

# Bread of Life

Vol. V

January 1956

No. 1



# Learn of Me

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

All things are delivered unto me of my Father . . .  
Come unto me . . . Take my yoke upon you, and  
learn of me. (Matt. 11: 27-29.)

HERE the Lord Jesus Christ lifts us into the heights of the heavenly glories where He dwells and tells us that all power has been given unto Him by the Father. After this He talks about a very great blessing, a revelation that comes only to those to whom the Father will-eth to reveal the Son. Then He tells us that these things are hidden from the wise and prudent but that God reveals His wonderful mystery, the Son, to babes and shows us the way in which it is done. Strange, that this is the only place in the Bible where Jesus Christ calls upon His disciples to learn from Him.

What do You want me to learn, Jesus? Oh, I ought to learn how to drive out devils, how to raise the dead, and how to run the Kingdom. Those were the things that the disciples were interested in; and when they found devils actually going out at their command, they were beside themselves with joy. But the Lord knocked the bottom out of that. No, that isn't the thing to rejoice over, but "Come and learn of Me."

But, what shall I learn from You, Jesus?

"Meekness and lowliness."

How much have I learned? We ought to ask ourselves, each one, individually, "How much have I sat at the feet of Jesus? How

much time do I spend learning and practising this great lesson?"

Isn't it strange that this Christ who has just declared that He has all power in heaven and earth lets us down like this? Who in the world wants to get down?

A saint came to me sometime ago and complained about the treatment she had received from others. I said, "Well, dear child of God, you will have to do like the rest of us. You'll have to come down." And do you know, she hissed at me like a wild cat and replied, "That's what makes me sick. I don't want to hear constantly about coming down." Well, at least she was honest. But we all have that same spirit in our hearts unless we labor to enter into that rest that Jesus Christ offers us by learning lowliness from Him.

In order to learn that lesson it isn't sufficient to memorize what Andrew Murray says about humility. No, no, no.

If we want to learn that great lesson, the very first thing Jesus asks of us is to take His yoke upon us. Oh, horrors! To become a slave? To become a yoke-bearer? Not to be my own anymore? Not to have a will of my own, nor any decisions of my own, nor any plans, nor any ambitions, nor any hope of my own, but to be yoked together

with One that commands me, that directs me, and that demands absolute obedience?

I am so thankful for Jesus Christ Who, though He was in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God. He could have called legions of angels. Why didn't he do it? His job was to conquer another enemy. Not the Jews who were going to crucify Him, nor the Romans, but the flesh with its affections and lusts. It took a great deal more power to do that by keeping His mouth shut and humbling Himself than to conquer the hordes that came to crucify Him.

Peter couldn't understand it. He said, "Don't you let them do this to you!"

"Oh, you don't know the things of God but the things that be of man," Jesus answered.

Go to Philippians 2 and you have the rule and example to follow: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: But made Himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: And being found in fashion as a man"—you would think that would have been sufficient, but, no—"He humbled himself and became *obedient unto death*." Oh, that's the word — obedience. "Take My yoke upon you." That is the great lesson I need to learn from Him. Oh, my Lord, how very wonderful is Your call—not to be great, not to be powerful, but to be like You, submissive. To submit myself to this great Master brings me into rest.

Do you know that Jesus  
(Continued on page 7.)

## Bread of Life

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## He Doeth It For Ever

—Ecclesiastes 3:14

By SARAH L. KENNEDY AND HARRIET LEHR

*This month marks the sixtieth year since Sarah L. Kennedy (Mrs. Edward B. Kennedy) and her sister, Harriet Lehr, were miraculously healed through faith in Jesus and entered upon a life of trust in God for physical health. These were but the first of a number of great miracles of healing which they have continually experienced through the years. At our special request these sisters, who have been personal friends of the editor of BREAD OF LIFE for many years, have kindly granted permission for the publication of these truly remarkable testimonies to the power of God. To meet them one would hardly realize that they are now both past eighty, for they are still kept by the power of God vigorous and active, bringing forth much fruit as they give themselves unceasingly to earnest intercession in behalf of a wide circle of people who seek their counsel and prayer. Mrs. Kennedy is known to our readers by other testimonies which have been printed in BREAD OF LIFE (February and April, 1953).—EDITOR.*

WHEN I WAS ABOUT TWENTY YEARS old I suffered an attack of writer's paralysis which came to me as a result of overwork. About nine years previous to that time my health had begun to break. I was tired all the time and suffered greatly from indigestion and other ills. I scorned the idea of ill health, however, and continued my work as a teacher and also as a secretary in a busy office for three years.

