

The INTERCESSOR

Presenting every man perfect in Christ Jesus. Colossians 1:28

Volume 19

Number 1

The Second Crisis

by Norman Grubb

Let us face it. We have seen plainly, from Paul's detailed explanation in his Roman letter, that Christ, our last Adam, completed a total redemption for us, the first Adam's family, in His death, resurrection, and ascension. But it can only become a living fact in our lives by us having a personal inner experience of Him. First there has to be a new birth of the Spirit, and then the Spirit bears witness to our human spirits that we are now the children of God. This witness is vital because we become operative persons in our spirit-selves only by an inner recognition of fact as fact. This is also why Christ's resurrection and ascension had to be confirmed inwardly to His disciples by the coming of the Spirit at Pentecost: it gave them an unshakeable inward confirmation regarding the One whom they'd outwardly seen and touched, but who had now disappeared from their sight. From then on no questions arose, even to the point of their dying for Him whom they knew. For faith was now knowledge. They knew what they knew! Outer facts had inner confirmation, and only by the inner was the outer established.

So now, by our new birth experience, we know what we know of our salvation and Savior. But we have gone on to recognize that knowing Christ as Savior from past sins must be accompanied by an equally certain knowing of Him as

our personal sufficiency for our daily living, and for our sharing of such knowledge with others. Here is a second stage of knowing! We have seen in Romans how Paul had to go into great detail, as he moved from chapters 3-5 on to 6-8, to complete for us, as for himself, this second stage of inner knowing. He has made it plain that there are travailings, searchings, negative condemnings and failures to condition us for this second, equally certain, knowing. We have to go through our Romans 7 experience. There's no shortcut for us on our "wilderness way," any more than there was for the children of Israel in their painful sojourn in that "waste and howling wilderness."

So we are now confronting this together. Let's not fool ourselves. We shan't get there any more quickly and easily than Paul (although we may have more head knowledge because of the pioneering route-map he has drawn for us). Any close look at the great biographies of the Bible presents us with the same fact.

Biblical Examples of Inner Knowing

Abraham, our father of faith, that total follower of the God of glory who had appeared to him, had many achievements of faith en route. But he did not reach his fixed inner knowing until he had been through many years of frustra-

tion with Hagar and Sarah and the flesh birth of Ishmael...for he was not yet able to discern between the mind of the flesh and the pure word of the Spirit. His fixed inner knowing came by the crisis of faith—faith in the impossible—at the birth of Isaac. After that he could hear ever so plainly, even when later called by God to the further impossible and most ridiculous offering of his son as a burnt sacrifice.

Moses, that dedicated servant of God, had to go beyond his initial commitment, even through a hard forty years at the backside of the desert, before he was fixed in his inner total sufficiency

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and adequacy at the burning bush. And from then on he inwardly knew the One with whom the children of Israel had only an outer relationship of faith.

Jacob, during his years of frustrating service with Laban, had become true-hearted and intense in his pursuit of the living God. But it was only through a final night of struggle (Gen. 32:24-32), in which the angel of the Lord brought him to a physically broken place, with his thigh out of joint, so there could be no running away from his threatening meeting with Esau—only through that experience did he know himself by inner

Knowing is not mental understanding, or external believing, or reckoning. It is something beyond words, because it is spirit; it is the reality of the spirit realm, beyond natural reasoning.

revelation as “a prince who has power with God and man.”

Joshua, splendidly gifted as a military leader, had to reach the desperate end of his self-confidence by a near collapse into cowardice, by being one of the twelve spies who brought back such a defeatist report to Moses. That night Joshua “inwardly died” and rose the next morning to side with Moses and Caleb and risk the stoning that threatened them. From then onward he became a man “in whom is the Spirit of God,” and Moses’ trusted successor.

David, after his youthful nation-stirring triumph of faith over Goliath, and his shepherd years as the sweet psalmist of Israel, had to spend eight years as a fugitive from Saul. While living in caves, he and his band of “the disappointed and disgruntled” were being trained together

as God’s men, until, at the fiery trial at Ziklag, even his loved men turned on him. There he took a personal stand of faith which brought him into his inner knowing, when he “encouraged himself in the Lord his God” (1 Sam. 30:6).

Elisha, the wealthy young farmer who gladly sold all to follow the Lord with Elijah, spent eight years “pouring water” on the hands of his tough old leader; and even then he had to follow him in persistent pursuit to the moment of his ascent to heaven in a whirlwind, until he could himself inwardly receive and know that double portion of the Spirit which made him the successor of that mighty prophet.

Even the Savior Himself, the Son of God, taking flesh as Son of man, was intently studying the Scriptures all those years in the carpenter’s shop, knowing from the Scriptures who He was. But only at His baptism, by the dove and the word of His Father from heaven, did He have the total inner confirmation, which established Him as the one who could declare with Isaiah’s prophetic words, “The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me,” and “This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.”

So also Paul did not “know” until his three years in Arabia; and even Peter, though the leader at Pentecost, until confronted by Paul in Antioch (which we shall refer to later in more detail).

Bible biographies give plenty of evidence that we move on from a relationship-knowing at our new birth to a total inner knowing. Paul gives us the transforming details in Romans 7 and 8, as we follow him on from his penetrating understanding of the true facts about himself to his agonized cry, “O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” and to his

glorious liberated shout of inner recognition in 8:1-2, “Now I see! There is no more self-condemnation, no more beating my head against the brick wall of failure and defeat! I am set free! I know I am, and am free forever!” In his own written words, “The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has set me free from the law of sin and death” (RSV)—has, not might, may or will. The Spirit was inwardly confirming what Paul had believed as a fact of history—that by Christ’s body-death on Calvary, indwelling Satan was out and indwelling Christ was in; and Paul was underlining for us in this shout of victory that he was a liberated person, not only because Jesus had died and risen in history, but also because the Spirit inwardly confirmed it to him. It was the inner confirmation of the Spirit that set him free. No hearing of given facts, not even a reckoning on them, could do this for him; only the actual confirmation within him had finally “fixed him” in who he really was. I am free! I am free! Yes, I am! I am! I am!

So whether by sudden crisis—as it was for those Bible men and has been for most of us—or by some other means, no matter what—we do know. And we are now going to find out how we can know.

Inner Knowing=Spirit

Knowing is not mental understanding, or external believing, or reckoning. It is something beyond words, because it is spirit; it is the reality of the spirit realm, beyond natural reasoning. We recognize this already on the new-birth level: How did we come to know we were born of the Spirit? Can you say? Can I? We cannot. Likewise now: we simply say to the outer, inquiring world—and indeed to thousands of church believers, who so often want to

know but have never been shown this Biblical way of faith—that we just inwardly know.

We can use an example from the human level—that we become competent in our profession only by an inner knowing of it. First we give ourselves to training and study, which is our first step of faith into acquiring this body of knowledge wholly outside us. As we persist in our strivings to attain, somewhere along the line what was beyond our reach just becomes part of us. We know it! We know our stuff, and have moved over from learning to being, and we boldly call ourselves by the name of our

“We are two, but no, we are one—and so much one that I speak of His doing the living in place of me. “Not I, but Christ living in me.”

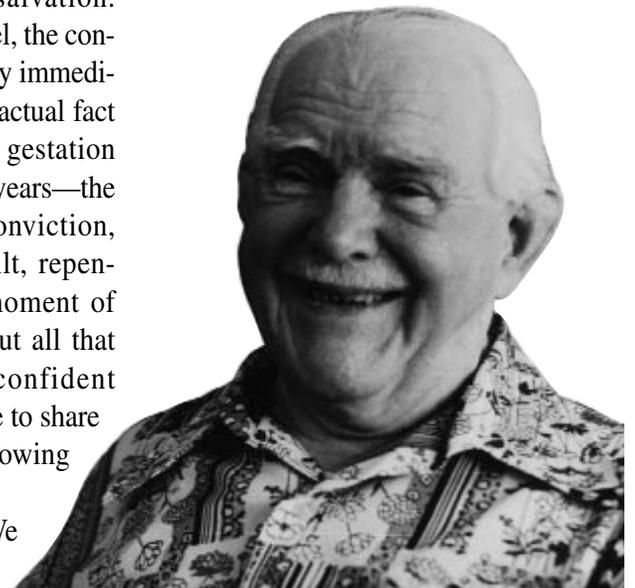
competency—doctor, cook, teacher. And we operate not by the outer tools of our trade, but by our inner know-how.

In the same way, in our new birth the Spirit has made us inner-knowers of the outer historic facts of our salvation. Actually, on our new-birth level, the confirmation of the Spirit is usually immediate, or appears so—though in actual fact it was not. We first had our gestation period. It went on maybe for years—the work of the law bringing conviction, honest facing of sin and guilt, repentance, and finally a crisis moment of faith and open confession. But all that could not establish us as confident Christians, who know and love to share what we know. The inner knowing did that.

So now let us face this. We are about to find out how we

enter into this second inner knowing. It also comes naturally and effortlessly, and with a certainty that we never lose again. I now know that not only do I have Christ as my Savior from sin, but that I have passed through an inner experience of death to my former striving, sin-dominated, and self-condemning self. I now know that I am dead to sin, the world, flesh-dominion, and law; and now I equally know that I am no longer a lonely, independent “I,” or still worse, have sin and Satan living in me. I know that in place of “I” it is now Christ living His life in me. And this I now know—actually know without ever again having to reckon on it, or trying to reassure myself about it, or refreshing my recognition of it.

This does not mean that we are like two people separate within myself. No, we are one. I am “joined to the Lord—one spirit” (1 Cor. 6:17); we are two, yet we are one. He is the One living in me, yet not as separate from me, but reproducing Himself by me—as vine through branch, head through body, husband through wife.



An Inner Consciousness of Union

In that union relationship I can say that it is Christ who is manifested in my human form—just as it is when He says that both He and I are “the light of the world” (John 8:12, Matt. 5:14). In actual fact, we are two—light and lamp, and He is the light shining through the lamp. Yet we so forget the existence of the lamp that when we come into a room we don’t say “Turn on the lamp” but “Turn on the light”! So in our conscious union relationship: though each Christian really is the two united in one, we don’t see ourselves as thinking, speaking, acting, but it is He expressed through our forms doing the thinking, speaking and acting.

It was in the glory of this inner consciousness that Paul said, “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; no, not I, it is Christ living in me.” That paradoxical contradiction was the only way in which he could describe a union-and-replacement experience in words. “I live in His resurrection life.... No, I must contradict that—it is not I, but He living in me.” That is the union-duality! We are two, but no, we are one—and so much one that I speak of His doing the living in place of me. “Not I, but Christ living in me.” That is the nearest in third-dimensional human words that he can put a fourth-dimensional union truth. It is Christ in his Paul form; Christ in even my human form. And from the moment that the light of this inner knowing is “turned on” in me, it becomes real to my consciousness that it is not I thinking, speaking, acting, but it is He. And so it is!

Yet all this hangs, in the end, on personal experience...and we are now going to find out how we may have this experience. Union is no good being a fact for me unless I know it to be so and thus can “use” it. The fact that in Christ I already

was given total deliverance from both sins and sin is meaningless for me until I know it by experience. A carpenter can only use the tools he knows how to use. That was why sin could laugh at me and deceive me during those long years of struggle in my Christian living. I didn’t inwardly know I was totally delivered from its indwelling presence, so it continued to mock me with a false claim of dwelling in me. Again I repeat, we are all always controlled by our inner believ-

Now we are talking about a faith-leap into the real dimension—the kingdom of God—the invisible realm of reality with Father, Son and Spirit; and we who are born-again know that when our faith became “substance” we came to a new kind of assurance—ridiculous to the world—in which the Spirit, not human actions, was the agent which brought faith into substance.

ings...which become knowings. All depends on how I am seeing things. When, therefore, I don’t know by an inner knowing (even though I might have an outer reckoning) that it is Christ living in my human self, and not sin or Satan, then I continue under the delusion of sin dwelling in me, and I mistakenly think I am an independent self with my own responsibilities and responses. . . and thus, I am consciously under the power of the god of independent-self.

How Do I Get this Inner Knowing?

Have you grasped what I’m saying? We must have inner knowing. Nothing

can be a substitute for that. Remember how I said that faith is only completed faith when it has been replaced by conscious assurance—“substance,” as Hebrews 11:1 tells us. We have several times emphasized this, and do it again. Throughout life, faith in its initial form is placed in something external, available to me, and desirable...and by inner decision of my mind, heart and will I then say, “I’ll do that. I’ll go there. I’ll make that.” On the human level, I then put that inner word of faith into action. I take my car and go there. I use my hands and make that. I take that fruit and eat it. And then what happens? When it reaches out to something, that first inner form of faith is dissolved and replaced by outer facts. It is no longer “I’ll go to that home.” No! Now I am in that home. Not “I’ll eat that.” No! It is food in me. Not “I’ll make that.” No! Here it is, made. The taker’s taken! My bodily actions have turned the faith into substance.

But now we are talking about a faith-leap into the real dimension—the kingdom of God—the invisible realm of reality with Father, Son and Spirit; and we who are born-again know that when our faith became “substance” we came to a new kind of assurance—ridiculous to the world—in which the Spirit, not human actions, was the agent which brought faith into substance; and that new-birth certainty is nothing but inner knowing—a nonrational knowing. We just know that we know, and neither man, heaven nor hell can move us. Just as Paul almost shouted to the Galatians, when beginning his letter to them: “I so know this new revelation (of the inner union of Galatians 2:20) in my inner being that if an angel from heaven, or I myself, preach to you any other gospel, let him be accursed!” That, surely, is

inner knowing.

And now it is this second inner knowing we are talking about, which was so plainly demonstrated by Paul himself in his cry of distress turned into shout of praise and assurance (Romans; don't mistake your first believing of outer given facts for the spontaneous inner knowing. Get it clear. Faith starts off by my attaching myself to something. We have instanced food, a chair, going to a home. But that's not what makes it real to me. It is the response back, like an echo, from the thing to which I am attaching myself which makes the inner knowing. I take the food; I am conscious of it inside me. I sit in a chair; the chair makes me know it is holding me. That is the knowing. So the knowing does not come from my putting my faith into something, it comes from the something in which I put my faith. I must never mistake my faith in its first form—my attaching myself to something—for the completion of faith by which it has attached itself to me. Do you see this? So the final knowing of my eternal union—that it actually is He inwardly joined to me: that it is now He living in me, and not I—comes from Him the Spirit, and not from me the believer. He turns the faith into substance: absolute certainty.

