



THE GOOD NEWS MESSENGER

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A Mother's Best Meal

By: Linnie Chancellor

The hot breeze swirled dust particles around me as I gathered sticks for a fire. I wished I could blame the tears filling my eyes on the stinging dirt flung into them. I didn't want to exhibit weakness, but I could not hide it any longer. The long drought in our country was evidenced by the parched, cracked ground that I walked on. Even the wood seemed to be baked, dry and brittle to the touch. As I bent to gather the few sticks I would need to cook our last meal, a tear plopped off of my nose onto the ground. It made a single wet spot in the entire dry wasteland, and swiftly dried in the beaming sun. The land around me used to be so fertile, producing plentiful harvests. Now, children cried from the hunger that gripped their bellies. Neighbors fought as the tension rose. How would they survive?

"Madam," a voice called.

I turned to see a bearded stranger, dressed in tattered clothes. I couldn't help but notice that he looked weary and hot.

"Yes?" I said, bracing myself to hurry away if he seemed threatening. His accent was unfamiliar, but his eyes only looked tired, not predatory.

"Fetch me some water, please," he requested.

I turned to go fulfill this common courtesy, but his voice halted me in my tracks.

"Please, can you also bring me some bread?" he asked. At this, the strain of the last few days boiled over.

"Sir, I am a widow. I barely survive when things are going well. Now, I am destitute. I am preparing to use my last particles of meal and last drops of oil to fix a meal for my son and I before we die. Surely you wouldn't

ask for the last bites of a widow and a child." The tears were pricking my eyes again, but I was too exhausted to let them fall.

"Madam, the Lord God of Israel has sent me to you. Feed me first, and your meal and oil will not run out until it rains again," the man proclaimed with assurance.

I shrugged and shuffled toward home. How could I resist the Lord? But what if this man wasn't of God? What if he simply knew how to sound official? I waffled in my mind as I neared our small hut. As hungry as we were now, one less meal wouldn't make much difference. And what if he was really a man of God? Maybe this was the miracle I had been hoping for!

I ducked through the doorway of our hut and looked around. My son lay listlessly on his mat in the corner. He had stopped playing outside, spending more time at home. He did not have the energy to be a boy anymore. My heart broke at the sight of his scrawny white face. He has lost so much weight in the past months.

I turned away and began making the bread, still struggling with the decision I had been asked to make. Did I trust that God had sent this man as His way to take care of us, or were we being robbed of our last joy in life? Was God really a merciful God, or a stern tyrant who had turned His back on our nation and our people? My tears fell hard now. My son was dying before my eyes. How could I think of giving away his last mouthful of food? And yet, how could I not?

As the bread finished baking, I dipped water into a jug for the man. I pulled the bread from the fire as the doorway was filled by a dark shape. The man had followed me to our humble home, making my decision for me. Courtesy said that as a guest in my home, I had to feed him. I thrust the food at him and turned away. Maybe there were just a few grains of meal in the bottom of my barrel that I could scrape up for my son. I couldn't just sit and let him die.

I peered into the barrel and gasped. In the bottom, there was still the same amount of meal that I had seen there earlier. Immediately, I recalled the man's words. "Your meal and oil will not run out..."

"Sir, what is your name?" I asked, my tone sharp in surprise.

"I am Elijah, servant of the most High God," he replied. God had indeed provided.

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Soldiers

Excerpt from *Secret of a Singing Heart* by C. W. Naylor

We have already pointed out that life was not intended for us merely to have a good time, to seek pleasure and to enjoy ourselves. It is a time for building Christian character and for accomplishing things. Some people think a Christian ought to have no trouble, no conflict, no difficulties. Some who become Christians expect to have a joyful, easy, satisfying time as Christians. There is joy in becoming a Christian. There is much inner satisfaction. There is peace, rest, victory. But the Christian life has another side. The young Christian who starts out joyfully with God's blessing upon him finds sooner or later that life will challenge him. It will take strength, courage, and determination to meet its many problems and difficulties and to conquer its enemies.

It has been said, "When we are converted we mount up with wings as eagles, then we run and are not weary, and later we must learn to walk and not faint."

We are in the midst of a great conflict. The hosts of good and evil are in deadly combat. The sound of this battle comes to our ears from every direction. Whether we will or not we are in this conflict upon one side or the other. It was said that on the battlefields of France the larks would sometimes fly up into the heavens and sing even amidst the roar of battle. Likewise the Christian can ascend to the heights of God and sing even in this world of conflict. His song need not be quenched; his spirit need not be broken. He is in this battle and he cannot help himself; so he should be worthy soldier.

