



Abide



Volume 2, Issue 3

June—July 2002



Con·se·crat·ed: solemnly
dedicated to a service or goal.

Our Mission Statement:

The reason for publishing this journal is to encourage youth to mature in the Lord. We desire all to be challenged to seek the reality of God in their own lives. We hope you will see, by the testimony of many youth, a Christian life that radiates the power of God. God's desire for all of us is much more than to escape Hell. It is for us to live a victorious life by abiding in Christ. All material will be edited with this goal in mind.

The Editors

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In Upcoming Issues...

Soulwinning—Practical Helps
Brokenness: God's Requirement
Agape Love—The Unifying Factor

At this time, we plan to run these themes in this order, but if our readers desire an issue on a different topic, or submit material for an issue planned for a later date, we are willing to switch themes. Reader *feedback* is important!

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His Thoughts & My Thoughts

–Melissa Lentz

Romans 12:1-2 says, *“I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.”* Each of us has been created for a specific purpose. God’s desire is that we are transformed so we are able to accomplish His good and perfect will. In order to do that, we are required to lay our lives down in exchange for His.

I was thirteen when the Lord placed a desire in my heart to work with orphans—His special children

Early in my life I knew I wanted to work with children. The world told me since I had been raised in a family of thirteen children, I would be tired of taking care of them and would want to get away from children as much as possible. That made sense and sometimes I wondered if it would not turn out to be true. However, God knew better and used my upbringing to create in me a deeper love and heart for children. Though I had a love for all children, I was thirteen when the Lord placed a desire in my heart to work with orphans—His special children.

Over the years, my desire did not decrease, but my faith in seeing it accomplished did. I looked around me and realized we did not have orphanages in the United States. Although there were foster homes, and many needy children everywhere, it was not what I felt God wanted me to do. It was then, after evaluating circum-

stances from my limited perspective, that I chose the next best thing. I would get a degree in education and teach children. I did just that. I went to college for four years and planned to teach school to find my fulfillment. School was rigorous, but I was successful at it.

Throughout my college career and teaching opportunities, I loved working with children and enjoyed teaching. Anyone who looked at me would have thought I had it all together, but I never felt quite complete. I had chosen my own way and was determined to make it work, despite a gnawing feeling that I had settled for less than God’s best. My mom had been telling me of opportunities to work with orphans in Russia, but I had no desire to go to another country, least of all Russia.

Finally, God got my attention and impressed a few of His truths upon me. *“For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.”* (Isaiah 55:8-9) *“Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”* (Hebrews 11:1)

I wanted to see in order to move ahead. I certainly could not imagine how God could fulfill the dreams He had given to me. My faith in



God to orchestrate the details was not near the size of a mustard seed. I had taken things into my own hands and offered my own hopeless solutions. Yes, there was pleasure for a time, and things may have looked good. Yet, it was not His way, and I did not have His thoughts. Gracious as God is, He brought me to the point of seeing my own iniquity and wanting things to be different.

In spite of my mental roadblocks, I came to a point of complete surrender. I specifically laid my life and plan on the altar and gave myself to my Lord as a living sacrifice. Whatever He wanted with my life became what I wanted, even if it meant going to Russia. That was when I knew what Psalm 37:4-5 meant. *“Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.”*

Now, not only was I taking delight in Him and not myself, but I was also allowing Him to change my desires to His. It was not that He would give me what I wanted but that He would transform my desires to His. Then, He would bring those desires to pass. They would not be attained through my own efforts.

The obstacles were not completely gone. There were tempting job offers, enviable opportunities with children, criticism from those who thought my potential was being wasted, and months of waiting and wondering. However, my life was no longer my own. 1 Corinthians 7:23 says *“Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men.”* I was not to serve men or



I came to a point of complete surrender. I laid my life on the altar and gave myself to my Lord.

their philosophies. My choices were tried, but my peace was not.

I had complete assurance that God would bring His plans to pass. Whether He wanted me to be busy for Him, or just wait for God to work, I was content to be clay in the Potter's hand. Enough time had been spent doing my own thing in my own way, and I was not about to waste more of it. God gave me precious months to invest those teaching skills and my love for children in my own siblings. If I could not make it work at home, it would not work anywhere. He knew that I needed to learn that.

It was not long before the first major change occurred in my desires. I was ready and willing to go to Russia. The Lord opened up all the doors for me to go and live in an orphanage in Russia for three months. While I was there I visited schools and other orphanages. I came home full to overflowing. I was sure that trip had been the answer to my prayers. Now it was time to move on in God's plan.

For a while, that meant staying at home and continuing to invest in my siblings. I also accepted an opportunity to work with children's seminars. Although I was not working with the children directly, I felt God leading there. My parent's direction confirmed it.

A year and a half after I finished college I learned about an orphanage being started in the United States. All of it seemed too good to be true. I pursued information about the orphanage and learned there would be some training that I could attend. However, because I was already committed to the children's seminars and weeks of travel, I would not be considered to stay in a permanent position.

I was very disappointed. Had I been misled along the way? Had God forgotten the desire

He had planted in my heart? If the orphanage was to go on my altar, then so be it. The orphanage training came during a break from seminars so I went anyway. I purposed to complete the course whole-heartedly and learn as much as I could.

During the training, one of the three remaining children's seminars was cancelled. There was a glimmer of hope, but I could not cling to it. I enjoyed every minute of the training. Near the end of the training, the director of the orphanage asked to meet with me. We had previously discussed the possibility for me to help with secretarial work so I thought nothing of it. His thoughts were not my thoughts. They were offering me a position working directly with the orphans even though I would be gone for two weeks.