So don't try any imaginings on this level, or try to make yourself think you have it. Don't try anything, for once again that is this old "self-effort stuff" we have died to. No, I keep doing my part, which is constantly affirming that what the Scriptures have said about my union with Christ is fact. I have been and am crucified with Him. I am dead to sin. I am crucified to the world. I now live in His resurrection. No, it is not I, it is He living in me. I have said it, and still say it. But keep this clear: My saying it is not

yet Him saying it back to me. That you do not "try" to make up, or feel, or have any scraps of self-effort in it. No, it "comes down from heaven"! How? When? That's not my business. Keep off the grass! Don't inquire. Don't occupy yourself with hoping or waiting. No, remain steadfast in your part of the bargain—affirming the fact on the basis of God's Word even if it is not yet inwardly

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confirmed to you as fact. And when and how will you know? Neither I nor an angel from heaven could tell you, because it is the prerogative of God Himself, God the Spirit, to speak that inner word. All we humans can say is "You'll know when you know!" Sometimes at once, sometimes after a time-gap.

My Personal Testimony

I did not lightly move into my part of the believing. After five night-hours of battling around with it (so little did I understand the ease of faith in those

Statement of Purpose

The purpose of this magazine is to further the great high calling of the Lord Jesus to carry His Gospel to the whole world. This calling is known in the Christian world as the Great Commission. Our interpretation of the Gospel is that Jesus Christ was the second member of the Trinity, fully God, made manifest in the flesh. He was tempted in all points as we are, but totally without sin. He was crucified for the sins of the world, was buried, and rose from the dead on the third day, according to the Scriptures. He gives the power to become the sons of God to all who receive Him.

Beyond this forgiveness of sins, *The Intercessor* is committed to proclaiming to every creature the mystery of the Gospel, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory (Col. 1:27). The outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Church at Pentecost means that Christ has joined Himself to us as one spirit (1 Cor. 6:17). Thus we see that Christ has reproduced Himself in our flesh, and we Christians are really Christ living as us (Gal. 2:20).

Therefore, there is not only the forgiveness of sins but also a life in Christ of knowing we are dead to sin (Rom. 6). Furthermore, we are dead to the Law (Rom. 7), since the power of sin is through the Law. Christ is the only Lawkeeper (Rom. 8), and there is no independent human nature that can keep the Law, though we are continually tempted to believe so.

Belief in an independent human nature is Satan's lie and the root of sin. Non-Christians are really Satan-indwelt, expressing his lusts (John 8:44), just as we have come to learn that Christians are Christ-indwelt, expressing His righteousness (2 Cor. 6:16). Humans have no moral nature of their own, meaning that we are simply expressions of the indwelling deity nature, either of Christ or Satan (the fallen created being who is the spirit of error). Sin in a Christian is a result of believing again Satan's lie that there is a human nature which can do good or evil.

Our full restoration, then, is to see ourselves as Christ in the world and to labor and travail to see Christ formed in others according to the mighty working of the Spirit. This is "intercession," the definite laying down of our lives to present every man perfect in Christ (Col. 1:28). *The Intercessor* is committed to this great and thrilling commission, the cost of bringing it about, and the resurrection joy of reaping the harvest!

days), I did finally put my finger on Galatians 2:20, or at least on the first phrase of it, and said right out, “I am crucified with Christ.” Then I added a little bit of confessing with my mouth, which Paul said confirms the inner believing: I took a post card, drew a tombstone, and wrote, “Here lies N.P.G., crucified with Christ.” I had not reached far out into my resurrection by then!

But did I feel different or know anything different? No. My precious wife, Pauline, was with me and did the same. We had those five hours sitting in our little camp chairs in the forest, in the banana plantation of a precious African brother we had gone to visit. But the Spirit responded more quickly to Pauline. Within two weeks she felt what she took to be a touch on her shoulder, beneath the mosquito net on her camp bed. It was the Spirit confirming her word of faith, and she knew and has known ever since. Next morning, as we sat outside the little native hut we had been staying in, breakfasting at our camp table, she began to say to me that she had something to tell me; but I said, “No need, your face shows it”—and her life has showed it all these years since. But for me, perhaps because I was more a “thinker-through” of a thing, and a slower believer, it wasn’t until two years later that the inner light was turned on in my consciousness. During those two years I never went back on that crisis of affirming faith. It had been as serious to me as a wedding ceremony (yes, faith is serious business). So it was background fact to me as I continued my missionary village travelings. But not until I was home on furlough, and speaking with Mrs. Penn-Lewis, a woman of God whose writings had first helped me into this understanding of Romans 6-8 and Galatians 2:20,

was this light inwardly turned on in me. I brought some missionary problems to her. But I think she sensed I was the problem, because she answered by what she called her “baptism in the Spirit”—not by some outer sign, but by an inner revelation of Him in her, so great that, as she spoke that day to a group of young women, the Holy Spirit brought them all down on their faces to the ground. But the point to me was not her story but that as she spoke, I knew. How? I don’t know. But I knew, and that was a great number of years ago. And I still know. Just as certainly and clearly as I knew by the inner witness on the day I came to Christ that I was born again. That’s how I know; and you know, or will know in God’s time. He confirms what we have affirmed. That’s all.

But I do know that as He thus became inwardly real to me, as the One living my life, I did move into an inner knowing which was and is equivalent to saying it is He living in me and not I. I was conscious of Him only doing the thinking and speaking, He, not I. Yet of course it was and is I. And I still have

that inner knowing of it being He, not I. So it is not difficult for me to say that it is Christ speaking, willing, thinking, acting. It is Christ in His Norman form. It is that Spirit who Jesus said speaks in us (Matt. 10:20)—not to us, but in us and by us: “For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.” It is “God working in us, to will and do of His good pleasure” (Phil. 2:13). So He is the willer and doer, and I just as spontaneously express His willing and doing in my actions.

For many years after his retirement as General Secretary of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, Norman Grubb traveled extensively sharing the truth of our union with Christ. He also carried on a huge personal correspondence with individuals throughout the world. He was the author of many books and pamphlets, a number of which are available through the Zerubbabel Book Ministry. Norman lived with his daughter, Priscilla, in Fort Washington, PA. Norman P. Grubb entered the Kingdom at 98 years of age.

Letters from Norman...

We are collecting letters from Norman Grubb with the goal of publishing an anthology. If you would like to participate in this endeavor, please send us copies of letters you received from him (please keep your originals) so we can incorporate as many as possible.

Norman was a prolific correspondent and his letters contained so many nuggets of truth. We want others to benefit from these as well and appreciate your help.

Editor's Note

The major part of this issue is dedicated to the pioneering spirit of C.T. Studd, our “grandfather” in the faith. C.T., England’s foremost cricketer in his youth, was Norman Grubb’s father-in-law, and the founder of the Heart of Africa Mission (H.A.M.). His passion for the unevangelized stood as a stern rebuke to the conventional Christians of his day, and earned him criticism and rejection by those he labeled “the Namby-Pamby-Milk-Sop-Softies,” those who stayed at home while he and his fellow missionaries labored in the jungle.

Elliot Coatney’s review of *The Cambridge Seven* shows us C.T. in his university days, when he and six other young men of social standing and wealth shocked England by giving up their lives of privilege to head to the mission field with Hudson Taylor. It was there that C.T. met Priscilla Stewart. Don’t miss “A Love Letter”—a most unconventional but Biblically sound letter from C.T. to his prospective bride.

Years later, and against his doctor’s orders, C.T. set off for Africa. There Norman and Pauline, his new wife and C.T.’s daughter, joined him. Some years ago Pat Mace recorded Norman’s reminiscences of these early days with C.T., which she reviews in Tape Talk. In “To the Congo with C.T. Studd” Norman paints a fascinating picture of missionary life in the 1920’s, recounting his own difficulties and failures as a fledgling on the mission field and the stunning answer he found—the “second blessing”—in the great Galatians 2:20. This same story is repeated from a slightly different perspective in “The Second Crisis,” in which Norman tack-

les the question of inner knowing and how we get it.

Finally, we have C.T. Studd’s famous battle cry, *The D.C.D.*, which caused such furor “back home” and ruined Studd’s reputation in proper Christian circles. It presents as timely a challenge to us today to abandon ourselves to the One who lives in us as it did in 1928.

C.T.’s tough stand on sin was partly responsible for his ostracism, as he held that the African converts must abandon their sin in order to be saved and lead sin-free lives. Brett Burrowes echoes this idea in “Real Deliverance from Sin—Is it Possible?” American Christianity, in his view, presents a God who understands our imperfections and doesn’t really expect us to live without sinning. He finds this view unacceptable and unbiblical, and counters with the solution found in the often-misunderstood Romans 7.

Carol Hoffmann’s testimony, “The Best Year of My Life,” underscores the blessings resulting from the uncompromising stand her family and fellowship took against the chronic and deliberate sin in her own life and the glorious freedom she found in who she really is—Christ in Carol form. “Union Realized” repeats this joyous discovery of the truth in a life previously in bondage to “JUST ME.”

Finally, as we find ourselves on the verge of a possible war, read Tommy Prewitt’s excellent and timely “George Bush and Saddam Hussein—A Matter of Trust.” And let us remember, as our President does, that the real battle is fought in the spiritual realm between good and evil. It is to that war that we are called by the pioneers of old, such as C.T. Studd and Norman Grubb.

The Secret

On what grounds can we accept ourselves? Because if this great revelation: we are merely the negative joined to the Positive. We are no longer we, but Christ in us. Christ the real we! Listen to Paul. He starts by saying Christ died for us, then speaks of the Lord with us, and goes on to his special revelation of Christ in us; but he ends up, when he gives his personal witness, by Christ is the real I. ‘I live,’ he says in Galatians 2:20. ‘No,’ he corrects himself. ‘It is not I, but Christ living in me.’ Christ not with, not in, but replacing Paul, Christ in Paul’s form. And Christ in your and my form. Put your name there. You are Christ in Jack’s form, Christ in Elizabeth’s form, I, Christ in Norman’s form, and so on.

Now, in the light of this revelation, when we in our humanity are moved in this direction or that by our negative reactions, we don’t struggle, we don’t condemn, we above all don’t try to change ourselves (trying to be good is the worst sin); no, we *replace*. We transfer our inner believing from what has its hold on us because we are believing in it, fear, lust, hate, etc., and attach our believing to who we really are, not our human selves, but Christ in ourselves. And as we affirm and recognize Him, He who is the peace, love, courage, purity, manifests Himself in and by us.

There is the secret—discovering who we really are. We have come back home at last as the branch in the Vine and the Vine in the branch.

Tape Talk

by Pat Mace

TAPE REVIEW:

C. T. Studd

by Norman Grubb

Radical...pulled no punches... paid the price...pioneer...no ordinary missionary. Reminiscing about his famous father-in-law, these are some of the ways in which Norman Grubb describes C.T. Studd.

The last night that Norman and his wife Pauline (C.T.'s youngest daughter) spent with Studd in Africa, the young mission which he had pioneered and founded, was under fierce attack from the committee back home in England. C.T.: "God's put me through many tight corners; I've had the luxury of seeing Him deliver me from the tight corners. If He doesn't deliver me out of this, He's a...NO He isn't, because He will."

Learning that there was a dismissal group sent out by the committee, C.T. opened a can of sausages (a treat reserved for special times) and led a prayer meeting to thank God for the group on their way and most of all for the sausages. Though the group got very close, they became frightened and turned back.

Studd was criticized for the very qualities that made him the unique pioneer that he was. His passion in life was to see "Jesus Christ running about in black bodies." At fifty years of age, both he and his wife in ill-health, defying the doctors, he obeyed God

and launched out into the heart of Africa, which would have been a tremendous feat for healthy men half his age.

Through severe hardships and diseases, he managed to keep his body going for many years and when a doctor turned up and suggested to him that he could be greatly helped by taking morphine (for what later turned out to be gallstones), he saw it as the way to enable himself to keep working hard for Christ and gratefully followed the advice. That was one of the "nails in the coffin of public opinion" that the committee used against him. The other was a booklet that he wrote entitled *The DCD* (excerpted in this issue). Upon asking one of his fellow missionaries, a former soldier, how they put their vows in the British Army, the answer was "we don't care a damn about anything except to die for king and country." "That's it," exclaimed Studd, "We're don't care damners except for anything but Jesus." Therefore, when the committee got wind of this, his fate was sealed in their minds—he was a drug addict and had a devil!

Norman tells a very interesting story about the way in which the Congo was opened to missionaries. For years a brutal king ruled the Belgian Congo, thus there was a barrier preventing people from entering. Teddy Roosevelt (whom Norman calls "the old pioneer") was out there on a big game hunt and lost his way.

Alone in the heart of Africa, he was found and rescued by Charles Hulburt, founder of the Africa Inland Mission. So grateful for the rescue, T.R. asked Mr. Hulburt what he could do to repay him. Mr. Hulburt replied "get permission to get into the Congo." And so we see how God was preparing the way for C.T. to enter. Norman repeated a phrase many times throughout the tapes: "That clever God!"

There are just so many stories packed into these tapes, stories of faith and stories of anguish, with C.T. always true to his vision of planting Jesus Christ in people. He hammered the Word of God into them, and equally required excellence in practical matters. When placing a post in the ground for a building they were constructing, it had to be straight. When some boys lost a button, he had them look all day for it (buttons were used as currency). He knew he was forming the foundation for an entire people and it must be pure.

I went to Norman's house one day in 1988, armed with my tape recorder, and asked him to talk about our history, and about the two men he credits for influencing his life—C.T. Studd and Rees Howells. These many years later, as I listened to these tapes, I was thrilled hearing the stories in Norman's words. Some of them are hard to understand, but if you persevere and use the rewind button, you'll get it.

