

The INTERCESSOR

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

Volume 26, Number 1

2010

This issue of *The Intercessor* is entirely devoted to exploring the spiritual ancestry of the Zerubbabel fellowship by tracing the lives of a chain of pioneer British missionaries who wholly followed God's call and discovered for themselves "the mystery of the Gospel: Christ in you, the hope of glory."

The centerpiece of this issue is Page Prewitt's "Our Spiritual Heritage," adapted from a series of talks shared in the summer of 2001. This article attempts to translate Page's talk to a written account without losing the connection with Page as narrator and guide.

Reading from several biographies, Page guides us through highlights of the lives of a series of pioneer missionaries who blazed a trail of passion and sacrifice to discover, in increasing measure, hidden power of our Total God. Weaving in and out of the biographical material, Page pauses to draw from accounts told her through her personal acquaintance with Norman Grubb and to exhort us, as spiritual heirs of these pioneers, to follow their example and apply in our lives today the truths they poured out their lives to discover.

Our Spiritual Heritage

by Page Prewitt

We possess an inheritance that has come to us by means of the total life surrender and sacrifice of several godly men. The following is an attempt to share with you, our reader, highlights of the lives of these unique individuals.

Hudson Taylor

We will begin with a man whose name is Hudson Taylor. He was born in 1832 in Yorkshire, England. Hudson Taylor was a pioneer missionary who is credited with changing forever the way missions are run. His life story is told in several books. We quote here from one entitled *Hudson Taylor's Spiritual Secret*, written by his son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor.¹

After spending time in the study of medicine and theology Hudson Taylor went to China under the newly formed China Evangelization Society, arriving in Shanghai in 1854. He stressed only prayer and faith in money-raising and he adopted Chinese dress, an important cultural gesture which we could learn from today....

Godly Beginnings

Hudson Taylor was reared by Christian parents; his

father was a pharmacist and Methodist lay preacher. At the age of 17, Hudson Taylor committed his life to Jesus Christ, and from that time until his death in 1905 he lived a life dedicated to bringing the message of Christ's salvation to the people of China.

"Brought up in such a circle and saved under such circumstances, it was perhaps natural that from the very commencement of my Christian life I was led to feel that the promises of the Bible are very real, and that prayer is in sober fact transacting business with God, whether on one's own behalf or on behalf of those for whom we seek His blessing."

Hudson Taylor is a present-day example of what we should be. God has equipped us for His use in His

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The INTERCESSOR

The newsmagazine of
Zerubbabel, Inc.

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1895–1993

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Kingdom. This does not mean that we have to go to some foreign land to fulfill God's plan for our lives. Nor does it mean that we were put here to fritter our lives away doing whatever we want to do. It does mean we are to trust Christ to live through us right where we are to reach a lost world with the Gospel.

I recently heard Tony Evans on Christian radio teach on the subject of the parable of the talents. He talked about how God has given the entire human race the same three things: talents, time, and potential. We are not to look at the Joneses and try to live up to what they do and have. Our lives are all about us and not anyone else. It is about what God has given us and what we are doing with it. Ask yourself, are you wasting your time, talent and potential? Are you entertaining yourself? Are you making yourself happy? Or are you focused on being and doing whatever God chooses for you to be and do? That's the point of what we're saying here. As you read on you will become aware of the fact that the men in our heritage were so focused.

Our real heritage is not our mother and our daddy, our grandmother and our granddaddy, and our great-grandmother and great-granddaddy. Our true heritage—the only one that matters—is our spiritual heritage. Our spiritual great-great grandfather was Hudson Taylor. To continue:

...the outstanding thing about Hudson Taylor's early experience was that he could not be satisfied with anything less than the best. God's best—the real and constant enjoyment of His presence. To go without this was to live without sunlight, to work without power. That he knew the joy of the Lord in those early days is evident from recollections such as the following: a leisure afternoon had brought opportunity for prayer and moved by deeper longings he sought to be in his room alone with God. He had come to the end of himself, to a place where God only could deliver.... If God would but work on his behalf, would break the power of sin, giving him inward victory in Christ, he would renounce all earthly prospects, he would go anywhere, do anything, suffer whatever. His cause might be to demand and be wholly at His disposal. This was the cry of his heart: If God would but sanctify him and keep him from falling.

By contrast, today people are very indifferent about sin; some talk about sin but go on with their lives, oblivious to sin's devastation, not only in their lives but also in the lives of many. Hudson Taylor was very troubled about his sin. He relentlessly implored God to “work on his behalf...break the power of sin and give him inward victory in Christ”—not to give him everything in the world he wanted. He continues:

“Never shall I forget the feeling that came over me then. Words could not describe it. I felt I was in the presence of God entering into a covenant with the Almighty. I felt as though I wished to withdraw my promise, but could not. Something seemed to say, ‘Your prayer is answered; your conditions are accepted.’ And from that time the conviction has never left that I was called to China.”

That was it. What he took had taken him, to quote Norman Grubb. He was swallowed up in the one desire to accomplish his commission to win the lost

to Christ (particularly those in China).

At once he began to prepare, as well as he could, for a life that would call for physical endurance. He took more exercise in open air, exchanged his feather bed for a hard mattress, and was watchful not to be indulgent at table. Instead of going to church twice on Sunday he gave up the evenings to visit the poorest parts of the town, distributing tracts and holding cottage meetings.... The study of Chinese, also, was entered upon with ardor. A grammar of that formidable language would have cost more than twenty dollars and a dictionary at least seventy-five [that was equivalent to hundreds of dollars in those days]. He could afford neither. But with a copy of the Gospel of Luke in Chinese, by patiently comparing brief verses with their equivalent in English, he found out the meaning of more than six hundred characters. Those he learned and made into a dictionary of his own, carrying at the same time, other lines of study.

...“I have begun to get up at five in the morning” (he wrote to his sister at school) “and find it necessary to go to bed early. I must study if I mean to go to China. I am fully decided to go, and am making every preparation I can. I intend to rub up on my Latin, to learn Greek and the rudiments of Hebrew and get as much general information as possible. I need your prayers.”

Several years with his father, a dispensing chemist, had increased his desire to study medicine, and when an opportunity occurred of becoming the assistant to a leading physician in Hull—[a city in the north of England]—he was not slow to avail himself to it. This meant leaving the home circle, but first in the doctor’s residence and later in the home of an aunt, his mother’s sister. The young assistant was still surrounded with refinement and comfort.

Eventually, Mr. Taylor moved from his family’s home to a very modest home of his own. At that time he began supporting himself. Because he was somewhat linked with a mission and was saying he was going to China, his family thought the mission was giving him support, and the mission thought his family was backing him financially. Consequently, he received no outside financial help. Meanwhile, he learned to live on very little. Surprisingly, he gave away two-thirds of his meager income to others needier than himself.

“Having now this twofold object in view of accustoming myself to endure hardness, and of economizing in order to help those among whom I was laboring in the gospel, I soon found that I could live upon very much less than I had previously thought possible. Butter, milk, and other luxuries I ceased to use, and found that by living mainly on oatmeal and rice, with occasional variations, a very small sum was sufficient for my needs. And this way I had more than two-thirds of my income available for other purposes, and my experience was that the less I spent on myself and the more I gave to others, the fuller of happiness and blessing did my soul become.”

...London followed Hull and there Hudson Taylor entered as a medical student at one of the great hospitals. He was still depending on the Lord alone for supplies, for though his

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 is 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!

father and the Society which ultimately sent him to China both offered to help with his expenses, he felt he must not lose the opportunity of further testing God's promises. When he declined his father's generous offer, the home circle concluded that the Society was meeting his needs. It did undertake his fees at London hospital, and an uncle in Soho gave him a home for a few weeks, and beyond this there was nothing between him and want in a great big city, save the faithfulness of God.

...Suffice it to say here, that the loneliness and privations that were permitted, the test of endurance—when for months together he lived on nothing but ground bread and apples, walking more than eight miles a day to and from the hospital—and all the uncertainty as to his connection with the one and only society prepared to send him to China without university training, went far to make him the man of faith he was even at this early age.

On the Mission Field

In time, Hudson Taylor was able to go to China. But when he got there, he was saddened to find that no outsiders were permitted into the interior of the country. Missionaries were only allowed in seaport towns. His heart's desire was to penetrate into inland China.

It took him an inordinate amount of time to find a place to live—there was nothing to buy or rent. Eventually he lived on a riverboat which, along with providing him a place to stay, also served as transportation for the missionary journeys he took around the seaport towns. It was freezing cold in the winter, blazing hot in the summer. The bed he slept on was wood, and he could only look out of the porthole when he was lying down. In the scorching heat of the day he preached in the streets and passed out tracts. When he went back to the boat at night, it was still burning hot. Sad to say, his boat gave him no respite from the heat in view of the fact that it had to be locked at all times—thieves prowled the river constantly and made away with anything they could get their hands on. It is unbelievable to me that a human being could survive the life Hudson Taylor lived. Think about it. Can you imagine what China was like in the 1800's?

As if his hardships in China were not enough to cause him to give up, he came under attack back in England for his decision to adopt Chinese dress. Needless to say, he went to China wearing Western clothes. At that time, if a business company from a foreign country like Germany or Switzerland came to China and was allowed to build a fac-

tory, all its employees had to look totally Chinese. This practice prompted Hudson Taylor to make the very radical decision to do the same. He not only began to wear Chinese clothing, he also dyed his hair and followed the Chinese custom of wearing it in a long pigtail, known as a queue. Wearing the false queue and Chinese clothes was considered very bizarre and unacceptable to folks at home, and it upset them very much. (Later when C.T. Studd joined the China Inland Mission, he did the same thing. In the book *C.T. Studd, Cricketer and Pioneer*, there's a picture of C.T. in his Chinese outfit. See page 7.)

In 1860, after eight years in China, Hudson Taylor returned to England on his first furlough. He spent the next five years translating the New Testament. In time he founded his own mission and named it the China Inland Mission.

Only two years after returning to China, he suffered a fall that injured his spine and caused him to be temporarily paralyzed. He spent the winter of 1874 and 1875 back in London, totally bedridden. He had to use a rope to turn himself from side to side. Yet in spite of all his troubles, he never gave up.

Young students interested in him and his work in China would come regularly to sit by his bed and have him teach them. On the wall at the foot of his bed hung a huge map of China. He used it to teach his young pupils and as a manual to keep ever before him his beloved China that he prayed endlessly for. He never let go of his God-given commission to go past the seaport towns and advance into inland China.

Truly great men, great losses must endure, but not one minute more than is absolutely necessary. Great men, and they endure great suffering, are reaching down into the depths of their being marshalling greater energy even as they reach down to rise again victorious. Truly great men know they must depend on God for their strength and direction. Hudson Taylor was indeed one of God's great warriors.

Crisis of Faith

The thought of the millions in China who were dying daily without a Savior was what drove him on his never-ending quest to reach the inland part of the country.

Meanwhile, a million a month were dying in that great, waiting land—dying without God. This was what burned into his soul. A decision had to be made and he knew it, for the conflict could no

longer be endured. It was comparably easy to pray for workers, but would he, could he, accept the burden of leadership?

Hudson Taylor prayed endlessly for an established mission not only to back him, but also to send missionaries along with himself into the inland of China. But sad to say, no one was interested in doing so. He wanted backup because his greatest fear was that of taking young missionaries into the inland of China, (if they could even get there) and being responsible for them. Nonetheless, he truly believed that “the Holy Spirit never created hungerings and thirstings after righteousness, but in order that Christ may fill the longing soul.”

The conflict between his great burden for China and the burden of himself taking responsibility for a new mission pressed him into a crisis of faith that brought him to a turning point. God’s answer came to him in a letter from a friend who had just experienced it:

“Do you know, I now think that this striving, longing, hoping for better days to come is not the true way to holiness, happiness, or usefulness. It is better no doubt, far better, than being satisfied with pure attainments, but not the very best after all. I have been struck with a passage from a book entitled Christ is All. It says, ‘The Lord Jesus received as holiness begun, the Lord Jesus cherished as holiness advancing, the Lord Jesus counted upon as never absent would be holiness complete.’”

...It was the exchanged life that had come to him—the life that is indeed “No longer I.” Six months earlier he had written, “I have continually to mourn that I follow at such a distance and learn so slowly to imitate my precious Master.” There was no thought of imitation now! It was in blessed reality “Christ liveth in me.” And how great the difference!—instead of bondage, liberty; instead of failure, quiet victories within; instead of fear and weakness, a restful sense of sufficiency in Another. So great was the deliverance, that from that time onward, Mr. Taylor could never do enough to help to make this precious secret plain to hungry hearts wherever he might be.