By that time I had lost all elasticity of spirit and suffered constantly from exhaustion. I ate nothing with relish for my food caused me distress. Every function of my body was impaired.

About this time I began to notice something strange about my writing. I was an exceedingly rapid writer, being able to write in longhand from dictation almost as fast as the ordinary stenographer. Now when I began to write it was with the utmost difficulty and pain. My hand would glide over the paper, and I was almost powerless to control it.

In the summer of 1894 the pain became unbearable. My teeth would set like a vise from the awful pain. The large muscles of the arm knotted. I gave up my work for a time but soon resumed. I thought I was bet-



Sarah L. Kennedy and Harriet Lehr

ter, but great was my dismay to find I could no longer use my right hand.

Undaunted, however, I learned to write with my left hand, but within a few weeks after I had accomplished that feat my left hand also became afflicted with cramps. I was obliged to give up my work permanently. The last time I made an effort to write was in October, 1894, and I was unable to write from that time until January, 1896, when I was healed through faith in Jesus.

During the following year I was unable to control my arm. It was not lifeless, but any effort to exercise the fingers or hand was accompanied by unbearable distress. Rest seemed the only thing which helped, so I rested. My arm did not im-

prove; the gritting grinding pain did not abate.

Then in the summer of 1895 a still greater affliction began to steal upon me. I scarcely dared to confess, even to myself, that the same suffering that was in my arm was beginning to manifest itself in my left leg. By the middle of July that limb would bear almost no weight upon it. The large muscles seemed shortened and drawn. Below the knee they were knotted. The whole limb trembled almost constantly, whether I was standing or sitting or even lying down.

My outlook on life was blurred. The future held only gloom. I felt I could not accept this awful situation, yet every day instead of becoming better, the symptoms became more persistent and alarming, and the doctors I consulted could do nothing for me. I was rapidly becoming more helpless and was scarcely able to stand alone.

In addition to this affliction I was suffering from catarrh which I had had ever since I was four years old—a dry, burning catarrh which had always hindered my breathing. Within the preceeding few years the catarrh seemed to have attacked the bowels also. Also, for more than seven years I had had what a specialist had diagnosed as a tubercular disease of the skin which refused to be cured.

At the same time my only sister, a little older than myself, was very ill. For years she had worked in an office and while there had developed a serious case of bowel trouble. Eight operations had been performed on her but she was no better. The lower bowel was entirely paralyzed, and she had a rectal fistula, which had become tubercular. She had been six months in a hospital in Chicago and the specialists had pronounced her case hopeless and incurable. Every remedy known at that time for tuberculosis had been given her, but with no relief.

My mother had gone to Chicago to be near my sister in her serious condition, and there had been persuaded by the physicians to undergo an operation—just a slight one—which, they assured her would make her a strong woman. The operation, however, was not successful. In lifting her on to the table one day the attending physician let her fall a short distance. Serious results followed, and it became necessary, in order to save her life, to perform the operation known as hysterotomy. The operation was something new when she had it done, and the ends of some of the blood vessels were not properly tied and also the nerves were not cared for properly, as the doctors afterwards learned. Days of intense suffering ensued, and though her life was spared, she came home to us wrecked and broken, scarcely able to speak. For months she suffered hopelessly. My sister was still in the hospital, and I was practically an invalid. My life had been an active one heretofore, and this enforced idleness was bitter indeed.

One day a friend brought us a copy of a paper containing a sermon on divine healing, which I read reluctantly. What new doctrine was this? In deference to my friend, however, I read the paper, and my interest was

aroused. Immediately I took my Bible and, beginning at the book of Acts, read it through to Revelation at one sitting. I had always supposed that when Jesus ascended into the heavens all miracles of healing had ceased. Indeed, I was certain that the Bible said so somewhere, but I could find that statement nowhere, though I studied carefully. Rather, I found that the book of Acts abounded in miracles of healing wrought by the disciples, through faith in the name of Jesus. Romans 8:11 gave a definite promise of quick-

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### The New Year

THE NEW YEAR *Thou givest me,  
Lord, I consecrate to Thee,  
With all its nights and days;  
Fill my hand with service blest,  
Fill my heart with holy rest,  
And fill my life with praise.*

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

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ening for the body. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews gave courage to believe that anything in the will of God could be secured by faith. James 5:15 was positive ground. Thus I reasoned and began to believe.

About two weeks later my father went to Chicago to see my sister. The physicians in the hospital where she was staying had requested my father to take her home, as she could live but little longer and they preferred that she be taken away before her death; her weight at this time was only sixty-seven pounds.