It is impossible that we be neutral. Jesus said, "He that is not for me is against me." The weight of our influence, the result of our actions, the force of our example, are on one side or the other. We must "show our colors." The cry that echoed in the camp of Israel still echoes in the world, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Those who really are on one side yet pretend to be upon the other are hypocrites. There is a line of clear distinction, in life, spirit, and character between a true Christian and a sinner no matter how moral that sinner may be. That distinction is always clear to the eyes of God. Sometimes it may be obscured to the world but the distinction is real just the same. We are on Christ's side and with him against all evil, or we are against him.

There are some who desire to be secret Christians. In my youth I was very timid. I desired to be a Christian, yet I feared to say anything about it; so I thought I would be a Christian in my own heart and take no part in the public worship of God. This was an unsatisfactory life, but I counted myself a Christian. Later when I was brought face to face with the facts I found that I was not a Christian at all. When I truly became a Christian

through the saving grace of God I was ready immediately to identify myself with the Christians of my community. I was no longer ashamed to be called a Christian.

Jesus said that if we be ashamed of him before men he shall be ashamed of us before his Father and the holy angels. A truly loyal Christian does not want anyone to think he is on the world's side. In our Civil War it was a great offense to question the loyalty of an individual. This was also true in the World War. I remember a fine Christian woman saying years ago publicly, "I do not want anyone to mistake me for a sinner." That is the spirit that ought to animate us all and that will animate us if we are vigorous, courageous Christians.

Paul speaks of the conflict being waged: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. 6:12). The forces of evil beset every Christian. They are animated by an intense hatred of God. They cannot attack God directly; therefore they attack his children. There is a devil in the world. Verse 11 says, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." According to this text we shall be able to stand against him no matter if he may have power and use it in a wily way. One thing is sure—if we put on the armor of God and boldly face our foes the outcome of the fight will be victory for us.

Many people fear the devil. The Bible does not say to fear him. It says, "Fear not." Many people have wrong ideas of the devil. They imagine he is almost if not quite as powerful as God. They imagine that he is everywhere at the same time. In other words, that he is infinite and omnipresent. He is finite; therefore like all other finite personalities—very limited in his powers. There are many evil angels—how many we do not know—but they also are finite creatures, evil, yet limited. Many people lose sight of the fact made plain in the Scriptures that tho the evil angels work against us and try to destroy us "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him" to protect and keep them.

The conflict is real, not only with the powers of Satan but with the evil influences that come from the unsaved people about us. We cannot but be influenced by these; therefore we must stand steadfast against them and overcome them.

Then, too, there are those things within ourselves that we must fight. Paul said, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection." No matter how good Christians we become we shall find within ourselves some troublesome

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Soldiers *(continued)*

Excerpt from *Secret of a Singing Heart* by C. W. Naylor

things that will give us occasion to exercise our strength and courage. Full salvation takes all sin out of us but it does leave our disposition, our physical desires, and the desires of the mind, to be brought into subjection and governed. All these things make life a battle. But it may be a winning, not a losing battle, all along the line of life. It will be a battle of victory if we do our part.

It is not God's will that a Christian be on the defensive all the time. He should not be cornered fighting for his life. He should wage aggressive warfare against his many foes. God gives us offensive and defensive weapons sufficient that when we use them properly we need fear no foe. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (II Cor. 10: 4). We do not use natural weapons but since our foes are spiritual foes we fight them with spiritual weapons. The "sword of the Spirit," we are told, is the Word of God. Jesus used it triumphantly against Satan in the time of Jesus' temptation. It will often serve us to put our enemies to flight. Sometimes we can quote Scriptures as Jesus did. At other times we can use them as bulwarks of faith. We can anchor our faith in them.

Our mightiest weapon of all is faith. We are to "fight the good fight of faith" (I Tim. 6:12). Paul fought a victorious fight all through life and when nearing the end he said, "I have fought a good fight" (II Tim. 4: 7). The writer of the Hebrew epistle has something to say about this warfare. He calls to remembrance "the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions, partly, whilst ye were made a gazingstock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly, whilst ye became companions of those that were so used" (Heb. 10: 32-33). Paul told Timothy to "endure hardness as a good soldier."

