



*Keeping In Touch*

*December 2008*

*...whether I come and see you, or else be absent,  
I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit,  
with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel;  
Philippians 1:27b*

Welcome to our year-end edition of *Keeping In Touch!* As we reflect on the year, I am certain that we can find numerous reasons to rejoice in the Lord for Who He has been to and for what He has done for His people this year, and He has not finished at all. It has been nothing short of a blessing for us to be actively involved in producing this magazine month after month, and we have been encouraged to see the Word of God go forth like wildfire, and for it to be as received as it has is truly magnificent. May the words and articles found in this edition continue to be a blessing and an encouragement to all that read. If you have any testimonies or faith boosters, a word that God has been speaking to you, prayer requests, and so forth, please do not hesitate to submit those to us at:

***News Bulletin PO Box 409      or      KJTBulletin@truevine.net***  
***Mahomet, IL 61853***

*Prison Ministry*

*Danville ~ Every Monday Night*  
*Taylorville ~ Every Tuesday Night*  
*Danville ~ 2nd & 4th Sundays*

***Table of Contents***

<i>Baby Announcement: The Schell's.....</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>Therewith To Be Content, Part Two</i>	
<i>Confined in Christ by Nate Chattic.....</i>	<i>19</i>	<i>by Cathy Burton.....</i>	<i>10</i>
<i>Fox's Book of Martyrs: Chapter 22.....</i>	<i>21</i>	<i>Visitors' Corner.....</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Gathering Unto Me: Paulina Davis.....</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>Word: The Eminent Return of Christ</i>	
<i>Hugs by Terry Smith.....</i>	<i>34</i>	<i>by Barak Asbill.....</i>	<i>4</i>
		<i>Word: Personal Sanctification</i>	
		<i>by Burt Asbill.....</i>	<i>13</i>



# It's A Girl!



Wes and Bibi Schell  
are the happy new parents  
of a little girl!  
Victoria Dominique Schell was  
born October 30<sup>th</sup>, 2008  
at 8:20 AM  
She weighed 7 lb 15 oz and  
was 20 1/4 inches long.  
All members of this beautiful  
little family are very blessed and  
happy. *Let God be praised!*

# Gathering Unto Me

*An Exhortation by Paulina Davis  
September 28th, 2008*

As Barak was praying I heard a word from God and the word was, "Your gathering is not about you, it is about Me!"

You know, God created us as people who have needs, because He also has needs. He proves to us over and over again that we have needs and that He comes to fill our needs.

He says, "My people, I have needs today and I have called you to fulfill the needs that I have."

One of the things that God has need of is people who will come to Him and say, "God, I love You!" and mean it.

He has emotions and His emotions need to be filled. He needs to know and to hear from us that we love Him and are willing to do anything to fulfill His need. He has many other needs. He needs people in the Body of Christ to be lifted up so that He could release the powers to set them free, to heal them.

The word that has just overwhelmed me this morn-

ing is that God says, "Your gathering is not about you, it is about Me." If we lift Him up and fill His needs, He will be faithful to come back and fill us with His presence that fills us so much, that fills everything that is in us so that all our needs are gone. Do you understand what it means?

God says, "You have gathered together because of Me."

He has been faithful to bring us back together week after week, fighting through the spirits that hold us back, that take strength and life out of us and yet we still gather together because of Him.

He says, "Today, My people, are you willing just to come to Me and to say, 'God, we do love You. God, we want to fill Your needs. God, we want to lay down our lives so that You might be God in us and through us.'"

*Hallelujah. Amen. ☺*

# The Eminent Return of Christ

Barak Asbill

September 28th, 2008

There is a thought that we began the service with and it seems like we highlighted it in the songs that we have sung and it is a thought that is very pertinent to the time that we are in. The scripture that I want to start with is in Hebrews 12, beginning at verse 1, *Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.* Verse 2, *Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.* Actually, the whole chapter is very good, but for the sake of time, we will try to hit the high points: what I believe is the unction this morning concerning our spiritual well-being.

There has been a lot of talk with regard to 2008. You know, sometimes you hear the questions, “Well, what if it doesn’t happen? What if it is another time?”

I don’t think those kinds of questions are really relevant, because I don’t think it is a matter of if it does or if it doesn’t, or a matter of when. It is a matter of fact that **it IS going to happen.** So then the question that I should ask myself is, “If my focal point ought not be on the natural manifestation, then what ought it to be on?” The answer that I came up with is actually a question; there is a necessity as a believer that we should ask ourselves, “**Am I looking for the eminent return of Jesus Christ?**” It shifts the whole focal point. Do you understand what I am saying?

If that is the case and if I am indeed looking for His return, it begins to change my mode of operation. Correct? Because the thought process at present in the world is, “What will happen today, happened yesterday, therefore we conclude that what will happen tomorrow is what is happening today.” Right? “All things will go on as they always have.” If we find ourselves having that thought, we stand in jeopardy of being “caught unawares.”

One of the thoughts that was very prevalent this morning was the watchman who said, *Behold, the bridegroom cometh...* (Matthew 25:6). Now, I personally believe that Jesus is coming and He is now *en route*, if we want to put it in minute by minute terms. The thing that He is looking for is a place of residence which He can come to. That is where the rubber meets the road for us as individuals.

Hebrews 12:2, *Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.* It is a marvelous thing. There are two things going on here. First, there is the very creation of *author*. Right? Second, there is the continuance of that creation until it is brought to completion and at that point we arrive at *finisher*. Right? The author, the book writer who writes the book has created something that didn’t exist before. Correct? Hallelujah.

So we find this thing that is working inside of us, “Jesus is coming!” There is something that is being opened up and being made available to us as a people **now** that has never been available before. Jesus said, *And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one* (John 17:22). Then you ask yourself the question, “How do we know that Jesus is com-

ing?”

Let us turn our Bibles over to Matthew 24:3. The disciples had the same question. *And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?* So we see that there are two different things; first, the coming of Jesus; second, the end of the world. Now, we understand from that which has been delivered to us that the coming of Jesus is a two part coming. First, the secret coming: Christ as Lord, Christ as Creator and Christ as God inside you and me first. There is a scripture that I love that says, *God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself* (II Corinthians 5:19). Hallelujah.

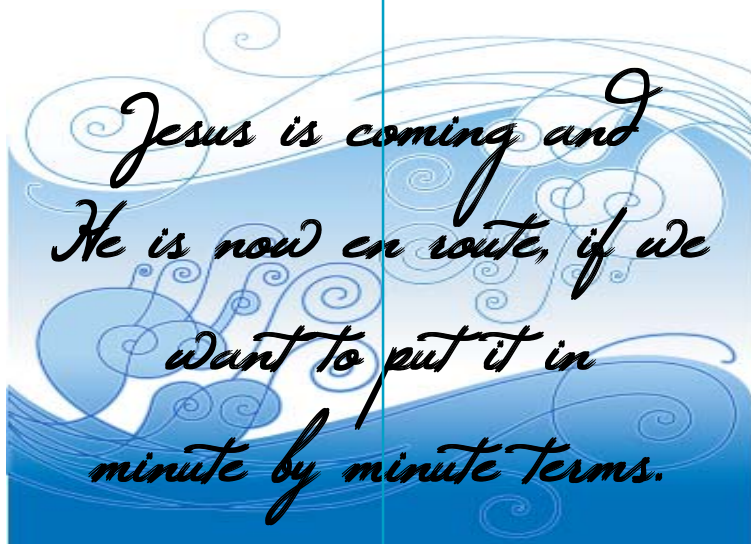
So the disciples asked the question, ...*what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?* So it seems that His coming and the end of the world are coinciding. Right? To some extent we can look and see the things happening in the world today and know that the time of His coming must be upon us. Hallelujah. But I don't recommend that you solely rely upon the natural manifestations of the end of the world, otherwise you will be in trouble. So there must be spiritual vision, spiritual sight and spiritual perception to see the thing coming down the road before it is actually here. Hallelujah.

I am going to hit the high points because there is a lot of material here that leads up to what He says. If you will come down to Matthew 24:15, we have an insight, we have a clue, as to what we ought to be looking for with regard to His coming. *When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand:) Then let them which be in Judaea flee into the mountains.* Hallelujah. Now, we understand that the Word of God is in layers or dimensions. The first application of this abomination spoken of by Daniel the prophet is the rebellion of the church from God.

Turn to II Thessalonians 2 and for the sake of context, let's begin with verse 1; let's give supporting evidence. *Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him...* Now, the whole point of why we are here today for Sunday fellowship is because of our expectation of the return of Jesus Christ. Amen. That is the basis

of why we are to gather together, because we are looking for the eminent return of Jesus Christ. Verse 2, *That ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand.* Okay, since the inception of the church back there after the resurrection of Jesus, the core belief of the church was of the eminent return of Jesus. So each generation of believers thought that they were in that time. Right? Hallelujah. Yet Paul is saying that even if you receive a letter from me speaking of the eminent return now, he says in verse 3, *Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition.* Now I am sure you are all aware that *falling away* is a weak translation and it gives a different connotation. The word in the Greek is *apostasia* which means *a rebellion*. So it says that the day of Jesus Christ's return cannot come except first there is a rebellion by the church against God. So verse 4, *Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.* So then this rebellion is not going to come wearing the clothes of rebellion. It is going to come wearing the clothes of religion; it will come in the name of Christianity. I mean, look at the simple use of the word *Christian*. Do you know that the Roman Catholic Church is referred to as being Christian? So there is a change that has been administered to the minds of humanity that has prepared them to receive this final rebellion. Hallelujah. Verse 5, *Remember ye not, that, when I was yet with you, I told you these things?* Verse 6, *And now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time.* Verse 7, *For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way.* In other words, the Holy Ghost is going to hold back this rebellion, that he might be revealed in his time. By this we understand that there is a time for

the rebellion to be made manifest. *Only he who now letteth will let.* In the Greek it is *ek mesos ginomai* meaning: he who letteth; holds back; to prevent from coming to. *Ek* means out of; be birthed out of the midst. Do you see the beauty of this? Out of the midst of the church... Remember the mystery of iniquity that already worketh? So there was a secret iniquity working underneath the sur-



face, preparing the way and building infrastructure so that when it is time for the Holy Ghost to let it go, it may be made manifest. Guess what time we are in? **We are there.** Hallelujah. But lest we think we are immune, the rebellion of the church against God is on more than one level.

Guess what? The Word says, *When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation...stand in the holy place...* (Matthew 24:15). Okay. So we understand in one place there is a Holy Place church. This church is represented by the Pentecostal movement, the infilling of the Holy Ghost. The baptism of the Holy Ghost is the Holy Place church. **The work of the Holy Ghost in the believer is the Holy Place church.** So on one level we have this abomination now in place.

If you were to go into a place of brick and mortar that bore the name of such and such a church, you would see a demonstration of the abomination in the Holy Place. But guess what? Let's take it up another level in application of the Holy Place. Are you not also, as an individual, a Holy Place? We have a spirit, we are a soul and this soul has a vehicle that we call our body.

Spirit	=	Holy of Holies
Soul	=	Holy Place
Body	=	Outer Court

The spirit is the Holy of Holies, the soul is the Holy Place and the body is the Outer Court. Hallelujah. So, as there is a spirit of rebellion that has taken the whole of the Holy Place church, the same spirit is seeking entrance into the Holy Place people that are coming out of the Holy Place church. So then anti-christ could take the form of anything that takes the place of Jesus. Right? Because the Word says that we are to be *looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our (my) faith.* Hallelujah.

So we understand therefore, *When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand:)* (Matthew 24:15). In another of the gospels it says, *standing where it ought not* (Mark 13:14). Back in Matthew 24:16, *Then let them which be in Judaea flee into the mountains.* So here is our instruction; here is our key to success if we follow it. We understand that, geographically, Judaea is on a low elevation. Naturally, the mountains are something that are higher than the plain.

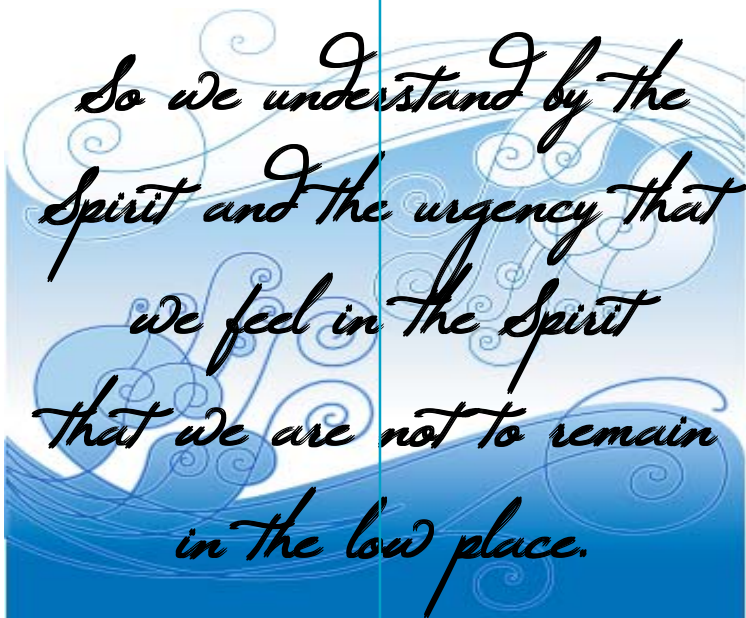
Hallelujah. He is talking about a spiritual position. If you are in a flat or low place spiritually, there is available to you and me a higher position, a higher place and it says to *flee.* So there is not any time for: "Well, let us consider." "Let us wait and see because I am not too sure about the 2008 thing."

