

CHARLES COLSON:
Dramatic story
from a Russian
prison camp

JOSEPH
GARLINGTON:
The Joy of the
Journey

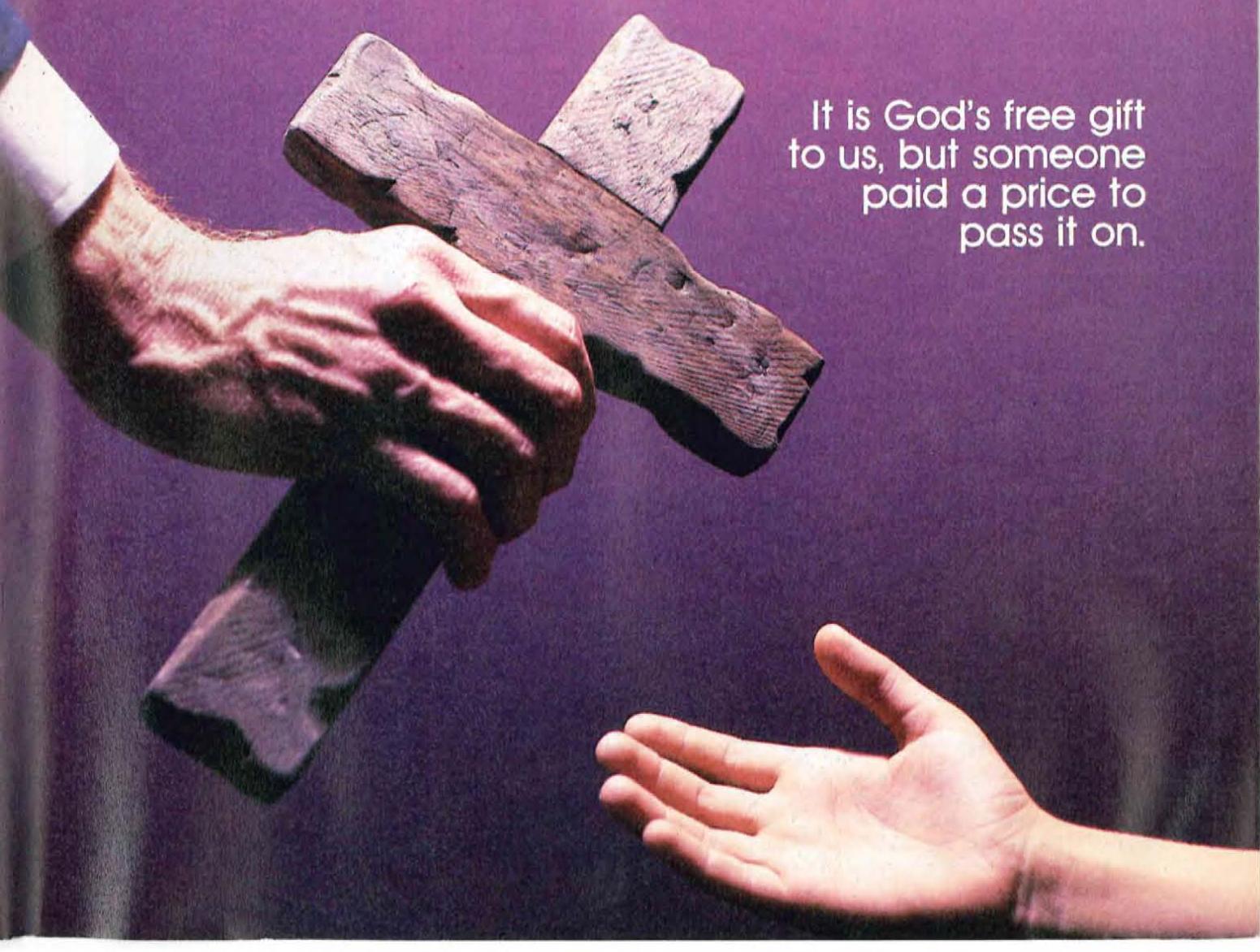
NIGERIAN REVIVAL:
Renewed church
has message
for the world

Magazine

New Wine

March 1985

ETERNAL LIFE: HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?



It is God's free gift
to us, but someone
paid a price to
pass it on.

“...TO KNOW CHRIST and the power of his resurrection...”

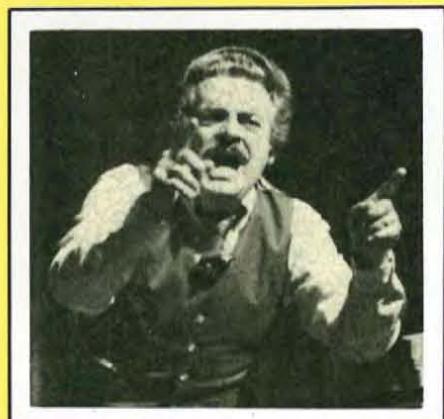
Phil. 3:10 (NIV)



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The crucifixion properly understood is the secret of the resurrection. Bob explains that there are really two crosses according to Galatians 2:20: Christ's and yours. He shares seven things that result when the cross is absent from your life. One of these is legalistic religion. But the crucifixion puts an end to everything that is falsely religious.

4. THE EYES OF EASTER

The series concludes with the triumph of life on a bright Easter morning. Bob will help you to see the reality of the risen Christ. He explains five truths you must see in order to "know Him and the power of His resurrection."

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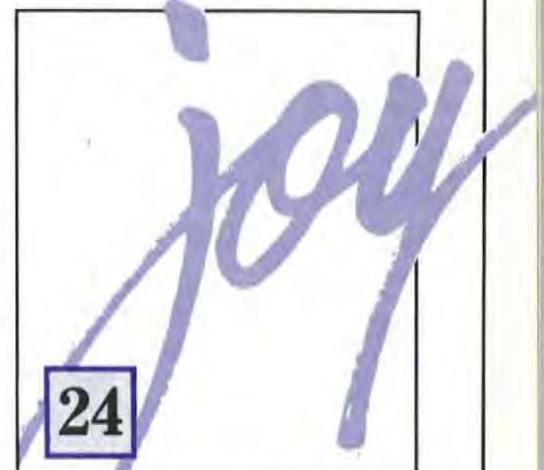
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Cover Photograph: Tony Reed

EDITORIAL

Joining forces to fight and build together

A New Place on the Wall

BY DON BASHAM



When Nehemiah began the work of rebuilding the wall around Jerusalem, he faced a formidable task. It was a vital, crucial work and there were many enemies. Those who labored were prepared to fight as well as build. "And each of the builders wore his sword at his side as he worked" (Neh. 4:18 NIV). At first, each group of builders was assigned a particular place on the wall to work; a responsibility that was theirs alone. Moreover, Nehemiah reminded them, "The work is extensive... and we are widely separated from each other along the wall" (Neh. 4:19 NIV). But he further instructed them that when the trumpet sounded, they were to join forces to fight and build together.

The conditions that prevailed in Nehemiah's time prevail today as we seek to build the kingdom of God in the earth. The task is crucial; there are many adver-

saries. We grow weary of having to fight to build, and as co-workers in the Kingdom we find ourselves "widely separated from each other along the wall." Ministries, magazines, churches, Christians—all of us wrestle with these same conditions as we address the portion of the Kingdom wall assigned to us.

But then the sound of a trumpet broadens our vision, and we find ourselves suddenly joined to other workers from other sections of the wall.

Here at *New Wine Magazine*, we believe we have heard the sound of a trumpet. We believe God is calling us to a new and expanded phase of ministry that will enable us to reach tens of thousands of new readers who need the teaching we provide to help them fight and build on their section of the wall. To this end we have added and will add new talent to the magazine staff. In the coming months you will see certain changes in the design and format of the magazine as we work to improve and upgrade the quality of *New Wine* in every way. Moreover, you will notice that with this issue we have not only switched to a four-color interior, but we have also increased the size of the magazine from thirty-six to forty pages to provide additional in-depth teaching and inspiration for our readers.

Furthermore, we have secured a group of men with nationally recognized ministries to serve as regular contributing editors. From its first issue in 1969, in addition to the five teachers whose

ministries have been foundational to the success of the magazine, *New Wine* has consistently featured the works of other mature teachers. We are pleased to announce that nine such men have agreed to become contributing editors.

While Charles Simpson, Bob Mumford, Derek Prince, Ern Baxter, and I will continue to provide the foundational teaching emphasis, these men will provide us with additional editorial advice and counsel. Each of them has also committed himself to regularly write in-depth articles especially for *New Wine*.

The nine new contributing editors are John Beckett, president of Intercessors for America; Terry Law, evangelist and president of Terry Law Ministries; Karl Strader, pastor of First Assembly of God Church, Lakeland, Florida; Ken Sumrall, pastor of Liberty Church, Pensacola, Florida; Larry Christenson, noted writer and director of International Lutheran Renewal Center, St. Paul, Minnesota; Terry Fullam, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Darien, Connecticut; Jack Hayford, pastor of Church on the Way, Van Nuys, California; Dick Iverson, pastor of Bible Temple, Portland, Oregon; and R.J. Rushdoony, writer and president of Chalcedon Foundation. Most of these men have appeared in *New Wine* on previous occasions, and we believe their future contributions will prove even more relevant and timely.

With the fresh and vital challenges now facing us, we anticipate great new achievements for the ministry of *New Wine Magazine*, and we welcome all who hear the sound of the trumpet and decide to join us and our co-workers on this new and broader section of the wall. □

Don Basham is chief editorial consultant for New Wine.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear New Wine

Moving on Home

I received my first issue of *New Wine* here in prison, and it was indeed a blessing. I have no idea who ordered it, but often I thank God for that person's kindness. Month after month, each issue ministers to me concerning the things that I face at that particular time.

Praise God, the January issue is the last one I will receive from inside these prison walls, because I'll be going home. Again, the subject of this month's issue, "Moving On in God," hit home. See what I mean? I just love the Lord and thank Him for the changes He's made in my life. I look forward to staying a regular subscriber to *New Wine*, and also

to serving Him in all that I do for the rest of eternity.

God has truly blessed my life in that He's opened the door for me to be a part of a boys' home ministry in my hometown.

May God bless you always.

Chris Crouch
Bossier City, LA

Editor's note: Please see article on page 16.

Courage for the Move

Thank you for the article on moving on. It helped give me courage as I was packing up my apartment and my life! I was feeling so confused about my husband's move. Then I decided to check the mail and get some

air. My *New Wine* was waiting for me and helped to strengthen me with the knowledge that God is working His plan for us.

Juliette Gimenez
Barberton, OH

Working Together for Good

I appreciated all the articles on moving on in God. They helped me to look back on some changes that occurred in the past that I hadn't really accepted. God gave me understanding that they were from Him and that all things do work together for good to those who love the Lord.

Kay Stoliker
Elmira, NY

Faith for the Change

The article "Prepared for Change" (January), by Susan Fontaine, came right at the time I was making a major decision that would bring many changes in my life. Three years ago I began a master's degree program in television production and also secured a job as a cameraman at a local cable company. At the same time I became the director of the newly formed video ministry at my home church. I thought at last I had found what the Lord wanted me to do with my life.

After three years of this the Lord called me to marriage. To make enough money to support a family I had to quit my job at the cable company and take a job that had nothing to do with video. I also had to move away from my home church and give up directing the video ministry there. Everything I thought the Lord wanted me to do came crashing down around me and I even wondered if I had "misread" the Lord about getting married.

After another year, a group of believers decided to start a teaching ministry in a spiritually dry area and asked me if I would

help. I jumped at the chance to serve the Lord and accepted. Another year after that, the ministry was moving right along, but we felt God wanted to do something more. We sought the Lord and received in a vision the Lord's desire to start a video ministry. Because of my previous experience, the governing board has asked me if I would quit my secure job, move into their area, and become full-time director of the video ministry. I was in the middle of making this decision when *New Wine* arrived. Susan Fontaine's testimony has given me the faith I need to say yes. Did God know this was going to happen? You bet He did! My thanks to Susan Fontaine and *New Wine*!

Barney Deloach
Dover, NJ

Pray for Europe

I enjoyed and identified with Stephen Simpson's article concerning God's workings in Europe and the Middle East (January). You see, the Lord arranged a miraculous chain of events that allowed me to visit Europe this past summer too. I met with some of the brethren in Witney and saw the results of Billy Graham's crusade in England. God is doing wonderful things there.