When the clouds of suspicion were so great around the little mission, Norman visited Rees who said: "I'm with Studd; he has paid the price (of intercession)—the harvest will come; you stay with him." Though C.T. Studd and Rees Howells never met,

they both made a huge impact on Norman's life, and thus indirectly on each of us.

Note: in the next issue of *The Intercessor* we will review the second part of these tapes: Norman's recollections of Rees Howells.

A LOVE LETTER

(This is a portion of a letter that C.T. wrote to his prospective bride, Priscilla Stewart)

It will be no easy life, no life of ease which I could offer you, but one of toil and hardship; if I did not know you to be a woman of God, I would not dream of asking you. It is to be a fellow-soldier in His army. It is to live a life of faith in God, a fighting life, remembering that here we have no abiding city, no certain dwelling place, but only a home eternal in the Father's House above.

I just want to beseech you, darling, that we both make the same request every day to our Father, that we may give each other up to Jesus every single day of our lives, to be separated or not just as He pleases, that neither of us may ever make an idol of the other.

I must write and tell darling mother this mail, and others too, for I cannot keep it secret; only do I laugh when I think of how little I know of or about you, my own darling, not even your age or anything; only it is more than enough for me that you are a true child and lover of the Lord Jesus.

I love you for your love for Jesus, I love you for your zeal towards Him, I love you for your faith in Him, I love you for your love for souls, I love you for loving me, I love you for your own self, I love you forever and ever. I love you because Jesus has used you to bless me and fire my soul. I love you because you will always be a red-hot poker making me run faster.

—C.T. Studd

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Union Realized

The following is an email from Kim Rogers to Page Prewitt, telling of her revelation of her union with Christ, and Page's reply.

Dear Page,

I have finally got it!! I mean really got it. For the last week and a half I have experienced Christ really living in me for the first time! I can't describe what it's been like, but I know that you know what I mean. I am finally realising the freedom of living in Him. I am knowing the poise and confidence that you and Norman both talk about.

I was thinking about you this morning and I know that none of this would be possible if it wasn't for your faithfulness as a Christ vessel and His love through you for me. For all these years you have wanted the best for me—for me to know Christ's life in me. Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Everything you said to me in October was true and when I REALLY did put my faith and trust in Him, sure enough HE really is living! I know already it is not easy when all the old feelings and doubts come in, but our hope is in Him—like you said, He doesn't have any trouble 'making it.'

You have been so faithful and I just wanted you to know that you have made a difference in my life. I am just beginning to get a glimpse of what Christ has done through you and what He can do in me. Wow!

Anyway, I have attached the email I sent to Janie explaining how all this came about (with me).

I hope this news will bless you. Thank you again for not giving up on me and for wanting the best for me always.

I love you

Dear Janie,

Thanks for your email. Thanks also for your picture Christmas card. My parents came round the other day and my mother saw the photo of you all on my mantelpiece. She picked it up and looked at it and commented on how nice it is. I think Stephanie was very young when Mom was over there.

Anyway, I've got a lot to tell you! Sorry it's been so long.

I spent Christmas with Meryl at Jackson Close and then the two of us went over to Ireland. I basically knew that 'I' wasn't right—I wasn't flowing with the others and I wasn't pleased to be together like they were. I told the others about this and the fact that I had a big struggle going on inside, which seemed like a big war between thoughts that I didn't want to be having and knowing that I wanted to be 'right.'

We talked several times about my attitude toward my parents and other things. Eventually, the only thing I was holding onto was that I KNOW that God's way is right and that there is nothing for me out in the world that will work out or be right. Meryl and Irene talked to me about how it is for them believing who they are and that the only assurance they have is that GOD SAYS it is Christ living in them, as them.

Basically, on New Year's Eve I made a commitment to go God's way and to believe what He says about ME (and others).

What has become more clear to me since then is that I was refusing to believe God's word about me because 'I' didn't see how it could be true. I was either putting myself down in condemnation, that I was so bad/ineffective/prone to be 'off' that Christ couldn't be

living in ME. On the other side I was totally prideful and judgmental of others.

What was also going on was that for so long 'I' was TRYING to do the right thing, be the right way, say the right thing etc... etc...

After my New Year commitment, I saw a rainbow at the airport coming home and got home to a new delivery of *Intercessors*, with the lead article 'Why Doesn't it Work?' I couldn't believe it!. I read it that day and it made clear to me why I had been living in such a turmoil!! Norman describes that exact phenomenon and says that it is what Paul is experiencing in Romans 7. I had been trying to keep the 'law' on an outward level—I thought I had to try and be like everyone else. I was always afraid to be myself and I knew that I didn't have the same insides as the others (in the fellowship). This was because in my believing in a ME, Satan took over and it was really HIM living. It was HE that was living out all the crap that I didn't like, in my members—not ME.

I know this sounds so obvious and what we have all learnt for years. I have been disobedient to what God has told me about myself and others, and I am sorry for the effects that this has had on the body of Christ.

Although I have learnt about this truth all these years, I have not really committed to it for myself, until now, even though I have seen it working in others. The good news is that for the first time I have experienced real freedom! I began to realise how much condemnation I had been living under. The first few days back at work, many daily situations arose where in the past I have thought that 'I' shouldn't have done that or said that or whatever. Instead of that I affirmed that Christ IS living in ME as me and what He does is His business.

Basically I have scrutinised just about everything I did and made MYSELF judge of whether it was 'okay' or not. However, I was judging everything by

'my' outer standards, eg. being organised, on time etc. NOT by God's standards—what is on the inside. Whilst I was a 'nice' person on the outside—inside I was full of hateful thoughts and judgments.

What I see now though is that this WAS NEVER ME—THIS WAS SATAN!!!! I couldn't be my own person—even if I wanted to! My only choice is Christ or Satan.

I can't describe those first few days finally living in the freedom that Christ is living and that I can just BE—safe that He is the real me.

I had been living in such bondage and torment—trying to be one thing and thinking I was something else. Argghhh!!!

For the first time, I have really seen that my life CAN be different! I can have the peace, love, joy etc. that I see in others because all of that is Jesus Christ and He is the real me. Hallelujah!!

So that's pretty much the update! Thanks for all your love and support. Tell Page that 'I've really got it now!'. I will mail her soon.

Love always,
KIM x

Dear Kim,

This certainly is a blessing to me. I am thrilled for you. Yes if we are clean (no known unconfessed sin) and dare to believe it is Christ living as us He really does live His life in and through us. Feelings have NOTHING to do with it. Like the weather does not change the inner me (rain, sun, wind, snow, etc.) feelings do not change your operator, that is, unless you choose to believe your feelings, good or bad. Yes it is freedom like none other to know that "the creator of the universe" is the one living and He can do things anyway He wants to.

Much love and thanks for writing.
Page

We are reprinting the first half of *The DCD*, the booklet written by C.T. Studd in which Studd and his fellow missionaries issued a battle cry and passionate challenge to

all believers. Its “don’t care a damn” premise scandalized the Christian world in England and many turned their backs on him and called for his removal from the mission.

The Prayer of a D.C.D.

Lord Jesus, King of Calvary!
 Conqueror of the grave!
 Forgive me, cleanse me, save me, Lord!
 Enrol me as Thy slave.

O Holy Ghost, inflame my heart,
 Then pierce and make it whole;
 Crucify each base desire,
 And resurrect my soul.

Lord Jesus Christ, dwell in my heart,
 Yea, occupy the whole;
 E’er since I knew Thy mighty love
 Fierce passion fills my soul.

Lord! Lover! Who didst die for me,
 I live when Thee I see;
 For Thee I die to all the world,
 Yet live triumphantly.

Lord, clothe me in Thy blood-stained robe—
 Soft raiment I abhor;
 Pain or death shall only make
 My passion rage the more.

I cannot live without Thee, Lord,
 In Thee I must abide;
 How can I crucify my heart
 And die a suicide?

Behold me prostrate at Thy feet!
 Lord, may I bear Thy Name?
 Then must Thou hide me in Thy heart
 Lest I should cause Thee shame.

Had I the choice of life or death,
 I’d rather die than live;
 How else can I reveal my love,
 I’ve but my life to give.

And yet I dread to die, for death
 Must part me from the Cross,
 But there my heart is nailed to Thine;
 Such life is love, not loss.

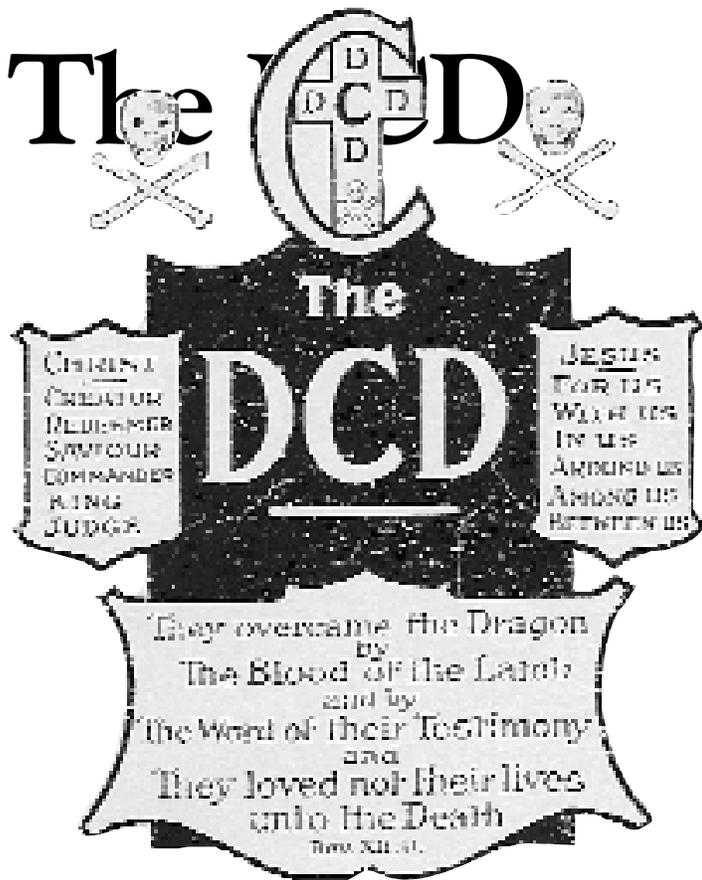
Hence would I live eternally
 On earth, yet daily die;
 For only daily death for Thee
 My soul can satisfy.

They one time called me H.A.M. . . .
 But now I’m D.C.D.,
 Which means I’m dead to all the world,
 And only live to Thee.

“D” means that death has me divorced
 From every earthly tie;
 And “C” means Christ, my King of Love,
 For Whom I’ll live and die.

With Him I death and Hell defy,
 And fight to die and win,
 To spread thro’ all the earth His Name,
 And dam the curse of sin.

Tune: “Jesus, Thine All-Victorious Love.”



SEVEN REASONS FOR PUBLISHING THIS BOOKLET.

1. It explains how D.C.D. came about and what it is, viz., supreme devotion to our Lord Jesus.
2. It is only fair play that D.C.D. having got about we should be allowed to defend ourselves from the very vile insinuations and charges laid against us.
3. D.C.D. is a Trumpet Blast to every Christian.
4. D.C.D. is a parable, an illustration of what Christ demands of every one of His followers.
5. D.C.D. is necessary because of the Namby-Pamby-Milk-Sop-Softie lives of so many who call themselves Christians, and whose caricature of Christ's religion deters hundreds of thousands of embryo heroes from enlisting for Christ.
6. We intend to be D.C.D.'s while we live on earth.
7. This D.C.D. business is God's test of us as to whether our trust is in men or in God; well, we refuse to look to men: we even say, "Cursed is he that trusteth in man," and "Blessed is he that trusteth in the Lord."

1st Edition published 1928.

C. A. Studd.

What is D.C.D.? Who are these D.C.D.'s.? A new order? But why start a new order? Are there not too many already? Also this order is everywhere spoken against some. "Damn it with faint praise" and others with emphasis.

Such things are not to be wondered at. Once upon a time there walked a Man upon the earth, the only one *sans peur et sans reproche* from start to finish, a Man from God, born of God, Who never once sinned, Who went everywhere doing good, healing the sick and raising the dead. What did the world say and do? Well, the world was too busy with mundane things to care much about "this Carpenter!" so they pronounced Him guiltless, but crucified Him to please the seeming worshippers of God—false worshippers—of that day. Yes! It was not the world but Mrs. Christian Grundy who shouted. "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" and begged the judge to let loose among them a robber and a murderer. The only true, pure, honest Man that ever lived was thus described by these false worshippers of God, the State Church of His day: "A gluttonous man! a winebibber! a keeper of evil company! a madman! a deceiver of the people! a Sabbath breaker! He stirreth up and leadeth the people astray! devil possessed! a malefactor! what good things he does, he does

by the power of his father the devil! a blasphemer!" And so they, thinking they did God service, shouted "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" And what did they say of one of the chief of His followers? "Away with him! It is not fit that he should live! He is an upsetter of the whole wide world! He causes men to defy all authority A pestilent fellow!"

Consequently we need not wonder nor be disturbed if in our day Chief Priests, or Scribes, Pharisees, Sadducees, etc. speak evil of the old way of the D.C.D.'s. For the D.C.D. is not a novelty; it is no new religious invention. It is the old thing with a new name; the same body but a new dress; the old spirit, but a new bottle.

The D.C.D. is a sort of parable to constrain the Church to fight for Jesus. Christ at the start proclaimed the way of salvation in simple diction. The fire blazed up for a while, then it died down again, for the people had become accustomed to the sound of the words; the expressions were perfect, but by frequent use had become hackneyed, and so had lost their power to pierce the heart and prick the conscience. Then the Lord used parables, which compelled the people to sweat their brains and think of the meaning of the words they heard. Thus Christ used the parables of the Sower, the Field, the

Treasure, and the Goodly Pearl, etc., because all these things were before the very eyes of the people. Today he uses the parable, not of the Sower, but of the Soldier, for the Great War has focused the eyes of all on the soldier. Today the soldiers, like the poor, are ever with us. Hence the Parable of the D.C.D.—the very essence of the British soldier—must be that of every Christian soldier, and of course every Christian ought to be a soldier of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Origin of the D.C.D. Parable is as follows:

The scene is laid at a Mission station in the Heart of Africa three years ago. The Mission was a young one. Its principles were: Belief in the Trinity, in the Bible, in God as their Father and sole Provider, their Gospel Christ, their life to love one another as Christ enjoined, and devotion to utter sacrifice and death in order to do God's will, viz., to bring about the evangelisation of the world.