While in Chicago he interviewed a number of specialists and was told by them that nothing could be done for either my mother or my sister. They also said that writer's cramp in the advanced stage was incurable and advised him to get me crutches and make the best of it.

We had heard about meetings

in Chicago where divine healing was taught, and before father left for the city, we asked him to go to one of these meetings. After being given no encouragement by the physicians, he attended one of them and then sent for me to come to Chicago. On my arrival, he and I knelt together and prayed, and then he returned home. For two weeks I attended these meetings and then took a room near the hospital where my sister was lying ill, so that I could tell her the wonderful truths I had heard. I was not yet healed, but I had discarded all medicines and was looking to the Lord for the deliverance I found promised in His Word.

I read and re-read portions of the Bible to her, and we were both amazed at the large place healing occupied in the gospels. With notebook and pencil we went through the New Testament and made a note of every healing that was mentioned and compared the teaching that was given in each case. Nowhere did Jesus turn anyone away. He called all men to repentance and faith. He went about teaching and preaching and healing. In Acts 3:16, Peter said of the lame man: "His name, through faith in His name hath made this man strong." It seemed that all things were possible to him that believed on this wonderful Saviour. I read from the Old Testament the story of Asa in 2 Chronicles 16:12, and the story of Hezekiah in 2 Kings 20:1-11, and I read from John, "If ye ask, I will do," but my sister had no faith. She said the doctor had said that she could not recover. Others might be healed, but there was no use for her to try.

So I began to pray, sometimes praying all night and crying to God. After about two weeks of this, as I was praying far into the night, I suddenly became aware of a Presence. Al-

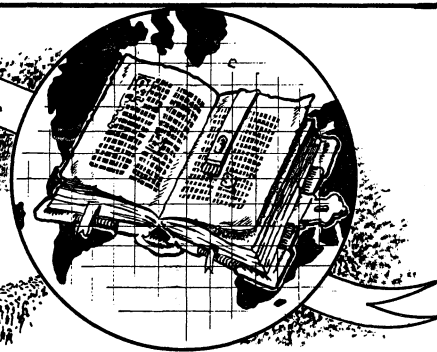
(Continued on page 8.)



GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD...

## Seed-Time and Harvest

on the Mission Fields



### Kroonstad Assembly Born Orange Free State, South Africa

By HELEN HOSS

AT PRESENT GOD is blessing us with a revival in Kroonstad which is 140 miles north from Bloemfontein. Every night the hall was packed out with about 400, and every night at the close of the meeting crowds came forward for salvation and healing. There have been some wonderful healings for which we do praise God. People are now coming from distant places to the meetings. Among the people who have accepted the Lord there are about ninety who have come out into the assembly. The others who were saved—about 500—are still attending their own churches.

While Brother and Sister Mbata and Brother Boots are ministering in Kroonstad I am holding the fort in Bloemfontein as we do not have as yet a full-time worker here. I help them about a week of each month in Kroonstad. Truly it has been most inspiring to see this wonderful move of God there. I believe it is in direct answer to the prayer of you dear saints at home and also of the sincere Africans here in Bloemfontein who have prayed for months before we went to Kroonstad.

The Lord continues to bless us here in Bloemfontein. Often have been the blessed evenings



Helen Hoss at Home

of prayer when the Lord would pour out His Spirit. Then, too, God is also blessing the Sunday school. We are hitting the one hundred mark now from only twelve six months ago. We do praise God for that and for consecrated teachers.

Do continue in prayer that God will get His will done in every phase of this work and that people will awaken to the wonder of Jesus Christ Himself in Kroonstad. How we are longing for a real out-pouring of His Spirit after these wonderful healings and conversions.

*Jesus Christ is waiting for vessels that will be nothing that He might be all and in all.*

### Revival at New Hope Town, Liberia

By FLORENCE STEIDEL

WE HAVE BEEN OVERJOYED at what the Lord is doing in our midst. In our recent revival there were seventy-four people born into the family of God. Ten testified to receiving His Holy Spirit, and the same number testified to receiving healing. This revival was wonderful. I could not describe all that we both saw and heard. We were thrilled as one by one wept his way through to salvation. There were pools of tears under their faces on the cement floor. Backsliders were reclaimed, and we were all edified in Him.

We have at least eight to nine hundred people to be responsible for. This is counting the five hundred sick and the well children and others. They really keep me busy supervising and directing the work too. Since a year ago we have built nine permanent houses and four semi-permanent houses. These will stand from eight to fifteen years.

We are anxiously awaiting the time when Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Byrd and Rev. Mr. Glen Horst come to Monrovia and to New Hope Town for salvation and healing campaigns. The party will be at New Hope around Feb. 1, 1956, the Lord willing. Please pray that many more might be born into God's family and mighty miracles of healing will be wrought.

