

**And There Shall Be
No Ebb**

BY ARTHUR BURT

And There Shall Be No Ebb
Prove Me Now!
How To Be Ordinary
Around The World In 88 Years
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
The Silent Years: A Divine Apprenticeship
Surrender!
Boomerang: The Funeral Of Failure
The Lost Key
Pebbles To Slay Goliath

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by
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THE EMMANUEL FOUNDATION
Stuart, Florida

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“IT SHALL COME AS A BREATH...
AND THE BREATH SHALL BRING THE WIND...
AND THE WIND SHALL BRING THE RAIN.
AND THERE SHALL BE FLOODS AND FLOODS AND FLOODS...
AND TORRENTS AND TORRENTS AND TORRENTS.
SOULS SHALL BE SAVED LIKE FALLING LEAVES
FROM MIGHTY OAKS SWEEPED BY A HURRICANE.
ARMS AND LEGS WILL COME DOWN FROM HEAVEN...
AND THERE SHALL BE NO EBB.”

1934 PROPHECY

“FOLLOW ME”

Matthew 4:19

It was New Years and I was talking to the folks at home. These were friends I’ve known and walked with for many years. They had come on holiday for the weekend. Some from our local fellowship in Penmaenmawr were there too.

It was a cold winter night in North Wales so we stacked extra coals on the fire. But as we gathered together in the living room after tea time, the place was also burning bright with faith and anticipation. Something was stirring!

We knew we were here “for such a time as this.” We knew it was the midnight hour. We were aware of the importance of our coming together, “and so much the more as you see the Day approaching.” I was reminded again of the word in Habakkuk, “For the vision is yet for an appointed time; But at the end it will speak, and it will not lie.”

That night marked the beginning of the days that led into this book,

AND THERE SHALL BE NO EBB...

This is what unfolded there in the living room...

“...You see, so many people want to use God instead of God using them. They’ve got it all wrong. God isn’t our latest modern convenience like your washing machine or hair dryer or vacuum cleaner. So many people take the attitude that they do toward modern convenience. “Oh yes, we’ve got a vacuum cleaner, a lawn mower, a washing machine, an electric oven.” They approach God as if He were another convenience rather than coming empty and saying, ‘*I don’t want to use You, God, because You are Lord. You must use me. I present myself.*’”

All the earth shall be filled with His Glory.

Those are tremendous words, “*And there shall be no ebb.*” I believe the day will come, we are on the threshold of it *now*, where God will fulfill His vow, “As truly as I live....” *Now there’s the challenge!* “But as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the LORD.” Does God live? “As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the LORD.” Now *God said that!*

When is the *now* that God will fulfill? If He's going to fulfill, He'll *fill full* that Word! We say, like the Word says, "*In that day...*" Well, yes, but is *that* day, *this* day? When is that season of *Tabernacles* when God will fill full? When is *now*? When is the *then* that makes when *now*?

Again and again in the Bible, "And it came to pass..." *And it came to pass...* In the purpose of God, that which was in the heart of God *came to pass* and it's recorded, "*suddenly...*" *Suddenly...*

When the day was fully come...

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come...." Now that located the day, the *now*, when God, *out of Himself* would purpose to send His Holy Spirit to birth the Church! "When the Day of Pentecost *was fully come...*" the Spirit of God *moved*!

Now if God's day begins with darkness, which it does, "God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. So the evening and the morning was the first day." "The evening and the morning was the second day... the evening and the morning was the third day." "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come," the darkness was past and the dawn had arrived. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." That was the dominant condition, *they were all in one accord*.

Now that was "*in one place*." Again and again, God dictates *the place*. Search the scriptures! He dictates the place. It isn't anywhere, it's *somewhere* that God decrees.

He said to the disciples, "Follow the man with the pitcher." The pitcher was a jug. But the thing that made it so obvious—it was a *man*. The women carried pitchers! But they would know this man, because the man would have a jug on his head. It was a sign and easy to be seen.

Now they only had to follow the man with the pitcher because Jesus had originally said, "*Follow Me*." So they didn't follow the man with the pitcher forever and ever. But Jesus, who said "Follow Me," told them to follow the man with the pitcher, the man with the jug on his head. They followed him until he came to the upper room.

The man with the pitcher didn't say, "Follow me." He could have said, "What are you following me for? Are you going to mug me?" Or he could have said, "Hello boys, we're all going the same way. Let's all go together." But it was not because the man with the pitcher said, "Follow me." It was because Jesus, who had said, "*Follow Me*," then said, "*Follow the man*."

They followed the man with the pitcher at Passover until they came to an upper room and he was never heard of again. He was not an essential part of the program that they had to follow him forevermore. His ministry finished when they got to the upper room. There was a '*till*' that ended following the man with the pitcher. *There was a 'till*.

The place is vital. They were all together and they were of one accord in one place.

Now once they arrived at the 'till, that was the *place*. As far as I'm concerned, my 'till ended when I came to Bron Wendon. *This* was the place. Many know the story how I'd already bought the land on the other side of the mountain. I had planning permission and had already arranged with the architect for building. But then God showed me *this* was the place, *Bron Wendon*, right here in Penmaenmawr, North Wales.

I fought God for three days and three nights. My argument was, "If a man's about to marry Mary, why should he look at Lucy? I'm about to marry Mary, *the other side of the mountain*, why should I look at Lucy, *this place*?" But God said *Lucy* is the *place*.

It was a terrific upheaval. I'd already bought the land and hired the architect; I'd got it all settled! Then God rudely interrupted and stopped the whole plan and said, "No!"

These people in Penmaenmawr wanted more money for Bron Wendon than I had. But I had the belief that if they wanted any more than I had, *well*, that was guidance by circumstance. They came down on the price. I find that guidance by circumstance is real.

After three days and three nights, I surrendered about the *place*. I said, "Lord, if this is the place that You've ordained, *Amen*."

At *Pentecost*, the disciples were all together "with one accord in one place." They had to be in the place that God decreed. They had arrived at the upper room. That was *the place*. The first thing they had to agree about to be of one accord was the place.

It was no good some of them saying, "I don't like this place. Listen, the conveniences here aren't very good. There are 120 of us. What do we do when we want to go to the toilet?" *Reason* would argue, "Is it near this or is it convenient for that? Is it comfortable? Will it be alright, will it be OK?"

Well He said, "*Tarry here*." Jesus said, "Behold, I send the Promise of My Father upon you; but tarry in the city of Jerusalem until you are endued with power from on high." *He dictated*...

There's no other place, no other Name.... The *place* is vital with God! He dictates it, *not me*! I could say there's no other place, only the shed blood of the Lamb.

*"I know a fount where sins are washed away,
I know a place where night is turned to day;
Burdens are lifted, blind eyes made to see;
There's a wonder-working power in the Blood of Calvary."*

The *'till* of God or the *until* of God settled the *when* which produced the *now*. Here they are and they have to settle it if they're of one accord. They have to agree that this is the *place*. Once they're agreed about the place, they have to be of one accord about so many other things.

"Amen" is to the Lord.

If it was *now*...which it wasn't, it was *then* at Pentecost. But if it was *now*, "Is it near the sea? Is it a *nice* place? Is it convenient for the shops? Would it be easy for me to get a job there? Will it be convenient for this or that?" Not necessarily. Its convenience will come out of your "*Amen*."

It's only when you surrender by saying "*Amen*," not to the place, but to the Lord. "*Amen*" is to the Lord. Now that's the first thing that has to bring about unity. They were of one accord, "It's settled, *Amen*, this is the place! *There's no other place*."

The greater includes the lesser. The place has been dictated. Now you're not going to get this anywhere else except in *the place*. It has nothing do with what *you* like. *He* dictates it; that's where it is.

He said to them in the Old Testament, "I'll dictate to you the *now* in the *then*. I will draw you. I'll dictate; I'll define. But in every situation, it's going to be what I say." God said to Moses, "I'll take you and I'll send you to Pharaoh." Moses said, "Who do you think I am?" God told him, "It doesn't matter who you are. *I AM who I AM*. And I said it. *Now go!*"

What do you believe? I don't believe in the *what*, I believe in the *Who*. The One who said, "*Follow Me*" has the final Word. And that establishes the *what*. The *Who* establishes the *What*. Did He say it? *Yes*. Well that's it! It was He who said, "*Follow Me*."

That brings us back to the time when we had our spiritual calling.

As He walked the shores of Galilee, some of them were mending their nets. They weren't fishing, they were mending their nets. There was a season where they didn't go out fishing, it was a season for mending your nets. It was no good going out fishing if you've got holes. It's a season when it would be wrong to go fishing.

Another fellow was involved in taxes, Matthew. Someone else was involved in family situations. But He said, "Follow Me, and let the dead bury their own dead." (*Matt 8:22; Luke 9:60*)

That brings me back to that first "*Follow....*" How far do I follow Him? ...A lot further than the man with the pitcher! Again and again He says, "*Follow Me*." This takes me back to where I first met Him, in my net mending, in my tax collecting, in my funeral service which I was about to get involved in when He said, "Let the dead bury their dead." Let the spiritually dead bury the physically dead.

He now takes precedence over every situation. They had to leave their father, their family...and *follow* Him. It involved their work, they were fishermen. He said, "Leave fishing and I'll make you fishers of men."

His first challenge has never altered. He's still saying, "*Follow Me.*" He's still saying it. He's not saying, "Argue with Me, *reason* with Me." He says, "When you meet Me, you surrender and you follow Me."

Here they are as a result of following Him. They're "*...all together with one accord.*" And what makes them of one accord is the One who said, "*Follow Me.*"

The place was a special place that He decreed and it would be the birth of the Church. It was there when *suddenly* heaven interrupted. They were there because He told them to be there. In following Him, it brought them to a *place*.

Now there's always a price to pay for truth. Grace is free, but truth has to be bought. Proverbs says, "Buy truth. And when you've bought it, don't sell it."

Every man has a price, *everyone*, not just Judas. Judas sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. What is my price? Or am I like Ananias and Sapphira? Have I kept back part of the price?

Judas kissed Jesus — *an outward kiss but an inward betrayal*. Do I kiss Him to cover up my betrayal? Am I any different? Are *you* any different? Have you trusted in your kiss and not realized it was an excuse to cover up your betrayal?

How many believers start off following and finish up kissing Him and betraying Him? When it comes to price, what is the price?

"My sheep hear my voice."

Somehow they were settled, this company was *one*. They were all together "*with one accord.*" If there had been any difference there, it had got to be settled in the place. They've got to be of one accord. They didn't have to sit down and have a conference or a committee meeting about being of one accord. It all came out of recognizing Him when He said, "*Follow Me.*"

I say to people now, "You test this. You don't have to believe me, don't believe me!" Go back to your initial witness when He said to you, "*Follow Me.*" That's the spot when the Voice said, "*Follow Me.*" That Voice wasn't the man with the jug on his head and that Voice wasn't a high priest. That Voice was the voice of *Jesus*.

The first indication that I'm a sheep is I hear His voice. Of course, then comes *obeying* the Voice. Those early fishermen left their nets, left their boats, left their father and followed Him. So the response to "*Follow Me*" is action! If there's no action, there's no reality. If you don't leave, you don't follow Him.

It's a circumcision of heart.

They didn't bring a cargo of stuff with them. They left *ALL* to follow Him. Family relationships are a big challenge. Many, many people put family relationships before Jesus. Those early fishermen, Peter and John, they left their father, they left their job.

Now that may only be something that you do in your *heart*. If you remember, Abraham "took the knife to slay his son." God stopped him at the last moment. It

was a terrific challenge, but it was settled at knife-point. There was a circumcision of heart, "...and circumcision is *that* of the heart, in the Spirit, not in the letter; whose praise *is* not from men but from God."

Many people don't see this. They've never been circumcised in their heart. They've not been cut off from family, business, money, pleasure, convenience. They've never been circumcised.

Then they say, "Why doesn't God meet me?" Why should God meet them when they are not *altogether with one accord*? The company of people must be circumcised, cut off in their hearts.

Now this isn't a pantomime. We're not playing. If you don't mean business with God, you can't deceive Him, He knows. With every going, there's a leaving. *And if you don't leave, you don't go.*

I believe everyone in that company at Pentecost was circumcised in their heart. Whether or not they were circumcised in their flesh, I don't know. But the scripture talks about the circumcision of the heart, where you take the knife.

You take the knife. And God said, "*NOW*, I know." It's where you *choose* to be circumcised and you *leave* to go. You can fool people, but you cannot fool God.

You may join a church, you may be part of a building. But are you doing what Ananias and Sapphira did or what Judas did? Do you kiss Him on Sunday and betray Him all the rest of the week because you're not following in your heart, and He's not *Lord*? We use the phrase, "If He's not Lord of all, He's not Lord *at all*." That's vital!

The fulfillment of that birth...

So here we are with a company of people and they were *all*, not some of them, *all* of them — "*they were all with one accord in one place.*" Now this was also to be a *future* that the Church has not yet entered into, because this was the *birth* of the Church. But the *fulfillment* of that birth will be the unity of the faith when we're all one with God!

Well here they are gathered together in one accord, in one place, of one heart and of one mind and *suddenly*, God invades. God interrupts. Maybe that's hardly the word, maybe *interruption* has been dealt with *before* they were of one accord, so He doesn't have to interrupt.

On this waiting company, He birthed His eternal purpose which is the Church. "*And suddenly there was a sound.*" It wasn't from shuffling feet, it wasn't from conversation. It wasn't a sound that *they* made, it was a sound from heaven.

Look at the conditions — of one accord, in one place, of one heart, of one mind. "*And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind,*" it was like a hurricane! While God can speak in a still small voice, He can also come like a hurricane! This time, the hurricane birthed the Church! It was "a rushing mighty wind."

The consequence was that it *cursed the curse* from the time when God dealt with man's pride, the time when man exalted himself up to the heavens in building a tower to make a name for himself. God smote them with the division of tongues and they could not communicate. It was a compulsion ordained of God to show His disapproval. God cursed mankind with the barrier of languages. (*Gen 11:9*)

On the Day of Pentecost, they began to speak with other tongues! Well, it cursed the curse! As the Spirit gave them utterance, they were released. They heard them speak in their own languages, "Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."

I sometimes wonder if that has really yet been fulfilled in the Church. I know that Pentecostal people boast of speaking in tongues. But we still need interpreters when we go to preach the Gospel. I admit *I* do.

Is there a place where we should speak languages without learning them? Is this the birthright of the circumcised, the redeemed Church? If we haven't got it, is it because, well, *we're redeemed*, yes, but are we *circumcised*? Are we literally following Jesus?

If we haven't got the goods, have we fulfilled the conditions? If you are fulfilled with signs and wonders and languages, then are you ready for anything more? We've had spurts of this; I came in on that in 1926. Why the limitations now?

Now there were other signs too, that confirmed the birth of the Church. They were altogether "with one accord in one place" when God witnessed from heaven.

We cry, "Oh that God would rend the heavens!" Well He *did* at Pentecost. He let out a hurricane! God has declared, "It's not by might, nor by any power from yourself, but it's by My Spirit." And He's done it. "*I've released Him*, not an *influence*, but a *Person* who will guide the Church into all truth."

I have to leave to go.