Alas! Satan entered the fold and broke the square. Solemn oaths were broken, supreme sacrifice had been watered down, mundane recreations and frequent holidays were advocated as necessities, then came divisions and jealousies. Secret plottings produced bolshevism; Ahabs arose desiring to acquire Naboth's vineyard for themselves so they stoned Naboth with false witness, but God turned their stones into boomerangs which, missing their objective, returned to put Ahab and his followers to flight. Thus God began to clear the decks on the Field. And no wonder, for, as the Holy Ghost through Paul had said, Divisions mean Heresies, and such had appeared. Some declared that Repentance was unnecessary to salvation and should not be preached to pagans. It was also affirmed that unrepentant liars, adulterers, thieves, etc. would surely enter heaven if once they had experienced a conversion. But if so there were around us some thousands of moral swine going to the Holy City of God in all their deceit, lust, and filth, because forsooth they had once been washed in the holy waters of Baptism, upon their solemn vows to forsake all sin and to follow their holy Saviour; for, alas, they had broken their vows and plunged anew into the abominable devilry and filth of paganism: so much so that even a pagan chief declared—"In these regions God has killed very many Christians before my eyes, because of their sins!"

But there were others who still believed and preached like our Saviour and His Apostles preached, and as the Bible declares, viz.: That none but the righteous shall

enter heaven, and that such righteousness must be a practical and not a theoretical one—a good egg and not merely the shell of a rotten one—and also that such as would enter heaven must continue to follow Jesus to the end, and if they so do they will "do righteousness and be righteous even as HE is righteous."

So God began to clear the decks on the Field, as He did with Gideon of old, sending back the 29,700 soldiers and keeping only 300; but as someone in another Mission Field has said, Gideon's 300 loyalists, who were willing to live a dog's life for the glory of God, were "worth more than ten thousand lollipops."

Such was the condition on the Field when of His grace God began to cleanse the Mission, reform the square, and refit it for the work to which He had called it.

It was night. Some six or seven European missionaries sat around a rough board table inside a circular hut; the walls were made of elephant grass, the floor of mother earth, cracked and patched and repatched in many places. The hut had a nose at the top to provide an escape for the smoke of the open log-fire, alight in the centre. The roof was a grotesque patchwork of timber supports placed at various angles, and at different times, to bolster up the original structure, rendered insecure by frequent attacks of white ants and storms. From above a fairly good crop of "black macaroni"—formed by the smoke clothing the pieces of grass or string—hung down from the grass roof. The doors and windows would surely call forth explosions of laughter or complaints from horses, donkeys, or cows, did such adorn their stables in England. Around the walls were shelves with books, papers, medicines, tools, and such things as Robinson Crusoe might find of use on his desert island. A few pictures of great masters, though not *by* them, hung untrained and unglazed on the elephant-grass walls. There was a picture of Christ on the Cross, on linen; two prints of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, nailed on a board covered with red calico; another of Captain Ball, one of the heroes of the Great War; a map of the Belgian Congo, another of the world, and a chart of World History illustrated by rude drawings to render it explanatory to the natives.

These missionaries had come to read the Bible and to pray. The men were clad in khaki shorts and flannel shirts; no cuffs, collars, neckties, nor hair parted in the centre; the women were all young, wore no uniform, and yet were not dressed to attract attention to their clothes or faces or persons: at one end of the table was a regular old "Odd-Fellow," bearded, a sort of "Rip Van Winkle," a

resurrection of a past generation: a sort of Cyclops, not because one eye was missing, it was his teeth that for ever played him and every one else such pranks. Nobody knew where they were or would be. They were missionary teeth, but wholly unorthodox, i.e., they were generally on furlough, doing other people's rather than their own business. But one thing every one knew, i.e., the betting was quite 100 to 1 against their being in their proper place and doing their lawful work.

The Bibles were open on the table. "Rip" began to read. At times he would pause, or make some comment as odd as himself; nobody ever knew if the pause meant sleep or thought or temporary loss of sight. The others treated him with a loving familiarity and yet with respect. He was an absurdity. His spirit was still that of a schoolboy, and he laughed like one; his body, as some one assured him, was that of a "graveyard deserter." No half-cock attitude was possible with Rip—you either loved or hated him.

This night there was "a certain liveliness in the North Sea"; we had arrived at one of Rip's favourite chapters, Heb. xi. He read it through with relish, and, as he read the last quarter of that grand chapter, there was a sort of explosive snap which seemed to go thus:

"Who through faith subdued kingdoms! (Bang!)

Wrought righteousness; obtained promises! (Bang!)

Stopped the mouths of lions. (Hallelujah!)

Quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword. (Bang!)

From weakness were made strong; waxed mighty in war. (Bang! Bang!)

Turned to flight armies of aliens. (Hallelujah!)

Women received their dead by a resurrection. (Glory!)

Others were tortured, not accepting their deliverance, that they may obtain a better resurrection. (Bang! Bang!)

Others had trials of mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonments. (Bang!)

They were stoned; they were sawn asunder!

(Hallelujah!)

Tempted, slain with the sword, destitute, afflicted, evil-entreated. (Bang! Bang! Hallelujah!)

Of whom the world was not worthy. (Glory! Hallelujah!)

Wandering in deserts, mountains, caves and holes of the earth. (Bang!)

But these all, apart from us, shall not be made perfect." (Glory to God! Hallelujah!)

But shall we—can it be possible that such as we shall march up the Golden Street with such as these? It shall be for such as are found worthy! Then there is a chance for us yet! Glory! Hallelujah!

Then Rip began to ask questions, yet could not wait for answers. The looks of all were solemn; they were silent as the fool who wishes to be thought wise: thoughtful as the parrot perched above, who remained silent except at odd intervals to exhort all and sundry to stand to "attention" or "at ease."

Hearts began to burn! Tongues of flame shot out! Words came quicker and sharper! Till the inevitable occurred. The glory of the deeds of those heroes of old seemed to scorch hearts and souls. What noble and utter sacrifices they made! How God honoured and blessed them, and made them a blessing to others—then, in their lifetime, and again and again throughout all subsequent ages, yes, and now here tonight! "What was the spirit which caused these mortals so to triumph and to die?" "The Holy

"What was the spirit which caused these mortals so to triumph and to die?" "The Holy Spirit of God! one of Whose chief characteristics is a pluck, a bravery, a lust for sacrifice for God, and a joy in it which crucifies all human weaknesses and the natural desires of the flesh." "This is the need of Christians today! This is OUR need tonight!"

Spirit of God! one of Whose chief characteristics is a pluck, a bravery, a lust for sacrifice for God, and a joy in it which crucifies all human weaknesses and the natural desires of the flesh." "This is the need of Christians today! This is OUR need tonight!" "Will God give to us as He gave to them?" "Is He the same, yesterday, today, and for ever?" "Is He a respecter of persons?" "Will He befriend the rich only and not the poor also? whether the riches or poverty be represented by money, talents, scholarship, blue blood or red?" "But Jesus was poor Himself! took no degree! and never while on earth called a single scholar, professor, or titled person to be with Him. The only rich man He called to follow Him refused the hon-

our." "Then can all and any have this glorious life?" "Yes!" "What are the conditions?" "They are ever the same, for God is just." "Then what must we do?" "Sell out!" "He went and sold all that he had and bought that pearl." God's men were ever soldiers! Their lust, "to fight for God." Their desire, "to abide with Him." Their hoped-for privilege, "to die for Him."

But all these old-time heroes lived on the wrong side of the Cross! They knew nothing of Jesus dying in agony for them on Calvary. We, disciples of today, live on the right side of the Cross. We know of, and declare as a fact, the death of Jesus and his utter sacrifice for us. Do we see the measure of His love? Yes, but only the measure of one drop of it. If they could thus live, triumph, and die for God, how much more devotion must we require of ourselves, in our service of Christ and humanity for whom He died? The record of every present-day Christian should certainly eclipse that of all these pre-Christ heroes.

What then must we do to receive the Spirit and so be enabled to live like these men of old—these prophets, apostles, martyrs? How can we become so hot for Christ that others will be scorched: so ablaze for Him that men will either love or hate us as they loved or hated Christ and His apostles and martyrs?

Shall we say the magic words—"Abandonment"—"Surrender"—"Consecration"—"Keswick teaching"—"The higher life"—"The Second Blessing"? Nay! The new-old wine demands new bottles. Such words have done much, but today, like the franc, they seemed to have lost their purchasing power. Perhaps because so many have professed, but so few have been possessed of God: so many have stood up to express their determination to fling away their lives and go crusading, but then have sat down again to eat, to drink, to play, instead of launching forth upon the deep of utter trust in God, to stop, at all costs, the mad rush of the world to hell: so many have become not "regulars" but "volunteers," "free lances," not obedient to death, but a law unto themselves. Formerly the words have produced acts á la D.C.D.; today, alas, they have largely become mere hackneyed pious expressions. We will come to the very root

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to play, instead of
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costs, the mad rush of
the world to hell.*

of the matter—God's price is one. There is no discount. He gives ALL to such as give ALL. ALL! ALL! ALL! Death to *all* the world, to *all* the flesh, to the devil, and to perhaps the worst enemy of *all*—"Yourself." "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Aye, but he will *gladly* give his life *for his Love*. Aye, that's the secret—for his Love; then how much more willingly, determinately, and joyfully will he throw away his life for the Lover Who threw away His life for him—for the Lover of his soul.

But we must make it yet more plain: we must illustrate so great a matter. Is there any common matter, known and understood of all men that will serve as an illustration? To be sure there is! Perhaps for this reason the Great War was permitted. To focus the eyes and minds and hearts of all on this one fact, that, like Wisdom of old, cries aloud in our streets, the chivalrous, the dare-all, the dare-devil, desperado spirit of the British soldiers, to whose spirit and valour and death we are indebted for everything we hold dear today, and to whom we pay homage in the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

In August, 1914, the British soldiers were caught, few in number, unprepared, handicapped to the uttermost; so few they need not be shot. "Just march over them," said the Kaiser. They could not possibly win, those few "Contemptibles," but they could and would fight, aye, and they would die, and so gain time for others to come and fight and die, and others, and yet others; yea, as those British soldiers at "Ciudad Rodrigo" and "Badajos" flung themselves on the bayonets of the "Chevaux de frise" and died to enable their fellows to storm into and take those fortresses over their dying or dead bodies...so also did the "Contemptibles" and others devote themselves to death, that their King and Country might survive and conquer, and that their families should not suffer a hell on earth through the wile debauchery of the enemy. The "Contemptibles" were few, but they had the D.C.D. spirit: others caught that spirit and handed it on to those behind.

*Thus they all with a D.C.D. mind
Marched and fought like a roaring flame,*

*And dying, called to the host behind,
Come on! Play up! And play the game!*

So they fought, and so they died; and so they won the war for us! How did they do it? They were D.C.D.'s.

During the war some of the bishops began to learn the glorious lesson, and to teach that if the Church would once again be "terrible as an army with banners," she must regain the militant spirit she had lost. Yes, indeed! But where is that militant spirit today? Ichabod! The only militant spirit to be seen in the Church today is one in favour of superstition, frippery, smells, and fancy dresses:

opportunism and infidelity have together taken the place of the simplicity, purity, self-sacrifice, and valour of the apostles and the Apostolic Church, hence our poverty of power and heroism, which makes us stink in the nostrils of Heaven and Earth and become the laughing stock of Hell.

Such is not the real spirit—the real spirit is "the Soldier Hero Spirit." Not that of all soldiers, not of those at Waterloo who charged full speed homewards instead of to the front, because they said their horses were their own property! Nay! But it is the spirit of that French drummer boy, who, told to beat a retreat, said he had never learned to beat a retreat, but he could beat a "pas-de-charge" that would wake the dead and cause them to fall in and charge. The spirit of the "British Tommy," who never failed, but ever went "over the top" at the word of command, and who did it knowing that it was 50 to 1 against his coming back alive; and if he came out alive, it was 100 to 1 against his coming back otherwise than disfigured and maimed for life; and then after death loomed the great day which held for him no assurance of bliss beyond compare, but rather of a fearful looking for of judgment. Listen! These British Tommies, for their King and Country, their families and their own fair name, would go willingly to death, aye, and to hell. That spirit alone, that spirit for Christ, is the only spirit befitting a genuine follower of Jesus, and that is the spirit of D.C.D. That is the spirit Christ demands. That is the spirit of the heroes of God in the Bible. That is what the unbelieving world rightly requires of every true

Listen! These British Tommies, for their King and Country, their families and their own fair name, would go willingly to death, aye, and to hell. That spirit alone, that spirit for Christ, is the only spirit befitting a genuine follower of Jesus, and that is the spirit of D.C.D. That is the spirit Christ demands. That is the spirit of the heroes of God in the Bible.

Christian. That is the spirit our own consciences demand of us, unless forsooth we have the hearts and consciences of poltroons. That is the spirit of Moses, and David, and Daniel, and the Prophets: of the Maccabees, and of John the Baptist. That is the spirit of "The Christ" and His Apostles! That is the only mate fit for the Holy Conquering Spirit of God. He will never mate with any other, nor through other do His mighty works, and with no other spirit can this rebellious, devil-driven world ever be evangelized.

Yes! But how describe this spirit, this attitude? Can we call it the Tommy Atkins spirit? No! That does not describe it sufficiently. We must go to the root of the matter. Well, ask their officers what is the spirit of Tommy Atkins that makes him unconquerable? From the Field-Marshal to the last joined Subaltern, all to a man say the same: "We know the thing well enough, but who can describe it? Ask the Serjeant-Major." Now, the Serjeant-Major had trained Tommy Atkins, so he knows and replies: "Well, sirs, it's this way, TOMMY DON'T CARE A DAMN WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM SO LONG AS HE DOES HIS DUTY BY HIS KING, HIS COUNTRY, HIS REGIMENT, AND HIMSELF." Ha, yes! That's the thing! The very thing! The only way to describe it. "He don't care a damn what happens to himself so long as...." "Aye, that's it. That's what we need and must have. A "D.C.D" doesn't care a damn what happens to himself so long as Our Lord Jesus Christ is glorified. Yes!