## Progress at Kirchheim

By MRS. WALTER WALDVOGEL

WE APPRECIATE your keen interest in the work of the Lord here and in the building project which is under way. We feel that God is in it and that every need will be supplied according to His riches in glory. Things here do not seem to progress as rapidly as they do at home and we have been somewhat hampered by real cold weather which makes cement work rather impossible. In spite of these hindrances the building is progressing and we are more than anxious, as you can readily understand, to get into a place of our own as soon as possible.

We are keenly interested in inaugurating days and weeks of prayer which have been such a rich blessing in the Ridgewood work. We feel that there is a good number of people who are ready for such prayer times and that it will do much to establish the work in God. We observe more and more an increased desire to pray and wait upon the Lord and it brings much joy to our hearts. The people stay and stay after the meetings and almost always seem loath to leave the place. Praise God for this encouraging sign, for all of His blessings come by this route.

The young people in Kirchheim and the group in Ulm are manifesting an increased love for prayer, too, and seem to love meetings where they can just wait upon the Lord, proving that what young people need most of all is the opportunity to seek God and to wait in His presence. They are still rather shy and backward, but here and there we see signs of the ice breaking and are glad for this. Some of them take an active part in the meetings now, singing solos and duets and bringing a short word from the Scripture.

The young man about whom we have written repeatedly who lost both hands in the last war is really a great blessing among the others. He is so earnestly seeking God and his testimonies are growing ever deeper. He prays so earnestly and cries out to God to fill Him with His spirit, and it is a spark and encouragement to our other young men and women. He says repeatedly that had he not lost his hands he would never have found His Lord and he considers his great handicap a blessing after all. His earnestness is a blessing to our own hearts.



*The Foundation of the New Kirchheim Church in Mid-December*

## The "Good Time" in Partabgarh

By MRS. A. G. ERICSON

IT IS NOW the "good time," gardens blooming and cold enough to feel refreshed—and to have a blanket on at night. We are glad for the change.

We have had a special burden for a hall, or church. Now we again have been told that the Church of England Bishop may be willing to lend us the Church of England church as it is almost closed up. Perhaps you remember we wrote about this church a few years ago. Then our request was turned down on the ground that we were immersing. Now we have again applied for the church and we have had a very nice reply from the bishop promising he would look into the matter. Now pray with us that God's will be done. We need a place very urgently.

We are happy that the children are so willing to come to Sunday school. We know that India's future hangs on them. The believers' children need to be trained and given the Gospel. They go to non-Christian schools here in Partabgarh, and often in the homes there is not much time for giving them the Gospel.

So we are keeping up. It is a privilege to work for Him. We perhaps do not feel as young as before, but as long as the Lord gives strength, we are here in His name. Personally, I know it is *all* God's grace that I am able to work again. It is only His restoring power in me and through me, Praise His name!

Mr. Ericson is faithfully carrying on year after year. Praise God for blessing him with so much strength that he can go on his cycle many miles out into the villages. People do love him and his ministry is used in praying for the sick and giving them the Gospel. In all things we have the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ.

## Learn of Me

(Continued from page 2.)

Christ wants to be Master *all the time*? He wants to take His great power and reign alone over your will and affections, over your mind. It is a very happy arrangement between God and yourself that makes you reckon yourself in the presence of God, subject to Him.

But so many people like to put their yoke on Jesus, and when they need Him, it is so convenient to have Him at their service. "Why don't You hear my prayer?" The Bible says that, "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in My name, that will I do." But He says, "*If ye abide in Me,—and My words abide in you, then ye shall ask what ye will.*" That's it. He is not going to bow His neck to *your* yoke. He is not going to tie Himself to *your* chariot. He says, "You bow your neck to My yoke. You let Me demand. Let Me command. Let Me lead. Let Me be the One." I have to make sure my neck is bent to His yoke, and as He draws, and leads, it's so easy to follow. You and I will never know the Son until we take His yoke, until we become His bond slaves. He says that He has become the author of eternal salvation to *them that obey Him*.

"Where are You going, Jesus?" tradition says that Peter asked when Jesus met him running away from Rome. "I'm going back to Rome to be crucified again because you refuse to be crucified." That's how we crucify the Son of God afresh, by refusing to bear His yoke which is His cross. As I bear His yoke, I can't help but learn. But let me learn that lesson well. Never mind power. Never mind gifts. Never mind apostleship. That will come by itself. The Lord never asked His disciples to learn how to cast out devils and raise the dead. He just put His hands on them and said,

"Preach the gospel. Heal the sick. Raise the dead. Cleanse the leper." But here He says, "The Father has a revelation: Come to Me, learn of Me, I am meek and lowly in heart."

