

Her name is Faith

And I peeked into the bosom of the Lord and saw faith resting there, strong and beautiful, a wonder to behold. Do not leave me my dear, for I desire to cling to thee, to wrap my arms in a tender embrace, never letting go, for now I can see.

In the Lord's bosom I saw faith laying there, soft and kind. I could not see in the dark but then faith gave me sight, the gift of God to the near and the blind.

Faith calls out to me, a siren's song that beckons and guides my step. Not to the left, not to the right, but straight ahead, as I walk in the night.

From whence comes this beauty called faith, which lies in His bosom and gives me sight.

A man who wakes faith from her peaceful slumber and holds her hand is subdued by her touch and no longer desires much.

But for faith I live and long for, she is of God, she is the Lord's touch.

And as I clung to her hand, something happened that I did not understand. I saw a vision of the Lord's house and in His room, where treasures were stored, was the greatest prize of all, the pearls of my love that hung out of touch.

Faith took the strand of pearls and placed it in my hand. Do not lose these she cried, for this is your guiding light. The gift of God, His prized treasure that adorns the weak and gives them might.

As I gazed into the eyes of my faith I saw a flame that shook me to my core. I dropped to my knees and the fear of God fell on me and I heard his voice roar. In the eyes of faith, I saw Him, God Almighty. I cried and cried, weeping on the floor.

Oh God I cried, it is you that fills my faith, the beauty so peaceful that slumbers. Faith then grabbed me so I would no longer weep. She held me up and clutched my hands. Do not lose hold of these pearls she said, for in them is what you seek.

Peace and restful slumber in the bosom of the Lord God, He who strengthens the meek.

Faith, then said to me, listen carefully for there will be a test. I am the key to the Master's power, His rod and His rest. Gather me in your arms and do not let go, for this is God's will that you be blessed.

I give you my beauty, the pearls which you clutch, God's prized possession that endears you to Him, a treasure no heathen can touch.

My dear, I said to her, teach me these things that I cannot bear, how to hold on in the midst of fear.

She looked at me in delight, laughing with glee. Why, she said, the answer is clear, gaze into my eyes and tell me what you see.

I peered into the flames that were her eyes and I saw Jesus, my Lord and Master, He who was crucified, raised, and set over much.

The flames in her eyes then seemed to shoot forth and set my clothes ablaze, but I did not burn and was not fazed. I was in the midst of a fire, but was not inflamed.

Do you see? Faith said to me. The fire is of God, but you shall not burn, therefore have no fear but embrace me in your arms.

It is Christ that molds me and burns away the dross, so that I am free. And as I continued to gaze in her eyes, and flames surrounded me, I was cast into the image of a mighty warrior that I did not see.

Faith then laughed again and said tell me what you see? As I cling to thee, my Lord's flame purifies me, making me great and treasured. Angels rejoice for the pearls in my hands can now fit my neck, my shoes are fastened, shield polished and my clothes made perfect. Faith my dear, I smiled at her, now I see. It is you that prepares me for the wedding and to lie by the Lord's Tree.

A bride for my Lord, without blemish or wrinkle, adorned with faith, my bridesmaid, preparing me.

So faith said to me, in my eyes now you see, you will be wedded to Christ, in the time to come. Presided by the Father, a great ceremony with food and drink for some. Look into my eyes and see what is to come, a wedding draws near in God's Kingdom.

Never look away from what is to be, you are to be wedded to the Mighty One. Nothing else matters for you are greatly esteemed, loved by the Lord, He who said it is done.

I am your bridesmaid, who guides and prepares the bride. This is your destiny for the world is just a sphere. But the Kingdom of God is eternal and I, faith, bring you there, to the delight of my Lord and King, God Almighty and the Son, the Lamb who was crucified and is One.

Cling to me and look into my eyes. I am your light that guides and strengthens and with each step God provides. I adorn thee with pearls of wisdom and through my eyes the flame of the Lord refines and christens.

You will never let go and always find comfort and peace when you gaze into my eyes. But if you look to the left or to the right, despair and disappointment lie in wait, pouncing on the saint who took his eyes off faith.