Which makes the greater demand of its soldiers, the British Empire or that of Christ; the King of England or of the Universe.

There came a pause. You could have cut the silence with a knife. The thoughts of all seemed one; the air was electric. An explosion was evidently overdue. Up jumped old Rip, he was young again: his eyes were fierce and fiery, as he looked toward heaven: his fist was clenched: his arm shot up! "That's what we need and that's what I want!" "O Lord, henceforth by Thy grace I'll be a D.C.D. soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. I D.C.D. what happens to me, life, or death, aye, or hell, so long as my Lord Jesus Christ is glorified." Then, bowing his head, he prayed for

grace and power to ever act according to his oath, as a "good old English gentleman, one of the olden time," whose "word was his bond," aye, as a real soldier and not a "sham fighter"; not "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," but a real red-hot soldier of Jesus Christ.

He sat down. The silence was yet more intense. Would the cubs follow the old dog?? The suspense was not for long; thank God! Up rose one, thanking God for the privilege—for the privilege, mark you—of being allowed to give himself, body, soul, and spirit, to God, and to be a real "D.C.D." soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, "for here and now I give myself to be for ever a D.C.D. soldier of Jesus, and I D.C.D. what happens to me, joy or sorrow, health or pain, life or death, so long as Jesus is glorified! Amen!" Hallelujah! came from the others.

Silence again; then another arose and followed suit, and then another, and so on till every one of the little company had given himself to be a D.C.D. soldier of the Lord Jesus. Each had vowed his D.C.D. vow to God, and each had prayed for grace and faith to be loyal. Hearts were too full for more. The company prayed in unison the prayer our Lord taught His disciples, and the blessing finished the meeting. The books were closed, the heads were bowed once more in silent prayer, then all arose to disperse. But it was a new company that left that hut that night, and by no means the company that had entered it two hours before. None that left that hut that night can ever be as he was before those two pregnant hours. There was a laughter on their faces and a sparkle in their eyes, a joy and a love unspeakable, for each had become a soldier, a devotee to death for the glory of King Jesus his Saviour, Who Himself had died for him; the joy of battle possessed them, that joy that Peter described as "unspeakable."

On that night the Lord Jesus founded on His own Word—(Hebrews xi and Philippians iii)—a new Mission; no! not a new Mission, but refounded the old one He had founded in 1913, the "Jehad of Jesus," the "World Crusade," but which had begun to lose its savour. Now God had begun to reform the square after clearing out the offences. How can any describe the result of that night? Only the Spirit of God could do such a thing. His description, prophesied centuries beforehand, had been

fulfilled again. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion . . . then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we were glad." No wonder our prayer is ever the same—"Turn again our captivity, O Lord" (Ps. 126).

The shell had exploded, the fire followed and spread. These D.C.D.'s nailed up a piece of foolscap paper on the door of Rip's house, with all manner of quaint devices and strange sayings. At once they unanimously adopted "the skull and cross bones" as their emblem, for to them henceforth there could be no terror except disobedience to God. One quaint device, meant to describe the D.C.D. spirit and life, was a cross with a man nailed head downwards to it by the feet, that with both hands he might save others who were running away from the devil, pursuing them with his net and trident.

Such legends as these were appended:

"Do not SAY Die, but DIE!!"

"No cross, no crowd of souls saved!"

"They love not earth, nor life, but death for Christ who here enlist!"

Beneath came the signatures of those who had joined the Order of the D.C.D.'s.

The news spread. Letters rolled in from other missionaries, who had heard informally, asking permission to join the D.C.D.'s: till some thirty had joined up here on the Field; others also from England were enrolled, and still there are ever more following.

Now, whence came this D.C.D. movement? Was it of God or the devil? When that small company met together that night not one had any idea whatever of such a thing, or of founding such an Order as that of the D.C.D. Whose child was it? That of the Holy Scriptures (Heb. xi and Phil. iii). Do thistles grow on apple trees? It was baptised in prayer to God! Does that cause it to be suspect? Confession, humility, and devotion to Jesus were the agents that brought forth this child. Are any of these the agents of hell or products of the father of lies? Is its objective the glory of God and of Jesus, or of self? It declares its sole object to be the glorification of Jesus, and it affirms that no sacrifice is too great to make for Him. D.C.D. does not express finality, but growth. A man is not a D.C.D. because he was once a D.C.D., whether five hours, five days, or five years ago: a

D.C.D.'s don't care anything, including even a "damn," for anything but the glory of Jesus. They may die. Their reputation may rot and stink, they may even be damned in hell, but still they D.C.D. for anything but the glory of Jesus.

man is a D.C.D. today because he is living as a D.C.D. this very moment. Woe, indeed, to the D.C.D. who merely has a name to live, but is dead. This title of the D.C.D. is a thing that cuts across hearts as clearly and keenly as the Lord's own words, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned." So, D.C.D. is a healthy concern, for anti-D.C.D.'s dislike it immensely, and when urged to join up, "pray to be excused." You see, a man is either a D.C.D. or he is not a D.C.D. The D.C.D. declares he D.C.D. for anything but the glory of Jesus Christ. It is plain, therefore, that the anti-D.C.D. does care a d— for something other than the glory of Jesus—probably his reputation. Just so! Well! D.C.D.'s don't care anything, including even a "damn," for anything but the glory of Jesus. They may die. Their reputation may rot and stink they may even be damned in hell, but still they D.C.D. for anything but the glory of Jesus. Personally I am of opinion that if ever any D.C.D. gets inside hell, he will get out, and be the only person who ever got out or will get out, for what with his prayers and praises and hallelujahs and D.C.D. vows and propaganda, he will make hell so hot for the devil, that even though Satan should catch the influenza thereby, he will order the door of hell to be opened and the D.C.D. to be turned out—and you may be quite certain that henceforth the gates of hell will be trebly guarded, lest any other D.C.D. should play him a similar trick.

Some say, "We agree with the spirit, but not with the letter: with the face and heart, but not with the clothes." As though a man should admire and agree with Oliver Cromwell, but refuse to follow him, forsooth, because God had stamped him with a wart upon his forehead. Of course, I quite understand your case, and that is precisely why some cannot stand Christ, for He did wear such awful clothes: He was born in a stable, was poor all His life, and finally died as a malefactor and blasphemer on the Cross. Of course, had He only come to earth with a silver spoon in His mouth, and tramped through Palestine on golden slippers, and died like rich old Dives, many would have followed Him to the Palace; but to expect a respectable person to lose his reputation over a pauper and a criminal is too much for anyone with sense and self-respect—and then, of course, the Lord Jesus did use such terribly vulgar words!! Just the very words, too, that naughty men and women use today, "The devil," "hell," "blood," "damn." Did not the Lord talk freely about the devil and hell? Did He not say, "He that believeth not shall be damned"? And shall we please the devil and Mrs. Grundy, by ceasing talk about the Blood

because, forsooth, certain foolish persons use the word amiss? And did not the Lord say, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed." Because they use money wrongly, am I not to use money rightly? Because men gamble over horses, is it a sin or unchristian to own or ride a horse? Did not Jesus say, "How shall we escape the damnation of hell?" And what about the Holy Ghost Paul, who wished he himself could be damned if others thereby could be saved, and who prayed for the damnation all or any who should preach any other Gospel than that Christ, or who wrote to the Corinthians that drastic finishing touch, "If any loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, him be damned." For the learned and saintly Bishop Lightfoot has told us that the word "Anathema" was the strongest curse-word known among the ancients; and yet our Lord and His Apostles did not scruple to use it. Are we, forsooth, to cease singing "The Light of the World is Jesus" because the devil's children sing the damnable lie, "The blight of the world is Jesus?" I have no scruples myself in using this word aright, but I have decided that if ever I become apostate to Christ and His D.C.D.'s, I will at least be consistent and change the words in my Bible, and rectify the sin (?) of our Lord Jesus Christ in saying "Damned" and "Damnation," by crossing out the obnoxious words and altering them somewhat as follows:—"He that believeth not shall he spiflocated;" and, "How shall ye escape the spiflocation of Hell?" I greatly prefer the words our Lord Himself used: for I aspire to be, not His teacher, but His would-be follower.

Others, reckoning themselves to be followers of Simon Peter on the housetop at Joppa, say, when the Lord tells them to join up, "Not so, Lord, for nothing common or unclean hath ever entered my mouth." But there their following of the Apostle ceases, for Peter heard and obeyed the voice of God thus commanding, "What God has cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean."

Yet other critics have the ridiculous idea that if a man becomes a D.C.D. soldier of the Lord Jesus, he at once becomes a swearing fool, interlarding all his conversation with big and little "d's"!! What? In order to save souls! Such wiseacres seem to think that our admiration for our heroic T.A.'s is because of their generous vocabulary of expletives, rather than for their explosive-, pain-, death-, and hell-defying courage and devotion to duty.

Part 2 of The DCD will be published in the next Intercessor.

The Best Year of My Life

by Carol Hoffmann

“I am more spiritual than you are. I am a better mom than you are. Ha, ha!!! She didn’t pay very much attention to *me*; well at least I am skinnier than her. I know more about color than you do. People think I am a better artist than he is. Ha, ha!!! Look!!! Ha, ha, my children are more important, more special, than yours are!!! I’m going to get back at him anyway I can for what he said to me,” thought I and similar with almost every breath.

I caused fights with my husband and children to feel in control and to punish him. My mind gloated about me and how great I thought I was and conversely how I was better than just about everyone I knew at least in one area. I took pleasure in my family and “friends” misfortunes. Though I was born again at age 17, and stopped some of my sin behavior, I remained puffed up with pride and mean to everyone I knew. Finally, after numerous years of cruelty to my family and fellowship, I was told not to come home. That was the beginning of the best year of my life.

Since I had not worked outside of my home for about 21 years, getting a job and fending for myself was quite a shock. Ironically, after I arrogantly said I would never work at certain places (fast-food), I got a job at a popular fast-food restaurant for \$8 an hour. Having little money, having to take orders from superiors, and running around or standing for nearly eight grueling hours a day, five days a week was not only the

consequences of sin, but a constant reminder that I was a horrible mother, wife and person.

A couple of months later, I decided to become serious about getting my life straight. At the prompting of a friend, I made up my mind to call her at least twice a week in order to confess sin and talk about the effects my sin had on others. The following verses, among others, helped me to see my sin and to answer the question “why me?”: “Better live on the corner of the

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important than another.

roof than share a house with a quarrelsome wife,” (Proverbs 21:9) and “A wife of noble character is her husband’s crown, but a disgraceful wife is like rotteness to his bones,” (Proverbs 12:4; my friend told me about the last one). I also realized that thinking that I was special or better than anyone in any way was believing that I was an independent I, really Satan using my members to do his evil. According to the Bible, we are containers of Him if we are born

again; we are the branches and He the Vine. As Christians, we are all His body, the body of Christ, each part having its place, but no one more important than another.

Even after confession, I continued to think and act competitively (mean) towards co-workers, and it really upset me to do so. Still, I kept right on confessing these sins to my friend. Soon when I noticed such thinking, I’d say, “Okay God, what I think is your problem, I’m your container and unless you do something about it, I’ll probably always think these mean thoughts.” (I remembered Norman, on video, basically saying to a person who couldn’t stop sinning to stop fighting the sin, it’s God’s problem.) My friend said that it would also help me to stop sinning if I’d remember how my sin hurt others.

Around Thanksgiving time my friend suggested that I make a thankful list. Not only was what I thought God’s business, and He was my keeper, now He gave me a new way to think.

I thanked God for my co-workers’ salvations, especially those I had the most trouble with. I visualized that Jesus Christ is a River of Life to each and every one of them through me. I thanked Him when my legs hurt from standing all day, because I could identify with other women who have to stand all day. I thanked Him when I felt lonely or bored because I lived alone, because it was a reminder and a

consequence of how mean I was to family and friends. I could also identify with other people who lived alone including members of our fellowship. I thanked Him that my situation was His will and perfect not only for me, but for my family. When I had a mean thought, I could say with relief, “Whew!!!! Thank you Father, that’s not who I am. (It’s not I, but Christ—Gal. 2:20) Whatever the difficulty, it was God in disguise and I could find a reason to be thankful for it. Here is a verse that came to mind often and was a stand I took: “This is the day the Lord hath made; I will rejoice and be glad in it.” (Psalm 118:24)

“The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart. O God you will not despise”. (Psalm 51:17) A broken and contrite heart is what I wanted, but I knew I couldn’t drum it up and I had no idea what it would even be like. He would be that through me. All I know is, as more time passed I became more and more upset at how I treated (sinned against) my family and fellowship. Close to a year after being kick out of my home, I asked for forgiveness from the fellowship and soon afterwards from my family. Today I am back in fellowship and living at home. Best of all, I know He is a river of life through me to everyone in my life and whatever situation I’m in He is the author of it. Thank you, Father!!! “Delight thyself in the Lord, and He will give you the desires of your heart”. (Psalm 37:4)

Yes, it was the best year of my life, and I wouldn’t trade it for the world!

George Bush & War with Saddam Hussein: A Matter of Trust

by Tommy Prewitt

The antiwar protestors who naively think Saddam Hussein isn’t such a bad guy seem to have forgotten the failure of Neville Chamberlain’s appeasement policy towards Hitler after he invaded Poland. President George W. Bush remembers what happened with Hitler, he remembers 9/11, he imagines what happens if you put the two together, and fortunately he is going to do something about it.

This is an issue of trust with the folks who I consider Saddam supporters (they will vilify the President while at the same time cast a murderous despot in a sympathetic light). They do not trust the President. Some of them believe that the President has a political agenda, an ill-conceived retaliation for his father’s political losses. Others believe that he has surrounded himself with war-mongering hawks looking for someone to fight.