It simply says, *flee into the mountains.* Hallelujah. I like the mountains. I grew up by the mountains and it was always nice to climb and hike up into the mountains, get up on some precipice, stand on the edge and see the valley below. You were in a commanding position. Strategically, when they go to war, whether it is the enemy or the good guys, whichever side, they want to be in a strategic position. He who holds the mountain is in a strategic position over he who holds the valley. So we understand by the Spirit and the urgency that we feel in the Spirit that we are not to remain in the low place. Being in the plain is not a place of safety; so, our safety then is in the mountain. Hallelujah. **GET YOUR CLIMBING GEAR OUT!** Get out your rope and harness. Get out your safety gear. You know, these guys that climb mountains use all kinds of hardware. Believe you me, they are checking their hardware, because they don't want to get on the side of the mountain and discover that a piece of their hardware is faulty and has put them in a very precarious position.

Verse 17, *Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take any thing out of his house.* He is dealing with different levels of maturity. The housetop is not such a high place, but it is better than being down at the bottom. Do you see what I am saying? So that means that there is a change. We must be looking for Jesus, because in our looking for Jesus it will change our perspective on the world. It will change our worldview so that the things that we are now doing begin to lose their value as to their longevity. Hallelujah. **It is not business as usual.** Verse 18, *Neither let him which is in the field return back to take*

*his clothes.* He that sets his hand to the plow and looks back is not worthy of the kingdom (Luke 9:62). Hallelujah.

God has bequeathed a calling and an election to each and every one of us. It is like a muscle - as we are exercised in that capacity, the muscle strengthens, the muscle gets bigger and the muscle needs more room to be that muscle. Have you ever heard the expression that a man's calling, his gift, will make



room for itself? It says in Proverbs 18:16, *A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men.*

So, let him that is in the field turn not back. There is not time to go back. Remember Lot's wife? Here is the mercy of God to Lot and his household. Now, remember that Lot was in Sodom because there was something in his heart that wanted to be in that kind of environment. Yet God had mercy upon the man and sent somebody to deliver a message to him. Not only to deliver a message to him, but to stay there and to see to it that he got himself out of the midst of the destruction. Hallelujah. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Shaffer: You are talking about fleeing to the mountains. It says, *Look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed* (Genesis 19:17).

Barak: *Lest thou be consumed.* Hallelujah. Thank you. *Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes* (Matthew 24:18). *Take his clothes.* So the covering that was provided for us by the Blood of Jesus Christ, as He has administered salvation to us was sufficient in the past. But if we return back to that position, to that place where God was, it is going to be insufficient for us. So there is a covering that He has yet to provide that is sufficient for the direction that we are going. There is a glory yet to be revealed in the saints that is sufficient to overcome the destruction that is coming. So we are looking for a different wardrobe. This tabernacle must be clothed with immortality (II Corinthians 5:4). See, this is where we are being brought to. Immortality is being made available and He wants to deposit it **inside** of us. Did you see it in the song service? Did you feel it in the Spirit? Did you feel the flow of that administration?

*Peter and John went to pray.*

*They met a lame man on the way.*

*He asked for alms and held out his palms,*

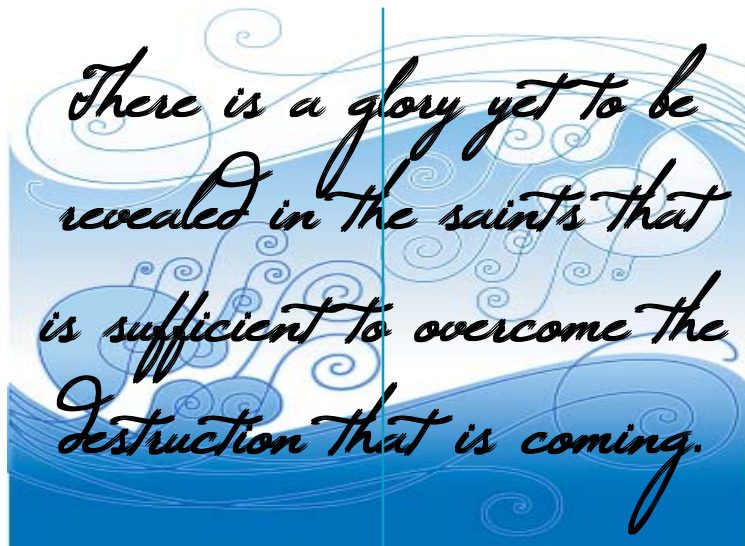
*And this is what Peter did say:*

*Silver and gold have I none,*

*But such as I have give I thee.*

*In the name of Jesus Christ, of Nazareth,  
rise up and walk.* Acts 3:6

You know, I think God let the church peek in for a while at that glory. He let these things happen to give us evidence, physical hard proof, of the thing that He wants



to reveal in its full capacity. Hallelujah. This is what I feel in the Spirit. This thing that is percolating is the omniscience, the omnipresence, and the omnipotence of God that wants to dwell inside me. Not for the sake of me, you understand. Not that I might be lifted up, but simply because I am a conduit. I am a vessel that has been prepared, meet for the Master's use and He has occasion to pour it out to

demonstrate Himself in the midst of a needy world. Hallelujah.

Of a truth, God has needs, and that is why we have needs. Yet He is going to perfect His power in weakness. He is going to make manifest His perfection in sackcloth and ashes. I love the Scripture. It says, *He gave me beauty for ashes* (Isaiah 61:3). It tells me that the currency of heaven is not in paper, but the currency of heaven is in ashes and all that I need is to bring Him my ashes or allow Him to make me into ashes that He might give me beauty. Hallelujah.

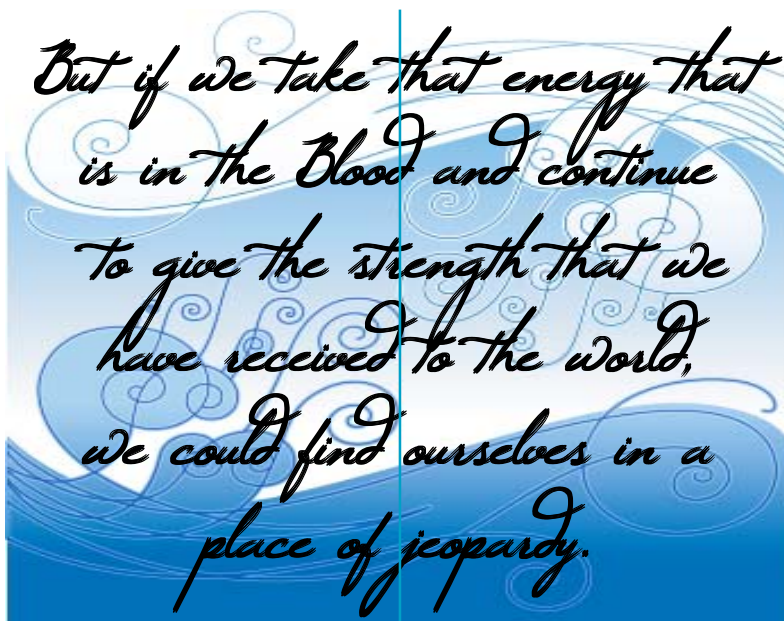
There is a testimony that I came across of a woman that is 31 years old who is an abortion survivor. Come on now! An abortion survivor! Her mother had a saline abortion, and the baby came out alive. The abortion doctor wasn't there when the baby came out alive and the standard protocol or procedure at that time, 31 years ago, is that they had to do something to save the baby. So the nurse sent her to the hospital. To make a long story short, she is now 31 years old and a living testimony of the Blood of Jesus Christ to save to the uttermost. Do you know what she says of herself? "I have been blessed with the gift of Cerebral Palsy." Because of the lack of oxygen that was to her brain, that is what her body suffers with. What a tremendous testimony. Now she is preaching of the need to have Jesus Christ. I'm telling you, she is anointed of God and she doesn't even know it to the degree that she is. She has run two marathons. She has Cerebral Palsy and has run two marathons - to the testimony of the doctors that said that she would never hold her head up. Come on now. Do you understand that "for such a time as this" (Esther 4:14) you and I have been reserved? He is going to take the weak things, the base element of things and He is going to deposit His power, His resurrection, His Godhead inside of us and He is going to demonstrate His ability to save (I Corinthians 1:27-28).

Matthew 24:19, *And woe unto them that are with*

*child, and to them that give suck in those days!* Hallelujah. Let me give some spiritual application here. The reality of Jesus Christ is such that the only way it will work is if each one of us possesses our own reality. Knowledge that is derived from someone else's reality will only go so far. Hallelujah. **Woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days!** I believe there was a word given a

couple of weeks ago that admonished us about giving our strength to the world. We receive strength by virtue of the Blood. Correct? Way back when we received Jesus as our Saviour we had a connection to heaven and the Blood became available. Every time we call upon it, it comes and now it is coming in bucket loads. It is being personally delivered by Michael, the arch angel, carrier of the Blood. But if we take that energy that is in the Blood and we continue to remain in a place of a plain and continue to give the energy and the strength that we have received to the world, we could find ourselves in a place of jeopardy, because there is something that is draining the life out of us. You know, the devil specializes in this kind of warfare. He can't beat the Blood so he has to beat the church in a manner of diversion and distraction. Hallelujah. It is the Holy Ghost that illuminates and gives to us wisdom: where we ought to be, what we ought to be doing, where we ought not to be and what we ought not to be doing. Do you see what I am saying?

Verse 20, **But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day.** It is interesting that even now, naturally, we are going into winter. I think it seems just like God to coincide the natural with the spiritual pertaining to the things that have been said to us with regard to 2008. You know, when you look at a great, big, beautiful tree full of life, we see the life by the color of the leaf. It is vibrant green. I like trees; they are so beautiful. I lived in the mountains where I was surrounded by them. I like to hear the wind through the pine trees. Yet there comes a season in the tree's life when the equinox changes the length of days, and the energy that we see in the leaf is withdrawing and the tree is making preparation against the harshness of the coming winter. Hallelujah. So all of the energy that gives the leaves the ability to be pretty and nice and green and to provide us shade in the summer is



*But if we take that energy that is in the Blood and continue to give the strength that we have received to the world, we could find ourselves in a place of jeopardy.*

being transferred down the limbs, down the trunk and down into the root system of the tree. It is going down below the frost level to protect the life of the tree and to reserve the energy that the tree would need to do in the spring what it has done all the past summer. Do you see what I am saying? So it says, **But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter.** In other words, there is a time of preparation and there is a time

when the preparation is over with and it is time to draw upon your preparation in the time of need. If we wait until the winter is upon us to do preparation, what do you think our fate will be? Not very good, not very pleasant.

...**neither on the sabbath day** (verse 20). So that means no travel on Sunday, correct? What is the time by God's clock? In six days He made the heavens and the earth and on the seventh day He rested. How do we know we are in the seventh day and not in the sixth? We can understand something of the timing of God by the Holy Ghost that He gave which was to usher in the day of rest. One of the purposes of the Holy Ghost is to enable man to cease from his own work and to rest in God as the Holy Ghost begins to move. Hallelujah. So pray that your flight be **neither on the sabbath day.** This is where we are, you see. The time of the classroom is coming to a close. The time for that which we have learned, that which we have understood, that which we have received ought now be ready to be drawn upon. Hallelujah.

Verse 21, **For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.** I think it is pretty simple. The reality is that this is where we are, right on the very threshold of this great tribulation.

How great? It says in verse 22, **And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved.** So that tells you how terrible this tribulation is going to be; it has the devastating potential to completely destroy all of creation. Think on that one for a while. **But...** Thank God for the **but**. ...**but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.** In other words, there is going to be and is now coming a power inside of a people that is greater than the power of destruction that will enable the overcomers the right to speak the Word and to shorten the day of destruction. ...**those days shall be shortened.**

I will close with a scripture verse in Hebrews 9:23. *It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these.* He is talking about the tabernacle - Moses' tabernacle - the ordinances and due process which God instituted. ...*but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these.* This is what we are coming up to - heavenly things. Verse 24, *For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.* <sup>25</sup>*Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others;* <sup>26</sup>*For then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.* <sup>27</sup>*And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:* <sup>28</sup>*So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.* So you are talking about the coming of Jesus Christ.

There is another verse that comes to mind, where it says that He shall come to be glorified and admired. It is II Thessalonians 1:6, *Seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you;* <sup>7</sup>*And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels,* <sup>8</sup>*In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.* So there are two things happening here; do you see that?