Cling to me and never let go, I will guide you to the wedding and a life pleasing to the Father for I am faith, the sight of the soul, a wonder to behold, the persuasion of God, the bridesmaid that prepares, and cornerstone of the mighty and bold.

Amen.

God Remembered

I have a friend, Bob, who is with the Lord now. When we first met, he wasn't much to behold. He looked scraggly, around 70 years old. His shirt was always hanging out of his sagging pants, and he wore a plaid lumberjack jacket. He was missing some teeth, blind in one eye and his white hair was thinning. Bob was someone you might easily dismiss if you passed on the street. If not for church, I doubt we would've met.

But by the grace of the Lord we did meet. And it seemed, in the time we spent together, that we were brothers, like we had always known each other. Bob would say the Lord had us together in heaven, where we played, before the foundation of the world.

As I got to know Bob, he told me his story and testimony. He had tried to kill himself. He put a .22 caliber pistol to his temple and pulled the trigger. According to doctors, 95% of the time this gunshot results in death. The bullet typically bounces around inside the skull and kills the brain.

When the doctors told Bob it was a miracle he survived, he began to wonder. Was God behind this miracle? Thus, he began to seek the Lord and in time found him. Then, praise God, the Lord anointed Bob and used him to bear fruit.

Bob told me how he knocked on the door of a Muslim family, in his neighborhood. He wanted to pass the man a Christian tract. The man, with his child standing behind him, began to curse Bob and accuse him of trying to convert him. Bob calmly told him that he could not convert him, only Jesus Christ could do that.

About three months later, that Muslim man gave his life to Christ. Then, one day, Bob said he wanted to honor God and asked if I could help him write a song. I wrote some lyrics and gave it to him.

A few months later, he was having Thanksgiving dinner at his boss' house. And there was a woman who seemed a little depressed. Bob pulled out the song and gave it to her. Suddenly she burst into tears. Months later she too gave her life to Christ.

I often wondered, "Why did the Lord spare Bob?" Why did he not let him die as others do in that circumstance? I searched the Scriptures for answers. Then the Lord revealed the answer to me.

Bob had a praying mother. He talked highly of her. He had suffered a terrible molestation as a child. And demons haunted him throughout his life. He said it was only his mother that brought him comfort and peace. And when his mother died, his life spun out of control, into alcoholism and attempted suicide.

Then I recalled our conversations. Bob's mother was a righteous woman, a woman God loved. She was a praying woman. The Lord hears the prayers of the righteous dear friend. This woman of God prayed for Bob, "dear Lord have mercy on my son, I pray thee oh merciful Father."

When Bob attempted to kill himself, the Lord remembered. He remembered her prayers. I want you to meditate on this dear friend, the Lord, Jehovah God remembered, and He honored her.

The Lord remembers the righteous. It was this woman of God that saved Bob's life and rendered him unto the Lord. Even after her death, the Lord remembered. (*Proverbs 15:29, Psalm 145:18, John 9:31, Psalm 34:15*)

Why do I live a life righteous unto our heavenly father, purposed to bear the fruit of righteousness, holiness and faith that he desires and demands? (*Psalm 66:18-20*) Because I love Him and I love my family.

If I am righteous before God, in honoring Him with a life that bears fruit to His glory, I know He hears my prayers and all that is in His will He will do. And it is the will of God that we bear fruit.

Dear friend if you have a family and love them, be righteous unto the Lord and He will hear your prayers. And even after your death, He will remember.

As Noah's family was permitted into the ark of salvation, even though only Noah was accounted righteous before God (*Genesis 7:1*), and as Lot, who was called righteous (*2 Peter 2:7*), was permitted to save his family from judgment (*Genesis 19:15*), and Solomon, though he constructed idols at the end of his life, was spared because of his father David, (*1 Kings 11:11-13*) so the Lord will honor those who love Him.

Praise the Lord, in whom all things are possible and whose love is never ending. Amen.