The life of a soldier in many respects is a hard life. Likewise the life of a Christian has its hard elements in things to be endured, things that will try courage and endurance. But what are we—dress parade soldiers or real soldiers? What are we—courageous Christians or cowards? What are we—people of spirit and vigorous manhood, or do we dwell in the caves of fear? No, we shall "quit ourselves like men." We shall be good soldiers of Christ Jesus.

But this fight is a fight of faith. It is through faith we conquer. Faith gives confidence. We must believe that we shall win. General Marion said of his men in the Revolution, "If I saw my men sitting up on their horses straight, with their heads up and with their eyes flashing, I knew I could attack a greatly superior force with certainty of success." Gideon's three hundred are examples of what all God's people should be. "Confidence is half of conquest, but only the first half." We must have confidence that we

shall win; then we must do the things that bring victory. We must fight man. fully. This we can do, and doing it we shall win.

A soldier's life does not consist altogether in fighting. Battles are fought only at intervals. There are things to be endured by a soldier besides the perils of battle. When Garibaldi led his troops to fight for the freedom of Italy he stood before them and said, "I will give you hunger, wounds, death, but Italy shall be free." They followed him enthusiastically and won. If we have the love that endureth all things we shall not be deterred by the comparatively few hardships of the Christian life. We shall have the courage to meet them and to go through them.

Before a soldier is ready for battle he must be drilled. He must be taught to cooperate with others. So God puts us through the drilling process in life. Soldiers often get tired of their drills, nevertheless they must keep them up if they would be good soldiers. So the Christian must have the drill of the daily repetition of the little troublesome things of life. He must go through the various processes of becoming a soldier, and these drills must be kept up continually through life.

Sometimes in our Christian life we seem to be making DO progress. We mark time. At other times we find it necessary to go upon the double quick. We then realize we are making real progress. But running is often no more important than marking time. So whichever we are doing let us be content to obey our Commander.

Soldiers are often kept in garrisons. Frequently it is as important to hold some position without fighting as to be at the battlefield. Garrison duty often becomes irksome. In like manner there are irksome things in the Christian life. There is the daily recurrence of the same duties; things must be repeated over and over. Perhaps we cannot always enter into these things with zest, but it is just as much a test of our loyalty and our soldierly qualities to do well the uninteresting things of life, the things that come again and again, the things we weary of, as to do those that interest us most.

Again, soldiers are often held in reserve. The battle is raging in front of them. They are doing nothing. Sometimes it is harder to be held in reserve than it is to fight. There are times when God lets us be in reserve. For a time at least we are inactive. We may not understand why. We may think we are useless; but not so. God is only waiting for the time when he can use us effectually. He is only waiting until he needs us for some definite thing.

It is important that we have soldierly qualities. The demand of a soldier's life is for the manifestation of the

Soldiers (*continued*)

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sterner side of his nature. The coward may make a pretty good soldier until he faces the enemy. Only the man of courage faces unflinching what may come. Therefore we have need of courage. The old song says.

"Sure I must fight if I would win,
Increase my courage Lord."

Well, the Lord is ready to do that if we take the right course. How can we be courageous, even tho we ma, not feel courageous? Marshal Foch said, "Don't stop to have any fear, but when you are sure that you are right approach the issue with confidence and fight and fight on until victory." Marshal Foch won enough victories to know how it is done. If we follow his advice our victories will be won and we shall know no defeat.

Good soldiers do their part everywhere. They are not merely good soldiers when no enemies are in sight. They are ready, obedient, confident. Of one thing we can always be sure—we have a good General. We need fear no foe when we follow him. We need fear nothing but that we may not properly follow him. He requires nothing more than he ought to require. He leads us nowhere but where we ought to go. He goes forth "conquering and to conquer." Let us follow him through life's conflict without fear, with the assurance that we shall be filled with his might, that we shall be kept by his protecting power, and that nothing shall by any means hurt us while we obey and trust him.

The fact that there are dangers and hardships and wearisome toil in the army does not stifle its song. There are songs in the camp, songs on the march, songs in the battle, and songs of victory. These songs differ.

In life we have the songs of the camp. There are songs for the quiet hour, songs of safety, songs of contentment, songs of a restful soul. There are songs of anticipation, of hope, and of fellowship. These songs may gladden our hearts day by day even tho we are in God's army, for God's army is a joyful army.

