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# Abide

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Volume 3, Issue 1

January—March 2003

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Agape

Love

is...

...directed first toward God, then toward others as objects of God's love.

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# 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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We ask our readers to prayerfully consider sharing something—prose, poetry, artwork, or even a simply testimony.

If possible, please have material typed out. We will consider all submissions, although we reserve the right to select and edit them. Please provide contact information so we can contact you in necessary.

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### Missions: Ministering to Children Abiding In Christ Rejoice in the Lord

We welcome suggestions and submissions for upcoming issues.

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# THIS IS LOVE

—John Patrick Pazdziora

To live for Christ simply means to love.

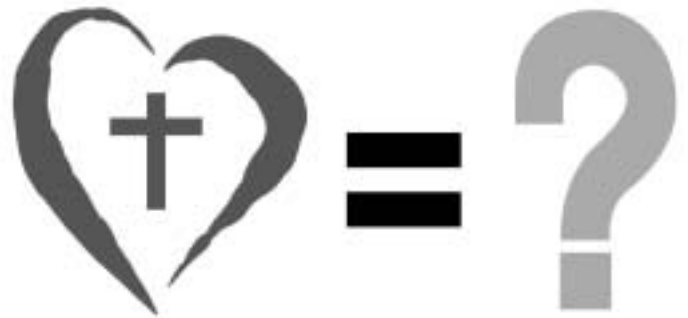
Since time began, God has commanded us to love. By giving us the Law, which was impossible for us to keep, God showed us we could not love. By giving us His Son, He showed us *He* could. Because Christ has now taken our death and given us His life, we are to live in that life—to love.

In his letter to the Roman Christians, Paul gives a clear definition of this love. It comes after his discourse on the work Christ accomplished on the Cross, and his explanation of God's intent for the nation of Israel and for everyone. To summarize, he shows us the universal need for a personal Savior. Furthermore, Jesus Christ is that Savior, having freed us from our slavery to sin and the Law by dying on the cross in our place. He shows the Lord has brilliant purpose behind all He does, higher and greater than any plan man could imagine, with the result that salvation through Christ is offered freely to all mankind.

Before, when we were caught in our sin, we could not really love. But God set us free from sin and death by what Jesus did on the Cross. He took the punishments we should have borne; He paid the debts we could not pay. In a word, God has done everything because we could do nothing. And now, having done it all, He embraces us as His children, fellow-heirs with Christ, and transforms us into His image. This transformation is what allows us to love, because God is Love. So then, the love Paul is discussing is the outward sign of an inward work. Because of what God has done through Christ, we can now do what we could not do before—love.

This brings up a natural question: What does it mean to love? Paul's answer is very deep, spanning several chapters. But it is summed up here, in Romans 15:1-3:

*“Now we who are strong ought to bear the*



**This brings up a natural question: What does it mean to love?**

*weaknesses of those without strength and not just please ourselves. Let each of us please his neighbor for his good, to his edification. For even Christ did not please Himself, but as it is written, ‘the reproaches of those who reproached Thee fell upon Me.’”*

Paul is talking about selfless love. In this love, we forget ourselves for others. If another Christian is grappling with some weakness, be it weakness of faith or hope or whatever, we are not to merely pity him. We are not to simply slap him on the back with a hearty “Cheer up, old chap! It’s not half so bad. Just look at *me!* I find it all very simple,” and swagger away carrying our bag of feathers, leaving him to struggle with his cartload of stones. The Lord never called the church to be a row of goldfish bowls. Rather than swimming blindly inside our own little world, our thoughts are to be focused outwards, looking at the needs of those around us. Christ has called us to care more about others than ourselves.



## The question should not be, “How can I help myself?” but “How can I help them?”

We are not to judge or scorn Christians weaker than we are. We are to love them, helping them and supporting them as Christ shows us how. It could be through physical or moral support, or it could be through prayer. There are precedents for all three. It is best if we ask Christ, who knows everyone better than they know themselves, to show us how we can be of help, rather than burst in brandishing our own how-to manual.

The question should not be, “How can I help myself?” but “How can I help them?” The answer may not be what our natural instincts would desire. Christ never said Christianity would be comfortable. In fact, He very nearly says the opposite; His call for us to take up our cross and follow Him comes immediately after His announcement that He is going to Calvary.

How much do you think David Livingstone would have done if he had been concerned about his personal comfort? Obviously very little. But he followed his Savior, and, although the road was far from easy, it was worth every inch.

Notice, however, Paul writes, “*Let each of us please his neighbor for his good, to his edification.*” We are not only to do *good* to our neighbors, but we are also to *edify* them. Consider it this way. There are many people who would think it very good of you to bring them a keg or three of whisky. Yet would it edify them? Anything but. The good we do must be the same kind Christ would do.



What it comes down to is this: We are to act solely on the basis of love. The prime example of this is Jesus Christ. “*For even Christ did not please Himself, but as it is written, ‘the reproaches of those who reproached Thee fell upon Me.’*” Christ did not live for Himself, but for His Heavenly Father and for the whole of mankind.

Christ’s love for His Father is such that whatever is done to the Father is done to Him as well. When His Father is reproached, He is reproached; when His Father feels pain, or gladness, He feels the same. It is a union of love. This is the love God desires for us to have.

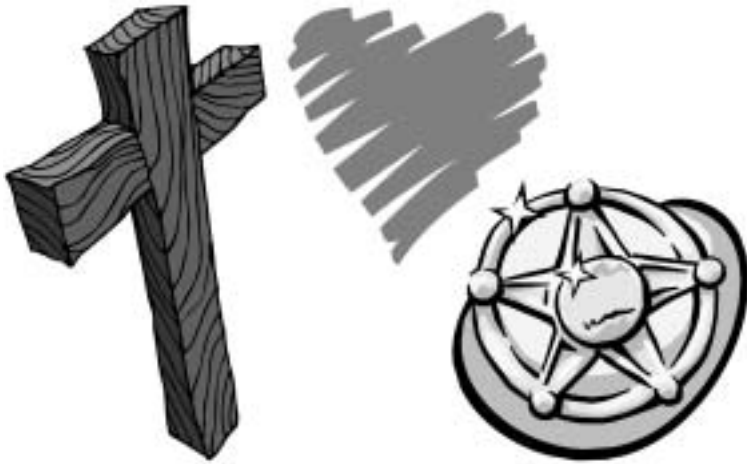
In John 15:13, Jesus tells His disciples, “*Greater love has no one than this, that one lay down his life for his friends.*” With His next breath, He says, “*You are my friends...*” Christ’s love was and is the greatest love possible. Its magnitude is even greater when we realize Christ died for us while we were utterly unlovable.

*“This is love! It is not that we loved God but that he loved us. For God sent His Son to pay for our sins with His own blood. Dear friends, if God loved us*

*that much, then we should love one another.”* Christ has shown us what love is. We are to love in the same way. For the love of God is never dormant. It is continuous and active. Christ gave everything for us. In return, He tells us to love.

**I have loved thee with an  
Everlasting Love: therefore with  
loving-kindness I have drawn thee.  
(Jeremiah 31:3b)**

**Now abide Faith, Hope, and Love,  
these three; but the greatest of  
these is Love. Pursue Love.  
(1 Corinthians 13:13–14a)**



## THE BADGE OF LOVE

Long ago in eons past  
 The love of God to earth was cast  
 To fill the void with riches vast  
 Long ago in eons past.

