

Intercession In Action

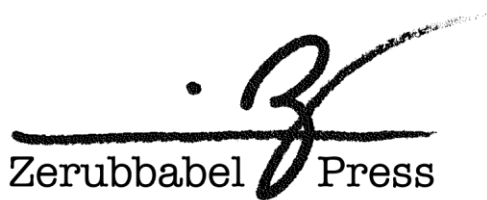
by

Norman P Grubb



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Post Office Box 1710
Blowing Rock, NC 28605

Zerubbabel Press
PO Box 1710
Blowing Rock
NC 28605

Tel: 828-295-7982
Fax: 828-295-7900
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www.zerubbabel.org

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By the same author:

C. T. Studd, Cricketer and Pioneer

Continuous Revival

The Deep Things of God

God Unlimited

The Law of Faith

The Leap of Faith

The Liberating Secret

No Independent Self

Once Caught, No Escape (autobiography)

Paul's Key to the Liberated Life: Romans Six to Eight

Rees Howells, Intercessor

The Spontaneous You

To All Believers . It's as Simple as This

Touching the Invisible

Who Ami?

Yes, I Am

About the Author

Norman Grubb, the son of an Irish clergyman, was born in 1895. He was a decorated war hero, receiving the Military Cross for his service in the Gloucester Regiment during World War I. After the war, he attended Trinity College, Cambridge, and married Pauline Studd, the daughter of the famous missionary, C.T. Studd. The Grubbs served under Studd as missionaries to the Belgian Congo where Norman translated the New Testament into the African trade language, Bangala. After Studd's death in 1931, Norman served as British and General Secretary of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade until 1965. He was instrumental in the formation of the Christian Literature Crusade and the beginnings of InterVarsity Fellowship.

Mr. Grubb is the author of *Rees Howells, Intercessor*, the acclaimed biography of the Welsh coal miner who became the founder of the Bible College of Wales. *Rees Howells*, now in its 15th printing, has been translated into more than 20 languages and has sold over 10 million copies worldwide. Mr. Grubb has spoken at the Presidential Prayer Breakfast and taught at lay conferences such as Faith at Work. Following many years of teaching, writing and travel, Norman Grubb died at the age of 98 in 1993.

Preface

Intercession has been understood by the people of God mainly as a form of intensified prayer. But plainly it was much more than that in the life of Rees Howells and, as we understand it, in the lives of the men and women of the Bible and in the history of the Church of Christ.

To put in print as maybe my last written word at the age of 95 the account of the five gained intercessions of my life can seem an egotistical tiling to do, but I can't help that. It is to me the ultimate summing up of the grace of God in the years since He first took charge of my life at age 18, to now 95, even as Paul wrote of his "abundant labors" as "yet not I, but the grace of God with me." They have been gained intercessions in commission, cost and completion; and I boldly say that this is the Spirit's purpose in all our lives as manifesting the self-for-others nature of our Lord Jesus Christ in His body-members.

The Great Intercessor spoke of "the baptism I am baptized with until it is accomplished," and His last word on the cross was "It is finished." Paul, awaiting execution in Rome wrote, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." The two men who had such a marked influence on my life, with their dying breath were saying "Hallelujah!" three times breathed by C.T. Studd in the heart of Africa, and "Victory, Hallelujah!" in a whisper by Rees Howells, to whose life story was given the tide of Intercessor. So my purpose in writing this record of "Intercession in Action as a Royal Priest" has been to outline the route, for those who have ears to hear, from Intercession Commissioned to Intercession Gained, with the principle of John 12:24 laid down by Jesus in between the two.

The Commonest of Human Clay

It may be that many of us, to the best of our understanding, have gone all the way with God. By experience we know His total indwelling of us and our inner union with Him as His means of expressing Himself in action. We are being royal priests, and thus intercessors, though we have not recognized ourselves as such by those terms.

It may also be, as a consequence, that we do not function and operate as royal priests and intercessors as boldly and fully as we should through

“lack of knowledge” of who we really are! It is for this reason that I am bold to run over the details of my own life's experiences. As you follow along with me, I will seek to outline the wonderful operations of the Holy Spirit by which He was Himself in action in my human form.

God works His mighty works in the commonest of human clay and with total unexpectedness, as in me. He turns simple, ordinary lives who do give Him His lordship into a whole series of intercessory death and resurrection processes which result in the gaining of intercessory objectives. Just as Jesus said of the Spirit's operation with the “born again,” that the wind blows who-knows-where-and-how, so it blows us into the undreamed-of operations and “gainings” (Rees Howell's favorite word) of the life of royal priesthood.

It may be the same for your life, perhaps even largely unrecognized by you in its earlier stages. And it may be that the reading of this might awaken you to know by the revelation of the Spirit who you really are and enable you to function more realistically as both king and priest.

Prayer a Stepping Stone to our Word of Faith

All of us are affected by the needs around us: a child or a neighbor or fellow worker who needs to find the Savior, someone we have been praying for for years perhaps, a fellow believer whose life is a mess, or the needs on a missionary's heart. The point is to go *on* from merely prayer—even intense, continued prayer—to specific believing for specific ends. Can I really say God will do this? Can I say by faith what *will* happen in the village in Africa? People see me by my word. This is how my thinking and desiring come into public form.

You can't throw out your word of faith like confetti, though. It takes *time*, having been pressed by a sense of need, to say what God will do. We collect our praying together in ourselves. This may include others—a group. Then we put it on God: “You must do this.” Our word of faith, spoken either individually or collectively, puts *us* into action as intercessors. I have said, “This will come to pass.” Now whenever that need comes to my attention, I affirm my spoken word of faith: “It shall be done.”

Christ must many times have gone over the whole process of the Cross.

And every choice we make, whether big like this or tiny by comparison, is a “death.” As we persist in believing, there will be a cost. But our frustrations are really our opportunities. We stick with Romans 8:28, knowing that God *means* Satan to do what he does, and that God will work whatever evil comes to us, whatever seeming block to our word of faith, to its more-than-perfect accomplishment. We “see” God only.