In life there are songs of the march, songs of accomplishment, of endeavor, of determination. There are songs that make us forget our weariness. There are songs of the land that lies before us. Let us learn to sing these songs on the march so that as we go onward in our Christian journey it shall not be a dragging forward through the difficulties and sometimes darkness of the march, and up through discouragements and fear, but looking beyond the things that surround us we may see the end of our march and the great review after the campaign is over.

Then there are songs of the battle, songs of courage, of determination, songs of the power of our Leader, of his greatness, of his glory, and of his care of his soldiers. There are songs to encourage us, to create in us enthusiasm, to inspire us. There are songs that flow from the will to win. Let us learn to sing the songs of battle. They will help us on the Christian way. They will cause our foes to fear us.

The Need of the Hour—Urgency of the Need

Excerpt from *The Holy Spirit* By: R. L. Berry

Mark 16:15-16—And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

John 20:22—And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.

The church of Jesus Christ must be filled with the Holy Ghost or it will be a human machine geared to and susceptible of mere human impulses. Instead of being actuated by divine impulses imparted through the Spirit, it will be actuated by a thousand and one impulses born of man. Instead of keeping to the high and noble calling of winning a world to allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ as Savior, it will expend its energies in some program of mere human betterment. Good and laudable as these programs for human betterment are they are cast into the shade by the far more important program of God to save a lost world. Indeed, those

who keep clear the vision of God may also participate in the social, economic and educational programs that are needed today. But a danger exists when these urgent calls to rectify the maladjustments of our political, economic, social and educational systems cause us to lose that vision of things that Jesus gave to his early apostles.

The church of today must become more sensitive to the impulses of the Holy Spirit. He, himself, as the Comforter, desires a body of people so highly susceptible to divine impulses that the heart throb of God will be quickly communicated to them and they then put forth every effort to effectuate the divine will.

The ears of the church must be more clear to hear the voice of God calling them to his holy service. The Shepherd of the sheep wants to be sure that the sheep hear him when he speaks, for there are a thousands clamorous voices demanding our attention. The eyes of the heart must be more keen to see spiritual and eternal values and comprehend more clearly the path along which the church should walk.

In the Hands of Giant Accuser

Excerpt from *Adventures in the Land of Canaan* By: R. L. Berry

I am having such dreadful battles! I have to fight, fight, and there seems to be no end to it. Surely I am not sanctified. If I were, I should not be so tried. What shall I do? The desire to be all the Lord's is uppermost; but can I truly be all for him with so many thoughts of all kinds running through my mind? Could I find rest from these battles probably I could feel that all is well; but with this constant battle I fear something is wrong. Isn't sanctification a grace where one will not be tried or tempted very much, at least not with such things as I am tried and tempted with? Why, the most terrible things ever heard of are suggested to me to do. Can you help me any?

Suppose we should visit a citizen of the land of Canaan and ask him if he had any battles with the giants of the land. No doubt the twinkle of his eye and the animated expression on his face would show that memory was at work, and we should wait in all expectation. Ah! Here's one; let us hear him!

"Indeed, indeed. Many, many times did I battle with the giants of Canaan. Many people suppose Canaan is the home for soldiers to rest, while in truth it is the great battleground of the world. I recall one battle I had with Giant Accuser (Matt. 4:1-11).

"Look right over the top of that olive-tree due east, down toward the Dead Sea. Do you see that shaded valley deep down between those two mountains? That is the Valley of Sorrows. In that valley I had one of the greatest battles of my life.

"It was before I possessed my home. I had been helping my brethren fight off the inhabitants of the land and was out oat this time looking over the country. I entered that valley. The sun was sinking into the western sea, and my thoughts grew gloomy and foreboding. All at once right before me loomed the big form of one of the worst giants in all Canaan, Giant Accuser. I could not run back, the cliffs were too steep on either side to climb out, and the fierce old Giant blocked the way in front.

"I rebuke you in the name of the Lord," I said to him.

"Ah, the Lord! Ha! Ha! The Lord does not care for you. Steal that sheep you see yonder; no one will see you. If any one sees you with it, you can tell him a lie about it," he said to me.

"I stood aghast at the suggestion. Never before had I had any evil suggestion like that, and I felt sick at heart that any such thought should enter my mind. The old Giant strode closer, and I trembled.

"'Curse and swear' he roared at me, scowling down into my very face. And from his coarse mouth there rolled a volume of blasphemy such as I never had heard. The curses had a peculiar effect of sticking on my mind, until they seemed to

be within me.