Adam in the garden rent  
 The perfect love for man was spent  
 God's love so free was bruised and bent  
 Adam in the Garden rent.

Love was Christ upon the tree  
 To bear our sins to Calvary  
 And send us love again so free  
 Love was Christ upon the tree.

“Love each other now,” He cried,  
 “The gates of hell will be defied  
 To bring this love was why I died  
 “Love each other now,” He cried.

Let us wear this Badge of Love  
 Sent down for man from heaven above  
 A likeness of the Peaceful Dove  
 Let us wear this Badge of Love

Inspired by Andrew Murray  
 Josiah Rocke, 2003

## A Loving God

The apostle John, by the Spirit, wrote, “God is love,” and some have taken his words to be a definitive statement concerning the essential nature of God. This is a great error. John was by those words stating a fact, but he was not offering a definition.

The words “God is love” means that love is an essential attribute of God. Love is something true of God but it is not God. It expresses the way God is in His unitary being, as do the words holiness, justice, faithfulness, and truth. Because God is immutable He always acts like Himself, and because He is a unity He never suspends one of His attributes in order to exercise another.

To know that love is of God and to enter into the secret place leaning upon the arm of the Beloved—this and only this can cast out fear. Let a man become convinced that nothing can harm him and instantly for him all fear goes out of the universe. The nervous reflex, the natural revulsion to physical pain may be felt sometimes, but the deep torment of fear is gone forever. God is love and God is sovereign.

The love of God is one of the great realities of the universe, a pillar upon which the hope of the world rests. But it is a personal, intimate thing, too. God does not love populations, He loves people. He loves not masses, but men. He loves us all with a mighty love that has no beginning and can have no end.

In Christian experience there is a highly satisfying love content that distinguishes it from all other religions and elevates it to heights far beyond even the purest and noblest philosophy. This love content is more than a thing; it is God Himself in the midst of His Church singing over His people. True Christian joy is the heart's harmonious response to the Lord's song of love.

*Excerpted from The Knowledge of The Holy by A. W. Tozer. Details page 11.*

# Crossed Love

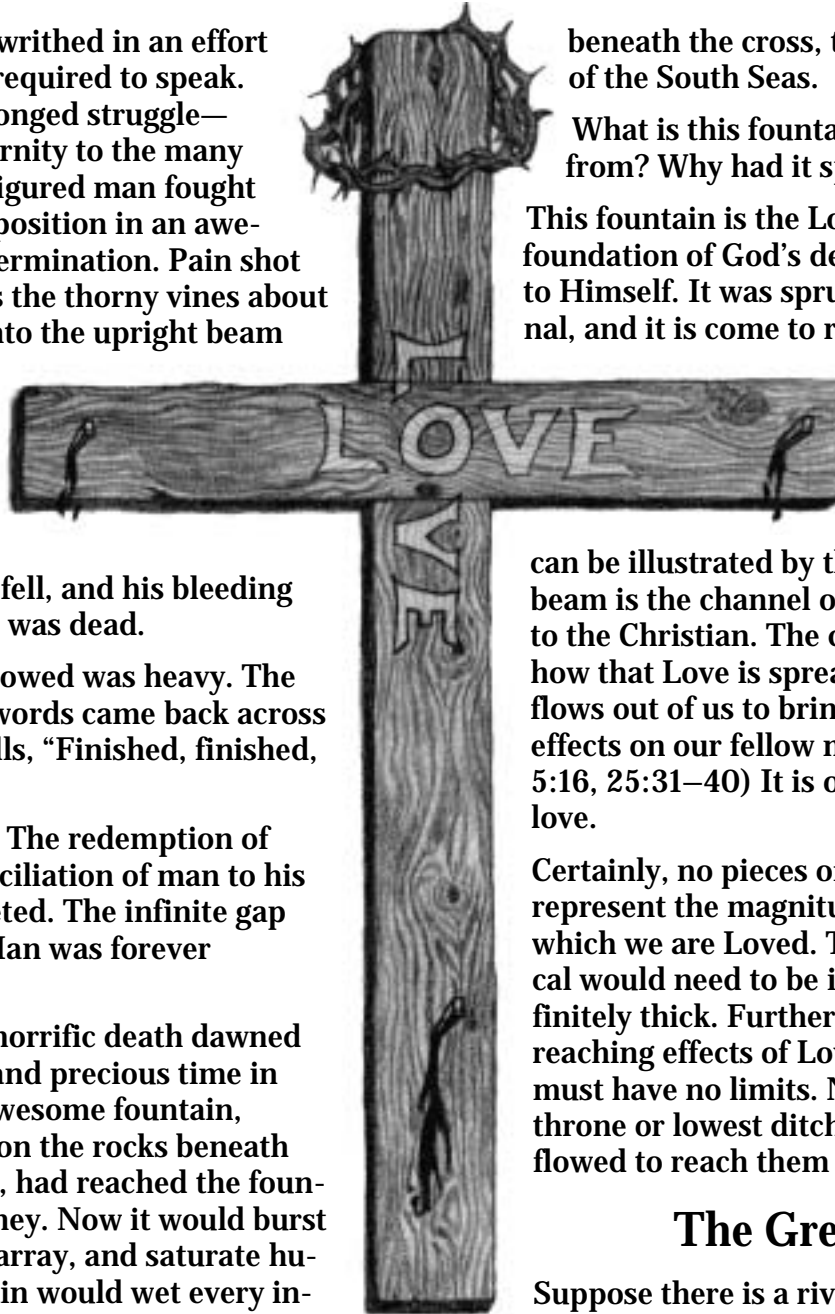
—Josiah Locke

The hideous figure writhed in an effort to draw the breath required to speak. Finally, after a prolonged struggle—what seemed an eternity to the many onlookers—the disfigured man fought his way to an erect position in an awesome display of determination. Pain shot through his scalp as the thorny vines about his head knocked into the upright beam behind him. Then, in a voice that seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth, he cried out, “It is finished.” His head fell, and his bleeding body went limp. He was dead.

The silence that followed was heavy. The echo of those final words came back across the valleys and knolls, “Finished, finished, finished...”

What was finished? The redemption of mankind, the reconciliation of man to his Creator was completed. The infinite gap between God and Man was forever bridged.

With this ugly and horrific death dawned the most dramatic and precious time in world history. An awesome fountain, freshly splashed upon the rocks beneath the crossed timbers, had reached the fountainhead of its journey. Now it would burst forth, in a dazzling array, and saturate humanity. This fountain would wet every inhabitant of the world, from those few Jews



beneath the cross, to the naked islanders of the South Seas.

What is this fountain? Whence was it from? Why had it sprung?

This fountain is the Love of God. It is the foundation of God’s desire to reconcile man to Himself. It was sprung from Time Eternal, and it is come to restore to God His rightful possession—the praise, adoration, and fellowship of man.

The Love of God can be illustrated by the Cross. The vertical beam is the channel of God’s Love flowing to the Christian. The crosspiece signifies how that Love is spread to all mankind—it flows out of us to bring glory to God by its effects on our fellow man. (See Matthew 5:16, 25:31–40) It is our response to His love.

Certainly, no pieces of wood could ever represent the magnitude of the love with which we are Loved. To do that, the vertical would need to be infinitely high and infinitely thick. Further, to show the far reaching effects of Love, the crosspiece must have no limits. Near or far, of highest throne or lowest ditch, the Love of God has flowed to reach them all.