Harold Schofield

The next link in our heritage is found in a little out-of-print book called *The Cambridge Seven*. It starts with one lone missionary in the interior of China—the very region for which Hudson Taylor faithfully prayed for from his sickbed years earlier.

On a spring evening in 1883 a man was riding slowly through the crowded streets of Taiyuan, capital of the province of Shansi in northern China, four hundred miles inland from the sea. [Remember the map and Hudson Taylor’s prayer to reach the China inland?] As his pony threaded its way among the coolies and beggars and merchants, or stood aside for a mandarin’s chair to pass, the rider would now and again acknowledge greetings from passers-by, or smile patiently at the scowls of the ill-disposed. He wore a plain Chinese gown and cap with his hair down in the customary pigtail, and only a second glance showed him to be a westerner—Harold Schofield, a brilliant young Oxford doctor [Cambridge and Oxford were two of the greatest universities in the world, and in the class system in England back then anyone who was anyone was educated there.] who had sacrificed his prospects and immured himself in China for the sake of Christ.

Schofield dismounted at the door of his unimpressive house of the China Inland Mission and went inside. After a quick look at the dispensary, lest urgent cases had come while he was out in the villages, he went across the living room and greeted his wife. A meal was ready but he declined it, and after a few moments’ talk Schofield climbed the rickety stairs to his bedroom.

For a few moments he looked out on the street, crowded, noisy and with that constant stench of dung and offal, of unwashed bodies and the mingling smells of the shops and houses. As his eyes travelled down the street towards the river, and then across to the distant hills, he thought once again of the teeming life the city and province—nine million Christ-less inhabitants, and only five or six missionaries among them. He thought of the peasants, toiling in the wheat and rice fields, of the aristocratic mandarins in their palaces and estates, of the women and their cramped cheerless lives, of the countless temples, and gods of plaster, stone or wood. And then his mind turned to home, so far away—twenty days to the coast, six weeks by sea and land to England. [It had taken Hudson Taylor six months to get there.] The Church in Britain cared little for these millions and the vast Chinese Empire, slowly waking from the sleep of ages. Few enough were ready to leave comfort and security to bring them the gospel. And of those who had come, and had penetrated inland, scarcely one was a university man, trained in mind and body for leadership. Yet, Schofield, a prizeman [top scholar] of Manchester, London and Oxford knew from his own experience how greatly such men were needed.

And thus once again he knelt at his bedside and unburdened himself in prayer. He prayed that God would waken the Church to China's claims, that He would raise up men to preach His word. Above all, that He would touch the universities and call men of talent and ability and consecrate them to His work in China. It seemed a prayer absurd enough except to faith. When Schofield had left England two and a half years earlier at the age of twenty-nine, missionary recruits from the universities had been scarce. Africa and India drew such as there were. His own mission was young and obscure. But the burden was on him; again and again in the past weeks he had found himself drawn aside to pray, leaving food and leisure for prayer to a God who answered prayer.

And thus, as the evening light faded in the little bedroom, Schofield was still on his knees, pouring out his soul for that which he would never live to see.²

Harold Schofield was God's answer to Hudson Taylor's intercessory call to reach inland China with the Gospel. Schofield's prayer that God would "call men of talent and ability and consecrate them to His work in China" became visible thirty years later with The Cambridge Seven and those who came after them. The Seven, among whom was C.T. Studd, were from the cream of British society—scholar-athletes from the finest schools in England—and called to be missionary pioneers. They would take the Gospel not only to the interior of China, but to the heart of Africa, and eventually to "the uttermost ends of the earth."

C.T. Studd

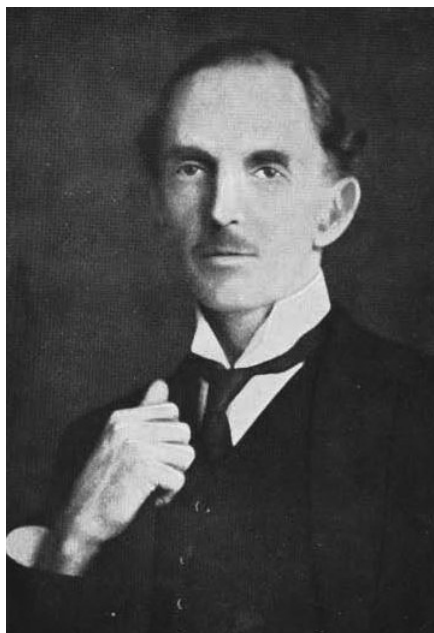
Continuing from *The Cambridge Seven*—just two years later in England:

On 4th February 1885, a wet winter's night in London, a large crowd was making its way into Exeter Hall on the Strand. Inside, the hall was rapidly filling with men and women of all ages and ranks. Well-dressed ladies in silks and jewelry whose carriages would be waiting afterwards to carry them back to Belgravia or Mayfair, mingled with flower girls [remember Eliza Doolittle?] and working women in plain dark dresses

who had found their way on foot from the East End slums. Smart young city men were sitting besides drab shopmen who, on a superficial glance, might have seemed more at home in a gallery of a music hall.

On the platform were forty Cambridge undergraduates. Above their heads hung a large map of China, stretching from one side of the hall to the other. On the table lay a small pile of Chinese New Testaments. [Who do you suppose translated them?] At the stroke of the hour the Chairman entered, followed by seven young men, slightly older than the undergraduates but all, from their dress and bearing, evidently men of education and position. After prayer, a hymn, and some introductory remarks, the seven young men, whom the world had already dubbed The Cambridge Seven, each rose and told the crowded hall why they were leaving England, the next day, to serve as missionaries in inland China.

One by one they spoke—Stanley Smith of Repton and Trinity [Repton and Eton were the top prep schools in England; Trinity Hall was the living quarters of the upper-crust of British society attending Cambridge University], a former stroke oar of the Cambridge boat [a high-ranking member of the Cambridge rowing crew]; Montagu Beauchamp, of Trinity, a baronette's son; D.E. Hoste, till lately a gunner subaltern son of a major-general; W.W. Cassels of Repton and St. John's, a Church of England curate; Cecil Polhill-Turner, an old Etonian, who had resigned his commission in the Queen's Bays to join the others; his brother Arthur Polehill-Turner, of Eton and Trinity Hall. And lastly, C.T. Studd, the Eton, Cambridge and England cricketer, acknowledged as the most brilliant player of the day. One by one they told how in the past year or eighteen months God had called them to renounce their careers and give themselves for Christian service overseas.



C.T. Studd

The Cambridge Seven struck with force the consciousness of a generation which set more store on social position and athletic ability. In this different age the story of how the Seven was formed, and the prayers of Harold Schofield overwhelmingly answered, is still relevant. Any account of God's working on the human soul is timeless. But the Cambridge Seven provide particular evidence on the Christian's growth and grace and on God's calling to a life work, whether at



Tedworth House, Wiltshire, The home of C.T.'s boyhood
(Inset: C.T. in the heart of Africa in later years.)

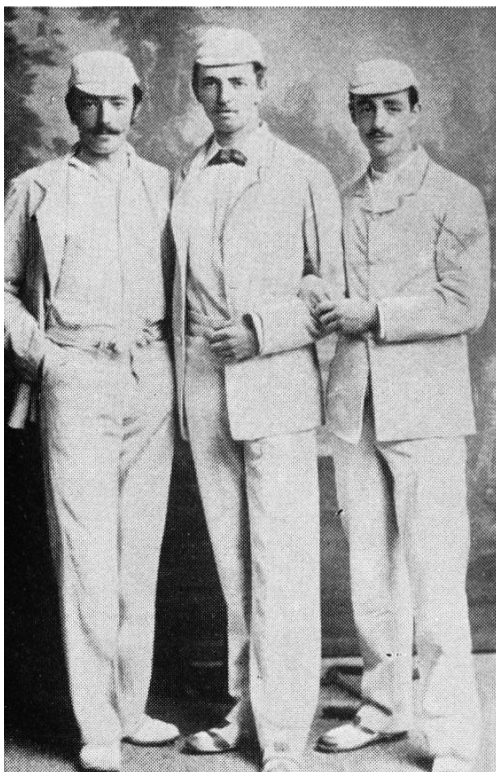
stirred to the depths by the work of D.L. Moody, the American evangelist. That seventy years later, in similar circumstances, God may call forth similar bands is the prayer of many.³

The first member of the Studd family to surrender his life to Christ was C.T. Studd's father. This happened when he heard D.L. Moody, the famous American gospel preacher, speak in England. Subsequently, Mr. Studd invited godly men to visit his home with the purpose of their winning his sons to Christ. After his conversion, Mr. Studd moved furniture in his house (which was actually a mansion on the Studd estate) to make

home or overseas. And if China is again a closed land, though not now without its Christian witness, other lands are open and fields at home are waiting

room for evangelistic meetings to be held there. The previously-mentioned book, *The Cambridge Seven*, tells that glorious story. It also tells how, along with C.T., these other men who were in their late teens and early twenties came to the decision to renounce their wealth and elite social position

The Cambridge Seven emerged when British universities had been



The three cricketing brothers:
J.E.K., C.T., G.B.
Captains of Cambridge University, 1882-3-4



The Cambridge Seven
C.T. Studd, M. Beauchamp, S.P. Smith,
A.T. Polhill-Turner, D.E. Hoste, C.H. Polhill-Turner, W.W. Cassels

and become missionaries.

It surprised me to read that these men didn't go to the same place, but were sent to different and remote places away from other English-speaking people. Their stories tell where they went and how they lived. Those stories are unbelievable!

C.T. went to China with Hudson Taylor's China Inland Mission and was married there. His wife was a member of the Salvation Army in China. They became the parents of four girls who were all born in China. Because of ill health, C.T. left China and went back to London. After that he spent a time in India, where he became so ill with asthma that he had to sleep sitting up.

Called to Africa

When he returned to England, C.T. spent quite a bit of time traveling and speaking. On a trip to Liverpool, he saw the following notice outside a church: "Cannibals want missionaries." Upon seeing it, he made the following response: "Why, they certainly do, for more reasons than one." After that, at the age of 50 and in ill health, he packed up and went to Africa. First he took a bicycle and one other person and went there to make an assessment of the conditions in the area of the country where he was interested in locating. He chose the Belgian Congo as the region where he wanted to begin his missionary conquest. He came back to England for 18 months, and then

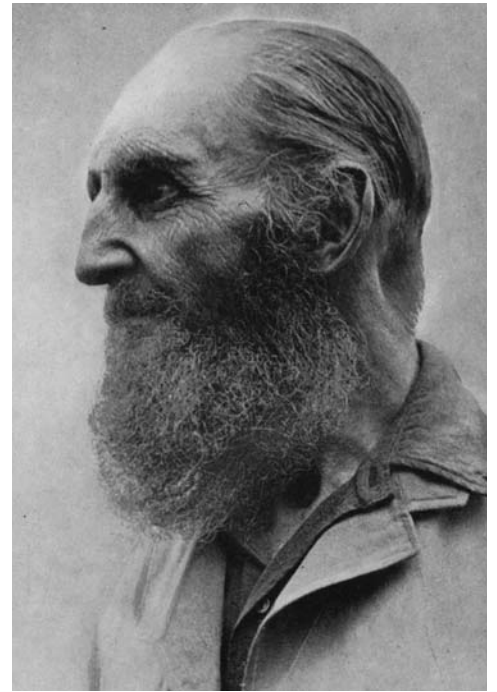
returned to the heart of Africa and lived there for the rest of his life—15 years—until he died. He never returned to England.

When C.T. was planning to leave for Africa he was backed by a committee of businessmen. But when his doctor intimated that if he ventured into central Africa, he would die, the committee withdrew their support. C.T. responded, "Gentlemen, God has called me to go, and I will go. I will blaze the trail and become a stepping stone that younger men may follow." So he went and gave his life. He loved Africa and its people, and they loved him in return.

On the ship headed for Africa, God gave C.T. the vision that he was going, "Not just for Africa, but for the whole unevangelized world." You can read the whole story in Norman Grubb's biography, *C.T. Studd, Cricketer and Pioneer*.