God had not been confused. He had seen far enough ahead. He only wanted me to trust Him and see again that nothing was impossible for Him. The more obstacles I saw with my limited human perspective, the more mountains He moved to show me His power and sovereignty.

Once again, His Word brought truth and transformation. *"...thou shalt weep no more: He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee. And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers: And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee,*

saying, This is the way, walk ye in it..." (Isaiah 30: 19-21)

I spent the next three years at the orphanage and a half of a year at another orphanage in Russia. I was twenty-six when God closed the door on my time of serving in this capacity. Because it was the desire of God's heart, He used it to draw me closer to Himself and learn more of Him through joy and sorrow. The time was sweet and will always be treasured. The lessons God taught and the relationships established were eternal. *"And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."* (I John 2: 17)

Melissa Lentz, 27, is living in Green Bay, Wisconsin with her family. She has 12 siblings.

The Straight Gate

**"Cut it off." My heart is bleeding,
And my spirit's wrung with pain:
Yet I hear my Jesus pleading,
"Cut it off or all is vain."**

**So I've stopped my ears in terror
Lest self-pity make me quail,
Lest at last I take the error
And God's purpose thwart and fail.**

**I am bowed to death in sadness,
For the pain is all too great,
But the dear Lord must find pleasure
In the way He maketh straight.**

—Oswald Chambers 1901



A Desirable Service

—Charles H. Spurgeon

O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

Psalm 116:16

WHEN a young man starts in life he is apt to enquire of an older person in this fashion—"I should like to get into such a business, but is it a good one; you have been in it for years, how do you find it?" He seeks the advice of a friend who will tell him all about it. Some will have to warn him that their trade is decaying, and that there is nothing to be done in it. Others will say that their business is very trying, and that if they could get out of it they would; while another will answer for his work, "Well, I have found it all right. I must speak well of the bridge which has carried me over. I have been able to earn a living, and I recommend you to try it."

Never since the day in which I enlisted in Christ's service have I said to myself, "I am sorry that I am a Christian."

I give my own experience, and therefore I wish to say concerning the service of the Lord that I have never regretted that I entered it. Surely, at some time or other since I put on Christ's livery and became His servant, I should have found out the evil if there had been anything wrong in the religion of Jesus. At some time or other I should have discovered that there was a mistake, and that I was under a delusion. But it has never been so. I have regretted many things which I have done, but I have never regretted that I gave my heart to Christ and became a servant of the Lord.

In times of deep depression—and I have had plenty of them—I have feared this and feared the other, but I have never had any suspicion of the goodness of my Master, the truth of His teaching, or the excellence of His service; neither have I wished to go back to the service of Satan and sin. Mark you, if we had been mindful of the country from whence we came out, we have had many an opportunity to return.

All sorts of enticement have assailed me, and siren voices have often tried to lure me upon the rocks; but never, never since the day in which I enlisted in Christ's service have I said to myself, "I am sorry that I am a Christian; I am vexed that I serve the Lord." I think that I may, therefore, honestly, heartily, and experimentally recommend to you the service which I have found so good. I have been a bad enough servant, but never had a servant so lovable a Master or so blessed a service.

I would add this personal testimony: so blessed is the service of God, that I would like to die in it! When I have been unable to preach through physical pain, I have taken my pen to write, and found much joy in making books for Jesus; and when my hand has been unable to wield the pen, I have wanted to talk about my Master to somebody or other, and I have tried to do so.

I remember that David Brainerd, when he was very ill, and could not preach to the Indians, was found sitting up in bed, teaching a little Indian boy his letters, that he might read the Bible; and so he said, "If I cannot serve God one way, I will another. I will never leave off this blessed service." This is my personal resolve, and verily, there is no merit in it, for my Lord's

service is a delight. It is a great pleasure to have anything to do for our great Father and Friend, and most affectionately, for your own good, I commend the service of God to you.

To serve God is the most reasonable thing in the world. It was He who made you: should not your Creator have your service? It is He who supports you in being: should not that being be spent to His glory?

Is it not time that we render to Him our reasonable service? If He has made us, if He has redeemed us, if He has preserved us in being, it is but His due that we should be His servants. This is the most honorable service that ever can be.

It is the most remunerative work under heaven. "Not always today," someone may say. Yet I venture to say, "Always today." To serve God is remunerative *now*. How so? Certainly not in hard cash, as misers rightly call their gold; but in better material.

A *quiet conscience* is better than gold; and to know that you are doing good is something more sweet in life than to know that you are getting rich or famous. Have not some of us lived long enough to know that the greater part of the things of this world are so much froth upon the top of the cup, far better blown away than preserved?

The chief joy of life is to be right with yourself, your neighbor, your God. And he that gets right with God—what more does he want? He is paid for anything that he may suffer in the cause of God by his own peace of mind.

There was a martyr once in Switzerland standing barefooted on the fagots, and about to be burnt quick to the death—no pleasant prospect for him. He accosted the magistrate who was superintending his execution, and asked him to come near him. He said, "Will you please to lay your hand upon my heart. I am about to die by fire. Lay your hand on my heart. If it beats any faster than it ordinarily beats, do not believe my religion." The magistrate, with palpitating heart himself, and all in a tremble, laid his hand upon the martyr's bosom, and found that he was just as calm as if he was going to his bed

rather than to the flames.

It is a grand thing to wear in your buttonhole that little flower called heart's-ease, and to have the jewel of contentment in your bosom—this is heaven begun below: Godliness is great gain to him that hath it.