Tommy Titcombe

Let me share the story of Tommy Titcombe, as related by Paris Reidhead. Tommy was a short man about 5 feet 4 inches who lived in Canada. Tommy believed the Word of God that said “Tarry, [wait] until the Holy Ghost comes upon you and then [with power] go into the world and make disciples of men.” (Acts 1:8). Tommy applied and was selected for a mission’s trip to Africa, a location where there was one other regional missionary who knew the local language. After he arrived in Africa Tommy trekked to the village where he would labor. As he approached the village he passed by a signpost with skulls, some fresh, a warning that outsiders should not enter.

Undeterred, Tommy continued. When he entered the village he spied a man he perceived to be the chief. He then threw his bag on the ground and announced himself as a missionary for Christ. The chief told Tommy no white man could stay in the village and he must leave. At the outskirts of the village Tommy prayed to the Lord and asked, “How am I to proclaim your Word if I am not allowed in the village?” The Lord answered and told him to go upon a hill overlooking the village and preach down to the people. There was a problem, however. Tommy had a voice that was squeaky and tiny in nature, so it would be hard for anyone to hear. Tommy then prayed again, “Lord how can I go, no one will hear me?” The Lord did not answer. Obedient to the Lord he went up to the hill. When Tommy began preaching what happened stunned him. His voice changed and sounded like a loud, deep baritone. Tommy preached the Word of God from that hill. In time about 12 people came out to meet him, at a little hut he built outside the village. Together they studied the Scriptures and formed the first church.

Now this enraged the chief and the village’s witch doctor, so they conspired to kill Tommy. Soon a band of men surrounded his hut. Fear gripped all, but Tommy told everyone to continue in reading, worship and prayer. The group did not leave the hut for about 2 days. When the men surrounding them left, Tommy said it was time to go. As they were walking away they turned and saw the men racing towards them. Death seemed certain. Tommy did not run, but stopped and waited until his attackers were within striking distance. He then lifted his right hand and commanded God Almighty. “In the name of Jesus Christ stop!” he cried. At that instant it was said what seemed like an invisible wall sprang up, and the warriors literally froze in their tracks. No one could move from beyond that line. The witch doctor, the Devil himself, who led the attack shouted to Tommy, “Leave the village!” Tommy responded, “No, you leave.” The witch doctor, without a fight, walked away. Tommy now went up to each man and proclaimed the Word of God. He labored into the early morning hours listening to the needs of each person. By the end of the next day 400 people had come to the Lord. When Tommy left the village to return to Canada about 1500 people had come to the Lord. After some time had passed he went back to Africa to see the church. The church elders then led him to a clearing in the country side by flatbed truck. There Tommy saw about 20,000 people that had gathered in the name of Jesus.

Through one humble man with no fame or fortune, who waited until the power of the Holy Ghost had come upon him, God was glorified. Have you been brought into union with Christ Jesus for the glory of God, to do the works of Christ?

"The bows of the warriors are broken, but those who stumbled are armed with strength." - 1 Samuel 2:4

Catherine Booth

The only way the Lord could save you and I was to put Christ in us, so we become what he is before a Holy God; pure and undefiled. He did this so “He might present to Himself the church in all her glory, having no spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that she would be holy and blameless.” (Ephesians 5:27).

And no greater illustration or story can I give of “Christ in us” than that of Mrs. Catherine Booth, the wife of William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army of Jesus Christ. The story takes place in the middle 1800s, in the United Kingdom. Mrs. Booth, a worker for the Salvation Army, had petitioned the state to preach the Gospel in a women’s prison. But this wasn’t normal, this hadn’t been done. Why, prison was no place for a proper woman, especially one with social standing. What was she thinking, the authorities wondered? Without waver Mrs. Booth insisted and the petition was granted. Once there, she began sharing the Word from cell to cell. Then one woman, at the end of the prison corridor, began cursing. She cursed Mrs. Booth and cursed the name of God. Vile and filthy things spewed for all to hear. Mrs. Booth couldn’t see the woman because her cell had a wall, so she asked to go down the corridor. The prison guards tried to dissuade her, saying the woman was horribly disfigured and was offensive to see. In fact, they had put up the wall so she could be hidden from view.

Undaunted, Mrs. Booth headed down the corridor and approached the cell. She then faced the woman and said, “The Lord loves you.” The woman responded, “If God loves me then kiss me.”