As king, we have the authority of one seated with Him on the throne, thus able to “command deliverances in Jacob¹ and bring things into being by achieving faith, as told us by Jesus in Mark 11:22-24 and exemplified in Hebrews 11:1-34. As priest, we are brought by the Spirit into the Lamb Life. We lay down our lives vicariously as intercessors, taking the places of those for whom we intercede. Death works in us, but life in them; and we gain the end of the intercession.

A Brief Overview of the Five Intercessions

Soon after my new birth, I began to be conditioned for being an intercessor for others. My first painful obedience of faith brought about an adjustment in living from inflow to outflow.

The first intercession took place during my five army years in World War I. This was a discipleship period of bold witnessing in my infantry battalion, both among officers and other ranks. This led to public humiliation and refusal of promotion by my colonel. A startling reversal in my battalion’s failure came when I, with my platoon, was sent in as the last hope of capturing a fortified farm. The successful capture was publicly honored by the battalion and the king. Those years headed up in my true life’s calling as an intercessor, when in hospital after being wounded in the battle of Paschendaele, I heard and responded to that call.

Then came my university period, in which a second intercession was completed in the founding of the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, now in many colleges and universities in the world. We were rather like David in his youthful encounter with and conquest of Goliath, as the little band of us stood squarely against absorption by the popular Student Christian Movement, which did not adhere to Christ crucified as its foundation. How great has been the outcome of that apparently contemptible boldness of faith.

A vital third intercession in the Congo as translator of the New Testament followed. Little did I know that when I chose to translate the New Testament into Bangala, the more common but rather despised market language of the area, it would one day become the official language of the country. And then came the last two intercessions for which I see my whole life was planned by the Spirit-Intercessor, each totally unexpected.

The first of these, and my fourth intercession, was my 35 years being cast unexpectedly and unfittedly (giving the Spirit His rightful place in a helpless earthen vessel!) into the upbuilding of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade (WEC). The WEC has grown into its present worldwide expansion from 35 workers to 1200, all on the faith basis of supply. Subsequently, there was the birth and development of the living Church of Christ in 40 countries and the birth out of WEC of the Christian Literature Crusade (CLC). CLC now has 150 literature outreach centers in 45 countries and a staff of 600.

The second of these, and presumably final intercession, has resulted in the birth and spread of our *Intercessor* magazine and literature, and the outreach with the message of the total reality of Christ in us and we as His re-expression in our liberated selves. Paul declared it as his second ministry of Colossians 1:23-29; and it is the glorious fact about the whole redeemed body of Christ, as each comes to "possess his possessions."

As you run through these accounts, the Spirit may open your inner eyes (as He did mine, largely through Rees Howells) to who you really fully *are*, and how you are and function as a royal priest. Formerly we functioned without knowing how, but now we can do so with that fuller understanding and application of God's ways by you and me.

NORMAN P GRUBB



NOR GOD FM
BUT GOD ONLY

Part One

The Calling and Discipling of an Intercessor

No One Can Serve Two Masters

The first incident is thankfully common to most of you who find interest in reading this. It is the greatest miracle of all—becoming a new creation in Christ by new birth in the Spirit.

I won't spend much time on this, because hopefully it has been experienced by those who read this. It must be our starting point. There was a consciousness of my sinful condition first at the age of 18, particularly of my compulsive self-centeredness. I did not, however, then recognize its full implications as Satan expressing his self-for-self (sin) nature in me (Eph. 2:1-3 and John 8:44).

My crisis came by the faithful challenge of a retired British army major asking me whether I "belonged to Christ." While I could have said I belonged to the church, I could not honestly say I "belonged" to a Person of whose existence I had no inner certainty. So that conversation brought me to a sharp reminder of what my church and Bible teaching had stressed. If I could not say that Jesus was my Savior, I was on the way to hell.

In simple form, with the genuine fear of God on me, I asked for my sins to be forgiven. That first and greatest miracle happened to me: an inner realization by the light of the Spirit on the Scriptures that, the shedding of the blood of Jesus meant His actual giving of Himself for me. I inwardly woke up to the meaning of His love for me; and a love response began in me that has never ceased.

But I mistakenly thought I was humanly capable of producing that love-feeling. At that time I did not know that we humans are created with a love *faculty*, which through the Fall expresses the nature and quality of Satan's self-for-self love. But when replaced by the self-for-others nature of the Spirit of God, "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us" (Rom. 5:5 and 2 Pet. 1:4). There was never—before or after belonging to Christ—an independently operating me, with a nature of my own.

Death Working in Me

The death to the nature of self-loving love (Satan) was then evidenced in me by a simple test—the kind of test by which the Spirit confirms His new-birth love in all of us. I had my first close relationship with a girl. But when I told her of my new experience of a living Christ, she did not want that kind of religion. The Spirit sharply made it plain to me that I could not have “two masters in my heart.”

It took a severe battle and three weeks’ struggle to settle that issue, for we are meant to be fighters! But the supremely important point is that when I made the choice, after a word with my wise mother, the self-for-self-desire to keep the girl for my pleasure was totally eclipsed and replaced by that new self-for-others love in my heart.

That simple costly “obedience of faith” cleared the way for the overwhelming love of Jesus, replacing that former self-interested love. The girl went out, and Jesus took her place. That first “death working in me” sparked into immediate being His life in my body.

Immediately I joined my World War I regiment in training for the trenches in France. But now a compulsive zeal was set on fire in me to share the secret of eternal life with my fellow soldiers, soon to face death. That zeal still has its total possession of me.

This was the first intercession in action, also shared in your own terms by many of you readers. The principle of death working in me on the self-interested level, and thus life for others by a costly withering method, came into unrecognized operation.

Army Witness and Warfare

The zeal to bring the gift of eternal life—of which I have just described the death-resurrection birth—to others, thoroughly grabbed me in my five army years. I started off a much better witness for Christ than soldier of my king and Country!

Commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Gloucester Regiment, I spoke boldly both to officers and men; and my reputation spread in the officers’

mess. I started a Christian group, which I named “C.O.” for Commanding Officers, but also for Christ’s Own. As many as 30 officers at one time, and about 400 on the night before we sailed for France, attended meetings.

When we were at the front line, my commanding officer, a colonel, obviously did not like too much emphasis on “religion” and had his “nice” way of handling it. One day on inspection he named my platoon as the most inefficient in his battalion. He told me right out that if I did not improve, he would send me home to England in disgrace. Needless to say, this would be the supreme disgrace for a British officer in wartime.

He was about right in his military assessment of me, for I was certainly more efficient as a Christ witness than as a platoon commander. And it was good for me, as it woke me up to the necessity of being efficient in my earthly calling as well as my heavenly! I did pull my socks up and reached the efficiency of Brigade Bombing Officer, though I was actually never given that position or the captain’s rank which would go with it. My zeal for Christ thus resulted in the colonel’s refusal to promote me when I was due for promotion, so that I never rose above the rank of first lieutenant. There was the intercessory death.

In those early years of my discipleship, I was really a learner, crude in my efforts to witness and knowing little of the Scriptures. I even smoked and drank, because an older Christian officer—the only one I knew in the battalion—advised me to do so as an opening door to reaching men. Later I came to the conclusion that it did more harm than good by giving an appearance of worldliness.

There were some who found Christ, though I don’t know how they lasted. These were really preparatory and discipleship years, conditioning me to be quick to respond to my true life’s calling when the moment came. Our early intercessions are really more for our conditioning than results in other lives, though there were some.

The “Cinderella” Platoon

Later I had a compensation on the military level, when my battalion had to capture a farm and its buildings. The first assault through barbed wire fences failed. My platoon was in reserve, awaiting orders in a large pigsty (empty, though clean), when a word came to go forward in an attack.

I knew nothing of the layout, so I took the men the only way that seemed feasible to me: along the grassy verge to the farm buildings. Surprisingly, we found no barbed wire, but only a large tree felled to block the road. We climbed over that and then found ourselves in a muddy sunken road, which was common around French farms. Thus we had slipped behind the German trenches.

The Germans had made dugouts in the banks of the sunken road, which increased our sense of danger. As I led the way, I fired two revolver shots in the darkness upon hearing the voices of two approaching men. This must have surprised and frightened them in the pitch darkness, for except for some raised voices and gasps they seemed to disappear.

We went along breaking into the dugouts beside the road. In one I found a soldier on his knees screaming, "Kamerad, kamerad!"—to be spared. His shouts could well have roused the others to our presence, and so my men behind me kept calling out, "Kill him, Sir. Kill him, Sir." There was a nervous moment when I had my revolver cocked in my hand. How thankful I am that I couldn't do it and sent him back as a prisoner.

I was awarded the Military Cross for the capture of the Tombois Farm and my sergeant the Military Medal! Thus cheaply is military glory awarded! And thank God for sparing me another kind of shame—by saving, not killing the frightened soldier. As I had been faithful by grace in my witness, though despised and refused promotion by my colonel, it was also the despised kind of "Cinderella" platoon—left behind in a pigsty which was called on as a last resort to make the attack which ultimately captured the farm and won decoration. When we the in faith, we return to live in fact!

Four Escapes from Death

One obvious divine overshadowing of my youthful zeal and dedication in those five war years was in the constant narrowest of escapes from death, without which there could not have been the following years of fruitfulness. It was the guardianship of those ministering angels "sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" (Heb. 1:14).

I had taken by faith that word in Psalm 91:7. A thousand shall fall at thy

side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.” Rather a selfish prayer, but I had said to myself that any others who wanted to could also claim it! Four times over, I just escaped death.

The first was when my men occupied a trench about half a mile from the Germans. A narrow connecting trench had been dug leading to a small advanced post, which I occupied with my signallers. Suddenly I clearly felt we should get back from that outpost. So I casually took my men back, meaning to return to our equipment. Within a few minutes the outpost was blown up by a shell. We later found our equipment buried.

Then one night we were digging a trench. A “crump”—a five-inch German shell fell just to one end of that trench. Curiously, I felt strongly that instead of moving farther away, I should go and stand by that fresh smoking shell hole. As I did so, another crump fell just where I had been standing.

Later we occupied some trenches which we had captured from the Germans. My company captain and I occupied a small inner dugout, with two bunks and just a sheet of three-ply wood between us and the company sergeant and staff of about six in the outer end of the dugout. In the early morning, just when I reached for a tin of bully beef, there was a funny metallic sound and some smoke.

When the smoke cleared, the plywood sheet was leaning crazily over me. On the other side all the men had been killed by a direct hit. Later I found the finger of one of them blown right into my folded raincoat. God seemed marvelously to have had His purpose in preserving me, when so many of my school contemporaries were killed.

Finally, we went “over the top” in the Paschendaele battle. As we stood ready at 3 a.m. to advance under the enormous barrage of the guns, I gave my last word of witness to my men of how Christ is a Saviour to those who trust Him. Within 30 minutes, after we had advanced about half a mile, half the men were mown down by bullets from a machine gun emplacement. My batman (orderly) beside me turned white. When I looked, I saw a bullet had penetrated his heart.

At the same moment I felt a sharp blow on my leg, and there was blood. Although hit with what we called a “blighty” (a wound enough to send

you home!), I was able to limp back to an advance casualty post. Preserved once again! And by this—much more than a preservation the final plan of God for my life was to be brought to me. So I was sent home as a casualty.

A Disappointment Opens a Door

How our disappointments turn out to be God's perfect placed appointments! I was annoyed that I was not sent to a London hospital, but instead to a Midlands hospital in Leicester. There the visiting padre was Gilbert Barclay, who I did not know was C.T. Studd's son-in-law. His keenness for Christ, so different from that of the oilier padres I had met, immediately drew us together.

One day Barclay dropped on my bed a little magazine about C.T. Studd in the heart of Africa. As I read Studd's glowing account of his meeting his "black gold," it was an immediate call of God to me to join him. This was to be the total redirection of my life, for I was considering an application for a permanent army commission. It was also the beautiful reversal of my having given up my girlfriend five years before.