## The Great River

Suppose there is a river one mile wide and ten feet deep, with a current of one mile

**What was finished? The redemption of mankind, the reconciliation of man to his Creator was completed.**

## The flow of love from the Throne of God is infinite. There must be a blockage in the channel.

per hour. In the space of one hour, nearly 279 million cubic feet of water will pass through. What would happen if silt were to gather and reduce the depth to but seven feet? Why, the volume in an hour would now be but 195 million cubic feet! To restrict the width, depth, or current would be to drastically reduce the flow of water.

Changing factors can greatly affect the flow of God's Love through our lives. Hence, three questions I ask each reader to seriously consider:

### 1. What is the state of our channel?

Is it clear? Is it deep? It is the overall depth that is critical to the flow of water, not the occasional trench or sinkhole. The flow of love from the Throne of God is infinite. Do the bounties of God rush through our life with a volume that would mock the Amazon? Or is the trickle not enough to water our livestock?

If the flow is not fast enough to carry into the plains beyond, something is wrong. There must be a blockage in the channel. Check carefully: Are the sluice gates shut or stuck half-opened? Is there a dam thrown up somewhere? It may be far upstream, or lying at our feet.

Is there hidden sin? Have we forgotten the things God has done for us? Is there ill-will harbored against a brother? Have we neglected prayer and reading the Word? These questions probe our quiet time, our personal prayer time, and our individual walk with Christ. After the channel is tested and proven to be clear, and the flow downward into our life is unchecked, it is time to evaluate the second question.

### 2. Is there any current?

It is not enough to have continual



inflow. In order to have the Love of God flowing through us, we must have an outflow. If there is no outflow, we are but a yawning chiasm that slurps up Love as fast as it comes.

The Salt Sea is stagnant not because there is no fresh water coming in, for the rushing Jordan River empties itself there, but because it has no outlet. However, we differ from the Salt Sea.

We can make an outlet We could dig a ditch or canal, or we might install a pump to force the water out over the rise into the plain below. Do we need to make an outlet?

This question addresses our response to the flow of God into our life. Can others rely on us to speak an encouraging word? Or must they always do the feeding?



Are we a giver or a taker? Does God receive the praise and glory He deserves from our lives? These are all outlets of the Love within us.

### 3. How wide are the banks?

Do we show Love with partiality? Do we ration the overflow of God's Love, or do we allow it to seep out and diffuse to all we come into contact with? When God's love is filling our lives to overflowing, the overflow should fall on all. Do we turn our backs to the drunken bum, or refuse to work with the educated intellect?

God's Love is color-blind, affluence-undaunted, age-indifferent, and gender neutral. *"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw ALL MEN unto Myself."* (John 12:32) Of what good will it be to minister forty years to the poorest of the poor on some foreign field, and come back home to neglect our rich and empty neighbors?

I must admit, the flow of Love in my life is not what it should be. As this issue of Abide has been prepared, I have seen how ugly my attitudes can be toward those around me. I have found encouragement from this truth:

Just as the flow of God's Love in our life can be reduced to a trickle, so too it can be enlarged to a mighty ocean, which after the great spring-tide

## The Love of God, springing up from His very house to fill us, flows through our lives into the deserts of the world.

comes crashing back unto the surf with a force that defies all human strength and ingenuity.

Remove the blockages, install the pumps, dig the canals, and dredge out the banks to their widest extent.

*“And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters, and a fountain shall come forth of the house of the LORD, and shall water the valley of Shittim.”* (Joel 3:18)

The valley of Shittim signifies the arid wastelands west of Israel.

Here is this picture in one verse: The Love of God, springing up from His very House to fill us, flows through our lives into the deserts of the world.

*“He who believes in Me, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water.”* (John 7:38p) *Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.*” (Isaiah 58:11)



## The Deep, Deep Love of Jesus

O the deep, deep love of Jesus—  
Vast, unmeasured, boundless free!  
Rolling as a mighty Ocean  
In its fullness over me,  
Underneath me, all around me,  
Is the current of Thy love—  
Leading onward, leading homeward,  
To my glorious rest above.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus—  
Spread His praise from shore to shore!  
How He loveth, ever loveth,  
Changeth never, never more.  
How He watches o'er His loved ones,  
Died to call them all his own;  
How for them He intercedeth,  
Watcheth o'er them from the Throne.

O the deep, deep love of Jesus,  
Love of every love the best!  
Tis' an ocean vast of blessing;  
Tis' a haven sweet of rest.  
O the deep, deep love of Jesus—  
Tis' a heav'n of heav'ns to me;  
And it lifts me up to Glory,  
For it lifts me up to Thee.

—S. Trevor Francis (1834–1925)



# Making Brothers & Sisters Best Friends

–Written by Sarah, Stephen, and Grace Mally

–Review by John Patrick Pazdziora

## Book Review



People who know what they're talking about are usually the ones who know what they're doing. Thus farmers can discuss farming, plumbers are the authority on plumbing, and organ grinders know the most about organ-grinding. They know what to say, because they know what to do.

By mere accident, I recently stumbled across a book written by such experts. The book is about brothers and sisters; the writers are experts, because they are two sisters and a brother.

This book inevitably points toward Christ and His love in our lives. We are not told to unconditionally love our brothers and sisters through our own strength or willpower. That is impossible, as anyone knows who's tried. Rather than pointing to such an unattainable goal, we are pointed to the love of God in Christ. Without Him, we can never find perfect love, for He is love. Only He can teach us how to truly love.

When Sarah Mally first told her younger brother and sister, Stephen and Grace, that she thought they should write a book, they responded, "Oh no, not another one of Sarah's ideas!" However, the idea was not entirely Sarah's. All three of them had been growing concerned with the lack of

love between brothers and sisters. They saw the arguments and fights, heard the quarrels and complaints, and sensed the growing estrangement and bitterness. Yet they knew it was God's will for siblings to love one another. With His love, brothers and sisters would not just "get along okay," but would be best friends. As Sarah told me afterwards, they had a message, and a book was the best way to convey it.

The result, *Making Brothers and Sisters Best Friends*, is a triumph of creative zeal. All three of the young people wrote, and their styles harmonize and contrast like the voices of a fugue.

Sarah writes earnestly and skillfully; Stephen's words ring with relaxed humor and sentiment; Grace's writing sparkles with kindly vivacity. Their unique thoughts and perspectives give the book the strength which the subject requires.

This is the Mallys' first book, and a perfectionist could find several minor flaws. But any errors of printing or style are more than made up for in the text itself. Whatever problems there may be are superficial; the book itself is superb.

Billy Graham once wrote, "I am convinced that profound truths can be expressed in simple terms."

 A black silhouette illustration of a young girl on the left and a young boy on the right, standing and holding hands. They are facing each other, and their shadows are cast on the ground below them.
 

**Without Him, we can  
never find perfect love, for  
He is love. Only He can  
teach us how to love.**

The Mallys have done this with astonishing success. Dealing with themes such as bitterness, humility, and forgiveness, they write so that both young and old can understand.

The illustrations match the half-playful, half-serious tone of the book. Some correlate with the text, others make points of their own. Romping through it all is a cavalcade of cats and dogs. These delightful pets, some of the best drawings in the book, are undergoing the same struggles and trials as we are. Their grotesque mishandling of the situations shows us the absurdity of the problems we think so important, and the relative simplicity of their correction.