The chief joy of life is to be right with your God. And he that gets right with God—what more does he want?

I think that all that we can get in this world is paltry, because we must leave it, or it must leave us, in a very short time. Young people—but in how very short a time, if you all live, will your hair be powdered with the gray of age! How short life is! How swift is time! The older we get the faster years fly. That only is worth my having which I can have forever. That only is worth my grasping which death cannot tear out of my hand.

The supreme reward of being a servant of God is hereafter. If you should serve God and you should meet with losses here for Christ's sake, you may count these "light afflictions which are but for a moment." Think them quite unworthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed; for there is a resurrection of the dead; there is a judgment to come; there is a life eternal; there is a Heaven of unutterable splendor; there is a place in that Heaven for every one of us who become true servants of the living God.

You must be a servant to somebody; there is no getting through the world without it, and if you are the servant to yourself, your bondage will be terrible. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," for serve ye must. Every man must get him to his task, whether he be peer or pauper, millionaire or beggar. Kings and queens are usually the most wearied servants of all. The higher men climb, the more they have to serve their fellowmen. You must serve. Oh, that you would enter the service of your God!

Have I Done My Best For Jesus?—Edwin Young

Hymn History by Andrew Rocke

Early in the morning of September 8, 1860, Edwin Spencer was up studying. He and his brother, Will, were studying for the ministry at Garret Biblical Institute of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. A storm had been raging all night and had now only somewhat abated.

All of a sudden, some of the other students at the Institute rushed in and cried out saying: “Ed, the *Lady Elgin* has just been thrown upon the rocks and is sinking. There are a lot of people onboard who will drown unless we do something right away.”



Edwin ran out to the beach at Winnetka with them and saw the desperate situation. Hundreds of passengers were floating in from Lake Michigan, for the *Lady Elgin* had actually sunk about 10 miles out from land. The angry waves were dashing people on the rocks of the beach. Some slipped off the debris they were clutching to and were sucked down by the undertow of the breakers. There, they drowned or swept back out into the lake.

The *Lady Elgin* was traveling from Chicago to Milwaukee when it was struck by the schooner, *Augusta*. The *Augusta* had lost control in the storm. Between 400 and 500 people were on board the *Lady Elgin*, and 300 to 350 were doomed to die. Only a quarter of the *Elgin's* passengers were res-

A few brave men with ropes tied around their waists plunged into the surf and pulled those struggling to shore.

I wonder, have I done my best for Jesus,
Who died upon the cruel tree?
To think of His great sacrifice at Calvr'y!
I know my Lord expects the best from me.

Refrain:

How many are the lost that I have lifted?
How many are the chained I've helped to free?
I wonder, have I done my best for Jesus,
When He has done so much for me?

The hours that I have wasted are so many,
The hours I've spent for Christ so few;
Because of all my lack of love for Jesus,
I wonder if His heart is breaking too.

I wonder, have I cared enough for others,
Or have I let them die alone?
I might have helped a wand'rer to the Savior,
The seed of precious Life I might have sown.

No longer will I stay within the valley-
I'll climb to mountain heights above;
The world is dying now for want of someone
To tell them of the Savior's matchless love.

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cued. The *Augusta* made it safely to Chicago.

Rescue was limited because the extremely small, rock-strewn beach was at the bottom of 60-foot cliffs. Rescuers were lowered down to the beach by ropes. There they grabbed those passengers who made it to shore and hoisted them up. A few brave men with ropes tied around their waists plunged into the surf and pulled those struggling in the water through the extremely rough waves to the shore.

This is exactly what Edwin did. He was a talented athlete and swimmer, and this was much to his advantage. He was able to make ten of these heroic trips before he stopped and warmed himself by the

fire.

His friends from the college begged him not to go back in. He replied, "I've got to do my best."

He did not stop until he collapsed on the beach, but by then he had made 15 trips and rescued 17 people, the most rescued by any one person.

As he was in delirium in the University's infirmary, he kept saying, "Have I done my best, fellows?" "Fellows, have I done my best?"

With tears running down his cheeks, Ed replied, "Not one ever came back and even said thank you."

Because of his determination and courage, Ed remained, for the rest of his life, a semi-invalid. He spent much of his time in a wheel chair.

Years after that fateful day, a man was taking a trip out West, and he stopped in Phoenix, Arizona. He heard that Edwin Spencer lived in that city so he went to see him.

"In the course of their conversation, the visitor said to him, 'Ed, that was certainly a great thing you did that night many years ago. I know it has cost you a lot of health and wealth, and I wouldn't call this cottage any substitute for what you could have gained had you kept your health. But humble as your life is, I'm sure that those you rescued haven't forgotten, and they do remember you with some help from time to time.'

There was a long moment of silence and then slowly, with tears running down his cheeks, Ed replied, 'Not one ever came back and even said thank you.'"

Upon hearing this story Ensign Edwin Young wrote the words to, "*Have I Done My Best For Jesus?*" Harry E. Storrs wrote the music in 1924.

When I ask, "Have I done me best for Jesus?" I must answer, "No." I have not done my best, not even my second or third or fourth best.

Edwin Spencer made sure he did his best. He was entirely committed to rescuing the victims of the wreck. Loss of strength, health, time, or even life did not bother him. Why can't I do my best? Why can't I be totally committed to doing my Captain's will, and rescue those floundering from the wrecks of life?

