

Christ is Victor

November/December 2019

VOL. 32, NO. 6

“Jesus has come to give you a new nature”

“Jesus has come to give you a new nature”

“And she [Elizabeth] spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou [Mary] among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. ... He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree” (Luke 1:42-45, 52).

Here is a young woman Mary prophesying. A woman much older than her was calling her “the mother of my Lord.” Already Mary was receiving honour. Thus God honours the humble. Elizabeth rejoiced at the sight of Mary. She was using the language of the Holy Spirit. She understood many things by the unction of the Holy Spirit. Mary and Elizabeth were cousins. These families were closely related and spiritually also they were on a very high level. If we make a heap of sand, the heap will take a conical shape, broad at the bottom and narrow at the top. The Jewish nation received promises from God. But these few families had so developed their spiritual life that they appropriated those promises. They were at the top of the nation in faith and in closeness of contact with God. They seemed to reach heaven. When parents are spiritual, sometimes the children in their life-time may reach a higher level than they did. Without a real Fellowship, you cannot have truly

spiritual people. John Wesley had his godly mother for his counsellor. He had also the fellowship of certain earnest students at college. Each one’s faith in such a prayer-group helps the others. Thus they grew and a mighty revival swept over the whole of England.

Mary said, “Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.” She realized she had become a world figure, not only to her generation but for all generations to come. Jesus brought a power which could enable men to live a holy life. He brought to men power over evil spirits. Before Jesus sent out His disciples to preach the good tidings of the kingdom of God, He first gave them power over unclean spirits. Jesus brought POWER into this world. “Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now works in the children of disobedience” (Ephesians 2:2). These evil spirits are always prompting men to sin. “Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage” (Hebrews 2:14-15). The devil wants to frighten you about death. But Jesus took away the sting of death. Jesus has power over death. But power, you must remember, can be dangerous. To have power without character is highly dangerous. Do not think about power so much as the new nature Jesus has come to give you. When you disobey the Word of God, the devil can tempt you into many ways of misusing that power. You will get correct guidance from God only when you obey God’s Word.

God promises us the Holy Spirit who will guide us into all truth. We find Divine nature in Mary. Even as a young woman, she was recipient of the Divine nature. What a challenge she presents to us! How blessed we are to think of

Joseph, Mary, Zacharias, Elizabeth, John the Baptist and Jesus. When we think of them, we are lifted into another atmosphere altogether.

Jesus brought us a new nature. Your thoughts can reach up to heaven and make glad the heart of God. Jesus made His disciples fishers of men by giving them a new nature. The deeper you go into understanding the nature of God, the more powerful your prayer will be. “Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord” (Jeremiah 9:23-24). Christ has come to make known unto you the God of heaven and earth!

—N. Daniel

“Christmas is wonderful!”

Everything about the Christmas story is wonderful. Seven hundred years before Jesus was born, Isaiah the prophet wrote, “His name shall be called Wonderful.” How true this is! His birth was wonderful. His sinless life was wonderful. The love that took Him to the cross is wonderful. And His resurrection, which brings hope and meaning to all of us, is wonderful.

But in our complex world today, we seem to live light-years away from the simplicity of the Christmas story. When we look upon the society which we have created around us, it is so replete with tragedy at every turn that [it] is no wonder so many people have become cynical.

Yet in the Christmas story, there is a cure for every cynicism. Why? Because through His coming into the world, Jesus had made it possible for ordinary

“Christmas is...” continued on page 2

Christ is Victor
ONLINE

Free E-mail Subscription
At Our Website: <http://lefi.org>
Live Sunday Webcast 10 AM
Contact us: post@lefi.org

“Christmas is wonderful!”

people to rise to the noblest heights. Look at Joseph, the husband of Mary. He faced a very difficult situation and great responsibilities were coming upon him because of the birth of Jesus, and yet he rose to the challenge and obeyed God and did not collapse under the pressure. Most of us would not like our lives to be disrupted by God’s plans and activities, and yet what if God has some unique call for you? What if God has something for you which is going to bring a blessing to many people?

Dear friends, I challenge you to experiment with the person of Jesus Christ. Is your life going to be different? Is your life going to be positive? I want you to prove it. Jesus can make you into a different person. I can talk about this because I have proved it. Jesus changed me as a teenager, and the change did not last just for a night or two. When my life was at a crossroad, when I could have made choices to follow after my own lusts and ideas, the Lord Jesus Christ in His tenderness met me. He brought

meaning into my life.

Will you put your life into His hands? All the time I am exploring the depths and heights of this abundance of love and peace that Jesus has thrown open to us. God has great things for you. The birth of Jesus was not a purposeless birth. His life was not a life without design. His sacrificial death was not without its personal connotation to you and me. May God bless you and your family this Christmas.