"I fell on my knees, while the old Giant dealt me a blow over the head with his club. 'You have cursed,' he shouted. 'See, your mind is full of evil words. And you would steal; for the suggestion lodged in your mind to steal that sheep. You are a sinner, that's what you are. Christians never have such thoughts as you are having.' And again he struck me with his club.

"I was too weak to fight. Finally I felt as if I really had sinned.

"The Old Giant then fell to beating me, and after half killing me and laughing right in my face and telling me he was going to drive me out of Canaan before he was through with me, he walked off.

"I lay there a long time thinking over the situation. Not an angel appeared, and God seemed to have forsaken me. My mind was all confused over the battle.

"While I was lying there, the old Giant came again. I was terribly frightened, because it seemed I had no weapon that he feared; if I had, I did not know how to use it. I tried to resist, and felt indignant within that he should treat me thus; but how to overcome him I did not know. I prayed, 'O God, help me! Help me!' But no voice answered, and no help came. The Giant strode right up and, without saying a word, again struck me with his club. The blow seemed to fall right on my heart, and a sickening feeling of utter discouragement and helplessness filled me. I groaned in complete confusion and bewilderment.

"See how discouraged you are! You are not happy as are others in Canaan. Evidently something is wrong. People in Canaan ought not have such discouragements as you are having.'

"Then from some cause or other (it may be the Giant insinuated these things into my mind) a whole variety of slimy thoughts, vulgar words, bad imaginings surged through my mind and, together with a feeling that all was lost, seemed to dig down into the depths of my soul. There I lay, alone, forsaken, while the towering bulk of the Giant hovered over me ready to club me back into utter helplessness any minute. Finally I attempted to rise; but down came that dreadful club. Once more I struggled to my knees, determined to arise; but a terrific blow just at my heart felled me again.

"'You have sinned,' he hissed. 'You cannot stay in Canaan. God has cast you off. See, he has abandoned you. He loves you no more. Die and be done with it. You are a sinner, anyway; you might as well do something desperate and end all.'

"I was so confused, I hardly knew what to do. The Giant dealt me one more blow, then left me to nurse my

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wounds.

“Finding myself alone, I began to endeavor to collect my thoughts and find the significance of the encounter. But my mind was so confused that the more I tried to reason out the why of the affair, the more confused I became.

“And then, to my consternation, the Giant came in sight again. I knew instinctively that he would once more beat and wound me. I made a feeble attempt at resistance; but it seemed to avail nothing. He repeated the beating I had before, and there I lay utterly baffled. The same thing occurred for many days.

“Then one day my attention was called to the shield of faith (Eph. 6:16) with which the Lord had equipped me. I had used it slightly, and there it lay at my feet. And my sword of truth lay unused by my side. Why I had not used it was a mystery to me. No giant can stand before it. I then and there determined that if Giant Accuser came again to beat me, I should use these holy weapons.

“Not long after this decision was made, the Giant came again. He came up confidently expecting to make short work of me and laugh at my calamity. I did not shout at him, nor utter any sigh of despair as before, neither was I trembling; for I now knew that all I had to do was to use my weapons. When the Giant got close enough, he bawled out again, ‘You have sinned. Your thoughts have been on things that are wrong. You have doubted. You must begin over. You are lost.’

“‘You are wrong,’ I declared. ‘I am a full citizen of Canaan, with a clear title to a home in this land of Beulah,’ and with that I kept before me my shield of faith, and drew the sword (Eph. 6:17) and struck at him with all my might. He winced, but immediately again braced himself. He was not sure but that I might yield; so he began telling me the wrongs and sins he was accusing me of.

“‘I am not a rebel,’ I declared emphatically, ‘and these ugly things coming to my mind are from you, old Giant Accuser,’ I added. Then I struck at him again with all my might. He gave way a little at that, and I saw it, and it gave me immense encouragement. Then I rained blows on him as fast and hard as I possibly could. Soon he started to run. Summoning all the strength I had, I ran after him, giving him blow upon blow, until he jumped into a deep place and disappeared. Then I dropped on my knees and praised the Lord God Almighty for helping me win so signal a victory.

“I have fought with Giant Tempter, Giant Discourager, Giant Covetousness, Giant Liar, Giant Lust, Giant Pride, Giant Doubt, Giant Fear, Giant Worldliness, and many others. Thank our God for the weapons of warfare, the

shield and the sword, the breastplate and the girdle, which give us power over them. I have not seen a giant for some time; but if any of them should attempt an encounter, by God’s help I am ready.”