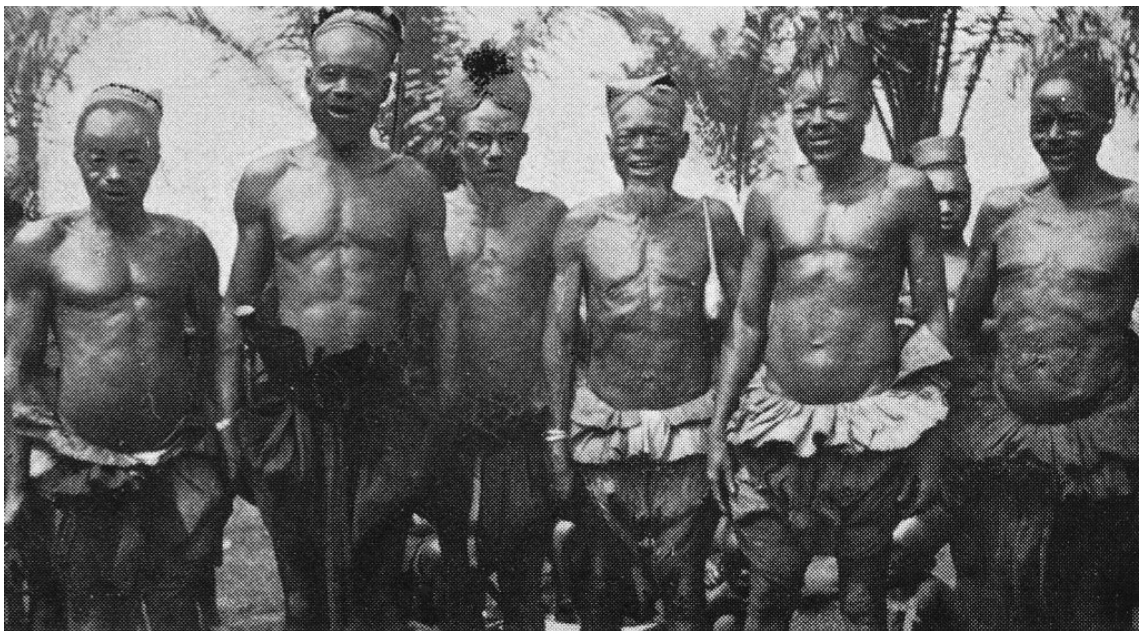
The Cost

A new committee was formed in London that not only supported C.T. but also kept the mission organized. However, C.T. Studd *was* the mission. Sadly, in time the members of the committee became troubled by some of his prac-



C.T. Studd

In the heart of Africa, two years before he passed away.



A few of C.T.'s friends in the heart of Africa, 1926

tices. (You can get the story from a little out-of-print book called *After C.T. Studd*.) Their first concern came when they learned that fellow missionaries brought morphine to C.T., which he used to relieve the pain he suffered from multiple physical maladies. Secondly, they disapproved of a little booklet C.T. authored. This blistering tract was entitled “The DCD.” The name of the booklet was adapted from the well-known Army war cry “We don’t care a damn for anything but King and country” to “We don’t care a damn for anything but Jesus.” A group of young Christian men signed a pact that this would be their heartbeat: they would care nothing for anything but Christ and His work. They named themselves “The DCDs.”

People in England, church people and so forth, were horrified that C.T. would use the word damn. They also questioned his strict handling of the natives. As one should understand, he was stern with them regarding their sin. C.T.’s perspective was that he was living and working in the Congo and the folks at home were totally unknowledgeable about the conditions on the field. He was dealing with a very primitive and undisciplined people. Sin, particularly adultery, was practiced by everyone. It wasn’t just that it was rampant—it was a way of life, and it was C.T.’s responsibility to deal with it. If a man called any woman, she had to submit to his desire at that moment. One of the ways he dealt with their ever-present transgressions was to delay baptism for new converts. Because the committee back in England disagreed both with C.T.’s theology and his practices, they came very close to cutting ties with him completely.

Norman Grubb and Pauline, Norman’s wife and C.T.’s youngest daughter, were serving the mission from London. They were aware of the intentions of the mission board, and were very disturbed about it. They wanted to meet with C.T. one more time and apprise him of the state of affairs on the home front. About that time a letter arrived from C.T. In it he casually mentioned his desire to see them again. They took this suggestion as permission to immediately visit Studd in the Congo. (The trip took months.) When they arrived, he was shocked to see them. He asked quite sternly, “What are you doing here?” They answered that he had written that he had wanted to see them. Their real reason for going was to discuss the news of the committee. The following is a story Norman loved to tell. I don’t know if this is in a book or not.

The committee sent representatives to Africa to per-

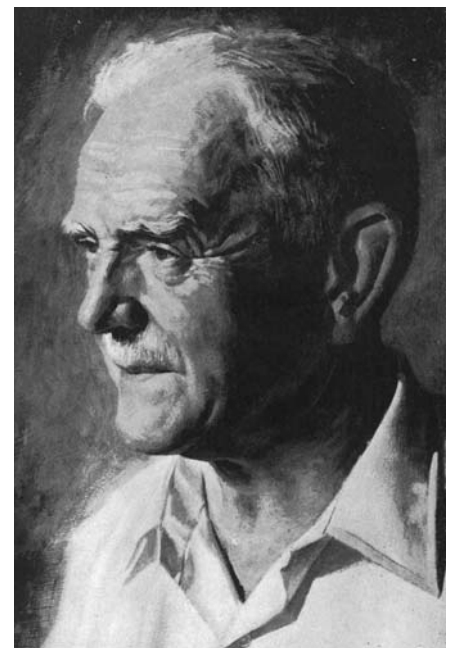
sonally tell C.T. that he was fired. But they didn’t know exactly where he was located. They got very close—they actually had their camp across the river from where C.T. lived. He and the others knew the committee representatives were on their way. One of the missionaries’ prized possessions was canned food that they called “tin.” Studd had in his possession a highly esteemed tin of sausages. I guess they were like our Vienna sausages. In anticipation of the coming mission delegation, Studd chose to serve the treasured sausages to the visitors. In spite of the fact that the Londoners never arrived, C.T. and company had their feast anyway.

Norman’s favorite part of the story was C.T. saying grace: “Father, thank you for this and that, but thank you especially for the sausages.” Norman would laugh and laugh when he told that part of the story. He loved it that C.T. would think that way when he knew the committee reps were on their way to the Belgian Congo to discharge him from the very mission he had founded.

Norman Grubb

The following is taken from Norman Grubb’s book *After C.T. Studd*. In this book, Norman recounts his personal recollection of C.T.’s last days. More importantly, he shares with the reader the ways of faith that he learned from C.T. Studd. These became the bedrock of Norman’s life’s calling.

I was sitting on the edge of C.T.’s native bed. We were in the bamboo house in the heart of the Ituri forest. It was 3 a.m. He looked very white and drawn. His thin legs were drawn up under his chin, with his wasted arms clasped round them. Without was the still African night, the palm trees



Norman Grubb
Portrait by Jim Sewad



Norman Grubb and Pauline Studd on their wedding day, November 24, 1919

looking lovely—*s i l h o u e t t e d* against the moonlit sky—and behind the dark rim of the primeval forest. We had been talking for hours. Suddenly, he said, “This looks like the end of everything. I don’t see any way out.” After a pause he added, “Eighteen years ago, God told me to found this mission. We have had all sorts of difficulties, but He has brought me through them

all. If God doesn’t deliver me now, when I am near the end and faced with the biggest, well, He is—But He isn’t, because He will!”

It was the darkest chapter in the mission’s history. That hateful thing, internal dissention, had raised its head in our ranks and torn the work in half. We were without reputation at home. Rumours had spread from mouth to mouth which shook the confidence of many.

Pauline, who is C.T.’s youngest daughter and my wife, had accompanied me on a visit to him in the Congo, knowing that we should not see him again on earth. While we were there, the storm broke. It would be neither helpful nor necessary to go into the details of the controversy.

... The inward conflict which Pauline and I suffered was intense, as we faced our call to return to England and rebuild in the dense fog of suspicion, condemnation and controversy. It was the darkest valley of our lives also, and we lived there for six months.

Yet we were to learn as an old saint once wrote that “the way to

heaven is through hell.” The more the Lord plans to use an instrument, the fiercer the fire in which it is tempered. We had earnestly sought for ten years that we might be instruments meet for his use, and the answer had been a great deal of pruning with very little fruit. Now at last, right from “the belly of hell” we were to be lifted up into “a large place.”

We were praying together four months after our return, when Pauline turned to me on her knees and said, “Father has gone home, I know it. We are to start anew with God.” I knew it too. We were dumb with the shock for a time. But it was God’s voice. We left that room different people. We had heard and accepted God’s call. Shortly after, a cablegram was handed to us at the breakfast table. We glanced at each other before we opened it, for we guessed its content: “Bwana [C.T. Studd] glorified July 16th.”⁴

Secret of Effective Service

Prepared thus by the Spirit, we knew what lay before us. We were to take up the sword C.T. Studd had laid down. Something else had also happened in the blackness of that night. Some of “the treasures of darkness,” of which Isaiah speaks, had been laid open to us, and one supremely great secret of effective service had become vividly real to us, which lies at the root of most of what follows in these pages. It was the answer to that simple but fundamental problem, how can I know God’s will? If I know it, then obviously I can believe and act. But first I must know.

How can I put the light we saw in a word? Perhaps best by describing what we did. We made a change in our daily programme at headquarters, but that change made all the difference. It was customary to start the day’s work with a half hour of Scripture reading and prayer; then followed the real business, letters, interviews and committees. Now the emphasis was to be changed. The reading and prayer was to be the real business of the day, and the rest fit in as best it might. In other words our first occupation became, not to exercise our own minds, but to find His mind.⁵

In *The Law of Faith*, Norman recalls the life-changing effects of that simple change in focus.

Then followed three years of great illumination in the way of faith. It was as if that which had been seen dimly as a series of separate peaks of faith which might occasionally, with much effort, be scaled was now seen to be a broad high road in the

uplands, a route of the Spirit, a way of life, to be steadily traversed and no range of rugged peaks at all. The Scriptures were marvelously opened up: Hebrews 11 especially became alive, and faith was seen to be the permanent element in which the men of God lived, who themselves had first to pass through the school into the life of faith—Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, David, and so through all the list into New Testament days. They were days of great revelation. It was like the thrill of a new discovery, the exaltation of the explorer whose eyes are resting for the first time in history on some magnificent landscape. Experiments were made, feebly made, but the feet were not yet firm enough on their new road to take one to the destination, and nothing came of it. But the light had truly dawned. Scriptural light, borne witness to by the inner assurance of the Spirit, the consummation without a doubt of the gropings and inner preparations of years. Failures could not quench those certainties. All that was needed was a firmer grasp of method, and, above all, those special sorts of circumstances in which living faith through all history has thrived, those necessary conditions for its healthy growth: difficulties, frustrations, [and this is the best one] impossibilities—for when I am weak, then I am strong” “In hopeless circumstances, he hopefully believes.”

And they came. There is no need to go into them in detail.

Take note of the word “impossible” in the preceding paragraph. Impossible doesn’t mean “Maybe,” or “We’ll kind of work it out,” or “If we’ll just try this—we’ve tried ten things, but let’s just try another.” Impossible means exactly what it says—impossible. Days of blessedness, peace and assurance?

Days of agony and darkness, days when one’s life work seemed in ruin around one, when the mission one loved seemed collapsing, when the hand of practically all friends and fellow Christians seemed against a tiny remnant of us. [Tiny remnant? At home, just four: Norman, Pauline, a new recruit, and one missionary home on furlough.] And I myself, with my wife, was called to take a stand completely alone, on behalf of a few on the field, surrounded by criticism and fierce opposition.

Then in travail, I cannot tell how (indeed I had learned that one usually cannot trace the “how” of God’s deepest dealings), what I had seen and rejoiced in in theory became my own in practice. I saw how to walk the broad road of faith, how to have and maintain that touch with God, that living fruitful union with Him

*which in infinite grace and condescension He has given us as our own inheritance in Christ; and we began to go that way.*⁶

I think there was about \$8.00 apiece for the folks on the field. At that point he and Pauline decided they would not take any money that was sent for the mission, but they would personally depend on special gifts.

Christ, the All in All

*Fifteen more years have now passed, years when, by God’s grace, these vital principles have been even more strongly built into one’s life. Others, many others, have learned them, practised them, and rejoice with us to see the marvelous truth of them in their concrete results. In the ranks of the Crusade, tremendous transformations have taken place: God’s work has forged ahead, increased and abounded: souls have been saved world-wide: tens of thousands have heard the Gospel who had never before heard the blessed Name: Christians by the hundreds have been revived and stirred into action: Christ Himself has become increasingly the all in all; all fresh springs have been found in Him; all hunger and thirst satisfied according to His Word; desire increased beyond measure that He only should be glorified; His Word become the joy and rejoicing of the heart.*⁷

...What an overwhelming difference that made. Away went worries, plans, defeatist fears. In their place was this: What does God say about it? What God says is always original, always in the impossible, and great enough to be worthy of Him.