I agree that trust is the issue. And I trust the President.

I trust the President because I believe that he is true born-again Christian. I have studied his testimony and found in it the story of a man who seemed to decide for himself that his life wasn’t right and major change was needed. He credits none other than Billy Graham, who spoke to him during a Bush family vacation in Maine, with “planting a mustard seed” that grew. I

am sure that if he spent any time talking to Billy Graham, he heard the Gospel.

The best indicator of the President’s Christianity is his ease in speaking the name of Jesus Christ. During the Republican Presidential primaries, when asked during the election the philosopher who most influenced him, the then presidential candidate Bush immediately replied, “Jesus Christ.”

The President has said that he knows that there is a “divine plan that supersedes all human plans.” I am not implying that President Bush knows the Total Truth as espoused in *The Intercessor* or in Norman’s books. But he knows that God is in control, and he knows that God’s timing and His plan may not match man’s. This is where the President finds the strength to make the difficult decisions. I believe this is what enables him to doggedly plow ahead, knowing he is right when many critics seem to be just as sure that he is wrong.

Give me a man who has surrounded himself with a top notch team of experienced advisors such as Rumsfeld, Rice, and Powell; let him marshal the vast resources of U.S. military and intelligence community; and then let him exercise his power and responsibility through his perspective as a spiritual Christian who knows that God is in control. This is a man who I will trust.

The Cambridge Seven

The Privilege of Sacrifice

by Elliot Coatney

A Book Review

“Unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it produces much grain.”

—John 12:24

It was a training ground for the young men who would one day run arguably the greatest empire in history. It was home to the wealthy, the elite—a few thousand young men of class and stature destined to inherit family fortunes, titles of nobility, and the responsibility to manage this empire that included roughly one quarter of the world’s land and population. This was the Cambridge University of late Victorian England.

It was in 1885 of this period that six young Cambridge men—C.T. Studd, Stanley Smith, Montagu Beauchamp, brothers Arthur and Cecil Polhill-Turner, and William Cassels, along with D.E. Hoste of the elite Woolwich Military Academy—gathered together for their final departure to the mission fields of China.

Ages 19 to 24, these were already men of peculiar distinction: son of a baronet, internationally acclaimed cricket player, distinguished Varsity oarsman, and two highly-regarded officers of the Royal Artillery and Queen’s Bays. These were handsome, dashing men, winsome and charming,

and while along with their peers they were being groomed to inherit an empire, these young men set their eyes on The Kingdom.

John Pollock’s *The Cambridge Seven* tells the story of these young men during their years at Cambridge. It tells how each determined to leave the comforts and privileges of England for a strange godless land fraught with ignorance, idolatry, violence, disease and all manner of hardships. In doing so, the Seven not only reached thousands in China with the Gospel; they fanned the flames of a revival in their own land that reached thousands and undoubtedly lead many to lives of missionary service.

The Cambridge Seven is based largely on the diaries and personal papers of the seven, and this perspective allows us to see beyond the storyline itself and into the hearts and minds of these young men. We read of doubt and failure, conviction and victory; spiritual conversations over breakfast or into the wee hours. We read of ministry work in the slums of England, preaching to the passing gentry at Hyde Park Corner, or handing out tracts to fisherman on the coast of France. Of no less importance, we get a glimpse into their daily lives—Stanley Smith and Monty Beauchamp spending afternoons of their winter break at the Studd home, ice skating in

the park with the three Studd brothers. And in it all we see God working out His amazing and perfect plan.

As with nearly all men of faith, the Cambridge Seven had great Christian influences in their lives. All seven came from strong Christian homes, some of them fervently evangelical. And still much of England was tied to a “respectable” and dead faith bound by centuries of tradition. Yet this was the period in which American evangelist D.L. Moody was breaking through this dead faith as he swept across Great Britain with his powerful crusades. Speaking passionately of the wages of sin and the glory of redemption through a saving relationship with Jesus Christ, Moody was drawing thousands to hear him speak, and he had a great influence at England’s universities. Indeed, several of the Cambridge Seven came to a personal relationship with Christ through D.L. Moody crusades, and all were deeply affected and motivated by his work.

Ultimately, it was the influence of Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission that he pioneered that led each of the seven to China. Interestingly, Taylor’s influence on one of the seven began long before any of them were at Cambridge. Hudson Taylor was a guest at the Beauchamp home where he brought a pigtail and chopsticks back from

China and made no small impression on little Montagu Beauchamp who was only five at the time.

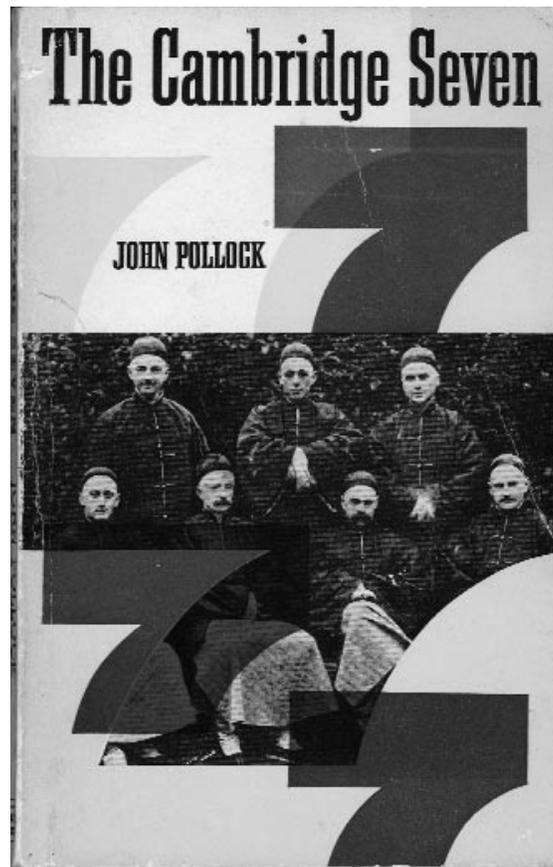
It is not unlikely that each of the young men shared D.E. Hoste's experience of being deeply influenced by Hudson Taylor's booklet *China's Spiritual Needs and Claims* that spoke of China's hundreds of millions "utterly and hopelessly beyond the reach of the gospel." Each of the Seven would eventually interview with Taylor before acceptance into the China Inland Mission.

Of special interest to readers of *The Intercessor* will be the accounts of C.T. Studd, the All-England Cricketer who would later found the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade. C.T. Studd was the father-in-law and, in many ways, the spiritual father of Norman Grubb, founder of Zerubbabel Ministries. Pollock writes of Studd: "The departure [of the Cambridge Seven to China] was not to be quiet and casual. For a spiritual conflict in the heart and mind of the most brilliant cricketer of the day was about to be resolved with incalculable results for Smith, his friends, and the world."

Indeed, it was Studd who would become the figurehead of the seven. Once he transferred his passions from cricket to Christ, he never looked back. As he was in later life, Studd at 22 was tireless, fearless, and uncompromising with God's word. Though in Pollock's estimation, Studd was perhaps the only genius among the seven, he was not eloquent. And yet it was Studd who would often touch off rapturous response from

crowds of undergraduates with his plainspoken but heartfelt testimony. We can easily see the makings of the man who would go on to write "The DCD" (excerpted here in *The Intercessor*).

Perhaps because of its reliance on



The Cambridge Seven by John Pollock. InterVarsity Press, 1969 (first edition, 1955), 112 pages. Pictured top row left to right: C.T. Studd, Montagu Beauchamp, Stanley Smith. Bottom: Arthur Polhill-Turner, D.E. Hoste, Cecil Polhill-Turner, W.W. Cassels.

diaries and personal papers, *The Cambridge Seven* can be difficult to follow at times. The book is comprised of a somewhat loose collection of vignettes scattered through time, and these vignettes include a broad cast of names and personalities. While this

narrative technique is an effective and enthralling way to tell this marvelous story, it might prove helpful and rewarding to readers to become familiar with the biographical notes on members of the Cambridge Seven and to quickly scan the book before reading it.

The thrill of *The Cambridge Seven* is that we see these young men as more than historical figures. We see them as they were—exciting young men with dynamic lives and great passions. These were not lofty intellectuals or eccentric religious types out of touch with the world; these were young men of privilege with the world at their feet. In the world's eyes, the seven had everything to lose in going to the mission fields, and yet the Cambridge Seven saw their true privilege in life exchanging their earthly stations for service to Christ.

While *The Cambridge Seven* is a glimpse at a part of God's master plan worked out through the lives of seven bold young Christians, the story of *The Cambridge Seven* begins, according to God's economy, with a death—the death of Harold Schoefield, companion to Hudson Taylor and one of God's grains of wheat who "fell to the ground" in intercession for China and in a hope that would find fulfillment in the seven who became *The Cambridge Seven*.

Editor's note: The Cambridge Seven is currently out of print; however, a limited number of copies are available for loan or purchase from the Zerubbabel Book Ministry. Please contact us for availability.

BIBLE STUDY:

by Brett Burrowes

Sooner or later we come to the realization that we are powerless to live the Christian life. When we first believed in Christ, we knew the joy of being reconciled to God, of having our sins forgiven and the assurance of an eternal destiny in heaven. But soon we discovered that there was another side to the matter: we still experienced all the old pulls and temptations to do the things which we know that the Bible says are wrong and that we still don't experience the out-poured love for others that God expects from us. We know that we are lacking and even though we are saved, we still fall short of the glory of God. Many Christians mistakenly stop at this stage and assume that this is supposed to be the case: that we are just imperfect and that we will continue to sin regularly until heaven, when we will finally be delivered. In fact at the Christian college where I teach theology, this is such an unquestionable idea that either I encounter strong opposition if I contradict it or else they do not comprehend that I am really disagreeing with them.

American Christianity seems to have accepted a belief that "we are okay just the way we are," that "God understands and forgives," and that "we're just imperfect." God does forgive, but He doesn't "understand" or feel sorry for us when we sin: we just project onto God the pity we feel for ourselves. We are addicted to a softer, easier way and change our theology to fit our behavior. A seminary friend of mine, struggling with a particular sin, was told by an elder of his church that we are imperfect in this world and that we should learn to accept such imperfection as part of this present age until Christ returns or we die and go to heaven. Somehow, though, this seems unacceptable to me, since God promises a full

deliverance from sin in the Scriptures. Let us look at these promises.

If we have been Christians for awhile, we all know the great chapters on the Christian life written by the apostle Paul, Romans 6-8. I won't try to go over every verse of those chapters here, but I will make a few comments. One of the first surprising things we notice is that Paul says that we are to consider ourselves dead to sin (6:11) and on that basis we are not to let sin reign in our mortal bodies (6:12). I grant that

American Christianity seems to have accepted a belief that "we are okay just the way we are," that "God understands and forgives," and that "we're just imperfect." God does forgive, but He doesn't "understand" or feel sorry for us when we sin: we just project onto God the pity we feel for ourselves.

sin is still a threat and that Christians can still sin or else Paul would not warn us to not allow sin to continue to rule us. At the same time he says we are to consider ourselves as having died to sin when we were first baptized or became a Christian (6:4-7). We can't consider ourselves something unless it is actually true. I cannot consider myself a professor at a college unless I actually am a professor. To consider something true that is not true is to deceive myself. If I considered myself a great football player, my friends would quickly point out the fallacy of such a belief, and the rea-

sons why it was wrong. So when Paul says we are to consider ourselves dead to sin, he is speaking about a fact from a Biblical perspective. We are dead to sin, but Satan is still trying to convince us that such is not the case, and so gain reentry into our members to work his sinful deeds through us. The lie is that sin is very much alive and present in us to work through us—no, that is Satan tempting us, trying to get back in, perhaps not into our spirit core where we are joined to Christ, but into our bodily members where he can work his evil.

But how can we be dead to sin when we feel the temptation so sharply at times? First of all we have to get back to Biblical facts, which always take priority over any feelings we might have, or our personal experience. Feelings are not a reliable guide to the truth, if they are a guide at all. My father had high blood pressure, but high blood pressure may not manifest itself in any specific symptoms: a person may not feel bad at all. On the other hand, many of the medicines, especially in the past, often had bad side effects and can make you feel a lot worse than you do without them. So many people with high blood pressure stop taking the medication because they feel better without it. But it is a medical fact that although the medicine makes them feel bad, it will prolong their life, whereas not taking the medicine will shorten it. Sometimes we have to trust the facts as our doctor tells it to us and not how we feel. So we have to take God at His word first: trust the Biblical facts even if they contradict our experience and our feelings. God through Paul has told us we are to consider ourselves dead to sin: who are we to contradict Him?

We are dead to sin because Christ died on the cross not only in our place

Real Deliverance from Sin: Is it Possible?

to pay for our sins, a basic Biblical truth, but to deliver us from the Satanic spirit of sin which indwelt us and to which we were joined spiritually. Paul says that "the old humanity was crucified with him so that the body of sin might be destroyed, so that we might no longer be enslaved to sin." The Greek word for old man does not refer to an old nature that believers still possess, since the "old man was crucified and whatever is crucified is dead and no longer alive." The old humanity refers to the whole human race apart from Christ infected with Satan's spirit of sin (see Rom. 8:15 "spirit of slavery" and Eph. 2:2 "the spirit now operating in the disobedient"). When Christ died on the cross, in God's eyes all humanity died there (see 2 Cor. 5:14 "one died for all, therefore all died"). As inconceivable as this might be to our human common sense, it is a Biblical fact. When Christ was on the cross, he was made sin for us (2 Cor. 5:21), he took that Satanic spirit on himself and through death destroyed the body dominated by sin (Rom. 6:6). On the cross, Jesus died to the Satanic spirit (Rom. 6:10) and then rose in triumph from the dead, free from the curse, and because we died in him, we share in the benefits of his death and resurrection. Because of that death, the Spirit of life which caused Jesus to rise from the dead now lives in us too and frees us from Satan's law of sin and death (Rom. 8:2). These are the Biblical facts. If our experience doesn't match up it is because we do not take God at his word and believe the facts.