I can only be totally committed to His will when I am totally surrendered to Him. If I have no will of my own, only His Word as my guide, His footsteps as my course, and His will for me as my law, then I have nothing else to cling to, and I can totally cling to Him. Loss of strength, health, time, life, and freedom will be nothing when compared to His smile and His words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

"But I want you to know, brethren, that the things which happened to me have actually turned out for the furtherance of the gospel, so that it has become evident to the whole palace guard, and to all the rest, that my chains are in Christ; and most of the brethren in the Lord, having become confident by my chains are much more bold to speak the word with out fear...For I know that this will turn out for my deliverance through your prayer and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, according to my earnest expectation and hope that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ will be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death. For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain." (Philippians 1: 12-14, 19-21)

Edwin Spencer, no doubt, appreciated the few commendations from friends. However, his joy, even though no one he rescued thanked him, was in the fact that he had done his best. Have you?

"Yes, and if I am being poured out as a drink offering on the sacrifice and service of your

Total commitment requires total surrender. Edwin Spencer laid all on the line.

*faith, I am glad and rejoice with you all.”
“For I am already being poured out as a drink offering, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Finally, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge will give to me on that Day, and not to me only but also to all who have loved His appearing.” (Philippians 2: 17; 2 Timothy 4: 6-8)*



No runner in a race wins by trying only half-heartedly. No army wins a war by fighting half-heartedly. They are totally committed to their task. How can

they be totally committed to their task? By being totally surrendered to their task. The runner surrenders his diet, and his time for most anything else so that he can practice. The soldier surrenders his time, health, wealth, family, friends, and maybe even his life for the cause he believes in. The runner and soldier do all this to win. We are runners and soldiers. How much do we want to see our Captain glorified by our obedience and sacrifice?

Total commitment requires total surrender. It is only to the degree that we are surrendered to Him and His will, that we can be committed to Him and His will. Edwin Spencer laid his all on the line. From our perspective, he came out on the losing end. He lost his health and received no thanks. God gave us His Son. What will we give Him? I pray we all will give ourselves to Him and be as committed to Him as He is to us.

Hymn Histories by Alfred B. Smith
©1985 Better Music Publications, Inc.

Hero Tales From American Life
Mantle Ministries, 1994

Lady Elgin in Down by Pete Caesar
©1981 Great Lake Marine Research

The Wreck of the Lady Elgin (Video)
©1999 Southport Video

Recommended Books

Here is a list of this month's recommended books. Enjoy!

Through Gates of Splendor, \$8
Shadow of the Almighty, \$11
Both by Elisabeth Elliot Gren

Back to the Bible
P.O. Box 82808
Lincoln, NE 68501

(800) 811-2397
www.gatewaytojoy.org

Jungle Pilot by Russell Hitt, \$13

Discovery House Publishers
P.O. Box 3566
Grand Rapids, MI 49501

(800) 653-8333
www.dhp.org

Hidden Rainbow by Christmas Carol Kauffman
Published by Moody Press. \$6

Distributed by:
Keepers of the Faith
P.O. Box 100
Ironwood, MI 49938-0100

(906) 663-6881
www.keepersofthefaith.com

Absolute Surrender by Andrew Murray, \$6

Whitaker House Publishers
30 Hunt Valley Circle
New Kensington, PA 15068

(800) 444-4484
www.whitakerhouse.com

You can get the text of this book free online at the Christian Classics Ethereal Library (www.ccel.org).

This website has hundreds of books by classic Christian authors including Andrew Murray, Charles Spurgeon, F.B. Meyer, and many more. All of them are free.

If you have any books that you would recommend to other youth, please share them with us. We are always looking for a good book! 📖

Hidden Rainbow-C. Carol Kauffman

–Review by Josiah Rocke

“Suffered!” exclaimed Anna’s Father. “You poor child. You are only going to begin now to know what suffering is. Everything is against you now. Everything in this life and in the one to come.”

These were the words spoken to Anna Olesh when she and her husband decided to follow Christ. Perhaps nothing is as powerful a deterrent to youth consecrating themselves to Christ than the threat of persecution and ridicule from the family, friends, and neighbors.

In *Hidden Rainbow*, Christmas Carol Kauffman retells the true story of the Yugoslavian family that made this choice. When they chose to follow Christ, their entire village turned against them eventually forcing them to flee to the United States.

The struggle began when a foreign missionary gave the Olesh family a New Testament. Knowing the ruling religious system would disapprove of personal reading of the Scriptures, they decided to read it anyway.

**Disown me if he knew?
He might. He loves me, I
know, but he loves his
church more.”**

When they read the Gospel, the Holy Spirit brought conviction. As they saw a need to change their lives, they also saw what it would cost them:

“He (Anna’s father) is as dead set against it as your father.”

A true story about a forbidden New Testament that shattered the calm of a Yugoslavian village.



“Worse, if I know anything. I heard him telling Clem Verbeki this morning when we were working together over Clem’s sick cow that if either of his children ever took a tract or one of those New Testaments from that rascal Lutz, he’d disown her.”

“Would he do a thing like that? Disown me if he knew? He might. He loves me, I know, but he loves his church more.”

The young Olesh family began to realize that accepting this new faith would require more than merely changing affiliations, dress, or customs. It would require great sacrifices. It would cost them their inheritances, their family, and their reputation. They could lose their home, their jobs, and possibly their lives.

In spite of all the threats and risks, the Olesh family decided to surrender their lives to Christ. Although many of the threats were carried out, and the costs were high, nothing shook their resolve. The peace they found

amazed everyone they met:

“I know it must be hard, Father. But someday I hope you’ll listen long enough to me so I can convince you and Mother both that at last I’ve found what gives me peace and happiness.”

“You call that peace and happiness to walk into Daruvar every week and get shamed in public court?”