Just as little children outgrow their clothes, the purpose of God is that we should outgrow our clothes and we should grow in grace. My shoes no longer fit me. My foot is bigger than my shoe. My clothing is not sufficient to cover me. I've outgrown them. "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away..." When I became a man, I put away my childish clothing. I left my toys.

Just as a mother with a baby leaves her doll, *I have to leave to go*. My toys, my marbles, my dolls now have to be put away. *I am circumcised*.

The Church is still playing games with God. The Judas kiss is not only related to Judas. Have *I* betrayed Him? What is my price? What is my "*thirty pieces of silver*?" A house? A wife? A husband? A family? Ministry? Money? Travel?

What do I need to take the knife to? With Isaac, it was symbolic of *everything* that Abraham had. “Take now thy son, *thine only son*, Isaac...” God never recognized Ishmael! He said, “Cast out, cast out. Cut off. Cast him out.” Abraham pleaded with God. He said, “O that Ishmael might live...!” (*Gen 17:18*) God never recognized him; He established His covenant with Isaac. “Take now thy son, *thine only son*, Isaac.” It was grievous with Abraham.

Have I, have you pleaded with God? “Oh that my Ishmael might live in Thy sight! Oh that my Ishmael might live in Thy sight!” But God said, “*Cast him out. Cast him out.*”

His good pleasure...

“For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of *His* good pleasure.” And if God works in, He’s not going to accept *your* working in as a substitute. If He wants the glory or the credit, He must do the work. He’s not looking for a willing people. He is, but He must make them willing; He must do it.

Jesus wasn’t willing to die. He said, “Not my will, but thine, be done” He wasn’t willing to die, but the Father worked *in Him* to choose to die. He sweat drops of blood at Gethsemane and said, “*If it be possible, let this cup pass....*” He was unwilling to die and yet He was perfect.

Who do you think you are? Who do I think I am? As if we can make ourselves willing for the will of God! Jesus crossed the bridge of *nevertheless* and entered into the realm of *choice*. He chose what He didn’t want and God worked it *in*. And Jesus said, “Nevertheless not My will, but Yours, be done.” Now if He did not want the will of God, who do we think we are to want the will of God? It has to be worked *in*. See, it’s not *in*, but it has to be worked in. The glory is His.

As with Jesus, so it is with you and me. Did you think you were *willing* to follow? You’ll choose what you’re not willing for and marvel that God works in, not only the *doing*, but the *willing*. “It is God who works in you both to will and to do for *His* good pleasure.” Watch Him change you. When He’s done it, you’ll be so pleased with what God has done and the glory will be His. You can choose what you didn’t want. *The glory will be His.* “Thine is the glory!”

I’ve never wanted anything. I never wanted to be a preacher. I never wanted to leave home. I never wanted where I am now. I fought God over this house, this *place*, Bron Wendon. Oh the battle I had for three days and three nights before I gave in!

I just marvel how God can take an unworthy vessel, and in the Potter’s hand, He can shape it and mold it until *fnally*, it becomes *an earthen vessel* to contain the treasure of God.

In a sense, we've touched a never-ending vision. The Church is on the threshold of Tabernacles where it will be brought to "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

I'M BETTER THAN YOU

I often say, “Birth settles destiny.” Everything has a beginning. You were once a twinkle in your Daddy’s eye. We call that ‘birth,’ the *beginning*. The seed of a mouse will never produce an elephant. *Birth settles destiny*.

The Bible begins with “*In the beginning God....*” “*In the beginning God....*” Everything has a beginning.

Pride is *man’s* glory competing with God’s glory. *Pride* is an enemy of God and you see it competing with God’s glory right at the *beginning*, the birth point. We eavesdrop in the nursery: “I’m bigger than you!” “*Oh, but my Daddy is bigger than your Daddy!*” “Well, my Daddy is a policeman and he can lock your Daddy up!” “*I’ve got a cat.*” “Well, we’ve got a rabbit.”

“*My Daddy’s got two motorcars.*” “Well, my Daddy *sells* motorcars; he’s got *lots of* motorcars.” This is the birth of pride, “*I’m better than you.*”

It’s wrong to be fat, it’s right to be slim. I put what I want to sell in the shop window. If I have varicose veins, I cover my legs. If I have lovely legs, I put them in the shop window. This thing shows its ugly head as soon as the child begins to talk in the nursery!

It’s enmity against God.

The Word of God talks quite a lot about *unleavened bread*. It is bread without any yeast in it to puff it up. This would seem to be the danger in life. We call this yeast ‘*pride*.’ God hates it.

God becomes the enemy of wherever this damnable thing is! He will not give the glory, the honor, the credit to another! The ultimate end is *death* when we eat of the tree. It is forbidden knowledge.

Birth settles destiny. The only place you can deal with birth is at birth, because birth settles destiny. All the way through, the history of the Church speaks with a loud voice—it’s this thing called *pride*.

Yeast! It blows up, it exalts, it is *enmity* against God. “I’m bigger than you!” The whole angle is that I shall be able to vaunt myself and prove I’m bigger and better than you.

We can trace this thing all the way through from the birth of the Church because it limits the blessing of God, the power of God and the grace of God. This is the governing factor; it's the controlling issue. But God will not give the credit to another!

So how do we deal with the other, this *identity*? “Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall. Humpty Dumpty had a *great fall*.” If he'd only known he was an egg, he might not have sat up so high on the wall. This is dealing with the thing at its birth.

From that moment, he was finished.

Trace it through! My own introduction to this was when I was 15. I was introduced to a move of God in Sunderland. Victoria Hall was filled three times a day with 6,000 people. That was 18,000 people!

When I knew least, I saw most. Ambulances were bringing sick people to the meetings and God instantly healed them! Life began for me when I saw what happened to a young woman of about 20. She was born blind and instantly healed by the power of God! That was the beginning of *everything* for me! I said, “*God is real!*”

I put the man, Stephen Jeffreys on a pedestal. He was ministering at that time in this tremendous move of God. *I dare not speak to him*. I looked upon him as if he was God. *My mistake!*

I followed him to many towns — Boxing Hall, Newcastle, Wakefield, Doncaster, Sunderland, Bishop Auckland I went all over to hear this *wonderful* man. In those days, I didn't realize that there were no *wonderful men*.

It was in 1926 when he came back from South Africa, he had under his arm a magic thing, a tape recorder, a new invention. I stood by his side listening as he talked to another pastor and I heard what he said. “*The world is at my feet!*” In hindsight looking back, I discerned the leaven and I discern it *now*, but not then.

From *that moment*, Stephen Jeffreys was finished. In the Cardiff Assemblies of God Convention, he was wheeled in, a bent and crippled man. People had to kneel way down to look into his face. It finished him from the moment he said, “The world is at my feet.”

She touched God's glory and died.

I transferred my *worship* to a woman called Mrs. Wall. I highly esteemed her and I went many times to her house in Cleethorps. Her house was filled with *crutches, cork boots, corsets...* things that were left behind when God healed the people. I saw them hanging round the wall. God had healed the people!

Her husband was head of the tramways in Manchester. She was a dying woman with cancer. God healed her and gave her the gift of healing. I esteemed her and I put her on a pedestal.

I invited her over to my friend's meeting in the Midlands, in Sunderland. There was a man there that as yet I'd not put on a pedestal. His name was Harold Webster.

As she conducted the meetings, he prayed that God would keep her from touching the glory, the credit.

Defending herself, she said to me, “Oh, that awful man! My dear! I’d rather *die* than touch God’s glory!” *She did...* Finished again! *The leaven*, the pride was birthed in the *blessing*.

God invaded mankind with His Presence.

Then I got involved with these people in the Midlands. This man was outstanding for ministering the *Presence*. He would bow his head in a house or a meeting and if you were close enough, you’d hear something like this in a whisper. “*Ohhhh, Jesus!*” And down would come the *Presence!*

It could go either way — a *living silence* where you almost felt it was sacrilege to cross your legs because of the noise it would make or there could be a tremendous sweeping invasion of holy laughter. Scores of times, people would be rolling physically on the floor, stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths. Many of them were crying out, “*Lord, I can take no more!*” Then another wave would come.

In this *visitation*, God temporarily put out all natural reasoning from our human hearts and invaded the spirit. It often looked very much like the devil’s imitation, which is *drunkenness*. The Word of God says, “Be not drunk with wine, but be filled with the Spirit.”

When I was a boy, we used to go up to the Rock Cliff Arms and wait for Billy Tait to come out. We lads would wait to see if he was drunk. If he was drunk, we’d gather round him and hold our hands out and say, “Give us some money, Billy! Give us some money, Billy!” And he would slur, “*You want some money, do ya’s? Let me see if I’ve got some money for you.*” His hand would go in his pocket and he’d pull out a *sixpence* or a *shilling* and he’d give it to you.

But if he wasn’t drunk, he’d curse you and kick you up the backside and you’d have to run for it! So we had to discern as to whether he was drunk or sober. That is the devil’s substitute for being *filled with the Spirit*.

In this *visitation*, God *invaded* mankind. He would temporarily put out all reasoning from the heart and invade the spirit. The person under the anointing of God was almost a different person.

But when pride was birthed, God withdrew the grace.

Well this man, Harold Webster introduced us to a *visitation* of the *Presence*. Soon, I put him on a pedestal. Again I was wrong. I became oblivious to what he was in the natural. Now I *lived* to him and I sat in all the meetings.

I soon became conscious that he’d left his wife in the Lake District. She wouldn’t come. And I saw one thing that was emphasized: *Girls, Girls, Girls... Girls!* A whole lot of them! I saw a different man, like I did with Billy Tate, when I saw one man drunk and another man sober. I saw the same thing with this man.

When he was in the Spirit, we might have a *visitation*... and I put him on a pedestal. But I saw his feet of clay. I watched him and I saw many things I couldn't understand at the time. At certain times, He would *freeze* me. I was puzzled with this. Looking back now, I saw the man in the Spirit and I saw the man in the flesh. When he was in the flesh, he *froze* me.

I met him at Morcombe Promenade with a lady that was *not* his wife. I was visiting in Preston another time and he was with a friend's daughter there. He was reading the newspaper *upside down* and made it very plain how unwelcome I was. He finally finished up with a girl who had *five* children by him, *out* of marriage.

I battled and struggled with this, I even *agonized*. I was like the man in the scriptures, "Whether he be a sinner *or no*, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." I could not escape the obvious, yet *in the Spirit*, it was God. When he wasn't in the Spirit, it was his flesh. But I had put him on a pedestal.

I was with this man until God took him home at 62, right in the midst of all his failure. The same deadly leaven, leavens the whole lump. Pride was birthed and God withdrew the grace.

We thought, "What a wonderful man he is!" The women and the girls would say, "There's no man so much like Jesus Christ as this man." In the Spirit, it *was* wonderful. But the man was not always in the Spirit.

I battled with this. I ought to have had more truth with him, but I *lived* to him. I was wrong and I missed God.

I took the credit and lost the blessing.

During this period, I had an invitation to go to Nelson at Lancashire. A letter came from the pastor and I went for a week's meetings.

To my astonishment when I got there, the pastor was a young woman. She'd got everything! She'd got *oomph*, everything attractive! Little hat, costume, steel-grey stockings, high heels, personality... *everything!*

I went into the meeting the first night and ministered on the *glory of God*. To my amazement, every person in the meeting except me was laid out on the floor under the power of God.

Even this very attractive pastor, full of her own self and her own glory lay there on the platform. Her hair was all over her face, her hat off, shoe off. She was totally unconsciously sobbing her heart out before God.

I looked at her, I looked at the people and I thought, "Oh, if I'm going to have this in my ministry, I'll be a world leader!" *At that moment*, the leaven was obvious in me. I took the credit and I lost the blessing. I didn't know how to handle it.

I struggled and struggled but I touched the glory of God. I got involved with that girl all the war years. I sought and I fought and I tried and I cried and I struggled.

But the *leaven* was birthed in me. And God, who will not give the glory to another, withdrew His grace and His power from me. *The same principle...*

The whole group was destroyed.

The man who took Harold Webster's place was Charles Brooks. He declared he was the voice of God to the company. I had no argument until he mentioned one other word. He was the voice of God *only*. I said, "Oh no. Jesus said, 'My sheep hear My voice.'" I stood up to him and I left and finished completely.

They went on and that group came to the place where they would even consult him about what to wear or if they could miss a meeting. They needed his *tick* for everything. He was the voice of God only.

He declared, "Arthur will die. He'll go into *outer darkness!*" I wrestled with it. Was I wrong? Had I missed God? Was I indeed going into outer darkness?

They totally turned against me. But *they* went into absolute *spiritual darkness*. The man died at 71. By the mercy of God at 98, I'm still here.

It was the same thing. *Pride* became a breeding ground in him from the moment he declared, "I am the voice of God *only*." This damnable thing was birthed and it went on until *finally*, the whole group was destroyed.

Henry was blessed.

I went on my way and I got involved with Henry Staples, the *Glory* movement. I saw a man here blessed of God who believed in spiritual artificial respiration.

Here's what I mean. When a man's drowning, your first job is to get him out of the sea or out of the water. The second job is to get the water out of the man.

This is done by turning the man over and by pressing so that the lungs will expel what shouldn't be there. They were made for air but they were filled with water. The water must go out before the air can come in. This is called *artificial respiration*.

Henry believed this in the spiritual realm. Your first job was to get a man out of bondage and your second job was to get the bondage out of the man.

I went to scores of his meetings and I was blessed. They were jumping round the place, they were dancing! Henry was blessed. I did not totally agree with him, but I could not deny the fact that God used him.

While I was blessed, I could not submit. I disagreed with him on this issue. I believed the glory was God's. Henry would *say* the glory was God's to the day he died and I saw that God blessed him up to a *given point*. But their limit was their limit. They wouldn't agree with me on this, even today, and for many years the move of God was entitled "Henry's Glory Meetings".

The point was that he brought men out of bondage, out of the water. God used him. But when you come to certain issues, you find a difference.

Henry was blessed and I was very aware of the fact God was using him in a tremendous way, but there was a difference in how I understood the revelation of the “GLORY” and how he understood it.

Isaiah 42 v. 8 declares that God will not give His glory to another, “and My glory will I not give to another.” In John 17 v. 22 Jesus declares, “And the glory which Thou gavest me, I have given them.”

The apparent contradiction, (which can be confusing), is that I need further revelation.

My dependence on anything other than the person of the Holy Spirit of God to impart revelation will take me into confusion. But “God is not the author of confusion but of peace,” 1 Corinthians 14 v. 33. With further revelation I begin to see that the afore-mentioned text in Isaiah speaking about the “GLORY” God will not give to another is the credit or honor that is due to His holy name and character. The “GLORY” the Lord Jesus spoke of in John 17 v. 22, is the awareness of His presence, enabling power and anointing, which He has given us and endued us with to fulfill His call on our lives. The latter (John 17 v.22, “the glory which Thou gavest me, I have given them,”) will not be my experience unless the former (Isaiah 42 v.8 “My glory will I not give to another,”) is the foundation of my believing. The power is for the extension of the kingdom, for the glory of God, and if He cannot trust me to credit Himself for the power, enablement and enduement then the “GLORY” is not safe. In actuality the Glory, or credit due, is quite safe because it never leaves His hand. Thine IS the kingdom, Thine IS the power, Thine IS the glory, forever and ever, Amen. What I am guilty of is attempting to rob God of His glory in my heart. Because God looks on the heart and not on the outward appearance, my focus must change from what I do to why I do it. That is, my motive, and only God sees that. (Romans 2 vs. 28–29, “For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God.”)