Sanctification does not deliver from temptations; but it does make us more sure of winning over them. It is even probable that you will have more battles to fight, have more temptations to overcome, after you are sanctified than before. The spiritual foes are by no means confined to the justified state; there are a host of them to meet in the Canaan experience.

Many newly sanctified people have been overwhelmed, just as you have, with dreadful inner battles. Either the mind is harassed with constantly recurring evil thoughts, or evil words keep popping into it till they apparently spring from within. Or perhaps the suggestion to commit some sinful act keeps persistently coming to mind. Maybe feelings one considers foreign to the sanctified experience possess one. Possibly some diabolical temptation keeps whirling one about. All of these are sent with the avowed object of overthrowing the soul.

It is a favorite method of Satan’s to suggest a sin or bring something bad to the mind and then accuse you of being guilty of the evil. It is as if a thief should turn around and suddenly accuse the owner of the stolen property of being the thief. Satan may fill your mind with bad things and then try to throw the blame for having them all on you. His object is so to trouble you that you will give up your faith, after which he will make short work of you.

Fight on! No one can grow strong without fighting. And the battles give proficiency in the use of the spiritual weapons. When your faith is assailed, you learn how to use the shield of faith. Then in the next assault you can use it more familiarly. The same reasoning applies to the using of the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. These very battles which seem to be more than you can bear are only developing that which will make you a strong and valiant soldier in God’s army.

Then, too, these violent spiritual battles are proof of your ability to resist, else you would not have them (1 Cor. 10:13). They are proof of your truthfulness. So, instead of looking upon them as something to be frightened or troubled over, see in them a signal proof of your strength and of God’s confidence in you. So, then, dear soul, be encouraged concerning them; rejoice that God counts you able to fight for him and counts you able to win. By looking at them in this light you will make of them a source of encouragement. That being the case, let the battles come—they will do you good (2 Tim. 2:3; 1 Pet. 1:7).

The Blind Man of Bethsaida; How Peter Answered a Great Question

From Egermeier's Bible Storybook—Story #32—Matt. 16:13-28; Mark 8:22-9:1; Luke 9:18-27

Near Bethsaida, a town by the side of the Sea, lived a man who was blind. He had never been to Jesus, but he had heard how the eyes of blind people were opened by this wonderful man of Galilee, and he too wished to be healed. One day he heard that Jesus and twelve other men had come to Bethsaida. Then his friends led him to the place where the visitors from Galilee were stopping.

Jesus did not wish to attract multitudes to himself any longer. Now he wished to have time to be alone with his disciples. So he would not heal the blind man in the place where they brought him, but took the man by the hand and led him out of town. Alone with him, he placed his hands upon the blind eyes, then asked whether the man could see.

At first the man could not see clearly. He answered, "I see men walking about, but they look like trees walking." Jesus touched his eyes again, and they were made well. Then Jesus told him to return to his home alone, and tell no one about the miracle. He did not want a crowd to gather round, for he could not stay in Bethsaida to teach them.

From this place Jesus and his disciples journeyed north, to a city called Caesarea Philippi, not far from Mount Hermon. On their way Jesus asked the disciples some questions. First he asked, "Who do men say that I am?" The disciples answered, "Some say you are Elijah, the prophet, come back to earth; some think you are John the Baptist risen from the dead; others believe you are Jeremiah, the old prophet, or another of the old prophets who used to teach their fathers long ago."

Then Jesus asked, "But who do you men believe that I am?" And Simon Peter answered boldly, "We believe that you are Christ, the promised Messiah and King, and the Son of the living God." Jesus told Simon Peter that God the Father had caused him to believe this, for of a truth he was the Son of the living God. But he asked the disciples to tell no one that he was the Christ, for the time had not yet come for this truth to be publicly known.

From this time Jesus began to talk to the disciples about the sorrows that would come upon them at Jerusalem when he should be taken from them and put to death by enemies among their people. The disciples could not understand these words, for they believed Jesus would soon be their king and that they should rise to prominent places in his kingdom. They were displeased to hear him speak about dying, and rising on the third day.