What He said was this: Our petty human thinking was occupied with the littleness, poverty, weakness of our condition. He said, “Look at Joshua and see what I did for him, and Moses and Abraham and Daniel. Do you think I have given you a great commission—to evangelize the world—and not great resources to do it with? Does not all the Bible tell you that I have come to make people strong out of weakness, if they would only believe? Now will you believe?”⁸

Ask yourself that question: Are you going to look around and see what other people believe, what the Bible says, what God has done for others—and not believe for yourself? In my experience, I would look at Norman and think, “Praise God he is here, and God is showing him things and doing things through him.” I wasn’t thinking, “That’s just the way Norman is. That’s not me, and I will never be like that.” Instead I thought, “Me, too. He and I

are the same.” I didn’t see him as some holier-than-thou person who lived above and beyond the common man. Of course, he had more wisdom and more experience than anyone I had ever known. This made me know that he was someone I could learn from because of the truth he taught me—that we were both vessels that Christ lived in and through—we were the same person. I was never intimidated by him. I felt perfectly free to talk to him about anything: my problems, my fears, my questions, my doubts, my shortcomings, my ideas, and so on. I would struggle with some difficulty or uncertainty for months. When I would see Norman the next time and ask him about whatever my dilemma was, he would promptly give an answer.

Remember, before our digression, God had asked the question, Will you believe?

The answer was obvious. Just one thing remained. For what specifically should we ask and believe? What was our immediate equivalent of Moses’ need of manna or Joshua’s need of a way across Jordan? That was not hard to find. Men and money, of course. For we were a Crusade to evangelize unoccupied areas, and that needs just those two supplies.

So we came to our first transaction of faith based on guidance, a truly memorable moment in our history, [Take note!] for what we did then we were to repeat in an endless succession of instances for an endless variety of needs. [This is the key!] We came somehow to the conclusion, I can’t tell exactly how, that for us the impossible which would glorify God and extend His Gospel would be the supply of ten new workers and all the money for them in a year, by the first anniversary of C.T. Studd’s death, July 16, 1932.

Having done that, we exactly obeyed the word of Christ, “When ye pray, believe that ye receive.” We deliberately thanked the Lord for what we had then received. From that day on, we never asked again for the ten, but daily reminded Him and ourselves in His presence that they were ours, and we thanked Him.⁹ [“we never asked again...”—that statement is the key!]

I am quite sure that many of you in Zerubbabel Fellowship do not realize you are here as the answer to that spiritual principle? Here is what I mean: Years ago, (in the early 1970’s) Norman and I were sitting in a small group with several others. I spoke up and said, “I don’t have anyone at home to share the Galatians 2:20 message with.” I

was pretty much on my own spiritually. Norman spoke right up and said, “We are going to say a word of faith that you are going to have a fellowship.”

Well, here we are! You all are it! Our fellowship came into being through the application of the very same faith principles Norman and others back at WEC headquarters practiced many years ago—how God operates today as the result of the spoken Word of faith, and not by asking Him for the same thing over and over. Remember, “Before they call, I will answer” (Isa. 65:24).

As Norman understood how to speak the Word of Faith, he continued forward using the same faith principle.

Calling Forth the Impossible

...One other lesson also that we gradually learned, of deep importance in faith, is that the Source is our concern, not the channel: in other words, that we are to keep occupied with what we have already received from Him in the unseen, and not be diverted into looking around for the way in which He may send it in the seen.

Now for the story of how the ten came. Some readers may think, “Well, ten is not many, nor the £1,500 necessary for their outgoing.” No, they are not: but remember we were infants learning to crawl! To us it had all the thrills of new adventure and discovery. As we used this one and only method of obtaining things from God according to His word, by the invisible hand of faith, reaching into His equally invisible resources, we felt all the joys of pioneering in a new country.

What he’s not saying here is that it was wartime, and conditions were dreadfully bleak. It seemed that there wasn’t any money anywhere. But that did not quench their faith. They knew they were trusting in the God of the impossible and not in apparent circumstances.

The first two came in quite easily and soon sailed. It was then that we saw another condition of the pathway of faith, which is not exactly the faith itself, but is the works which prove the faith to be real and establish us in it. It is the equivalent of the confession with the lips commanded by the Scripture as a necessity for salvation, side by side with the belief of the heart (Rom. 10:9). We saw that one who really believes is ready to make public acknowledgment that the things he has received by faith are his, although he has not yet obtained them in fact. We saw it particularly with Joshua at Jordan. He came out from the presence of God and told his officers to prepare victuals, for in three days they would cross

the river. A declaration of a certainty, yet only a certainty to faith. [This was a turning point, this Joshua story. This is what radically changed his life.] In the same way God told us to write to Jack Harrison, C.T.'s successor on the field, and tell him to expect ten new workers within the year, although owing to the circumstances the missionaries on the field had no thought of immediate increase. I had a brief controversy with the Devil about it, as he told me what a fool I should look predicting what would not come to pass, and that as the new secretary in London I should be doing the best thing possible to shake their confidence. Yet of course it had to be done. The unmistakable word of the Lord had come, and the letter was sent.

Norman realized that God didn't mention a timetable for crossing the Jordan. It was Joshua who assessed the circumstances, determined how long it would take, and made the statement, by faith, that they would cross in three days. He stepped out by faith and God backed him up.

Probably some of you are still waiting around to see what God's going to do. But God's waiting to see, number one, if you're going to clean up your life. Remember, it's the fervent prayer of a *righteous* man that availeth much—not someone with resentments and selfishness who says, "Well, today I'm going to start trusting Christ with my life." Doing this is an exercise in futility without cleaning up your sin.

Norman is making the point that God is waiting to see who's going to step out knowing who they are, say what needs to be done, and know by faith it is done. That was the secret Norman learned. That is our secret—not that we're keeping it a secret. But this is the secret that we know that the rest of the Christian world doesn't seem to know. They're sitting around asking, waiting, praying, looking to see what God's going to do, rather than *saying* this is what He's going to do—and then God backs them up.

The Word of Faith

...The next three, women, were ready to go by March, but there was no money. So we gathered together one morning, faced the fact that nothing hindered them going except finance, and made a definite transaction with the Lord that then and there we received it from Him by faith. The three soon had a fine opportunity of making the open declaration of faith. Two of them were going away for the Easter week-end, so they left their addresses with the third, telling her to write them if the money were provided during the week-end.

On the Saturday we had two guests. They themselves lived by faith, and so we took it for granted that they had no spare stores of money. As a matter of fact for years they had a sum in the bank which they had dedicated to the Lord, but He had never told them what to do with it! That night before going to bed, in a word of prayer, someone quite naturally mentioned the three. You can imagine the surprise we had next morning when they came down to tell us about this sum and that in that word of prayer, God had spoken to both of them separately that the money was for this purpose! It turned out to be sufficient for two passages. At this point the faith of the third who had remained with us shone out in really remarkable fashion. We made the news known at dinner time and said that we must send the telegrams. She then said, 'Why not wait half an hour? God may yet send the money for the third passage'—in spite of the fact that, being Sunday, no post, or visitors would be expected. Just at the time she said this, unknown to us, the treasurer had cause to go over to his office, which was closed, and he there found a letter. When opened, it had within it a check for £100! The telegrams were sent.

These three sailed in May, followed by two in June, a total of seven. [Remember, they had to have all ten recruits ready to go by July, and it was running close. It was June with a total of seven.] The eighth arrived from Canada. Six weeks remained and no applications remained and no money. Five weeks, none. Four weeks, no application, but a gift of £100. Three weeks, still none. Two weeks, No.9 applied.

Now there were all but days left. Thirteen days, twelve, eleven, ten. On the evening of the tenth, No.10 applied. It was at a conference. He had spent three days in fasting and prayer to be sure of God's call, and the next day the Lord set a wonderful seal on his application. A guest at the conference, who knew nothing about Number Ten's offer, was praying before breakfast. The Lord distinctly led him to take a blank cheque from his chequebook and put it in his pocket, but He did not reveal the reason. At breakfast he heard a mention of the application and at once knew that the cheque was to be for this purpose. Shortly after £120 was in the Secretary's hands.

Two days later two of us were in Ireland. We went into the matter together and found that £200 was still needed to complete the sum. So we agreed in secret to ask the Lord for this. A couple of days after, as we came out of a meeting [Norman was at a conference in Ireland, and Pauline was back at home waiting], our hostess handed one of us a telegram, and, although

she had not an idea about our secret prayer, said, of all things in the world, “Perhaps there’s £200 in it.” It was from London and read, “Two-hundred pounds for the ten.” [Pauline had sent the telegram].

Within six days of the anniversary, God had sent the ten and all the funds. It never had been our intention to get this number actually to the field by that date, for we felt there must be no hurry about the necessary testing of their suitability. All that we had asked and received from the Lord by faith had been graciously and completely provided. All the ten sailed to the Congo by the autumn, five men and five women. Our joy was great, yet greater and of more importance was the realization that we had been allowed to prove by personal experiment that this was the way outlined by God’s word for the fulfillment of His purpose through human agency.¹⁰

Walking On—by Faith

When first we were led to pray for the ten, we already had in mind, as a more distant goal, a memorial in flesh and blood to C. T. Studd—twenty-five new workers. In our weakened situation, and realizing that twenty-five represented an increase of almost three-quarters of our numbers, we had regarded it merely as an aspiration for the future; but after the vision and realization of the ten, to ask for the remaining fifteen as our next annual objective—by July 16, 1933, the second anniversary—became obvious.

We went about it by the same methods, although we were growing in the use of them. We kept continually before ourselves the fact that, by the eye of faith, we already had the fifteen, and we busied ourselves in daily thanksgiving. How hardly we learned that the invisible is verily the real. If hard facts appear to deny it, down crashes that flimsy, foolish palisade of faith, which calls things that are not as though they were!

Four months of this second year had passed. We had reached the beginning of December, and had naturally thought that by now we should have a flow of candidates and some money, but not one was ready to go out, nor had any money come in. According to the principle before revealed to us, we had made the simple statement in our magazine that God would be sending this number by that given date. [It’s December, and nothing—no money, nothing. They’d gone from July to December with nothing. And they had already published that new workers would be coming.] The storm troops of unbelief,

armed as always by so-called hard facts, those “appearances” by which Jesus told us not to judge, those waves which were more real to Peter than the Master’s answering, “Come,” penetrated our defenses and wiped out both spoken word and written declaration. We had no business to waver. We had to learn that we only had one enemy to fight in this warfare of faith: not things, not people outside us, but only the attempts of fear and doubt, those emissaries of Satan, to get a lodgment within. [This is one of Norman’s “top ten” greatest lines and has been more meaningful in my life than almost any other.] Our failure on this occasion was a lesson to us, and certainly God’s mercy came half-way to meet us, just as Jesus upheld the sinking Peter.

I was preparing the January issue of the magazine and said to the Lord that I would not again publish the statement that fifteen would be with us by July unless I had a seal from Him. The final proof had to go to the printer the next day, so I said, “If You will only send me £100 before 11 a.m. tomorrow, I will take that as the seal. But if You do not, I will not put in the article.” 11 a.m. came. I had the proof on the desk in front of me, but no £100. So I said to the Lord that I was very sorry, but in these circumstances I must drop the fifteen and publish nothing further about it. As I said that, I saw Colonel Munro coming across from the office. He entered the room waving something in his hand. It was a cheque from Scotland for £100. The article went in. The fallacy and weakness of my action, and the mercy of God, are obvious. If the exercise of faith means that first we find the will of God, then we receive our request when we pray (Mark 11:24), how can we be foolish enough to go about asking for seals on a thing which we have said that we already have?

Things then began to move. The first three came for “the Heart of Africa.” Some money arrived in February. By March £250 was still needed, but we were led to publish in the March magazine that they would sail by the next boat without mentioning the financial situation, which meant that the money must be in by March 13. On March 5 came a gift of £100 and on March 11, two days before the time limit came £150 from the other side of the world.