C.T. Studd had a remaining daughter, who at last fitted my rather faint hope for a girl both physically beautiful and beautiful in her total devotion to Christ. I had always witnessed and sought to win various girl acquaintances in my army years. But I had come to the conclusion it was always the pretty girls who were the pagans, and the non-pretty the Christians! Pauline totally reversed that for me.

All of these five army years were my first youthful intercession. They included the set purpose of a bold witness for Christ in the unfavorable surroundings of the British army of those days. This produced an absorption in God and in bringing the gospel to the men, which left no time for pursuits of the flesh.

There was the intercessory death and resurrection law for all fruitfulness of the Spirit in my being denied promotion and in the miraculous capture of the farm by our left-behind-in-a-pigsty platoon. There were marvelous physical preservations and good strong training in "playing the man" in a man's job.

Finally there was the. totally unexpected and unprepared-for commission to my true life's calling to "preach the gospel to every creature"—the true war of all wars. Thus the fire burning in those C.T. Studd magazine pages mingled with the fire in me. That was my call to 40 years in the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade!

Standing True at Cambridge

Before the war I had had five years at Marlborough College, an English "public school" of 600 boys, in which we were all boarders. When war broke out in August 1914, I had just obtained a classical exhibition (grant) to Sidney Sussex College of Cambridge University, entitling me to residence there at reduced fees. Now after five years of war, the university made it easy for us who had been previously accepted as undergraduates to take a short course of two years and obtain a "pass" degree of B.A., or stay longer for an "honors" degree.

With my calling fixed to join C.T. Studd in the heart of Africa, and now being engaged to his daughter Pauline, I was accepted as an undergraduate at Trinity College, instead of Sidney Sussex. Thus I attended the same college in which the Studd brothers had their notable years as captains of cricket and where D.L. Moody was brought by daring invitation for a first evangelistic mission.

Because of my wounded leg, I could not play "Rugger," the Rugby football I was accustomed to and liked. So I spent my afternoons in what was my real love: knocking at the door of men's dormitory rooms (there were no women in Trinity), speaking a word to them about Jesus Christ, and inviting them to our Cambridge evangelical union (known as the CICCUC, or Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union).

The CICCUC had dwindled down to a dozen men in the war years. But various ones of us were zealously reviving it, and I was secretary. We used to meet daily at midday for our DPM (daily prayer meeting) in the Henry Martyn Hall, given to the CICCUC in memory of the great Henry Martyn, missionary to Persia. We would also hold "open airs" in the Cambridge parks and an evening evangelistic service. All men, we were a small and insignificant company.

Also at the university there was a much larger, popular Christian society

called the SCM (Student Christian Movement). They were not so particular in bringing the gospel to the undergraduates. Instead, they would invite famous political speakers or notable war generals, who would speak on social and moral principles rather than on the need of a personal Savior.

But leaders among the SCM sensed our evangelical zeal and suggested that we join them as a spear point of Christian witness. So two of us—our CICCUC president and I—agreed to meet their committee members in a room at Trinity. As we talked together, I became increasingly uneasy about their main emphasis. I asked their secretary, Rollo Pelly, “Do you put the atoning blood of Jesus Christ central in your message?” Rollo hesitated and then said, “Well, we admit it, but not as necessarily central.”

So then both Dan Dick and I arose and said that fusion with them was an impossibility, even though they reached the mass of students and we apparently a mere few. That was a vital meeting in re-establishing the pure stream of gospel and Bible witness in the university, at the price of being the contemptible, narrow few. But we little knew then that that decision was to have worldwide repercussions in the universities and colleges of the whole world.

Then a surprising and disturbing conviction of a personal call came to me. I was nearing the end of my first year, with only another few months to complete this really easily acquired B.A. degree. But out in the heart of Africa, C.T. Studd and his then five co-workers had been practically isolated in those war years. The strong conviction came to me that, in their need of reinforcements and fresh workers, I should drop getting this Cambridge degree and go straight out to join them in the Congo.

Yet, if I dropped out, I could not return later; and it only meant those few months⁵ delay to get that degree. I asked advice from others, and all advised to wait those extra months. I wanted to agree with them, but it was really just worthless ambition. In the end, the personal pressure of the Spirit on me won the day. I decided to “go down and leave the university. It was a real death for me—a “dying of the Lord Jesus” which has lasted till today, in the absence of those easily obtained B.A. and M.A. degrees.

The Birth of InterVarsity Christian Fellowship

I had two weeks left of what would be my final term at Trinity College. It was as if the Spirit “came on me,” as in the Acts of the Apostles. I had a strong inner compulsion to spend those last weeks in calling on all the men with whom I was acquainted there or in other colleges. Likely it would be the last time we should meet on earth, and I wanted to have a final word with them. So I did just that.

One by one, I called on them in their rooms. These were not the normal students of college age, but returnees from the war—sophisticated and mainly ex-officers of various ranks. But I spoke boldly. If I knew the one I was visiting had no saving faith or a very weak one, I spoke to him as either lost and going to hell or obviously with some inhibiting sin blocking Christian growth.

The results were phenomenal for those days, though very different from the present thrilling responses in the student world. About 16 took various steps in accepting and committing their lives to Christ. This was “news” among our CICCUs friends, and they asked me to meet with them and tell more about it. I did, and as I did, once again that inner voice spoke clearly to me. “Should not every university and college in Britain, and then in the world, have some kind of union of Christian students like the CICCUs?”

Might it not be possible, even before I sailed for the Congo, to arrange some get-together where some of us in the CICCUs could meet with some from other universities? I turned to two of my special friends— Clarence Foster, later Secretary of the Keswick Convention, and Leslie Sutton, who later joined us in the Congo—and asked if they would meet me in Leslie’s room in Queens. Even in these last weeks before Christmas, could they get the loan of a hall in London and ask others from Oxford and London and Durham Universities to join us in a first InterVarsity Conference? They agreed, and about 60 of us gathered.