As well as a section by each of the three authors, each chapter contains a question and an answer, a Biblical story retold, and a self-evaluation quiz. The questions are often heard objections to becoming friends with one's siblings ("But this is impossible; you don't know my brother!"). The answers, mostly from Sarah, are far less typical. Although never in the form of a direct challenge to the reader, they provide clear, penetrating answers based on the Bible. ("God does know your brother and He has given him to you as a gift... The more difficult the situation is, the more glory there will be for God when your relationship is healed.")



The Biblical stories are sketches of incidents or characters. Whether siblings are involved directly, as with Joseph, or not, as with Paul, the stories are deep and thought provoking (as the Bible usually is).

The self-evaluation quizzes, usually multiple-choice questions, have the remarkable ability to make you laugh and think. While I was chuckling over the ridiculousness of the possible answers, I found myself examining my heart and behavior, and asking the Lord to do the same.

But the most memorable part comes in "Stephen's Definitions," hysterical mock-dictionary definitions, such as:

## This book is a glowing testimony of the parents' devotion to their children and to the Lord.

**"Flashlight:** A container for dead batteries."

**"Energy:** Something little brothers and sisters save for rainy days."

**"Mistakes:** Something made only by others; we only make unavoidable errors."

Their careful use of humor and personal examples makes potentially dull sections delightful. Drawing from both the Bible and their own experience, they show us their principles in action. The main points are strengthened and solidified in the reader's mind. Even if the text fades from memory, the examples will not be forgotten.

The authors are forthright, not pretending to be anything other than what they are. By the end of the book, I felt as if I had known them for years—and in a way, I have. I found myself laughing, not at them and their misadventures, but at my own. They might have been writing about my own family. The names and memories are different, of course, but the love that is slowly blossoming, being tried and tested, strengthened and refined, is true of every family that has given themselves to Christ.

And that is the heartbeat of the book—a family's love, nurtured in the love of Christ. We see behind this trio their parents, steadfast and devoted, training their children in the ways of the Lord. We see the tenderness and love with which they raised their family. Indeed, this book is a glowing testimony of the parents' devotion to their children and to the Lord.

*Making Brothers & Sisters Your Best Friends* does not presume to have the answers for every situation, but it points directly to the One who does. Thus, the Mallys can write on this subject, for they know Him, and He knows how to love.

*For ordering information, see next page.*



## In One Accord

Oh, the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many strings,  
 While each, all vocal with love in a tuneful harmony rings!  
 But, oh, the wail and the discord, when one and another is rent,  
 Tensionless, broken and lost, from the cherished instrument.

**After the American Civil War, General Lee, who was deeply loved of his soldiers, was one day riding in a country district when he was greeted by an old weather-beaten mountaineer.**

**“Ain’t that General Lee?” he inquired as he seized the horse's bridle.**

**“Yes, sir,” said the General.**

**Asking his old commander to dismount—which he did—the man stood before him and said: “I am one of your old soldiers, General. I want you just to let me give three rousing cheers for Marse Robert.”**

**At the first shout Lee dropped his head with embarrassment. The next yell was choked with sobs as the old soldier dropped on his knees in the dust hugging Lee’s leg, and the third died away in tears.**

**If such devoted love were only given by every soldier of Christ to his Lord how soon victory would be seen! Yet He is our Living Leader, and will be to the end.**

## Recommended Books

**Making Brothers & Sisters Your Best Friends**, by The Mallys, \$12

Tomorrow’s Forefathers

PO Box11451

Cedar Rapids, IA 54210

(319) 377-6728

[www.brothersandsisters.net](http://www.brothersandsisters.net)

[info@brothersandsisters.net](mailto:info@brothersandsisters.net)

**Absolute Surrender**

Andrew Murray, \$6

Whitaker House Publishing

Widely available through booksellers.

Free text download at [www.ccel.org](http://www.ccel.org)

**Vanya: A True Story**

Myrna Grant, \$10\*

Creation House

Widely available through booksellers.

**The Knowledge of The Holy**

by A.W. Tozer, \$18

HarperCollins Publishing

Widely Available through booksellers.

**Announcement:** Tyler Griffin has opened *Heritage Christian Bookstore*. Recommended books that are available through HCB will be marked with an (\*).

# Hymn History

—Andrew Rocke

Frederick Martin Lehman, was born on August 7, 1868, in Mecklenburg, Schwerin, Germany. His family immigrated to the United States when he was four years old. He studied for the ministry in Illinois, and held the pastorates of Nazarene Churches in Iowa and Indiana. He wrote his first song in 1898 in Iowa. In 1911, Frederick and his family moved to Kansas City where he held another pastorate and also helped start the Nazarene Publishing House. He wrote and published hundreds of songs and compiled five hymnbooks in a series entitled “Songs That Are Different.”

In his early years of ministry as pastor, he had attended a camp meeting in a mid-western state. To climax his address, a speaker at the meeting read a verse about God’s love. The poem made a deep impression on Frederick, and he secured a copy. Little did he know that it would be used in his hymn, “The Love of God.”

The hymn came about years later, in the midst of a day at the fruit-packing house where he was forced to work by financial



trouble. During short intervals of inattention to his work, he “picked up a scrap of paper and, seated upon an empty lemon box pushed against the wall, with a stub pencil” and wrote the first two verses of the song.

Upon reaching home he began to search for the verse he heard so long ago at the meeting. He had written only two verses that day. In order to write a complete song, he needed three verses. He thought he might be able to rewrite the poem to make the third verse. He found it and read it again:

“Were the sky of parchment made,

## The Love of God

The Love of God is greater far than  
It goes beyond the highest star  
The guilty pair, bowed down with sin  
His erring child He reconciled

When years of time shall pass away  
When men, who here refuse to pray,  
God’s love so sure shall still endure  
Redeeming grace to Adam’s race  
Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
Were ev’ry stalk on earth a quill  
To write the love of God above  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole

Refrain

O love of God, how rich and pure  
It shall forever more endure—

A quill each reed, each  
twig and blade,  
Could we with ink the  
ocean fill,  
Were every man a scribe  
by skill,  
The marvelous story Of  
God’s great glory  
Would remain untold; For  
He, most high  
The earth and sky Created  
alone of old.”

It would be just the thing. It fit the meter perfectly. He had written a melody, and later his daughter, Claudia, harmonized his melody.