—Joshua Daniel

“A pioneer Christmas”

I remember a day one winter that stands out like a boulder in my life. The weather was unusually cold, our salary had not been regularly paid, and it did not meet most of our needs when it was. My husband, James, was a minister and away much of the time, travelling from one district to another. At last, none of us were decently clothed. The water gave out in the well and the wind blew through the cracks in the floor. The settlement was new, and each family was struggling for itself.

Little by little, at the time when I needed it most, my faith began to waiver. Early in life I was taught to take God at His word, and I thought my lesson was well learned. I had leaned upon the promises in dark times, until I knew as David did, “who was my fortress and my deliverer”. Now a daily prayer for forgiveness was all that I could offer.

Christmas was coming: the children always expected their presents. The ice was thick and smooth and the boys were craving for a pair of skates. Ruth, in some unaccountable way, had taken a fancy to the idea that the dolls I had made were no longer suitable; she wanted a nice large one and insisted on praying for it. I knew it seemed impossible, but oh, I wanted to give each child its present. It seemed as if God had deserted us, but I did not tell my husband all this. He worked so earnestly and heartily. I supposed him to be as hopeful as ever. The morning before Christmas, James was called to see a sick man. I put a piece of bread for his lunch—it was the best I could do.

I tried to whisper a promise as I often had, but the words died away upon my lips. I let him go without it.

That was a dark, hopeless day. When Ruth went to bed, I listened to her prayer. She asked for the last time most explicitly for her doll and for skates for her brothers. Her bright face looked so lively when she whispered to me, “You know, I think they’ll be here early in the morning, Mamma.” I sat down alone and gave way to the bitterest tears.

Before long, James returned, chilled and exhausted. He drew off his boots. The thin stockings slipped off with them, and his feet were red with cold. “I wouldn’t treat a dog that way, let alone a faithful servant,” I said. Then as I glanced up and saw the hard lines in his face, and the look of despair, it flashed across my mind—James had let go too. I brought him a cup of tea, feeling sick and dizzy at the very thought. He took my hand and we sat for an hour without a word. I wanted to die and meet God and tell Him that His promises were not true; my soul was so full of rebellious despair.

There came a sound of bells, a quick stop, and a loud knock at the door. James sprang up to open it. There stood Deacon White: “A box came by express just before dark, I brought it around as soon as I could get away. Reckon it might be for Christmas. At any rate I said they shall have it tonight. Here is a turkey my wife asked me to fetch along, and these other things I believe belong to you.”

There was a basket of potatoes and

a bag of flour. Talking all the time, he hurried in the box and then with a hearty, “Good night,” he rode away. Still without speaking, James found a chisel and opened the box. He drew out first a red blanket, and then we saw that beneath it, the box was full of clothing. It seemed at that moment as if Christ fastened upon me a look of reproach. James sat down and covered his face with his hands, “I can’t touch them.” He exclaimed, “I haven’t been true, just when God was trying me to see if I could hold out. Do you think I could not see how you were suffering? I had no word of comfort to offer. I know now how to preach the awfulness of turning away from God.”

“James,” I said, clinging to him, “Don’t take it to heart like this. I am to blame. I ought to have helped you. We will ask Him together to forgive us.” “Wait a moment, dear, I can’t talk now,” he said. Then he went into another room. I knelt down, and my heart broke. In an instant all the darkness, all the stubbornness, rolled away. Jesus came again and stood before me, with the loving word, “Daughter!”, and sweet promises of tenderness and joy filled my soul. I was so lost in praise and gratitude that I forgot everything else. I don’t know how long it was before James came back, but he too had found peace. “Now my dear wife,” he said, “let us thank God together,” and he then poured out words of praise, Bible words—for nothing else could express our thanksgiving.

“A Pioneer...” continued on page 4

REALITY CHECK!

“Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. ... And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? ...” (Mark 10:47, 51).

“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever” (Hebrews 13:8).

“Christmas in Iran”

Can you imagine what it would be like to celebrate Christmas in secret? No tree, no decorations, no carol service.

Twenty-one-year-old Nava* is an isolated believer from a Muslim background from Iran, who celebrated Christmas for the first time ... [in 2017].

“From the outside, it was nothing special,” she recalls. “It was just me, my mother and my little brother sitting at the dinner table, like we do each night. But this night, somehow automatically, I put down a fourth plate: for Jesus.”

Nava and her family managed to get some Christmas decorations, but they had no gifts to unwrap— no

physical ones. “It felt like Jesus was really, physically present. And the gifts He gave us were more precious than anything a human could give.”

That first Christmas night, Nava and her family received “spiritual gifts”, answers to prayer. “My mother was freed from anger issues. My brother, who used to see ghosts in his bedroom, got freed from them when he called on Jesus’ name that night.”