But what about Romans 7? Isn't Paul describing the Christian life there? In a word, NO. First of all, prior to St. Augustine in the early fifth century no Christian interpreter ever understood Paul as referring to the Christian life. Without exception they understood

Paul to be referring to the Jews under the old covenant law and that Paul was warning the Christians in Rome not to try to fulfill the law independently (an impossibility). The situation of Romans 7 is the result of self-effort to keep the law; it is not the "normal Christian life." Paul writes vividly as if this were his present experience in order to get us to identify with the horrible slavery to sin he is describing so that we will reach a point of despair in ourselves and so cry out with him "Who will save me from

Only when we realize that He alone is light and love and that we are not independently operating selves will we finally overcome the evil one. Only then will we stop the continuous cycle of sinning and forgiveness that characterizes the stage of immaturity that John calls being little children.

this body of death? Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord!" In Romans 8:1-13 he talks about the deliverance from sin available to us through the indwelling Spirit of Christ, who is now present within us to live out through us if we take God at his word. The only thing stopping us is our stubborn refusal to believe.

Let us turn next to the apostle John. In his first letter, he says to the church: "You know that he was revealed to take away our sins, and in him there is no sin (3:5). Now this we all know, Jesus came to take away our sins by bearing the punishment for them on

the cross, and that He was able to do this because He Himself had never sinned and was a pure sacrifice to God." The next verse, however, goes far beyond this basic gospel message: "No one who abides in him sins; no one who sins has either seen him or known him." How contrary to typical evangelical experience is this verse! John is saying not only that sinning is not the typical experience of the believer, but that the true Christian is characterized by their lack of sinning. Some interpreters have tried to water down the verse by interpreting it to mean "No one who abides in him sins as a practice" or as a general rule. Even if that interpretation is granted, this still does not match typical Christian experience or theology.

But John goes further than this and states in 3:9 that "all who have been born of God do not sin, because his seed is in them, indeed they cannot sin, because they have been born of God." So John doesn't simply say that we don't sin as a general rule or that we don't sin as much as when we were unbelievers, but that those born of God are not able to sin. This requires some explanation, since this certainly contradicts the experience of most Christians. It will not do to explain the verse away by adding "as a general rule" because that is not what the Greek says. At the same time John is aware that sometimes Christians do sin, for at 2:1, he said: "If anyone does sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous" and that he was writing to them that they may not sin. So John is well aware of this seeming contradiction in his words.

The key to understanding what John is saying is found in 2:12-13, where he distinguishes between children, young men, and fathers in Christian

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To the Congo with C.T. Studd

by Norman Grubb

Pauline and I had between us about nine hundred pounds, which had been what we soldiers called “blood money”—a government remittance according to rank and length of service on leaving the army. We decided we would spend this on our missionary needs, travel, etc., until it was exhausted, and then there would be the promises of God. As our friend, Mr. Fremlin, financed our first outgoing, it was a year or two before we came to the end of this “nest egg”. But we had our early shocks of other kinds in plenty, on our arrival on the field, though not on the principles of the Crusade. How good for us, although we did not think so then.

Our journey out was the normal one for those days, taking three months, by ship to Alexandria, then by train and river boat to Khartoum; then the real adventure of penetrating the heart of Africa starting by two weeks on the little flat-bottomed river steamer with a stern-wheel right up the winding Nile to near its sources. Fascinating, passing villages of the long-legged Nilotic tribes, Shilluks and Dinkas, standing like herons with one leg bent up against the knee of the other (and to think that now there are many churches among them, and I believe the first Dinka Bishop); continually watching the lazy crocodiles on the sandbanks with their toothy mouths wide open while the little white birds picked their teeth; the hippos showing their fat noses above water and diving down again; once a herd of about two hundred elephants

which, when the steersman blew the ship’s whistle, raised their trunks in the air like one man and thundered off into the grass; sometimes the long thin neck and head of a giraffe peering up above the tall grass.

At Rejaf we disembarked, and were carried by truck 100 miles to the Congo border. Across there, met by one of that little band of missionaries, we started the 300-mile journey by foot and bike, with porters carrying the baggage, first through days of grassland, and then sighting the long thin line of the beginnings of the tropical forest which would be our home, stretching for maybe 1,000 miles to the south.

These are the usual type experiences of the earlier travellers, and the way we lived through the twenties. Our shocks did not come from these. But we had acquired a sentimental idea of the “dear heathen,” with some built-in really wrong notions of a crowd of black saints awaiting us.

Meeting C.T.—No Special Treatment

At Nala we met with C.T., Pauline’s father, my father-in-law, whom I then saw for the first time. In himself he was all that we expected, in his loving welcome, the old aristocrat now accustomed to living the African way; always scrupulously clean, in simple khaki shirt and shorts and stockings, with his long beard and somewhat bent frame, aquiline nose and keen piercing eyes. His home was a stoutly built mud house, originally built by a Belgian official,

with his bedroom on one side, and an open centre where we sat, had our meals and small meetings, all surrounded by beautiful palm trees in their hundreds.

But we were ill at ease. Without realizing it ourselves, we had been the petted and pampered “fine young Christians” in the homelands, and now we were going out (even the Executive Committee told us that!) to bring help, refreshment and encouragement to the tired little band in Congo. Tired little band! They were not looking for any to bolster them up. All they wanted were some more fellow-soldiers! We found C.T. had no time for special welcomes and favours for a daughter or special preference for a new son-in-law. He stood where Jesus stood, “Who is my mother or my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, my sister and mother.”

I think, without recognizing it ourselves, we were puzzled and hurt that we did not get any better reception than any other new recruits. There was no let-up with this man—no diversions, no days off, no recreations. The zeal of God’s house had eaten him up, and souls were his meat and drink.

But what shocked us most was his attitude to the professing African Christians, five hundred of whom would gather on a Sunday morning. Where we had been told to expect a concourse of shining saints, C.T. was saying that sin was rampant, and nobody who continued in sin entered heaven, no matter how much he was

supposed to have been born again; and that he doubted, holding up the fingers of his two hands, whether ten of these five hundred would really get there. We thought this awful. Our theology was thin enough on any count; we had never had any Bible training, but we had picked up the usual evangelical teaching that once a person was born again, no matter how he sinned, if once in grace, always in grace. He could not be unborn. C.T. took no count of that. His stand was “without holiness no man shall see the Lord,” and a person living in sin, unless he repented, no matter what his past claims to grace, he would be outside heaven. That shook us. There were Scriptures for “once saved, always saved,” but there were Scriptures on the other side also.

Criticism of C.T.

C.T.’s strongest critic was the greatest pioneer of those early days, James Lowder by name, who single-handedly penetrated the Ituri Forest to the south and met with such a response from the tribes-people that that whole area later became our richest harvest field. But doctrinally he was at opposite poles to C.T., and accompanying us on our journey in, even before we had met C.T., he sowed the seeds of these questionings in my mind, fertile soil with my feeble Bible foundations. Later, as with Paul and Barnabas, “the contention was so sharp between them” that he left the work. Years have now passed, and James Lowder, now in his eighties, lives in Miami, and we have maintained friendship by occasional visits, for nothing can ever take away for me the greatness of his pioneer daring and the greatness of the fruit of it. But at the time he strongly influenced me towards his

point of view. This was good for me. It made me search the Scriptures until, after years of consideration, I have come to take a middle line.

There are the Bible assurances of being secure in Christ. There I personally live without a shadow of uncertainty. But I don’t ask that the Bible should be a systematic theology to suit my theological mind. Revelation through the apostolic writings was a string of unsystematic letters, written existentially to meet some church need of the moment; and in them I also find plain statements about the dangers and possibilities of falling away. Why should I be more systematic than the Bible and Paul and the other apostles? Why must I be bound by the frowning looks of the majority of evangelicals if I don’t wholly subscribe to their pet convictions? If I drive a car, I don’t live in fear of an accident; but there are occasions when crossing a road I look around to see if it is safe. So to me the Bible does give many plain warnings, and I can go along with C.T. in this, that though living in the eternal security of being sealed unto the day of redemption, it is “a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God” in a condition of blatant disobedience.

It was a good thing for those simple believers just rising out of the morass of heathen superstitions and sin to be brought up straight against the facts of sin as sin; and C.T. never had any remedy for sin or the possibility of living a new kind of life except the Blood and Spirit of Jesus. The very intensity of this gospel of holiness that he preached and lived, even going to the extent of cutting off any water baptism or partaking of the Lord’s supper for ten years, when he found that many were hiding beneath

these as supposed means of salvation, is undoubtedly the firm foundation to the holy Spirit-filled church in Congo today which, if he was alive, could now be said to be his “joy and crown.”

The Soldier Spirit

It was true that C.T. was never one with whom it was easy to discuss or maintain an opposite point of view. What he saw to be truth was truth to him, and that was that. C.T.’s soldier virtues, sword in hand for God and against the devil and sin, did make him, doubtless unrealized by himself, one with whom it was uncomfortable to disagree.

Pauline also had never been the daughter he was closest to. He teased her in childhood and often reduced her to tears in those younger years, and put, I believe, something retiring into her nature. The other three, especially Edith and Dorothy, were of the more sporting type dear to his heart. Strange that in his last years he should be landed with us two as his successors. God’s ways. Yet, neither Pauline nor I had ultimate difficulty, or at least not after certain earlier battles had been fought and won, in standing along with him in the fierce oppositions of some of the missionaries, his own home committee and in the end the Christian church in general. We had settled the matter that we all have sides of our nature in which we are unacceptable to some and could well do with improvement; but God is with those who stay in the battle lines, no matter how “ornery” they may be; and C.T. was one of those. While others criticized, left, attacked, he stayed on where the fight for souls and a Spirit-filled church was at its fiercest, and we decided that that was where we should be too.

Troubled Years and Wounded Pride

But we did have troubled years. Before long we both tried our hands at “improving” him and got our fingers burned. I went to suggest that if the church was in such a low state, why not have some special prayer meetings for revival? “Surely,” he said, “but I don’t believe in praying in work hours. Let’s have a meeting at 4 a.m.” (work and activities starting at 6 a.m.). “But,” I said, “that is the time when we get up to have our own quiet times. When shall we have those?” “Why not earlier?” was the answer. Next morning I was up at 4 a.m. for my own quiet time; but across the compound I heard the old man’s banjo going. He had gathered a 4 a.m. prayer meeting of some of the Africans. I did not attend!

Pauline tried her hand by suggesting that she might take over the running of his domestic household. “Thank you,” he said, “but Mama Mototo” [one of the women co-workers] “does it very well.”

Finally, I think he saw that in our conceit and self-assurance, and indeed criticism of him, we needed a good lesson. So he suggested that we go out about 25 miles and occupy a newly opened station, beautifully situated on a hill called Deti, from which in the early morning you can look out over miles of palm-filled forest and see spirals of smoke arising in the still air from the many villages; and equally see the fierce tropical storms approaching. We knew enough of the simple language used as a lingua franca among the tribes of that area—Bangala.

C.T. had shown wisdom in concentrating his attention on this market language, poor though it was, because by it we could at once reach many tribes, the

men in the main knowing it. It meant interpretation in village meetings; but that too had its advantages, when we had tried Christian interpreters, because they could often put in more intelligible language things we were trying to say in more Western forms. C.T. has been justified in standing against criticisms from other missions in the use and development of this language, because it is now the officially adopted language for the whole north Congo.

In those earliest days we also had another significant little indication that God speaks more through warm hearts than critical minds. Lilian Dennis, who, as I said, accompanied us to the Congo, is a nurse but no linguist. But she had a heart filled with love for God and the people, and was far more mature in the Spirit than we youngsters were. She only had the language very roughly in those first few months, whereas I was able to get along fairly well. So I would speak at the Sunday services. One Sunday morning when I was away, it fell to her lot, doubtless with fear and trembling, to have to speak both morning and evening. In the morning she spoke very haltingly on “I will, be thou clean.” The elders came to her afterwards and said, “Mama Deni, what you said so reached our hearts that we would like you to repeat it this evening.” I never had that said to me!

So off we went to Deti. We were soon trying immature experiments. The Africans loved the bits of western clothing they could get hold of, and they were their Sunday best. Well, we also had nice European clothing. But we thought it much better if any African Christians who went out to take the gospel to the villages should dress in their native barkcloth, a rough garment

made of the bark of a certain tree and worn round their waists. They rebelled. We insisted. We soon had things in chaos, and where a few hundreds had been coming to the meetings, we were reduced to around eighty. Then God spoke to us. “Go back and humble yourselves and just be learners. Your father has forgotten more about leading people to Christ than you ever knew.” So we wrote, confessed our pride, apologized and got all the loving welcome back he could give us.

Galatians 2:20 Answers Our Need

But God was using these tensions for our own lasting benefit. A friend of Pauline’s, Dr. Isa Lumsden, was sending her a little paper called *The Overcomer*, published by Mrs. Penn Lewis, well known in England as a Bible teacher. But what she wrote about didn’t make sense to us. She was not speaking about Christ dying for us, but of our being crucified and dead with Him, and risen with Him. That was all new to us. At first it didn’t register much with us, except that we felt there was something there we hadn’t got hold of yet. But our need was great. We had heard others at Cambridge and other places speaking of knowing that you are filled with the Spirit, especially Barclay Buxton, the father of Alfred, whom we undergraduates were fond of getting down to talk to us. Pauline and I knew that we had no such inner witness, and we desired it. We had one canoe journey to do for some days on the Aruwimi River, a tributary of the Congo, stopping at villages every now and then on the banks. I spent the intervening hours studying a commentary on Romans by an American, I think Stifler by name. Light began gradually to dawn on the meaning of this

identification with Christ in His death and resurrection.

Finally, we were out for a visit to a dear and zealous African brother, Bangbani. He was the only light in his chiefdom, and what a welcome he gave us to his little plantation, throwing his well-oiled arms around us so that we came out of the embrace looking like zebras. That night he gave us his best, his cook-shed, with a few banana leaves strung around for privacy, and our two camp-beds in it. The equipment we brought to the Congo and which was our house furniture was a canvas camp-bed each, with mosquito net, a canvas camp table and chair, enamel plates and cups, and cooking pots. That, besides our clothing, which for us men was just khaki shirts and shorts, with stockings or puttees week in and week out—very sensible and comfortable—was the main part of our living necessities.

