hold of us? The spirit of the world is at enmity with God. It makes you think, “How can I get rich quickly?” Where is Gethsemane there? Where is the cry, “Not my will but yours be done” there? Have we lost that cry? We have got to be honest before God and speak no half-truths.

The spirit of truth is the spirit of God and the spirit of adoption is the package of the spirit of truth. It is terrible if you do not want to face the truth. Truth does not spare anybody. But is truth good for you? To know the truth, you should undergo some tests and the truth is not palatable to anybody. I have always proclaimed in England and other countries, that unless a Fellowship has revival ever so frequently, at least every five or ten years, that Fellowship will become dead. In ten years little children become teenagers, and if they do not

... “SONSHIP” CON’T ON PAGE 4

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“They Who Sow in Tears Shall Reap in Joy”

David and Svea Flood

In 1921, a missionary couple named David and Svea Flood went with their two-year-old son David, from Sweden to the heart of Africa—to what was then called the Belgian Congo. They met up with another young Scandinavian couple, the Ericksons, and the four of them sought God for direction. In those days of much tenderness and devotion and sacrifice, they felt led of the Lord to go out from the main mission station and take the gospel to a remote area.

This was a huge step of faith. At the remote village of N’dolera they were rebuffed by the chief, who would not let them enter his village for fear of alienating the local gods. The two couples opted to go half a mile up the slope and build their own mud huts.

They prayed for a spiritual breakthrough, but there was none. Their only contact with the villagers was a young boy, who was allowed to sell them chickens and eggs twice a week. Svea Flood — a tiny woman missionary only four feet, eight inches tall, decided that if this was the only African she could talk to, she would try to lead the boy to Jesus. And in fact, after many weeks of loving and witnessing to him, he trusted Christ as his Savior.

But there were no other encouragements. Meanwhile, malaria continued to strike one member of the little band after another. In time the Ericksons decided they had had enough suffering and left to return to the central mission station. David and Svea Flood remained near N’dolera to go on alone.

Then, of all things, Svea found herself pregnant in the middle of the primitive wilderness. When the time came for her to give birth (1923), the village chief softened enough to allow a midwife to help her. A little girl was born, whom they named Aina (A-ee-nah).

The delivery, however, was exhausting, and Svea Flood was already weak from bouts of malaria. The birth process was a heavy blow to her stamina. After seventeen desperate days of prayer and struggle, she

died.

Inside David Flood, something snapped in that moment. His heart full of bitterness, he dug a crude grave, buried his twenty-seven-year-old wife and took his children back down the mountain to the mission station. Giving his newborn daughter to the Ericksons, he said, “I’m going back to Sweden. I’ve lost my wife, and I can’t take care of this baby. God has ruined my life.” With two year old David, he headed for the coast, rejecting not only his calling, but God himself.

Within eight months both the Ericksons were stricken with a mysterious illness (some believe they were poisoned by a local chief who hated the missionaries) and died within days of each other. The nine month old baby Aina was given to an American missionary couple named Berg, who adjusted her Swedish name to “Aggie” and eventually brought her back to the United States at age three.

The Bergs loved little Aggie but were afraid that if they tried to return to Africa, some legal obstacle might separate her from them since they had at that time, been unable to legally adopt her. So they decided to stay in the United States and switch from missionary work to pastoral ministry. And that is how Aggie grew up in South Dakota. As a young woman, she attended North Central Bible college in Minneapolis. There she met and married a young preacher named Dewey Hurst.

Years passed. The Hursts enjoyed a fruitful ministry. Aggie gave birth first to a daughter, then a son. In time her husband became president of a Christian college in the Seattle area, and Aggie was intrigued to find so much Scandinavian heritage there.

One day around 1963, a Swedish religious magazine appeared in her mailbox. She had no idea who sent it, and of course she couldn’t read the words. But as she turned the pages, all of a sudden a photo stopped her cold. There in a primitive setting in the heart of Africa was a grave with a white cross and on the cross was her mother’s name, SVEA FLOOD.

Aggie jumped in her car and drove straight to a college faculty member who, she knew, could translate the article. “What does this say?” she asked.

The instructor translated the story:

It tells about missionaries who went to N’dolera in the heart of the Belgian Congo

in 1921... the birth of a white baby girl... the death of the young missionary mother... the one little African boy who had been led to Christ... and how, after the all whites had left, the little African boy grew up and persuaded the chief to let him build a school in the village.