I also sensed a great "darkness" over West Germany. At times it seemed so thick that you could cut the atmosphere there with a knife. It will truly require a sovereign move of God to tear down the strongholds and free the minds of men from so many bondages. We need to pray for just such a sovereign move of God overseas—and realize how blessed we are to live in a country founded on godly principles and with God's favor.

Marita Hollinger
Louisville, KY

A Rare Message of Hope

I greatly appreciated Stephen Simpson's report on Northern Ireland. I grew up near Belfast, and as a teenager, I used to share my fellow Catholics' admiration of the "old" Irish Republican Army (IRA). However, since 1968, the "new" IRA has lost all claims to defending the Irish people.

Simpson's insight into the true state of affairs in Northern Ireland is rare enough in American journalism, but even rarer is his message of Christian hope. Both aspects of his article deserve more widespread recognition among Americans of all faiths.

Interestingly, I would not have seen the article if it were not for a subscription to *New Wine* provided by my friends Bob and Dee Clark. If I were still living in Belfast, a friendship between a Catholic and an Evangelical couple like them would probably never have been allowed to develop. For the religious liberty of the United States, I say: Thanks be to God.

Dermott J. Mullan
Elkton, MD

Encouraging Believers

God is using your magazine to encourage believers in Kenya, especially at my college (where Bob Mumford preached in early December). I recall one time when God used Bob's witness on the back cover of *New Wine Magazine* to open a way for me to witness to a young lady who was so moved by the Holy Ghost that she repented in tears. Those simple words that Bob used for his personal testimony were used by the Holy Ghost to win a soul to Jesus!

Nelson Githinji
Limuru, Kenya

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New Wine Magazine seeks to promote the unity and maturity of the Church and individual Christians by presenting sound biblical teachings and testimonies from a variety of Christian authors.

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New Wine will carefully consider all unsolicited manuscripts, although we cannot return them unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (Please note we do not publish poetry.)

TIPS FOR FATHERS

A father learns the power of a positive word

"Thanks, Dad, I Needed That!"

BY DICK LEGGATT

A mother and father were concerned that their son had not spoken a single word in nine years. One night at dinner, to their amazement, he very plainly spoke four simple words: "These peas are cold."

Flabbergasted at his sudden ability to talk, the parents asked, "Why haven't you ever said anything before?"

"Up until now, everything has been fine," he replied.

Most of us fathers are very much like that boy; the only time we speak to our children is when something goes wrong. Recently, God dealt with me about that very tendency.

It had been a tough week in the life of my oldest son, Christopher. As a matter of fact, it had been a tough month during that toughest time of all—twelve going on teenager. It's that sensitive yet comical stage when a youngster has the best intentions of doing well, but instead seems to foul up everything he touches.

One day, for example, as I opened the front door to get the morning paper, Christopher, who was already outside, yelled to me from the sidewalk, "I'll get it for you, Dad!"

He tried to toss the paper to me, but in his rush to help, he misjudged his throw and lofted the paper twenty feet high into the branches of a nearby oak tree. He looked at me sheepishly as I shook my head and sighed,

"Thanks a bunch, Christopher." Under my breath, I muttered, "Good intentions, lousy results."

If we as fathers take such incidents in stride, we can respond with grace to the good intentions of our children—and everything works out fine. Many times, however, we are too easily irritated and jump on this kind of mistake with a barrage of correction.

This particular week had not been a graceful one for me. As a result, Christopher was unhappy, I was unhappy, and I discovered while praying one morning that God was unhappy too. I sensed Him saying, "You've been too hard on Christopher. Make it right with him."

I found Christopher playing football in the backyard. When I told him I wanted to speak to him, he braced himself for another lecture. But I knew what I needed to say—and I knew it didn't have to be complicated.

"Christopher, I've been on your case too much lately," I said. "But I want you to know that I love you, and I'm thankful you're my son. I'm proud of you."

He looked at me with surprise and relief, and then, giving me a big hug, said, "Thanks, Dad. I needed that." I knew he was right.

I don't know why, but it's easy for us fathers to stay silent about the good traits in our kids and focus on their faults. Constant correction without expressions of love and praise can be very ex-

asperating to our children.

But we can offset the negative, even when it's necessary, and find balance in our words by taking time individually with each of our children to express these four simple phrases:

"I love you."

"I'm glad you're my child."

"I'm proud to be your dad."

"You're doing a good job."

These are simple, yet powerful ways to bring balance into our relationships with our children. They break our silence about the positive things and supply the encouragement that every child needs from his father. □



Dick Leggatt is the former editor of New Wine. He and his wife, Cindi, now live in East Lansing, Michigan, with their children, Christopher, Joshua, Benjamin, and Elizabeth.



Photos by Tony Reed

FREE ... BUT NOT CHEAP

Eternal life is God's free gift to us, but someone paid a price to pass it on.

BY CHARLES SIMPSON

The gospel of free grace is the only gospel I have known throughout my entire life. Dad and Mom were faith missionaries in South Louisiana, trusting God for their daily bread. My early memories are of my father preaching to French-speaking people who lived on the South Louisiana bayous. Though we lived in the leanest of circumstances—a homemade trailer with one room, a wood stove, a bed, a table and a few chairs—our lives were happy and secure. Dad charged nothing for his ministry. The gospel was free.

Later, my father pastored a Southern Baptist church in Alabama and my upbringing continued in a typical evangelical atmosphere. One night after an evangelistic service, I knelt by an old cane-bottomed chair in Dad's study, and accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. The abundance of God's grace had come to me free of charge.

As I thought several years later about God's call on my life, the subject of cost came to mind. I realized that my salvation had cost the Lord so much, and that my parents and countless other servants of God had made tremendous sacrifices to pass salvation on to me. A more sobering realization came when I saw that if I was going to be true to my heritage, it would cost me too.

Preaching a Free Salvation

God helped me to trust Him with my future, and I committed my life to the ministry. I have been preaching now for nearly thirty years. I've always preached a free salvation. I invite people to know the Lord Jesus, be forgiven, and be touched by the power of the Spirit without any cost to them—by faith alone. I am more convinced than ever that no one can add to the righteousness of Jesus Christ or the power of His blood. I love the old hymn: "Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe; sin had left a crimson stain—He washed it white as snow."

Salvation is free. God's grace is without cost. This is how the Lord said it through Isaiah:

"Ho! Everyone who thirsts, come to the waters; and you who have no money come, buy and eat. Come, buy wine and milk without money and without cost" (Is. 55:1 NAS).

In Romans 5:17, the Apostle Paul says, "Those who receive the abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness will reign in life through the One, Jesus Christ" (NAS).

I have always preached free salvation, but as I have grown in the Lord, I have had to come to grips with the dilemma of receiv-

ing free grace, yet passing on a very expensive grace. That is, receiving is free but giving costs. To grow into the spirit and character of Christ, to carry His spiritual burden, one must move from being primarily a receiver to becoming primarily a giver of life. The decision that moves us from receiving to giving is a decision to pay the price for passing on the gospel.

Christian Heroes

My father had several Christian heroes: William Carey, Hudson Taylor, Adoniram Judson, Charles Finney, and D.L. Moody. Most of these men were missionaries who went abroad to preach the gospel at great personal sacrifice. One of Dad's very favorites was George Muller, the great nineteenth-century patron of orphans who was known for his great faith in God for his daily finances.

My image of Muller was one of childlike fantasy. I could see him kneel in his study, facing London, then facing Liverpool, to ask God to send funds from people in those cities. I could hear the knock on the door and see him rise to answer. Standing there would be some stranger who would hand him a large sum of money to feed the orphans.

From childhood I believed in such a person with such a power-

To grow in Christ one must move from being primarily a receiver to becoming primarily a giver of life.

ful faith. Later, in 1955, when God called me to minister, Philippians 4:19 became my verse: "And my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus" (NAS). Two years later I began to pastor a Southern Baptist church. In 1970, that verse was reconfirmed to me as I too gave up my salary and trusted God for my income, although for me, the road was much easier than for Muller.

The years have passed, and I have learned more about Muller, more about faith, and more about the Lord. Contrary to my childhood impressions, Muller did not spend his entire time on his knees. He held meetings and gave lectures and informed people about his ministry to orphans. He never begged, but he did inform. In Bible times, God's servants often informed the people of the needs of God's house. On occasion, people were commended for support or rebuked for lack of it.

Paul's Example

The Apostle Paul also communicated the needs of his ministry to the churches in passages like 1 Corinthians chapter 9, and 2 Corinthians chapters 8 and 9. In 2 Corinthians 11:8, Paul states that he had robbed other churches by taking wages from them while serving the Corinthians without charge. Paul's ministry to Corinth was free—but it had cost the other churches to make it free. Ministry always

costs somebody.

In one sense, the Corinthians were actually robbed of their responsibility to support Paul's ministry. In correcting this, Paul went so far as to send Titus both to receive offerings and to perfect the grace of giving in the church at Corinth.

Many children today are like the Corinthians. They fail to mature because they are unaware of their parents' sacrifices to give them "free board and benefits." Children assume that what is free is also cheap. My parents used to say to me, "You must think money grows on trees."

My parents rectified my ignorance by assigning me tasks for which I was paid. By the time I was eleven, I was encouraged to get a job (my allowance was cut off). I thank God that they did not rob me of the chance to become responsible and thereby mature. In my own growth, I came to appreciate that the free grace they had given me was not free to them; it had cost.

My parents delivered me from a fantasy about the responsibilities of life. But many Christians, like the Corinthians in Paul's time, have a fantasy about the responsibilities of ministry to others. They believe that God does it all and they do nothing. Such a fantasy can prevent responsible action and maturity.

As we serve the Lord, He may move people to meet our needs without any effort on our part, but that is not the biblical norm. Throughout the Scriptures the

Lord instructs leaders to inform His people of the need. The Holy Spirit then moves the people to do what is right. Moses did it that way in building the tabernacle. David and Solomon did it that way in building the temple. Even George Muller did it that way much of the time.

A Question of Motivation

Despite the practices of men like Moses, David, Solomon, and Muller, we hear a great deal today about "TV preachers and money." There are, no doubt, some abuses. However, because I am not a "TV preacher," perhaps I could say a word on their behalf. Oral Roberts, Billy Graham, Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, Jimmy Swaggart, and others are often accused of being money motivated, because of the large sums they raise. These charges seem to come most often from the secular media and nonevangelical Christians (who have a right to their point of view).

Several years ago someone close to evangelist Billy Graham told me about attacks Mr. Graham had sustained from a Charlotte, North Carolina, newspaper. On several occasions this newspaper had questioned his financial ethics by implication. It once mistakenly reported that land Mr. Graham had inherited was bought with ministry dollars. On another occasion, questions were raised about a "secret fund." Close examination has always proved Mr. Graham financially and ethically honest.

The problem is that secular power centers are not used to evangelical Christian leaders having much money or influence. And we are not used to it either. Few of us question the billions raised and spent by secular television networks, newspapers, and foundations to tell their stories and present their views.

Many Christians are completely conditioned to secular sources of information. When men like Norman Lear, noted creator of Archie Bunker, attack Christian leaders for exercising influence, some Christians will also join in like a chorus of parrots, and say, "Yeah, look at those TV preachers asking for money again! Why don't they just preach the gospel?"

I don't know if you have noticed lately, but things are changing. We were asleep when the Supreme Court okayed fifteen million abortions; we were asleep when it took prayer and Bible reading out of the schools. But many of us are not asleep anymore, because of men like Billy Graham, Oral Roberts, Jerry Falwell, and Pat Robertson. These television preachers along with a supporting cast of thousands of other ministries, operating in faith, have competed with secularism for the hearts and minds of this generation.

Receiving a Free Gospel

I remember how it was for me in 1963, before these men and others had made their impact on society. I was spiritually dry and depressed, in part because very few people seemed to be raising their voices against encroaching secularism and the rising atheistic tide (though I know now that many were raising their voices). I had never heard the word *charismatic* to recall it. I did not know how to be filled with the Holy Spirit. The enemy seemed to be having an uncontested field day,

and the Church seemed impotent and racked with unbelief.

All that began to change for me in 1964. A friend gave me Charles G. Finney's autobiography. Finney was a nineteenth-century agnostic lawyer who was converted and became a powerful preacher. Soon after receiving Finney's book, I received a copy

of *Voice Magazine*, the Full Gospel Businessmen's publication. Then I received a tape recording of a fellow minister's testimony. As a result of these influences, I was soon baptized in the Holy Spirit, and my life was changed. I did not pay for any of the three: the book, the magazine, or the tape. They were all free, but def-



"He is no fool who gives that which he cannot keep, to gain that which he cannot lose."—Jim Elliot

initely not cheap. It had cost someone a great deal in time, energy, and dollars to pass on the truth to me. I only learned later, when I began to give that truth to others, how much it had cost my anonymous benefactors.