God in His great wisdom and Providence is entirely responsible for this song. For where did this poem, which became the third verse, come from? It came from the cell wall of a dead pa-

It is amazing that  
did not love Christ  
by God to write  
songs depicting  
through Jesus

# e of God

than tongue or pen can ever tell,  
 And reaches to the lowest hell;  
 With care, God gave His Son to win:  
 And pardoned from his sin.  
 And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall,  
 On rocks and hill and mountains call,  
 In pure, all measureless and strong:  
 The—*the saints' and angels' song.*  
 And were the stars of parchment made,  
 And every man a scribe by trade,  
 We would drain the ocean dry,  
 The whole tho' stretched from sky to sky.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! How measureless and strong!  
 The—*the saints' and angels' song.*

**That a Rabbi, who  
 did not love Christ,  
 would be used  
 by God to write  
 one of the finest  
 songs about  
 God's Love  
 through Jesus  
 Christ.**

The words were original or if he had heard them  
 somewhere and had decided to put them in a  
 place where he could be reminded of the great-  
 ness of God's love—whatever the circumstances,  
 he wrote them on the wall of his prison cell. In  
 due time, he died and the men who had the job of  
 repainting his cell were impressed by the words.  
 Before their paint brushes had obliterated them,  
 one of the men jotted them down and thus they

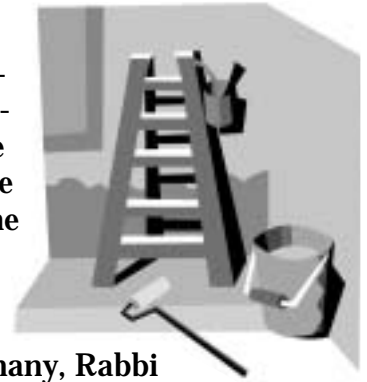
were preserved. The words were found written on a cell wall in a prison some 200 years ago. It is not known why the prisoner was incarcerated; neither is it known if

were preserved. On the bottom of the poem card Mr. Lehman found a message that went something like this:

"These words were found written on a cell wall in a prison some 200 years ago. It is not known why the prisoner was incarcerated; neither is it known if

were preserved."

It is thought that in moments of sanity the prisoner wrote this verse he learned somewhere. The somewhere was from the Jewish acrostic poem "Hadamut" written in Arabic in 1096 by the Cantor of Worms, Germany, Rabbi Meir Ben Isaac Nehoria. It is amazing that this Rabbi, who did not love Christ, would, in part, be used by God to write one of the best songs about God's love through Jesus Christ.



"The Love of God" was first published in 1919 in the second volume of *Songs That Are Different*.

Even though he wrote many songs, not many are in circulation. One song, "The Royal Telephone," is an analogy between the telephone and prayer.

Frederick Lehman died in Pasadena California in 1953. His hymn lives on.

I believe the theme of the Bible is love. (Matthew 22:37–40) All Scripture can be divided into two categories, the passages that teach us to love God and the passages that teach us to love one another. *"And this is His commandment: that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another, as He gave us commandment."* (1 John 3:23) Yet He does not leave us without an example:

*"In this the love of God was manifested toward us, that God has sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. In this is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."* (1 John 4:9–10)

*"By this we know love, because He laid down His life for us. And we also ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."* (1 John 3:16)

Resources:

Hymn Histories by Alfred B. Smith  
 Better Music Publications, inc.

The Cyber Hymnal  
[www.cyberhymnal.org](http://www.cyberhymnal.org)

101 More Hymn Stories by Kenneth Osbeck  
 Kregel Publications

# Conquering Love— The Story of Vanya Mosivyevev

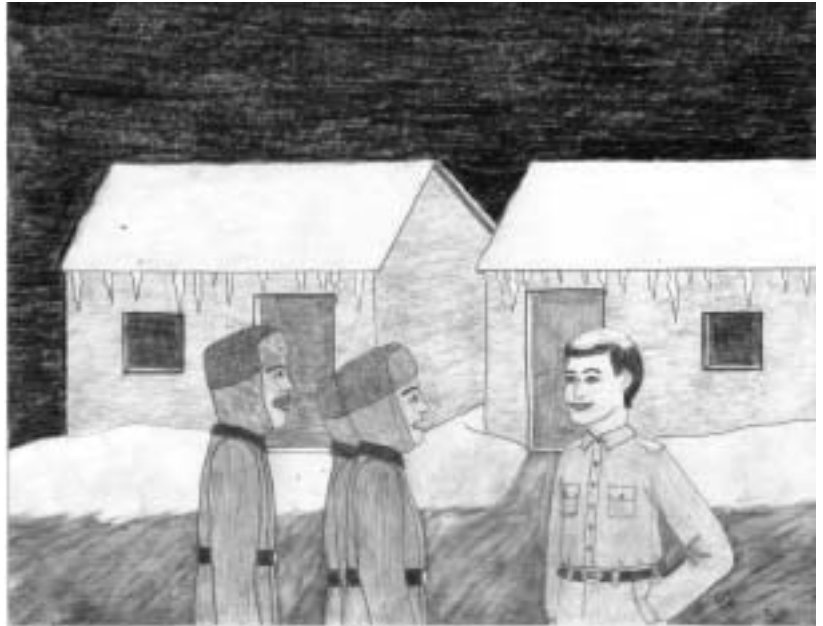
*Many consider hate strong, and love weak. After all, fights are fueled by hatred. To love would mean to surrender. If you love you lose, right? Although as Christians we dare not agree, I wonder sometimes if our lives oppose our belief. We as youth must raise the standard. It is time to realize there is a war. We must take up the greatest weapon we have—*  
**Conquering Love.**

The bitter north wind blows the powdery snow across the dark, still, street. It is midnight. The temperature has dropped far below zero. On the edge of the street, a young soldier stands clad in summer uniform.

Through the darkness, three shadowy figures approach him. They are officers; dressed in heavy coats, fur hats, and thick gloves. Still, they are uncomfortably cold.

“Surely, he will be ready to submit now,” spoke one in a tone of tense frustration. “This is the twelfth night! No normal human can endure the agonies of such nights without breaking!” “But as we know,” spoke another wryly; “Vanya is not normal!” The officers reached the young man, and he promptly saluted them. They gazed in utter disbelief at the young soldier. His summer uniform was stiff from the cold. Frosty snow covered his face and hair. This they expected.

**“I will gladly obey whatever order you give me to the best of my ability, but I cannot deny my God.”**



What shocked them was his shining face. His warm smile radiated through the darkness, his eyes meeting theirs with a love that was unearthly. For a moment, the men stood in awe.

The moment was brief. Resuming their hardened expressions, one began to speak sternly. “Private Mosivyevev, we trust you have realized your error in resisting our authority and the authority of our government by stubbornly insisting on spreading your false beliefs in gods, angels, and other maddening folklore.”

His tone turned fatherly as he added, “Submit to our simple demands, and resume a comfortable lifestyle as a soldier! Surely, you will forsake your folly, and all will be forgotten!”

The private’s reply was respectful but determined. “Sirs, I will gladly obey whatever order you give me to the best of my ability, but I cannot deny my God. I will gladly suffer for Him. Comrades, Jesus Christ died for you! He loves you and—” A harsh blow interrupted him. “Enough! Lies! We will take even more severe measures, but Mosivyevev, you must break!” With

that the officers spun around and disappeared into the swirling snow.

Perhaps you wondered earlier when I spoke of a war. What war? No, I am not speaking of a war with Iraq. My mind is on one that is far more serious and far more deadly. This war began when God created man, and it will conclude at the end of the world. It is the war between God and Satan for the souls of men. There are horrible consequences to this war, because the casualties are eternal. This war is extremely violent. Although the forces are unseen, the effects are not. Devastation from unseen battles surrounds us. Only those who give it their all are taken seriously.

Vanya was fully engaged in this war. His battle was brief, but God used him to inflict a severe blow to the enemy. The effects of his young life are still rippling. Perhaps one of the ripples will touch you.

If I were to title Vanya's brief life, I think conquering love would accurately describe it. His life was marked with love. He loved the Lord with his whole heart. He dearly loved his family and friends. He had a consuming love for lost souls.

However, what shone the brightest to those around him was his love for his persecutors. This last love proved the others true. You can appear to love the Lord. You can seem to love your family. You can make others think you love lost souls. But when it comes to loving your enemies, pretended love won't last.