This was followed by a pregnant revelation. The ten had been only for “the Heart of Africa,” and we had taken it for granted that the fifteen would be the same. The remark of a friend opened our eyes to the fact that, as God’s commission to Mr. Studd was world-wide, the perfect memorial to him would be a world-wide twenty-five. We had already received several applications for other

unoccupied fields, but until this moment had not regarded them as within the scope of the memorial twenty-five. Now we saw the full sweep of God's plan, that the first ten should go to the land of Mr. Studd's special labours, and the last fifteen be scattered through many lands and begin to carry out his world-wide vision of occupying every unoccupied region. Two came forward for Columbia, two for Arabia, two for Spanish Guinea, one more for the Congo, three for Lesser Tibet—a total of thirteen.

The weeks passed. The Lord sent money for some of these. The gift for Pat Symes, our first representative to Columbia, was especially remarkable. He was to open a new field in this part of South America. He had left his home in Australia for a different destination, so that none who might normally have helped knew of his need of funds. We suggested a few meetings in England, but he received definite guidance from the Lord that he was not to take meetings with a view to obtaining financial help and was to remain at Headquarters and prove that God was calling him to this new work by receiving a first £100 direct from Him. [When they would "have a meeting," they never asked for money. They would simply tell what they were believing for. If anyone listening felt led, they would make a contribution.] He had a struggle to come and tell me. He felt that he ought to say so at the next morning meeting, but feared and kept silent. Rebuked in the spirit for not speaking, he came back after the meeting to find me talking to a woman in the drawing room. I introduced him to her, and during a short conversation he stated what God had told him, and went out.

I had asked him to go and collect some further information on Columbia from a friend living ten miles away on the other side of London. He never told me that he had only six pence in the world, but went on his errand. Four pence was spent on getting there, partly by bus and partly on foot. On the return journey he walked to the Thames Embankment, intending to get a two-penny tram ride from there. A "down and out" accosted him and asked the price of a cup of coffee. Pat refused, saying that he had only two pence in the world, and passed on. The Spirit told him to go back and speak to the man about his soul. Pat went back, but found that he could not speak about his soul and do nothing for his body, so the two pence changed hands and Pat walked the eight miles home.

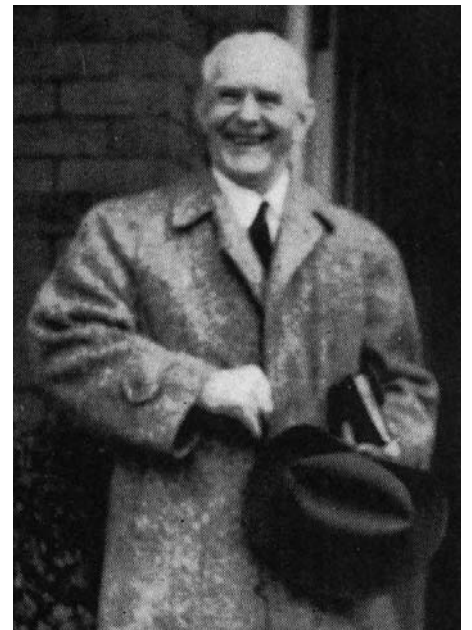
Meanwhile, I continued my interview with the woman who was a visitor from the Midlands. She told me that she had £100 which she wanted to go towards the opening of a new field. "Why," I said, "that man who has just spoken to us is the first

pioneer to a new field and has asked the Lord for this exact sum."

Pat arrived back weary and perspiring. I opened the door to him with a cheque of £100 in my hand just at the same time that the Devil had been hard at work telling him that the life of faith was poor business!

Only six weeks now remained. There were still two more vacancies in the fifteen and about £500 needed to send them.

On June 15 we went to our annual Worldwide Evangelization Crusade conference. On arrival at the station we were met with the news that two more fully-trained young men had received the call to Columbia. The next day, at a preparatory meeting for the conference, the verse was brought to us, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." The point was pressed home that the person who is consciously abiding is given the privilege of claiming this promise. It was suggested that the audience claim what they specially needed in the way of spiritual blessing in the coming few days. The blessing I needed was £500. I went alone with God, examined whether I was abiding in Him so far as I knew, and received the £500 by faith.



Norman Grubb...
getting on in years!

Testings

The Lord always tests faith and a test came the following day. For some years I had attended annually some days of prayer in Ireland early in July; but this year I had the conviction that I was not to go away from my watch-tower of faith in London before July 16 unless the fifteen were complete. Therefore the only way I could attend would be if the £500 came in at the conference or just after. My hostess in Ireland was at the conference and asked me if I was coming. What was I to say? I said I hoped so. The Lord said, "That is not faith, hoping is not believing." On a later

inquiry I tried again and said, "I will, if the Lord has sent a certain deliverance." The Lord said, "There are no 'ifs' about faith. The Scripture says faith is substance (Heb 11:1), and the man of faith acts on faith just as if he had the current coin in his pocket." Finally when she asked a third time, the Lord helped me through and I said, "Yes, I will attend the prayer days, because the deliverance is coming at the conference."

The last day of the conference came, and not a penny. Next morning we were all dispensing to return home. Farewells were said and people began to leave for the London train. It was found that there were more for this train than was calculated and not enough conveyances. [There weren't enough vehicles to ferry everyone to the train station.] At the last moment several were waiting to go. A large taxi was called. We went in with the party and were driven off at top speed. Halfway along the three-mile journey a tyre went with a bang. We all jumped into a tram, but it was too late. We arrived at the station to find the train had just gone. Ten minutes were taken making fresh arrangements, and then one of those who had lost the train took me aside and said words to this effect, "It is remarkable that I missed this train, for the Lord told me yesterday that if there was money still needed for the fifteen I was to give £400. I intended to say nothing and catch the train, but now I have lost it and must speak." We were like they who

dream. We felt we must tell someone of this wonderful last minute deliverance, forgetting in the excitement of the moment that it was only £400, whereas £500 had been asked of God. A Christian friend was manager of a shop near the station, so we went over and out of the fullness of our hearts told him the story. We had no sooner finished than he said, "While you have been speaking, the Lord has told me to give you £100." The £500 was complete.

The fifteen finally consisted of ten men and five women. We much wanted the last of the memorial twenty-five to be a home staff member, and Miss Hand coming in for the first time filled the place.¹¹

C.T.'s Legacy—the WEC

It might be interesting for us to take a moment to go back to the events in the months prior to C.T.'s death. During Norman and Pauline's last visit, C.T. looked around his hut and said to his daughter, Pauline, "There ought to be something here that I can give you. But I gave it all to Jesus years ago." He did, however, have an old banjo that they took as a keepsake. So Norman and Pauline left and went back to England.

Norman tells the story that when he arrived back in London from the Congo, he was at a loss for what to do. He made the decision to travel to Wales to see his great



The W.E.C. Co-ordinating Council, 1964. l. to r.: Dave Cornell, Ivor Davies, Norman Grubb, Len Moules, David Batchelor, Arthur Davidson

friend Rees Howells, whom he trusted to give him the guidance he so badly needed. Mr. Howells asked him if he had a copy of the charter (the legal document that established the mission). In reading the charter, he found that C.T. had veto power. And since C.T. was still alive, he was free to veto any decision the committee made. Hallelujah! The records and anything the mission had belonged to them and not the committee.

In spite of the veto power, Norman and the other took no chances. Norman's brother-in-law, Colonel David Munro, and his wife, Pauline's sister, were with them in London at the time. David, a tough army officer, helped Norman get into the mission office, which was in the house next door, and take the files and whatever else belonged to the mission. They went over early in the morning when only the cleaning person was there. First, Colonel Munro, as any army officer would do, cut the phone lines. Next they gathered up the records and passed them through to the women who were waiting on the other side of the wall.

The cleaning person ran off to alert a member of the committee as to what was going on. A committee member returned with an attorney. All was over when Norman presented the charter to the attorney, who in turn, told the gentleman with him that the mission belonged to C.T. because he still had the veto.

Think about it. From those humble beginnings the WEC [Worldwide Evangelization Crusade—the name given to the mission that began with the Ten] has grown into a huge crusade with over 1800 missionaries among nearly 100 unreached people groups all over the world.

These are the ones I consider my spiritual great, great grandfather, my great-grandfather and my grandfather. I look back from whence I came and know that a high price has been paid for me to know the full measure of God. The opportunity is for you to know, too. I think many Christians believe that the burdens and hardships of life are just that—burdens and hardships. Not many can take it that these are the necessary stepping-stones that lead to faith. How few see that the way to heaven is through hell.

Because *strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* (Matt. 7:14)

¹All direct quotations in this section are taken from *Hudson Taylor's Spiritual Secret* by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor (Singapore: OMF, Inc. 2008) which is available for purchase at www.omfbooks.com.

²Prologue to *The Cambridge Seven; A Call to Christian Service* by J.C. Pollock. (London: Inter-Varsity Fellowship 1955).

³Prologue to *The Cambridge Seven, A Call to Christian Service.*

⁴*After C.T. Studd* by Norman P. Grubb. (London: Lutterworth Press 1939), 9-11.

⁵*After C.T. Studd*, 11.

⁶*The Law of Faith* by Norman P. Grubb. (Blowing Rock, NC: Zerubbabel Press 1998), 15, 16

⁷*The Law of Faith*, 16.

⁸*After C.T. Studd*, 12.

⁹*After C.T. Studd*, 12, 13.

¹⁰*After C.T. Studd*, 13-17.

¹¹*After C.T. Studd*, 43-49.

"Anyone who does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me" —Matthew 10:38

"He had no money. At fifty years of age, after fifteen years of ill health, how could he face tropical Africa?

As C.T. presented this challenge and his willingness to pioneer the way, it was taken up by a group of businessmen who formed themselves into a committee to back the project—but on one condition. He must be passed by the doctor. Then things came to a dead stop. The doctor's report was absolutely against him.

Penniless, turned down by the doctor, dropped by the Committee, yet told by God to go, what was he to do? 'The only honest thing.' Once more he staked all on obedience to God. As a young man he staked his

career, in China he staked his fortune, now he staked his life. A gambler for God! He joined the ranks of the great gamblers of faith, Abraham, Moses, etc. in Hebrews 11, and the true apostolic succession, 'Men that have hazarded [gambled with] their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ' (Acts 15:26). No wonder he once wrote, 'No craze is so great as that of the gambler, and no gambler for Jesus was ever cured, thank God!' His answer to the Committee was this: 'Gentlemen, God has called me to go, and I will go. I will blaze the trail, though my grave may only become a stepping stone that younger men may follow.' He carried out His Master's word to the letter: 'He that shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's shall find it.'"

—From *Summit Living*, by Stewart Dinnen

Intercession Being Gained in Worldwide, Churchwide Commission

My Fifth and Last Commission

by Norman Grubb

This issue would not be complete without including Norman's last worldwide, Churchwide commission: boldly proclaiming the revelation of Colossians 1:28: "a total present Christ in you.... He is the perfection in us, and we in Him are His human manifesters." This is the commission we in Zerubbabel have likewise been commissioned to carry on—and the culmination of our spiritual heritage.

I have this last intercession to share; and probably I can say it is the last, now being 95 years of age. Yet this is the mightiest, because it is the *first streams of what is to become a world flood*. It was as simple in its beginnings as all the others. Once again, it all stemmed from the originality of the Spirit, totally unplanned and unpremeditated by me or any.

Having handed on the general secretaryship of the WEC (Worldwide Evangelization Crusade) to a younger man just suited for it, I was now free to pour myself into my main absorption—the sharing with my fellow believers of Paul's (and my!) revelation of that mystery once hidden "but now made mani-

fest to his saints" (Col. 1:26). That revelation is of a total present "Christ in you, the hope of [the total coming] glory" (1:27). He is the perfection in us, and we in Him are His human manifesters.

The radicalness of what a number of us call our Total Truth Message to the Whole Church in the Whole World is not in what Paul called his once hidden, now manifest "mystery." That tremendous reality is becoming more commonly known by faith by us the redeemed. We do say with Paul in his Galatians 2:20, "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." But where we have been held up, and I for long, is with the *previous* statement of "I am crucified with Christ."

What is that "I" (or "me")? That is the point. Is it just an inconsistent, Satan-and-sin-influenced "me"? And what does it mean when I say "I am crucified"? For evidently the "I" continues in living existence when Paul goes on to say, "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." There is the "me" back again! So what was crucified? And in what sense am I a "crucified me," who now comes back as a "resurrected me"? I was not clear about that for a long time.

Romans Makes It Clear

But at last I saw the truth about our selves through Paul's Roman letter. He constantly underlines that our human "I" is nothing but a vessel that contains, a branch producing its vine's fruit, a servant (slave) working only at the beck and call of his owner, a wife reproducing the seed of her husband, a temple indwelt by its god. Our human selves never were self-operating or self-relying, but only express and reproduce the products of our owner.