I was not the only one at the time who was hearing truth and changing. Millions of spiritually hungry people began receiving literature, tapes, and radio and television programs all paid for by someone else. Secularism has not disappeared, but in the last twenty years we have witnessed a major awakening among Christians. Because some have paid the price, a wave of gospel ministry has gone over the world and millions have met Jesus Christ in the power of the Spirit.

A Great Demand

Since 1969, I have been involved with *New Wine's* ministry of passing on the free grace of God. Over the years, we have added tapes, newsletters, and other ministries. Some years we have given away as many as four hundred thousand magazines free—but they were not

cheap. Somebody paid for them.

I have letters on my desk from men in prison who have met Jesus, been filled with the Spirit, and started churches in prison from our tapes and magazines. Recently, we had in our Sunday morning worship service a Christian from the Soviet Union who spoke of receiving his first *New Wine* smuggled in a shoe. The cover had been torn off for easier folding.

That same Sunday we had brothers from Nigeria who represented more than 250,000 Christians asking for *New Wine Magazine*. I have letters from Italy, Germany, the United Kingdom, and Central America asking if there is some way we can get *New Wine* to them, because there is a lack of practical Bible teaching literature.

We have hundreds of thousands of requests from people in the United States and abroad who need the free grace of God; but for us it will not be cheap. For example, it takes more than \$175,000 each month to carry on our present ministry, and Integrity Communications regularly

faces financial demands that exceed the apparent supply. But God has always met our needs through those who have been committed to the mission.

Since 1978, I have been chairman of Integrity Communications Board of Directors. I have worked with the teachers and staff as they've carried the burden to bring Bible teaching to the world through *New Wine Magazine*, through books and audio tapes and other media. I have watched the staff climb the stairs to the "upper room" at our offices to pray for both the ministry and the funds to do the task. They often climb those stairs carrying heartrending prayer requests from readers in their hands.

Two Major Needs

In addition to our current ministry, we are facing two great new challenges. First, in the next few months we will send information directly to hundreds of thousands of people, telling them how they can receive the message of Jesus' lordship and kingdom. Second, we will send *New Wine* to thousands of additional people who cannot afford to pay but who need the truth—those in prison, and the poor in both the United States and overseas.

Extending our outreach in this manner will require financial resources far above our current operating costs.

Our salvation came to us free, but it cost some people a great deal to pass it on to us. We can-

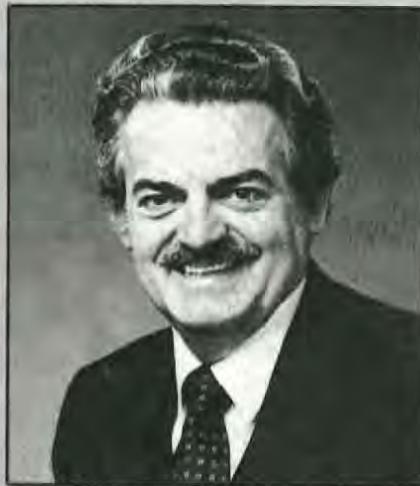
REMEMBER:
FRIDAY, MARCH 1, IS A
NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER AND
FASTING.

not repay them, but to be worthy of their trust, we must in turn pass it on—and that may cost us a great deal. Receiving is free but passing it on costs.

The Lord Jesus possessed life and light before the beginning of creation. It was not "possession" that cost Him something; it was "passing it on" that cost Him so much. For so long the disciples did not understand His heart. They thought His main goal was to give them the Kingdom when, in fact, His desire was to use them to bring the Kingdom to all men everywhere. Only after the cross and Pentecost did they realize what a free gospel had cost Him, and would cost them to pass it on. Once His law was written in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, they understood the meaning of the phrase "free, but not cheap." Then they gave themselves as He did to give what He gave.

Over the years we have brought the Kingdom message to as many as would hear. Our task will be complete only when those who have heard the free message become so captured by it that they gladly pay the price to share righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit with this nation and other nations—whatever it costs. Those who become so captured by the love of God will understand the words of Jim Elliot, a modern-day martyr for Christ, who said, "He is no fool who gives that which he cannot keep, to gain that which he cannot lose." □

Charles Simpson, senior pastor of Gulf Coast Covenant Church in Mobile, Alabama, ministers extensively in the United States and abroad. He also serves as the chairman of the Integrity Communications Board of Directors. Charles resides in Mobile with his wife, Carolyn, and their three children.



Bob Mumford on Easter

NEXT MONTH IN NEW WINE

Easter is more than a story, says Bob Mumford—it's a lesson that can revolutionize our lives. The key, he says, is to look at every situation with "Easter eyes."

Sacrificial lamb or scapegoat? We have heard much about Jesus as the sacrificial lamb, but less about Him as the scapegoat—a lamb that in the Old Testament symbolically took away the people's sins. Larry Christenson explains the cleansing we have received by Christ's blood.

The dark hours between the Lord's death and resurrection were a time when heaven and earth seemed to be holding their breath, as if the issue between life and death were in doubt. Don Basham, his wife, and their newborn daughter, Holly, were caught in that same moment. Don shares the struggles he faced and the victory he won as Holly fought for her life.

In a timely Easter message, Robert Grant says that we can never experience the resurrection life of the Lord as part of a crowd. We must each respond to Jesus personally.

All in the April New Wine

Nigerian Revival

Renewed church has a message for the world.



Illustrations by David Hartman

Gabriel Obinze Halliday, a pastor in a charismatic church in Port Harcourt, Nigeria, recently visited the United States with other church leaders from his country. We were grateful for the opportunity to talk with Gabriel and find out what exciting things God is doing in Nigeria. Likewise, Gabriel was enthusiastic to share with us, particularly his desire to be spiritually united with brothers and sisters around the world.

New Wine: Most people in the United States are not familiar with the charismatic church in Nigeria. Can you give us some background? When did the renewal begin?

Gabriel Halliday: Until the civil war that occurred in our country in 1970, church services in Nigeria were very formal and dry—almost dead. After the civil war there was a tremendous move of the Holy Spirit that swept up many people—even the youngsters in school. The renewal was not in any one particular church; it was happening to people all over—Catholics, Methodists, and those in other denominations.

There was a big outcry and people went around witnessing for Jesus Christ. As they began receiving the Holy Spirit, their worship changed from traditional to charismatic. Many people

were thrown out of their churches when others didn't understand what was happening. The traditional members got frightened when people spoke in tongues. They said these Charismatics were "wild" and didn't belong in their churches. But it was not something they could stop.

NW: What effect did the renewal have on the body of Christ in Nigeria?

GH: Although most charismatic churches in Nigeria are Catholic or Methodist, many others were formed as a result of so many people being thrown out of their old churches. These people came together and started new groups, and the charismatic movement spread throughout Nigeria. For example, Samuel Egbo, who is the founder of our churches, was formerly in the Assemblies of God.

NW: How did you become connected with Samuel's church?

GH: Samuel is my uncle, but that is not why I associated myself with his church. I had accepted Christ while I was still in school, but at the time I thought Samuel was a "false prophet." But because he was my close relative, and I didn't want to be in heaven and see him in hell, I started praying for him. I asked God to show my uncle the light if he was wrong.

During this time I asked questions and went to his church to watch, but I would never go inside. His ministry seemed to be backed up by many miraculous works, but I was skeptical.

Finally one day I decided to go in. But first I prayed to God: "I am a child of light," I said. "The light does not run away from darkness; rather, darkness will run away from light." Then I was

ready. I went into the church, sat down, and watched.

I continued going to his church and even got involved in a Bible study. Finally I saw things that convinced me that God's hand was there. And later God convinced me that tongues, prophecy, and visions were from Him, not from the devil.

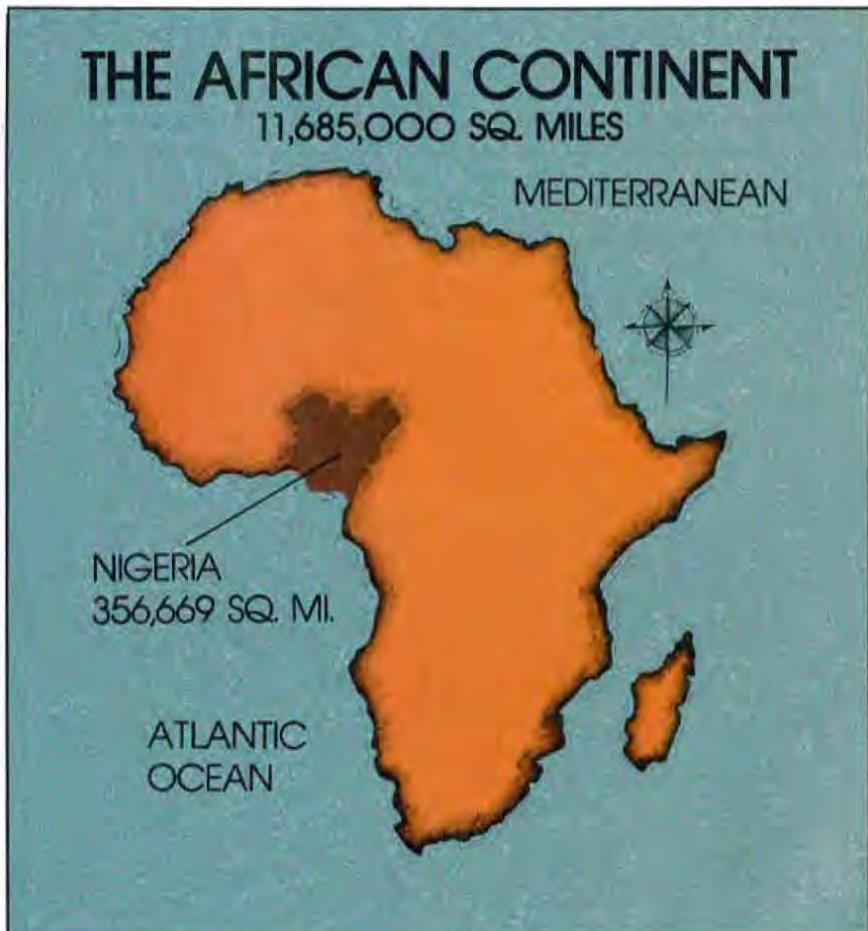
NW: How is the relationship between your church and other churches?

GH: Initially, many churches were very much against us, saying that we used mystic power from America. Others said Samuel was involved in the occult, which was why he could perform miracles. Even outside Christian circles, there was resentment.

The native doctors hated us because we were taking their jobs away—people came to us and got delivered and healed, and didn't need to go to them anymore. It was the grace of God that sustained us during this time.

Now our relationship with other churches is improving. It's still not close, but we are not enemies. We held a conference recently, and many leaders from other churches attended. Before, when we would invite other church leaders to events we held, they just ignored us. They thought we were out to get their members. And before, they wouldn't invite us to their events, but now they do, and we go. We now have better fellowship than at first.

NW: How many people are in-



volved with your churches throughout Nigeria?

GH: We have more than two hundred churches in Nigeria, in fourteen of the nineteen states. It's difficult to give exact numbers, but in the city of Enugu alone we have more than five thousand members attending.

NW: Are the churches integrated—both black and white?

GH: Yes, we are an open-door church. Anyone who loves Christ is welcome. Our members come from all walks of life—doctors, engineers, government officials, and laborers.

NW: Do you meet on Sundays or do you have smaller home meetings during the week?

GH: We don't have home meetings, but we try to reach every member in each local church

through different groups—the youth fellowship, the women's association, and the music ministry, for example.

On Sunday mornings, everyone arrives very early to pray. Then we have a Bible study at eight o'clock, and at nine o'clock we begin the worship, which usually continues for four hours. For three years—from 1974 to 1977—we met twice a day every day of the week for a service. The morning meetings lasted from nine o'clock until noon, and the evening ones went from six o'clock until ten o'clock at night. But this schedule was very exhausting for the ministers, so we cut it back to just Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday. As part of the Wednesday and Friday meetings, we have deliverance services.

NW: We understand that your people take spiritual warfare very seriously. There was a report about a shrine to the devil

that you shut down and built a church in its place.

GH: Yes, there are manifestations of wicked devils in many parts of the country. The village you are referring to is in the bush country, and for centuries it had a shrine to the devil that people from all over the world came to see. The spirit behind the shrine terrorized the village, even killing some, yet the people still worshipped it.