The confusion comes when I attempt to obtain revelation by using my own wisdom to interpret the scriptures, or learn Greek or Hebrew without the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Greek and Hebrew can be a great aid but not a substitute for the Holy Spirit of truth, who is given to guide me into all truth, as I humble myself.

The adults quenched the Spirit and He went away.

I lived at Paddock Wood where I was pastor of the church for 20 years. We had a visitation from God, surprisingly *only on the children*, not one adult. God visited!

People came to me and said, “How do you do it?” I said, “*Do what?!*” “Well the children are laid out on the floor under the power, kicking, shouting, unconscious,

living in the presence of God! How do you do it?" I said, "*I don't do it! It has nothing to do with me.*"

They'd say, "Well you should stop it!" I didn't start it. The only thing I did was to take the responsibility of picking the kids up last thing at night. I'd get help carrying them out. We'd put them in a van and I'd deliver them home.

The kids were kicking like cattle as I carried them up people's pathways. People drew back their curtains to look at the sight of this man, *me*, carrying the screaming and shouting children at 10:30 at night, "*Jesus! Jesus!!*" Their arms flailing, their legs kicking...

I couldn't take credit, *God* laid the children out. All I did was unlock the door and carry the kids home at night. But it was Body ministry.

The adults said to me, "You should stop it! Are they *better*? Are they more *obedient*?" I said, "*I don't know. All I know is it's God.*"

They ordered me! "Well, wherever there's a child, you should arrange for a grown-up, either a parent or a grown-up to sit beside them. The moment they are about to go on the floor, they could hold them tightly on the chair."

There wasn't one adult quick enough! The kids went down as if they'd been hammered down. *Bump. Bump. Bump, bump, bump, bump!* No catchers, no carriers!

Next thing, "They're spoiling our meeting!" The grown-ups were hurt because they were left out. They decided to carry all of the children out and lock them in the vestry in the back. It was cold; there was no heat back there.

But when we went back after our meeting was over, the place was *dripping*. The kids were absolutely drunk in the Spirit!

The adults finally quenched the Spirit with grief and He went away. It was the same thing, *pride*. The leaven stopped, quenched and grieved the Spirit of God.

THE MOMENT OF BLESSING, THE MOMENT OF DANGER

Romans 11:36 says, “For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things.” All things, everything! God has an absolute monopoly. Nothing is left out. And that which is *of Him* must go *through Him* and back *to Him*.

That which is *of Him* must be recognized so that it can also be recognized in the second process, that it must therefore go *through Him*. If a man thinks it’s through *him* and it doesn’t go through *Him*, you’ve got a situation of a short circuit which is a defeating of the purpose. It must be recognized as going *through Him* and then it goes through the person.

If for one moment, the person thinks it’s through *him*, it doesn’t go through *Him* and it doesn’t go back to *Him*. It breaks the eternal cycle, “For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things.” Pride is birthed. Leaven is born and the glory is touched.

Pride comes out of blessing. It’s the most dangerous time.

May I offer you this? Up to now, there has never been a move of God that has not been finished by human responsibility in having birthed man’s glory, the leaven, the *pride*.

Take for instance, the Welsh Revival. God used Evan Roberts, a young man of 26. The anointing of God was so on him that he could rebuke men old enough to be his father. He was always right, *always* in the plan of God.

Surprisingly, this was his downfall. *He was always right*. Out of that situation, the leaven was born and pride was birthed.

Evan Roberts went on his way up here in Wales until finally he was invited to Liverpool. There he made a statement that the whole of the Welsh Evangelical Church was not on the *rock of salvation*.

Godly men came to him. They *pleaded* with him to consider what he had said. He would not retract. *He’d always been right*. He was always right and never knew what it was to be wrong. But it finished him.

From that moment, the anointing lifted off him and he either had a nervous breakdown or a stroke. But the Welsh Revival was finished.

The Penn-Lewis's took him down to Leicester. There he went into an unknown oblivion. History has it that when his own family came to visit him, he did not even answer the door. Either because he could not or he would not....

The thing had been birthed, the same old thing, *the leaven of pride*. Here was a man who'd always been right. It finished him.

It's always the *Achilles heel*, the one vulnerable spot where a man can lose out with God. It's not when he's wrong, but out of truth is born leaven, *pride*.

Pride comes out of *blessing*. Pride comes out of an arrival of truth. Pride, the *leaven* is birthed not out of failure, but success. It's the most dangerous time. Decay sets in and *rotteness* is the result.

I remember a woman in Ireland. She declared to me, "Whatever God has to say to me, I'll take it." I said, "Whether you realize it or not, that's your downfall. You think you're always right." That was the end, she turned on me.

If the purpose is not allowed, it turns rotten.

Consider this... In the natural world, where is decay? Decay is born out of ripeness. Rottteness doesn't come from rottteness. Rottteness comes from ripeness. There is a short given period where fruit is ripe.

What does that mean? God has given "us richly all things to enjoy" and you enjoy fruit when you destroy fruit. You destroy it—the purple plum, the banana with its yellow jacket, the apple with its rosy cheeks. You destroy the fruit when it loses its identity and it goes into the hole in your body under your nose.

It goes into the body and it loses its identity. It ceases to be fruit. It strengthens the body. It refreshes the body. It *becomes* the body. And it's no longer the identity of apple, orange, banana, plum. *That's the purpose.*

But if the purpose is not allowed and the fruit is left on the table and nothing happens, it just turns rotten. Decay sets in. The period of ripeness is a short period when it is soft and sweet and must find its ultimate purpose in the body. If it doesn't, it turns rotten and it decays.

Pride comes out of *blessing*. Pride comes out of an arrival of truth. The leaven, the *pride* is birthed not out of failure, but success. It's the most dangerous time. Decay sets in and *rotteness* is the result.

Every move of God has finished up in what we term denominationalism.

Denominationalism is birthed when the glory, the anointing, the blessing which is all of *God* is touched by a man because he thinks it's through *him*. So then it doesn't go *through Him*. And therefore, because it doesn't go *through Him*, it doesn't go back to *Him* and the purpose is short-circuited.

Every move of God, *the Welsh Revival, Salvation Army, Pentecost, Apostolic Movement...* all the men and moves of God have come to this place. We could say it's a place of *spiritual dizziness*, the place where they fell. Instead of keeping their eyes on Jesus and looking up, they looked down and then they fell down.

That's a good phrase, *spiritual dizziness*. When you rise up and you go right up to the top, that's a place of dizziness. People rise and fall and that's the point when they fall, when they get dizzy.

In modern times, Jimmy Swaggert and Jim Bakker are outstanding examples. Who were these men, the *scum* of the Church?! *No!* They were men who were esteemed and blessed and exalted by the Church. Then at the peak of their hype, they became dizzy and they fell. A. A. Allen, Stephen Jeffreys, George Jeffreys... *you name any man you choose to*. You'll always find the moment of blessing was the moment of danger. God doesn't humble a man. God humiliates a man. Only the man himself can humble himself.

Huthwaite in the Midlands...

As a young preacher, I was expelled from the Church of England in 1934. I was guilty of having the baptism of the Spirit and of having spoken in tongues. So I ended up amongst a group of people in the Midlands. It was suggested that until I landed on my feet in God, I'd take charge of a small 'daughter' group from the big group. The big group was two or three hundred. The 'daughter' group was about 40.

I ministered there at Huthwaite and every Sunday in the back row, a company of young girls between the ages of about 12 and 15 chewed gum and blew bubbles. They laughed, they tickled one another, they giggled. They threw toffee papers on the floor. And *these*, I judged. I thought, "*Give them the Word? I'd like to hurl it at their heads!!*" This was not conducive to anointing. I grew hard and critical and I left.

I went on to London to pastor a work at New South Gate which was part of the Assemblies of God. I was one of the youngest of 44 pastors who attended regular business meetings for the region and while I was there at a meeting, they discussed a move of God up in the Midlands.

"Brethren, these things ought not to be!"

They said, "A young girl, a *female*, a young girl under the age of 20 laid her hands upon our beloved chairman, Donald Gee, rebuked him and told him he needed to repent!" "Brethren! These things ought not to be! How could *this* be a move of God? A *young girl*, a female, *dares* to rebuke our beloved chairman! Brethren, these things ought not to be!"

But one brother stood up and declared, "Brethren, touch not the ark! If it's of God, you can't overthrow it. If it's not, it'll come to naught. Remember what Gamaliel said."

The big wigs, the bald heads and all the rest, they nodded. They postponed a decision until the next business meeting and closed with a statement that shook me. "Before we sentence or condemn this *move* of God at Huthwaite...." There it was, it got my attention! I thought, "*Huthwaite?! Where I was? With the giggling girls, the chewing gum? Never! Never! How could God ever visit after I've left?*"

I determined to go. The day came when I arrived. The din and the noise were terrific. I turned the knob and opened the door. *Everything hit me!* They were praying, shouting, weeping, singing, speaking in tongues. It was like a blast of the heat of an oven that met me.

That night changed my life.

I sentenced the whole thing. "This isn't God!" I moved away. I walked away. But the brother who recognized me at the door ran after me and gripped me. "*Brother Burt! Come in! We're having a wonderful time!*" I didn't have the guts to tell him how I condemned them. I was persuaded, I came in and he sat me down near the door. Here I was all confused.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang on the door! He opened it. A big man was standing there cursing and blaspheming. "*Give me my wife! Give me my wife!*" The brother pointed to his wife on the floor. He said, "She's there on the floor. We didn't put her there. If you want her, take her!" Her husband marched into the meeting and went over to her. He started kicking her!

She was lost in the Spirit, but I watched him. Suddenly from fury to fear, his countenance changed. He looked up at the ceiling and in absolute *fear* he ran out of the meeting and slammed the door. *Well that changed me.*

I looked round and thought ever so loudly, "*Oh no. Oh no! No! No!*" Here was Lizzie Hayes, the very girl who put her hands on Donald Gee. Her hands up, eyes closed, stepping over the bodies, coming toward me. I thought, "You come near me and I'll spit in your face!"

I got up and walked all the way around the perimeter of the hall. I went up, down, in back of some people and squinted through my fingers as I watched her. She stopped nowhere until she came to me.

She put her hands on me and it was like I'd been electrocuted! The power of God shot through me. As if there wasn't a sound, I could hear every word she was saying. *It was the voice of God.* I said, "*Oh God, Oh God! Oh God, have mercy on me!*" That night changed my life.

She bore the beatings for the sake of the blessings.

I mentioned Lizzie Hayes. One couldn't get anybody any lower for the Lord to use them. She was one of those giggling girls at Huthwaite blowing chewing gum... empty, ignorant, thoughtless.

Her mother was dead. Her father rented the house to Indians who went round door-to-door selling silk scarves. For an extra pound or dollar, he'd put Lizzie in bed with any of them and tell her she'd got to do as he told her. She told me that if she didn't, he took his belt off and he beat her until she was black and blue.

Then Lizzie got *saved* and the eternal seed of God inside her rose up against the brutality of her father. He forbade her to go to the meetings but she kept going and kept taking the beatings from her father's belt. She was used and abused as he thought fit.

When the Spirit of God came on Lizzie, she was transformed. She was bold in God. She bore the beatings for the sake of the blessings. God used her.

This insignificant little girl stood before the chairman of the Assemblies of God and rebuked him. In so many ways in the meetings, she responded to the Spirit of God when He came.

And the eternal seed of God inside her rose up.

I remember when we had weeks upon weeks of meetings going on 'til one or two in the morning in a district where children had to get ready for school. It was a mining district and miners had to go on the night shift as well as the day shift.

One night, Charles Brookes said, "Tomorrow we'll have an early night. We'll close the meeting at 9 PM." We'd been going on every night 'til one and two in the morning! He opened the doors the next night and reminded the people. "All right folks, early night, 9:00!"

I watched as the Spirit of God came on Lizzie almost like somebody blowing a balloon up. I watched as the Spirit of God changed her. She rose up, she walked up the aisle and she confronted this big, heavy man. She reached out her hand and touched him and *Wham!!* Down he went, flat on the floor! The power of God just hit him!

And taking her fingers, measuring between her index finger and her thumb, looking down on him on the floor, with the majesty and the scorn of a queen, she rebuked him. "Wilt thou measure the *immeasurable One* within the space of one small hour?"

She turned around and walked down the isle like a queen. She sat down again and became little Lizzie Hayes. God used her again and again and again and again in the meetings.

But I saw a change. She became conscious that God was using her.

God was using her! Yet as she changed, she would walk into the meeting and look around as if to say, "Well this meeting won't begin until *I* come."

It was a slow change. It went on for weeks...and soon the Spirit of God picked up somebody else and began to use them. I watched as jealousy crept in. I watched as

the leaven began to rise up in an insignificant little girl like Lizzie. Finally, the Spirit had moved to somebody else and Lizzie was passed by. She went out. *Ichabod*.*

She lost what she had, the same as everybody else. They've all done it. I've done it. Years later, I went to visit her and reminded her of those days. She had no recollection of how God had used her. It had completely gone.

Once she came out of the blessing of God, she became an ordinary Christian, going to meetings, but having lost what God gave her. It lifted off of her. She joined another group of people and was blessed there, but she was simply a simple woman.

I visited her regularly until she died in an old people's home. Right to the end, she was blessed of God but had no recollection of those early days when the Spirit of God had moved her. It was completely erased from her memory!

I've pondered this. How does this leaven work? This pride can be birthed in the lowliest of circumstances. But that does not prevent it from growing there and developing there.

God picked her up and used her in those early days. She was used in the Spirit. She was used to rebuke people who were far above her in every way. She had no great intelligence. I would put her alongside Smith Wigglesworth as two of the *simplest* people I ever met.

Lizzie was one of the lowliest persons I ever knew — intellectually and in every way. Yet God used her up to a given point and then the same thing happened. Like every other situation, the same thing happened with her.

Smith Wigglesworth was blessed of God and used of God right up into his latter years. But when he was 86, the power began in some little measure to lift. People would say it lifted because of his age. But that doesn't necessarily have to be, I'm older than Wigglesworth was.

There's not a man you can mention, men who were blessed of God up to a given point. This seemed to happen to every one of them, the blessing, the power lifted.

It happened with me, I touched the glory. It happened with each and every one I ever had anything to do with. They came to a point and at that point, the thing was birthed. In 1940, I touched a power in my ministry that I've *never* touched since. I've been blessed, I've carried the blessing. But I've never had what I had in those meetings way back there where I saw every person in the meeting laid out in the power of God except me.

* See 1 Samuel 4:21 — “The glory has departed...” — *Ichabod* means “no glory.”

HUMBLING ISN'T A VIRTUE, HUMBLING IS AN OBLIGATION.

Is it possible for a man to pick an ordinary sandwich up and feed 50,000 men with it? Jesus said, “Greater works than these shall ye do.” It would have to be something tremendous to supersede Jesus. But He said that, I didn’t say it.