Nava herself, who was romantically involved with a married man, was set free from that relationship. “Since that day I consider myself to be a bride of Christ, and try to live accordingly.”

While that first Christmas was special

and passed in safety, Nava knows all too well the dangers of being a Christian and celebrating Jesus’ birth. In Iran, it’s illegal to leave Islam, and those who do can receive the death sentence or be imprisoned. Every year at Christmas time, secret house churches are raided.

“I am a young believer, but I have thought the dangers through carefully. I have read other Christians’ testimonies. And yes, I can say wholeheartedly that I am ready to suffer for Christ. The Lord is my ultimate power.” ...

—From Open Doors; see <https://www.opendoorsuk.org/news/stories/iran-181205/>

“His birth and our new birth”

“Behold: a virgin shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us” (Isaiah 7:14).

His Birth in History. “Therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.” (Luke 1:35.) Jesus Christ was born into this world, not from it. He did not evolve out of history; He came into history from the outside. Jesus Christ is not the best human being, He is a Being Who cannot be accounted for by the human race at all. He is not man becoming God, but God Incarnate, God coming into human flesh, coming into it from

outside. His life is the Highest and the Holiest entering in at the Lowliest door. Our Lord’s birth was an advent.

His Birth in Me. “Of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.” (Gal. 4:19.) Just as Our Lord came into human history from outside, so He must come into me from outside. Have I allowed my personal human life to become a “Bethlehem” for the Son of God? I cannot enter into the realm of the Kingdom of God unless I am born from above by a birth totally unlike natural birth. “Ye must be born again.” This is not a command, it is a foundation fact. The characteristic of

the new birth is that I yield myself so completely to God that Christ is formed in me. Immediately Christ is formed in me, His nature begins to work through me.

God manifest in the flesh—that is what is made profoundly possible for you and me by the Redemption.

—Taken from My Utmost for His Highest by Oswald Chambers. © 1935 by Dodd Mead & Co., renewed © 1963 by the Oswald Chambers Publications Assn., Ltd., and is used by permission of Discovery House Publishers, Box 3566, Grand Rapids MI 49501. All rights reserved.

“Forgiveness, the ultimate healing medication”

Imagine this scene from a courtroom trial in South Africa: A frail black woman stands slowly to her feet. She is something over 70 years of age. Facing her from across the room are several white security police officers, one of whom, Mr. Van der Broek, has just

been tried and found implicated in the murders of both the woman’s son and her husband some years before. It was indeed Mr. Van der Broek, it has now been established, who had come to the woman’s home a number of years back, taken her only son, shot him at point-

blank range, and then burned the young man’s body on a fire while he and his officer partied nearby.

Several years later, Van der Broek and his cohorts had returned to take away her husband as well. For many

“Forgiveness..” continued on page 4

CHRIST IS VICTOR Volume 32, No.6

This newsletter is produced six times per year by the Laymen’s Evangelical Fellowship International. It is printed and distributed in the US, UK, Germany, Singapore, Canada, and Australia and is supported by unsolicited sacrificial gifts of young people. For a free subscription or for other enquiries, please contact any of the addresses below.

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

- ◆ USA: P.O. Box 14, South Lyon, MI 48178, Phone – (248) 446-3080
- ◆ CANADA: P.O. Box 31002, Windsor, Ontario N9G 2Y2, Phone – (519) 966-4603
- ◆ SINGAPORE: P.O. Box 320 PSA Building Post Office, Singapore 91114. Phone – (65) 63562724 (Sam)
- ◆ MALAYSIA: P.O.Box 236, Jalan Kelang Lama, 58700 Kuala Lumpur West Malaysia, Phone –012-3416203 or No. 3, Lorong Beduk, Taman Sungai Bakap, 14200 Sungai Bakap, Seberang Prai Selatan, Pulau Pinang. Phone – 019- 4493115 T.K. Ong
- ◆ AUSTRALIA: P.O. Box 24 Tuart Hill, Perth, West Australia 6939 Phone – 09.345-3739
- ◆ GREAT BRITAIN: P.O. Box 737 London SW2 4XT, Phone – 020-8677-6909
- ◆ IRELAND: P.O. Box 18 Cavan Co. Cavan
- ◆ INDIA: 9B Nungambakkam High Rd. Chennai 600034, Phone – 044-2827-2393
- ◆ INTERNET: <http://lefi.org>
- ◆ EMAIL: post@lefi.org

“A pioneer Christmas”

We piled on some fresh logs, lighted two candles, and began to examine our treasure. We drew out an overcoat. Then there was a cloak. There was a warm suit of clothes also and three pairs of woollen hose. There was a dress for me, yards of flannel, and a pair of arctic overshoes for each of us. In mine was a slip of paper. I have it now and mean to hand it down to my children. It was Moses' blessing to Asher, “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.” In the gloves, evidently for James, the same dear hand had written, “I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.”