What I only dimly realized then was that this was the birth of a worldwide movement in the colleges of the world. What actually happened was that it was agreed upon to have an annual InterVarsity Conference (IVC). This then became the beginnings of the InterVarsity Fellowship (IVF).

Dr. Douglas Johnson gave up his medical profession to become the first Secretary, and really developer, of what is now so strongly established all over Britain. Dr. Howard Guinness did the same in Canada and Australia, as did Stacey Woods in the USA under the tide of IVCF (InterVarsity Christian Fellowship).

Now throughout the colleges of every nation, students gather under the tide of InterVarsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions (IVFEU). Many thousands of students have been brought to Christ and built up in the Word and Spirit these 65 years, since we had that first InterVarsity Conference in London in 1919!

Behind it, as ever, there was the intercessory death by which, as Jesus said in John 12:24, a corn of wheat falls into the ground and dies, if it is to bring forth fruit. I did have that death in leaving my degree behind in order to hasten to the Congo. There was also the “obedience of faith” in which we refused to be linked to any Christian movement which did not have Christ crucified at its center, no matter how popular or widespread it was.

Amazingly today, in Cambridge, Oxford and many other universities, the evangelical unions are actually the biggest unions. They are larger than the debating, drama or sports unions; and students by the hundreds attend the weekly Bible sessions and Sunday evening evangelistic services. The formerly nourishing Student Christian Movement, without its firm Bible foundation, is almost nonexistent.

Nothing was schemed or planned or even foreseen, but there was simple absorption in gospel witness among students by all means then available. All “signs and wonders” which have followed have been by the direct guidances and leadership of the Spirit. But always there has been the “obedience of faith” in the present calling, accompanied by the death and resurrection intercessory process.

Part Two

Congo Forest Years

Banana Plantation Crisis

For Pauline and me, naturally our first years in the Congo were largely learning years, benefiting much from C.T. Studd—her father and my father-in-law. After we acquired a working knowledge of the *lingua franca* language by which (lie various tribes could communicate, called Bangala, we began journeyings among the villages. Staying in native huts, we would gather together those who wanted the Word of God and form small village groups. Also, we sought to train some to become teachers of their own people.

But our first necessity was a full supply of our own spiritual and practical needs. If we were to supply the need of the Africans, we had to be able to transmit our very selves, not just mere words. We soon found we had such needs—of love, power, victory over the flesh, and a continued sense of completeness in Christ.

And now came to me personally, and to Pauline, the personal fulfillment of Paul's word to the Colossians, that he had a ministry which would take them beyond their new birth experience. He called it the fulfilling of what the gospel had first imparted in a partial amount (Col. 1:23-29).

That, first gift was Christ *for* them; this second unfolding was Christ *in* them, and themselves completed persons as the manifesters of Him (1:28). This Colossians truth, so vital and central to our lives and ministries, was the final establishment stage (like 1 Peter 5:10) for the full intercession to which God was to commission us.

Our personal crisis moment was a night spent in an African village, where the one convert of those days left us his cookhouse for setting up our camp beds. But in our personal hunger for the fullness of union, we remained through most of the night on our camp chairs in the banana plantation.

Galatians 2:20 as Fact

We were balking through in faith to the personal affirmation of Galatians 2:20. We *had* been “crucified with Christ” and thus, in His Calvary death, *had* died to sin—to the indwelling of that false sin-spirit of error and then *had been* joined to Christ in His resurrection. So we took the place by faith and spoke the word of faith that “nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ lives in me.” We settled that by our declared word of faith by about 4 a.m.

The Spirit Himself bore His witness to us, according to 1 John 5:10. For Pauline, it was within a couple of weeks, and for me after a couple of years. Inwardly we knew that it was now and forever He living our lives in our human forms. We began that glorious experience of living our daily normal lives and fulfilling our calling by what Paul called “the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me” (vs. 20).

Not by our faith in Him, but by His inner knowing imparted to us “the faith *of* the Son of God”—He was establishing us. This knowing confirmed that it was *He* now in us as us. *He* was the light of the world (John 8:12). But no, we were the light of the world (Matt. 5:14)! It was *we being He* in our lamb forms, and we accepting ourselves and operating as ourselves.

This, too, had its necessary “dying” to the self-effort life. We had to discover by Romans 7 that it was really Satan, the god of self-effort, false independent self, making us think self-effort was ourselves. Then at last, like Paul in Romans 7:17 and 20, we saw it was really Satan expressing *his* lying, independent self-life through us.

And by that discovery, we moved over, as in Galatians 2:20, to Satan being out for keeps in his working us up into false self-effort living. Now, in place of him, our living Christ was His living Self in our forms; and we moved into an effortless life of activity, which was He expressing Himself as us.

To Put It All Simply Yet Radically

I think that the best way to give an all-important outline of what had to become personal clarity in our lives is as follows. It is what I wrote under the tide *To Put It All Simply Yet Radically*.

We humans are created in God’s image in infinite wonderfulness and

potential of spirit, soul and body. We have the *quantity* of our being (Acts 17:28), but not the *quality* by which we can express the kind of persons we are. We are on the container level—vessels, branches, temples, body-members, slaves.

God is the only One in the universe who can express Himself, and there is only His nature. But nothing can be expressed except by its opposite: hot/cold, light/dark, sweet/bitter, positive/negative of electricity. Even so, God Himself, as the fire-self (Heb. 12:29) expressing just self, chose from eternity to beget His own beloved Son. Thus His fire-self was transmuted into His eternal light-self (1 John 1:5) of fixed other-love, and the Spirit is the Reproducer.

But then there was a created being, Lucifer, who refused to make that same transforming choice (Isa. 14:12-15 and Ezek. 28:11-19). He chose to remain in that opposite nature of self-getting love and is called “the god of this world” (2 Cor. 4:4).

We humans, therefore, can only be conscious selves by being confronted with the opposites, and were temporarily taken over by Satan at the Fall. Thus, we express his Satan-Sin nature of self-for-self and fulfill his lusts (Eph. 2:1-3 and John 8:44).