This is something that I believe lies ahead. Look at Reinhard Bonnke, it seems as if he is still carrying the power to the blessing. He has not yet gone into retirement and he has been blessed. Thousands have followed him. But we’re talking about the *greater works* of Jesus. He said, “Greater works than these shall ye do.” He mentioned the possibility of having more than He had. “*Greater works than these shall ye do.*”

“Because I go to the Father.” In the fullness of His ministry, He died. He was literally cut off in His fullness by death. And He said, “Greater works shall ye do....” He commanded, “Go into all the world and preach the Gospel...”

Is there a place in life where one can so bear success that he doesn’t get dizzy?

I’ve tried to relate bearing success to the natural. I thought of what I’d heard as a young man about Blondin, the famous tightrope walker. I remembered the stories of how he walked the tightrope in the Crystal Palace in London. People gasped as he walked the tightrope way above their heads. This man *balanced* in impossible situations!

He even walked the tightrope across Niagara Falls. Crowds of people gathered. Then he went further and he took a wheel barrow over and then he claimed he would carry a man over in it!

No man would volunteer. He took the same measure of a weight of a man in a bag of sand. This is what I’ve *heard*. Finally, he got a man to take the place of a bag of sand and men made bets that he wouldn’t do it.

The man got into the wheel barrow and Blondin slowly, carefully wheeled the barrow. Now I’ve heard this story, whether it is actually true, I never did find out. But they said evil men who gambled on his not doing it, cut the supporting ropes

and the out-of-control wheel barrow *plunged* into the waters. The man *desperately* grabbed onto him and Blondin shouted, “Twine your legs round me and *do nothing else!*”

The story goes that he and the man eventually arrived on the other side. How true this was, I don’t know. But I’ve wondered whether this was a spiritual parallel of what a man could do successfully in life.

I know the same sort of thing takes place when a man goes surfing. He takes his surfboard and he develops his skill at riding the surf. The waves carry him forward until he finally falls off.

Is there a place in life where an individual can so bear... *bear success*? I’ve thought about these things. Is the issue *bearing* rather than *having*? Yet *having* indicates the ability to *bear*.

But is there a place in life where one can *bear* to the extent that he doesn’t get dizzy, that a man can walk that tightrope and *not* fall? Is there a place where this damnable thing called ‘yeast’ does not affect him? *Leaven*...

Can he come to that place where he’s able to *bear* success to the glory of God when God permits him to rise up higher than others?

We’ve got a four-story building, Bron Wendon, in North Wales. Even the stairway to the top floor is steep. The men have to work outside on the roof at times. The higher you go up, the more danger is entailed. Finally on the rooftop, you’re now in a position where it is very easy to fall! My lads here, Steve and Joe and the others must go up there from time to time. It used to be me! Well, it’s at least 30 years since I went scaling on the rooftop, but they can bear the height without getting dizzy.

Many times, I’ve come down in a plane with 400 people on board. There’s one man at the front called a pilot. There’s one man who is able to *bear* bringing 400 people down to earth safely. Anybody can bring 400 people down! That’s not clever! But *this* man has an ability to bring 400 people down *safely*.

He spent countless hours in preparation to obtain the ability to do that! Whether it is Blondin on the tightrope or the surfer on the ocean wave or the pilot in a big jumbo jet, the principle is the same. It’s an ability to *bear*.

A thorn in the flesh...

Paul said, “And lest I should be exalted above measure, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh,” a handicap. Is there a place in life where God permits a man or a woman to keep their feet on earth?

Charles Spurgeon ministered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London to 6,000 people for more than 25 years! He smoked a pipe to the day of his death. He said he could do it to the glory of God. Today most of us look upon smoking as a limitation of spiritual life.

Yet along with that, he had great physical problems. Spurgeon had gout in his feet that put him in bed sometimes for days and days. Did that enable him to *bear* the blessing of God to the glory of God? He *filled* the Metropolitan Tabernacle for many, many years!

The blessing and the power came with the attendant limitations that all men find. If they don't find it in the physical, like me now, my legs, my bladder, they may find it with family, finance, sickness. But all the time, there is this *haunting* situation. It bogs every man down. He reaches a place where the blessing continues *at a price*. And the price can affect him in any way that God decrees.

This introduces us to the principle of ballast. *Ballast*. The Plimsoll line on a ship indicates how much freight it can carry. If the Plimsoll line is higher than the water, that indicates it can bear more freight. If the Plimsoll line is dangerously low or even below, that speaks of the danger that the ship is carrying too much *ballast*. How much ballast can I bear to the glory of God?

The Lord Jesus says, "I still have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear *them* now." He introduces the principle of *bearing* or handling the weight of responsibility to the glory of God. A person may have the ability and yet not bring it or *bear* it with responsibility. He's not bearing it to the glory of God.

What was Paul's thorn? We don't know. But as far as we know, the Lord allowed it and would not remove it. He said, "My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

It could have been his eyesight. He says, "I bear you witness, that, if possible, ye would have plucked out your eyes and given them to me." It could have been that he was not an attractive man, he could have been ugly. We're not all marvelous beautiful people.

I knew a man 60 years ago who had a terribly squeaky voice. He couldn't help it! He battled with it, struggled with it. But it was *bigger* than him and I never ever heard him get over that situation. *Yet he had something to say!* What can you do if you haven't got the voice to do it? Stuttering, stammering people have these imperfections and they battle with them.

This is what men have to face. I presume it is what Paul had to face. He had all these experiences and he constantly had to battle. Now on the other hand, it could be something related to persecution. What do you do if someone is deliberately persecuting you?

Of course I would have loved to have been big and handsome, 6'2", attractive. I would have liked to have had an ability that was better than others, to sing better, to have an ability to go *beyond* because of what God had given me.

Is there a moment in life when a man ceases to humble himself to the glory of God in his ministry and so God takes over *in compulsion*? I mean it becomes necessary, *He's got to!*

Humbling isn't a virtue, *humbling is an obligation*. I ought to humble. If I don't, God will humiliate me.

Humiliation is from the outside where circumstances abase me and compel me. It's where I haven't given *in humility*, from the *inside*. What I do not offer, God takes in compulsion.

Countless indications of this are found in life. A man's health keeps him down. A man's family keeps him down. Look at the Godly minister with a prodigal son rolling drunkenly round in the gutter. "Is that the Reverend's son?" "Yes." The compulsion of ballast!

Finance, so little money, it keeps a man down. Poor health keeps a man down. Family, circumstances, persecution on the outside prevents that damnable thing on the inside from rising up. *Pride, leaven...* Whether it is persecution, whatever it is, a *compulsion* prevents.

God gave nearly all of our New Testament to one man, Apostle Paul. *Romans, Philippians, Colossians, Galatians, Ephesians...* Apart from *Matthew, Mark, Luke and John*, nearly all of our New Testament was brought to us through one man. Could he, of himself, *bear* that without *leaven* or without *pride* exalting him?

According to the record, in the natural, he had his faults. Paul obviously missed God in his *row* with Barnabas. "And the contention was so sharp between them," a Holy Ghost partnership was broken. Another time, Paul rebuked Peter when he stopped eating with the Gentiles because he was afraid of the Jews. But Paul circumcised Timothy for fear of the Jews.

David had his adultery with Bathsheba. As a young man, he declared, "Who shall ascend? ...He who has clean hands and a pure heart." But Psalm 51 was a different story. He said, "*Oh, God, have mercy upon me. Wash me. Cleanse me.*" A different David to the young man who declared he had a clean heart, his hands were clean.

Paul said he was ready to die and then appealed to Caesar. To the Jews, he declared, "I'm one of you, and a Hebrew." To the Romans, he declared, "I am a Roman." There you go. There are the limitations of the man. He used the situation for his own purpose. Obviously Paul had as much fault as anybody, even with the compulsion of what he termed '*a thorn*' to enable him to carry what he bore.

Wherever you look in measure, you see the measure of what a man could bear before this damnable thing called *pride* is birthed in him. That pride causes the jealousy of God and God will not give His glory to another.

The only way I can stop being proud is to die.

Someone said the only way to lose my identity is to be dead. Well I got the message. See, no man in the cemetery is a rival to another man's wife. No man in the cemetery is a danger. No man in the cemetery has any potential to cause God to be jealous. He's lost his identity.

Is there a place where I continue to *live*, where I'm dead while I live? Is the revelation of this in the *Body*, the *Church* being the Body of Christ? Is this something *coming*, what is yet to be? We all are living where we should be dead.

We have yet to arrive beyond where we are. All men have been subject to leaven. *All men have been subject to pride*. The only way I can stop being proud is to die. What about dying while I live?

Certain *enclosed* orders of nuns in Roman Catholic convents take a vow never to use these words again: 'I,' 'my,' 'mine' or 'me'. Never again will they use those words. They are dead while they live.

In the Body, I lose my identity. The only identity is Jesus. He's the Head. I cease to be me. I cease to have identity. 'I...' If I have "*all things in common*," I can't talk about *mine* and I cease to be *me*.

And yet, the revelation is that while I'm dead, *I live*. I'm a member of the Body of Christ.

I'm a member of the Body of Christ. I'm just a part. I cannot glory.

I'm an eye, an ear, a foot, a lip, a knee, a wrist, a hand, *whatever*. I'm still there functioning — *out of sight*. I lose my identity as 'I' in the Body. I am no longer the *whole*. I lose identity.

I've been the *whole*, the *one-man show*. But as I lose my identity, I discover I'm a whole *part*. In other words, if I'm a hand, I'll handle. If I'm a foot, I'll walk. If I'm an eye, I'll see. But being *part* of the whole, I cannot glory in being a whole *part*.

I've lost the ability to be more than God purposes I should be. I'm only *part* of the whole. Then I make the discovery I am a whole part. But the only part that I have is that which God has given me.

I'm dependent upon every other member of the Body and my responsibility is to serve. If I'm a hand, I'll handle. If I'm a foot, I'll walk. If I'm a tongue, I'll talk. But I'm totally dependant upon every other member. Only in that sense, do I become a whole part.

I'm a whole part! When I reach the fullness of my purpose, I'm just a part. I cannot glory, I've nothing to glory in. Thus, I am no target for the jealousy of God.

Of Him, through Him and to Him are *quite a lot of things*. No! *All things!* And I'm a thing, but as such, I have nothing to glory in. *Of Him... are all things*.

In me, in *humanity*, He deposits what is sovereignly Sovereignty. Now I'm handling Sovereignty. But in seeing this, that it's Sovereignty, it goes *through* me. I have to recognize that Sovereignty is *Sovereignty*. It's *not* through me.

When I realize it's not through *me*, it goes through me and it goes back to *Him* and the cycle is perfect. *Of, through, to. Of, through, to. Of, through, to.* Perfection is in God, so nothing through me, and then it goes through me, back to Him.

“BY MY SPIRIT”

...*Have I missed something?*

I believe in the last *move* of God, He will demonstrate His fullness in Himself. Yet He chooses human beings. “Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit.”

The Spirit of God will flow through earthen vessels and there will be no hold-up there, nobody conscious. “When *I* spoke...” “When *I* did this...” “When *I* wrote a book...” “When *I* ministered...” “When *I* sang...” “When *I* laid hands on the sick.”

It’s seeing God in all things. Now I am a thing, and with God all things are possible. We’ve to be a people, out of sight, totally lost in their identity in God.

The Finger of God.

As John the Baptist was a forerunner of the Messiah, could *electricity* be a sign to the Body of Christ? We’ve reached an age in a stage... *in electricity*. It’s one of the most tremendous forces in the universe. It can quicken, it can enlarge. Where would we be without electricity and its vast influence?

I went to bed with a candle before the days of electricity. Now with the touch of a finger, power flows—*light, heat, motion!* With the touch of a button, you wash your clothes. My mother used her muscles with a washboard. She would pass the clothes clean. Those days are gone!

The touch of a finger! You go into an elevator, the touch of a finger! Computers, so many things are now dictated by electricity. What would we do without it? Whole towns are lit up by electricity. The whole of civilization now is carried through electricity—our cars, our factories, our airplanes. It moves through a cable and transmits power to mankind.

John the Baptist was the forerunner to the Messiah, even to the point where they thought he was the Messiah, “all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ.” But he totally disowned it, “*Oh no, I’m not Him.*” Well could it be that *electricity* is the forerunner of the realm of the Spirit? Electricity was never thought of until this present generation.

God has declared, “Not by might, nor by power (*Nor by power!*), but by My Spirit.” Have we yet to see the *emergence* of this realm? *An arriving without going, unleashed power flowing!* If it could be at the dictation of a finger pressing a button, how much more the *finger of God* on a human being?

The piano is made up of a multitude of keys, black and white. But none of the keys respond except when they are touched by the musician. As the musician sits down and touches, each chord responds to bring about harmony, *music* at the touch of the musician.

The moment the musician’s finger ceases to touch, the key drops back. It has no desire to continue. It has no desire not to obey. It is completely at the mercy of the musician. Black or white, B-flat, A-sharp, C-sharp... each responds as it is touched, nothing else.

Is this an indication of what will finally happen to the Church? No desire, no identity, yet the Holy Spirit touching, dividing severally as He would, bringing the mind of God down to earth in a divine harmony where every key is *one* with the Holy Ghost. As such, they can bear *to the glory of God* what the Holy Spirit purposes. They are completely in subjection to the Spirit of God.

I have a *question*. Is this a day that’s yet to be? Have we *yet* to see in the Church a people who have completely lost their identity? The Holy Spirit of God sovereignly touching *B-flat, C-sharp...* a people with no mind of their own any more than the keys of the piano. They would have no desire to be *in*, no desire to be *out*, but simply and totally *surrendered* to the Spirit of God.

Tabernacles is fullness!

The Ebb. Up to now, every move has birthed leaven, *pride*. Up to now, in every move of God, man has stolen God’s glory and every move has ebbed.

No Ebb... Tabernacles! We’re on the brink. It’s now! We’re on the threshold. Only in this present day is it possible! What is Tabernacles? It’s when you get your corn in, when you get your wine in. It speaks of fullness, *harvest*.

Pentecost speaks of *birth*. Pentecost birthed the Church, but Pentecost cannot bring it to fullness. Pentecost does not have the ability to produce what Tabernacles alone can do. Tabernacles is fullness! *Tabernacles alone* must bring it into harvest.

Tabernacles is related to *fullness* in nature. It is a very specific time, a short period where things come to fullness. They are a long time coming up and if you tackle them before *fullness* you miss the purpose. Nothing is effective except it comes to *fullness*.

Blackcurrants, gooseberries and every other fruit can have a limitation if you pick some before they come to fruition. You defeat the purpose and they’ll never come to *fullness*. Then if you don’t catch them in *that* period, they turn rotten. After *fullness* comes *rotteness*. It’s only in the time of *fullness*....

It's the same for every effective ministry in the Body of Christ. There's a small, short period of *ripeness*. But after it ripens, it goes rotten.

The apples, the fruit, there's a period where they are ripe, but afterwards they turn rotten. Rottenness comes from what was effectively sweet in its time of fullness.

Take a piece of potato and plant it in the ground. It dies. Then it multiplies. There's new life! It develops into a new potato. There's a vital distinction between a new potato and a fully fledged potato which comes long after a new potato.

But again, if you don't catch it in *that* time, it turns rotten. The vital issue is that *after the fullness*, the thing turns rotten. "Unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it produces much grain." See, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die...." *But if it doesn't die*—see, there's the principle. When you look at life, you see that practically everything has to die. The cow produces milk, but possibly its highest ministry is when it dies and become meat. If it doesn't die, it doesn't multiply.