The article told how that gradually the now grown up boy won all his students to Christ... the children led their parents to Christ... even the chief had become a Christian. Today (1963) there were six hundred Christian believers in that one village.

Because of the willingness of David and Svea Flood to answer God’s call to Africa, because they endured so much but were still faithful to witness and lead one little boy to trust Jesus, God had saved six hundred people. And the little boy, as a grown man, became head of the Pentacostal Church and leader of 110,000 Christians in Zaire (formerly the Belgian Congo).

At the time Svea Flood died, it appeared, to human reason, that God had led the young couple to Africa, only to desert them in their time of deepest need. It would be forty years before God’s amazing grace and His real plan for the village of N’dolera would be known.

For Rev. Dewey and Aggie Hurst’s twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, the college presented them with the gift of a vacation to Sweden. There Aggie met her biological father. An old man now, David Flood had remarried, fathered four more children, and generally dissipated his life with alcohol. He had recently suffered a stroke. Still bitter, he had one rule in his family: “Never mention the name of God because God took everything from me.”

After an emotional reunion with her half brothers and half sister, Aggie brought up the subject of seeing her father. The others hesitated. “You can talk to him,” they replied, “even though he’s very ill now. But you need to know that whenever he hears the name of God, he flies into a rage.”

Aggie could not be deterred. She walked into the squalid apartment, with liquor bottles everywhere, and approached the seventy-three-year-old man lying in a rumpled bed.

“Papa?” she said tentatively.

He turned and began to cry. “Aina,” he said, “I never meant to give you away.”

“It’s all right Papa,” she replied, taking

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This Fellowship is a non-denominational missionary movement 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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him gently in her arms. "God took care of me."

The man instantly stiffened. The tears stopped.

"God forgot all of us. Our lives have been like this because of Him." He turned his face back to the wall.

Aggie stroked his face and then continued, undaunted.

"Papa, I've got a little story to tell you, and it's a true one.

You didn't go to Africa in vain. Mama didn't die in vain.

The little boy you both won to the Lord grew up to win that whole village to Jesus Christ. The one seed you planted just kept growing and growing. Today (about 1964) there are six hundred African people serving the Lord because you and Momma were faithful to the call of God on your life."

"Papa, Jesus loves you. He has never hated you."

The old man turned back to look into his daughter's eyes. His body relaxed. He began to talk. And by the end of the afternoon, he had come back to the God he had resented for so many decades.

Over the next few days, father and daughter enjoyed warm moments together. Aggie and her husband soon had to return to America—and within a few weeks, David Flood had gone into eternity.

A few years later, the Hursts were attending a high-level evangelism conference in London, England, where a report was given from the nation of Zaire (the former Belgian Congo). The superintendent of the national church, representing some 110,000 baptized believers, spoke eloquently of the gospel's spread in his nation. Aggie could not help going up afterward to ask him if he had ever heard of David and Svea Flood. "I am their daughter."

The man began to weep. "Yes, madam," the man replied in French, his words then being translated into English.

"It was Svea Flood who led me to Jesus Christ. I was the boy who brought food to your parents before you were born. In fact, to this day your mother's grave and her memory are honored by all of us."

He embraced her in a long, sobbing hug. Then he continued, "You must come to Africa to see, because your mother is the most famous person in our history."

In time that is exactly what Aggie Hurst and her husband did. They were welcomed by cheering throngs of villagers. She even met the man who so many years before, when she was less than a month old, had been hired by her father to carry her down the mountain in a soft bark hammock.

The most dramatic moment, of course, was when the pastor escorted Aggie to see her mother's grave, marked with a white cross, for herself. She knelt in the soil of Africa, the place of her birth, to pray and give thanks. Later that day, in the church service, the pastor read from John 12:24: "I tell you the truth, unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds."

He then followed with Psalm 126:5: "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

(An excerpt from Aggie Hurst, Aggie: The Inspiring Story of A Girl Without A Country [Springfield, MO: Gospel Publishing House, 1986].)

"William Hunter"

On March 26, 1555, William Hunter, a godly young man only nineteen years old was martyred. His story should be an example to all Christian parents who find their emotions at odds with their convictions, for William's parents allowed their son to follow his beliefs, even though it led to his death.

William was apprenticed to a silk weaver in London. In the first year of Queen Mary's reign, his parish priest ordered him to receive communion at the Easter mass, which he refused to do. His master, afraid he himself would be in danger if William remained in his house, asked the boy to move back to his father's house in Brentwood for several weeks, which he did.