From this captive condition there is no escape for any member of the human race, except that God’s own Son became a human. As us, for us, on the cross, He was 'made sin'—capable of manifesting that sin nature that dwells in us in our fallen condition. But then by dying on the cross, He “died to sin,” and in His resurrection the Spirit of Truth replaced in us that spirit of error (2 Cor. 5:14,21 and Rom. 8:10-11).

So, through Him, we fallen humans can exercise our one faculty of choice—faith. We can receive, yield and recognize by Him, the Spirit of Truth replacing the spirit of error. We do not “commit” ourselves, as though we had a quality of self (a “nature”) which needs changing. No change is necessary in the self He created as “very good.”

We accept ourselves and simply recognize that in our centrally empty container-selves, we are now occupied by His divine Self in His nature (2 Pet. 1:4). As branches, we no longer bear the fruit of the false vine of which we are now ashamed, but are joined to the True Vine whose fruit is

holiness (Rom. 6:21-22). The exchange through Christ has taken the place of indwelling Christ for the indwelling sin (Rom. 8:9 in place of 7:17).

We have been delivered from that false deceit we acquired from Satan (Rev. 12:9) of an independent quality of self. We had thought we were self-operating, self-relying, self-expressing. But we have no such thing as a self-operating self *either* to “commit” or be rid of. It is a deceit and a lie. We are operated by one or other of the “deity” spirits—formerly the false, now the true One.

Thus, now we move into a thousand times more vigorous human action, because we are freed to be ourselves by the Spirit. He has inwardly revealed to us that Galatians 2:20 is a fact: Christ lives in us in place of Satan.

We accept ourselves and freely function by the permanent inner knowing that He is our life and motivator. The Spirit of Love, as us, now thrusts us out into our share of bringing Him to our fellow humans who are redeemed and don’t know it. We were Satan-1, but now are Christ-I, and never were just I-I!

Death and Sickness Strike

Our first son, Noel, was born healthy through the assistance of our loved Lillian Dennis, a nurse who had accompanied us to the heart of Africa. We had no doctor within 500 miles, though, and gradually the little fellow began to weaken. No cause could be found, although more recently a name has been given to this condition. He went to be with Jesus on his first birthday and was the first white baby buried in our part of Africa.

Noel’s death gave opportunity to tell of a crucified and risen Jesus and the promise of eternal life to the people, who believed that at death their spirits went into a leopard or snake. One little fellow named Fatake, who saw the little body put into the ground, followed through with questions. He became a notable light in his village, and his story was put in booklet form.

Then Pauline, not so far as we know through any effect of the loss of little Noel, began to show signs of anaemia. It was then thought possible that she might have the pernicious form, which would be fatal. So by C.T. Studd’s advice, we took the 500-mile journey by foot and carrying

hammock to the main station of the African Inland Mission (AIM). There, at Aba, near the Sudan frontier, Dr. Woodhams diagnosed and treated her through the kindness of the AIM.

It turned out only to be simple anaemia. Pauline greatly improved and was fit to return after some weeks. But I was kicking my heels with inactivity while with her at Aba. I had never thought of trying my hand at translating, but why not?

Intercession Gained in Translation

I gingerly experimented with extracts from *Pilgrim's Progress*. It seemed to be a success. So I added a short story of the first pygmy to shine as a light for Christ, called "Apollo of the Pygmy Forest." That came out okay, also. Now I plunged. Why not a full Bangala New Testament?

It was an intercession in all simplicity and unpreparedness. Bangala was the *lingua franca*, the common market language among the tribes. It had been reduced to a working language largely by my loved brother-in-law, Alfred Buxton, who first accompanied C.T. to the Congo and was now at home. C.T., in his inimitable fashion, had called the two of them "Balaam's ass and Noah's dove" when they had gone out to evangelize the heart of Africa. Alfred then had been pressed to some simple translation of parts of the New Testament, besides a primer of about 1200 words. Meanwhile, we had begun the teaching of reading among the tribes.

What I then began translating took me a good part of the next five years. Being in *lingua franca*, five missions used it: the AIM, ourselves, the Swedish Baptists, the Mid-Missions and the Assemblies of God. The work of these missions was scattered over the vast Ubangi forest area of northeast Congo. It meant that what I translated had to pass through the critical hands of language experts of the five missions. I used my knowledge of classical Greek and the King James Version of the Bible.

The project was of enormous help to me in getting to know the Scriptures. I had to be as sure as I could of the meaning of each New Testament phrase, besides finding the right Bangala words and sometimes inventing some! At last it was passed by the missions and submitted to the Bible Society of London, who also accepted it. A friend,

Frank Fremlin of Maidstone, Kent, helped much in the financing of it.

The Secretary of the Bible Society inscribed for me a special author's copy of the Bangala New Testament, in which he wrote: "To Norman P. Grubb, who is mainly responsible for the preparation and proofreading of this, the first New Testament, in the language, the Bible Society sends this, the first copy, with its congratulations and gratitude and prayers.—R. Kilgour, Editorial Superintendent, The Bible House, London, 4 October, 1928."

But there is a final reason why I greatly rejoice in that guidance and "plunge of faith" with no training in translation to attempt this translation of the New Testament into Bangala. At that, time, it was rather a despised market language and considered unworthy of spending time on, compared to the more difficult tribal languages. (In this respect it was like the common Greek of Paul's day, which was considered less worthy than the pure classical Greek.) But further revisings of the Bangala New Testament took place, and the Old Testament was completed. By now, tens of thousands of Africans can read. *And with the independence of the Congo under its new name of Zaire, the government chose our northern Bangala as the official language of the whole country!* Called Lingala, it is now read and used by millions.

So it turned out to be a "gained intercession" such as we never dreamed possible. Once again, death worked in us, but life in these tens of thousands.