Christ Jesus Himself will lead you into humility. What is humility? Humility is not to be hunchbacked, to breathe piously, and to make a long face, but it's to be submissive to Jesus whether He lifts me into the heavens and makes me like the archangel Michael or whether He lets me be the offscouring of all things, all is equal to a soul who is truly submitted to Jesus. All you care is that He commands. That is the one thing you're careful over. That is the one thing you labor over, that He may be the One that works in you to will and to do of His good pleasure.

How that humility would free us from fanaticism that so many Pentecostal people are running into today, for I tell you, the devil is today clothed as an angel of light and He's deceiving many. Our hearts are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, and nevermore so than when we strut about in the liveliness of heaven. But we will never know the Son until we volunteer to lay down our lives. It will always be I until I make that exchange, until I take this miserable life of mine and give it to Jesus and in return receive His heavenly life. That's humility—when the Son of God communicates to me His own meekness and His own humility. He does that when I take His yoke, "Not I, not I, not I," and that great arrangement of heaven enters into every part of your being. That is the wonder of this Savior, that He comes to dwell within my heart. That is the wonder of Pentecost, that the Holy Ghost has come forth, not to make us wonderful but to strengthen us with might by His Spirit in the inner man, to

make room for the great mystery of the ages, for Christ to take His place within our hearts.

Oh, we love Him, we love to make use of Him; when we are in need, we love to call upon Him. But do you love to bow to His yoke? Do you love to have Him dwell within you? But we don't want this man to *reign* over us; no, we want Him to bestow His power upon us so that we may reign. That was the trouble with the Corinthians. Paul said, "You have reigned without us, and I would to God ye did reign."

Would to God Christ reigned in us! But isn't it a glorious call that God has given to you and to me? That call is not to be great or small, but that call is Jesus, no one else, nothing else. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me." You will always be safe if you learn from Jesus.

"Jesus, what do You say?"

"All power is given unto Me. The Father hath committed all things unto Me. Now, come, and learn of Me for I am meek."

What is it to be meek? When you have been crucified with Christ and there is not one single utterance of yourself, nothing but the profound will of God. Will He show forth His will? Yes, for He says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." That is why the devil has been fighting the people of God with a subtlety that is like to that of the serpent in the Garden of Eden. Why? Because here is the kingdom which the Father has prepared for His saints before the foundation of the world and God wants to give it to His sons.

Are we learning our lesson? Then let us be clothed with this meekness, with this humility of the Son of God that seeks nothing for itself but to be subject to Jesus Christ. Then shall I know the Son of God. Then will He be revealed unto me.

# Gathered Fragments



A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all our BREAD OF LIFE family from the editors and staff. May this year be one of growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ for each one of you.

\* \* \*

The holiday services of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church have been marked by an unusual manifestation of the presence of Jesus. At the close of the Christmas fellowship meeting the Holy Spirit in a message by tongues and interpretation gave us a benediction for the coming year:

*"I have received your expressions of gratitude and your praises to My name. And now if you will receive it, I will bestow a benediction upon you that shall last throughout the year: If you will allow Me to be the One, I will be the One day by day and moment by moment to bless you, to keep you upon the path which you must tread, and not only that, but to lead you from victory unto victory until I have made you such as I would have you to be."*

Anyone meeting the condition set forth in this word of the Lord can certainly claim the promise here given. Let every reader resolve in his heart that this year he will let Jesus Christ make him such as He would have him to be. Amen!

\* \* \*

The thirtieth anniversary of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church was quietly celebrated by a week of prayer (Dec. 4-11)

which has quickened the entire fellowship. At the Wednesday night service (Dec. 7) a number followed the Lord in baptism. For the main anniversary service on Friday (Dec. 9) and for the services of the weekend it was a rare privilege to have the same special minister present who had ministered at the opening services of the assembly thirty years ago, Mrs. L. M. Judd of Zion, Illinois. Her messages were simple but convicting and life-giving, reminding all of the necessity of the first principles of the Gospel of Christ—a Spirit-filled life, the love of God, humility. A number of articles by Mrs. Judd have appeared in BREAD OF LIFE.

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As we go to press the annual weeks of prayer are in progress in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church. Each day is begun with a time of praise, worship, exhortation, and Bible study. For this time the Book of Hebrews is being given special consideration and meditation.