It was a wonderful box, and packed with thoughtful care. There was a suit of clothes for each of the boys, a little red gown for Ruth, mittens, scarves, and hoods. Down in the center of the box was another box. We opened it and there was a great wax doll. I burst into tears again. James wept for joy. It was too much. We then both exclaimed again. Close behind it came two pair of skates. There were books for us to read, some of them I had wished to see,

“Forgiveness, the ultimate healing medication”

months she heard nothing of his whereabouts. Then, almost two years after her husband's disappearance, Van der Broek came back to fetch the woman herself. How vividly she remembers that evening, going to a place beside a river where she was shown her husband, bound and beaten, but still strong in spirit, lying on a pile of wood. The last words she heard from his lips as the officers poured gasoline over his body and set him aflame were, “Father, forgive them.”

And now the woman stands in the courtroom and listens to the confessions offered by Mr. Van der Broek. A member of South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission turns to her and asks, “So, what do you want? How should justice be done to this man who has so brutally destroyed your family?”

“I want three things,” begins the old woman calmly, but confidently. “I want first to be taken to the place where my husband's body was burned so that I can gather up the dust and give his remains a decent burial.”

She pauses, then continues. “My husband and son were my only family.

stories for the children to read, aprons and underclothing, knots of ribbon, a gay little tidy, a lovely photograph, needles, buttons, thread and actually a muff, and an envelope containing a ten-dollar gold piece.

At last we cried over everything we took up. It was past midnight, and we were faint and exhausted even with happiness. We drew up the table before the fire, and how we enjoyed our supper! And then we sat talking over our life and how sure a help God always proved.

You should have seen the children the next morning. The boys raised a shout at the sight of their skates. Ruth caught up her doll and hugged it tightly without a word; then she went to her room and knelt by her bed. When she came back, she whispered to me, “I knew they would be there, Mamma, but I wanted to thank God just the same.” We went to the window and there were the boys out of the house already and skating on the ice with all their might.

My husband and I tried to return thanks to the church in the east that sent us the box and have tried to give thanks

I want, secondly, therefore, for Mr. Van der Broek to become my son. I would like for him to come twice a month to the ghetto and spend a day with me so that I can pour out on him whatever love I still have remaining within me.”

“And, finally,” she says, “I want a third thing. I would like Mr. Van der Broek to know that I offer him my forgiveness because Jesus Christ died to forgive. This was also the wish of my husband. And so, I would kindly ask someone to come to my side and lead me across the courtroom so that I can take Mr. Van der Broek in my arms, embrace him, and let him know that he is truly forgiven.”

As the court assistants come to lead the elderly woman across the room, Mr. Van der Broek, overwhelmed by what he has just heard, faints. And as he does, those in the courtroom, friends, family, neighbours—all victims of decades of oppression and injustice—begin to sing, softly, but assuredly, “Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me.”

—Selected

to God every day since. Hard times have come again and again, but we have trusted Him, dreading nothing so much as a doubt of His protecting care. Over and over again we have proved that “they that seek the Lord shall not want anything”.

We have been fooled into thinking that we have to have more and more to be happy. Maybe this true story will help all of us to be a little more content with the things we have often taken for granted.

—Selected

Weekly Meetings —Welcome to All—

Sunday Morning Worship at 10:00 am at:

Community Christ Church in Novi, MI

46200 West Ten Mile Rd.

Call (248) 486-6326 or (248) 380-8633

University of Michigan Mondays 7:00pm

Angell Hall, Room G-144

Call (248) 486-6326

University of Windsor Sundays 5:00pm

University Community Church.

Call (519) 978-1495

Oakland University: (248) 374-5565

For info on other meetings, call:

South Lyon, MI: (248) 446-3080

Cleveland, OH: (440) 878-0816

Stamford, CT: (203) 554-0792

Hear “The Lord's Challenge” Weekly Gospel Radio

Buffalo, NY: 99.5 FM (WDCX) Sat. 8:45 am

Detroit, MI: 560 AM (WMUZ) Sat. 5:00 pm

Shortwave (Sundays 2:15 pm, EST)

WHRI 19 Metre band 15.355 MHz

Des Moines, IA: 1460 (KDMI)

Sat. 7:30 am, Sun. 11:00 pm

Fort Wayne, IN: 1090 AM (WFCV) Sat. 4:00 pm

Council Bluffs, IA: 1560 AM (KLNG) Sun. 8:00 am

Atlanta, GA: 86 AM (LOVE 86) Sun. 2:00 pm

Toronto, Ont: 1250 AM (CJYE) Thurs. 3:15 pm

PLEASE PASS THIS ON TO A FRIEND