1) The Lord being revealed to the saints, but at that revelation or at that revealing there is:

2) this judgment. It kind of goes back to the thought of Matthew 24. Right? Two things coinciding together: 1)

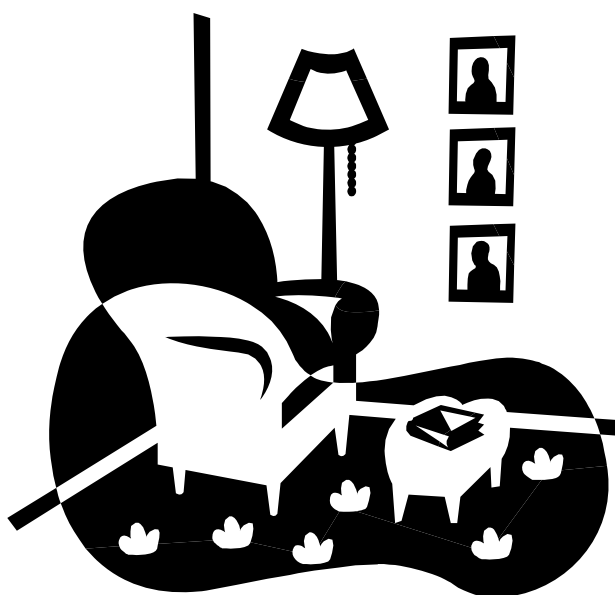
the coming of Jesus Christ; and 2) the end of the world.

Verse 8, *In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ:* <sup>9</sup>*Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power;* <sup>10</sup>*When he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe (because our testimony among you was believed) in that day.*

Do you want another verse? Matthew 24:27, *For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.* This is also stated in Luke 17:24, *For as the lightning, that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so shall also the Son of man be in his day.* What are we talking about? Are we talking about some mega-voltage of lightning that we are going to see? Will we say, "Ah! There it is, the sign!"? Or are you talking about one part of heaven being joined with another part of heaven? Remember that He said in Hebrews 12:1, *Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses...* which is one part of heaven. The saints have gone on to be in a higher place spiritually than we are. But guess what? The Holy Ghost inside of us working is bringing this soul up into a higher place so that the two begin to meet in the middle. The common denominator? Verse 2, *Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith;*... Hallelujah. Glory to God. My goodness.

Praise the Lord. I am excited. There is something happening. Sometimes I can't find the words to describe it, but I have the feelings. The virtue of God is being made available to you and me and it gives us the strength, in spite of our situation, to rise up in the midst of the circumstance and to speak the Word. Hallelujah. Glory to God.

God bless you. ✨



**We have been pleased to have amongst us  
October 19<sup>th</sup>**

**George & Susan Herrig and  
David & Kristi Wickboldt  
November 2<sup>nd</sup>**

**Nthabisen Matlou, who is staying  
with Emeka and Ona Osaji**

**Visitor's Corner**

# There with TO BE CONTENT part 2

**Moving**



by  
**Cathy  
BURTON**

As I mentioned in the last article, our trip from Florida to Illinois was quite the experience in itself. It has been almost a year since we moved (which is hard to believe) so hopefully I will be able to remember the details. I have learned that in EVERY situation I am in, God is wanting to say something to me. Even in the small, everyday type of situations, He is talking to me and wanting me to learn. I am so glad that He is patient with us! Craig is definitely the kind of guy that will investigate and call to find the best deal. And of course, he did that with our moving van. You wouldn't think that 2 people would have that much stuff, but having our own business seemed to add to our collection of possessions. We sold one of our cars and had decided to tow our Toyota 4-Runner. We also decided to rent a 26' truck which seemed enormous when I saw it but it filled up rather quickly! When we went to pick up the truck and trailer, we found out that the 4-

Runner's tires were too big and because it didn't fall into their size limits, they wouldn't insure it and our insurance wouldn't cover it if something happened to it either. This was our first hurdle. We cancelled the trailer and decided that Craig would probably have to fly back to Florida and drive it up. Not exactly what we had planned on BUT in the end, we were SO GLAD that we hadn't pulled the car behind us after all.

We took the van to our home and some of the brethren came over and helped us pack it up. It was a bittersweet day to say the least. We were excited about moving but very sad, too, because it was VERY hard to leave the brethren there. I could tell that they were sad about us leaving, too. We had everything pretty much taken care of except for some last minute cleaning and food in the fridge that we were taking with, so we went to Patrick and Christine's house and spent the night and then went back to our place in the morning and did our last minute things. Russ and Susan Blom had offered to drive our car up for us so they came over in the morning and picked up the car and gave us more hugs! We had already hugged everyone a bunch of times but I don't know that you can ever give too many hugs! It was SOOOO hard to leave them - we decided NOT to say "goodbye" but "see you soon." Craig and I hopped in the van and let it warm up because it was a diesel. We got out the map, talked about the route, prayed and then got ready to leave. Just as we were pulling out of the driveway, Craig's phone rang and it was Russ! He asked if we had left yet and which road we were taking. I couldn't figure out why until a few minutes later when we were getting ready to pull onto I-95 and I saw a man standing by the side of the road, waving his arms! I wondered what in the world he was doing and then I real-

ized that it was Mr. Blom! He was waving one more time! It made me want to cry and laugh at the same time! I just wanted to turn the van around and unload everything and stay there! I just appreciate the love that he and Susan showed to us. They are like parents to me and I am so thankful for them.

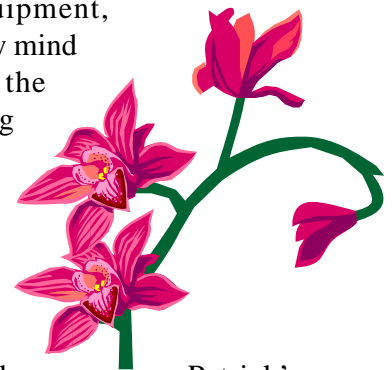
The van we rented was a fairly new one with not that many miles on it so we were pretty relieved when we saw that since we were travelling so far. We drove for a while and it seemed like we weren't going very fast. We stopped at a rest stop and then when we started the van up again, it felt like we had no power at all. We were barely going 55mph and cars were just flying past us. Craig knew something wasn't right. I can't remember all the details but we ended up calling the emergency hotline and they told us that if we could get to a certain town, there was a shop there that could look at the truck and hopefully fix it. We plugged along until we got to the shop, and they took about 45 minutes and thought that they had fixed the issue. All I remember is that we had driven all day and had gotten hardly anywhere. The mechanic who helped us was VERY nice and his parting advice was "Keep 'er between the ditches and don't go through the drive-thru." We had a good laugh about that and left to go find a hotel. It was late by then and we were tired and hungry. We had dinner and then got a hotel room. When we walked into the room, my stomach immediately flipped. The room reeked like vomit. I turned to Craig and I could tell that he smelled it too. We sat for a moment and tried to decide if we could sleep in there or not. We finally decided to ask for a different room. When Craig went down to ask for a new room, they said, "Did your room smell like vomit?" before he even said anything! Apparently, they had gotten a shipment of new chairs for the rooms, and the foam was made out of recycled materials and had the weird aroma of vomit. Interesting! They gave us a different room and that bed felt SO good! I was so tired and went to sleep, hoping that the next day would be much better.

We got up and got moving the next morning and the van seemed OK...for awhile. We drove for a little bit and because of our size, we had to stop at the weigh stations. We drove through one and for some reason, they flagged us down and made us stop. So Craig hopped out and let the official look in our truck. When he got back in and started it up, it was sluggish again...but ALOT worse. We both looked at each other



and groaned. We plugged along to a truck stop and pulled over and called the emergency hotline again. They told us to try to get to another shop that wasn't too far away but when we tried to start it up, the truck was dead. So they sent out a mechanic that looked like David Wickboldt but was extremely shy. He hardly said two words to us. He banged around, had to leave and come back with parts, and all in all it was a long wait and the hours were ticking away. We only had snacks so we were getting really hungry. After all his banging around, we got it started up and hoped once again that we were fixed. He drove off in a hurry and we were just glad to get going again. We hadn't gotten far at all and it started all over again. So we called the mechanic and he told us to pull over and wait for him to come back and we were supposed to follow him to his shop. It didn't take him very long and he slowly escorted. The auto shop was in the middle of nowhere and there was no restaurant or anything near by. Craig was exhausted from the stress of it

all and I was just plain tired! We sat in the truck while the mechanic banged around some more. He didn't say 2 words to us so it was a mystery as to what was even going on. The funny thing is that there we were, in the middle of who-knows-where and in the pasture next to the auto shop were llamas! Llamas! I just wanted to bust out laughing because it all just seemed way too crazy to be happening to us. But then...it got even crazier! The mechanic decided that he couldn't do anything so they were going to tow us to Gainesville to the dealer who would decide what to do. TOW a 26' truck with all of our family antiques, business equipment, beautiful dishes...? My mind was freaking out at the thought of everything getting demolished. But there was no other option. So they hooked us to a big tow truck and off we went. Every time we hit a bump, I cringed.



Patrick's mom had given us a beautiful orchid and I had kept it in the front of the truck with us the whole time. Can you imagine three of us squeezed in the front of a tow truck, bouncing along with an orchid on our faces? It was quite a ride to say the least. We got to the dealer (which



I think was about an hour's drive) and after their mechanic looking at the situation, thinking he fixed it, too, and then discovering after a test drive that he hadn't, they told us that we were going to have to move everything from our truck to a new truck.

This was in December so by then it was starting to get dark. We were REALLY hoping that it wouldn't come to that, but it did. Thankfully they hired a 3 man crew to unload and reload everything. The main moving guy confidently told us that it wouldn't take long at all and that after he was done, there would be three feet of space left in the truck. Well, we also had had an expert packer on our end and needless to say, he didn't have any space left when they were done repacking. I think he was a little shocked, to say the least. It took them hours to move everything from one truck to the other and it was dark and getting cold when they were finally through. Craig and I were officially ravenous after not having anything since breakfast, but all that was open was a Waffle House and it wasn't that great. We tried to sleep but had a horrible bed and noisy neighbors. When we woke up the next morning, we were worn out. Here it had been two days, and we hadn't even left Florida!

We headed out and were crossing our fingers the whole time. This truck had over 130,000 miles, I think, and it ran like a dream compared to the other one! I can't remember how far we got that day but it went a whole lot better than the previous two days and we knew that by the next night, we would be in our home. It was Saturday night and we had let our family and the brethren in Mahomet know that we were going to get in sometime early Sunday afternoon. The weather was getting colder and they were predicting rain and yucky stuff Sunday, so we were hoping that we would get to our new home before it turned to ice or snow! We made good time that morning and were getting sprinkles as we headed into Champaign. We saw the sign for Mansfield and JUST as we were pulling onto the exit, there was a HUGE black cloud that came down and poured so hard that we could hardly even see the road! It was crazy! It only lasted for about two minutes and then it was over! We got to our new home and were exhausted and relieved all in one breath. We

started unpacking and got some things set up and then went to Craig's parent's house to eat a warm meal. It was such a relief to finally be here! And miraculously, nothing was broken! I was so thankful! All in all, I would have to say that it was definitely a test to see what we really believed. It would have been easy to think a lot of different things in all those hard moments, but at the end of each day we would just remember what God had spoken to us and believe that He allowed all that happened for a reason. We were so thankful for so many things and looking back, we can see His hand in it all. Just because you have trials, doesn't mean that you aren't in His will. I believe that He will show you what is from Him and what isn't. It's all part of His fine tuning and His molding us to be more like Him. Trust Him in whatever you are facing now, because He will show Himself strong when you call on His name! 🌿



**i have learned,  
in whatsoever state i am,  
therewith to be content.  
PHILIPPIANS 4:11**



**Craig and Cathy BURTON**



# Personal Sanctification

Burt Asbill

Mahomet, IL

Please turn to John 17. This was the prayer of dedication and consecration that Jesus Christ spoke shortly before they took Him into incarceration, interrogation, persecution and finally, execution on Calvary. I have been thinking about this chapter quite a bit, chewing on different aspects of it over the last several weeks. I am very interested in personal sanctification. I feel like God has been talking to me about getting my house in order. I think that in order for us to demonstrate the reality of God or to bring righteousness into the environments that we are going to find ourselves in, there is a need for personal sanctification. If we are going to walk like Jesus Christ walked, then we are going to have to be like Jesus Christ.