Morning worship nugget (Dec. 31): *Don't choose an easy path. Choose God's path. Whether it's easy or difficult, that's His business. But God's path is salvation. God's way is the only way.*

\* \* \*

*Hallelujah! what a Savior!  
Hallelujah! what a Friend!  
Saving, helping, keeping, loving,  
He is with me to the end.*

—J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

## He Doeth It For Ever

(Continued from page 4.)

though I saw no form nor did I hear a voice, yet I knew that God was there. He began to deal with me.

Before me appeared as it were pictures, pictures on the wall. "Will you give up this for Jesus?"

"Yes."

Then another question, "Will you give up that for Jesus?"

"Yes." And then another and another.

Finally came a question over which I hesitated as it touched a long-cherished plan. I yielded. Then came another. No longer was the question, "Will you give up this for Jesus?" but "Will you do this for Jesus?"

I saw the path—all things counted loss for Christ—and I said, "Lord, I'll fail if I try to do that," but the picture remained. I finally said, "Lord, there'll never be anything that You will ask me to do that I won't do, if you will heal my mother and sister, and give me back the use of my right arm and my left leg." I did not ask for the use of my left arm. I simply did not want to be helpless.

Instantly I knew that my consecration was accepted. I knew that we all were healed; the room seemed ablaze with light. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from de-

I will walk  
within  
my house  
with  
a perfect heart.

Ps. 101:2.



struction, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." It was the consecration of a young untaught Christian, but it was a genuine consecration. I was covenanting to give Him my life, not because I loved Him and delighted in Him, but because I wanted something He alone could give. But God in His great love heard and granted the request.

In a few days the great gaping wound in my sister's body began to heal. Before this, the stitches would not hold. The wound, contrary to every expectation of the physicians healed perfectly. Her lower intestine, which had been entirely paralyzed, became normal, and it was evident that a miracle had been wrought. I wrote a long letter to my father, the first I had been able to write in many months without great pain. Easily and without effort I wrote. In tears my father carried the letter around town to show people that his daughter could write again. Mother's health at once began to improve. The bad symptoms disappeared and she became much stronger, and in little more than a week she was again able to take her place in the home.

As for me, now that I could walk without pain and could eat with relish, life seemed worth living. I was surprised to find my catarrh gone. I had never thought of that. In a short time my skin healed.

About a week later my sister and I returned to our home. We knew very little about trusting God, and were not prepared for the fierce onslaught of the enemy against our bodies. We did not know that these healings would be contested by the arch-enemy. We did not know then much about the bitter war against the saints, but we searched the scriptures daily for help. We claimed the promises and prayed; we knew nothing as

yet of the life of praise and worship. Had there been any human hope or remedy, we might have become discouraged at the heat of the battle and returned to remedies, but as there was no other hope we had to cling to the Word of God and let Him prove His Word true. In His faithfulness he met us, for our confidence was in Him who "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." At the Cross where he bore our sins, He likewise defeated Satan's power over our bodies. Often we quoted Acts 10:38, "How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the devil." We reasoned that if the Word of God said that sickness came from Satan, then the Cross would provide deliverance. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." Just as it had been necessary for us to learn of Him that we might "live unto righteousness" after we were saved, just so we had now to learn of Him that we might be able to cast our sicknesses on the Lamb of God and appropriate the deliverance of Calvary.

There is no doubt but that we all would have lost these remarkable, miraculous healings if we had not spent much time in reading the Bible afterwards. For six months we spent a large part of each day studying the Gospels until we were filled with the Word. As for myself, the Lord did not give me abounding strength at once, but He did give me the light that He was my life—that apart from Him I could do nothing. It has been a *daily walk of faith*.

*From here on Harriet Lehr continues the narrative and tells the story of her own second great healing after seventeen years of agonizing suffering.*

Some time after these healings had been given, we went

through a period of severe physical testing. In the stress of suffering and delayed answer to prayer, we felt the need of fellowship with those who trusted God for the body and so we associated ourselves with a company of believers who stood for the truth of Divine Healing. We were later to find, however, that the leaders in this movement were not charitable towards others who did not think exactly as they did. Circumstances occurred which made us feel that we should withdraw from this group of believers. My own healing and that of my mother and sister had been so wonderful that nothing could shake my faith that God included the body in the atonement. God's written Word, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," had sunk deep into my heart and I had no desire to go back to earthly doctors. Daily I read my Bible diligently and prayed for strength and courage, but my disapproval of the methods of the leaders of this movement, to which I have referred, finally ripened into such dislike and resentment toward them that naturally I began to backslide.