I saw that my "I" that was crucified with Christ was an "I" that was expressing its owner and operator. My "I" had been the expresser of that false "god of this world" and "spirit of error," which works in all the children of disobedience (all of us while unsaved). So when Paul says that I am crucified *with Christ*, he means that my "I" went into death and resurrection with my Intercessor Savior, who was "made sin" as *me* on Calvary (2 Cor. 5:21). In His death I am freed forever from the false spirit of error indweller; and by His resurrection I am now occupied, when I have responding faith, by the Spirit of

Truth as fixed, eternal, total Indweller.

What is so radical, and meets with so much questioning and opposition as even heretical, is that my crucified “I” is the very same “I” that now lives. The difference is not and never was in the human “I” container, but wholly in the deity-spirit in possession of my “I.” But that is hard to recognize and accept because of the false concept of my “I” being independent and self-operating.

Really, we have been run since the Fall by that false Satan-deity (Rev. 12:9). That includes much of the lives of us newborn ones, until through sheer desperation we have moved in by faith from our first saved and justified relationship to our real reality of now being indwelt vessels by our Christ-Indweller. Only by His body-death did He cast out forever the false indweller. So it never was a change in our beautiful God-created “I” with its great potential, but only an exchange of who is *operating* our “I.”

We Have Never Been Self-Operating

This then brings me to the problem of resistance from my fellow believers, who have known themselves as Satan-stained by their sins. While caught in this lie of a seemingly self-acting self which they think can pray more, resolve more, try more, be better, etc., they are horrified and regard as dangerous heresy the total giving up of their “duties” in self-activity. But at last they must come to what Paul did by much travail: the plain given fact of the human self *never having been self-operating*. And then they can realize that human self-relying activity through past years actually has been the “error spirit,” with his nature of self-for-self *appearing as them*.

When I am at last exhausted enough

by the failure of my self-effort, as was Paul in Romans 7, I am ready and conditioned to recognize with great relief and daring faith that I have “died” to this long-accepted concept of being self-operating. By faith I see that my false owner and Satan-Sin-operator, with his nature of self-for-self, has been *replaced* forever by my True Owner, with His nature of self-for-others.

As in Romans 8:1-2, I can now *accept myself* with all my human faculties as permanently operated by, expressing and manifesting my Christ-Indweller in His self-for-others nature. *I go free*. Then delightedly I find myself a willing slave-servant to Him who gets

By faith I see that my false owner and Satan-Sin-operator, with his nature of self-for-self, has been replaced forever by my True Owner, with His nature of self-for-others.

busy giving me my intercessory life’s opportunities of being Himself-for-others by me. All who will receive can find and know that they too are Christ-I in place of Satan-I, and never were the delusion of being just an I-I!

The Radical Core

In a real sense, there is not a new word in what we are saying—not a sentence for which we cannot present Bible authority and not a thing new to take to any born-again believer. All we do is tell our fellow redeemed who they really are and already are!

When any say, “So you think you are holier than we [really than we

believe ourselves to be] or regard yourselves as The Elite,” we say, “Yes, but that is just what you are also!” Can you be more holy than a walking Christ in your human form, which you are when you recognize who you are by the obedience of faith in His declared word? Can you be more elite than “now are we the sons of God” (1 John 3:2)?

Our one reason for existence as Total Truth witnesses and being so bold about it is that though it is nothing but unrecognized truth about who every redeemed person really is, we have very regretfully to say that, whether in victorious life books or evangelical pulpit preaching, we do not find the total truth often given. Wherever we see even a glimpse of it, we jump to acclaim it. The last thing we wish to be is sole purveyors of it.

But what is the radical spot which causes us to talk of “total truth”? Simply put, it is that there is no such thing as independent self in the universe. There is only One: “I am the Lord; and there is none else” (Is. 45:18). All creation is derivative, operating by God’s creative life in some basic form in it. And so all men, made in His image, naturally (except as hindered by unbelief) express by their created selfhood Him, their Creator.

We humans have our wonderful being as selves “in Him” (Acts 17:28); but the nature that is being expressed is His, not ours (2 Pet. 1:4). But because consciousness necessarily comes through the fact and knowledge of opposites, the one utilizing the other to express itself (like light “swallowing up” dark), so there came into existence this false “god” with the opposite nature to the One Living God, and having the deceived imagination that he is an independent self. That is what sin is (1 John 3:4).

This was also that we might know

the false opposite, since through the Fall we have been deceived by Satan as if we were independent selves, having received his spirit of error into ourselves to express his self-for-self nature as us. The Last Adam—God’s own Son taking flesh as us—removed that spirit of error from us by His death and resurrection as us (2 Cor. 5:14, 21; Rom. 6:19), so that the deceiving spirit is replaced by the Spirit of Truth expressing His other-love nature as us.

The snag and snare is that by Satan’s deceit we humans think we are independent selves with a self-operating nature of our own. This has to be, so we learn once for all that lying deceit of being independent. The reason Romans 7 appears to be such a difficult chapter is that the final depth of this revelation is found there.

Through conditioning we have to become desperate enough to see through and discard the one thing we humans cling to: that deceived idea that we have a nature of our own and run our own lives. Only then can we settle into the wonder of the old Satan-nature which he expressed as us (Rom. 6:21; 7:5) being now replaced forever by the glory of Christ, our “True Vine” expressing His True Vine nature by us, the branches (Rom. 6:22). Thus we move fixedly into the glory of the affirmation of Romans 8:2 and its spontaneous consequences in verses 14 through 16 and onward through the whole chapter.

But the Truth Is Resisted

So it is the fact of our having no human nature, but self only being an expresser of the deity-spirit nature (formerly the false one and now the true one) and our claiming this to be biblically true, that makes our “total truth”

so radical. *It leaves no more room for human self-activity, except as expression of a deity.*

Here is where we have to ask where are the preachers or the writers of spiritual books who make this radical fact the fact, *and thus give no more room for exhortations to self-betterment?* Actually, all the commands of the Scripture have become automatic action: “Of course that is how we live, because it is He fulfilling ‘the righteousness of the Law’ in us!” “Oh, how I love thy Law!” (Rom. 8:4; Ps. 119:97).

Why can few pastors accept this

So it is the fact of our having no human nature, but self only being an expresser of the deity-spirit nature (formerly the false one and now the true one) and our claiming this to be biblically true, that makes our “total truth” so radical.

truth in its reality? Because it exchanges pastoral management of the flock for direct management by the Chief Shepherd, and the pastors leading the sheep to His direct leadership. Why will all believers start by opposing and resenting this radical reality? It is because we live under the delusion of being self-operating selves merely *helped* by the Spirit, until that final delusion is exposed in Romans 7 and replaced in Romans 8.

How truly that great George Muller, the father of all present-day faith movements, once said, “There was a day on which I died!” And there’s no other way but that such a day comes in all our

lives. But we fight and resist until at last we “see” it.

God’s Restored Truth for Our Generation

Though our Total Truth reality is radical at its core, we see it as God’s restored truth for our generation. We have nothing less than a worldwide, churchwide commission to every believer. And in each issue of our *Intercessor* magazine we make that plain statement. *The Intercessor* continually puts this Total Truth in all its articles. Such books as *Yes, I Am* and other publications and tapes listed in the magazine also offer the truth. In increasing numbers—by literature, by personal visits, by weekend fellowships—we are a “rising army” of co-knowers, witnesses and teacher-sharers, until that great day when “the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea” (Is. 11:9).

But right now we are relatively few, although regretfully so and quickly embracing any who show signs of being co-knowers. Of course, the great mystics of the centuries “knew” by the Spirit and gloriously said so.

There are thousands, including increasing numbers today, who do “know” much, and often live the liberated lives of the “knowers.” Still, our calling is, like Paul, to present what we see to be the full Bible-revealed basis to a total knowing—the truth of Christ in and as us.

Others Have Seen and Said It

John in his First Epistle repeated it over and over again. We walk in the light, as He is in the light (1:7). We walk as He walked (2:6). We know as He knows (2:27). We live holy lives, as He lived

(3:7). We love as He loves (4:16). We have a faith that becomes inner knowing as He has (5:4-5, 18-20). And summed up, “As He is, so are we in this world” (4:17), for the very same Spirit who caused Jesus to know and say who He was (John 14:9) now causes us to know who we are (Rom. 8:11; John 16:7)

Inner truth was always known through the centuries (read such a book as *The Pilgrim Church* by E. H. Broadbent), but these true ones were consistently martyred by the external church. They were intercessors for us and did the dying. Now in our generation it is not physical martyrdom and cutting off of heads for most of us, but plenty of cutting off of our reputations as sound or sensible Christians. So we are left physically free to go to the whole Church in the whole world.

My Summit, My Hope, Glory and Ostracism

Now I reach my summit—at least I suppose so, at 95 years—and a last glorious participation in an “intercession in action.” Certainly it is the greatest for me because God, and only God, has brought this worldwide, churchwide commission into being without my having given one thought or plan for it. And as I go to my Lord, I leave behind nothing less than the first sproutings—precious believers knowing who they already are—of a worldwide harvest.

My one hope is that we who are linked in this co-knowing remain as structureless as possible. Being joined to One Body only, the precious redeemed Body of Christ, we have no need for membership, joining or official subscribing. We know only one truth: Christ Himself now living His own life in millions of bodies by the Spirit, until

“we all come in the unity of the faith,” in understanding as well as a present Spirit-oneness, to that Perfect Man of Ephesians 4:13.

This last intercession is glorious indeed, but it also includes its very present dying that others may live. There is ostracism and opposition by many, even of the precious people of God, who remain in this confusion of and clinging to the false independent self. The Spirit has to make us ready for that final and highly dangerous looking death, where it remains *only He* as us.

That unpredictable Wind “blows


Inwardly we will “see” our wonderful God-made human selves as solely expressers of His Spirit of Truth in place of that false spirit of error. And we will settle into our true God-ordained condition, as out from us flows the river of the Spirit, as in John 7:37, 38.

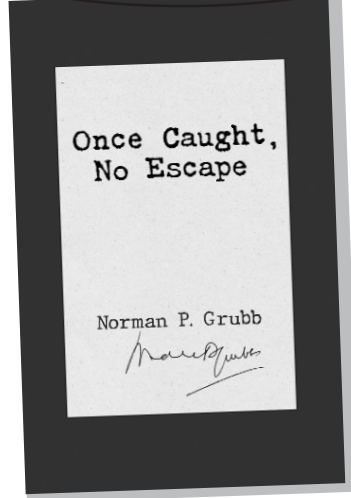
where it lists” in our newborn lives, as I can plainly see in the marvelous unplanned events of just my own life. You may also see where the Spirit has already gained intercessions by you in your own experiences; and you will thus be alive to the glory of such further intercessions, with their commission, cost and completion.

The death-resurrection principle of intercession (see John 12:24) as the highest of our earthly callings is still known and entered into by only a few of the redeemed members of the Body of Christ. Plainly enough, though, Paul gave us his own experience in Romans 6-8. As he found so painfully and with

difficulty in his Romans 7 travail, the “death” of that lie of our being independent selves comes to those of us who will stop at nothing in going what he called that perfect way of Christ as us.


But as we move in by the bold choice of faith (as by the affirmation of Galatians 2:20), the Spirit will bring us that same light of revelation which Paul had. Inwardly we will “see” our wonderful God-made human selves as solely expressers of His Spirit of Truth in place of that false spirit of error. And we will settle into our true God-ordained condition, as out from us flows the river of the Spirit, as in John 7:37, 38. Nothing then can stop us from joining what Peter calls “the royal priesthood” of intercessors with, as Paul said, “death working in us, but life in you.”





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Zerubbabel Press

A New Start for W.E.C.

by Norman Grubb

After C.T. Studd's death, Norman and a tiny group at W.E.C. London headquarters faced the impossible—a mission nearly in ruin. Cornered by circumstances, they sought God and found the key to His abundant supply.

And so we started again—in 1931. There were only four of us, Pauline and I, Daisy Kingdon from Congo who had stood loyally by Mr. Studd, and Elsie Dexter, the fiancée of one of the Congo Missionaries. I don't know how we got the plan of our morning meetings, which really built the new W.E.C. Previously we had a fixed morning half-hour in the office with part Scripture reading and part praying around. We also had an efficient secretary whose philosophy was that if prayer takes a half-hour, business takes eight hours; and she would scrape her chair on the floor as a warning, when the end of the half-hour approached. That was now changed. The important part of the work was now to be to find out without time limits what God is doing in our situations, and then enter into transactions of faith. This is the real business of a mission, and the rest must fit in where it can.