Pentecost *birthed* the Church. "When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Tabernacles is the day of *putting away*.

Tabernacles is the day when God fulfills or when He *fills full* His purpose. This is something that lies just ahead. There's never been a church that could *fully fill* what God will *fill fully*. Once the Church is out of the way, once the Church is eclipsed, then God can operate in *fullness*. Have I missed something? The Lord Jesus said, "*I can of mine own self do nothing.*"

Put everything on the altar until you know, "I can of mine own self do nothing."

Independence is the ultimate enemy of God. The Lord Jesus said, "I can of mine own self do nothing." *Then He did everything!* By a total declaration, He said it, "I can of mine own self do nothing." But *of Himself* is the secret: "I can of mine own self do nothing." Then He totally and completely declared His utter dependence upon the Father. "The words that I speak to you I do not speak on My own *authority*; but the Father who dwells in Me does the works."

The devil said to Adam and Eve, "And you will be like God." This thing is birthed in the nursery right at the beginning. *Birthed in the nursery!* "I'm bigger than you." "I can jump higher than you." "*I've got more money than you.*" "I am better than you, I am God."

It is right from the nursery and then on to the grave when God brings a man down in compulsion. Finally as a doddering old man, he is having to confess he can *of his own self do nothing*. He cannot control his functions. He cannot remember. He cannot do, he cannot be. He's reduced back again to the birth where as a babe, he had to be ministered to and cared for. Now he's finishing up where he began. He's

brought back again. It's the cycle of life and here he is, "for dust thou *art*, and unto dust shalt thou return." He comes back to a total dependency upon God!

"I can of mine own self do nothing." The Man who said that, the most positive Man in all the world, *Jesus*, declared how totally negative and helpless He was. Have I missed something here? *Have I?*

I look at my life now. The fire of God never falls on an empty altar. It's my responsibility to offer on the altar what the fire of God will burn up on the altar — *all that's me*.

I'm now 98. In hindsight, I look back. I went to college. I was ordained. I could drive before most people could drive. I was driving in London in 1930 without ever having passed a test. I could run, I could jump.

In hindsight now, I look back. My driving, it's on the altar. I drove until I was 85. I've driven as many as six vehicles in one day, including buses, coaches.

I loved my garden, the crops, the vegetables, the fruit trees. And after 10 years, it was taken from me. I said "Amen." So "Amen" to what's taken is the equivalent of putting on the altar the very thing that's taken from me. ...I buried my wife after 65 years of marriage. *Amen*.

Nobody has ever been charged one penny-piece for this house. This house is God's house. *It's on the altar*. It's not run commercially but many, many people come from all around the world. Many have stayed here. To me, living by faith isn't living by faith in the people of God. It's living by faith in the God of the people. My house is on the altar. This place runs absolutely without charge of any kind. That's on the altar.

Not too long ago, God asked me for the only other thing I could think of that's not on the altar, my ministry traveling. So I put it on the altar and I said, "Yes Lord, I'll never leave *Britain* again. All those 45 countries, they're on the altar. Good-bye."

Surprisingly, as Balaam received guidance through an ass, God spoke to me from an unexpected source. Then He told me, "*You put it on the altar, I've tried it in the fire. Until I take you home, you'll keep going.*" So that came off the altar and I keep going!

The fire of God never falls on an empty altar. Put it on the altar. I surrender to Jesus, and in the surrendering, well you never know what comes next. Life becomes tremendously exciting!

Fires go out when there's nothing to burn. You can't keep a fire going except there's something to burn. What must go on my fire? *Wood, hay, stubble...*

Whatever there was of me on the altar gets burned up and what's left is to the glory of God, gold tried in the fire. It's gold tried in the fire. You cannot burn gold. The only thing left must be what can't be burned. All the rubbish of my life should be fuel for the fire. *Wood, hay, stubble*.

Offer it, present it. Say, “Here Lord, You’ve got all my rubbish to be burned.” That leaves my gold. My gold is what I do to the glory of God, that which cannot be burned.

I think of all my efforts, all my energetic struggles in my attempt to please God, and *finally*, it’s one thing, the Blood of the Lamb. Every ministry dies and only One remains. Nothing shall be acceptable but the Blood of the Lamb. All my energies, struggles... We say, “Here I am Lord. I’ve done this, I’ve done that,” and God says, “*Forget it!*” *There is only one thing which is acceptable to God and that is what has been attained in my life through my trust in His righteousness through the blood of the Lamb.*

THE DAY OF OUR VISITATION

...It's vital!

At what given point does the blessing of God, the anointing of God lift and *pride* emerge? *Pride*, man's glory, the thing God *hates* is birthed. At what *time*? Decay becomes a fact when pride or leaven is birthed. At what given point? At what *time*?

In that moment...

Ripeness ceases after a certain time. *Identity* is to be lost in the body. The apple, the orange, the pear, the plum cease to be when they become part of the body. This would seem to be the emphasis we are seeking.

But there is a given moment of birth where as the anointing lifts, pride is born. The emphasis alters. "The Lord is blessing *me*."

We've known His blessing. We've said, "The *Lord* is blessing me. *Hallelujah!* I'll worship Him!" But there comes a time when the emphasis shifts. It moves from "The *LORD* is blessing me..." to "The Lord is blessing *ME*." The thing is birthed, pride is born, the glory of man has taken over.

If this be so, *the day of visitation* is vital! If this be so, the *moment* the king holds out the scepter to a waiting Esther is vital. The *moment* where high tide enables the stranded vessel to hopefully take off from the rocks is vital.

Time is vital! Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Each season governs and each must be recognized for what it is. Ecclesiastes 3 declares there is a *time* for every purpose under heaven.

There is a season when the "heavens declare the glory of God." The so-called wise men followed Jupiter. As the star kept moving, so did the men. Finally Jupiter stopped in the middle of a constellation of stars called Virgo. "The star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." When the star stopped, the men stopped. They were governed in *time*.

They went to the king in Bethlehem and they said, “Where is He who has been born *King of the Jews*?” This was an insult to Herod. It was saying, “You are a puppet put in by Rome. But where is the *real King*?”

There was a time to travel, there was a time to stay. *Time is vital*. Is there a time of visitation? Is there a time ordained of God when *in that moment*, a man either *bows* or he rises up? If he rises up, pride is born and the damnable thing exalts itself! *The heaven...*

“If I’d only known!”

A long, long time ago when I was a boy, my mother used to give me tuppence or *twopence*, two pennies for doing the dirty work, to black-lead the oven. It was a dirty job! I was covered in black lead by the time I finished. Even with an apron on, I was not a pretty sight!

The story is told about the late King Edward VIII. When he was Prince of Wales, he visited Chester Leigh Street in County Durham. It was a great time of *visitation*, the Prince of Wales was coming! All the children were on holiday from school. The road that the prince was coming on was lined with fanfare. Every child received a mug with a picture of the prince on it.

All the ‘big noise,’ the ‘big wigs,’ the *important people* accompanied the prince as he walked through the town. He was known to be unpredictable. All of a sudden, he left them, the *big noises*.

He cut out of the procession and went up to the door of a little cottage and he knocked at the door. The door opened and to his surprise, standing before him was a woman who had been *black-leading* the oven. She was covered in black lead all over. The prince looked at her and he said, “*I don’t think I was expected here.*” He turned round and went back to his place in the procession.

The woman said, “*Oh, if only I’d known! If only I’d known that the prince was going to come to my door! I would have had everything ready for him, my best china. I would have baked special buns and cakes. I would have had everything ready if only I’d known!*” She regretted she did not know the day of her visitation. The time came, the prince came... and he left.

Jesus wept. He literally wept when He declared, “If only Jerusalem had known the day of their visitation.”

Needless pain at the given point... when we doubt the Master’s Word.

A man lost a bucket in a dried-up well in his garden. He said to his gardener, “Will you take that rope ladder, drop it down the side of the well and find the bucket? When you find it, bring it back up here. I don’t think I’ll ever need that well again.”

The man went. He threw the rope ladder into the well and he went *down... down... down*. The light at the top got *less and less and less....*

Finally, surrounded by the damp and the blackness, he put his foot down. The master said the ladder is long enough. *Desperately*, his foot felt for another rung and there was *no more rung!*

His strength was giving out. He had depended upon the master's word. He suffered *agonies* in the dampness, the darkness, the cold. The sides of well were slippery. An agony, a *fear* gripped him!

How far before he crashed down, broke his back or broke his leg? The master said the ladder is long enough. Finally his strength gave out and from his numb fingers, the rope ladder slipped and he fell...

two feet!

There he had been suffering the agonies of fear when his shoes were only two feet from the bottom of the well. He *agonized* in fear. He doubted the master's word and suffered the consequences.

He had forgotten that the master's word was the *word of the master*. How many people suffer needless pain at the *given point* where they do not believe what the Master says? An agony in the form of pride comes in and the thing is born.

The questionable time, the passage from the softness of faith to the hardness of pride.

There is a *time* when the old camera captures through the light, *a situation*. Then that time is past. And the scene tumbles upside down as a negative in the camera. The negative is born and now it has to be developed in the darkroom.

There is always a darkroom to develop your negative. There's a time when you have to be positive with the negative. If you're not, *pride is born*.

It's questionable with every human being if there is not *a moment*, a time of visitation. It's like a man who's cementing a path. He can't sit down or stop and rest because it will be fixed, hard cement in just a few short hours. He covers it over to protect it from the neighbor's cat, knowing it will be hard and fixed by morning.

My question is... Is there a time when a man *can believe* and then the time goes and he *cannot believe*? With all men, there is this *questionable time*, the passage from the softness of faith to the hardness of pride.

You've heard of Voltaire the infidel. Did he have a moment when he could have believed? Voltaire declared, "One hundred years from now, a Bible will only be a curio in a museum!" One hundred years from the death of Voltaire, the Geneva Bible Society took over his house to print Bibles. *Unbelief* exalted itself and birthed *pride* which made him the man that he was.

Icy reasoning...

Scientists questioned the little bumble bee. Their *reason* declared no plane could ever fly on the dimensions of the bumble bee, *it's impossible!* That's what *reason* said. And *reason* birthed their *pride*. But the little bumble bee never read a book on science and it just goes on flying! At what given point does *icy reasoning* grip our hearts and birth pride?

Whoever would *dream* that the caterpillar could ever be a butterfly? There comes a moment when the caterpillar enters into a period called a chrysalis and *loses its identity* and becomes a butterfly.

The story goes... that a man discovered a chrysalis in the garden and decided to experiment. He took it into his warm comfortable study and he watched it. As time went on, the day came when the tiny little creature began to emerge out of the chrysalis. As he began to push his way out of the chrysalis, the man watched.

But *reason* took over. Instead of having faith and believing God knew what He was doing, he *reasoned* in his pride. "Doubtless in a garden, that's one thing. But bringing it into my study where heat has caused the fibers of the chrysalis to shrink... the little creature will never be birthed! It will never be a butterfly."

Taking a fine-pointed pair of scissors, he clipped round the neck of the chrysalis. The little creature flopped in his pain. It crawled up, crawled down. It left moisture and it never became a butterfly.

Afterward, the man inquired of somebody who knew more than he did. "*Why?*" he asked. "Well you defeated the purpose of nature. The wings are developed as they push through the neck of the chrysalis. The birth of the wings needs the pressure of the neck of the chrysalis and the moisture that would have formed the wings never entered and it died."

Is there a moment where unbelief takes over? Faith dies and pride is born. It's happened with every *move* of God. They have all finished like the caterpillar that never became a butterfly. *They have all finished as denominations.*

Is there a moment when unbelief dominates and consequently, out of that, *pride* is birthed? *As surely as pride is birthed, it effectively kills faith!*

The time has come when the cement is hardened. The time has come when the anointing has lifted.

In the darkroom of the camera, faith is demanded to bring back again what the anointing of God initially had produced. It is faith's business to believe what initially was produced by the anointing of God. It has to be brought back.

Like the cow that ruminates and like the little bird that regurgitates, faith has a demand to bring back what man saw in the Spirit. Now if faith does not bring that back, then pride is born. Leaven! Unbelief. *The death of faith becomes the birth of pride.*

Every move has cooled down to a denomination.

Every denomination has suffered. Martin Luther birthed of God a wonderful revival. Today we have a denomination called the Lutherans.

Wesley came in an eruptive fire of God. Thousands and thousands were saved. But the time lifted, *Ichabod*, the glory had departed. Wesley had gone and the Wesleyans were left as a denomination. They became Wesleyans, Wesley Methodists,

United Methodists, Primitive Methodists.... They split and split and split into denominational death. The glory had departed.

Salvation Army was born in the blood and fire of the Holy Ghost. General Booth looked at the tramps lying on the banks of the River Thames and said to his son, "*Bramwell, what are we doing about this? We've got to do something about it!*" Out of that, the Salvation Army was birthed and the cry went out, "*Soup, Soap and Salvation!*" Countless thousands were *born again*.

Time moved on. Today, the Salvation Army is a denomination. It has a wonderful band, a tremendous insurance company. But it is now denominationally an insurance company down here and not necessarily for heaven. That great movement has diluted into natural physical deliverance and has lost the *fire* that made it so tremendous 100 years ago. Deterioration has set in and it's lost the glow, it's lost the fire, it's lost the power. The glory that General Booth and his son Bramwell saw has ebbed.

Every *move* has ebbed — the Baptists, the Methodists, the Church of England.... Every *move* has cooled down to a denomination. They've come and they've gone.

The Church of England was born in martyr fires. They were burned alive! Latimer and Ridley were chained to the stake! Ridley, 51 years old, shouted with a loud voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the wood was green and only slowly burned Ridley's lower parts, not touching his upper body. He tossed backwards and forwards crying, "*I cannot burn, I cannot burn!*" as the fat dripped from his fingers. Ridley continued to call out, "*Lord have mercy upon me! I cannot burn. Let the fire come unto me, I cannot burn.*"

Latimer was 84 years old. He comforted Bishop Ridley, "Be of good courage, Master Ridley and play the man. For I trust by God's grace, we shall light such a candle in England today as shall never be put out!" ...*And he succumbed to the flames.*

A rich beautiful young girl followed. At 17 years of age, she was dragged off and put on the rack and *challenged*, "Will you recant?" She said, "*Never!*" The rack stretched again and again and again until that young girl was carried, she couldn't walk. She was burned alive.

This was the birth of revival in what became known as the *established* Church of England. Martyrs were burned, Bibles were burned, *persecution!* Today we have a denomination. The glory, basically, as in every denomination, has departed. *Gone, gone.*

A moment of responsibility...

At what given point does the scepter of God, the anointing of God depart? See, it's *on* and should be followed by a work *in* you. If faith does not produce what it initially saw, then nature abhors a vacuum and pride is birthed.

There is a *given point* with mankind. It caused the Son of God to weep. The scriptures say *Jesus wept*. He wept when they did not know the time, the day of their visitation.

He said, "How often I wanted to gather your children together, as a hen gathers her chicks under *her* wings, but you were not willing!" Another time, Jesus looked at the city and wept over it, saying, "If you had known, even you, especially in this your day, the things that make for your peace! But now they are hidden from your eyes... because you did not know the time of your visitation."

So there is a moment with all men, *a moment of responsibility* where they either *would* or they *would not*. It's a point of choice and right from that point, the *glory of God* is birthed or *pride* is birthed. Pride is the enemy of the glory of God. It is the glory of man.