With tears streaming down her cheeks Mrs. Booth reached through the prison bars, held the woman’s face and kissed her. Then the woman reeled back and cried out, “Now I know there is a God, because no one has ever kissed me, except my mother!”

But let me tell you the rest of the story. And I know it by the grace of God. When Mrs. Booth approached the prison cell and saw the woman, her body cringed. The woman was offensive to human sight and senses. She was rejected by the flesh of men, all that comprises human personality and prejudice. Tension arose in her gut, and Mrs. Booth’s mind and body said “Don’t go.” But something deep within her said “Go.” As she raised her hands to the bars of the cell, to hold the woman, something happened. An unnatural calm and peace flooded her body that could not be explained by human reason. The feeling of revulsion disappeared, the spirit of offense and loathing was gone. And as she held the woman’s face in her hands and kissed her, the Spirit of God poured out from her soul.

The tears coming down Mrs. Booth’s cheeks were not tears of pity, but the well of Living Water, he who is acquainted with our grief. Through his anointed vessel the Lord Jesus kissed this woman. Then she who received the kiss could say “Glory to God, who gives strength and comfort to the weak.” And Mrs. Booth could say “I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who has strengthened me, because He considered me faithful, putting me into service.” (1 Timothy 1:12). Two women, a sheep and a shepherd, praised God that day. One received strength to do God’s will and the other revealed God’s love.

How do we know this was a work of God and not a ministry of man? We know because the Gospel did not come in word only, but also in power and in the Holy Spirit and with full conviction. (1 Thessalonians 1:5).

Before that day Mrs. Booth had been to the throne room of Christ. She had been to the mercy seat, broken in spirit, and covered in God’s strength. And as the Good Shepherd heard the cries of his lost sheep, he called one who had become a vessel for the Lord Jesus. A woman whose faith would not rest on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God. (1 Corinthians 2:

Stand in the gap

I believe many a soul is in Hell tonight because there was no one to intercede. No one to stand in the gap and plead, "Mercy dear Lord." No one to advocate life for the condemned. The Lord Jesus says he does not pray for the world but prays for the children of God, that they may be kept from the evil one. (John 17:9). So who is to pray and plead for the lost sheep? You and me. This is the duty given us as priests of God. To step in the gap and plead to him, as advocates, lawyers for those perishing.

The Lord says in John 17:20, "I do not ask on behalf of these alone [his disciples], but for those also who believe in Me through their word;" The prayer of the Lord Jesus is focused, you must catch this. He only prays for the disciples he has called and those followers that have believed in him through these disciples. The Lord through his Spirit gave power to his disciples (you and me) to proclaim the Gospel with effect. Then our Lord prays to the Father that all those who hear and believe through his servants will also be kept.

And with authority given us in Christ Jesus we are to dispel the forces of darkness that blind the minds of unbelievers so they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith in Christ. (Acts 26:16-18).

Oh what a tragedy, what a shame when a Christian refuses to go on to perfection in the Lord; to be a minister of God. How many souls have perished because there was no one to stand in the gap?

"By this shall men know you are my disciples, [my followers, true Christian] if you have love for one another." (John 13:35). What does this mean? Who is the brother or sister in Christ we are to love? Only God knows. Only the Lord knows the heart and who are his. Thus we are commanded to walk by faith and not by sight.

In the story of Catherine Booth we find a dear sister in Christ was trapped in the bowels of disfigured flesh, prison bars and the hate of men. But God heard her cries.

"In my distress I called to the LORD; I cried to my God for help. From his temple he heard my voice; my cry came before him, into his ears." (Psalm 18:6).

And to reach this one he needed a servant who would walk by faith. "But wait a minute," you might say, "The woman in prison, she cursed God, how was she a sister in Christ?" To human sight she appeared vile, but to God she was his daughter from the womb, a sister of Jesus Christ, and he loved her. Who knew? Only God knew. Faithful to his Word that he would never leave or abandon his children, the Lord sent Mrs. Booth, a woman who walked not by sight but by the Spirit in her heart