As soon as we started, there came the question "What are you aiming for?" C.T. had gone, and the mission was in such ill-repute that there had only been £50 that month for the thirty-five workers on the field, so hadn't we better close down? But the next thought was, "What commission did your founder have, which has passed on to you?" We knew that answer—to evangelize the world. "Well, are you going to do it?" "How can we in our present condition and this being the time of world financial depression?" Once again came the thought: "How did the men of the Bible do the impossible?" And, of course, we knew the answer—by faith.

Well, what does faith mean in a practical sense? Somehow we were led to look at Joshua, supposedly because he was in the same tight corner, having just lost his Moses. We saw that God talked with him and told him to go right for-

ward and to be strong and courageous. But then, when that interview had finished, we read—and this is what caught us—that Joshua called together his officers and told them to prepare food, for in three days they would cross that Jordan. But who gave him the authority to say that? Then we saw that when we are at God's general disposal to do His will, He puts Himself at our disposal to fill in the details. So it was Joshua who fixed on the three days' limit and God came through with the opening of the Jordan at the time fixed by Joshua.

So we got started. We looked around and said if we were to begin to evangelize the world, we had better begin by immediate reinforcements to Congo. So we fixed on the number—twenty-five reinforcements as a memorial in flesh and blood to C.T., ten by the first anniversary of his glorification, then about nine months ahead, and the other fifteen by the second. God alone was to be trusted both to call the first ten trained and ready to go, and send the money specifically for their outgoing. For all this we put our fingers on Mark 11:24 as a key verse, "Whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them."

The next day when we met in fellowship again, someone began reminding God about the ten and asking Him to send them. But the Spirit checked us. "If you got them yesterday, why do you ask for them today? Why not be polite and thank?" So we changed our daily asking meetings into thanking, and often laughing, meetings.

One more test came to me the next day. It occurred to me that our Congo folks would not have buildings for ten extra ones, and I had better warn them. But wait a minute, supposing they didn't come? I should look a fool, and they would look for another secretary, the same as if Joshua had failed to get that river opened. Of course, the source of that remark was obvious, and I settled it by going myself to the mailbox and putting in the letter.

—*from Once Caught, No Escape*

C.T. and Colonel Munro

by Norman Grubb

C.T.'s life story describes the provision of their faithful God for themselves and their four girls through the forty years of [C.T.'s] wedded life, at times in poverty, at times in abundance, but always sufficient for daily needs. The point that interests us now is the persistence of faith which C.T. had in the promise that if he had given all to God he could claim 'a hundredfold' return in this life (Matt. 19:29). 'You see,' he used to say, 'if I look after the salvation of God's family, He will look after the salvation of mine.'

The four girls decided for Christ in their teens. When grown up all married men in the lord's work, but his eldest daughter became a widow in 1913, and during the war became the bride of a brilliant soldier of King George, but by no means of King Jesus. C.T., whose heart always went out to courage of any kind, and who loved a real man, had great affection for this son-in-law whom he was never to meet on earth. With affection went quenchless faith. Other Christian relatives showed alarm and concern, but he just took it for granted that the Father, to Whom he had given a life's devotion, would never fail him in giving him the final desire of his heart, a family united in Christ. 'David will come in,' he would say, 'and then God will get the use of the ability and courage which only his king and country have had up till now.'

Those of us who knew David at home cannot say that it looked like it! I am afraid we thought him a hopeless case; yet there is no man living that can withstand the power of faith. Having risen from sergeant to lieutenant-colonel in the Great War, with his name on the list for promotion to brigadier general when it ended, and gaining as he passed from rank to rank a whole string of decorations, D.C.M.,

M.C., D.S.O., medal of St. George of Russia 1st class, two mentions in dispatches, he finally retired with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Gordon Highlanders, to take up farming in Rhodesia.

The old problem of parents abroad and a child at home decided them to sell out and they returned to England in 1929. While deciding on their next step they came to live at No. 17, Highland-road, which was their father's home and always open to them, but was also the Crusade

headquarters in London. The lion was trapped, but all so naturally. The one who could not be reached by the unreality of talk was to see for himself the reality of Christian living. Nothing was said to him directly for six months, and then there was only one indecisive conversation. But the walls of Jericho were crumbling, and the last letter C.T. received on earth in the heart of Africa was to tell him that the last member of his family circle would meet him on the other side, 'made nigh by the blood of Christ.'

continued on page 32

The Cost of Commitment— Colonel Munro

By Page Prewitt

The first time Norman told me about David Munro, this wild, smoking, drinking army man, he said he was at home in London and while out walking, he passed by a Salvation Army meeting and he was converted. So he came to know Christ at a later age. Norman said his life changed drastically and his wife never really accepted the change. He was married to one of Pauline's older sisters, and she didn't like his giving up his social life evidently, from what Norman said.

I remember Norman kind of looked at me and said, "They just had to live it out." But he told me a lot about David. Obviously Norman loved him very deeply because at the end he looked at me and teared up and said, "...and that was David." So that was Colonel David Munro who helped Norman steal the WEC records, and cut the phone lines.

To Congo with C.T. Studd

by Norman Grubb

In this excerpt from his autobiography, Norman recounts the valuable spiritual and personal insights gained while on the mission field with his father-in-law C.T. Studd and, most importantly, how he personally appropriated Galatians 2:20—which changed the entire direction of his life’s work.

I am not going to write in a detailed way about the Mission with which we have spent our lives, first called the Heart of Africa Mission, and then enlarged to the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, because I have already written much about it. The book which has had the outstanding circulation is *C. T. Studd, Cricketer and Pioneer*. Without exact statistics (some were destroyed at the publisher’s by a fire-bomb) I should think it has reached a combined circulation of a quarter of a million in some fifteen languages. It has had a tremendous impact on thousands of lives, and still after thirty years I continually meet with those who were almost exploded into a full dedication through it. There have been other books and biographies also—*After C. T. Studd*, the story of the developing Crusade, the life stories of Alfred Buxton, Jack Harrison, Edith Moules and others. But I will only talk of the work as it relates to my own experiences.

Firm Foundation

I shall for ever be thankful that God called me into a missionary crusade based on these principles. I am as sold

on them now after forty-nine years as when I first joined. To be part of a crusade to the whole world has always had a satisfying appeal to me. To have as its sole aim what we officially call “evangelization,” in other words, the one objective of bringing Christ to people and people to Him, still remains for me the highest calling in life. The name “Crusade” preserves that fighting, daring, self-dedicating attitude to the calling which was so essentially C.T.’s, and comes out in those little booklets which he wrote soon after arriving in the heart of Africa and which were considered the greatest challenge to missionary dedication in the early years of this century—“The Chocolate Soldier,” “Christ’s Etceteras,” “For the Shame of Christ,” “The Laugh of Faith.” So the title “Worldwide Evangelization Crusade,” though clumsy and difficult to repeat, does give the full flavour of what we exist for.

The Journey

The two main principles of the Crusade equally appealed to me—sacrifice and faith. Sacrifice was obvious. If it is your privilege to offer your life that others might have eternal life, you expect God to take you at your word and that it will cost your life—whether that takes forty days or forty years. Faith had always appealed to me ever since in earlier days I had read the life of George Muller and how he built and provided for his Bristol orphanages by looking to God alone without making his needs known

to man. And this had been followed by Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, with whom C.T., as a member of the famed Cambridge Seven, had started his missionary life in China. So when I saw that C.T. had founded this Crusade on the same faith principle, it rang the bells with me.

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.

Shattered Illusions

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

...we had been the petted and pampered "fine young Christians" in the homelands, and now we were going out...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!

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.

Gospel of Holiness

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.

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."

Lessons Learned

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.

There is a “Second Blessing”

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 chieftom, 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.

Claiming Galatians 2:20

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

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 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.

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.

Christ In You...

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.

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 wrongfully 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,

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...

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 impor-

tance. 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 consciousness, 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.

Full Realization

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.

“He said to them, ‘Go into all the world and preach the good news to all creation.’”

—Mark 16:15

“We are now coming to the last and greatest era of Mr. Studd’s life—China, then India, and now the heart of Africa. The call came very suddenly, while he was still contemplating returning to India. He was in Liverpool in 1908 and saw such a strangely worded notice that it immediately caught both his attention and his sense of humor. ‘Cannibals want missionaries. ‘Why, sure they do, for more reasons than one,’ said he to himself. ‘I will go inside and see who could have put up such a notice as that.’ As he thought, it was a foreigner, Dr. Karl Kumm. But God was in that chance impulse, for in that meeting He called C.T. to the great work of his life.

“Karl Kumm had walked across Africa [writes C.T.] and was telling his experiences. He said that in the middle of the continent there were numbers of tribes who had never heard the story of Jesus Christ. He told us that explorers had been to those regions, and big game hunters, Arabs, and traders, European officials and scientists, but no Christian had ever gone to tell of Jesus. The shame sank deep into one’s soul. I said, ‘Why have no Christians gone?’ God replied, ‘Why don’t you go?’ ‘The doctors won’t permit it,’ I said. The answer came, ‘Am I not the Good Physician? Can I not take you through? Can I not keep you there?’ There were no excuses, it had to be done.”

—From *Summit Living*, by Stewart Dinnen

Compact Discussion

A Review of *C.T. Studd in the Heart of Africa*

by Norman Grubb

by Joanna Coatney

C.T. Studd in the Heart of Africa is a wonderfully captivating CD series packed with fascinating stories and tidbits from someone who experienced Studd first hand—his son-in-law. Norman Grubb married one of Studd's four daughters, Pauline. Together they represented Studd's Heart of Africa Mission (later the World Wide Evangelization Crusade) both in the field with C.T. and later on the home front in England.

Norman describes Studd as “radical,” someone who “pulled no punches.” You will see why when you listen to this series! Educated at Eton and Cambridge in England, Studd made a name for himself as a world class cricketer, but at the peak of his career gave up his fame and fortune to win souls for Jesus. After pioneering in China and India, C.T. spent the last 16 years of his life in the African Congo, during which he saw his wife a total of two weeks.

Like many radical followers of Jesus Christ, C.T. Studd was controversial. Norman tells how Studd's ailing health led a doctor who happened to be passing through the Congo to recommend morphine to help keep him going. Studd was willing to try it if it meant he

could keep going longer and share the Gospel with more Africans. But many labeled him a drug addict, and of course it didn't help that it had to be smuggled into the country! On top of that, Studd put out a booklet called “Don't Care a Damn” (D.C.D. for short) after hearing a retired military man use the phrase to describe his passion and dedication for king and country. Studd loved such an all-out attitude, and challenged others to “D.C.D. for anything, save the Glory of Jesus, Obedience to God, and the Evangelization of the World.” Norman describes how Studd was thrilled to find that Paul said the same thing (in so many words!) in Philippians 3: “...for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ.” But this was going too far for some, particularly the committee back home in England. They later decided to confront Studd in person in Africa with the intention of kicking him out of the mission he had founded. God had other plans, though, as you will hear Norman detail on the first disc of this three disc series.

Norman laughs and cries throughout this series as he remembers humorous stories and beloved friends, such as

Rees Howells, whose life and revelations on intercession he details on the third disc, and Alfred Buxton, C.T. Studd's other son-in-law, who first accompanied Studd to the Congo and was with him many years. One humorous story worth noting was the dramatic and somewhat comical tale of how Norman and his brother-in-law, an ex-military man—Colonel Munro—“broke in” to the mission's headquarters to reclaim the records by which the mission was run after the committee had threatened to fire Studd. The climax of the story is when Colonel Munro excitedly cuts the phone lines in an act of bravery and defiance! Norman's pleasure in recounting the escapade is most enjoyable. His mentor Rees Howells had encouraged him to reclaim the mission in the name of the Lord after noting in the mission's legal documents that the founder (Studd) had the veto and therefore the committee couldn't kick him out. This is just a taste of the adventures of faith that Norman lived throughout his later years and has written about in several books.