We decided to go into the village and do something about it, and spent three days praying and fasting in preparation. When we entered the village, we first met with the chief priest of the shrine—a man about seventy-nine years of age. We told him that we wanted to destroy the shrine and build a church of the Lord Jesus there. Of course, he said it was not possible, but God convinced him, and he relented, saying we could do it under one condition—that we let him leave the village first, because he did not want to be there after we destroyed the shrine.

The day that we came to destroy it, all the villagers began to run away into the bush. One of the worshipers even hanged himself, saying he did not want to be alive to see what was going to happen.

We surrounded the place and started praying, singing, and giving praise to Jesus. One of our men was caught up in the Holy Spirit and rushed to the front door of the shrine. With one bang the door flew off, and we all went in. There inside the shrine was a giant clay pot floating in midair with nothing holding it up. Smoke was coming out of it and from the center of the shrine, but there was no fire—just the smoke. We knew this was of the devil, so we shouted, "Jesus!" and suddenly the pot fell to the ground with a crash.



Inside that place there was also an embalmed body that had supposedly been there for centuries. We were told that the evil spirit often inhabited the body.

We knew we had to destroy the shrine, so we went outside and poured an entire gallon of gasoline on it. When we tried to light the fire, flames shot up all over, but then immediately died down without a trace of smoke. It was the dry season and there was no reason for the shrine not to burn. The devil was just trying to frighten us. But we would not give in. We said, "We must destroy the shrine in the name of the Lord Jesus so that the people will know that there is no one like our God." So we stayed there and prayed. Finally the shrine burst into flames, destroying it and the body—and today a church of Jesus Christ stands on the same spot.

NW: That's tremendous! What happened to the priest and the other villagers who ran away when you came to destroy the shrine?

GH: We ministered to the priest, and he was baptized, and most of the villagers are also members of the church today. This is just one of many similar events. There are so many people whom God has liberated from occult powers and demons.

NW: Do you see as many healings and deliverances in the ministry of your local church?

GH: Yes, there has been much healing as well as deliverance from the occult. One outstanding deliverance I remember was at a crusade. The government press was there, because it likes to criticize us. Someone brought a man who was totally mad and held down with chains. By the end of the meeting, he had re-

gained his senses and was speaking clearly, so they undid the chains. The Lord had healed him! And the press covered the entire event!

NW: It sounds as if the Lord is bringing revival throughout Nigeria. What is stirring among your leaders and among your people at this point?

GH: There have been many prophecies that our church will be known all over the world as it works toward unity with other Christian bodies, bringing them together. We believe in interaction with other Christian groups, which is why we came to the United States to visit and meet with your churches. This is one way that God speaks to His people; through interaction, we learn from you and you learn from us.

NW: What relationship would you like to see between your church and other churches around the world?

GH: We believe that by getting close to each other, we will come to know each other better. The enmity that is between Christians will clear away, and we will be in one spirit, have one mind, and fight one common enemy—the devil. In doing that, we achieve what Christ Himself says: "Unless you are one, you cannot stand. Any kingdom that is divided against itself can never stand."

NW: Are you criticized for coming to the United States to be involved with the churches here?

GH: Not at all. In Nigeria we have always believed in learning from others and having others learn from us—that we must not just stay in our own little circle.

NW: What message would you like to convey to *New Wine* readers about your country or what the Lord is saying to you?

GH: Primarily that we must come together and understand each other as brothers and sisters in Christ—as members of one body. We may have our different fellowships or different ways of worshiping, but we must understand that Jesus Christ is Lord. If He is Lord of your life, and you find another person who also acknowledges that, then you two should come together. I find that we tend to focus too much on our differences, rather than on what we have in common. Because of pride or competition, we tend to preach our own group or own denomination instead of preaching Christ.

Only God knows why He has allowed different churches or denominations—but He has. Instead of focusing on our differences, we should focus on our similarities—otherwise we fight each other, and the devil gets the victory. We are seeing God do a marvelous thing in our country, and He has told us that the revival fire He has started will keep on burning. Please remember us in your prayers as we remember you and what God is doing in your country. □



Nigerian pastor Gabriel Halliday is working for worldwide unity.



LOOKING FOR A FATHER

A convicted murderer is healed and restored as he finds himself in the family of God.

by Jim Newsom

The one thing I needed most while I was growing up was a father. There was a man married to my mother who was my biological father, and I know he loved me. But like so many fathers, he left me to myself and my own thoughts most of the time. Without a positive influence in my life, I started doing what was right in my own eyes.

I learned to care for myself because no one else would. I taught myself about life and trained myself to cope with it. I learned that only the strong survive, so I became strong in myself, and if anyone got in my way, I stepped on him before he could step on me.

Trying to be my own god and father didn't help me survive; in fact, it contributed to my destruction. By the time I was twenty-one years old, I had been expelled from high school, and in the next few years my string of arrests stretched all over the eastern United States. I was arrested for robbing a drugstore in South Carolina, and for possession of eight pounds of marijuana in Georgia, one hundred tabs of LSD in Florida, and finally, for possession of heroin in Pennsylvania. In between arrests, I had

joined the Army, but went AWOL ten times, received assorted reprimands and punishments, a summary court-martial, a special court-martial, and was finally dishonorably discharged.

But the worst came when in a drug-related incident I killed someone I really cared about. I didn't mean to do it, but like a lot of other unpleasant things in my life, it happened. After the killing, I couldn't stand myself. My life became so unbearable that I didn't want to live any longer.

Reaching up From Bottom

I gave up on myself, but God didn't. In fact, the very night I was going to kill myself, someone introduced me to Jesus Christ, and instead of death I received life. Not having a father almost destroyed me, but through the love of my heavenly Father I was healed and restored. I quickly learned the meaning of Psalm 68:5, which says, "A father of the fatherless... is God in His holy habitation" (NAS). For the first time I belonged somewhere; I was part of the family of God.

After surrendering my life to Christ, I knew I must also surrender to the authorities, for that is what my Father would want. I

realized that I was accountable for my actions. The next morning I turned myself in, and two months later I was found guilty of second-degree murder and sentenced to thirty years in prison.

My first two years as an inmate were extremely difficult. Even though I had a heavenly Father who loved me, there were no Christian men around to father me in the ways of God. Instead I was surrounded by men who, like me, had never been fathered. Although I read my Bible and prayed faithfully, I felt as if I was getting nowhere in my Christian life. I had changed some, but not nearly enough. Growing more and more frustrated, I asked myself, "Is this all there is?"

It was then that I realized I needed to be fathered spiritually. I needed someone to love me, to teach me, to train and discipline me.

I knew that with God all things are possible, so I started praying that He would somehow make a way for me to be fathered—even though I was in prison.

An Unusual Answer
One November afternoon in

1974, I went to my mailbox and there was the answer to my prayer. It was an unusual answer—a magazine called *New Wine*. To this day I don't know how they got my name and address, or who paid for the subscription, but there it was in my mailbox.

I'll never forget that first issue, because it was all about the Holy Spirit. Until that time, there was much confusion in my heart and mind concerning the person of the Holy Spirit. But as I read each word, my confusion started to dissipate. That first issue gave me vital teaching on the person of the Holy Spirit and corrected many false ideas I had.

I continued receiving *New Wine* throughout my prison term without ever paying a cent, and God used every issue to father me in my Christian walk.¹ *New Wine* taught me how much God loved me. Through its teaching I was encouraged, admonished, inspired, edified, and disciplined. I learned how to love myself and others properly. I learned what real relationships are all about. I learned about commitment, discipline, sacrifice, discipleship, and accountability. In essence, I learned what my heavenly Father was like in the person of Jesus Christ, and I learned how I could become like Him.

Not only did *New Wine* father me, but it also served to father other Christians at Sumter Correctional Institution in Bushnell, Florida, where I was incarcerated. *New Wine* gave us the direction and teaching we needed to start an inmate church. We began with only three brothers, but within a year we had 120 members.

Growing Church

Since that time I have been paroled, but the ministry at Sumter continues. Hundreds of inmates have not only met Jesus Christ, but they have also learned

I gave up
on myself,
but God
didn't.



to walk with Him. The men who became my brothers while I was in prison are still a part of me—neither time nor distance has affected our relationships. Each year we have a reunion for all the released brothers and their families. Last year, more than fifty people attended, and we expect a larger crowd next time. It's a joy to see these brothers living their Christianity outside prison with the same zeal and faithfulness they had in prison.

Through the years I've been accused of talking too much about *New Wine* and the teachers who write for it. Some people have felt my admiration and love border on hero worship. I really didn't know if that was true or not until recently when Charles Simpson spoke in a meeting I attended. I had the opportunity to meet him and thank him for all that he and *New Wine* had accomplished in my life. As I left the meeting, I knew what I was feeling in my heart was not hero worship but a son's love for a father. □

Jim Newsom spent eight years in prison and was paroled January 29, 1980. Since then he has graduated from Bible school, and served as a youth minister and an associate pastor. He is now director of Rivers of Living Water Ministries, Inc., which he founded to work with men in prison and help father them in their Christian walk. He resides in Altamonte Springs, Florida, with his wife, Diane.

Footnote

¹Those who contribute beyond *New Wine*'s subscription cost provide the funding that enables us to send the magazine free to prisoners, those on fixed incomes, and others who are financially needy in the United States and overseas.



RESPONSE PAGE

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GOD'S SIMPLE



Illustration by David Hartman

PEOPLE

by
Thomas Goetz

John and Garret were God's simple people—"God's people," because that's what they were; "simple," only because that's what the world called them.

The two brothers lived in a small Midwest town where my wife, Jeanne, and I spent our seminary days. We met them one Sunday in the church where I was a student pastor.

I quickly learned that it was their job to pass out the bulletins for the services.

"We'll do that," Garret said when he saw me with a handful of bulletins. "We like to help."

But what he really meant was, "This is our place. Please don't take it from us." I thanked him for his offer to help and handed him the bulletins.

I'm sure that millions of church bulletins have been given out in worship services over the years. But none were ever handed out with more dedication and gusto than these.

Garret was the older of the two men. He reminded me of certain pictures I had seen of gun-fighters and cowboys from the old West. He seemed to be as much out of place in this era as he was in the church that morn-

ing. He stood board straight with a mustachioed smile as he offered me his hand. I saw that most of his teeth were missing and that his suit was badly stained. But it didn't matter. The stains were hidden by his infectious smile.

John was younger. Small in stature, he was also more given to mischief than his brother, and that had gained him a certain reputation around town.

Most of the people in town called them Moonshine and Sunshine, and laughed at them behind their backs. They lived in a small tar-paper shack on the edge of town that reminded me of a scene from *The Grapes of Wrath*. It was heated by an ancient wood stove that was in constant competition with the wind blowing through the holes in the walls. The windows were so dirty that it was impossible to see through them, and what light did manage to filter through gave the room a grayish, uncomfortable hue. The furnishings consisted of two cots, a table, two chairs with "John" and "Garret" penciled on the back, a refrigerator, an old overstuffed davenport, and two guest chairs. Jeanne and I always sat in the guest chairs when we went to visit.

Simple Love

Although I can remember many things about John and Garret, three events stand out in my mind. One was the day that

their mother came to visit.

For days in advance they told us with great anticipation that she was coming all the way from Iowa—and yes, she would be in church on Sunday. When that Sunday finally arrived, there was nothing about it to make one think it would be different from other Sundays, but it was. It was to be a day of learning.

At ten minutes before eleven o'clock, the door to the sanctuary opened and Garret and John walked in with their mother. She was proudly introduced and, of course, given a bulletin—one with no ink stain from the mimeograph machine—and seated in the best seat in the building, next to the only window that would open without the janitor's help. I watched them during the following hour, and I have never seen greater joy or honor expressed than I did that day.

The sermon I preached that Sunday morning was nothing compared to the one being lived out in the back row by those two men with their mother—who came "all the way from Iowa." Both sat at attention, waiting for an opportunity to do something for her. Garret hung up her coat while John found her a hymnal. They made sure she could see and had enough room to be comfortable. One, then the other, would whisper something into her ear, explaining the service or pointing out a familiar face. Oc-

People tried not to notice their open expression of emotion, but God noticed, and I bet He had a small tear in His eye too.

casionally, all three would look at me and smile.