Five or six weeks later, William picked up a Bible he found in the chapel at Brentwood and began to read it aloud to himself. He was interrupted when Father Atwell came into the chapel. "Are you meddling with the Bible?" Atwell demanded. "Do you know what you're reading? Can you expound the Scriptures?" "I don't take it upon myself to expound the Scriptures," William explained. "I found it here and was reading it to comfort myself."

Father Atwell commented, "It hasn't been a happy world since the Bible was published in English."

"Oh, don't say that! It's God's book, from which we learn to know what pleases and displeases God."

"Didn't we know that before?"

"Not as well as we do now with the Bible available". William replied. "I pray we always have it with us."

Father Atwell fumed. "I know you! You're one of those who dislike the queen's laws. That's why you left London. If you don't mend your ways, you and many other heretics will broil!" "God give me grace to believe His word and confess His name, no matter what happens," William retorted. Atwell rushed out of this chapel, calling back, "I can't reason with you, but I'll find someone who can, you heretic!"

William stayed in the chapel and continued to read until Atwell returned with the vicar of Southwell. "Who gave you permission to read and expound on the Bible?" the vicar demanded. "I don't expound on it, sir," William answered. "I only read it for comfort."

"Why do you need to read it at all?"

"I'll read it as long as I live. You shouldn't discourage people from doing so. You should encourage them."

"Oh, so you want to tell me what I should do?" the vicar muttered "You're a heretic!"

"I'm not a heretic just because I speak the truth."

More words passed between them concerning the sacrament of communication, on which William explained his point of view. Accused of being a heretic, he replied, "I wish you and I were both tied to the stake to prove which of us would defend his faith the longest. I think you'd recant first."

"We'll see about that!" the vicar replied, leaving to report the boy.

The vicar went directly to Master Brown, who called in William's father and the local policeman and demanded that Mr. Hunter go and find his son, since William had wisely left town after his argument with the vicar. Mr. Hunter rode for two or three days to satisfy Brown, intending to go back and say he couldn't find the boy, when suddenly they

met. Mr. Hunter told his son to hide; he would go back and say he couldn't find him.

"No, father." William said. "I'll go home with you, so you don't get in trouble." As soon as they arrived in town, William was arrested and taken before Brown, who argued with him about 'transubstantiation.' William was so firm in his beliefs that he enraged Brown, who sent him to Bishop Bonner in London.

William was put in the stocks at London for two days, fed only a crust of brown bread and a cup of water before he defended himself to the bishop. Getting nowhere with the boy, Bonner ordered him locked up in jail with as many chains as he could bear. "How old are you?" he asked William.

"Nineteen."

"Well, you'll be burned before you are twenty if you don't do better than you did today!"

William spent nine months in jail, appearing before the bishop six times, including the time he was condemned on February 9. That day the bishop made William the final offer: "If you recant, I'll make you a free man and give you forty pounds to set up a business. Or, I'll make you the steward of my house. I like you. You're smart, and I'll take care of you if you recant."

William replied, "Thank you, but if you can't change my mind through Scripture, I can't turn from God for love of the world. I count all worldly things but loss and dung, compared the love of Christ." "If you die believing this way," the bishop continued, "you will be condemned forever." "God judges righteously, justifying those whom man condemns unjustly." William maintained.

William was sent back to New Gate prison for a month, then taken home to

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

REALITY CHECK!

"I WILL LIFT UP
MINE EYES UNTO THE
HILLS, FROM WHENCE
COMETH MY HELP. MY
HELP COMETH FROM THE
LORD, WHICH MADE
HEAVEN AND EARTH"

-PSALM 121:1,2

know revival, if they do not walk in the truth, they have no chance. The fifteen-year-old teenager becomes a new entrant into the job market. When he enters the job market, and money comes into his pocket, he never learnt how to put first the Kingdom of God and he never cried, "Abba, Father" and he is like a sitting duck to the world. Do you see the need for revival? Your heart needs to get that cry for revival. You cannot force it, and you cannot work it up.

Charles Finney spoke of a businessman. He would come from his business and immediately he would enter into the Spirit of prayer of the prayer meeting. Mr. Finney said, "This man is such a busy man and has got such responsibility. But how does he maintain the Spirit of prayer?" He happened to be the guest in his house and so one night, when Finney's child needed milk or something, he came down from his bedroom at about three in the morning and he found this man lost in prayer and waiting on God. He said, "Now I know the secret, how this man has this Spirit of prayer." The man said, "The only way in which I can keep in close communion with God is to rise in the middle of the night, to spend time with God." You know the discipline that it takes.