Simon Peter, who often spoke for all the twelve, took Jesus aside and said, "These terrible things will never happen to you!" But Jesus looked sadly upon his disciples and answered, "You speak as Satan, the tempter; for your words are pleasing to man but not pleasing to God." How much easier it would have been for Jesus to accept a throne and earthly kingdom than to suffer and die! But

never would he yield to Satan's wishes, though he must suffer the greatest agony. But Peter and the other disciples could not understand.

Afterwards Jesus called other people to him, and when they had come he began to teach them what it would mean to be one of his followers. He said, "If any one follows me, he must not try to please himself. He must be willing to bear his cross. And he must not try to save his own life; for he who saves his life shall lose it, but he who loses his life for my sake shall find it. And what is a man profited even if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul? And what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

These questions caused people to wonder at his teaching. Then Jesus said, "The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."

Thy Will Be Done

By: Clara M. Brooks

The eventide falls gently now,
By Kedron's side, o'er Olive's brow,
And thro' the gloom methinks I see
A lonely form in prayer for me.
The gentle tone, thro' stately trees,
Is borne upon the murm'ring breeze,
He bowed his head—God's only Son—
And meekly said, "Thy will be done."

In fervent prayer for you and me
He wrestled there in agony;
With drops of sweat, of crimson hue,
His brow was wet, as with the dew.
In tears he knelt, with troubled soul,
While there he felt death's sorrows roll;
Our sins he bore—the Holy One—
And said once more, "Thy will be done."

And then before his vision came
The crown of thorns, the cruel shame,
The scorn of those he sought to save,
The reeking cross, the silent grave.
"This bitter cup, O Lord, I pray,
Before I sup, take thou away" -
Yet answered still, as there he knelt,
"Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Gethsemane! O sacred place!
Once more I see my Savior's face;
It shines anew with glory now,
And angels smooth his pallid brow.
Oh, let me e'er this scene behold!
Oh, let me hear the story told
Of him who there the vict'ry won,
Who said in prayer, "Thy will be done."

Bible Study—Holiness (Obadiah 17)

By: S. L. Speck

Adoration

By: Clara M. Brooks

- I. The Origin of Holiness
Eph. 1:4, 2 Thess. 2:13
- II. Holiness is declared to be
1. A way for the people of God to walk on.
Isa. 35:8-10
 2. The only preparation for heaven
Heb. 12:14, Mat. 5:8
- III. God's people are
1. Called to holiness
1 Thess. 4:7
 2. Commanded to be holy
1 Pet. 1:14-16
 - (a) In their conversation
1 Pet. 1:15
 - (b) In their life
Rom. 6:19
 - (c) In their love
Eph. 1:4
 - (d) In their body
Rom. 12:1
 - (e) To serve God in holiness
Luke 1:74, 75
 - (f) To worship God in holiness
Psa. 29:2
 - (g) To praise the beauty of holiness
2 Chr. 20:21
- IV. The Kind of Holiness Attainable in this life
1. God's holiness
Heb. 12:10
 2. Perfected holiness
2 Cor. 7:1
 3. Practical holiness
Rom. 6:19, 22
- V. Conclusion
Psa. 93:5

I have found the joy of God,
In his sacred blest abode,
Oh, the comfort of the peace that fills my soul!
And a day his courts within,
Far exceedeth all in sin,
In his secret presence I'm abiding.

Of my life the fountain spring,
Now my all to thee I bring,
Thou, O Lord, art all my heart's supreme delight!
Whom have I in heav'n but thee?
None on earth so dear to me,
Thou alone art altogether lovely.

How the heav'nly chorus rings,
While my heart in rapture sings,
Sweetest anthems of my Savior's joyful praise;
He's the fairest of the fair,
Nothing can to him compare,
He's to me the chief among ten thousand.

Take the world, for Christ is mine,
In his kingdom I would shine,
Let me labor all my days and years for him:
Perfect love and bliss abound,
In his presence I have found
Life is joy supreme and full of glory.

I shall see him, I shall see him,
I shall see him in his beauty over there;
In his likeness I'll behold him,
He is waiting for me at the portals.

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Spanish interpretation is available in the services.

Service Times:

Wednesday Prayer Meeting	7:00 p.m.
Sunday School	9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Worship	10:30 a.m.
Young People's Service (Sunday)	4:45 p.m.
Children's Service (Sunday)	5:00 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service	6:00 p.m.

We have literature available for those who would like to study the Word of God in the confines of their home. Let us know if you are interested by contacting us at the above telephone number, address, or website.