There were other ladies in the meeting that morning, but their mother was the queen, and her sons were her loving servants. People avoided them and tried not to notice their open expression of emotion, but God noticed, and I'll bet He had a small tear in His eye too. *The simple people know how to love.*

Simple Serving

The second event that comes to mind took place in one of the worst Midwest blizzards I've ever experienced. It was a Saturday afternoon and the snow had been piled high by winds that screamed through the little town. The windchill flirted with a minus 50 degrees.

In that part of the country people prepared for storms like these by stocking up on food, because of the probability of being snowed in for days. My wife and I were thinking that we should go downtown and pick up a few extra food items, but two things kept us from it: First, the weather was getting worse; second, we didn't have any money.

Toward evening a noise on our porch attracted our attention and I went to investigate. When I opened the door I was met by an icy blast of wind and the sight of a large bag of groceries sitting on the porch. No one was in sight, so I ventured farther into the street. Two sets of tracks were visible in the deep snow-drifts. When I looked in the direc-

tion the footprints were leading, I saw the silhouettes of two men bent by the wind and snow. They were heading for the two-room shack in their part of town.

That night Jeanne and I sat around the kitchen table silently eating bologna sandwiches taken from the bag of groceries—sandwiches we could hardly swallow because of the lumps in our throats. *The simple people know how to serve.*

Simple Feeling

The last time we saw John and Garret was the day we left that little town. I had preached my final sermon at the small community church, and we were making the rounds to say good-by to our friends. We didn't consciously plan it, but John and Garret's was the last home we visited. Neither Jeanne nor I said anything but we both knew it would be the hardest.

When we went inside we discovered they had fixed a meal for us. Like all the food we had eaten at their table, it was bad, but the reception was unsurpassed. They made us feel like Jesus must have felt as He sat with the woman who washed His feet with her tears. It was more than a meal. It was a tribute—one that we wouldn't dare claim for ourselves.

After we ate a bit of food and visited for a moment, I told them we had to leave. For the first time in the nearly two years that I had known them, they were absolutely silent. I didn't know what to say either, so finally I

put out my hand to say good-by. Sunshine took it, looked at me with eyes that were more than misty, and smiled. Neither of us spoke. Moonshine took my hand, and I mumbled something about seeing him later as I turned to leave.

Pulling the door shut behind me, I took a deep breath to ease the pain in my chest, and began to walk toward the car. At that moment a sound came from inside the shack. At first I didn't know what it was, but then I recognized it and wished I hadn't. It was a sound like that of a small lost animal crying for a parent, the sound of the abandoned, the sound of a broken heart. It was the cry of the simple.

"You should go back in," Jeanne said.

But I couldn't. Only God could touch that pain.

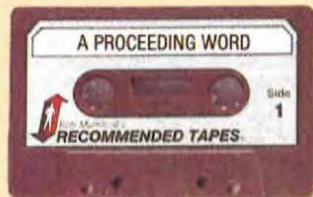
We got in our car and drove away to another life and new friends, but I've never been able to drive away from the memory of that sound. *The simple people know how to feel.*

God, help me to be like the simple people. Help me to break out of my shell of sophistication and lay bare my own heart. Help me to express the urge inside to say, "I love you," to cry, to show I care. Teach me the simplicity of Your ways and help me to be real.

God, help me to be like the simple people. □

Thomas Goetz is a New Wine reader who resides in Spokane, Washington.

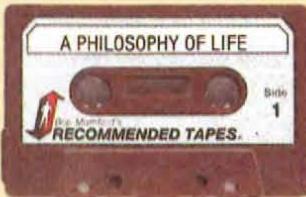
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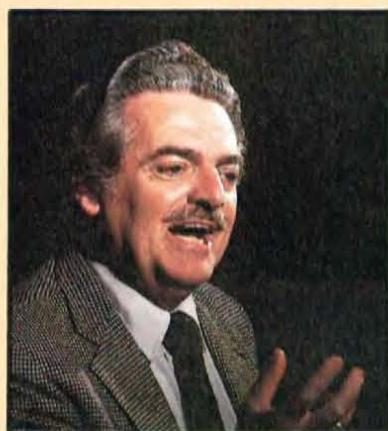


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THE

OF THE
JOURNEY

by Joseph Garlington

I read a story the other day about two men who had been thrown into prison. Their arrest had been somewhat unjust in my estimation, but as I read on, I was amazed by their attitude. Instead of arguing with the authorities and each other about being in jail, they rejoiced. They sang hymns and praised God and before too long an earthquake shook the doors right off the prison walls.

Of course, the story is found in Acts chapter 16, and the two men are Paul and Silas. Even so, these men were the innocent victims of a businessman who got mad because they delivered his fortune-teller from a spirit of divination. They were imprisoned for that. But they didn't let their awful circumstances rob them of their joy.

Victor Frankl, an Austrian psychiatrist, spent time in a Nazi concentration camp, where he experienced a side of life few men ever see. There he observed how different people handled similar dehumanizing circumstances. He later concluded, "The last freedom that a man has is to determine the attitude that he will have in any given situation." Paul and Silas chose an attitude of joy.

Where Is Your Joy?

The writer of Hebrews encourages us to fix "our eyes on Jesus . . . who for the joy set before Him endured the cross. . . . so that you may not grow weary and lose heart" (Heb. 12:2-3 NAS). We need to understand that life is a journey, so no matter what our situation—unjust imprisonment, unemployment, or a flat tire—we need to look to Jesus and the joy He has set before us as we make the pilgrimage God has ordained for us.

But we must be aware that our human tendency is to focus on the circumstances of our jour-

ney rather than the joy set before us. We are prone to focus on the process we're going through rather than the privilege we have in walking with Jesus.

We are passing through this life. We will always be in the process of "passing through," and we need all the help we can get for the journey. Life can be difficult at times, but we are not called to focus on our difficulties. Rather, we are called to "fix our eyes" on Jesus. With an attitude of joy, as Jesus had, I believe we can make it. Our joy is made up of three components: force, focus, and fulfillment. It's in understanding these that our joy can be made more full.

The Force of Joy

By "force of joy," I mean the actual influence joy has in our lives. First, joy is the measure of the quality of the Christian life. The Scriptures say that the kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, and joy (see Romans 14:17), so if our joy is gone, our lives are left fairly empty. When joy leaves, we can write "Ichabod," which means "the glory of the Lord has departed," over the door of wherever we spend our time. A restaurant in one city I lived in was named Ichabod's, and ironically no one I knew ever went there. Who would dare eat in a place deliberately named "the glory of God is not here"? The amount of joy in our lives is the measure of our spiritual vitality.

Second, Nehemiah says, "The joy of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. 8:10 NAS). He doesn't say the joy of the Lord strengthens us, or that it will strengthen us; he says the joy of the Lord is our strength. If we don't have joy, we don't have strength.

Third, joy is the tool we use to find the resources God has for us. Isaiah says, "Therefore you will joyously draw water from the

springs of salvation. And in that day you will say, 'Give thanks to the Lord'" (Is. 12:3-4 NAS). Joy is our implement for drawing water.

Jesus told the woman at the well that if she knew who she was talking to, she could ask and receive living water. He added:

"Everyone who drinks of this water shall thirst again; but whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up to eternal life" (Jn. 4:13-14 NAS).

The phrase "will never thirst" indicates potential. We can have water in front of us, but if we never drink it, we remain thirsty. If we don't use our implement for drawing water—joy—we can't appropriate the wells that God has made available to us. Joy is our tool for obtaining God's resources.

Fourth, joy can alter our circumstances. Isaiah chapter 35 says:

Encourage the exhausted, and strengthen the feeble. Say to those with anxious heart, "Take courage, fear not. Behold, your God will come with vengeance; the recompense of God will come, but He will save you." Then the eyes of the blind will be opened, and the ears of the deaf will be unstopped. Then the lame will leap like a deer, and the tongue of the dumb will shout for joy. For waters will break forth in the wilderness and streams in the desert. And the scorched land will become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water. . . . a highway will be there, a roadway, and it will be called "the highway of holiness" . . . the ransomed of the

Lord will return, and come with joyful shouting to Zion, with everlasting joy upon their heads. They will find gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing will flee away (Is. 35:3-8, 10 NAS).

Notice that Isaiah says the shouting for joy precedes the waters breaking forth! When we rejoice, something happens in our circumstances: The desert begins blossoming as a rose; the wilderness begins manifesting something that is different. The potential has always been there but it takes joy to lay hold of it.

In 1 Thessalonians 5:16, Paul says to rejoice always. We are to keep on rejoicing, because many situations around us are not going to yield until we rejoice.

I felt as if the Lord said to me once, "I want you to know that the enemy will jump on you and stomp on you and dance on your

head, and I will let him until you decide to do something about it." Praising and rejoicing are the weapons we need to resist the devil; using them is a matter of survival. Rejoicing cannot be an option with us. It must become a way of life.

Joy is a force that has a definite influence in our lives, measuring our spiritual vitality, giving us strength, drawing our water, and changing our circumstances.

The Focus of Joy

Focus is also an important factor in our joy, because we tend to move toward the things that we pay a lot of attention to. For example, I grew up with a Pentecostal Holiness influence. We had a bunch of do's and don'ts, but mostly don'ts. Legalism was a way of life for us.

We looked at Galatians 5:16, which says, "Walk by the Spirit, and you will not carry out the

desire of the flesh" (NAS), and our emphasis wasn't on walking by the Spirit; it was on *not* walking in the flesh. We would say, "I will not lie. I will not lie." But if lying was our focus, that was what we would gravitate toward.

I call this phenomenon "choosing and refusing." We can choose to focus on the things of God and refuse the focus the enemy would have for us. For instance, Hebrews chapter 11 says that Moses refused to be called Pharaoh's daughter, "choosing rather to endure ill-treatment with the people of God, than to enjoy the passing pleasures of sin" (vv. 24-25 NAS).

King Jehoshaphat was also in a position where he had to choose and refuse. He looked at God and said:

"We are powerless before this great multitude who are coming against us; nor do we know what to do, but our eyes are on Thee" (2 Chr. 20:12 NAS).

He made the choice to look at God rather than at the opposition. In the same manner, we must choose to look at the joy rather than the journey. We must choose to focus on Jesus rather than our circumstances.

A young man who had a job as a garbage collector once said to me, "There are times when I don't want to go out at four in the morning because it is really cold out there and sometimes those cans get too heavy for me. Then, all of a sudden, I think about my children in the back room and those cans get light." He changed his focus from something he had to endure to something he loved and enjoyed.

Denis Waitley, author of *Seeds of Greatness*, interviewed a number of successful athletes and businessmen who were winners. All of them said that they accomplished their goals by imagining the results instead of focusing on

Did You Know?

Did you know that we recently conducted a random survey of our readers?

We're excited over what the results say about you, our readers, and how you view New Wine. The better we know you, the better we can meet your needs.

Two words that came up over and over again in the survey were permanence and diversity. We see permanence because you told us that New Wine has a lasting value to you. On the average, you've been receiving New Wine for six years. And you spend almost two hours reading each issue—much longer than the average for most Christian magazines. Two-thirds of you share each issue with family members, which is something else we're pleased to see. And more than half of you keep back issues for future reference.

We also see diversity when we look at you. You're Lutheran, Catholic, Assembly of God, Full Gospel, Baptist, Pentecostal, Methodist, and nondenominational. You're self-employed, professionals, technicians, managers, and clergy. And you're single and married, with children and without.

We appreciate your permanence and diversity, and hope to show it by designing New Wine to better meet your needs. We thought you'd like to know. □

what they had to go through to accomplish them. One Olympic runner said, "Time after time, the reason I made it through was because I kept on seeing myself winning the race."

Focus is a matter of centering—fixing our gaze on Jesus. The word *fix* means a deliberate action; demanding determination. It means that I deliberately turn from one thing and look at something else; that I avoid that which would tempt me to turn my gaze from Him.

We need to look to Jesus because He is the one who provides our joy. He is the joy of the journey, the one who brings us to fulfillment and completion. He is standing on the other side, saying, "Come on through! I made it and you can make it too!" He is the author and finisher of our faith.

Someone once said, "Faith is a positive, continuing attitude that something wonderful is going to happen to you even though nothing in your present circumstances indicates that things are going to get better."

I like what Manley Beasley, the Baptist evangelist, says about faith: "Faith is acting as if it is so, when it seems not to be so, in order for it to be so, because it is so." My problem is that when God has said certain things, I have anticipated that they would happen a lot sooner than they did. The solution to that is focusing on His method: He *endured* and He *despised*.