About this time, when riding on the train, the wind blew on my neck from an open window and I took a severe cold which settled in my spine. For about two weeks I suffered greatly. I prayed and supposed the cold would soon leave me, as heretofore prayer had always been answered in my behalf. However, as time went on I realized that this was no ordinary cold. Instead of abating, the suffering became more intense. The spinal cord seemed to become inflamed and the nerves in my neck knotted and were tightly drawn. There were six great knots, one of them being at the intersection of the jaws. My tongue became stiff and my jaws were held as in a vise, so that I could not get my teeth to meet. The base of my brain seemed

like a deep, bleeding sore with all the flesh torn away. My stomach would retain only liquid.

I prayed almost constantly, and so did the other members of my family, and though occasionally the pain was lessened, there was no permanent relief. After a year and a half of terrible suffering, through the prayer of dear Spirit-filled friends in another city who met daily for two weeks to intercede for my recovery, the jaws loosened and I could make my teeth meet. This brought me appreciative relief but I was still unable to chew. For seven long years this condition continued, and I subsisted all that time on liquids only. My whole body was stiff and my sufferings were indescribable. Every nerve in my brain pulled and drew as though steel wires were tearing the flesh from my face.

During these first seven years of my sickness, even in such pain, I could stand on my feet, and could walk a little, but after that, though the suffering in my head and neck began gradually to abate, the inflammation became more acute in other parts of my body and I was unable to rest any weight on my feet. There were times when I was better and could be helped to a wheel chair. Sometimes I could sit in a rocking chair, but any attempt to straighten my limbs brought on hemorrhage and other serious results.

For ten years following I was in bed nearly all the time. At one time for a whole year I was unable to lift my head from the pillow and could scarcely turn over. My heart became weakened from continuous pain, and I sometimes had sinking spells during which I all but passed away. On one such occasion, as my family stood by me, not praying for my recovery but waiting for me to be released from my sufferings, a friend in

a distant city who knew nothing of my present crisis was called to mighty intercession in the Spirit, not only for me but for other members of my family who were ready to stop battling for my healing. He continued intercession until assured of victory. All this time my trust was in God, and I had no thought of turning from God's declared way of healing. I well know that my condition was beyond all human help. My parents, however, desired to have my case diagnosed and sent to Chicago for a skilled physician who was a man of prayer. He came three times to see me and examined me carefully but gave no treatment nor medicine. He pronounced my sickness inflammation of the spinal cord and marveled that I lived.

I will pass over the long years of pain and suffering. Time did not bring relief nor healing. Several times ministers and other faithful Christian workers came to see me and prayed faithfully and earnestly for me. All felt assured of my healing, but I seemed unable to accept the deliverance I knew was mine. After I had been sick fourteen years, my father died. On his dying bed he said that I would walk again, but the months and years still passed and I was again so ill that for months I could scarcely lift my hands to my head and I was about ready to give up the fight.

For several years I had felt a desire to have Dr. Lilian Yeomans come to see me. When I heard that she was in Chicago in 1925, I asked my sister to write and ask her to come (I had been unable all these years to hold a pen or attempt to write without sinking away). Dr. Yeomans replied that she could not come. A painful year elapsed during which I lay almost helpless most of the time. Then I heard that she was again to be in Chicago and again tried to arrange for

her to come, but she felt that she could not take the time to come to Ohio and started back to Los Angeles. When she got as far as St. Louis, the Lord dealt with her, and affairs beyond her control necessitated her return to Chicago. While she was there, my sister arranged for her to come to me.

During the three days she was at my home, not a person came to the house and we were alone with God. She sat quietly beside my bed and read the Bible to me and talked to me of God's plan of salvation for spirit, soul, and body. She was "strong in faith, giving glory to God," and doubted not in her heart that God was able and willing to do for me, and for all believers, all that He had promised through His Son.

The day after she came, July 2, 1926, she and my mother and I each repeated the Ninety-first Psalm and each of us offered prayer. Then she told me to arise in the name of the Lord. For many years I had been unable to straighten my limbs as my whole body was stiff. Humanly speaking, it was impossible for me to arise and stand on my feet. I hesitated when she spoke, but only for a moment, as I felt I dare not miss this opportunity to prove my trust.

Relying on One Who is mighty to save and to deliver and sustained by the courageous faith of the prayer-helper God had sent to me, I attempted to arise. Strength came to my limbs and I was enabled to stand on my feet. Supported on one side by Dr. Yeomans and on the other side by mother, I took a few steps. The next day I again stood in His name and by His power and walked. After a time I became able to balance myself and walk alone, and I have been walking ever since. Thanks be unto God for His marvelous plan of salvation! Every aspect,

every result of the Fall of Eden was met at Calvary! Blessed be the name of the Lord, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases" (Psalm 103:3).