## Because of Love...

### *...for God*

Vanya was born in 1952, in a small Russian village in the province of Moldavia.

He was the second born son to poor peasant parents. His parents were godly Christians, and earnestly desired their children to follow the Lord. Unfortunately, their first son succumbed to the pressures of socialism in the public school they were required to attend. He became a member of the communist party to find acceptance.

This quickly brought 16-year-old Vanya to the crossroads of his life. On one side, there was security, acceptance, and comfort in the communist lifestyle. On the other side, there was ridicule, pain, and suffering for following Christ. Vanya chose to follow Jesus. This decision would cost him everything.

Soon after his conversion, young Vanya began giving messages in their small church. Not only did he have a message, his life was one! Vanya followed Jesus radically, and seized every opportunity to testify of his Lord and Saviour. People recognized him for his intense prayer life and his absolute commitment to God.

At the age of 18, Vanya received a call to join the military. As Vanya rode the train towards the military barracks, his heart was flooded with mixed emotions. Loneliness, fear, and anticipation surged through him.



Possibly what encouraged Vanya more than anything was the memory of his father spending the entire previous night crying out to God for his precious Vanya. "Oh God, keep him true to Thee!" was the cry of his parents and friends.

Vanya arrived at the military center in the middle of the night. A crowd of tired and confused young men soon surrounded him. Officers began to shout orders, and the weary fellows found their way to a bunk.

Military life greeted Vanya with stark reality. From the time they were awakened by taps at 6 am, until they laid their weary bodies on the bunks at night, they were kept on the run almost continually.

The only problem with this vigorous life that really bothered Vanya was how to find time for prayer. He was used to spending hours praying, and he fought to find time to pray. Every break, every spare moment, he sought a quiet place and prayed.

He discovered if he rose early in the morning,

there was an empty office down the hall. There in the stillness, he could pour out his heart to God. He longed to draw closer to Christ and spread His presence wherever he went. He longed for opportunities to lift up Jesus, and God answered his prayers.

One morning he was so enraptured in the presence of the Lord he failed to hear taps. Someone announced he was missing, and an order was sent for him to report to the officers and explain his tardiness. When they questioned why he was late, he apologized but boldly told them he was praying.

## **They would severely punish him. To start with, he was to mop the entire drill hall with a small scrub brush.**

When they realized he was not joking, they angrily told him to give up such nonsense, or they would severely punish him. To start with, he was to mop the entire drill hall with a small scrub brush.



To their amazement, he did not seem the least bit distraught at this order, but with a cheery salute left the room to begin. All day the mess hall rang with the sound of Vanya's voice singing praises to God.

Curious soldiers passing by gazed in amazement at the private joyfully scrubbing the floor. By supper, the task was completed. Vanya's joy in the face of opposition drew many soldiers to his side to ask the source of his joy.

Shortly after this, Vanya's unit transferred to another military center. The head officials from the previous center had been careful to warn them of Vanya's belief, and soon he received a summons to report to a head official.

When he refused to give up his belief, they ordered him to go to solitary confinement without any food for several days. They did not realize their punishment was Vanya's reward. Vanya rejoiced at this chance to fast and pray!

The refreshing time of prayer did not last long. After 36 hours, they brought Vanya out in the middle of the night to question him. They led him to a dimly lit room where several officers awaited him.

The inquisition began. The men shouted and screamed; they berated him for his foolish belief. They tried everything in their power to convince Vanya to recant. They tried gently persuading him by telling him how successful his life would be if he would comply. Their efforts were fruitless.

Vanya stood strong in his faith in God. He spent a total of five days in confinement without food. Afterwards, in utter frustration, the officers sent Vanya back to his unit while they planned a new strategy.

Vanya did his utmost to excel in his studies and drills. He sought to bring God glory in every detail of his life. His superiors had to agree that his conduct was impeccable—except for his bold witness.

This brought on a flurry of interrogations. There were many sessions where they tried to brainwash him with atheism and socialistic beliefs. They would call him at all hours of the day and night. Many nights, his bunk lay empty while they attempted to break his will.

Still, they had no success. Finally, they decided strict discipline was the answer. As I recounted above, he was forced to stand in the sub-zero weather in summer uniform for 12 nights. The Lord again thwarted their purpose. Vanya used the time for intercessory prayer for the officers and other soldiers, and the Lord kept Vanya from the pain of frostbite.

Rather than breaking Vanya, their discipline only aroused more interest in the others to hear Vanya share about the Lord. Now Vanya's life was a vicious cycle of interrogations, punishments, and torture. During the brief intervals between, he strove to catch up on his studies.



Vanya refusal to comply with their order to deny his faith infuriated the officers. Finally, one cold frosty morning found him aboard a train, speeding towards a prison labor camp.



There he was put through unrelenting torture. They put him in a tiny frigid room, where freezing water dripped on him constantly from the ceiling. He spent days in a “freezer” cell where he had to keep moving to stay alive.

Then, they put him in a pressure suit, which squeezed him tighter and tighter while they screamed at him to give up Jesus. In spite of such persecution, Vanya responded to their cruelty with a love that shook them.

Once more, he returned to life in the army with a stronger faith than ever. Nothing would shake his love for God. I am deeply challenged, friends. *How much do I really love the Lord?*

### *...for Lost Souls*

“Why don’t you just be quiet about what you believe about Jesus?” It was something the officers could not understand. Vanya knew if he would quit sharing his faith, the persecution would stop.

But he had a fire in his bones that would not be quiet! His heart burned with a love for Jesus, and he wanted others to experience a relationship with Him as well. He was not satisfied with

**His heart burned with a love for Jesus, and he wanted others to experience a relationship with Him as well.**

just his own soul being right with God.

On one occasion, a professor did not show up at a class for scientific atheism. Not daring to leave the class without an order, the soldiers sat quiet for several moments.

One of the soldiers declared they should have a debate about the difference between Vanya’s God and their god—the state. The other soldiers nodded approvingly. Vanya joyfully began to tell about His God, although he knew it would get him in trouble.

A sergeant suddenly interrupted him when he made the statement that God was all-powerful. The sergeant cried out, “If your God can really do anything, let him get me a leave tomorrow to go home! Then I will believe in Him!”

Exclamations from around the room chorused in agreement, “If your God can do that, we’ll believe he is real!” A leave was almost impossible to obtain, especially at this time. Vanya was silent for a moment as he prayed to ask the Lord’s will. He felt the Lord telling him He would do it. He boldly told the sergeant, “The Lord says you will go home on leave tomorrow. However, first you must throw away the cigar in your hand and the pack in your pocket.” The sergeant agreed. Anticipation ran high. Then some officers walked in, ending the conversation.



That night, Vanya found the sergeant’s bunk, and sat at the foot of it. There he spent most of the night telling the amazed sergeant about the God he would believe in tomorrow and how he could be saved from sin.

The next day, Vanya saw a group of soldiers talking and shouting excitedly. “The sergeant got his leave, just like you said!” The story spread across the base, shaking many out of the clutches of atheism.

As soon as it reached the head officials, they were furious! They tried to rescind the leave, but it was too late. This brought Vanya’s persecution to an incredible intensity.

## ...for His Persecutors

Vanya was a thorn in the side of all the officers wherever he went. Why, the more they fought him, the more his beliefs spread! If they did not deal with him, they would soon lose their grip on the army.