There is a Word here in John 17 that Jesus Christ spoke that is pertinent to us. Though He was talking to the Father, I think that He was speaking it aloud so that we could read it. I know that the position He was in was a position that is being offered unto us. If you go back into Genesis 1, 2 and 3, you will find that God's desire was to make man in His image and in His likeness. God desired us to be like Him. Now, I don't know how you view that, but if I am to be like God, then there must be a whole lot of God that is inside of me that you are able to see. That doesn't necessarily mean that you are able to recognize it! I think if God showed up in our congregation we probably would not recognize Him. I think that is a scriptural point, especially in light of the story of the disciples that were walking on the road to Emmaus with Him. He spent three and a half years with them and yet they did not know Him until He chose to reveal Himself to them. Why? Could it have been something within their soul that was hindering the knowledge from being transmitted to their brain? Absolutely! Only when He did something that was familiar to them, as in the breaking of the bread, was there a revelation that came to them that this was Christ. Now, why did

it take them so long to recognize Christ? Because they were looking for something else. They were thinking about something else and they weren't thinking of Christ as actually being alive and able to manifest Himself in person. I think that is one of our problems: we really DO NOT BELIEVE what God wants to do with humanity. Hallelujah.

I am not doing away with the position of Christ. Without Christ, none of this would have been possible or available, and none of this would have worked. It took Jesus Christ to walk it out, to initiate the path. He opened the door! Without Him, none of this would have been available. I know that there was a doctrine being preached in some of the charismatic churches a while back that it could have been anybody that did what Jesus Christ did. That is not true. It could not have been JUST anybody. It took God to do what needed to be done in this realm of humanity to overcome humanity and to break the relationship it has with the devil. The devil has interwoven himself so tremendously within human nature that it took divine intervention, God coming in the form and the flesh of a Man, being tried in every way in which we are being tried, to go through every infirmity with which we ourselves are having to deal, (or others around us are having to deal with,) in order to break the power and to say that THE WAY IS OPEN! THE DOOR IS OPEN!

The fact is that there is a desire in God's heart. It wasn't a desire that was in my heart. What was in God's heart when I began to grow into God began to work in my heart. Hallelujah. God says that you shall be transformed, transfigured, you shall be changed (Romans 12:2). Now, some of us are satisfied with who we are and what we are. Yes, we are, because we don't do anything about it, when the power to change is given within our hand. **But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons**

*of God, even to them that believe on his name:* (John 1:12).

In John 17, Jesus says a very important and noteworthy thing that we need to look at. Now, there are different parts of chapter 17 that are preached upon much, but there are some parts of chapter 17 that are preached upon very little, if at all. Now, after He goes through the telling of who He is, what He is and what it is He now has, He says in John 17:15, ***I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world...*** Some of us want to escape. I call it Pentecostal suicide. “Lord, just take me home. I’m ready to go, Lord.” Sometimes we will invent a doctrine, like rapture, in order to alleviate any decision for suffering. As far as I am concerned, it is just a suicidal spirit, because you don’t want to have tribulation. I am not telling you something that I haven’t experienced, because I have experienced it. Coming out of the darkness of sin and degradation, I was very much a depressed person who had to battle with the spirit of suicide.

So, I know suicide when I see it, because I met it on many different levels. Sometimes, my level was alcohol. I drank myself into oblivion and then got in the car to drive. Don’t tell me that that is something you do because you want to live. I don’t know how many wrecks I was in, but every wreck that I was in, God miraculously covered my stupidity. Once I rolled the car three times and I should have been dead. No seatbelt. I was over in Europe somewhere and it was one of those older cars. I should have been thrown out into the mud and rolled over at least once. But He is a merciful God; there was an old farmer there that pulled me out of the muck and I drove back to the Base. You should have seen them look at me when I came through the gate: the car had broken windows and an egg-shaped wheel so that it was bumping and lurching down the road. But nevertheless, I was alive because there was a divine appointment that I had with God. There was a calling and an election that was upon my life that I needed to respond to.

You know, I can say that there are probably many of you here in this congregation who have been in similar sets of circumstances where the outcome could have been very different from what it was. Yet somehow, somehow, in some divine manner, God intervened. Why? Because you had a destiny, you had a calling, you had an election. You had a point down the road where He wanted to meet you and there was something that He wanted to tell you. He knew in telling you that it was going to spark something in your heart and that it was going to make you maybe

a little fanatical, maybe a little obsessed, maybe a little overboard, but nevertheless, it was something that came from God. God wanted to put it in your heart, God wanted to nurture it in your heart, because God wanted it to come forth. It was not because it was something that you wanted, but it was because God saw something in you that had the capability of producing what He wanted.

You know, there is no farmer that I know that puts seed into the ground out here and just walks away without any type of expectation. I have an expectation when I plant something, that it is not only going to produce, but that it is going to produce something I am pleased with, something I am proud of (if I can use the word without you misinterpreting it), something about which I can say, “Isn’t this nice? Isn’t this gorgeous? Isn’t this beautiful?” All of these things are thoughts that we have in the natural. How much more should it be in God when He has some-

thing that He is wanting to plant within our soul? Hallelujah. Was that not the combination that He gave to Jesus, not once, but maybe three times? “This is My beloved Son, ... hear Him” (Matthew 3:17). In another place He said, “This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased” (Matthew 17:15). So if God could talk that to Jesus Christ His Son, could I not also, in some manner or way, have an expectation in my heart that God would speak something over me other than a bene-

diction? “May he rest in peace.” It is not peace that I want to rest in. It is peace that I want to usher into the world. Hallelujah. He says that in this world we shall have “much tribulation” (John 16:33). But Paul says in another place to rejoice in that tribulation for it worketh to your benefit if you have the right perspective and intent (Romans 5:3). It is necessary for us to have the right intent.

If you want to build church, it is all right, go at it, but it is not the full or the right intent. If you want to save souls, go at it, do it, work at it, but it is not the fullness, it is not the thing that God wants to do. IT IS A BY-PRODUCT. Do you know what a by-product is? It is something that is produced because of something else. Hallelujah. Jesus had disciples, not because He wanted disciples, but because He had a Word within Him that drew disciples to Him.

So, there is a Word that God is speaking to us and there is a desire that He has put in our hearts. That desire and that Word should be that we want to be like Him. I have found out something. I can say it with my mouth that I

*Sometimes we will invent a doctrine, like rapture, in order to alleviate any decision for suffering. As far as I am concerned, it is just a suicidal spirit, because you don't want to have tribulation.*



want to be like Him, but there is something in me that says that I don't want to be like Him, because to be like Him means that I have to do something about "me" that is standing in the way of becoming like Him and there are certain things about me that I like. Of course, you are not that way, but I am like that and I find that I have to be very diligent in bringing those things into subjection to the Holy Ghost, because those things work against me ALL THE TIME. Not just sometimes when I am wanting to be good, maybe particularly bad when I am wanting to be good. But there are these attributes of my nature that are inconsistent, incompatible with the desire of God.

I could just say, "Well, it is impossible. I can't do anything about it." But then I would have to rip out the portion of my Bible that says, *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me* (Philippians 4:13). Now, why don't I do all things? You know, if I want to go to Champaign, I can sit here and say, "I want to go to Champaign. I want to go to Champaign. I want to go to Champaign. Lord, translate me to Champaign." Yet, God doesn't do anything about it because there is an expectation that He has that I am going to fulfill my end of the bargain.

Now, maybe one day when I have no gas, no car, no ability, He will translate me – if I am ready and able to believe that He can do it. But I won't be ready and I won't be able to believe if I have not been practicing the unbelievable. If I am not practicing the unbelievable, when the unbelievable comes I am dead meat. Talking about dead meat, you know, this is church out here on the farm. Did you know that? This is church. There was a deer that got hit by an automobile out on the road and it was dead, but I watched it. The first night, the coyotes dragged it off the road down into the little ditch there on the side. They took care of the back half that night. The next day, buzzards came and did their thing. The next night the coyotes came back and dragged it down into the wash back here. It says that the devil is as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour (I Peter 5:8).

You know, I can make one major mistake and if I don't rectify that major mistake, I have an even **BIGGER** problem. All these little things start coming at me. These little coyotes, (you know what I mean,) ripping here, ripping there, pulling me over there and pulling me over here. Then, if that isn't enough, the buzzards come in and start picking, picking, picking, picking, picking, picking. Three days is all it took to skin that deer inside out. All that was left was the skin. My goodness. If you don't think that that is prophetic, if you don't think that that doesn't happen in the spirit, you are mistaken. If you think that just because you have an end-time word, or a word of fuller revelation, or you have an experience that is supposed to bring you into a fuller completeness with God, that it is

enough, YOU ARE WRONG. There is something that you have to do, and that is to resist the devil.

Capital "R," RESIST THE DEVIL. Hallelujah. Oh, yes, and when you have done all that you can do, what is it that the Bible says we are still able to do? "...to stand." Do you know how much trouble it is just to stand sometimes? I mean, you have done this, you have done that. You have done "A" and it didn't work, you have done "B" and it didn't work, and you have done "C" and it didn't work, you have done "D" and it didn't work. You say, "What is the use of doing anything?" So you say, "Well, I can stand!" You know, it doesn't say to stand for a while. It doesn't say to stand for an hour, a day, a week, a month. Sometimes you might have to stand for years. Oh, boy! Hallelujah.

So here we are. Jesus is praying, in John, for His disciples. Not only for His disciples, BUT FOR US, because we were and are in the same condition. We were and are in the same boat, maybe even a little worse off than them. Thank God! That way we have a greater testimony, or we can do greater things in light of the testimony or the Word that God gives us. God gives us a Word for a purpose – His purpose. That purpose isn't just to make you a better person. A better person is a by-product. What He gives you a Word for is to make you like Him so that **He might be glorified**. You know, if I want to glorify Jesus, I have to de-glorify myself. That is what the Bible says. "...I must decrease" (John 3:30). John had the revelation, but we don't want to hear it. Or we want to hear it and we want to be able to say, "Amen," and go out the door and forget it.

We want to go out the door and forget it. We want to have our lifestyle. We want to have our little temper tantrums. We want to have our little ways. We do not want to resist the devil that is going to come in whatever manner. Sometimes he comes to rip and tear like the coyotes. Sometimes he comes to peck like the buzzards. But whatever the way is, whatever the means used, at the end of the day all you have there is the skin.

It says that the creation out here speaks of those things that pertain to God and the spiritual realm or aspects of God in the reality of heaven (Romans 1:20). We have been waiting for heaven to come out there somewhere. My Bible says that *the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force* (Matthew 11:12). You know, if some devil has a hold of me, he is not going to turn loose of it easily. Not when you look at how many generations he has been working and entwining himself in the fabric of my family. Come on! You know, I came to a revelation very early in my Christian life: There is nothing in my family that I am proud of. It is not that I don't love my family. It is just that there is nothing there that is "good" in the eternal sense.

Now maybe your family is better than my family. It probably is. Praise the Lord. But that isn't necessarily going to give you an edge on me, because I know that whatever is in your family, if you are not resisting it, if you are not overcoming it, if you are not doing something about it, if you are not putting it down, if you are not burying it, is going to rise up in your face one day and keep you from inheriting what God has for you.

He says, ***I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world...*** "Lord, I don't want you to take Burt out of the world!" That is what He is saying, you know. "I don't want you to take him out of that world. Let the world be all around him. In fact, let the world loose on him. Let's see what he is going to do with the world. Is he going to embrace it, or is he going to reject it? Is he going to push against it, or is he going to pull it toward him? What is he going to do with the world that is all around him?" ***I pray not that thou shouldst take them (him) out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them (him) from the evil.*** Hallelujah. Praise the Lord. There is a provision, there is a statement, there is a covering that God gives us; there is a Word that He speaks: ***keep them from the evil.*** Isn't that like one of the things that He said in the Lord's prayer? ***Deliver us from evil.*** *Deliver us* and *keep us* are two different things. You know that? *Deliver us* implies action; *keeping* implies covering. So, there is something of a covering that God gives us in order for us to be delivered. Hallelujah.

Flip Wilson, a comedian, used to say, "The devil made me do it." We kind of have that mentality in the spirit. Sometimes we use it as an excuse to be bad or to do something that is wrong. How many of you say, "Well, that is just me and there is nothing that I can do about it."? Don't show hands. But there *is* something that you can do about it. God has given you the power and the ability to do something about you. We don't want to do it, though, because it is a little thing called DEATH TO SELF. All right. ***...keep them from the evil.*** Verse 16, ***They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.***

I was praying with some brethren recently and I just feel this morning to share a vision I had. As we were praying, we were being brought up to a door. I wasn't able to see the realm that we were in. It seemed like we were in something of a "God" environment, but we came up to this door. As we came up to this door, the door swung

open. As it swung open, I beheld and looked and it looked a little bit like the Sahara Desert without all the brightness and the light. It was very dark and gloomy. The visibility was poor. You could not see very far. Also, as the door swung open, on the threshold of the door were many bones, many skeletons. They were not whole skeletons, but skeletons that had been disjointed. They were all scattered either outside of the threshold, on the threshold, or just inside of the threshold. As you looked into the room itself, it was sand. There was one set of bare footprints walking across the sand. Now, when I was looking at it, the scripture that came to me was the scripture that is written in the New Testament about Jesus being driven by the Holy Ghost into the wilderness thereby to be tempted of the devil (Matthew 4:1).