I realize as I walk about that I am a living miracle by the grace of God. No tongue can ever tell the depth of my suffering during those seventeen years of invalidism. I am as one raised from the dead. How I enjoy walking in the sunshine on the green grass! How fair and beautiful are the flowers and the trees! I thank God for the privilege He has given me of again enjoying the common things of life. Truly His mercy endureth forever.

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"It is marvelous, as I look at my sister," writes Mrs. Kennedy in a recent letter to the editor of *BREAD OF LIFE*, "to think of her long, long struggle and see her as she is, now eighty-three, able to go down town, fleet as a young girl. In all these years that have followed her healing in 1926, she has had no illness until last winter. She then had a very bad spell of flu which attacked her gall bladder. She was dangerously ill, but God delivered."

"It is now sixty years since we have known for ourselves the blessing that comes to those who trust in God for health as well as for salvation. As we look back over the years that are past, we thank God that He has enabled us to stand and see the salvation of God. We have had our trials during these years. It is one thing to be healed once; it is a very different matter to live as unto God—'alive unto God' for years and years—'always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus that the *life* also of Jesus might be manifested in our mortal flesh.' But thanks be unto God Who alway causeth us to triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ."



#### FOR THE COMING YEAR

*The following selection has been compiled from different sources and does not claim to be Mrs. Robinson's exact words inasmuch as they are transcripts of stenographic notes taken during various meetings.—EDITOR.*

**F**IND A WAY after Him. He was perfect. All else is not altogether, but apt to be imperfect. Wherever you see Him, you will there be blessed; but when you see man, you will be apt to be disappointed. . . .

He wants that we all improve. . . . If you want your way, or you want the things you call the best way, you have missed *the way*. You know *I am the Way*. . .

The Lord doesn't want us to linger longer. He doesn't want resolutions that are not carried out. He would like a little resolution. Examine your own life, and see if you intend to be further in the kingdom or if you intend to let go that flesh. . . . Do you know it would be a wonderful year if we got rid of this flesh? . . . He can do it this year.

There are days and days that you let the flesh have as much say-so as Jesus Christ. There are days that you let the human have as much say-so as the divine. You go forward and then back; and you go forward and gather up your forces, and say, "Yes," but you go back. But the day will come when Jesus will have said, "It is enough. Is it Christ or you?" Suppose it were today you would have to decide

whether you, today, are in Christ Jesus and whether the hub of your life is Christ Jesus, and whether you are ready for a greater revelation of Christ Jesus. It isn't what you are going to be, somewhere, but it is Christ being in your life *now*. What is God doing in your life, tonight? And if the circumstances were different, would you still feel that Jesus Christ is the One to decide it all? . . .

If you are in love with Jesus, if you are absorbed in Him, do you know that He is the One Who will show you the way? He will declare the way—don't let yourselves doubt. . . . The way is very narrow, but it is very wonderful. . . .

Has your [last] year been in the depths of God? . . . Let us let the coming year be the greatest year of just Jesus Himself. . . . Our God has planned this year beforehand. Are you so surrendered, are you so wholly His, that it will be His year? Look up to our Lord and ask that the next year be sweeter in Jesus Christ: "Make us all love Thee more. . . . Do Thy will. . . . Be Thou our way." Make Jesus your Way. . . . God has measured the lives that said, "Just Jesus." And do you know, they will get just Jesus?

# Occupied With Jesus

**M**Y CHILD, thy love is precious to Me—dearer than anything else beside. Be occupied, fully occupied with Me. I would hear thy voice in intense, worshipful love. I love to see thy adoring gaze.

Dwell not on the hardness of the way, nor on the service which thou art able to accomplish for Me. Hide thy face on My bosom, breathing in Myself, and praising the One who is pleased to flow through thee in blessing to others. Nothing matters but the satisfying of My Heart; and I am satisfied as I live My life in thine, and stamp My image upon thee.

Let Me fill thee with the blessed, faithful Holy Spirit Who makes real My all-sufficient, indwelling self. Live on My Breast—live the sweet love-life which union with Myself makes gloriously real. United to Me, thy Divine Lover, thou shalt be fully satisfied, and filled with My very own life—My victory. Thine ear shall catch My whispers; thy heart shall feel my tender, comforting love-throbs (John 15:26; John 14:21).

*Be occupied with Me, My child,  
Be occupied with Me.  
I'll fold thee close  
And live in thee  
Above all else continually.*

*My bosom warm, My tender smile  
Are all you need  
Through life's short while.  
Be occupied with Me, My child,  
Be occupied with Me.*

—EVELYN S. BREHM.