Unseen by the natural eye, the moment of visitation comes. It's so vital, it's so important, it caused Jesus to weep. He said, "If you'd only known the time of your visitation!"

Do we know? Are we conscious of that moment? It's vital for choice! It's where we choose, either we *would...* or we "*would not!*"

It grieves the Spirit of God. It's recorded, Jesus was moved emotionally and He wept. "If you'd only known it was the hour, the time of decision when you had to make a choice."

"I didn't hear..."

I remember the days of *lantern pictures*. They were held in churches. I conducted them when I was younger. I put the slide in and the lamp at the back would shine and the picture would come. Nowadays, of course, films have taken over.

A little girl and her daddy were sitting in a church hall. The lights were low and the pictures were coming. Then the next picture came up on the screen, "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*"

It's that classic picture of Jesus knocking at the door and there is no knob on the outside. The knob of the door is on the *inside*. It's called, "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*" Jesus said, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

As the little girl stared at the lantern picture, she tugged at her Daddy's sleeve. "Daddy, Daddy! *Why don't they let Him in?*" "Be quiet!" he said. "*But Daddy, Jesus is still outside. They won't let Him in! Why won't they let Him in Daddy?*" He tried to settle her down. He shouted in a whisper, "Will you be quiet?!"

A timid little voice whispered back as she pulled her Daddy's sleeve, "*Daddy, Daddy! I know why they didn't let Him in. They're living at the back. They didn't hear Him knock.*"

How many people have made a choice where they deliberately do not hear? They don't want to hear!

It's like the mother who says to her little boy, "Dinner will be ready in 10 minutes. Don't go away!" But he's got a new cricket bat and he wants to show it to his pals. He's showing off and he goes and he goes and he goes... and he forgets all about dinner.

Finally his mother says to him, "I called you! Didn't you hear me?" "*No Mum! I didn't hear you!*" He could have done, but he chose not to. So he says, "I didn't hear," which was true, but not *truth*. He had chosen to be out of earshot.

Now what is the conclusion that we are coming to? Whether it's to a man individually or to a group of people, every *visitation* has come to a final place of *choice*. In that place of *choice*, unseen... they move out of God into *self*.

When pride is birthed, the grace that would be there is not there.

We go from "The LORD is blessing me," (*That's God.*) into "The Lord is blessing ME!" (*That's pride.*) The thing is born and it *feeds and feeds and feeds*. It's like the young girl who went swimming in the Bristol Channel. She swallowed the egg of an octopus and it hatched out inside her.

She suffered agonies. The medical profession at that time did not know how to deal with it. Whether they could today, I don't know. But the girl was screaming! Every time she fed herself, she fed the creature inside of her. As it developed, it spread its tentacles around her intestines. She was screaming in agony.

As far as I know, this was the first case of legalized euthanasia in England. A special request was sent to the Home Secretary who gave permission to destroy the girl. They did not know how to handle the situation. A terrible and gruesome story, *but does it have a parallel?* It was living off her and she died.

Every time God blesses me, do I take the credit to myself? Instead of seeing, "The LORD is blessing me," I see "The Lord is blessing ME." I build up an ego, an image of myself in pride.

But God will not give the honor or the credit to another. He said, "I will not give my glory to another." He doesn't push man into failure and sin, but He stops keeping him out of it and the grace that would be there is not there. So the man falls into sin, failure, sickness, poverty, death.

The danger point...

Up to now, every *move* of God has finished. It's ebbed away. Ichabod, "*The glory has departed.*" Every move has turned into a denomination.

Paul says, "Why do you say, 'I am of Paul.' 'I am of Apollos?' Are you not being carnal? Who is Apollos? Who is Paul?" He's indicating that denominationalism is carnality. It should never have been.

Up to now, every move of God has finished up in denominationalism. Somewhere in this unseen state inside a man, he moves away from “The *LORD* is blessing me,” and it becomes “The Lord is blessing *ME!*”

Man interrupts the divine cycle and *breaks* the principle: “For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever.” Sovereignty decrees it’s *of God*. Then Sovereignty deposits in the hand of humanity that which is *of God*.

Here comes the danger point. That which is *of God*, that which is *truth* becomes the *birthplace* of pride. Instead of the man seeing *God* in what he is handling, he sees *himself*. “The Lord is blessing *ME!*” “It happened when *I* prayed!” “It happened when *I* laid hands on those people!” “*I* led him to the Lord.” “*I* wrote the book.” “*I...*” “*I...*” “*I...*” “*I...*” Instead of God, it’s *me*.

What’s *of Him* is deposited in the hands of man and man thinks it’s through him, instead of seeing that it’s *through Him* as well as *of Him*. God says, “Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit.” When man doesn’t see that it’s *by the Spirit* and he thinks it’s through him, it stops. It’s a short circuit.

The whole purpose of the positive and the negative is that they should meet. But there’s a time! *And if they meet before the time...* Maybe a little mouse eats up the rubber insulation and positive touches negative before the *time*. Well then you’ve got a short circuit and the whole purpose fails. It is the *purpose* that positive meets negative, *but at the given time*.

Look at the electric washer, the electric fire or the heater, the light bulb, the elevator. The purpose is governed or *demonstrated* at a certain time. Positive marries negative and creation results. The washing machine washes, the electric fire heats, the bulb gives the light. This is the purpose, *creation*.

The same illustration applies to the woman in an abortion. Instead of a beautiful little baby being born, there’s nothing but an abortion. The purpose is defeated.

Or look at the *unseen* choice that takes place inside a man. Nobody sees when the man moves from “The *LORD* is blessing me.” Nobody sees the man in his unforeseen, unseen choice where he moves from God to *ME*. It’s no longer the man dwelling in God and glorifying God and saying, “The *LORD* is blessing me.” He’s moved now. He’s moved to “The Lord is blessing *ME!*” He exalts himself and out of that exaltation, that damnable thing called *pride* is born.

BACK TO THE BEGINNING — DON'T EAT OF THE TREE

I'm reminded of the centurion. He went to Jesus and said, "*Speak the word only.*" He said, "I also am a man set under authority. I say to this man, '*Go,*' and he goes. I say to this man, '*Do this,*' and he does it. I have 100 men...." But he doesn't emphasize "They're under *ME.*" He emphasizes, "I'm over them, *I'm set under authority.*"

His over came out of his under.

There was a time when in the presence of Caesar, he said, "Caesar is lord!" But they *all* had to do that or they lost their heads! Yet somehow, this man meant it when he said it! "*Caesar is lord!*" He put himself *under* Caesar. And because he put himself *under*, Caesar put him *over*. His *over* came out of his *under*.

If a man is too big to be led, he's too little to lead. The centurion put himself *under* Caesar and Caesar put him *over* 100 men. *That was authority!* Somewhere inside of that man, something was going on. My *over* comes from my *under*.

If I dwell in my *over*, I finally miss and I finish up in pride. I must never forget I am *under*. This is the basis of my *over*. If I forget I'm *under* and begin to think I'm *over*, my pride is birthed there. "*I'm better than others.*" This is the breeding ground of pride.

This abominable thing...

We said it in the beginning, it's birthed in the nursery. The little child says, "I'm bigger than you are!" "*Well, my Daddy's bigger than your Daddy!*" "Yes, but my Daddy's a policeman! He'll lock your Daddy up!" Right from the nursery, there's that desire to exalt ourselves above others. "*I am better than you.*" This is the basis, the breeding ground of this *abominable* thing called *pride*. God hates it.

Consider this. It comes out of *truth*. I used to think *truth* was the goal! But I don't believe that anymore. It's how I *hold* truth, how I *hold* it! I can hold "truth in *unrighteousness*." The Pharisee declared, "I am not as other men are." In other words, "I'm better than other men! I'm better than *this* man!" He despised the

publican. His basis, "I fast twice a week, I give tithes of all that I have." Anything wrong in that? *No*.

But out of that which is right comes something terribly wrong. He lifts himself up and thanks God he's *better* than other men and *better* than this publican. This is the damnable thing about pride and God hates it.

A number of monks were holding a *Holy Vigil*. In the morning, an old abbot walked down the isle. This young man walked up to the abbot and said, "Father, these my brethren have all been asleep and I alone have kept the Holy Vigil."

The old abbot looked at him. He said, "*Son, 'twere better for thee to be engaged in irreligious slumber than to stop awake to criticize thy brethren.*"

The knowledge of good becomes the breeding ground of pride. I'll never know *evil* unless I know *good*. How good is the knowledge of *good* when God has forbidden it? *Reason* is the breeding ground of pride.

Christopher Columbus looked across the endless expanse of the ocean and his fellows said to him, "*Ne plus ultra.*" "Nothing beyond! Nothing beyond!" But *beyond* lay the great continents of North and South America. *Reason* said, "*Nothing beyond.*" They should have known... *reason* is the breeding ground of pride.

The early Church, the early disciples said, "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables." They should have known by the very word "*reason*" that it was a breeding ground. They sat there when God had said, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel..." and they didn't go.

Then Saul wrought havoc in the Church and the disciples were scattered everywhere preaching the gospel. *So out of havoc*, God got what should have been made possible out of willing, surrendered obedience. But God got it! The disciples were scattered everywhere preaching the gospel!

Yet those early disciples didn't have little New Testaments in their pockets. There were no New Testaments! *Being was more important than saying*. They *were* the New Testament. Absolutely! Preaching will have to bow to demonstration. "*Open his eyes that he may see.*"

Is there a place now where *finally* we will have to enter into a dimension of *demonstration* rather than a dimension of preaching? Will *preaching* have to go and *demonstration* have to come? In *demonstration*, you don't have to preach. Here is a man who doesn't hear and someone *demonstrates*. It's more effective than the other because it does the job!

I must accept responsibility...

God told Adam, "Of every tree of the garden you may freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall surely die." How can I stop eating of the tree? How do we sling this

whole thing into reverse? There must be a reversal, something that finally brings me back to the beginning where I do not eat anymore of the tree.

I must accept responsibility. I *do know* when I eat of the tree. *We reason*. So often we hesitate or we waver between two opinions and we won't do what God says to do. Elijah said, "How long halt ye between two opinions? if the LORD *be* God, follow him." We have this responsibility.

Elisha prayed, "Open his eyes!" Elisha told his servant "Do not fear, for those who *are* with us *are* more than those who *are* with them." He asked God to "open his eyes that he may see." God was with them!

We have this responsibility to obey. We cannot reason. All we do is obey.

"My Saviour Thou has promised rest.

Oh, give it now to me...

The rest of ceasing from myself

To find my all in Thee."

"On the third day He will raise us up..."

Every move of God has finished with an *ebb*, a denomination. Men like A. A. Allen, Oral Roberts, *whoever*, they've all fulfilled the word of God: "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." That's the ultimate, the *glory of God*. We all "fall short of the glory of God."

And to this day, the Church is in *two-thirds*. The Church is in *Pentecost*, meeting *man's need* instead of moving into *Tabernacles* and meeting *God's glory*. God is governed by one thing, *His glory*.

Pentecost brought us to two-thirds. But we're entering into the *fullness of times*. One, Two, *Three*. Passover, Pentecost, *Tabernacles*. The underlying principle is *Tabernacles*, the *third third*. God will fulfill and fill full in *Tabernacles*. *Tabernacles* is for the glory of God.

If God has dictated *three*, then *two* will never do the job. Pentecost introduced it but did not have the power to produce. Only the *third third* could do it. Very few know what we are talking about when we're talking about the *third third*. It's joy, fullness of joy! *Tabernacles... Fullness!*

What is the *third third*? I don't know anything higher than the love of God. Break it down to simple everyday loving. Would I walk in love? It's new wine, it's joy. It produces fruit. The little bud, the bloom, the blossom — then comes the fruit! But even after the fruit is developing, unless it comes to *fullness*, you've got nothing.

One, two, three. We've entered into that season, the *third third*, the *third day*. Most people never get beyond souls. "Oh if I could only get this soul saved!" But the ultimate is that God requires His glory and if souls are not operating to the glory of God, they better not operate at all. That's the goal! *His glory...*

We are *children of light*. Something is trying to pull us into darkness, hardness. “You were once darkness, but now *you are light* in the Lord. Walk as children of light....” It’s *Christ in you*. We have the ability to touch others. *Yield* and be used everyday. He’s only asking for obedience. All He’s asking for is obedience.

There’s much more in a much more salvation. He saves us to the uttermost. “After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight.” *Something’s coming!*

And there shall be no ebb...

Right from the *beginning*, there has always been the *ebb*. When a tide comes in, it reaches high tide and then after flowing in, it ebbs out. Every *move* of God has been followed by the *ebb*. There is something lying ahead that will have *no ebb!*

I was expelled from the Church of England in 1934 for embracing the Pentecostal revelation, the baptism of the Spirit, speaking with other tongues. Right after that, a *prophecy* came. I remember it as if it was last night.

I walked over to a piano and looked at the open Bible, it was open there at this Word:

“For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come....”

At the meeting that night, *not* a Church of England meeting, but a Pentecostal meeting, the Spirit of God fell upon a young man and he *prophesied*. I think it’s about the only prophecy I can remember word-for-word in my entire life. *It’s like a scar inside of me!*

“It shall come as a breath...

And the breath shall bring the wind...

And the wind shall bring the rain.

And there shall be floods and floods and floods...

And torrents and torrents and torrents.

Souls shall be saved like falling leaves

from mighty oaks swept by a hurricane.

Arms and legs shall come down from heaven...

..And there shall be no ebb.”

I remember that, “*Souls shall be saved like falling leaves from mighty oaks swept by a hurricane.*” There was another part about “*the rich and the poor embracing each other in the streets of New York.*” But the final thing was... “*And there shall be no ebb.*”

No ebb!

THE ONE-MAN SHOW IS OVER

Now everything that's ever been from Pentecost to now has ebbed. *Everything!* The Welsh Revival, the Reformation, revivals that *have been* even up to the present time—Toronto, Pensacola. They've *all* entered into *ebbing*. That's the difference between Pentecost and Tabernacles.

Up to now, we've been in Pentecost; we've had *measure*. We have never had *fullness*. I believe that this is to be reserved for the *final move* of God. "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea." In *that move*, there would be a fulfillment that we have never had because *Tabernacles* is related to *fullness*.

We've never had it! The Church has never had it. The only One who ever had it and has it is Jesus. "In Him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead." In the *finality of fullness*, He will produce what has never ever been, and we are the Church, "His body, the fullness of Him who fills all in all."

The history of the Church has been a history of where God has visited and then He has left. The ebb has related to denominationalism. Now that brings this question. *What is decay? ...Corruption*. Where is it born?

There is a season when fruit is ripe and it fulfills the purpose of God. God has given "us richly all things to enjoy" and you enjoy fruit when you destroy fruit. The yellow banana is stripped of its jacket, the rosy apple, the plum.... every fruit is *finally* destroyed.

How is it destroyed? Well it's destroyed when it goes into that hole under your nose, your mouth! The fruit goes in there and it loses its identity. It is no longer a plum, a pear, an apple. It is now refreshing the body and strengthening the body and *becoming* the body. It has lost its identity as a pear, a plum, an apple.