“It’s not pleasant. Not that part of it, to be sure,” admitted Anna, “but underneath, deep down inside a quiet voice tells me that no one who is against me will succeed.”

Elizabeth, Father, and Mother all stared speechless.

It amazed John and Anna Olesh as well. They wanted nothing to do with going back to their old ways. The freedom they had found in surrendering to Christ was so sweet:

Go back to beads and images and the hideous old witch doctor and all that, after enjoying this peace?

“What do you mean, Father? Turn back to our fear and superstition and darkness? Go back to beads and images and the hideous old witch doctor and all that, after enjoying this peace, this happiness and light? Never, Father. I would be beside myself if I did that. The more people talk to us, the more we are sure we did the right thing.”

We seldom have to deal with the difficulties the Olesh family faced. Most of us do not face the pressures that they did. When we feel that Christ is calling us to sacrifice part of our life, be it time, plans, or desires, we usually get support and encouragement from our parents and friends. Through this book, our faith can be built up for the times when we too will face persecution.

Hidden Rainbow will encourage readers to consecrate themselves in deeper ways to the service

of Jesus Christ. The call to lay aside all that is precious in our own sight for the sake of Christ is vivid and real.

“I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” (Romans 12:1)

Ordering information for *Hidden Rainbow* is on page 10, *Recommended Books*.

I Yield

Lord, I yield.
Hopes, desires, plans, dreams,
Attraction, wants, needs, schemes,
You take it.

Lord, I yield.
The right to be a missionary,
A life-changing visionary,
You take it.

Lord, I yield.
The want to be a famous writer,
Make my world a little brighter,
You take it.

Lord, I yield.
My dreams of marriage, or singlehood,
A life of adventure, that I would,
You take it.

Lord, I yield.
My desire of a quiet life,
Full of ease, with little strife,
You take it.

Lord, I yield.
All I ever wanted to be,
I give it all to Thee—
You take it.

Lord, I yield.
Whatever of me You desire,
Mold me, make me, something higher,
I’m Yours.

Jamie Scharf, age 18
Springville, CA

Jim Elliot—Surrendered Unto Death

—Andrew Tieman

Jim Elliot was born in Portland, Oregon, in 1927. He was the second youngest in a strong Christian family. His father was a traveling evangelist in the Portland area. He read the scriptures daily to his family. Jim was saved at the age of six at a special meeting.

Jim entered high school in 1941. While there, he never hesitated to speak of his faith when he was given the chance. He always carried a small Bible on top of his schoolbooks. Only a small audience was required to have him open it and start sharing.

Jim stood firm on what he thought was right according to the word of God even if it meant standing alone. His life in high school is a prime example of Peter 3:15, *“But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear.”* When Jim was asked to go to an activity that he knew was wrong, he didn't just give an excuse about being too busy or something. He told them the biblical reason that he could not participate. His goal in life from an early age was to serve and please the One who had given so much for him—Jesus Christ.

Jim enjoyed the things that most boys enjoy: camping, fishing, hunting and other outdoor things. He had some very interesting escapades with his two high school friends, Fisher and Dutch. One of these included a hunting trip on which they accidentally shot a lady's pet duck. Another was a time they went on a camping and fishing trip. They decided to hop a train



because during the war there was gas rationing. Jim threw his fishing pole in a car and tried to hop on, but he didn't make it. He stayed where he was while his fishing pole continued down the track on the train car. They continued their trip, but Jim went without his fishing pole.

The fall of 1945 found Jim in Wheaton College in Illinois. Jim's one desire in life was to serve the Lord. If you were to walk past Jim's room early each morning, you would find him in God's word. He made it a priority in his life. In a letter to his sister he quoted John Bunyan, *“Sin will keep you from this book, but this book will keep you from sin.”* He had dedicated himself totally to the Lord for whatever God had for him.

As the years in college passed, he became increasingly sure that God had called him to foreign mission work. He began to wrestle and run long distance to build up his strength for the rigors of life in the jungles of some country. He studied Greek and Hebrew so he could better translate the Word of God into other languages. These years in college were a real grow-

ing time in Jim's life.

Jim graduated in 1949 and began traveling and preaching. Jim had the opportunity to speak at many different places. One man that heard him said, *“He is the most spiritually potent man I have ever met.”* What a testimony to what God can do with a young man! This begins when a young person surrenders all to the Lord. Jim continued to sense God wanted him on the

**His goal in life from an early age was to serve and please the One who had given so much for him—
Jesus Christ.**

mission field. Through a series of circumstances, he began to see God was directing him to Ecuador. However, Jim felt He needed another young man to go with him. God continued to open doors for him by providing another man named Pete Flemming.

When Jim was 24 years old, he and Pete took a ship to Ecuador. Jim's journal records some of his joy. "All the thrill of boyhood dreams came on me just now outside watching the sky die in the sea on every side. I wanted to sail when I was in grammar school and well remember memorizing the names of the sails from Merriam-Webster's ponderous dictionary in the library. Now I am actually at sea—as a passenger of course, but at sea nevertheless—and bound for Ecuador. Strange—or is it?—that childish hopes should be answered in the will of God for this now."

Jim and his companion reached Ecuador. After some time of language study, they were able to move out into the jungle and begin working among the Quichua Indians. In his journal, Jim tells of his many experiences. They range from treating snakebites that were plentiful to playing games with the Indians to preaching the Gospel.

Once, the station that he was working at was flooded. The missionaries and the Indians worked frantically to save as many of their personal belongings as they could. They carried the belongings to higher ground only to find the water was starting to approach the high ground that they had moved the things to. Their only choice was to move it to even higher ground.