## The more they hated him, the more he loved them.

It angered them when their tortures did not work. Every time they heard another miracle to do with Vanya, they grew more angry and bitter. They hated Vanya for the problems he was causing them. They could not outright kill him for he was a popular fellow.

What angered them the most was how Vanya did not seem the least bit disturbed at the punishments and cruelty. They could not take away his joy! The more they hated him, the more he loved them. It did not make sense!

After two years of growing persecution, the officers had been completely unsuccessful. Vanya was more resolute than ever, and wherever he went he impacted others for Christ.

Finally, it all climaxed. In one final effort to break him, they handed him over to the KGB—the Soviet secret police. They put him through brutal torture. In one of the officers own words: “He died hard, but he died a Christian.” He was 20 years old.

Right to the end, there is not a single record of Vanya lashing back at his persecutors. He knew they were only tools in the hand of Satan, and he prayed for their salvation. The crueller they became, the more Vanya strove to show them Christ’s love.

## Because of Love

So what won the battle? Love or hate? I think that you will agree when I conclude that Vanya’s life gives a clear example of Conquering Love. No matter what the army officials did, they could

not conquer Vanya’s love.

In the end, some realized he was right. Hundreds of soldiers saw through Vanya’s life that there is a God. But that is not all—his story was publicized after his death, and it impacted thousands of young people’s lives.

Vanya’s story is still affecting people. It has challenged me, and I hope it will challenge you as well. If Christ does not return soon, will there be stories in 50 years about what our generation accomplished through love? I pray there will be. Think of the impact a thousand young people would have on the world if they dared to seek God for this **Conquering Love**.

**WILL YOU BE ONE? TJG**



An Armenian nurse had been held captive along with her brother by the Turks. Her brother was slain by a Turkish soldier before her eyes. Somehow she escaped and later became a nurse in a military hospital.

One day she was stunned to find that the same man who had killed her brother had been captured and brought wounded to the hospital where she worked. Something within her cried out “Vengeance.” But a stronger voice called “Love!” She nursed the man back to health.

Finally, the recuperating soldier asked her, “Why didn’t you let me die?” Her answer was, “I am a follower of Him who said, ‘Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.’”

Impressed with her answer, the young soldier replied, “I never heard such words before. Tell me more. I want this kind of religion.”

# The Fruit of The Spirit Is Love

—Andrew Murray

We read “*Love is the fulfilling of the law.*” (Romans 13:10) Let us try ourselves by this word. Has it been our daily habit to seek to be filled with the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of love? “The fruit of the Spirit is love.”

One of the great reasons why God does not bless His Church is its *the lack of love*. When the body is divided, there cannot be strength. In the time

## Why is it that the fruit of the Spirit is love? Because God is Love.

of their great religious wars, when Holland stood out so nobly against Spain, one of their mottoes was, “Unity gives Strength.” It is only when God’s people stand as one body, one before God in the fellowship of love, one toward another in deep affection, one before the world in a love that the world can see—it is only then that they will have power to secure the blessing which they ask of God.

Remember if a vessel that ought to be a whole one is cracked into many pieces, it cannot be filled. You can take one part of the vessel and dip out a little water into that, but if you want the vessel full, the vessel must be whole. This is literally true of Christ’s Church.

### God is Love

Why is it that the fruit of the Spirit is love? *Because God is Love.* (John 4:8)

What does that mean?

An old Church father said that we cannot better understand the Trinity than as a revelation of divine love—the

Father, the loving One, the Fountain of love—the Son, the beloved One, the Reservoir of love, in whom the love was poured out—and the Spirit, the living love that united both and then overflowed into this world.

The Spirit of Pentecost [the Holy Spirit, ed.], the Spirit of the Father, and the Spirit of the Son is love. When the Holy Spirit comes to us and to other men *today*, will He be less a Spirit of love than He is in God? It cannot be; He cannot change His nature. The Spirit of God is love, and “the fruit of the Spirit is love.”

### Mankind Needs Love

Christ’s redemption came to accomplish one thing: *to restore love to this world.*

Why was it that man sinned? Selfishness triumphed—he sought self instead of God. And just look! Adam at once begins to accuse the woman of having led him astray. Love to God had gone; love to man was lost.

Does that not teach us that sin robbed the world of love? Ah! What a proof the history of the world has been of love having been lost!

“*God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.*” (John 3:16) God’s Son came to show what love is, and He lived a life of love here on earth in fellowship with His disciples, in compassion over the poor and miserable, in love even to His enemies. He died the death of love.

Before Christ promised the Holy Spirit, He gave a new commandment: “Even as I have loved you, so love ye one another.” To them, His dying love was to be the only law of their conduct and fellowship with each other. What a message to those fishermen full of pride and selfishness! “Learn to love each other,” said Christ, “as I have loved you.” And by the grace of God they did it.

When Pentecost came, they were of one heart and one soul. Christ did it for them.

He calls us to live and to walk in love. True love cannot be conquered by anything in heaven or on earth. The more hatred there is, the more love triumphs. This is the love that Christ commanded His disciples to exercise.

What more did He say? *“By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.”* (John 13:35)

You all know what it is to wear a badge. Christ said to His disciples in effect: “I give you a badge, and that badge is love. That is to be your mark. It is the only thing in heaven or on earth by which men can know Me.”

If we were to ask the world: “Have you seen us wear the badge of love?” the world would say: “No, what we have heard of the Church of Christ is that there is not a place where there is no quarreling and separation.” Let us ask God with one heart that we may wear the badge of Jesus’ love.



## Love Conquers Selfishness

“The fruit of the Spirit is love.” Why? Because *nothing but love can expel and conquer our selfishness.*

Self is our greatest curse. But, praise God, Christ came to redeem us from self. That means not only the righteous self in fellowship with God, but the unloving self in fellowship with men. “The fruit of the Spirit is love.” I bring you the glorious promise of Christ that He is able to fill our hearts with love.

A great many of us try hard at times to love. The reason is simply this—they have never learned to believe and accept the truth that the Holy Spirit can pour God’s love into their hearts. That blessed text has often been limited!—“The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.” It has often been understood in this sense:

**“No, what we have heard of the Church of Christ is that there is not a place where there is no quarreling and separation.”**

It means the love of God *to me*. The love of God is always the love of God in its entirety, in its fullness as an indwelling power. It is a love of God to me that leaps back to Him in love, and overflows to my fellow men in love—God’s love to me, and my love to God, and my love to my fellow men. Do believe that the love of God can be shed abroad in your heart and mind so that we can love all the day.

How can I learn to love? I cannot learn to love until the Spirit of God fills my heart with God’s love, and I begin to long for God’s love in a very different sense from which I have sought it so selfishly—as a comfort, a joy, a happiness, and a pleasure to myself. I will not learn it until I realize that “God is Love,” and to claim and receive it as an indwelling power for self-sacrifice. May God teach us this! Oh, the divine blessedness of the love with which the Holy Spirit can fill our hearts! “The fruit of the Spirit is love.”

## Love is God’s Gift

What is the reason that God’s Holy Spirit cannot come in power? Is it not possible?