Let me ask another question. Is the final purpose of God a *revival* that will so visit this planet that it will not be possible for the fruit to decay? That's a very important question! If decay is related to corruption or if corruption brought in decay, then surely in the purpose of God, the opposite would take it out.

Fruit only decays when you leave it and do *nothing*. When it goes into the body, it fulfills the purpose; it becomes the body. He's given "us richly *all* things to enjoy." We enjoy fruit when we destroy fruit and it goes into the body and loses its identity and becomes the body.

Is there an attendant parallel? The *one-man show* has dominated in the Church. Man has localized on a platform. Preaching, choir, singing, music have all been located on the platform.

People come to church and they are not expected to do anything. They just sit down and become pew warmers, *spectators*, as long as they pay their tithe. It's like attending a religious concert. It's located at the front. And basically, the people do nothing.

Has the day of the *one-man show* gone its full effort, extended all its *energy*... and now it's time for it to disappear? It is time. It's time. And if it is time, what will take its place?

No sap, soon snap!

Well, in the vegetable world, sap is life. If the flower is cut from the root, the sap dies. The bushes or the trees that are severed are all dependant upon this one word, *sap*. Sap is life in the vegetable world. If there's no sap, you soon *snap!* And the branch, instead of *yielding*, loses its sap and goes "*Snap!*"

In our modern world, we are now faced with the magic of electricity. I went to bed with a candle. I was around before electricity. I was born before the washing machine, the electric bulb, the elevator, the electric fire. All these things are made possible through a magic power called *electricity*. *Electricity* is in our modern world like *sap* is in the vegetable world. Sap is life. Electricity is life.

Consider what could happen in our great cities. This is something man is afraid of. It is now possible to fire a missile into the sky and two hundred miles up, it explodes. I don't profess to understand it all, man is experimenting. But when it explodes, it emits a radiation and everything under that area is *paralyzed*: the chips, the electricity in offices, banks, cars, airplanes. It paralyzes wherever electricity has dominated within a certain radius.

That power causes the same thing within the vegetable world: *No sap, no life!* Wherever electricity reigns, the radiation would automatically paralyze it.

Man's glory is the enemy of the glory of God.

We're considering *life*. The vegetable world, *sap!* The civilized world, *electricity*. The spiritual world, *the Spirit of God!*

"Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit." Only that which is dominated by the Holy Ghost will finally breathe *life!* And if there's no Spirit, no anointing, there will be no life. That *is* life, the Holy Ghost.

At present, man considers *life* in the Church to be music and gift. By gift, I mean the ability to *speak*. This gradually takes over from the Holy Spirit of God. The Lord Jesus said the Holy Spirit “will guide you into all truth.” Man is slowly edging out or *quenching* the Spirit of God. We often see this in music and in the power of vocabulary or the gift of the *gab*, oratory.

Man is slowly edging out what should be the realm of the Spirit to guide the Church into *all truth*. We admit we’re not in *all truth*. That’s why there’s always been the *ebb*. The ebb has revealed a lack of a final goal.

Many other things, signs and wonders have all located power. “For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and...” therefore, *thine* is “the glory.” Now we’ve arrived at the one thing that is important to God: *the glory*, the credit, the honor. He will not permit that to be substituted with man’s glory, man’s pride. He said, “I will not give My glory to another.” Man’s glory is the enemy of God’s glory!

As soon as a man enters into pride, he is secretly moved from “The LORD is blessing me...” to “The Lord is blessing ME!” Unseen, secretly, the man is moved and pride or *man’s glory* is birthed. Now we’ve got a *show*.

Every church puts on a show. In the natural, you get car shows, boat shows, flower shows, beauty shows, horse shows and agricultural shows. You name it, man is involved in almost every kind of show.

He dictated the terms. “Not my will, but Yours.”

Well, God has a show! *Jesus!* Colossians 2:15 says He “*spoiled* principalities and powers.” Just as Goliath was slain with his own sword, Jesus *spoiled* the devil on Calvary. Hebrew 2:14 tells us it was “*through death*.” He didn’t shrink from it, He surrendered to it, “nevertheless not My will, but Yours, be done.” He dictated the terms.

If you choose boxing gloves, football, whatever you choose to fight with, it finally comes back on you. Goliath chose the sword. Goliath even had a man in front of him. He made so sure that he wasn’t going to lose! And David didn’t have a thing but a sling. He said, “You come to me with a sword, with a spear, and with a javelin. But I come to you in the name of the LORD of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom you have defied. This day the LORD will deliver you into my hand,” and He did.

What has Jesus used? He has used love and love has done the job. “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

It says in the Book of Hebrews that “through death He might destroy him that *had*...” (Notice the tense! It’s not ‘has,’ but ‘*had*.’) It says, “...that *had* the power of death.” If you’ve any question as to who “that” was, Hebrews 2:14 says “*that*” is the *devil*. So the devil is not *going to be* destroyed, his power was taken from him at Calvary!

A farmer will take his prize bull round for a sum of money and allow him to inseminate the cows that they might have calves. If he doesn't want the bull to inseminate the cows, he's got to castrate him and then he becomes a bullock or a steer. Jesus castrated the devil on Calvary! He stripped him of his power! "*Through death*, He destroyed him that *had* the power of death."

Beware of the wiles...

Now if the devil lost his power at Calvary, what's happened with the world today? The devil *has* lost his power, but he has not lost his power to *deceive*. That's the only thing that God has permitted him to have. Beware of the *wiles* or the schemes of the devil. "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

He's still able to bluff! *Bluff who?* Bluff those who are deceivers. Only deceivers are deceived! Wherever a man makes God a liar, God permits the devil to deceive. The devil is able to bluff those who make God a liar. And in bluffing them, they give him back the power that Jesus took from him.

And God is quite happy about this, quite pleased about this. If you're going to make God a liar, He'll see to it that the "father of all lies" will deceive you and you'll become victim to his lies. *What you believe becomes truth*. The lie becomes truth to you! The devil today has power that people have given back to him.

Jesus stripped him. *Prove it?* The Lord Jesus said, "All power is given unto Me." *ALL* power! How much is *all*? If He has *all power*, how much has the devil got in finality? *None*.

If Jesus had saved Himself, you and I would have been lost.

Peter attempted to defend Jesus when he pulled out his sword. He made a lunge and he missed! Instead of cutting the man's head off, he cut off his ear. Jesus put that right, whatever He did. He either created a new ear or He healed him. He said to Peter, "Put your sword back! *Don't you know, Peter?* I can call 12 armies of angels."

He could do that with a flick of His finger, but He didn't do it. *Why?* If He'd saved Himself, you and I would have been lost.

The Bible says one angel destroyed 185,000 of Sennacherib's army. *One angel* had power over humanity. What would have happened if Jesus had flicked His finger and called 12 armies of angels to his aid? Every Roman soldier would have been burned to the ground, totally destroyed! All the enemies of Jesus would have been swallowed up *instantly*! All the enemies of Jesus would have been swallowed up in an instant invasion of angelic power!

Colossians 2:15 declares Jesus *spoiled* (Notice the tense!) principalities and powers. Where did He do that? *On Calvary*, He said, "It is finished!" *It's done!* He "made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it."

The greatest show in the universe is the *Jesus Show*. All power is given to Him. He said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Principalities are now destroyed through the *Jesus Show*. He made a show of them openly.

This is not a beauty show, a horse show, a vegetable show, a motor car show. This is a *Jesus Show!* The Word of God declares that *finally* "every knee should bow... every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord." The whole planet will not be saved, but they will be *compelled* to bow to the *Jesus Show*.

Jesus finished the work. But the devil has a permit.

Jesus finished the work. It may not look like it. That's because people have given the devil back what Jesus took from him.

As Jesus has arranged that you and I have faith in Him, the devil has a permit from God to deceive all deceivers. If they've made a choice to make God a liar, then God will use the devil and allow them to be deceived. The devil has a *permit*.

Notice in the Book of Job, the devil was powerless. He could not destroy Job. The devil couldn't touch him because Job had a "hedge about him" and that hedge made him devil-proof.

But whilst it made him devil-proof, it did not prevent him from breaking the hedge down from the *inside*. The devil knew that and he said to God, "You put forth Your hand now and he'll curse You to Your face." And God gave the devil a permit, "*So much and no further.*"

The whole world at present has given the devil back again what Calvary took from him. Wherever there's somebody who makes God a liar, God will allow the devil to deceive him.

But the *greatest show on earth* is coming. "Every knee will bow, every tongue will confess that Jesus Christ is Lord." *That day is soon!*

I'm preaching my funeral. I'm preaching Jesus!

Now consider this. If the *one-man show* is over, what takes its place? *Well, the One Man Show!* But this show is the *Jesus Show*. "He is the head of the body, the Church." Amazingly, if the *one-man show* has gone, then the *One Man Show* has arrived. But this *One Man Show* is *Jesus*.

The only identity now in what's coming is Jesus, "the head of the body." All these other people who are redeemed through His Blood must now lose their identity in the *One Man Show*. The only person to be shown is not me or you or anybody else, no matter how wonderful they seemed to have been. There's only *One wonderful* and He is the *show*. Jesus is Lord.

Where am I? I lose my identity when I come to the entrance into the Body of Jesus. I cease to be me. I cease to be Arthur Burt and I am no longer the whole, the *one-man show*. My glory, my identity must die on the threshold of the real *One Man Show*. My show must go out because His show has come in.

Now I find out I'm only part of the whole. I'm no longer the 'show.' I'm only part of the whole. In 80 years of preaching, I've been very much the 'show.'

Now comes my funeral, my *lost identity*... and I discover I'm *part* of the whole. I never was the *whole* of the *whole*, but I thought I was. Now I discover I'm a whole part. I discover I'm a *whole part*!

But if your revelation doesn't find a situation, it suffers evaporation.

May I offer this? We thought we understood what a meeting was. We don't. A meeting isn't a *meeting*, it's a *gathering*. Jesus says, "Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst." We gather to worship, to praise, to repent and to *receive revelation*.

What is the revelation of God? It is this magic *sap*. It is this wonderful power likened to electricity. It is the sperm of God.

When a man marries a woman, the two become one. And the sperm goes into the womb of a 'womb-man' and that produces creation. *Revelation* comes in the gathering, hopefully, or even from the print on a page, from a book or the Bible.

But if your revelation doesn't find a womb... What's the womb for revelation? *Situation!* Now that's when your *meeting* begins.

Your meeting begins when your gathering finishes. And if your revelation doesn't find a *situation*, it suffers *evaporation* and there's nothing done *in* you. That's why there are lots of gatherings with no results.

But once you see, as *Joseph did...* he looked at his brethren who had imprisoned him, hated him. He said, "*It was not you who sent me here, but God...*" He met God in the situation. *He had a meeting.*

Noisy neighbors, people who have let you down, people who have robbed you, people who have done all kinds of things against you. These are your situations, *the womb for your revelation*. And there, by the power of God in *fertilization*, revelation is birthed. *Creation!* Then it's *in...* not just *on* you.

You're a whole part! You're part of the whole.

Now if you don't know what your part is, if you don't know what your function is, look where your *unction* is. Your unction is like the sap of the vegetable world. Your *unction* is like the electricity in the electric iron or the washing machine or the light bulb.

So I discover I'm part of the whole. As such, I have no ability to demonstrate my glory, my pride. If I am a hand, I need you if you are an ear. If I am an ear, I need you if you are a foot. So there is no situation where I can glory.

Suppose I'm a big toe and I collide with a bedpost. Why did I collide with a bedpost? Was it because *I* was a big toe? Didn't I realize, even if I was a *very big toe*, I needed the other members of the body? I need every member of the body of Christ.

I collided with a bedpost because I needed the finger to put the electric switch on. I needed the eyes to warn me where the bedpost was. Body ministry would have saved me from colliding with the bedpost. It wouldn't have happened.

Body ministry is a safeguard. Body ministry will prevent me and prevent you from failure which has come because of my pride.

When I exalted myself, God withdrew His grace. When He withdraws His grace, I find I am vulnerable, I'm open to failure. And failure is related to *ebb*. Ichabod, *the glory has departed*.

In *Tabernacles*, there is the revelation of the Body. Now it's harvest time, when you get your corn in, when you get your wine in. *Tabernacles* is *fullness*! Pentecost is *birth*. *Tabernacles* is "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." He's the only One that's showing in the Body.

***“I CAN OF MINE OWN SELF
DO NOTHING.”***

John 5:30 KJV

No Ebb... However we define *ebb* here, it's something that shouldn't be. But if it is something that's of *God*, something we term a *blessing* or *revival*, why should there be an ebb tide? Why the ebb? This is the question.

God gave life unto man. When life *ebbed* and man died, he made mummies. Desperately, the Egyptians sought to preserve what had gone. The life had gone, yet they were battling with the appointment of God. "It is appointed unto men *once* to die." *Once!* Can man do anything about this? Desperately he sought on the *outside* to preserve what had gone from the *inside*. Life had not just *ebbed*, it had gone. But the Egyptians struggled on the *outside* to maintain what had been on the *inside*.

Do we do this? Do we struggle when the glory of God has lifted and the breath of God has left? Do we substitute? *Well of course we do.*

Refrigeration is an outward demonstration of how we seek to preserve what has gone by the passage of time. Unless the food is in a refrigerator, it decays and rots.

I heard a story... about a honeymoon couple. How true, I don't know. But many, many years ago, a young couple got married and took a holiday in the Alps. As the sweethearts slept, an avalanche rolled down and separated the couple.

When the noise and tumble came to a halt, the young woman looked around, shaken and confused. But her beloved had been swallowed up in the avalanche.

The story goes on to many, many years later when she went back to the place where nature had stripped her of her beloved. As the sun beat down upon the snow and the ice, to her astonishment, she saw the preserved body of her beloved. She was now an old lady. But there was her beloved as she had last seen him... *preserved.* (*Probably only fiction!*)

The indwelling of the Spirit can cancel out the power of death.

But what isn't fiction is this. Men have proved that Noah's Ark is still preserved. After all these years, there has been a melting of the ice that has allowed mankind to see what man supposed was gone.

I think it was first revealed that the Ark was there when a Russian plane went over Ararat. Through countless centuries, Noah's Ark has been preserved in snow and ice, apparently with very little ebb.

Mankind chases eternal youth and desperately seeks to keep what time relentlessly removes. The scripture talks about 'if.' Now 'if' speaks of doubt. "If the Spirit of Him who raised Jesus from the dead dwells in you, He who raised Christ from the dead will also give life to your mortal bodies through His Spirit who dwells in you." The indwelling of the Spirit can cancel out the power of death! *I believe it!*

Martha rebuked Jesus. She said, "If You had been here, my brother would not have died." She was governed by *restoration*; Jesus was governed by *resurrection*. "I Am the resurrection." And whilst her vision cried out, "*You're late! By this time he stinketh,*" Jesus came in the fullness of purpose and resurrected him.

"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Question! Can the *curse* be cursed? Is it possible to defuse the devil's block? Can these bones live?

They said in the Book of Acts, "These that have turned the world upside down...." But the world *needs* turning upside down because it's upside down. The original dominion was lost in the *Fall*, the fall of Adam and Eve when God sent them out of the Garden of Eden.

Question! Can we reverse the reverse? *Is it possible?* Can destruction be destroyed? Is failure final? Can it be conquered? Is this what an *uttermost salvation* is? He is "able to save to the uttermost those who come to God through Him." Is this what God is declaring — that we can be more than conquerors?