When they got the things there, the water kept rising so they had to move it again! When the floodwaters finally went down, the damage was great. They lost many personal belongings as well as part of the airstrip and many buildings. Their vision was not hindered. They rebuilt the buildings and kept on with the work.

Through a series of circumstances, Jim began to see that God was directing him to Ecuador.

Jim tells of his first experience of survey flying over the jungle looking for Indian houses in a letter to his sister, Jane. "Mission work by airplane is different from what you might imagine. First, there is the thrill of it. The sense of lift just as the wheels leave the ground, the tilt of swinging on a wingtip to take a look at a tiny group of houses hidden in the forest, the shiver of dropping below trees to get a good look and the back-throw of pulling out over the trees—these are terrific thrills that I've had for the last two days. I may get over them, or I may get sick as Pete did, but at least I've had them."

Then, when Jim was 25 he married Elisabeth who was working among another tribe. They had known each other in college. Each had come to Ecuador separately to work in two very different areas. After several years there, God brought them together. They had one daughter, Valerie, whom they loved dearly. Jim wrote of her often.

God had given Jim a burden for a group of Indians called the Aucas when he had first come to Ecuador. They were a very savage tribe that had killed many other Indians and white men that had come near their territory. Jim and the missionary pilot in the area, Nate Saint, began to fly over the main village of the Aucas and drop gifts for them with an ingenious automatic release mechanism that Nate had built. By dropping the gifts of bright colored streamers, clothes, kettles, and buttons, the men hoped to



develop a relationship with the Indians. Later, they could visit them face-to-face and share the Gospel.

As the men flew over the village, they would shout down to the Indians phrases like, “I like you” or others in the Auca language. Sometimes the Indians would even attach gifts to the

line the men had just used to drop their gifts. The return gifts ranged from a headdress to a parrot. The men were overjoyed when they got these gifts from the Indians.

Three other men who were also missionaries in the same general area joined Nate and Jim. The group decided to go into Auca territory after much prayer and many gift drops. The missionaries wanted to see if the Indians would come and meet them face-to-face, knowing that they could be killed. Finally, the moment came to meet some of the feared Aucas face to face. A man and two women came out of the jungle and stayed for a day or two at the camp the men had set up. The missionaries were overjoyed at the chance to talk to the people they had been trying to meet for so long.

After these Indians left, another contact was made a couple days later. Indians were seen coming through the trees as Nate was on the radio with his wife. He told her that he would call her back at 3:00 that afternoon. The call never came. When the men did not call in at the agreed time, another airplane was sent out to see what had happened. The pilot reported seeing the plane that the men had been using with all the fabric striped off the wings. A ground party was sent in and they confirmed the fact that the Indians had killed all five.

As you read this you may think, “What a tragedy!” So many young lives wasted. I do not believe so. Another pilot continued the gift drops, and a short time afterwards Jim’s wife and daughter, along with Nate’s sister were invited

by the Aucas to come and live among them. These people had the opportunity to tell the Aucas about the Savior that came to die for them. Many came to the Lord through the effort Jim and his friends had started. Years later, the very Indians that killed Nate, Jim, and their friends baptized Nate’s two oldest children. What an example of the change God can make in a heart! God was in total control the whole time! What seemed like a tragedy at first, reached many for Christ. God used Jim’s death to reach people that Jim’s life wouldn’t.

Jim’s life should be a challenge to us all. He often said, “A man is no fool to give that which he can not keep to gain that which he can not lose.” Jim lived this all of his life. He was willing to give all for his Lord—even his life—to gain that which he could not lose. After all, Christ gave His life for us. Why should we be willing to give any less, if necessary, to tell others about Him?

He often said: “A man is no fool to give that which he can not keep to gain that which he can not lose.”

After Jim’s race here on earth was done, I am sure he had the joy of hearing his Lord and Master say, “Well done thou good and faithful servant.” Jim’s faith became sight. What a glorious day! Jim had those rewards in heaven that he could not lose. Matthew 6:20-21 *“But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal, For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”*

Andrew Tieman, 19, lives in Fremont, Wisconsin with his family. Andrew is studying Airframe & Powerplant Mechanics. He hopes to go to the mission field as an airplane mechanic.

The Struggle to Consecrate

–Tyler Griffin

Consecration: what does it mean? It is a question I've struggled to answer, much less, write an article about. Sure, I know the dictionary definition; you probably do as well. But what does it mean *for me*?

Solemnly devoted? Seriously dedicated? Absolutely surrendered? We talk about it all the time, but are these terms a reality in my life? If someone were to define my life, through observing me *every day*—would he use any of these terms to describe me?

I'm not sure they would. Maybe you are thinking, "Are you saying that you have *never* completely surrendered your life to Christ?" No, I am not saying that. There have been several times where I have seemed to reach a crisis in my life, and I have totally surrendered my life for God to do *whatever* he wanted.

Absolutely surrendered? We talk about it all the time, but is this term a reality in my life?

On one occasion, I was extremely desperate. I saw my need to surrender my life like never before. I stayed up several hours into the night crying out to God, asking Him to show me anything I was holding back. I laid down my friends, my family, and my future. It was not an emotional time, but God met with me. I laid down everything I could think of, and I know God changed my life.

I believe these times of surrender are absolutely essential for every Christian. I am not saying each person's experience needs to be like mine. Only that every Christian needs to go through a time where they seriously examine their life, and completely "sell out" to God.

However, there is a danger in an experience of surrender. The danger is that you and I can hang onto this experience for years, and miss out on a deeper walk with God—thinking we already have "absolutely surrendered" our lives to God. He has shown me that absolute surrender is *not* a one-time experience. It is a lifelong process.