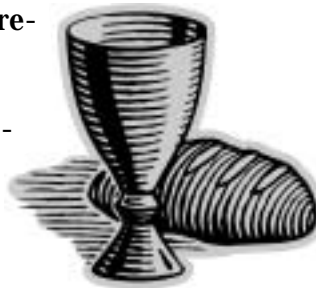
I can dip a little water into a potsherd, a bit of a vessel; but if a vessel is to be full, it must be unbroken. And the children of God, wherever they come together, to whatever church or mission or society they belong, must love each other intensely, or the Spirit of God cannot do His work. We talk about grieving the Spirit of God by worldliness and ritualism and formality and error and indifference, but, I tell you, the one thing above everything that grieves God’s Spirit is this want of love. Let every heart search itself, and ask that God may search it.

## Our Love Shows God's Power

Why are we taught that “the fruit of the Spirit is love”? *Because the Spirit of God has come to make our daily life an exhibition of divine power and a revelation of what God can do for His children.*

In the second and the fourth chapters of Acts we read that the disciples were of one heart and of one soul. During the three years they had walked with Christ they never had been in that spirit. All Christ's teaching could not make them of one heart and one soul. But the Holy Spirit came from Heaven and shed the love of God in their hearts, and they were of one heart and one soul. The same Holy Spirit that brought the love of Heaven into their hearts must fill us too. Nothing less will do. Even as Christ did, one might preach love for three years with the tongue of an angel, but that would not teach any man to love unless the power of the Holy Spirit should come upon him to bring the love of Heaven into his heart.

Think of the church at large. What divisions! How often hate, bitterness, contempt, and separation are caused by the holiest truths of God's Word! Our doctrines, our creeds, have been more important than love. We often think we are valiant for the truth and we forget God's command to speak the truth *in love*. What bitterness there is in regard to the Holy Supper, which was meant to be the bond of union among all believers! And so, down the ages, the very dearest truths of God have become mountains that have separated us.



## Christian Work Requires Love

“The fruit of the Spirit is love.” Why is it so? The answer comes: *That is the only power in which Christians really can do their work.*

Yes, it is that we need. We want not only love that is to bind us to each other, but we want a divine love in our work for the lost around us.

Oh, do we not often undertake a great deal of work, just as men undertake work of philanthropy, from a natural spirit of compassion for our fellow men? Do we not often undertake Christian work because our minister or friend calls us to it? Do we not often perform Christian work with zeal but without having had a baptism of love?

People often ask: “What is the baptism of fire?”

I have answered more than once: I know no fire like the fire of God, the fire of everlasting love that consumed the sacrifice on Calvary. The baptism of love is what the Church needs.

Brothers and sisters, ask God to baptize you with the Spirit of love, and love will find its way. Love is a fire that will burn through every difficulty. Love can burn through every obstacle, handicap, and dilemma.

God fill us with love! We need it for our work.

## Love Inspires Intercession

*It is only love that can fit us for the work of intercession.*

The state of Christ's Church is indescribably low. Let love fill your heart. Ask Christ to pour it out afresh into you every day. Try to get it into you by the Holy Spirit of God: I am separated unto the Holy Spirit, and the fruit of the Spirit is love. God help us to understand it.

Have you a lack of love to confess before God? Then make confession and say before Him, “O Lord, my lack of heart, my lack of love—I confess it.” And then, as you cast that lack at His feet, believe that the blood cleanses you, that Jesus comes in His mighty, cleansing, saving power to deliver you, and that He will give His Holy Spirit.

“The fruit of the Spirit is love.”

*Excerpted from Absolute Surrender. Material is non-copyright. Book information of page 11.*

**I know no fire like  
the love of God.**



# The Hermitage

## A Parable

*Jesus often spoke in parables. Simple stories can often picture God's greatest truths. This parable gives us a picture of what Sacrificial Love is—What will be our response?*

A traveler toiled along the forest road. The air was gray with fog that clung to the mossy trees like cold sweat. It clung to the traveler's cloak and pale forehead. His lank hair was damp, but not with dew. He gave little heed to his surroundings, stumbling on in gray twilight.

Through the vague mists of his burning mind, he saw a cottage, made of logs, with moss and thatch for a roof. He groped towards it, and threw himself against the rotting door.

It swung wide. An aged man was standing there, too old to be called old, too young to be called immortal. He was a hermit, living in prayer and devotion to God. His white hair grew like lichen; his snowy beard straggled like a vine. He wore animal skins, and leaned upon a staff.

"Who comes here?" asked the hermit.

The traveler did not answer. He gripped his jaw and ground his teeth, as the fever within him raged. The hermit picked him up, bore him swiftly into the bleak hut, and laid him upon a bed of fern.

There the sick man ravened in delirium. His flesh was hot and clammy, his eyes bloodshot and half-closed. The hermit sat beside him, tending him with all his skill, and murmuring ancient prayers.

Night passed but no morning came. The fog



brooded in the forest, above the glades, beneath the trees. The stars turned, the moon waned. And still the traveler raved, as the hermit watched and prayed.

At last the traveler's fever broke. The fire within him cooled and died out. The hermit's skill brought back his strength. He fed him with the best in his larder, and gave him pure well water to drink. Soon he could sit up and speak. And still the hermit did not leave his bedside.

After a time, the traveler desired to go and see his journey to its end.

"If you wish, my son," the hermit said. "I am too old to travel now. And I am tired. You go; I must stay."

The traveler looked keenly at the old man, and saw his eyes were dim.

"I shall remain one night," he said. "Then we shall see."

Next morning, the hermit was deathly ill. He lay upon the bed of fern, his old mind rambling back over the long years within it. He spoke of the comrades of his youth, now long dead and forgotten. He asked for water from his well and drank deeply when it was brought. The traveler sat by his bed, and did not leave his side.



As he watched the workings of the old man's withered face and hands, he noticed how thin, how shriveled he was. Often he had asked for water, but never for food.

"Are you hungry?" the traveler asked.

"I hunger greatly," the old man answered. "But there is no more food for me."

The traveler opened the old cupboard. It was empty. He searched through the hut, but there was no food to be found.

"Why is there no food?" he asked.

"I have given it to you," the hermit answered. "All the time I watched you, I did not eat, saving my food that you might eat. That broke me, perhaps. But no matter to you, I am old."

"Have I caused your death?" cried the traveler.

"Nay," the hermit answered. "I have."

His breathing was heavy and labored. Taking a ragged bundle from round his neck, he thrust it into the traveler's hands. Inside was a tiny wooden cross.

"That is all," the hermit said and died. JPP

***How will this event affect the traveler's life?***

*"I gave My life for thee, what hast thou given Me?"*

**Whoever...sees his brother in need, and shuts up his heart from him, how does the love of God abide in him? 1 John 3:17**



O light of dead and dying days!  
 O Love in thy glory go,  
 In a rosy mist and a moony maze  
 O'er the pathless peaks of snow  
 But what is left for the cold gray soul  
 That moans like a wounded dove?  
 One wine is left in the broken bowl—  
 'Tis—*To love, and love, and love.*  
 Better to sit at the water's birth  
 Than a sea of waves to win;  
 To live in the love that floweth forth,  
 Than the love that cometh in.  
 Be thy heart a well of love, my child,  
 Flowing, and free, and sure;  
 For a cistern of love, though undefiled,  
 Keeps not the spirit pure.  
 George MacDonald (Excerpted)

**IN THE NEXT ISSUE...**

*Ministering to Children*

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**God has made clear His love to us, in  
that, when we were still sinners,  
Christ gave His life for us.**

**Romans 5:8 (BBE)**

**“Love one another.”**

**(12 References)**

**In This Issue... Agape Love—Given & Received**

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