The tiny day-to-day details of Studd's life in Africa, described by Norman, are both fascinating and chal-

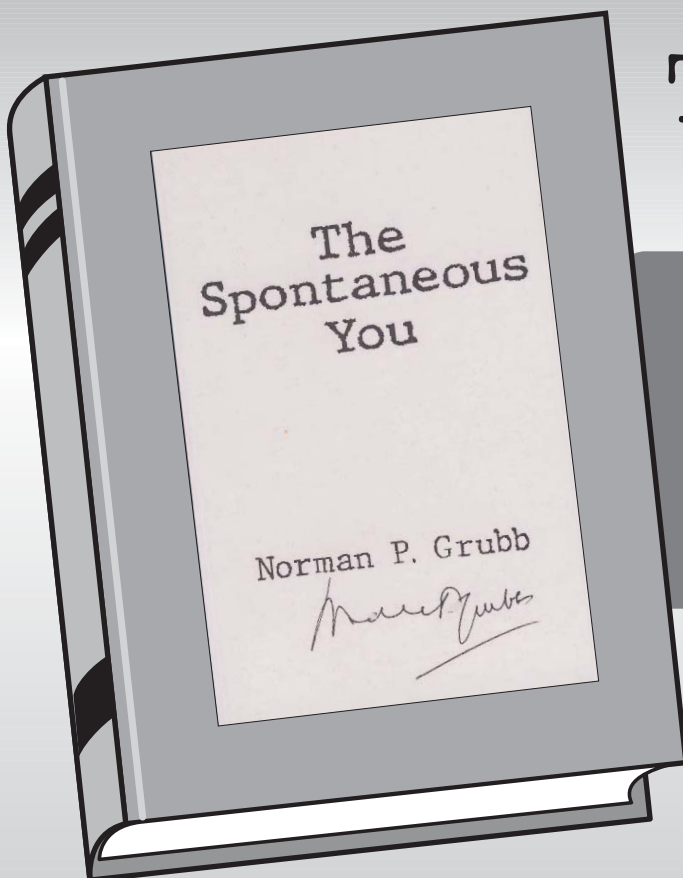
lenging: rising every morning at 2 a.m. to pray and read; translating from 4-6 a.m.; living a simple life in a bamboo hut with only a bed, a table and a chair; on occasion travelling to the African villages by night so as not to waste precious teaching time; wearing the same shorts and shirt everyday and sewing pajama bottoms to the ends of his shorts as he got older and felt the cold more easily! He dedicated his remaining years to saving souls in Africa. But

as Norman tells us, “Studd didn’t make churches; he made Holy Ghost people—Christ in people. There was a fire that burned in Studd, a burning light.” It is astonishing to hear that 20,000 Africans attended Studd’s funeral, travelling from surrounding villages with their bed rolls and a bunch of bananas. What a testimony to the impact he had on the lives of a previously godless people!

The final two discs of this series

Norman shares, among other things, the special relationship he had with his mentor Rees Howells: how they met, his Bible College in Wales and all that Norman learned from him in the area of intercession, detailing the faith stand Howell’s took during World War II.

This CD series is a true gem. We are blessed to be able to listen to Norman’s first-hand account of Studd in the Heart of Africa and the legacy he left continues to this day.



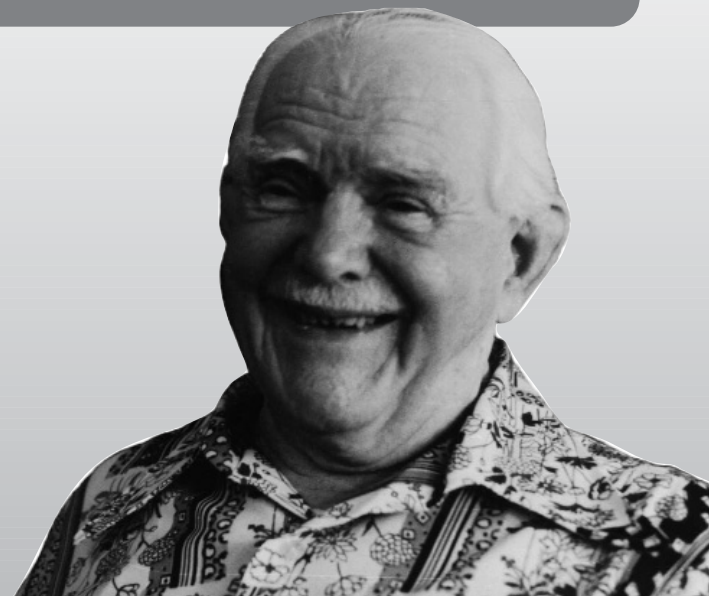
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C.T. and Colonel Munro

continued on page 23

‘I had gradually had my eyes opened to my own personal need of salvation,’ said Colonel Munro. ‘I am not of a very yielding disposition, but the Lord has His own way of dealing with people, and in spite of myself I began to see that there was more in religion than I had thought. The desire was born in me to really know God, as others said they knew Him. I then asked the Lord to forgive all my transgressions, but I could not honestly say that as a result of this I felt any particular change in myself. Thinking that perhaps I had not done it in a right way, I kept on

asking for forgiveness and hoping for the best, until one evening, when exercising the dog, I, in desperation, asked the Lord to come and dwell in me and keep me from all sin. At once I knew that my request had been granted, and thereafter the Lord meant something to me that I had never dreamt of before. Now, praise the Lord, I know that He lives: I know what it feels like to have God in my life: and I knew that even I by His grace and power can be of some use to Him.’

There were no half-measures in him. Just as C.T. prophesied, he began to fight in the ranks of God’s army as effectively as he had done in the British Army. At that time of our need, he

became honorary business secretary of the Crusade, and, with Miss Walder and Miss Muller, our office secretaries, took in hand all that side of the work. He never felt that this was his permanent call, but gave his whole time to it for the next two and a half years, and then moved out to the oversight of evangelistic work among soldiers, while still remaining our treasurer. To-day he is secretary of the Evangelization Society. At this critical moment, by one stroke, the Lord answered C.T.’s final prayer for his family and gave us a much-needed manager of our personal affairs.

—From *After C.T. Studd*

For I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners” —Matthew 9:13

“[Back in England] C.T. went up and down the homeland, urging and pleading with God’s people to rise up and fight and sacrifice for perishing souls.

He took the magazine in hand and issued the most stirring appeals that pen could write.

‘Christ’s call is to feed the hungry, not the full; to save the lost, not the stiff-necked’; not to call the scoffers, but sinners to repentance; not to build and furnish comfortable chapels, churches, and cathedrals at home in which to rock Christian professors to sleep by means of clever essays, stereotyped prayers and artistic musical performances; but to raise living churches of souls among the destitute; to capture men from the devil’s clutches and snatch them from the very jaws of hell; to enlist and train them for Jesus, and make them into an Almighty Army of God.

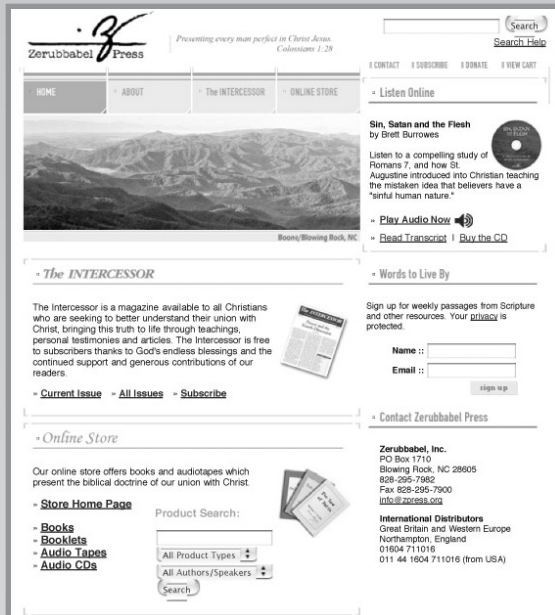
But this can only be accomplished by a red-hot, unconventional, unfettered Holy Ghost religion, where neither Church nor State, neither man nor traditions are worshiped or preached, but only Christ and Him crucified. Not to confess Christ by fancy collars, clothes, silver crosiers, or gold watch-chain crosses, but by reckless sacrifice and heroism in the foremost trenches.

‘When in hand-to-hand conflict with the world and the devil, neat little biblical confectonery is like shooting lions with a peashooter. One needs a man who will let himself go and deliver blows right and left as hard as he can hit, trusting in the Holy Ghost.’”

—From *Summit Living*
by Stewart Dinnen

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I Count All Things To Be Loss...

But whatever things were gain to me, those things I have counted as loss for the sake of Christ. More than that, I count all things to be loss in view of the surpassing value of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but rubbish so that I may gain Christ and may be found in Him...that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings...

—Philippians 3:7-10

(*New American Standard*)

Words to Live By...

I realized that my life was to be one of simple, childlike faith, and that my part was to trust, not to do. I was to trust in Him and He would work in me to do His good pleasure. From that time my life has been different, and He has given me that peace that passeth understanding and that joy which is unspeakable. —*C.T. Studd*

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The Intercessor is printed quarterly by Zerubbabel, Inc., and is mailed without charge to anyone who requests to be put on our mailing list. *The Intercessor* is published in Blowing Rock, NC, and we shall be glad to place you on our subscription list.

The Intercessor is published for about \$5,200 an issue on the Lord's provisions. We have had a generous outpouring of God's gifts thus far and are truly grateful to each who has participated. By faith, we look for the continual outflow of the "word of God" by us.

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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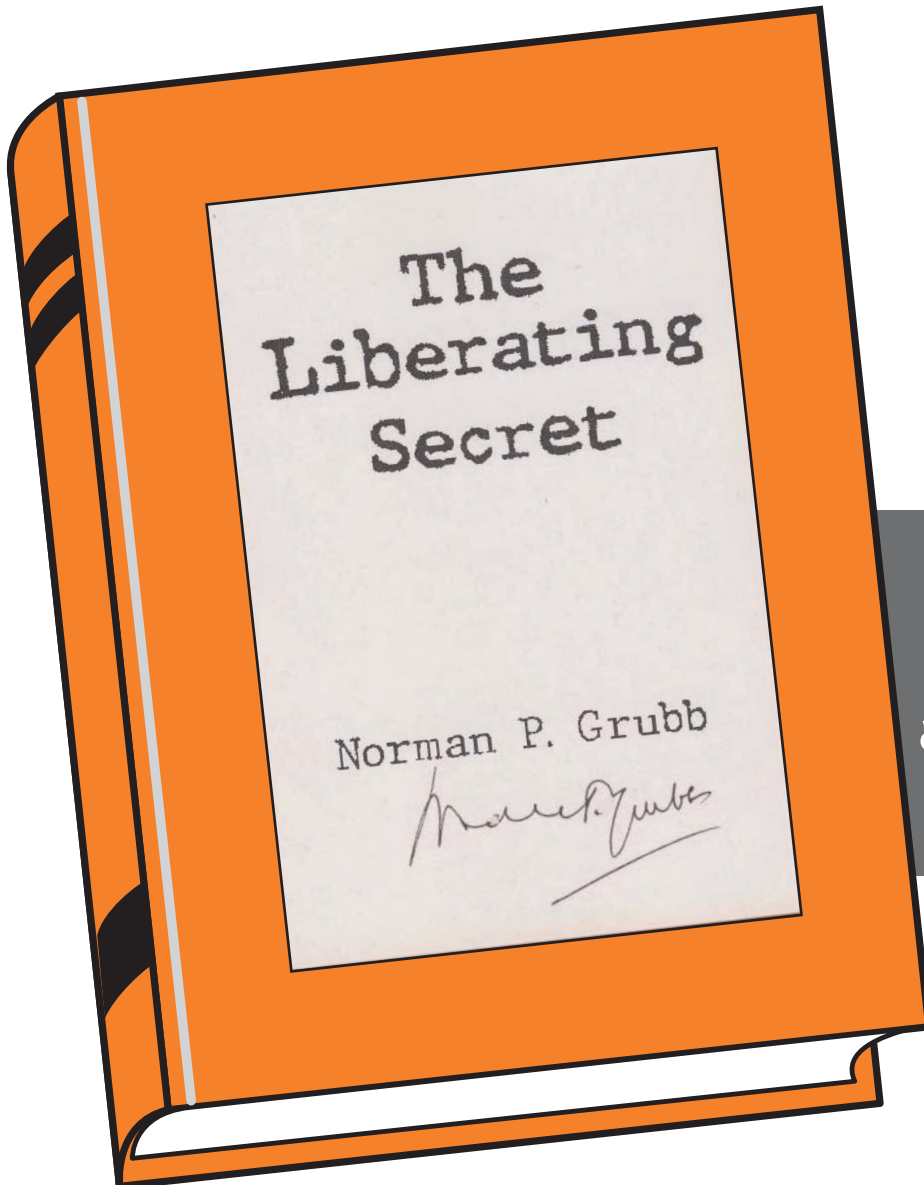
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