We were standing there on the threshold. The invitation was for us to go over, but the admonishment was the bones. Many had tried and, by the look of the bones, I'd say many had failed. The funny part about it is that you wouldn't know how many had made it, because what you were supposed to do was to put your foot exactly in the framework of the print that was in the sand. So you really didn't know whether anybody had made it. But the invitation was being given unto us that we might enter in and the admonishment was that we had better be fearful and we had better be careful.

I knew also by the Spirit as I was looking into this realm, that there were many things in the environment that were working contrary to our concentration. Do you know what I did? I went outside and I made footprints in the dirt. Then I came back around and I wanted to see how easy it would be to try to step exactly into the first set of prints. I didn't make it. Have you ever tried to do that? All of a sudden, your equilibrium is gone. It is almost impossible to do it in a natural sense. I mean, your foot had to be in the first print exactly. I don't know what you would do if you had bigger feet than Him. I guess your foot would have to shrink. All that I know is that there was an exactness that was being required of us if we wanted to go into this realm and walk across this expanse of sand.

I was also made to know that if I wanted what God wanted to give me, I was going to have to at least try it. Not in the thought of "maybe," but in the hope, "I'm going to do it. I am going to succeed." But I also knew that it was going to take a great deal of concentration on my part

...whatever is in your family, if you are not resisting it, if you are not overcoming it, if you are not doing something about it, if you are not putting it down, if you are not burying it, is going to rise up in your face one day and keep you from inheriting what God has for you.



in the aspect of my relationship with God.

He said, *They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.* Verse 17, *Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.* Sanctify them. Have you ever looked up the word *sanctification*? I will give you a biblical definition of *sanctification* if you want to turn over into Malachi 3:1, *Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the LORD of hosts.* Well, praise the Lord. We can all say “Amen,” right? I am going to send My messenger. Verse 2, *But who may abide the day of his coming?* For He shall do what? *...and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner’s fire, and like fullers’ soap:* That is called Sanctification 101.

Sanctification 101 means that there is going to be a scrubbing and there is going to be a burning. They are two different things, but they are both designed for one purpose alone and that is to cleanse.

You know, we are supposed to be tribulation people. We are supposed to be people who are not crazy about it, but we accept it because we know the reality of it and what it is supposed to produce. I don’t know that we have reached the level of Paul where we can say that we “rejoice in tribulation.” But do you know something? I really want to be there. I want to be one of those who, when I look at tribulation, I look not at the trouble that it is going to cause me, but look at what it is going to work for my benefit in my circumstances to bring me to the desired end to which I have asked God to bring me. I don’t want tribulation for the sake of tribulation. That is unproductive. I want tribulation on the basis of change. How much do I want to change? What do I say and how do I act in the midst of tribulation? Does it indicate at all the degree of understanding that I have? Is it, “Oh, me! Oh, my! Here I go again! Where is this?” Or “Where is that?” Or “How is this?” Or “How is that?” Or is it just, “How is it, God, that You are picking on me?”

You probably never do that, right? But Jesus is saying that if you want sonship...! Now, listen to me! I am talking about sonship! It is a biblical fact, it is a biblical word, it is a biblical principal. Sonship is something that God had in His heart in the very beginning. It talks about “bringing many sons.” God is talking. This is not man talking. God talks about what? “Bringing many sons” unto what? Glory! (Hebrews 2:10).

“Well, is that some bright effervescent light that bubbles and you have to wear colored glasses in order to maintain your sight?”

Absolutely! Glory talks about the personage of God. Glory talks about: “Glorify thou me...with the glory...” What did He say? “God, give me that personality. Give

me all of the attributes of Your Godliness. Give them to me as I had them in the very beginning.”

Are we satisfied? Or have we come to a point in life where we are just going to hang on until Jesus comes in some manner or fashion? You know, some of you are not just suffering for your own sake. Some of you are suffering for the sake of the Body. Now, you don’t know it, you don’t understand it, you don’t see it, but it doesn’t alleviate what it is in the economy of God and what and how it works and where it goes and where it brings you.

He said in verse 16, *They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.* Verse 17, *Sanctify them...* Sanctification is a process that many times brings forth pain and suffering, but in the end it says in Hebrews 12:2, *...for the joy that was set before him...* He what? He *endured the cross.* He endured *the shame.* What are we talking about? We are talking about the rejection. We are talking about the physical and mental aspects of His being. We are talking about the things that He went through. He says, *...who for the joy that was set before him...* There is something that you and I have to grasp hold of. A reality in the Word is: “What is it that God has for me in the realm of eternity?” and “How can it work in the realm of now?” Now, this is not a gospel that says that we have to wait until the “sweet by and by.” This is a gospel that we are saying has the ability to manifest itself as we walk in the place and the experience that Christ walked in, so that we manifest that nature of Christ as we are willing to give up the nature of self.

You know, you have to work to give up self. I want to tell you a little secret, but of course, you probably already know it. The minute that you make up your mind that self is not something you want to hang on to and has to go, guess what is going to happen? The devil is going to come and start blessing self. Do you hear me? He is going to come and start bringing up self to you in whatever way your particular malady is with regard to self. He is going to begin to exalt that nature because he knows that if you do what you want to do and you succeed, then he is dead meat. He is dead. Do you hear me? He is dead. He is dead, because the only strength that Satan has is the strength that I am willing to give him in my position of life and the degree to which I am wanting to hang on to it. What it all boils down to is this: how much do I want God and how much do I want me?

We can say that we want God a lot. It is a matter of what you do and how you do it and what it is that you manifest. I’m not telling people that you can’t do this and you can’t do that. I am just telling you that if you want God and if you want the reality that God has to offer, the epitome of it, the totality of it, then there are a lot of things that I have to do differently! Why? Because *all things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: all things*

*are lawful for me, but all things edify not* (I Corinthians 10:23). Do you hear me? Not all things are expedient!

If you desire this out here, go for it. If you desire a little bit of it and a little bit of God, go for it. Go for whatever you want to go for. But as far as I am concerned, as far as me and my house, I want to follow after and serve the living God. I want to acquire, I want to conquer that which has been apportioned to me. Caleb was 80 years old when he went into the Promised Land. He had to suffer for the sake of Israel that was not yet in being. Did you hear me? Because he saw something with his eye and it pricked something in his soul. I can imagine, as he was walking through that land and looking at it, the magnificence and the godliness of the thoughts that were upon him. Then when he got back to the people, they were chickening out for fear of their lives. Yet he would not change his position. He would not change his way of thinking.

John 17:18, *As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.* He sent - "WHY?" For the sake of the world, that the world might what? Be saved! Here we have Christ, Who was the given a position of authority, delegating that position of authority to others. *As thou hast sent me...* Oh, it's a qualified statement. It wasn't just being sent, it was as You, God, had it in Your mind in the very beginning. Come on. As You thought about sending Me into this world, so do I now even what? Send them!

You know, there was a rich young ruler that came wanting to know what he must do to obtain eternal life. Now, this was a rich young ruler that went away sad. He came seeking eternal life. Jesus said that he had to do so and so and such and such. *And he said, All these have I kept from my youth up. <sup>22</sup>Now when Jesus heard these things, he said unto him, Yet lackest thou one thing...* (Luke 18:21-22). You notice how Jesus always cuts to the quick? ...*Yet lackest thou one thing: sell all that thou hast...and come, follow me.* You know, that is an astounding statement to me personally, because there might be one or two other places where this story is told, but there is no other reference made with regard to Jesus Christ opening the ranks of His twelve. That is what He was doing. He was saying, "If you want to be next to Me, if you want to be as I am, if you want to walk in My footsteps, go sell all that you have and follow Me." Not a part of it! Not a piece of it! Not 10% or 20% of it! Not 30%! Not 60%! Not 70%!

Not 80%! 100%! "Come, follow me." Put your foot where I put my feet, without hesitation, without deviation, without variation. Put your foot where I walk. Walk as I have walked. Walk where I have walked.

God is again opening the door to humanity. He is saying, "Look, there is yet room, there is yet time, there is yet a position of excellence that you are able to have and I am offering it to you. It is yours! The door is swung wide open, but you have to walk where I walk, you have to walk as I walk, you have to move as I move. Not as you would move, not as you would want, not as you would think, but do it as it is Me in you!"

Even so, *As thou hast sent me...* Come on! *As thou hast sent me...* Verse 18 - it is there in black and white, (maybe it is red in your Bible). He said, *As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.* You don't get up just to go to work in the morning.

I don't get up just to go to work in the morning. Do you hear me? I get up because I am being sent. I get up because I have been delegated. It has been appointed unto me by the Father. I get up in the morning to follow the will of God. I don't get up in the morning to make money. Maybe I should qualify that. That may be one of the things I have to fight against, but that isn't the reason that God has called me to get up in the morning. It's to go about His business, doing His will in

Sanctification 101 means that there is going to be a scrubbing and there is going to be a burning. They are two different things, but they are both designed for one purpose alone and that is to cleanse.

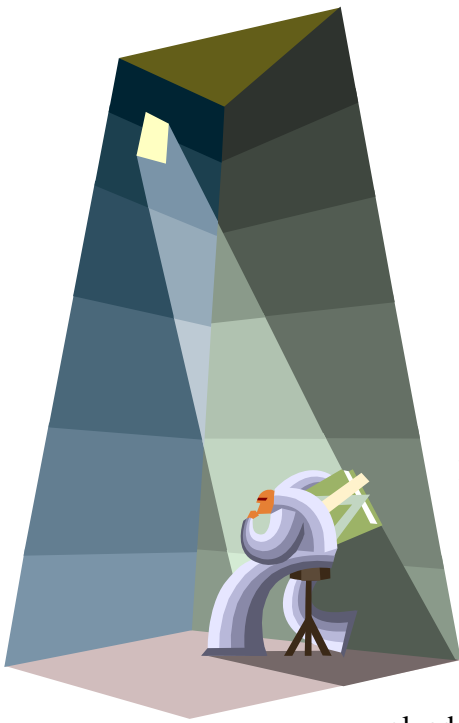


whatever it is that I am involved in. Some of you are just biding your time, filling your space.

*As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world.* Now, remember, this is all prefaced by verse 17 that says, *Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.* Sanctify: fuller's soap, refiner's fire. We don't want it. We would rather watch soap operas, listen to country-western music, or some of that other stuff that isn't pertinent to life and liberty. We don't want to think about God. God might talk to us, God might bring conviction, God might make a demand upon us.

Verse 19, *And for their sakes...* You know, I can't go into this thing with the thought, "It is me and me alone and nobody else." I can't go into this thing on the thought that, "I am just trying to get myself into heaven." There is a thought that I have to have with regard to you and the desire that God has for you and the position that God wants to bring you into. There is a certain suffering that comes for anyone who wants to assume the position that Christ

*continued on page 35...*



# CONFINED IN CHRIST

BY NATHANIEL CHATTIC

I have been thinking about what it takes to really establish and maintain a healthy, vital relationship with God. After watching the movie "Fireproof" with my wife, the thought of really doing my part towards maintaining a solid relationship with the Lord was further provoked and stirred up within my heart. The film itself is definitely worth watching and merits multiple viewings. There were many things that were pretty relatable and hit home with me when I saw the film, but there was one statement made in the film that really resonated within my heart. The statement centered on the title of the film, and the scene involved two firefighters talking about their marriages. One of them is going through a very rough time, while the other has had his history of rough patches, but in receiving and having Christ in his life, he is sharing his experiences in the relationship that he has with his wife now, and how God has moved in it. In the midst of their conversation, the firefighter with the sound marriage shares the definition of the word fireproof to the other, and it struck me after I heard it. He explained that something is fireproof, not only because it cannot be burned, but when the fire comes, it is able to withstand it and come through it unharmed.

When I think about my relationship with God, I realize that I have not come to the place where I am with Him cruising along on "easy street" alone. The path of salvation has both mountains and valleys, and I have been in both places along the way. There have been a number of times that circumstances in my life have generated a lot of heat, whether it was triggered by me or by something other than me. Regardless, I was aware, and continue to be aware, that with greater knowledge and awareness of where we were to where we are in God, and where He wants us to be, does not come without fire. In developing such a relationship with God, a real, genuine, intimate relationship with Him where all that we desire is Him, it most certainly will be tested and tried by fire!

So upon hearing the definition in the film for the word fireproof, I reflected on it coming out of the theater, "Lord, is my relationship with You strong enough to withstand the fires of life? What if my flesh begins to rear its ugly head and stir up so much that it would create a pretty heated situation? What kind of relationship do I have with the One I call Father? Have I done my part to ensure that it is fireproof?" It was, and still is, quite sobering to think about.