Part Three

Worldwide Missionary Expansion

New Understanding from Rees Howells

Once again, the Spirit carried out His plan in our lives in an unpredictable way. I was back home attending the Keswick Convention. A man I had vaguely heard about in relation to a revival in South Africa called one afternoon with his wife. He was an imposing powerful figure, formerly a Welsh coal miner at the pit face; and his wife was equally imposing. My first sight of them rather scared me. What did they want with such as myself—merely a missionary on furlough?

They invited me in quite urgent terms to come and visit them in their new Bible College at Swansea in South Wales. The two were Mr. and Mrs. Rees Howells. I had not the faintest idea of the enormous impact his life was to have on me. My first reaction was not to accept their invitation. What were they up to? However, having said I would go, a few weeks later I did go.

Mr. Howells suggested we take a walk together. That was the end of my reluctances and the beginning of a great light shining into me in some particular realms. Our conversation was like a pure, flowing stream of the Spirit. I was caught indeed, becoming almost like a son to him. Each time I returned home from my continual visits to The College, Pauline would ask nervously what new thing I had come back with this time!

That “new tiling” became a new understanding of the principle of faith in action, as plainly seen in the men of the Bible in Hebrews Eleven. This was not just how to walk and live by faith in the happenings of daily life. It was how to be confronted with the impossible and incredible, as were those Bible men and as I saw in Rees Howells’ life, and then to see how faith was to be changed into substance.

There was also the whole principle of what Rees Howells called, in Bible terms, the life of the intercessor—the highest calling possible to a redeemed human. This is what has made the book *Rees Howells, Intercessor*, with the shocks it imparts and which I had the privilege of writing, such an atomic explosion.

It is a best seller, even called by some the greatest book they have read outside the Bible. One man distributed 50,000 and another 20,000. Additionally, Doris Ruscoe has since given insights into this life of intercession in a further small book, *The Intercession of Rees Howells*.

This reality of being an intercessor lies at the heart of each of my life's experiences which I'm sharing here. Hopefully, others can begin to recognize the Spirit Intercessor in action in their own lives and come alive to His further "high callings." It was God's marvelous purpose in those early years to give me such training for my coming major intercessions through my constant visits to Rees Howells.

He was continually referring to the intercession of C.T. Studd, whom he had never met. Insistently he said he "knew" him in the Spirit as an intercessor for the gospel to go to "every creature." Studd had paid the full intercessor's price for gaining it, Mr. Howells said. God would only pass on the baton, as it were, to another who had paid the same price, and thus would walk in the same prevailing faith and sacrifice. Rees Howells evidently foresaw what had certainly never occurred to me, that Pauline and I were being prepared and fitted for that "high calling."

The Bottom of the Barrel

When the moment came, linked to a great crisis in the mission, God (although unknown to myself) had me prepared. This is always His way, so that no glory can come to man. In this crisis in 1931, there were severe losses and thinning down of our numbers. Pauline and I were back in England to represent C.T. and the remaining 35 workers with him in the Congo. Then the news came that our beloved C.T. had been "glorified," with his last words a three-times "Hallelujah."

The available funds were just \$7 (then equivalent to 1.10 pounds) for each of the 35 missionaries for a month! It was the bottom of the barrel. We were, of course, living by our fixed practice from our beginnings of letting none know our needs but God. Here was ripe soil, indeed, for either a quick collapse or a mighty work of God. I don't believe we could have faced it but for those lessons on the principles of intercession and faith in action which had seeped into me by my Rees Howells' contacts.

What then could we do in such desperate circumstances? It was practically starvation level for the workers on the field, our human founder was gone to his Lord, and we two were alone on the home end. Common sense said, and such advice was given: "Find some more stable missionary group and attach yourselves to it!" But we had seen those intercessory and achieving faith principles in operation in Rees Howells, so by grace we followed through.

The intercession reality, with its "death" experience of the "first fruits to the altar," came straight to us in simple form. It had always been the custom that any of us at home should have a first share, and a bigger one, of the month's supplies, as it was more expensive to live in the homeland than in the heart of Africa. Could we take that share, though, with only \$7 per head for the field workers for a whole month?

The answer was obvious, and back came a simple solution. Why not trust the Lord alone for our personal daily needs of food, clothing, etc., according to Matthew 6:33: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." That had looked real enough when we had been used to an allowance!

So we took the step of no longer taking any funds from the mission's supplies but depending on God alone for all needs. We would leave what came in to be for its real purpose: the field workers. And we have not receded from that position these 60 years, though Pauline has had her sufficiency directly in God's presence since 1981.

Actually, so low was our faith-concept at the time, that we said to each other, "Surely we shall never have any home workers with us, for who will join us on these same faith standards?" But WEC has well over 100 such home workers, behind the 1200 on the 50 fields, on all our widespread home bases of today. All are living by that same direct dependence on God and His promises.

That trusting God for our daily needs was our "death," again not premeditated, but just what the Spirit confronted us with at the crisis moment. And by grace we went His way. Were there tests in coming months and years? Certainly, there were many.

Once about ten of us lived for eight days with no food in the house and

no money. But each day, as we gathered in our prayer room upstairs to thank God for the bread of life, the bell rang from the basement where the kitchen and dining room were.

Mrs. Edward Studd, C.T.'s mother, had had a devoted lady's maid, then retired, who had come to live with us in a basement room. She didn't profess any faith but did love what she called her "Hallelujah Boys"—the young men candidates for the fields.

All we knew was that three times a day for those eight days that bell rang. And as we trooped down, there was bread, cheese and tea on the table. We surely praised God for the extra in the cheese, on top of the "daily bread"!

Expansion and Outreach into Other Fields

It was now that we began to put faith into action, as in Hebrews 11. It was quite simple. We were four of us with Daisy Kingdon, a Congo missionary on furlough, and our new recruit. We did not rush into beseeching prayer but sat together and said to God in plain words, "What are You up to?" We were not there to express our own viewpoint or concern about our desperate condition, but to discover what *His* purpose was in it.

Back came the answer to my mind. I have always found God's answers to be by the mind of Christ being in action in my mind (1 Cor. 2:16). That answer was, "What was the commission I gave C.T. Studd when he first sailed for Africa in 1913?"