You can understand that such people have the cry Abba Father. They may be in the world but not of the world; the world never seems to get into them. The Lord Jesus said this twice that, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." That gives me a knockout blow. We have been talking about perfection; there is no use talking in the air: "Be ye perfect even as your father in heaven is perfect."

We are really like immature little children when it comes to any crunch or crisis. We just speak what we like, give vent to our fears and we just say, "I want my will". That is not the Spirit of adoption, that is not the Spirit of truth. The Spirit of adoption makes you cry, "Thy will and not my will." It may be hard and it may be wearisome; it may even kill you. But the Spirit of adoption gives you a firm entrenchment in the will of God, an unbending commitment to the will of God.

God has got a fixed deposit for us. What is that? Heirs to God! Are we running to get it? Have we got the Spirit of adoption? The Spirit of Christ, the Spirit of His Son is sent into us crying Abba, Father. Is that cry coming out of us? When you have that cry, all other cries and compulsions are excluded, because you are a son and your place is with Jesus. Your cry becomes the cry of the heart of Jesus. After so many years of Christian living, where is our maturity? After receiving so much light, we ought to be walking in the heavenlies, walking with God. May God help us!

-Joshua Daniel

are humble, if we are meek like Moses, we will take an iron rod and break in pieces the nations. Moses broke Egypt like a potter's vessel. God says that you will also do like that if you fit yourself to stand in His presence. Moses humbled himself and fitted himself to stand in the holy presence of God. A mighty king had to tremble before him.

God says you are His battle-axe. If we are holy, what a power He will give us! Do we tremble before the majesty of the holy Saviour? Do we kiss the Son who is to be loved? He gave that power to Moses. He will give that power to you. Meekness is a part of holiness. When you have this kind of holiness you will be a power.

"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him" (Leviticus 19:17). You cannot allow your neighbour to perish. You must do things to bring him to repentance. "And because you are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying

Abba, Father" (Galatians 4:6). He hath sent His Spirit into you, that you may claim His sonship.

When the Holy Spirit comes into you, you will cry for your inheritance. Claim His promises. Do not let them lapse. God's promises are laid up for you. If you do not claim them you are a loser. Why do you allow such great promises to slip through your fingers? Will you forget your promissory notes and your title deeds? You are losing far greater things. You do not know in which part of the world God will use you as a battle-axe. God wants you. Tremble in His presence. Claim His promises. As Moses did, you have to do. In our country we have to do it. God has His own weapons and methods and He will reveal them to you. Be one with your Saviour.

I always fear that if there is a careless man or woman who has lost the fear of God, he will bring darkness and one day he will bring shame upon the name of God. "For brethren, ye have been called unto liberty: only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another" (Galatians 5:13). The Spirit of God keeps you on a plane where evil thoughts will not occur to you.

God teaches you to love others. Such love will come naturally to you. Holy love! What a wonderful thing it is to get the adoption of a son. With faith which worketh by love you are going to serve God. Leave all the thoughts about your future to God. He knows the best for you. Serve the Lord with trembling. He is a great God.

- N. Daniel

Brentwood for burning. When his parents visited him there, they encouraged him to remain faithful, saying they were proud to have a son willing to die for Christ's sake.

At the stake, William asked the people to pray for him. Master Brown sneered, "Pray for you? I wouldn't pray for you any more than I would for a dog!"

"I forgive you."

"I'm not asking for your forgiveness!" yelled Brown.

Seeing a priest approaching with a Bible, William called out, "Get away, you false prophet! Beware of them people. Don't take part in their plagues." The priest replied, "As you burn here, so you will burn in hell." "You liar, you false prophet!" William cried. "Get out of here!"

A man in the crowd spoke up, "I pray God will have mercy on his soul." "Amen, amen," answered the crowd.

As the fire was lit, William tossed his Psalter to his brother. "William," his brother called, "think of the holy passion of Christ. Don't be afraid of death."

"I'm not," William lifted his hands to heaven and said, "Lord, receive my spirit." Dropping his head into the smoke, William Hunter gave up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

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Weekly Meetings —Welcome to All—

Sunday Morning Worship at 10:00 am at:
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46200 West Ten Mile Rd.

Call (248) 486-6326 or (248) 380-8633
University of Michigan Mondays 7:00pm
Angell Hall, Room G-144
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