I think Paul definitely had the revelation of what it would take to have that kind of relationship with the Lord, and what it would take to sustain it and to maintain it successfully. He said that he continually worked out his salvation. For Paul, salvation was more than just saying the sinner's prayer, accepting Jesus into your heart, and that is it. Do your best to stay out of trouble and you will be okay - you understand. Paul often described himself as a "prisoner" of the Lord. (Ephesians 4:1) To be a prisoner takes the realization that you are not your own any longer. To be in a prison means to be in a place of confinement. You are no longer your own, you have no say in how things will be run, you do not come in and go out as you please, and the liberty that you had outside of prison seems like a distant memory after a while. Your life is now in someone else's hands. As it is with the Lord, when we decide that we want to accept him as Lord and Savior, we enter into a place that is more confined than what we were used to before. That is where we need to receive a revelation or clarification concerning where and what we used to be before



God came in and intervened on our behalf, transplanting us and doing a reformation in our hearts, amen. Once we accept the Christ, the Lord of all, who came in the form of a natural man to give us a pattern of how to live, and died on the cross to give us the avenue to enter in and follow His pattern, we agree that our lives belong to Him, whether or not we really see the bigger picture right then and there. Really, it is not necessary for us to see all that God wants to do for us, but in order for us to truly progress and to see that change working in our hearts, we have to believe and trust in the ability and capability of God to do the work that only He can do. Easier written than done, right?

That is where our faith needs to come in, and whenever we can, we need to ask God to add to our faith. One of the more fearful things that the devil can use against us is the fear of the unknown, the "what if" factor. What Paul appears to be saying is that when you are the Lord's prisoner, when you are taken captive by Him through accepting Jesus into your heart, you are moving in surrendering your life to God, and trusting that He can do a much better job in managing and keeping your life than you can. However, it is not a one and done type of experience. Paul also said that he continually had to work out his salvation, and that he had to bring his body under subjection unto Christ. (Philippians 2:12) Because you are confined in Christ does not necessarily mean you are physically locked up in a cell without anything to do for Him, and for that matter, for your own soul. God wants us to be conscious of where and out of what He delivered us, and of what He is transplanting us into, AND He wants us to be actively participating in seeing the transformation He will bring to the soul.

Any person that is gifted in the culinary arts knows that he or she has the potential to put together something wonderful to eat. But is it just enough to be aware of the potential that you have? If you are hungry and you have the potential to make something to fill the emptiness that is inside, crying out to be fed, then you will move to meet that hunger inside of you. You will survey the kitchen, open up the fridge and assess what ingredients you have on hand. You will get out and use the tools necessary to complete the task in preparing the meal, and you cannot be real sloppy about it if you want to make something really good. You have to pay attention, and at times be still and exercise patience, and other times get your hands dirty and actively work. All the while, you are referring back to the recipe, the set of instructions before you that you need to have in order to make sure that what you are creating will work.



This is like putting your faith into action, or working out your salvation. Seeing the vast potential that we have in Christ is something that takes a tremendous amount of effort. When we receive Christ into our lives, He makes us aware through His Word of the potential that we have in Him. Not only does He show us what we can be in Him, but He gives us the pattern, the recipe, for us to follow in order to see that potential realized in our lives. One of the problems that we have often is not really a problem in the natural sense! As a people that are pretty task-oriented people, we are often working feverishly to see those tasks that we have set aside in our day to do completed, as well as any other task that may have entered in "unexpectedly" but still needs to be fulfilled. It takes a lot of diligence and effort to complete these tasks, especially if you have a number of them to do and seemingly not enough time to complete them all! So, in that mode of operation, we often like to see each task that is put into our hands fulfilled. We like to know that each assignment that we were given has also been completed at some point in our day.

Well, God also has a plan, which involves a number of tasks for us to complete as a part of His plan. However, you and I usually will not see the "end" of His plan until He comes in and completes His work Himself. Does that mean that we sit on our hands and do nothing at all until He comes? Absolutely not. But we do need to understand that when we are involved in the work of God, as people of God, and as a part of His Body, we may not see the end of His plan in its entirety, but that should not deter us from working diligently and fervently to see His plan for our lives come to fulfillment. It is not like God is holding back all of the blessings in that potential and dangling it in front of our eyes to tease us. He continues time and time again to enter in and work in our lives, to reveal Himself to us in part here and there, in order to whet our appetite for more of Him, in order to encourage us to continue on in Him, in order to continue to believe in Him.

In the end, we have to decide how much God we really want working in our lives, working in our hearts and working in our souls. We will determine how far we will go in Him. Isn't it interesting that we know that God is not bound by any limitations at all, yet we can still try to limit Him? God is not an entity that can be confined into one particular area, yet we can still try to put Him into a box. If you are reading a really good book, one that is hard to put down, that gets better with every turn of the page, you will find that you are hard pressed to put it down even for a moment to do other things throughout the day. If you had to put it down to do something else, you put it down knowing

*continued on page 33...*

# Fox's Book of Martyrs

## Chapter XXII

### The Beginnings of American Foreign Missions



Adoniram Judson

#### The Beginnings of American Foreign Missions

Samuel J. Mills, when a student in Williams College, gathered about him a group of fellow students, all feeling the burden of the great heathen world. One day in 1806, four of them, overtaken by a thunderstorm, took refuge in the shelter of a haystack. They passed the time in prayer for the salvation of the world, and resolved, if opportunity offered, to go themselves as missionaries. This "haystack prayer meeting" has become historic.

These young men went later to Andover Theological Seminary, where Adoniram Judson joined them. Four of these sent a petition to the Massachusetts Congregational Association at Bradford, June 29, 1810, offering themselves as missionaries and asking whether they might expect support from a society in this country, or whether they must apply to a British society. In response to this appeal the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was formed.

When a charter for the Board was applied for, an unbelieving soul objected upon the floor of the legislature, alleging in opposition to the petition that the country contained so limited a supply of Christianity that none could be spared for export, but was aptly reminded by another, who was blessed with a more optimistic make, that this was a commodity such that the more of it was sent abroad the more remained at home. There was much perplexity concerning plans and finances, so Judson was dispatched to England to confer with the London Society as to the feasibility of

the two organizations cooperating in sending and sustaining the candidates, but this scheme came to nothing. At last sufficient money was raised, and in February, 1812, the first missionaries of the American Board sailed for the Orient. Mr. Judson was accompanied by his wife, having married Ann Hasseltine shortly before sailing.

On the long voyage out, in some way Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice were led to revise their convictions with reference to the proper mode of baptism, reached the conclusion that only immersion was valid, and were rebaptized by Carey soon after their arrival in Calcutta. This step necessarily sundered their connection with the body which had sent them forth, and left them wholly destitute of support. Mr. Rice returned to America to report this condition of affairs to the Baptist brethren. They looked upon the situation as the result of an act of Providence, and eagerly planned to accept the responsibility thrust upon them. Accordingly, the Baptist Missionary Union was formed. So Mr. Judson was the occasion of the organization of two great missionary societies.

#### The Persecution of Doctor Judson

After laboring for some time in Hindustan, Dr. and Mrs. Judson finally established themselves at Rangoon in the Burman Empire in 1813. In 1824 war broke out between the British East India Company and the emperor of Burma. Dr. and Mrs. Judson and Dr. Price, who were at Ava, the capital of the Burman Empire, when the war commenced, were immediately

arrested and confined for several months. The account of the sufferings of the missionaries was written by Mrs. Judson, and is given in her own words.

“Rangoon, May 26, 1826.

“My beloved Brother,

“I commence this letter with the intention of giving you the particulars of our captivity and sufferings at Ava. How long my patience will allow my reviewing scenes of disgust and horror the conclusion of this letter will determine. I had kept a journal of everything that had transpired from our arrival at Ava, but destroyed it at the commencement of our difficulties.

“The first certain intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival at Tsen-pyoo-kywon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops, under the command of the celebrated Bandoola, had encamped. As we proceeded on our journey, we met Bandoola himself, with the remainder of his troops, gaily equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of gold war boats, one of which was instantly dispatched the other side of the river to hail us, and make all necessary inquiries. We were allowed to proceed quietly on, when he had informed the messenger that we were Americans, not English, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of his Majesty.

“On our arrival at the capital, we found that Dr. Price was out of favor at court, and that suspicion rested on most of the foreigners then at Ava. Your brother visited at the palace two or three times, but found the king’s manner toward him very different from what it formerly had been; and the queen, who had hitherto expressed wishes for my speedy arrival, now made no inquiries after me, nor intimated a wish to see me. Consequently, I made no effort to visit at the palace, though almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who were living in their own houses, out of the palace enclosure. Under these circumstances, we thought our most prudent course lay in prosecuting our original intention of building a house, and commencing missionary operations as occasion offered, thus endeavoring to convince the government that we had really nothing to do with the present war.

“In two or three weeks after our arrival, the king, queen, all the members of the royal family, and most of the officers of government, returned to Amarapura, in order to come and take possession of the new palace in the customary style.

“I dare not attempt a description of that splendid

day, when majesty with all its attendant glory entered the gates of the golden city, and amid the acclamations of millions, I may say, took possession of the palace. The saupwars of the provinces bordering on China, all the viceroys and high officers of the kingdom were assembled on the occasion, dressed in their robes of state, and ornamented with the insignia of their office. The white elephant, richly adorned with gold and jewels, was one of the most beautiful objects in the procession. The king and queen alone were unadorned, dressed in the simple garb of the country; they, hand in hand, entered the garden in which we had taken our seats, and where a banquet was prepared for their refreshment. All the riches and glory of the empire were on this day exhibited to view. The number and immense size of the elephants, the numerous horses, and great variety of vehicles of all descriptions, far surpassed anything I have ever seen or imagined. Soon after his majesty had taken possession of the new palace, an order was issued that no foreigner should be allowed to enter, excepting Lansago. We were a little alarmed at this, but concluded it was from political motives, and would not, perhaps, essentially affect us.

“For several weeks nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. J. preached every Sabbath, all the materials for building a brick house were procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

“On the twenty-third of May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the Doctor’s house, the other side of the river, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The intelligence produced a shock, in which was a mixture of fear and joy. Mr. Gouger, a young merchant residing at Ava, was then with us, and had much more reason to fear than the rest of us. We all, however, immediately returned to our house, and began to consider what was to be done. Mr. G. went to Prince Thar-yar-wadee, the king’s most influential brother, who informed him he need not give himself any uneasiness, as he had mentioned the subject to his majesty, who had replied, that ‘the few foreigners residing at Ava had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested.’

“The government were now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men, under the command of the Kyee-woon-gyee, were sent off in three or four days, and were to be joined by the Saker-woon-gyee, who had previously been appointed viceroy of Rangoon, and who was on his way thither, when the

news of its attack reached him. No doubt was entertained of the defeat of the English; the only fear of the king was that the foreigners hearing of the advance of the Burmese troops, would be so alarmed as to flee on board their ships and depart, before there would be time to secure them as slaves. 'Bring for me,' said a wild young buck of the palace, 'six kala pyoo, (white strangers,) to row my boat;' and 'to me,' said the lady of Woon-gyee, 'send four white strangers to manage the affairs of my house, as I understand they are trusty servants.' The war boats, in high glee, passed our house, the soldiers singing and dancing, and exhibiting gestures of the most joyful kind. Poor fellows! said we, you will probably never dance again. And so it proved, for few if any ever saw again their native home.

"At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. The great point seemed to be whether they had been in the habit of making communications to foreigners, of the state of the country, etc. They answered that they had always written to their friends in America, but had no correspondence with English officers, or the Bengal government. After their examination, they were not put in confinement as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their houses. In examining the accounts of Mr. G it was found that Mr. J. and Dr. Price had taken money of him to a considerable amount. Ignorant, as were the Burmese, of our mode of receiving money, by orders on Bengal, this circumstance, to their suspicious minds, was a sufficient evidence that the missionaries were in the pay of the English, and very probably spies. It was thus represented to the king, who, in an angry tone, ordered the immediate arrest of the 'two teachers.'

"On the eighth of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer; a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm;

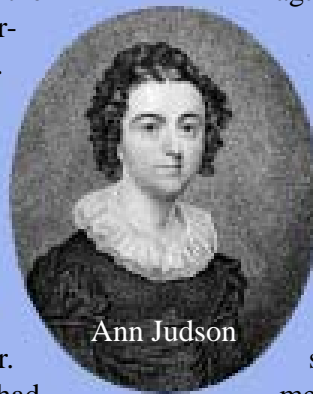
'Stay, (said I,) I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain until further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description.

"The whole neighborhood had collected, the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools, and ran, the little Burman children were screaming and crying, the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master, and the hardened executioner, with a hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moug Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

"The officer and his gang proceeded on to the courthouse, where the governor of the city and the officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king, to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed-and Moug Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room, and endeavored to

obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the veranda, and continually called me to come out, and submit to his examination. But previously to going out, I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When this work of destruction was finished, I went out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of everything I knew; then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

"It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The



Ann Judson

guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavored to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this; but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

“The next morning, I sent Moug Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned, with the intelligence that Mr. Judson, and all the white foreigners, were confined in the death prison, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of government to state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the king’s sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message, she ‘did not understand it’, which was a polite refusal to interfere; though I afterwards ascertained that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not on account of the queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavored to soften the feelings of the guard by giving them tea and cigars for the night; so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room, without threatening as they did the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor in irons and confinement, haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

“On the third day, I sent a message to the governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison

affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect; and he immediately sent orders to the guards, to permit my going into town. The governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult, relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance at the first glance presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside, and endeavored to convince me, that myself, as well as the prisoners, was entirely at his disposal, that our future comfort must depend on my liberality in regard to presents, and that these must be made in a private way and unknown to any officer in the government! ‘What must I do,’ said I, ‘to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers?’ ‘Pay to me,’ said he, ‘two hundred tickals, (about a hundred dollars,) two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs.’ I had taken money with me in the morning, our house being two miles from the prison, I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer, and begged he would not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time, but fearing to lose the sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

“I then procured an order from the governor, for my admittance into prison; but the sensations, produced by meeting your brother in that wretched, horrid situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison, for I was never allowed to enter, gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart, by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order of the governor for my admittance; they again, harshly repeated, ‘Depart, or we will pull you out.’ The same evening, the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who had paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on; but was not

permitted to enter again for several days.