We remembered that God had said to him that this "trip" he was taking to the heart of Africa was not merely for that region, but for any unevangelized parts of the world! And Studd had added as he wrote this to his wife: "To human reason it sounds ridiculous; but faith laughs at impossibilities and cries, 'It shall be done!'"

That word coming to my mind challenged us to the same faith. So now we *were* in a corner! And how do you believe when in a tight spot? The solution was obviously to see how the men of the Bible acted out faith in their crises. So we turned to Joshua, feeling rather like modern Joshuas following our Moses-founder. We were such a small mission—in the one

Congo field, with such a huge tide, “Worldwide Evangelization Crusade.”

There in Joshua, chapter one, the Spirit gave us the answer, which is still the answer today. God had given Joshua certain instructions about going in and possessing the Promised Land. But how? The conversation with God ended at verse 9. When we got to verses 10 and 11, the light shone in—and it has never gone out.

Blank Check Promises

It said that Joshua commanded the officers of his army to prepare food, “for within three days ye shall pass over this Jordan”—a Jordan in flood—“to go in to possess the land.” *What right had Joshua to say “three days”?* God’s instructions had not specified any time frame. In a flash we saw that great secret.

When we are God’s servants, in His service (which is all life, no matter what our circumstances—Col. 3:17), then God says to us, “Here are My promises, like a blank check. You fill in the amount according to the present need.” We fill in the blank check. Joshua did it by predicting three days in his military assessment.

We saw this now for our missionary commission. It did not apply to the present needs of the 35 workers, for they had already trusted God for their daily needs according to Matthew 6:33. But our commission, as given to C.T. Studd, was for the whole unevangelized world. Fantastic! No wonder Studd said that only faith can laugh at impossibilities.

But how were we to put faith into action? How? By naming our existing need—spelling it out in words to God. Then, though trembling within by the apparent absurdity of it, by *speaking out* the word of faith—that our need was already supplied, and we *said so*. We said it on the given fact that God had supplied it already in the invisible, and we would see it in the visible.

We are told to “have the faith of God” (Mark 11:22, margin). What is God’s faith? We looked at Romans 4:17, and there it was in print: God calling the things that be not as though they are! And the Spirit causing us to believe, with His believing as ours.

So we did the same. We assessed what we would like as a first step forward into peopling the unevangelized world with those who would take them the gospel. Deliberately we said, “ten new workers” in that first year. It was our spoken word of faith.

As we met on subsequent days, we never dared to ask again! We often just laughed at the prospect of those ten coming, called of God, filled with the Spirit, taught in the Scriptures, and with the funds to take them to the field—the first reinforcement to the Congo.

Needless to say, they came: five men, five women and the last one within three days of the end of that year.

More Ambitious Steps of Faith!

Into Unevangelized Fields

Having had our eyes opened to the principle of achieving faith, we then proceeded on year by year and need by need. In numbers, those early years, we went yearly from 10 to 15, to 25, to 50, to 75. And with the incoming recruits, we began the launch by faith into new unevangelized fields. This is not the place to go into further details beyond the simple fact that the WEC is now established in 57 fields worldwide, with 1500 missionaries.

Much more thrilling, the new marching army has now begun of our national brothers, from peoples and tribes to whom we first went with Jesus. They are now joining our ranks as “missionaries” to other peoples. There are Brazilians, Japanese, West Africans, Indians and Koreans lining up with us Americans, British, Germans, Dutch, Swiss, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and so on.

By the call of God in 1941, there was the birth of the Christian Literature Crusade, operating by the same faith and sacrifice principles as we in WEC. CLC now numbers 600 workers in 43 countries at 150 book centers. All literature points to Christ, and sales are in the millions of dollars.

What can we say, but what Balaam was forced to say of God’s Israel, “The shout of a King is among them” and “What hath God wrought!” (Num. 23:21,23). It has been Paul’s word adapted to modern conditions:

“Whereunto we also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in us mightily,” with “many deaths working in us, but life in you” (Col. 1:29 and Cor. 4:12).

The gaining of this intercession for a worldwide missionary outreach and my privileged part in it as Secretary covered 35 years, from the first word of faith for the ten to the present worldwide expansions. It was the fourth major intercession of my life. Needless to say, it involved many stresses and tensions, sometimes in the opening of closed fields, often in finances, sometimes in personnel problems and losses.

Always there was relearning and re practicing of that fundamental evidence of a Spirit-led calling—that we are loving one another as He loved us. By grace we have continued together. There was the plain commission inherited from C.T. Studd, and what followed for me and my coworkers was intercession in action.

The first fruit to the altar was the ceasing at the home base to use mission monies for personal needs. Then there were many continual “deaths.” We appeared to other societies and churches as a weak, unorganized, “scary” company of daring men and women. We were even called “modern Franciscans”! Usually we had not great educational backgrounds, no personal funds and not much backing from home churches. However, church backing has much changed now. There was no controlling committee, except the one C.T. Studd called our “Committee Always in Session.” This Father, Son and Holy Spirit “committee” (occasionally visited by a fourth, the Devil!) conveyed guidance to us by the open fellowship method.

So deaths worked in us personally and corporately, in the “foolishness of faith.: But God enabling us, we went forward; and there has been and still is the gaining of this intercession.

To some extent, we have lived in the glorious condition described in 1 Corinthians 4:9-12:

For I think that God hath set forth the apostles last, as it were appointed to death, for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men.

We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye are honorable, but we are despised.

Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place; and labor, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it.

How I thank God for being given such years of the Royal Priesthood, in the authority of faith and vicarious sacrifice—commission, cost, completion.

Part Four

Intercession Being Gained in Worldwide, Churchwide Commission

My Fifth and Last Commission

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 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 manifest 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 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” (Isa. 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 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 (sent freely on request by our editors—see mailing address at the front of this booklet) 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 and conferences—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” (Isa. 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. The supremest, who not only knew but had the wisdom of God in putting his knowing into words, was Jacob Boehme, interpreted in English by William Law. But many others “knew,” and some of us have long drunk from them.

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 (hey 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 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.