But when Bangbani left us we could not go to bed. The full moon was out and it was all quiet in the banana plantation except for the usual chorus of insects, with the moon shining between the great banana leaves. So we took the two little camp chairs and sat outside in the moonlight. There is not much trouble with mosquitoes in that area. We had decided together that we would wrestle this thing out with God, and specifically claim then and there that we should be filled with the Spirit. It was only later that we got our theology more in line—to discover that He in His fullness had always been there—His Spirit joined to ours, since we had been born again: and that what we needed was not a filling from outside, but a witness borne to the existing living relationship. We took Galatians 2:20 to be the fact by faith: “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I

live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me” and we went to our camp beds around 4 a.m., having accepted the matter as settled by faith. We awoke no different; but I took a postcard and drew a tombstone on it, and wrote “Here lieth Norman Grubb buried with Jesus.” Probably we all have to get settled on the reality of this death experience before the resurrection can be uppermost in our consciousness. At least that was the period I was in.

There is a “Second Blessing”

Nothing further happened to me in relation to this for a couple of years. For Pauline, it was different, and she tells how a few days afterwards, when sleeping alone in a native hut, the hut was filled with a consciousness of His presence and a voice confirming to her that their union relationship was fixed for ever.

Two years later I was at home and visiting this same Mrs. Penn Lewis whose little magazine had first awakened our interest. I had gone to her to talk over our perennial problem of tensions on the field, but I think she must have observed that beneath this I had my own need, for instead of talking about the problem she told me what happened when she had been “baptized with the Holy Ghost,” as she called it, and the power of God had come on a group of young people she talked with that night. As she talked, it was like a great light lit within me, bringing the inner awareness which has never left me since, of Christ living in me; and living in such a sense that it was not I really doing the living, but He in me, in His Norman form. The Scripture against which I had written my name and date that next morning in Bangbani’s village

had become permanently alive to me—this great Galatians 2:20.

There was a great deal I had not yet got into focus; those clarifications had to follow later; but one tremendous fact had become fact to me, and the passing years and deepening understandings have only underlined it as the fact of facts—that the secret of the universe, and the key to my own life, is simply the Person Himself in me; as Paul had put it, “The mystery hid from ages and generations but now made manifest to His saints...which is Christ in you.”

I had been drawn to and sought an answer before in “holiness teaching,” especially through Barclay Buxton at Cambridge, and from him and others I had caught it that there is an inner fixation, a settling in by which we can know that we are not only born of the Spirit but filled with the Spirit, and which I knew I did not have. But I had some mistaken ideas. I had thought that I myself as a human would be made holy, and thus not respond as before to irritability, lust, pride and so forth; that an actual change would take place in me. I had tried this way, taken it by faith that this “entire sanctification” had become fact in me; but it had not worked. These same things continued to make their appearance in me. But now I was seeing something different. My humanity did not change.

The Vessel Doesn’t Change

I had to learn later that it is not meant to change, because every potential of my human nature is there to be an agency by which Christ can reveal Himself. Sin is not my various faculties or appetites, but shows itself in the misuse of them, when they are stimulated by temptation into action in a wrong direction, and I wrong-

fully struggle, as in Romans 7, to overcome what independent self can never overcome. It is the independent self which is the sin principle, for independent self is and can only be self-loving, therefore I am helpless in myself to resist the stimulation. But, another Self, God Himself—Father, Son and Spirit—has now so become the centre of my being that I am merely the vessel containing Him. Now, knowing this, my attention is no longer centred on myself, the vessel, and fighting against my fears or depressions or what not and expecting change in myself, and disappointed and condemned when it doesn't happen. No, I accept myself. The vessel doesn't change, but it contains Him, Christ living in me, joined to me, Spirit with spirit.

It is the same idea as when a room is dark. We don't centre our attention on the darkness. The darkness is not wrong, unless it is misused; we accept it but don't struggle against it; we just replace it! We look for the switch and turn on its opposite—the light. And when the light is on, where is the darkness? It is swallowed up. It is there in the sense that it appears immediately again when the light is off, yet it is not there to my consciousness with the light on. So now this awareness of Christ in me is the permanent switching on of the light, and the permanency is the importance. I now live in a new consciousness. At any time I am temporarily conscious of temptation which can lead to sin, but that does not mean that He who is the light has gone from my inner centre. He is the permanency; and the appearance of Him being not there, and of me being in the dark is an illusion. I have been tricked into moving back from eternal reality to temporary appearance. The change is in my con-

sciousness, not in the fact.

So I learn to live by the repetition of recognition, which is the practice and habit of faith. He in me is the all, the joy, power, wisdom, victory—all. I transfer my attention, my recognition, my affirmation from the human vessel to Him whom it contains: and that is switching on the light; and the light swallows up the darkness; yet the darkness was needful to give manifestation to the light. And when I do fall into a sin, which I do, the forgiveness for all sins was pronounced from Calvary two thousand years ago, therefore the forgiveness was there before the sin, and I can boldly appropriate that.

The Central Fact of My Life

So this had become the central fact of our lives—Pauline's and mine—which has to become so in every life—call it by what name we like—the Second Blessing, Entire Sanctification, the Baptism of the Spirit, the Fullness of the Spirit, the Second Rest, the Exchanged Life. We can only live by what becomes part of us, not by something imposed from without and clung to by us. In the new birth, Christ has become real and personal to us as a Saviour, the Spirit has borne inner witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. So again in this second realization, Christ has become known to us, not merely as the Saviour from our sins but also as the One who is living our lives. Then it was His righteousness in place of my sins; now it is His Self in place of myself. This actually took place at the new birth, but, for nearly all of us, we cannot yet see deeply enough into the roots of our problems, which is our self-reliant selves, to be conditioned to see Him as

the Divine Self living His life through our human selves. We have to go through our “wilderness” experience, all of us, redeemed but still regarding Him as separate from us; and we seeking to live the new standards of Christian living as best we can, but with constant failures, self-disgust, strains and stresses we cannot handle. We had a first collapse when we recognized our guilt as lost sinners and came to Him for salvation. We have a second collapse when, now redeemed, we discover our helplessness. First we had learned we had not done what we should. Now we learn that we cannot do what we should. And so, as after the first collapse, we were conditioned to see and affirm His blood replacing our sins; now, after the second collapse, we are conditioned to see and affirm Himself replacing ourselves.

And the way into the full realization is always the same, the only way of faith, just as Pauline and I found, when in faith without feeling we took our stand that night that Christ does live in us; the same as years before as a young fellow I had taken it by faith that my sins were no longer there, because He had borne them for me. Faith, always faith alone. But the process of faith is that if I take a thing, it takes me, and I know it has taken me. If I eat food, it takes me over and I know it afterwards. So when I take Jesus by faith, I become conscious that He has taken me. Faith has never become a completed faith until there has been this reflex effect; for “faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” In this way in my case two years later, and in Pauline's only two weeks later, our act of faith had its inner confirmation.

Bible Study: Sin & Satan

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faith. Children enjoy the forgiveness of sins: they continue to sin because they do not yet know how to overcome the evil one in their lives, since they continue to be deceived by his lie of independence and try to live the Christian life by self-effort. John writes to them to assure them of the Father's forgiveness so that they will not be doubly trapped by the evil one: first by the fact of sinning in the first place, and secondly by the condemnation the devil heaps upon us as the accuser of the brethren (Rev. 12:10).

But John goes on to describe another level of maturity: young men, who are those who have just reached adulthood and who are in the prime of their life, at the point of greatest physical strength. Of course, since John is drawing an analogy to the strength of young adulthood, it is spiritual strength that John means here. These young men are described as having overcome the evil one, and as having the word of God abiding in them. The last phrase is particularly crucial. Compare it with 3:9, where John says all who have been born of God do not sin, because God's seed abides in them. God's seed refers both to God's truth and to Jesus Christ Himself, the Word of God. The young men are those who have overcome the evil one by walking in the truth of God. But what is that truth? Nothing less than that Jesus Christ is present within them to live his life through them. That is what it means to be born of God—that we derive our entire spiritual life from Christ as the individual branches draw their life from the vine

(John 15), and realizing that apart from Him living his life through us, we can do nothing but sin (see John 15:6). Only when we realize that He alone is light (1 John 1:5), and love (4:8), and that we are not independently operating selves will we finally overcome the evil one. Only then will we stop the continuous cycle of sinning and forgiveness that characterizes the stage of immaturity that John calls being little children. In fact John makes it clear that we were never independently operating selves, even when we were unbelievers or when we sin: "Everyone who sins is of the devil" (1 John 3:8), that is they have their spiritual source in the devil, who inspires and motivates their actions. Believers, of course, do not have the devil in the spirit-core of their beings, but the devil is the great deceiver and always seeks to keep us or convince us that we are still self-operating selves with the responsibility and ability to fulfill God's law in our strength. That way he gets to condemn us when we fall flat on our faces. Such self-effort is really Satanic, and those who have reached maturity know this and overcome the evil one because they have the inner-knowing that it is really Christ who lives through them.

But how do we get such an inner-knowing or a deep spirit-conviction of this Biblical truth? The same way we acquire knowledge about anything. We choose to pursue something as a goal, and eventually it takes us. For example, Norman Grubb used to speak of the process of learning the African language Bangala. At first he stumbled through the language, and had great difficulty speaking and understanding what the natives were

saying. Eventually, however, what he took (the language) took him over and operated him and he was speaking the language as if it were his own tongue. Eventually he did not have to think every time he opened his mouth, the words just flowed naturally. But the key is that he persevered in his attempts to learn the language. He did not let go of the goal, but pursued it until the language "took him over." Now this might sound like self-effort all over again, but it is not. I am not saying we are to pursue perfect behavior as if we were the ones in control of and responsible to be perfect. No. We have the Perfect One already in us, ready to live through us if we only trust Him. But that is the catch. As with learning a language, there is a process of learning to believe the Biblical fact that Christ is the one living through us and until we learn the truth we will stumble over Satan's lie that we operate ourselves. And we continue to stumble until we learn the truth and the truth, Jesus Christ Himself, takes us over.

The author of Hebrews commands us to strive to enter God's rest (Hebrews 4:11), a seeming paradox. But what is it that the Hebrews are to strive to do? Believe! It is those who believe who enter God's rest and rest from their own labors! (Heb. 4:3, 10). We exercise faith by taking every thought captive which contradicts God's truth (2 Cor 10:5). By speaking back to every thought of unbelief that raises itself up against the Biblical facts of what God has said is true about us, we exercise the faith that God expects of us. It is not easy, but very simple. So simple that the devil is able to steal it away from the hearts of

many Christians. But the Biblical fact is that we don't need to wait until heaven to enter God's rest. We don't need to wait another second.

Brett has an M.A. in New Testament and a Th. M. in Biblical Theology from Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary and is finishing his doctorate at the University of Durham in England. He is also teaching at Nyack College in Nyack, New York, and is a Teacher-Sharer.

Pass It On?

Do you have a friend or acquaintance, or even a group with whom you would like to share *The Intercessor*, but hate to give up your copy? If there is any reason you could use multiple copies, please let us know and we will be glad to accommodate you.

To Think About...

In this matter of sanctification, what have you "seen"? Have you "seen" Gal. 2:20: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"? Has light maybe dawned on you as you have read these pages? If so, receive as fact what God has shown to your heart. That is faith. Then confirm it by confessing with your mouth what you have received. You may at once have the realization of possession; or you may not.... But, if God has given you the light and the gift of faith to receive, then, though you may be forgetful at times, or unbelieving at others, He will bring you back to your act of faith again and again; and in His own time and way you will come to have the witness in yourself, you will know.

—from *The Deep Things of God*

He that hath the Son hath life and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. —1 John 5:12

There is nothing greater than to be born of God, born into the kingdom. Is there anything greater than to be a child of the Highest? I believe that many have only given a mental assent to these things. I had believed in Him before, but when I saw Him I broke down at the foot of the Cross and I never recovered. I have always said that the moment you have seen Calvary you can do nothing else but give your life to Him. The new birth is greater than you have ever dreamed of. Although you are in the world you are not of the world.

When a person who has not seen the Cross talks about it, it is only words. I knew the moment when I saw Calvary, and nothing has remained

with me as that has. I saw the Saviour was God and that He came to make atonement for me. He said, "I gave my life for you. What are you going to give back to me?" I said, "My life," and He said, "Will you let me in?" I opened the door and He came in and I entered into another world altogether. I knew that I was born of God in a moment of time and I did not want one thing the world could offer. God became my Father, and how sweet that was. It was as natural now for me to call God "Father," as it was beforehand to call my natural father "father." Could you put a doubt in me that I had not changed from this world into the other world? From this time I was at home in the presence of God with Life Eternal.

—from *The Intercession of Rees Howells*
by Doris Ruscoe

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Set Your Mind...

Since you have been raised to new life with Christ, set your sights on the realities of heaven, where Christ sits at God's right hand in the place of honor and power. Let heaven fill your thoughts. Do not think about things down here on earth. For you died when Christ died, and your real life is hidden with Christ in God. And when Christ, who is your life, is revealed to the whole world, you will share in all his glory.

-Colossians 3:1-4
(New Living)

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Words to Live By...

Until you have a few good knocks on the head and discover your conceited self, you're not safe to know the union. Maybe you've had plenty of knocks. They're the healthiest thing we can have. We've got to be made safe and understanding for this tremendous relationship.

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Material related solely to the magazine (i.e., letters, questions, information, articles for publication, etc.) should be sent to the magazine office address, PO Box 1710, Blowing Rock, NC 28605. To make tax deductible financial contributions for all Zerubbabel outreaches, or to seek information on the Zerubbabel outreach activities, this address should also be used.

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The following audiotapes are offered as an aide to affirming the Lord's revelations of "Christ in you." They will be of interest to those Christians who are seeking to further their understanding of living in union with Christ. All tapes have been recorded live at various gatherings and may contain some background noise. Editing has been kept to a minimum in order to preserve the precious truths these tapes contain.

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PAGE PREWITT

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