“My next object was to get a petition presented to the queen; but no person being admitted into the palace, who was in disgrace with his majesty, I sought to present it through the medium of her brother’s wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favor. But now times were altered: Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, ‘What do you want?’ but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, ‘Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike.’ ‘But it is singular,’ said I, ‘the teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion, have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the king’s command. They have never done any thing to deserve such treatment; and is it right they should be treated thus?’ ‘The king does as he pleases,’ said she; ‘I am not the king, what can I do?’ ‘You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release,’ replied I. ‘Place yourself in my situation. Were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female, what would you do?’ With a slight degree of feeling, she said, ‘I will present your petition, come again tomorrow.’ I returned to the house, with considerable hope, that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day Mr. Gouger’s property, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me, they should visit our house on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them, by secreting as many little articles as possible; together with considerable silver, as I knew, if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind in a dreadful state of agitation, lest it should be discovered, and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter, I should not have ventured on such a step.

“The following morning, the royal treasurer, Prince Tharyawadees, Chief Woon, and Koung-tone Myoo-tsa, who was in future our steady friend, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take pos-

session of all we had. I treated them civilly, gave them chairs to sit on, tea and sweetmeats for their refreshment; and justice obliges me to say that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house; their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apologized for what they were about to do, by saying that it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled thus to do by order of the king.

“‘Where is your silver, gold, and jewels?’ said the royal treasurer. ‘I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver - do with it as you please.’ The trunk was produced, and the silver weighed. ‘This money,’ said I, ‘was collected in America, by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a kyoung, (the name of a priest’s dwelling) and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it? (The Burmans are averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making the inquiry.) ‘We will state this circumstance to the king,’ said one of them, ‘and perhaps he will restore it. But this is all the silver you have?’ I could not tell a falsehood: ‘The house is in your possession,’ I replied, ‘search for yourselves.’ ‘Have you not deposited silver with some person of your acquaintance?’ ‘My acquaintances are all in prison, with whom should I deposit silver?’

“They next ordered my trunk and drawers to be examined. The secretary only was allowed to accompany me in this search. Everything nice or curious, which met his view, was presented to the officers, for their decision, whether it should be taken or retained. I begged they would not take our wearing apparel, as it would be disgraceful to take clothes partly worn into the possession of his majesty, and to us they were of unspeakable value. They assented, and took a list only, and did the same with the books, medicines, etc. My little work table and rocking chair, presents from my beloved brother, I rescued from their grasp, partly by artifice, and partly through their ignorance. They left also many articles, which were of inestimable value, during our long imprisonment.

“As soon as they had finished their search and departed, I hastened to the queen’s brother, to hear what had been the fate of my petition; when, alas! all

my hopes were dashed, by his wife's coolly saying, 'I stated your case to the queen; but her majesty replied, "The teachers will not die: let them remain as they are."' My expectations had been so much excited that this sentence was like a thunderbolt to my feelings. For the truth at one glance assured me that if the queen refused assistance, who would dare to intercede for me? With a heavy heart I departed, and on my way home, attempted to enter the prison gate, to communicate the sad tidings to your brother, but was harshly refused admittance; and for the ten days following notwithstanding my daily efforts, I was not allowed to enter. We attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days, it was discovered; the poor fellow who carried the communications was beaten and put in the stocks; and the circumstance cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony, for fear of the consequences.

"The officers who had taken possession of our property, presented it to his majesty, saying, 'Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house, but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money, there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks of wearing apparel, of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them, or let them remain?' 'Let them remain,' said the king, 'and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to him again, if he is found innocent.' This was an allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

"For two or three months following, I was subject to continual harassments, partly through my ignorance of police management and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes.

"You, my dear brother, who know my strong attachment to my friends, and how much pleasure I have hitherto experienced from retrospect, can judge from the above circumstances, how intense were my sufferings. But the point, the acme of my distresses, consisted in the awful uncertainty of our final fate. My prevailing opinion was that my husband would suffer violent death; and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion, in these trying circumstances, were neither 'few nor small.' It taught

me to look beyond this world, to that rest, that peaceful, happy rest, where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters.

"Some months after your brother's imprisonment, I was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosures, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened that the two months he occupied this place, was the coldest part of the year, when he would have suffered much in the open shed he had previously occupied. After the birth of your little niece, I was unable to visit the prison and the governor as before, and found I had lost considerable influence, previously gained; for he was not so forward to hear my petitions when any difficulty occurred, as he formerly had been. When Maria was nearly two

months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, etc., been taken by the jailers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only a prelude to greater evils.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time.

"After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever. I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. To effect this, and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house and put up a small bamboo room in the governor's enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the governor to give me an order to take Mr. J. out of the large prison, and place him in a

The situation  
of the prisoners  
was now  
distressing beyond  
description.

more comfortable situation; and the old man, being worn out with my entreaties at length gave me the order in an official form; and also gave orders to the head jailer, to allow me to go in and out, all times of the day, to administer medicines. I now felt happy, indeed, and had Mr. J. instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low, that neither of us could stand upright, but a palace in comparison with the place he had left.

#### Removal of the Prisoners to Oung-pen-la Mrs. Judson Follows Them

“Notwithstanding the order the governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under jailer to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. J’s food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two, unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable situation but two or three days, when one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson’s breakfast, which, in consequence of fever, he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the governor in great haste sent for me. I promised him to return as soon as I had ascertained the governor’s will, he being much alarmed at this unusual message. I was very agreeably disappointed, when the governor informed, that he only wished to consult me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterwards, that his only object was, to detain me until the dreadful scene, about to take place in the prison, was over. For when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants came running, and with a ghastly countenance informed me, that all the white prisoners were carried away.

“I would not believe the report, but instantly went back to the governor, who said he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then another, inquiring of all I met, but none would answer me. At length an old woman told me the white prisoners had gone towards the little river; for they were to be carried to Amarapora. I then ran to the banks of the little river, about half a mile, but saw them not, and concluded the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners

went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the governor to try to discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me that he was ignorant of the intention of government to remove the foreigners until that morning. That since I went out, he had learned that the prisoners had been sent to Amarapora; but for what purpose, he knew not. ‘I will send off a man immediately,’ said he, ‘to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband,’ continued he, ‘take care of yourself.’

Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor, ‘Take care of yourself,’ made me suspect there was some design with which I was unacquainted.

I saw, also, he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and advised me to wait until dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with the medicine chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Moug Ing and a Bengalee servant, who continued with us, (though we were unable to pay his wages,) I took leave, as I then thought probable, of our house in Ava forever.

“The day was dreadfully hot; but we obtained a covered boat, in which we were tolerably comfortable, until within two miles of the government house.

I then procured a cart; but the violent motion, together with the dreadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted. But what was my disappointment on my arriving at the courthouse, to find that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and that I must go in that uncomfortable mode four miles further with little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. The cart man refused to go any further; and after waiting an hour in the burning sun, I procured another, and set off for that never to be forgotten place, Oungpenla. I obtained a guide from the governor and was conducted directly to the prison-yard.

“But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view!

The prison was an old shattered building, without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten

In that little  
filthy place I spent  
the next six  
months of  
wretchedness.

Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with the leaves; while under a little low protection outside of the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were: 'Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here.'

"It was now dark. I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market in Amarapura, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prisoners; he said, 'No, it is not customary.' I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms, one in which he and his family lived, the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me; and in that little filthy place, I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half boiled water, instead of my tea, and, worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavored to obtain a little refreshment from sleep. The next morning your brother gave me the following account of the brutal treatment he had received on being taken out of prison.

"As soon as I had gone out at the call of the governor, one of the jailers rushed into Mr. J's little room, roughly seized him by the arm, pulled him out, stripped off all his clothes, excepting shirt and pantaloons, took his shoes, hat, and all his bedding, tore off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, dragged him to the courthouse, where the other prisoners had previously been taken. They were then tied two and two, and delivered into the hands of the Lamine Woon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together. It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o'clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable indeed.

"They had proceeded only half a mile, when your brother's feet became blistered, and so great was his agony, even at this early period, that as they were crossing the little river, he longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this wretched state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers. Mr. J's de-

bilitated state, in consequence of the fever, and having taken no food that morning, rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships than the other prisoners.

"When about halfway on their journey, as they stopped for water, your brother begged the Lamine Woon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a scornful, malignant look was all the reply that was made. He then requested Captain Laird, who was tied with him, and who was a strong, healthy man, to allow him to take hold of his shoulder, as he was fast sinking. This the kind-hearted man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden insupportable. Just at that period, Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came up to them, and seeing the distresses of your brother, took off his headdress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. J. and was almost carried by him the remainder of the way.

"The Lamine Woon, seeing the distressing state of the prisoners, and that one of their number was dead, concluded they should go no farther that night, otherwise they would have been driven on until they reached Oung-pen-la the same day. An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without even a mat or pillow, or anything to cover them. The curiosity of the Lamine Woon's wife, induced her to make a visit to the prisoners, whose wretchedness considerably excited her compassion, and she ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds, for their refreshment; and the next morning rice was prepared for them, and as poor as it was, it was refreshing to the prisoners, who had been almost destitute of food the day before. Carts were also provided for their conveyance, as none of them were able to walk. All this time the foreigners were entirely ignorant of what was to become of them; and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they immediately, all as one, concluded that they were there to be burned, agreeably to the report which had previously been in circulation at Ava. They all endeavored to prepare themselves for the awful scene anticipated, and it was not until they saw preparations making for repairing the prison that they had the least doubt that a cruel lingering death awaited them. My arrival was an hour or two after this.

“The next morning I arose and endeavored to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price’s friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry, from Amrapora, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lansago, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for dinner, we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gouger had brought. All the money I could command in the world I had brought with me, secreted about my person; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our heavenly Father was better to us than our fears; for notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers, during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for want of provisions, which were not procurable.

“Here at this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health continued good beyond all expectations. But now I had not a single article of convenience, not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the smallpox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson whose fever still continued in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled that for several days he was unable to move.

“I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighborhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison, with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her, for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the smallpox that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in

the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another child, before Mary’s had arrived at such a state to be infectious. At the same time, I inoculated Abby, and the jailer’s children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take, she caught it of Mary, and had it the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder.

“You will recollect I never had the smallpox, but was vaccinated previously to leaving America. In consequence of being for so long a time constantly exposed, I had nearly a hundred pustules formed, though no previous symptoms of fever, etc. The jailer’s children having had the smallpox so lightly, in consequence of inoculation, my fame was spread all over the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had it, was brought for inoculation. And although I knew nothing about the disorder, or the mode of treating it, I inoculated them all with a needle, and told them to take care of their diet, all the instructions I could give them. Mr. Judson’s health was gradually restored, and he found himself much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison.

“The prisoners were at first chained two and two; but as soon as the jailers could obtain chains sufficient, they were separated, and each prisoner had but one pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence made, and a large airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night. All the children recovered from the smallpox; but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners.

“My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson’s prison. In this debilitated state, I set off

My constitution  
seemed destroyed, and in  
a few days I became so  
weak as to be hardly  
able to walk to Mr.  
Judson’s prison.

in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines, and some suitable food, leaving the cook to supply my place. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand; after which it attacked me violently, that I had no hopes of recovery left, and my anxiety now was, to return to Oung-pen-la to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine chest from the governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I however got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles were in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round thick planks with a hole in the middle, through which a pole that supports the body is thrust.

“I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house but so altered and emaciated was my appearance that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered, until I came to the English camp. At this period when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson we must both have died, had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook. A common Bengalee cook will do nothing but the simple business of cooking; but he seemed to forget his caste, and almost his own wants, in his efforts to serve us. He would provide, cook, and carry your brother’s food, and then return and take care of me. I have frequently known him not to taste of food until near night, in consequence of having to go so far for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson’s dinner ready at the usual hour. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere, or to perform any act we required. I take great pleasure in speaking of the faithful conduct of this servant, who is still with us, and I trust has been well rewarded for his services.

“Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of

prison, and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heartrending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the very affliction of Job had come upon me. When in health, I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. Sometimes our jailers seemed a little softened at our distress, and for several days together allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then again they would be as iron-hearted in their demands as though we were free from sufferings, and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions, and oppressions, to which we were subject, during our six months residence in Oung-pen-la, are beyond enumeration or description.