Endure means to offer opposition; to offer resistance while patiently awaiting deliverance. Jesus endured. He also despised. He looked at the shame and said, "There is nothing to that in comparison to what I am about to enjoy" (see Hebrews 12:2). Whatever difficulty we are going through, it cannot compare to the glory that God will reveal in us. That's reason enough for joy! Don't lose

heart. Don't get weary. Keep looking at Him.

None of us will ever have to go through what Jesus went through for us. I tell people that the worst is past and the best is yet to come. The worst that could ever happen took place at Calvary. The best is always in front of us. Let's concentrate on that; let's focus on that! We may think we have already experienced the best, but we haven't.

The Fulfillment of Joy

As Christians, we are on a journey appointed by God. For our joy to be fulfilled as we make that journey, we must understand that joy isn't a philosophy. It is not an emotion. It is a person. It is Jesus. He is the joy of my salvation. Jesus is the joy of the whole earth. He is the joy of man's desire. He is the joy that comes in the morning. If we are expecting a good feeling to come in the morning, we may miss it. If we are looking to Jesus, we'll find joy, because He is the joy that comes in the morning.

He is the everlasting joy. Remember the joy that Isaiah wrote about—the joy of the redeemed of the Lord who will go to Zion with singing and everlasting joy upon their heads? He is that joy. Jesus is the voice of joy in the city. He is the joy that comes in revival. He is the joy of our hearts. He is the one who turns our mourning into joy. He is the one who rejoices over us with joy.

Joy is not just a gift. It is Jesus. It is not just a fruit. It is Jesus. It is not just a feeling. It is Jesus. The prophet Habakkuk says:

Though the fig tree should not blossom, and there be no fruit on the vines, though the yield of the olive should fail, and the fields produce no food, though the flock should be cut off

from the fold, and there be no cattle in the stalls, yet I will exult in the Lord, I will rejoice in the God of my salvation (Hab. 3:17-18 NAS).

You may have no visible reason to rejoice, but that doesn't matter. What matters is Jesus. Any day, every day, we can look at Him and rejoice.

The Christian life is a journey and He is our constant companion. He is the force of our joy; He is the focus of our joy; He is the fulfillment of our joy. □



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HOMESPUN

Would Dad take the bait when his son said

"Let's Fish Now and Pay Later"

BY EUGENIA FORE

HOMESPUN

Dad, how about going fishing tomorrow?"

Our son, Scott, came up with the idea as he, my husband, Bill, and I walked into the house on a hot Sunday evening. It was Memorial Day weekend and we had just returned from a two-day retreat at a Christian camp.

"Good idea, Scott, but we'll have to wait till the lakeshore store opens so you can get your license." Bill had an up-to-date fishing license, but Scott, recently home for the summer from college, had not yet bought his.

Scott immediately challenged his dad's statement. "But that would put us on the lake an hour late and all the good spots would be taken. Besides, the fish might quit biting by then."

"Scott, fishing without a license is against the law," Bill said quietly, but firmly.

"But, Dad, I'll buy my license before our next fishing trip and because it will cost the same then as now, we won't have cheated the state out of any money, so it won't be wrong."

As he paused for breath I jumped into the fray: "But,

Scott, even if that made it right, can you imagine how a game warden would react to that excuse? He'd laugh you out of the water—literally!"

"There won't be any game warden. We've never even seen one." Admittedly the last statement was true. Six years earlier my husband and son had built an eight-foot wooden rowboat in our basement. Every summer since, they had made frequent fishing trips to the beautiful Finger Lakes region near our home in western New York State. They had never even glimpsed a game warden.

But as Bill promptly made clear, that was not the point. "Son, the fishing trip is off if you don't get your license."

Realizing that his dad was not buying the rationalization of a retroactive fishing license, Scott, fussing and fuming, headed for the basement to collect his fishing gear.

The next morning I watched them drive away, then settled down to a quiet day of my own favorite recreation—reading. Mid afternoon, hearing the crunch of tires on our gravel driveway, I

went out to greet the fishermen and inspect the string of sunfish Scott proudly held up. The hapless fish were cleaned, filleted, and fried for supper. It wasn't until later that evening, when Bill and I were alone, that I learned what happened that morning.

After obtaining Scott's license, they launched the boat, rowed to the middle of the lake, and cast their lines. The two sat in companionable silence, enjoying the glint of sunlight on the rippling water. Glancing up, they saw a motorboat circuiting the lake, stopping at each fishing boat. As it pulled alongside my husband and son, a uniformed officer presented his identification and asked to see their fishing licenses. Father and son complied and the patrol boat roared off. Bill wisely refrained from comment. So did Scott.

As my husband told me the story, we both laughed, even as we marveled at the way the Lord had chosen to honor and support Bill's stance and show Scott the value of wholehearted obedience. Most meaningful and awesome to us, however, was the manifestation of the heavenly Father's personal involvement in our son's spiritual growth.

We did not realize the extent of the incident's impact on his life until recently when Scott, now a husband, father, and Christian leader, was teaching in our church on heritage. He related the story, exactly as it happened, to emphasize the importance of parental example and to publicly thank the Lord for his own spiritual heritage, as illustrated by his dad's steadfast refusal to compromise his conscience.

Oh, yes, Bill and Scott continued to go to the lake several more years and never again did they see a game warden. □

Eugenia Fore is a New Wine reader who lives in Rochester, New York.

THE WORD

March 1985

I Believe in Jesus Christ, God's Only Son, Our Savior...

*The life and ministry of Jesus is foretold and fulfilled
in types, titles, and metaphors.*

I. Christ, the True Vine		
A. Israel, a ravaged vine.....	Ps. 80:1-19.....	March 1
B. Israel, an unfruitful vine.....	Is. 5:1-7.....	March 2
C. The true vine foretold.....	Is. 11:1-16.....	March 3
D. The true vine under new management.....	Mt. 21:33-46.....	March 4
E. Christ, the true vine.....	Jn. 15:1-25.....	March 5
II. Christ, the Lamb of God		
A. A lamb required.....	Ex. 12:1-51.....	March 6
B. God's Lamb foretold.....	Is. 53:1-12.....	March 7
C. God's Lamb revealed.....	Jn. 1:24-42.....	March 8
D. God's Lamb adored.....	Rev. 5:1-14.....	March 9
III. Christ, the Good Shepherd		
A. The good shepherd described.....	Ps. 23:1-6.....	March 10
B. The good shepherd foretold.....	Ezek. 34:1-31.....	March 11
C. The good shepherd revealed.....	Jn. 10:1-30.....	March 12
D. The good shepherd ordains.....	Jn. 21:15-23; 1 Pet. 5:1-14.....	March 13
IV. Christ, the Rock of Salvation		
A. The rock of salvation described.....	Ps. 62:1-12.....	March 14
B. The rock as chief cornerstone.....	Ps. 118:15-29.....	March 15
C. The rock as a stumbling block.....	Is. 8:9-22.....	March 16
D. The rock as a tested stone.....	Is. 28:14-22; Rom. 9:30-33.....	March 17
E. Christ the rock foretold and revealed.....	Dan. 2:36-46; Mt. 16:13-20.....	March 18
V. Christ, the Living Word		
A. The power of God's spoken word.....	Ps. 29:1-11.....	March 19
B. God's Word made flesh.....	Jn. 1:1-18.....	March 20
C. God's Word brings new birth.....	1 Pet. 1:13-25.....	March 21
VI. Christ, the Bread of Life		
A. The bread in the wilderness.....	Ex. 16:13-36.....	March 22
B. The bread of life.....	Jn. 6:22-59.....	March 23
VII. Christ, the Servant of God		
A. God's anointed servant described.....	Is. 42:1-9.....	March 24
B. God's servant's redemptive work foretold.....	Is. 52:13-15.....	March 25
C. The mission of God's servant revealed.....	Mt. 20:20-28.....	March 26
D. The heart of God's servant illustrated.....	Jn. 13:1-20.....	March 27
E. The attitude of God's servant embraced.....	Phil. 2:1-11.....	March 28
VIII. Christ, the Son of David		
A. The promise to build David's house.....	2 Sam. 7:12-29.....	March 29
B. The throne of David established forever.....	Is. 9:1-7.....	March 30
C. "Hosanna to the Son of David!".....	Mt. 21:1-17.....	March 31

A monthly Bible study by Bruce Longstreth

А ЯЦІССІАЙ

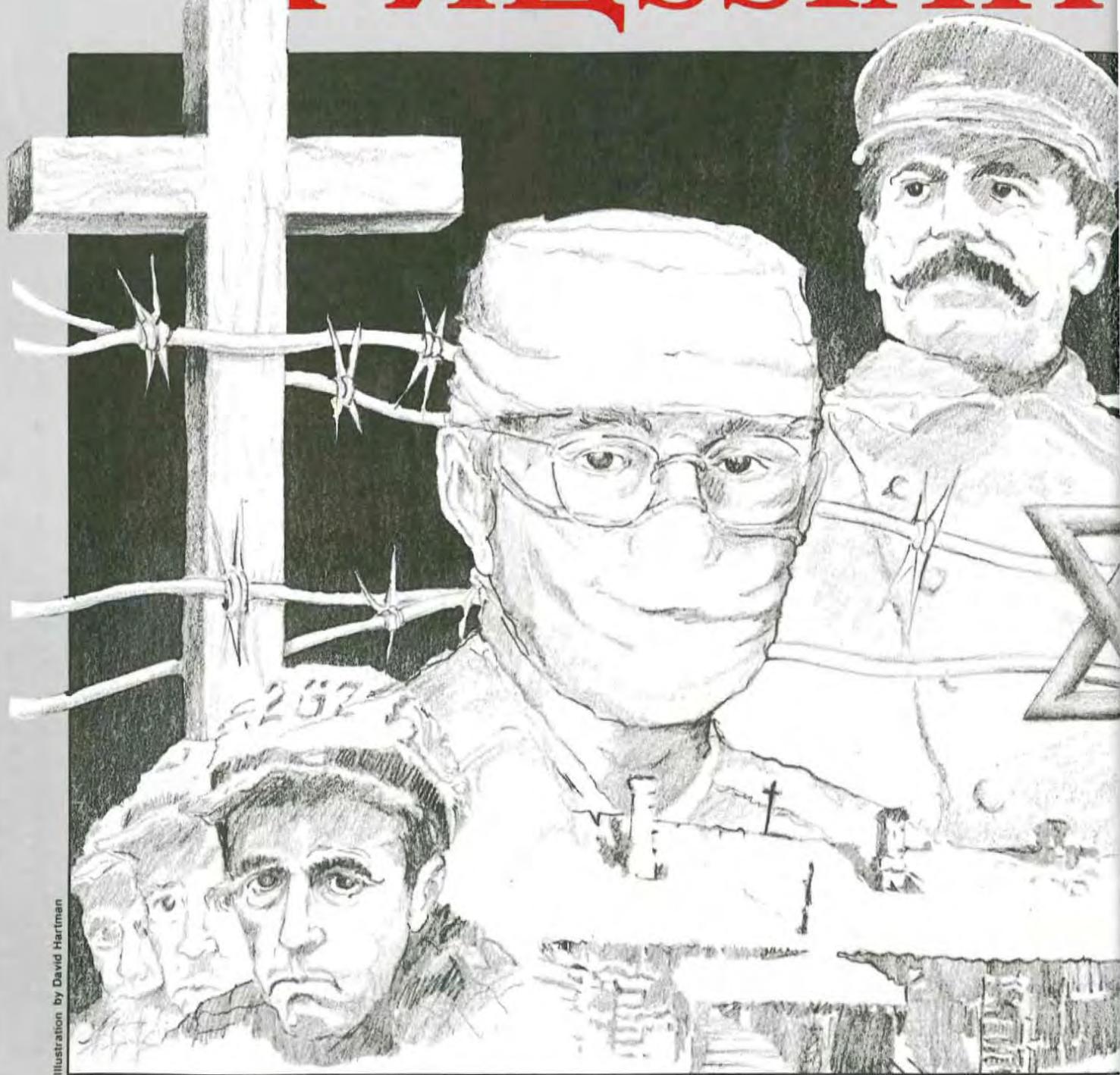
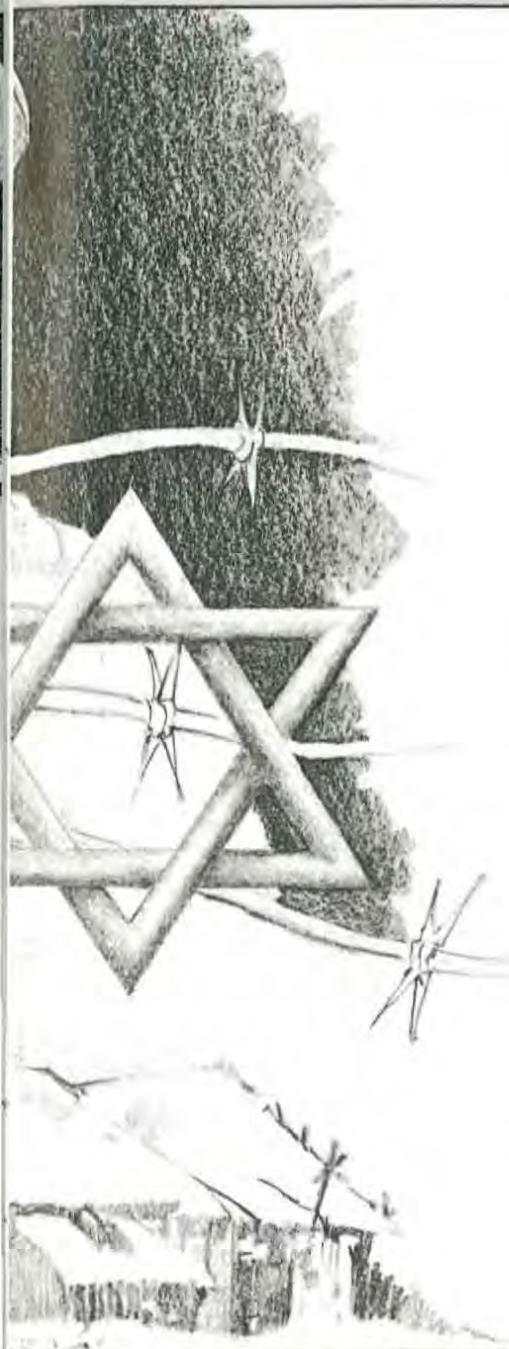