God has also shown me there is an element of surrender I have missed. It is something I desire but have not reached. This is why I have struggled to write this article. I have struggled to write about something that is not a reality in my own life. So, please give me the liberty to share what God has been showing me.

First, I would like to share a verse God has used to speak to me. I would like to paraphrase Romans 12:1—*I beg you dear youth, that by the mercy and grace of God you would give yourself to God as a living sacrifice, so He can make you holy and acceptable through Christ, which is only your reasonable service.*

What is a living sacrifice? First, what is a sacrifice? The first things that come to my mind are the sacrifices in the Old Testament. The lambs, the turtledoves, and the scapegoats the people of Israel had to sacrifice for sin. One of the best stories to illustrate what both a sacrifice and a living sacrifice are is the one about God asking Abraham to sacrifice his only and long-awaited son on an altar.

We often consider Abraham's great faith in being willing to offer up his son. But have you ever considered what it would have been like to be Isaac? Scholars say that this story took place in the latter part of Abraham's life. This means he was a very old man. This would mean Isaac was about 33 years old. Therefore, Isaac was in what we consider the prime of his life.

When they reached the mountain, perhaps Abraham gave Isaac the wood to carry simply

because he was already very tired from the trip so far! Think of what was going through Isaac's mind when he asked his father: "Where is the lamb for the sacrifice?" Can you imagine Abraham binding Isaac and laying him on an altar by pure force? A 130-year-old man binding a young man in the prime of his life? Not likely!

This means that Isaac must have had an amazing trust in both his earthly and heavenly father. It also means he must have completely surrendered his will. Could you have surrendered to something like that? Now we all know that God was just testing Abraham's devotion. I believe He was also showing Abraham the sacrifice He was making to save lost humanity. Although the Bible does not say so, Abraham was human and he must have felt a flood of emotions as he raised the knife over his son—his only and *beloved* son.

However, let us again consider Isaac. He must have willingly laid his life down as we saw before. Therefore, he was literally a living sacrifice as he left that mountain.

Abraham was human. He must have felt a flood of emotions as he raised the knife over his son.

Now imagine if Isaac had not willingly laid his life down. Let's imagine what the conversation could have been like...

"Looks as if you have the altar about completed father, but I still don't understand where the lamb is?"

"Isaac, come here my son."

"Yes Father, what do you need?"

"Come here over next to the altar."

"Yes Father, here I am."

"Lay down on the altar my son."

"Father! What are you talking about! You have a rope in your hand! You couldn't possibly..."



"Yes son. God has said to do it and I *must* obey."

"But Father you must have misunderstood! I am your promised seed!"

"Yes son, you are my promised seed. However, God has a wonderful plan, I know that. His ways are so much higher than our ways; we simply cannot understand them. We must just obey."

"Father, I cannot. It is so senseless! I have such a bright future ahead of me! The death would be horrible! Why would God ask you to do such a crazy thing when you could just use a lamb! God could not possibly mean you to kill me, your only son! You know I would do anything else you asked me to do. You have control over my friends, my possessions, and my future life. I would do anything for you—except sacrifice my life!"

The excuses could go on. From a human standpoint, it made no sense. But the other things Isaac could have offered **would not have been enough**. It was not what God wanted. However, the Bible does not give us a record of even the slightest hesitation on Isaac's part.

What do you treasure most? What do I treasure most? Certainly, I would like to say that I always treasure my relationship with God and His glory more than anything else. But I know that wouldn't be true. God has shown me that way too often do I treasure myself more than anything else.

When I've come before the altar of absolute surrender, I've laid down everything. I have given Him my family, my friends, my finances, and my future on the altar, and said, *"Here God, do what you would like with these."*

In addition, without realizing it, I've been saying, *"Here is everything God. Everything, that is, except for...me. Please use me and control me, Lord. Use my future for Your honor and glory. I am laying it all on the altar, Lord, as a sacrifice to You. All of it, that is, except for me. I can't get on that altar, that altar means death! It would mean pain! I will die to all of these other things, Lord, but you cannot kill me!"*

Do you know what friends? **It is not enough!** Our reasonable service is not to sacrifice these other things. It is our reasonable service to sacrifice our **self**. We will never have consistent victory in keeping these other things on the altar as long as self remains off the altar.

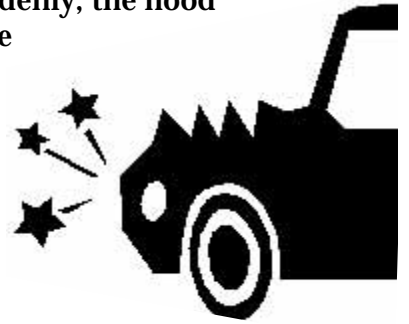
How do we know friends, if this is reality? Examine your life. Do you ever get upset, when the plans you have made for the day don't work out? I do. Do you ever get hurt when friends or family criticize or rebuke you? I do. Do you sometimes get offended when friends say things about you that aren't quite true? I do. Do you ever get upset when your stuff is damaged or harmed? I do.

Recently God has been doing a work in my life in these areas. I was planning a trip to Milwaukee, to go to a home school conference where we were going to have a booth for the Abide. I was very excited about the trip, and we had just gotten my car ready to go by putting a new starter in it.

I filled up with gas and was driving it on a road

**Without our death to self
by getting on that altar,
nothing else we try to
sacrifice is enough**

near our home. Suddenly, the hood of my car came loose and smashed the windshield and roof of my car. I could not go to Milwaukee, and I now was without a needed vehicle.