“The time at length arrived for our release from that detested place, the Oung-pen-la prison. A messenger from our friend, the governor of the north gate of the palace, who was formerly Koung-tone, Myootsa, informed us that an order had been given, the evening before, in the palace, for Mr. Judson’s release. On the same evening an official order arrived; and with a joyful heart I set about preparing for our departure early the following morning. But an unexpected obstacle occurred, which made us fear that I should still be retained as a prisoner. The avaricious jailers, unwilling to lose their prey, insisted that as my name was not included in the order, I should not go. In vain I urged that I was not sent there as a prisoner, and that they had no authority over me, they still determined I should not go, and forbade the villagers from letting me a cart. Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison, and brought to the jailer’s house, where, by promises and threatenings, he finally gained their consent, on condition that we would leave the remaining part of our provisions we had recently received from Ava.

“It was noon before we were allowed to depart. When we reached Amarapura, Mr. Judson was obliged to follow the guidance of the jailer, who conducted him to the governor of the city. Having made all necessary inquiries, the governor appointed another guard, which conveyed Mr. Judson to the courthouse in Ava,

to which place he arrived some time in the night. I took my own course, procured a boat, and reached our house before dark.

“My first object the next morning was to go in search of your brother, and I had the mortification to meet him again in prison, though not the death prison. I went immediately to my old friend the governor of the city, who was now raised to the rank of a Woongyee. He informed me that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter; and that he was put in confinement for a short time only, until his affairs were settled. Early the following morning I went to this officer again, who told me that Mr. Judson had that moment received twenty tickals from government, with orders to go immediately on board a boat for Maloun, and that he had given him permission to stop a few moments at the house, it being on his way. I hastened back to the house, where Mr. Judson soon arrived; but was allowed to remain only a short time, while I could prepare food and clothing for future use. He was crowded into a little boat, where he had not room sufficient to lie down, and where his exposure to the cold, damp nights threw him into a violent fever, which had nearly ended all his sufferings. He arrived at Maloun on the third day, where, ill as he was, he was obliged to enter immediately on the work of translating. He remained at Maloun six weeks, suffering as much as he had at any time in prison, excepting that he was not in irons, nor exposed to the insults of those cruel jailers.

“For the first fortnight after his departure, my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previous, since the commencement of our difficulties. I knew the Burmese officers at the camp would feel the value of Mr. Judson’s services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation, also, would be much more comfortable than it really was—hence my anxiety was less. But my health, which had never been restored, since that violent attack at Oung-pen-la, now daily declined, until I was seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. I knew the nature of the fever from its commencement; and from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal. The day I was taken, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. This circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God; for though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person of this description, I had never been able; when at the very time

I most needed one, and without any exertion, a voluntary offer was made.

“My fever raged violently and without any intermission. I began to think of settling my worldly affairs, and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of the Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around me. At this dreadful period Dr. Price was released from prison; and hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My hair was shaved, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalee servant who took care of me to endeavor to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was, seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was in fact so far gone that the Burmese neighbors who had come in to see me expire said, ‘She is dead; and if the king of angels should come in, he could not recover her.’

“The fever, I afterwards understood, had run seventeen days when the blisters were applied. I now began to recover slowly; but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand. While in this weak, debilitated state, the servant who had followed your brother to the Burmese camp came in and informed me that his master had arrived, and was conducted to the courthouse in town. I sent off a Burman to watch the movements of government, and to ascertain, if possible, in what way Mr. Judson was to be disposed of. He soon returned with the sad intelligence that he saw Mr. Judson go out of the palace yard, accompanied by two or three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons; and that it was reported in town, that he was to be sent back to the Oung-pen-la prison. I was too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind; but a shock as dreadful as this almost annihilated me. For some time, I could hardly breathe; but at last gained sufficient composure to dispatch Moug Ing to our friend, the governor of the north gate, and begged him to make one more effort for the release of Mr. Judson, and prevent his being sent back to the country prison, where I knew he must suffer much, as I could not follow. Moug Ing then went in search of Mr. Judson; and it was nearly dark when he found him in the interior of an obscure prison. I had sent food early in the afternoon, but being unable to find

him, the bearer had returned with it, which added another pang to my distresses, as I feared he was already sent to Oung-pen-la.

“If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, ‘Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will hear, and thou shalt glorify Me;’ and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered.

“When Mr. Judson was sent from Maloun to Ava, it was within five minutes’ notice, and without his knowledge of the cause. On his way up the river he accidentally saw the communication made to government respecting him, which was simply this: ‘We have no further use for Yoodathan, we therefore return him to the golden city.’ On arriving at the courthouse, there happened to be no one present who was acquainted with Mr. J. The presiding officer inquired from what place he had been sent to Maloun. He was answered from Oung-pen-la. ‘Let him then,’ said the officer, ‘be returned thither.’ Then he was delivered to a guard and conducted to the place above-mentioned, there to remain until he could be conveyed to Oung-pen-la. In the meantime the governor of the north gate presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offered himself as Mr. Judson’s security, obtained his release, and took him to his house, where he treated him with every possible kindness, and to which I was removed as soon as returning health would allow.

“It was on a cool, moonlight evening, in the month of March, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth.

“We now, for the first time, for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steamboat, the sure presage of

being within the bounds of civilized life. As soon as our boat reached the shore, Brigadier A. and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steamboat, where I passed the remainder of the day; while your brother went on to meet the general, who, with a detachment of the army, had encamped at Yandaboo, a few miles farther down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening, with an invitation from Sir Archibald, to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning introduced, and received with the greatest kindness by the general, who had a tent pitched for us near his own, took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country.

“For several days, this single idea wholly occupied my mind, that we were out of the power of the Burmese government, and once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like these: What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits toward us?

“The treaty of peace was soon concluded, signed by both parties, and a termination of hostilities publicly declared. We left Yandaboo, after a fortnight’s residence, and safely reached the mission house in Rangoon, after an absence of two years and three months.”

Through all this suffering the precious manuscript of the Burmese New Testament was guarded. It was put into a bag and made into a hard pillow for Dr. Judson’s prison. Yet he was forced to be apparently careless about it, lest the Burmans should think it contained something valuable and take it away. But with the assistance of a faithful Burmese convert, the manuscript, representing so many long days of labor, was kept in safety.

At the close of this long and melancholy narrative, we may appropriately introduce the following tribute to the benevolence and talents of Mrs. Judson, written by one of the English prisoners, who were confined at Ava with Mr. Judson. It was published in a Calcutta paper after the conclusion of the war:

“Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forceful appeals to the government which prepared

Through all this  
suffering the  
precious manuscript  
of the Burmese  
New Testament  
was guarded.

them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any, who knew the hauteur and inflexible pride of the Burman court.

“And while on this subject, the overflowings of grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane female, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

“While we were left by the government destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or another, obtained for us a constant supply.

“When the tattered state of our clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe.

“When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorized to communicate to us the grateful news of our enlargement, or of a respite from our galling oppressions.

“Besides all this, it was unquestionably owing, in a chief degree, to the repeated eloquence, and forcible appeals of Mrs. Judson, that the untutored Burman was finally made willing to secure the welfare and happiness of his country, by a sincere peace.”

#### Missionary Beginnings

1800. Carey's first convert baptized.

1804. British and Foreign Bible Society organized.

1805. Henry Martyn sails for India.

1807. Robert Morrison sails for China.

1808. Haystack meeting held near Williams College.

1810. American Board organized.

1811. Wesleyans found Sierra Leone Mission.

1812. First American Board missionaries sail.

1816. American Bible Society organized.

1816. Robert Moffat sails for South Africa.

1818. London Missionary Society enters Madagascar.

1819. Methodist Missionary Society organized.

1819. American Board opens Sandwich Islands Mission.

1819. Judson baptizes first Burmese convert.

#### Epilogue to the Original Edition

And now to conclude, good Christian readers, this present tractation, not for the lack of matter, but to shorten rather the matter for largeness of the volume. In the meantime the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ work with thee, gentle reader, in all thy studious readings. And when thou hast faith, so employ thyself to read, that by reading thou mayest learn daily to know that which may profit thy soul, may teach thee experience, may arm thee with patience, and instruct thee in all spiritual knowledge more and more, to thy perfect comfort and salvation in Christ Jesus, our Lord, to whom be glory in seculo seculorum. Amen. ✨

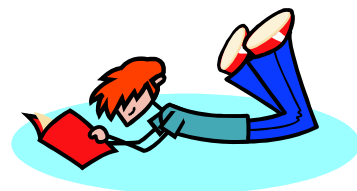
Copyright, 1926, By: HOLT, RINEHART  
AND WINSTON, INC.

Copyright renewed, 1954, By: HOLT,  
RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.

*...continued from page 20 (Confined in Christ)*

that you will pick it back up at the soonest opportunity to finish it. Do you know why it is so important to feed upon the Word of God every day? Have you ever heard the expression, "You are what you eat?" With every bite, with every morsel consumed of the Bread of Life, it is becoming a part of us and is working to feed that hungry soul. As we partake more and more of Christ, it is doing a work inside of us that is eternal, and with the living Word of God working inside of our hearts, it is cutting the ties that have held us attached to worldliness, to earthiness, to that Adamic nature. When we come to the place where we are becoming what we eat, where we are becoming that living Bible and our lives are testifying of the life and power of God that has been worked inside of us to the point where it is overflowing out of us as living proof of the plan of God coming to fulfillment, we are seeing the working out of our salvation translate from words on paper to a living reality in our lives.

As servants of the living God, let us do our part in continually working out the salvation that He has given to those that have received it, and continues to make readily available to us every day, for every situation and circumstance. Let us be diligent in seeing the potential that we have in God come into being as we are working, as we are faithful in doing the work that God has set before us to do. There are even greater things on the horizon. **God bless you.** ✨

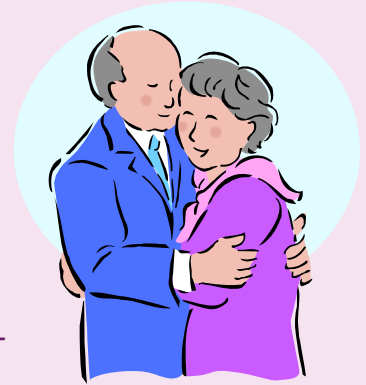


# Hugs



What???

Let me explain. As we were on the road the other day, my husband was driving and I got the privilege of looking around really good. (Usually I drive.) I noticed that the more I looked at the clouds and the skyscape, the more I was aware that only the Lord God Almighty could have made such beauty. I just wanted to give Him a great big hug and I told Him, "I just wish I could give You a great big hug, but I guess that is kind of out of the question."



He said, "No."

My mind was racing, trying to think about all this.



The Lord explained, "Give your brother a hug! Give your sister a hug! Give your granddaughters a hug! Give your brethren a hug!"

I was thinking, "Yes, I could do that, but..."



You know, God usually answers before I get the question out and all of a sudden I understood; the enlightenment came and I heard the Holy Spirit saying, "I am in them."



by Terry Smith

...continued from page 18 (Personal Sanctification)

had when He was here, and Christ is now delegating that to those who are here waiting for His return.

Why do you think the Bible says that if a man shall smite thee on thy right cheek, you should turn to him the other also? Some of us think that we have to turn the left cheek just to get into heaven! NO! Absolutely not! Heaven has nothing to do with it. There is an abuse that you have to take; there is an iniquity that has to be laid upon you for the misbehavior of other people. Paul said it. Why did Paul do what he did? To get into heaven? Why, when in a jail cell, smelly, cold, stinky, damp, wet, he said that all in Asia had forsaken him? He did it because he knew that, without the Word he had to preach to them, they would not have the opportunity. He did it because he knew that there was something of his salvation that was being worked out in the suffering for the sake of those brethren. What did it cost him to go? What did it cost him to stay? What did it cost him to leave? What did it cost him mentally, emotionally, physically? What did it cost him financially? All of the ramifications of what it cost him... I'm telling you what - Paul, Peter, John - they all paid a price for the sake of the Body, for the sake of the Word, for the sake of the

people.

He said, *And for their sakes I* (Jesus Christ) *sanctify myself...* Now, He just told us that we had to be sanctified like He has to be sanctified. He is telling us that our sanctification can be no less than His. Do you understand what I am saying? He tells them in verse 17, *Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.* Then He says in verse 19, *And for their sakes I sanctify myself...* There is a position of sanctification that is my responsibility and it cannot be anything less than the sanctification that He was sanctified with.

Here is the clincher. Verse 20, *Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word.* That word is *logos*, which is synonymous with Christ.

God bless  
you! 🙏



# Keeping In Touch Bulletin Living Word Omega Message

PO Box 409  
Mahomet IL 61853

2272 County Road 350 E

Directions: Take Hwy 47 North from Mahomet. We are the first right after Briar Cliff Subdivision.

## All Are Welcome!

### Meeting Schedule

Sunday Morning  
10:00am Fellowship

Wednesday Evening  
7:00pm Bible Study