Illustration by David Hartman

ДОСТОЯ

by Charles Colson



Having accepted the possibility of death, Boris Kornfeld was now free to live.

No reporters have visited the prison camps of Soviet Russia, unless they have gone as prisoners. So to this day we have little information about the millions who have lived, suffered, and died there, especially during Stalin's reign of terror. Most will remain nameless for all time, remembered only in the hearts of those who knew and loved them. But from time to time, scraps of information have filtered out about a few. One of those few was Boris Nicholayevich Kornfeld.

Kornfeld was a medical doctor. From this we can guess a little about his background, for in post-revolutionary Russia such education never went to families tied in any way to czarist Russia. Probably his parents were socialists who had fastened their hopes on the Revolution. They were also Jews, but almost certainly not Jews still hoping for the Messiah, for the name Boris and the patronymic Nicholayevich indicate they had taken Russian names in some past generation. Probably Kornfeld's forebears were *Haskalah*, so-called "enlightened Jews," who accepted the philosophy of rationalism, cultivated a knowledge of the natural sciences, and devoted themselves to the

arts. In language, dress, and social habits they tried to make themselves as much like their Russian neighbors as possible.

It was natural for such Jews to support Lenin's revolution, for the czars' vicious anti-Semitism had made life almost unendurable for the prior two hundred years. Socialism promised something much better for them than "Christian" Russia. "Christian" Russia had slaughtered Jews; perhaps atheistic Russia would save them.

A Cure for Communism

Obviously Kornfeld had followed in his parents' footsteps, believing in Communism as the path of historical necessity, for political prisoners at that time were not citizens opposed to Communism or wanting the Czar's return. Such people were simply shot. Political prisoners were believers in the Revolution, socialists or communists who had, nevertheless, not kept their allegiance to Stalin's leadership pure.

We do not know what crime Dr. Kornfeld committed, only that it was a political crime. Perhaps he dared one day to suggest to a friend that their leader, Stalin, was fallible; or maybe he was simply accused of harboring such

Kornfeld became appalled by the hatred he saw in his heart. It made the whole world a concentration camp.

thoughts. It took no more than that to become a prisoner in the Russia of the early 1950s; many died for less. At any rate, Kornfeld was imprisoned in a concentration camp for political subversives at Ekibastuz.

Ironically, a few years behind barbed wire was a good cure for Communism. The senseless brutality, the waste of lives, the trivialities called criminal charges made men like Kornfeld doubt the glories of the system. Stripped of all past associations, of all that had kept them busy and secure, behind the wire prisoners had time to think. In such a place, thoughtful men like Boris Kornfeld found themselves reevaluating beliefs they had held since childhood.

So it was that this Russian doctor abandoned all his socialistic ideals. In fact, he went further than that. He did something that would have horrified his forebears.

Boris Kornfeld became a Christian.

A Strange Alignment

While few Jews anywhere in the world find it easy to accept Jesus Christ as the true Messiah, a Russian Jew would find it even more difficult. For two centuries these Jews had known implacable hatred from the people who, they were told, were the most Christian of all. Each move the Jews made to reconcile themselves or accommodate themselves to the Russians was met by new inventions of hatred and persecution, as when the head of the governing body of the Russian Orthodox

Church said he hoped that, as a result of the Russian pogroms, "one-third of the Jews will convert, one-third will die, and one-third will flee the country."

Yet following the Revolution a strange alignment occurred. Joseph Stalin demanded undivided, unquestioning loyalty to his government; but both Jews and Christians knew their ultimate loyalty was to God. Consequently people of both faiths suffered for their beliefs and frequently in the same camps.

Thus it was that Boris Kornfeld came in contact with a devout Christian, a well-educated and kind fellow prisoner who spoke of a Jewish Messiah who had come to keep the promises the Lord had made to Israel. This Christian—whose name we do not know—pointed out that Jesus had spoken almost solely to Jewish people and proclaimed that He came to the Jews first. That was consistent with God's

special concern for the Jews, the chosen ones; and, he explained, the Bible promised that a new kingdom of peace would come. This man often recited aloud the Lord's Prayer, and Kornfeld heard in those simple words a strange ring of truth.

The Jews and Jesus

The camp had stripped Kornfeld of everything, including his belief in salvation through socialism. Now this man offered him hope—but in what form!

To accept Jesus Christ—to become one of those who had always persecuted his people—seemed a betrayal of his family, of all who had been before him. Kornfeld knew the Jews had suffered innocently. Jews were innocent in the days of the Cossacks! Innocent in the days of the czars! And he himself was innocent of betraying Stalin; he had been imprisoned unjustly.

But Kornfeld pondered what the Christian prisoner had told him. In one commodity, time, the doctor was rich.

Unexpectedly, he began to see the powerful parallels between the Jews and this Jesus. It had always been a scandal that God should entrust Himself in a unique way to one people, the Jews. Despite centuries of persecution, their very existence in the midst of those who sought to destroy them was a sign of a Power greater than that of their oppressors. It was the same with Jesus—that God would present Himself in the form of a man had always confounded the wisdom



of the world. To the proud and powerful, Jesus stood as a Sign, exposing their own limitations and sin. So they had to kill Him, just as those in power had to kill the Jews, in order to maintain their delusions of omnipotence. Thus, Stalin, the new god-head of the brave new world of the Revolution, had to persecute both Jew and Christian. Each stood as living proof of his blasphemous pretensions to power.

Only in the gulag could Boris Kornfeld begin to see such a truth. And the more he reflected upon it, the more it began to change him within.

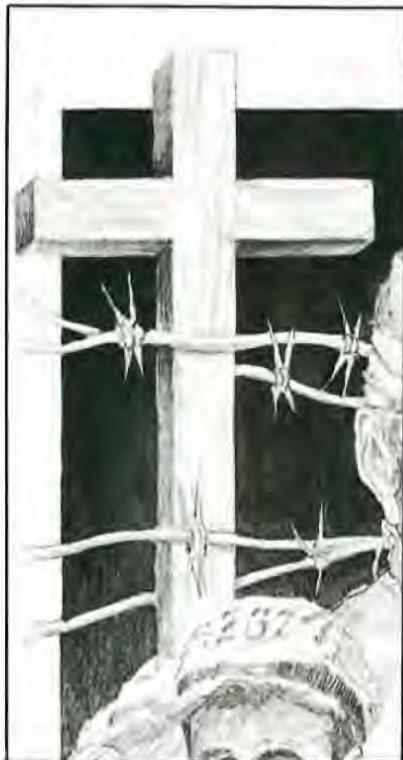
A Victim of Hatred

Though a prisoner, Kornfeld lived in better conditions than most behind the wire. Other prisoners were expendable, but doctors were scarce in the remote, isolated camps. The authorities could not afford to lose a physician, for guards as well as prisoners needed medical attention. And no prison officer wanted to end up in the hands of a doctor he had cruelly abused.

Kornfeld's resistance to the Christian message might have begun to weaken while he was in surgery, perhaps while working on one of those guards he had learned to loathe. The man had been knifed and an artery cut. While suturing the blood vessel, the doctor thought of tying the thread in such a way that it would reopen shortly after surgery. The guard would die quickly and no one would be the wiser.

The process of taking this particular form of vengeance gave rein to the burning hatred Kornfeld had for the guard and all like him. How he despised his persecutors! He could gladly slaughter them all!

And at that point, Boris Kornfeld became appalled by the hatred and violence he saw in his own heart. Yes, he was a victim of



hatred as his ancestors had been. But that hatred had spawned an insatiable hatred of his own. What a deadly predicament! He was trapped by the very evil he despised. What freedom could he ever know with his soul imprisoned by this murderous hate? It made the whole world a concentration camp.

As Kornfeld began to retie the sutures properly, he found himself, almost unconsciously, repeating the words he had heard from his fellow prisoner. "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Strange words in the mouth of a Jew. Yet he could not help praying them. Having seen his own evil heart, he had to pray for cleansing. And he had to pray to a God who had suffered as he had: Jesus.

Hopeless Tasks

For some time, Boris Kornfeld simply continued praying the Lord's Prayer while he carried

out his backbreaking, hopeless tasks as a camp doctor. Back-breaking because there were always far too many patients. Hopeless because the camp was designed to kill men. He stood ineffectively against the tide of death gaining on each prisoner: disease, cold, overwork, beatings, malnutrition.

Doctors in the camp's medical section were also asked to sign decrees for imprisonment in the punishment block. Any prisoner whom the authorities did not like or wanted out of the way was sent to this block—solitary confinement in a tiny, dark, cold, torture chamber of a cell. A doctor's signature on the forms certified that a prisoner was strong and healthy enough to withstand the punishment. This was, of course, a lie. Few emerged alive.

Like all the other doctors, Kornfeld had signed his share of forms. What was the difference? The authorities did not need the signatures anyway; they had many other ways of "legalizing" punishment. And a doctor who did not cooperate would not last long, even though doctors were scarce. But shortly after he began to pray for forgiveness, Dr. Kornfeld stopped authorizing the punishment; he refused to sign the forms. Though he had signed hundreds of them, now he couldn't. Whatever had happened inside him would not permit him to do it.

Abuse of Power

This rebellion was bad enough, but Kornfeld did not stop there. He turned in an orderly.

The orderlies were drawn from a group of prisoners who cooperated with the authorities. As a reward for their cooperation, they were given jobs within the camp which were less than a death sentence. They became the cooks, bakers, clerks, and hospital orderlies. The other prisoners

The persecuted Jew who once believed himself totally innocent was now saying that every man deserved his suffering.

hated them almost more than they hated the guards, for these prisoners were traitors; they could never be trusted. They stole food from the other prisoners and would gladly kill anyone who tried to report them or give them trouble. Besides, the guards turned a blind eye to their abuses of power. People died in the camps every day; the authorities needed these quislings to keep the system running smoothly.

While making his rounds one day, Kornfeld came to one of his many patients suffering from pellagra, an all-too-common disease in the camps. Malnutrition induced pellagra which, perversely, made digestion nearly impossible. Victims literally starved to death.

This man's body showed the ravages of the disease. His face had become dark, one deep bruise. The skin was peeling off his hands; they had to be bandaged to staunch the incessant bleeding. Kornfeld had been giving the patient chalk, good white bread, and herring to stop the diarrhea and get nutrients into his blood, but the man was too far gone. When the doctor asked the dying patient his name, the man could not even remember it.

Just after leaving this patient, Kornfeld came upon a hulking orderly bent over the remains of a loaf of white bread meant for the pellagra patients. The man looked up shamelessly, his cheeks stuffed with food. Kornfeld had known about the stealing, had known it was one reason his patients did not recover, but his vivid memory of the dying man pierced him

now. He could not shrug his shoulders and go on.