I was not angry with God or anything, and it did help that God had already been doing a work in my heart in this area. However, I was very disappointed, and now I faced a decision about my car.

My disappointment was lessened because a group from our church was going to Madison that Saturday to witness, and I had been going to miss that trip. Now I would be able to go along. However, the lesson was not over.

Saturday it rained—we didn't go—and I hit the bottom. Now I had nothing to do except surrender to the circumstances God had allowed. It was not an immediate victory for my self was still very much alive. It hurts to die on the altar, dear friends.

The cross wasn't easy for Christ either. Even harder than the cross was the separation from His Father that resulted from it. However, without the physical and spiritual death that Christ suffered, the sacrifice would not have been enough. Likewise, without our death to self by getting on that altar, nothing else we try to sacrifice is enough either to experience the overcoming life.

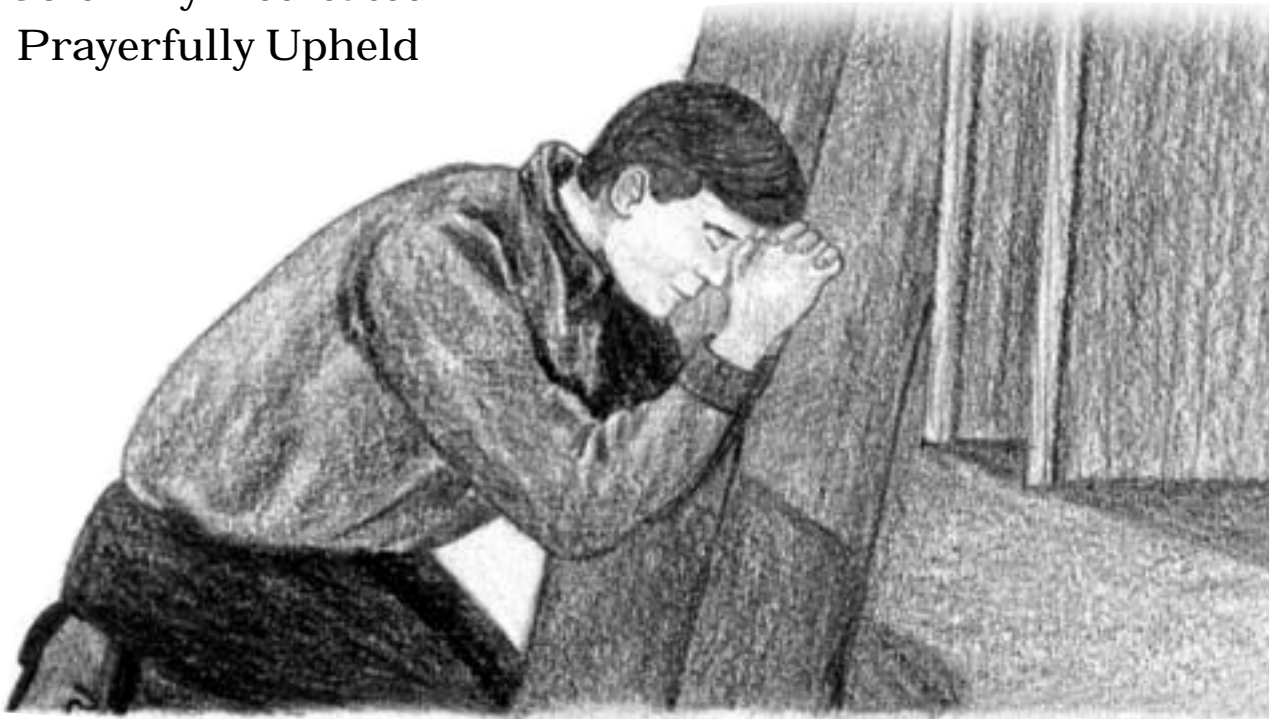
Please do not misunderstand me, I am not talking about a salvation by works, I am speaking to fellow Christians who desire to go on with God, and live a victorious life through Christ's power. We cannot have both lives—Christ's and ours. If we want Christ's life living through us, our life must die. However, it is not a one-time thing. Self will try to wriggle off that altar continually—it wants to live! But we must die to our self-daily, and consecrate ourselves to God.

What does consecration mean? I think you would agree, it means death—but that is not all!

It does not end with death. That is just the beginning. I die so Christ can live in me. You and I can experience that resurrection power. I am not there—maybe you aren't there either. Do you want it? I do. My prayer is that you want it, too. Go for God's best! The taste I have had has only whet my appetite. Let's press on by the grace of God, and seek a life of consecration.

The Consecrated Life...

Solemnly Dedicated
Prayerfully Upheld



The Sign

Lord, crucify, O mark Thy holy Cross
On motive, preference, all fond desires
On that which self in any form inspires
Set Thou that Sign of loss.

And when the touch of death is here and there
Laid on a thing most precious in our eyes,
Let us not wonder; let us recognize
The answer to this prayer.

-Amy Carmichael

Divine Paradox

But all through life I see a cross
Where sons of God yield up their breath:
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death;
And no full vision but by faith,
Nor glory but by bearing shame,
Nor justice but by taking blame.
And that Eternal Passion saith:
'Be emptied of glory and right and name.

-Amy Carmichael

In the Next Issue...

Soul Winning

I beseech you therefore, brethren,
by the mercies of God, to present
your bodies a living sacrifice, holy,
acceptable to God, *which is* your
spiritual service.

Romans 12:1

In This Issue... Consecrated Youth

Abide

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