A "Foolish" Complaint

Of course he could not blame the deaths simply on the theft of food. There were countless other reasons why his patients did not recover. The hospital stank of excrement and lacked proper facilities and supplies. He had to perform surgery under conditions so primitive that often operations were little more than mercy killings. It was preposterous to stand on principle in the situation, particularly when he knew what the orderly might do to him



in return. But the doctor had to be obedient to what he now believed. Once again the change in his life was making a difference.

When Kornfeld reported the orderly to the commandant, the officer found his complaint very curious. There had been a recent rash of murders in the camp; each victim had been a "stoolie." It was foolish—dangerously so at this time—to complain about anyone. But the commandant put the orderly in the punishment block for three days, taking the complaint with a perverse satisfaction. Kornfeld's refusal to sign the punishment forms was becoming a nuisance; this would save the commandant some trouble. The doctor had arranged his own execution.

Free to Live

Boris Kornfeld was not an especially brave man. He knew his life would be in danger as soon as the orderly was released from the cell block. Sleeping in the barracks, controlled at night by the camp-chosen prisoners, would mean certain death. So the doctor began staying in the hospital, catching sleep when and where he could, living in a strange twilight world where any moment might be his last.

But, paradoxically, along with this anxiety came tremendous freedom. Having accepted the possibility of death, Boris Kornfeld was now free to live. He signed no more papers or documents sending men to their deaths. He no longer turned his eyes from cruelty or shrugged his shoulders when he saw injustice. He said what he wanted and did

what he could. And soon he realized that the anger and hatred and violence in his own soul had vanished. He wondered whether there lived another man in Russia who knew such freedom!

Now Boris Kornfeld wanted to tell someone about his discovery, about this new life of obedience and freedom. The Christian who had talked to him about Jesus had been transferred to another camp, so the doctor waited for the right person and the right moment.

One gray afternoon he examined a patient who had just been operated on for cancer of the intestines. This young man with a melon-shaped head and a hurt, little-boy expression touched the soul of the doctor. The man's eyes were sorrowful and suspicious and his face deeply etched by the years he had already spent in the camps, reflecting a depth of spiritual misery and emptiness Kornfeld had rarely seen.

So the doctor began to talk to the patient, describing what had happened to him. Once the tale began to spill out, Kornfeld could not stop.

An Incredible Confession

The patient missed the first part of the story, for he was drifting in and out of the anesthesia's influence, but the doctor's ardor caught his concentration and held it, though he was shaking with fever. All through the afternoon and late into the night, the doctor talked, describing his conversion to Christ and his new-found freedom.

Very late, with the perimeter lights in the camp glazing the windowpanes, Kornfeld confessed to the patient: "On the whole, you know, I have become convinced that there is no punishment that comes to us in this life on earth which is undeserved. Superficially, it can have nothing to do with what we are guilty of



in actual fact, but if you go over your life with a fine-tooth comb and ponder it deeply, you will always be able to hunt down that transgression of yours for which you have now received this blow."

Imagine! The persecuted Jew who once believed himself totally innocent now saying that every man deserved his suffering, whatever it was.

The patient knew he was listening to an incredible confession. Though the pain from his operation was severe, his stomach a heavy, expansive agony of molten lead, he hung on the doctor's words until he fell asleep.

The young patient awoke early the next morning to the sound of running feet and a commotion in the area of the operating room. His first thought was of the doctor, but his new friend did not come. Then the whispers of a fellow patient told him of Kornfeld's fate.

During the night, while the doctor slept, someone had crept up beside him and dealt him eight blows on the head with a plasterer's mallet. And though his fellow doctors worked valiantly to save him, in the morning the orderlies carried him out, a still, broken form.

But Kornfeld's testimony did not die.

The patient pondered the doctor's last, impassioned words. As a result, he, too, became a Christian. He survived that prison camp and went on to tell the world what he had learned there.

The patient's name was Alexander Solzhenitsyn. □

Taken from *LOVING GOD*, by Charles Colson. Copyright ©1983 by Charles W. Colson. Used by permission of Zondervan Publishing House.

Editor's note from Loving God: All the stories in this book are true. In some, names have been changed; in others, editorial liberties have been taken to combine certain events for purposes of clarity or illustration. In one case, the use of allegory proved the most effective literary device to make the point. But in all instances the events underlying the stories are true. Background details have been researched as thoroughly as possible, although at times inferences were drawn from the limited facts available. Where that is the case, it is made evident in the text.



Charles Colson, who was a special counsel to President Nixon from 1969 to 1973, received Christ shortly before serving seven months in federal prison for his involvement in Watergate. Following his release, he established Prison Fellowship, a ministry to inmates and their families. He has written three books, *Born Again*, *Life Sentence*, and *Loving God*.

THE WAY I SEE IT

Often there's a difference between what God lets us do and what He really wants us to do

Martha Missed It

BY DON BASHAM



Once years ago I felt strongly urged by the Lord to give \$150 to a fellow minister in need. I obeyed, even though at the time \$150 represented about seventy-five percent of my total financial resources. That simple act of doing what the Lord wanted was followed by months of unexpected prosperity.

Years later, in a time of relative abundance, I gave \$1,000 to another ministry that I felt was worthy of support. But this time there was no flood of blessing in return. At first I felt resentful that God hadn't been impressed by my generosity. Eventually, I acknowledged that the second gift had been *my* idea, not God's. God *let* me give the gift but He hadn't told me to give it.

One of the most important truths we can ever learn is that there is often a vast difference between what God lets us do and what He wants us to do. The

truth is graphically illustrated in the story of Jesus' visit to the home of Mary and Martha, found in Luke 10:38-42. When Jesus arrived at their home, the sisters' reactions were as different as night and day. Although the biblical account is terse, the picture of what happened is clear.

Gentle Mary, wide-eyed with wonder, sat at Jesus' feet, gazing with adoration into His face, drinking in every word He shared. But Martha, bent on preparing dinner, scurried from cupboard to stove to table, casting angry glances at her sister. Finally her resentment exploded.

"Lord, don't you care that my sister has left me to do the work by myself? Tell her to help me!" (v. 40 NIV).

In her indignation, Martha didn't realize what she was saying. She actually rebuked the Lord for not having His priorities straight! Didn't He know that commitment must be shown by hard work and not idle conversation? Couldn't He see that what she was doing was more important than what Mary was doing, that her serving took precedence over His sharing and Mary's listening?

"Lord, tell Mary to get up and go to work! She should be rushing around like me—all frantic and fuming to get things done. Instead, she just sits there quietly and peacefully listening to You. She's all mixed up, Lord. It's time You set her straight about what's important!"

Mary and Martha viewed the visit of Jesus in totally different

ways. Mary saw an opportunity to sit in the presence of the Lord, to listen and learn. Martha saw an opportunity to prove what a devoted worker she was. Mary sought revelation; Martha sought commendation. Mary chose the grace of intimate fellowship; Martha forfeited that grace to prove she was a good cook.

Martha wasn't sinful, just shortsighted. It's not that good deeds and hard work don't count; it's only that they can never substitute for an open heart and a listening ear.

After gently correcting Martha, Jesus didn't insist that she come and join the sharing time; He simply told her what she was doing was second-best. "Mary has chosen what is better" (v. 42 NIV).

Martha had a choice. She could continue doing what the Lord *let* her do—rush around madly proving what a good hostess she was—or she could start doing what He *wanted* her to do—sit with her sister Mary and listen to what He had to say.

Poor Martha! She chose hard work over fellowship with the Lord. Why would anyone do that?

But to be perfectly honest, all of us must periodically contend with that powerful "Martha syndrome." And the busier we are, the more difficult it is to see Mary's perspective. But perspective lies at the heart of the whole matter. The Lord had one perspective (which Mary happily embraced) while Martha had another. Her determination to serve the Lord the way she did was an expression of *her* perspective, not the Lord's. *And that's where Martha missed it.*

Remember, there is often a vast difference between what God *lets* us do and what He *wants* us to do. At least, that's the way I see it. □

Don Basham is chief editorial consultant for New Wine.

RESOURCES

INSIGHTS FROM THE

NEW WINE COLLECTION

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind" (Rom. 12:2).

LIFE ON WINGS

Book by Ern Baxter, \$1.25

Ern Baxter uses the biblical illustration of an eagle to give you a new vision of what you are meant to become in Christ. Find out how to use your wings properly and learn the "secret of the winds" from his vivid illustrations.

PULLING THE KING'S CARRIAGE

Tape by Bob Mumford, \$4.95

Bob Mumford uses a unique story about horses being prepared for use in the king's service to help you understand and properly relate to what God is trying to do in your life. Bob gives 5 guidelines to help you cooperate with God and grow in His kingdom.

WILL GOD MOVE AGAIN?

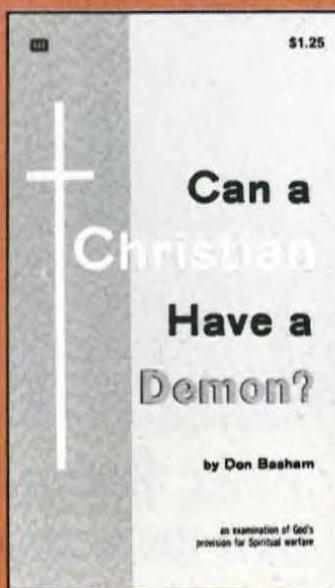
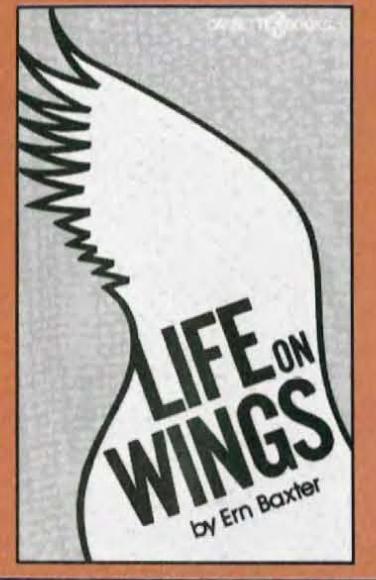
Tape by Charles Simpson, \$4.95

Charles Simpson shares how God is preparing the Church for a new move of the Holy Spirit. Charles uses the first chapter of Acts to show how the disciples met God's condition for them to enter a new era. Included are 5 ways you can ready yourself for the next move of God.

CAN A CHRISTIAN HAVE A DEMON?

Book by Don Basham, \$1.25

Although Satan was totally defeated at the cross, most Christians have neither understood nor appropriated fully the victory that is theirs in Christ. Don includes a scriptural study of demons and deliverance and several testimonies of Christians finding help through this ministry.



ALIVE AND FREE

Tape by Bob Mumford, \$4.95

Bob Mumford challenges today's Church to have a deeper repentance and a fuller obedience. Only then, he says, can we have a greater measure of life and freedom than has been experienced before. He discusses both the inward and outward battles that can be won only by repentance. You cannot be truly alive and free apart from the gospel of Jesus Christ.

CHRIST'S LAST ORDER

Tape by Derek Prince, \$4.95

Using his military experience as background, Derek Prince discusses the "great commission" in terms of orders from the Highest Command. He explains 4 principles that can be learned from the miracle of the feeding of the 5,000.

LET GOD BE GOD

Tape by Don Basham, \$4.95

Through the Old Testament story of Joseph, Don Basham discusses God's intervention in individual lives. He shares 4 aspects of Joseph's story through which God demonstrates His sovereignty. You'll be glad to know that God uses imperfect people to accomplish His work.

HOW TO ORDER:

From month to month, the New Wine Collection brings to your attention selected books and tapes to help you grow in your relationship with God. These resources will increase your understanding of subjects vital to your spiritual maturity. To order simply use the response form found on page 19.

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RUTH BAXTER

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2. EXERCISE
3. WATER
4. SUNLIGHT
5. TEMPERANCE
6. AIR
7. REST
8. TRUST in divine power

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Try this tasty, healthful sample of one of the 22 recipes and menus you'll find in */ Almost Died:*

Polynesian Bars
3 c. rolled oats 1/3 c. chopped nuts
1 c. whole wheat flour
1 c. unsweetened coconut
1 c. fresh orange juice
Mix flour, oats, coconut and nuts. Add orange juice and moisten thoroughly. In a 9" x 12" pyrex baking dish, put 1/2 of this mixture and pat down. Spread filling on this and put rest of oatmeal mixture on top and pat down. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until lightly browned.



Ruth Baxter

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