Some men make a living out of bankruptcy. Another family member takes the place of the original one who went bankrupt. So they *consider* and they continue.

Paul declared, "I am crucified with Christ." *Finally!* No. He adds, "*Nevertheless, I live.*" You do? "Yes. '*Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.*'" The bankrupt man has now discovered a way to continue on *out of bankruptcy*. Hebrews 2:14, "...Through death He might destroy him that *had* (not '*has*') the power of death." And if you've any question, the Word of God says, "...*that is, the devil.*" *Hallelujah!*

Man was meant to convey...

Do we frustrate the purpose of God? If God withholds, who can give? "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever."

What is a drought? It's an absence of water. What is water? It's life! Like sap, water is life! God gave life to man by breathing. God breathed and man breathed. When he ceases to breathe, corruption sets in, the *ebb*.

The Spirit of God could be likened to electricity. Electricity can be conveyed or contained. The flow and the elements contain it. The cables convey it, they transmit purpose and creation.

As you look up and see the electric cables outside, they are taking nothing. They are *conveying* until an ultimate purpose where they create. When they create, they contain heat, light, motion—your electric washer, your electric fire, your elevator. All of these in a well-set purpose at first *convey* until in the ultimate end, they contain.

Does this apply with the purpose of God? Was man ever meant to *contain* the glory or is the glory altogether *God's*? Man was meant to convey, but never to contain.

“For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things.” When the divine power, *of Him...* is deposited into humanity, then man has to recognize that which is deposited is *through Him*, the Lord. And *then* it goes *through Him* and back to *Him*. The eternal cycle is purposed. *Of, through, to... Of, through, to...*

The proceeding Word has life, breath!

Man shall live by the proceeding Word by the mouth of God. *Breath*—the proceeding Word has left the mouth of God. In a sense, it's *ebbed*. It is now, *not* the proceeding Word, but the proceeded Word... ‘*dead*’ word. The proceeding word has *life, breath*. The proceeded word has obviously lost what it once had. Admittedly God can breathe on it again.

We're not throwing our Bibles away. But we are recognizing that the Holy Spirit must quicken the printed word on the page of your Bible. If He doesn't quicken it, it's a proceeded word and not a proceeding Word. Life is in the ‘*ding*’ and not in the ‘*ded!*’ From the moment the umbilical cord is cut and the baby starts breathing, it is new life!

Do people see me or do they see God?

Consider this. Every man has an *image*. If the image is of *himself*, it becomes the breeding ground of his pride. Samuel said to Saul, “When thou *wast* little in thine own sight, *wast* thou not *made* the head of the tribes of Israel, and the LORD anointed thee king over Israel?” What opinion do you have of yourself? This is *your* image, your ‘*himself*.’

While Saul was physically head and shoulders above any of the people, it is recorded that he “hid himself among the stuff and had to be sought after.” Although he was big physically, he was little in his own eyes and he hid his ‘*himself*.’ What do I do with my ‘*himself*?’ Do I hide it? Or do I put it in the shop window to sell it?

Jesus “made Himself of no reputation.” He declared, “I can of My own ‘Himself’ do nothing.” The most positive Man in all the world declared He could do *nothing* of His own ‘Himself.’ Of His own independence, *separate from* God, He could do nothing.

Then blindly He declared, “It’s the Father that’s in Me.” Here’s a modern illustration: “I have no power of Myself, it is the Father that electrifies me. As I’m plugged in and switched on, all power is given unto Me. I am transparent, like a sheet of glass in a window or a windscreen.” He’s declared a truth. If there is no grease or grime, if there is no ‘self,’ you do not look at the glass, you look *through* it.

Is this my problem? Is it yours? By putting our ‘himself,’ our *image* in the shop window, do we frustrate the purpose of God? Do people look *at* us instead of looking *through* us? Do people see me or do they see God? Does my *ego*, my *image*, my ‘*himself*’ become the condensation on the *inside* defeating the purpose of seeing God on the *outside*?

Jesus was completely transparent. When Philip said, “Lord, show us the Father,” Jesus was astonished. He said, “*Philip*, don’t you understand? If you’ve seen Me, you’ve not seen Me, you’ve seen the Father.”

He was implying, inferring that He had a ‘Himself’ that did not distract from *God Himself!* “If you’ve seen Me, you’ve *not* seen Me. *You’ve seen the Father.*” He was declaring tremendous truth! “I have a ‘*Himself*’ that does not obliterate or defeat the purpose of God by getting in the way and *attracting* and therefore *distracting* people from God.”

“It’s the *Father* that’s in Me. He does the works, not Me.” The divine principle: *of Him, the Father... through* Jesus, still *the Father*, and back *to the Father*. In Jesus, it’s *all* God, “of Him and through Him and to Him.” *Of, through, to...*

The fallen man projects his ‘himself.’ He puts his ‘himself’ in the shop window. Then, because God will not give His glory, His honor, the *credit* to another, He *withholds* and we’ve got the **ebb**. Ichabod, the glory has departed.

WE WERE MADE IN HIS IMAGE.

I read something the other day. It said, “*Laugh at thine own mistakes. Everybody else does.*” Do I have the ability to laugh at myself or does my image, my *pride* prevent me? And if my pride prevents it, is it because I don’t accept the *truth*?

We’ve heard these sayings round the tables in the UK, all in fun of course....

“*The Englishman loves his Bible and his beer.*”

“*The Welshman prays on his knees on Sunday and on his neighbors all the rest of the week.*”

“*The Scotsman keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on.*”

“*The Irishman says, ‘Is this a private fight or can anybody join in?’*”

We laugh, partly because it isn’t true. “*The Englishman loves his Bible and his beer.*” I’m an Englishman and I’ve never had a drink of tea, a cup of coffee or a glass of beer in my life. I *laugh* at the definition of the Englishman.

“*The Welshman prays on his knees on Sunday and on his neighbors all the rest of the week.*” But I’ve not found that so and I don’t think the Welshman has. He’ll laugh at the joke.

Some of the most generous people I’ve ever met have been in Scotland. I laugh with the Scotsman even when someone says, “*He’s so mean... when he opened his purse in Aberdeen... a moth flew out!*”

When the Irishman is late he says, “*When God made time, he made plenty of it!*” And we laugh *with* him. Even if a man’s over six feet, the Irish will call him “*a nice wee man.*” We laugh.

The story goes... of the American visitor at the Irish farm. The kitchen door is wide open. In come the hens eating bits and pieces thrown to them. The man’s there with a bowl. In comes a little pig, he nuzzles up to him. Shocked, the man moves away.

The pig follows him. And the peasant, a beaming Irish woman says, “*Ah, he knows his own wee bowl!*” And she laughs. We laugh too! “*He knows his own wee bowl.*” The little piggy recognized it. ...*And we laugh.* Now if we don’t laugh, it’s because our pride is hurt and it could be *truth*. With every one of us, there’s a ‘*himself*.’

Jesus “made Himself of no reputation.” They accused Him of being “born of fornication.” They mocked Him and hurled insults at Him.

Can you, can I... *bear* to be laughed at? When others laugh at you, can you join them and laugh at yourself? This is a good test. If you’ve no reputation, you’ve nothing to hold up. If you’ve nothing to hold up, you can’t fall down. You’re down already.

My image, my reputation. This is the breeding ground of pride. It’s the basis upon which God withdraws His grace and it results in an ebb tide. *Ebbing...*

Originally God purposed that man should be “in the image of God.”

“God created man in His *own* image; in the image of God He created him.” What does it look like to be in the image of God? We’re to come into “the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.” Our Lord Jesus is made in the image of the Master. “He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn over all creation.”

But consider this! How can this poor pittance of a man called Arthur Burt reach out into the immensity of God? Where was God a million years ago, a billion years ago, a trillion years ago? Way into the vastness of eternity, He never ever had a beginning! How can I grasp a God like that? My poor pittance of a man seeks to grasp what he can’t grasp and just surrender.

We *all* have an image. We *all* have an identity in our own eyes. Nobody likes to think they’re *ordinary*. Nobody wants to be ordinary. But obviously if you have no image of yourself, you could be *then* in the image of God.

He’s commanded...

When a man is conscripted into the Army, the one thing he loses is his image. He can’t have long hair. He can’t have a beard or a mustache. He can’t have his own clothes. He can’t get up in the morning when he likes.

He’s commanded. *He’s commanded...* the time he gets out of bed. *He’s commanded...* the time that he has his breakfast. He’s commanded and has no power over the program of his day. He belongs, he’s in the Army.

The sergeant doesn’t say, “Gentlemen, may I have your attention?” He bellows at them, *commands* them! The men have to get used to being *commanded* instead of requested. This may be an illustration of something that should also be *outside* of the Army... in the Body, in the Church.

You like people saying to you, “Would you mind doing this, please?” You say, “*Well, certainly!*” But someone may say to me, “Hey you! Do it and do it now!” Immediately my pride rises up. “Who do they think they’re talking to?! I’m not their slave, their lackey, their leaning post! *How dare they command me!*”

Have we missed something that is absolutely *vital*? When does the element on the electric fire or the electric stove or the light bulb become electrified? Only when it is plugged in and switched on does the electricity flow through it.

It says of our Lord Jesus that His *commandments* were not grievous. “For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous.” Hidden away in disguise is their *creation* in a commandment. Have I missed this? *Do I need to see this?*

“Be it unto me according to thy word.”

If all power is given to the people of God, how does it come? Through a proceeding Word? Yes. A *command*? Yes!

The centurion says to a man, “*Do this,*” and he does it. He says, “Because I also am commanded.” In other words, “Caesar has commanded me to command you! I bow to the commandment of Caesar. Caesar is Lord! And I command you to do this. And you do it, not because I say it. But Caesar commanded me to say it to you and I’ve passed on the commandment of Caesar. *‘Do this!’*”

Remember Mary argued at first. “How can this be, seeing I’m not plugged in, I’m not switched on? I don’t know a man.” It says, “Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?”

The angel said, “*The Holy Ghost...*” and she immediately bowed. She said, “Be it unto me according to thy word.” So now *creation* comes via the Spirit of God and not through the natural way that had been ordained for all mankind to come.

But God fathered in the womb of Mary, the body of *Christ*, the Spirit of God. When I fully recognize this, I would embrace His commandments. Like Mary, I’d say, “*Be it unto me according to thy word.*” As I yield to the *proceeding* Word, creation would form in me, the *Christ...* which is the purpose of God for creation. “God said, ‘Let Us make man in Our image.’”

My problem... my image. Saul lost everything.

Saul lost his image. “When thou *wast* little in thine own sight....” He was little in his own eyes when he was big in his body. But when his heart was lifted up and he became big in his own eyes, he lost everything. *He lost everything.*

Is this a parable for me, for you, for the Church? *Saul lost everything.* Where is it birthed? *In my ‘himself.’*

The Lord Jesus has a “Himself” that doesn’t operate. There is no condensation from “Himself” that defeats the transparency of seeing God in Him.

Each choosing another. The revelation of the Body...

The Holy Spirit also has a ‘Himself.’ “He shall not speak of Himself, but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak.” *Each choosing another.* “The Holy Spirit was not yet *given*, because Jesus was not yet glorified.

The Lord Jesus said, “I can of My own ‘Himself’ do nothing. It’s the Father that’s in Me.” The Father sits back and says, “This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

Those we identify and term the *Trinity*, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost give us a pattern. Each seek another’s wealth. *Is this the plan?* Well of course it is! And it cannot be fulfilled except in the revelation of the *Body*. Here in the *Body*, I must lose my identity. I am no longer me; I only see Jesus. He said, “He who has seen Me has seen the Father.”

So this divine principle is the purpose of God. It’s when I reach that stage where even when I’m doing what God allows me to do, I know *I can’t do it* and it’s *through Him*. Only then can it go through me and back *to Him*. And the divine cycle is fulfilled.

Is the end of the road back to the beginning?

We don’t know. We’ve never been here before. The people of God have never been here before! Abraham went out “not knowing where he was going.” Are we in the same way going out *not knowing?*

The revelation of the *Body* has its problems, its teething problems. *We don’t know where we’re going.*

The governing factor isn’t Pentecost. Pentecost *birthed*. Tabernacles *fulfills*, and it fills full. So in Tabernacles, there could be no ebb. *The end of the road...*

Question! Can reverse be reversed? Can we swing the whole thing back again to the *beginning*? Now God has driven them out! He drove out the man and the woman.

Whatever drove them out can only be the basis of what can bring them in. If it was through making God a liar and eating of the tree in disobedience, the only thing that will bring us back is a refusal to eat! *How good is the knowledge of good when God has forbidden it?*

You cannot go beyond the measure of your faith. Yet we are standing on the threshold of something that we’ve never had. Now if we’ve never had it, how can we describe it or discern it or do anything with it? We’re waiting, excited, *expectant...* knowing that what has to be has never been!

Fullness is coming. In Tabernacles, it’s normal.

We’ve to come to the place where we see God in *all things*. Not some things, *all things*. He purposes to bring us back into the Garden... “And God said, ‘Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.’”

It’s His purpose that we come “to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ,” the only man who ever has been *normal*. The only normal man is Jesus! We are subnormal. But we’ve got so used to it; we think our sub-normality is normal.

We think of Jesus as being wonderful! Well He is — in *Pentecost*. But in *Tabernacles*, He’s normal. “*Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.*”

Somehow, we've to come to the place where we don't see that it is not miraculous but it is *normal* when we move out into this dimension in the Spirit.

Already in the natural, we are doing things our forefathers never dreamed of! They never *dreamed* they could fly through the air! You think of 400 people at 600 miles-per-hour doing what no bird can do!

Think of the power of a computer. Your forefathers *never* did what you can do. The washing machine, the television, the video, the telephone, the cell phone! Three or four centuries before, if our forefathers could have seen the things we live with, they would have said, "*These things are miraculous!*"

But we accept them as normal. I sit and I press my finger on a little thing (*a remote control*) that could change a box where dots come together (*a television*) and they move and they marry in the color and they also bring sound. Sound and color and movement are all trapped in a box. I don't know how, but it's *normal* now. Nobody thinks anything of it.

Could there be another dimension where as yet we can't, but *one day*... we will be able to *arrive without going*? These things we mentioned were just as impossible.

Think of the miracle of the television set. In your own room, you can see people, situations, even current news around the world. You can hear people. You've got color and sound and movement in a box. With a press of your finger, you can shut it off and shut them all out.

Listen to the whisper, "*by My Spirit,*" says the Lord. Solomon in all of his glory had nothing more than a slave waving a huge palm leaf to cool him down. You and I press buttons! Now I couldn't do that growing up.

When I learned to drive, there was no air-conditioning. The window was down in a bitterly cold winter. It had to be down because there was no means of indication in those days. The window was always down. You put your hand out to indicate, "I'm turning right." You did like this or like that to indicate you were turning right or left and that was it! In those days, there were no buttons, no lights. There was nothing to allow the window to be shut for warmth or coolness.

My mother had a washboard to do the washing in our home. Now you press a button! I was before the washing machine, before all these things and I'm still here, *98 years now*. All of this has been added since I was born! I was before the airplanes, before electricity, before telephones, radios, before computers, before television. *I'm a relic!* They've all come after me.

...A mystery hidden for ages, but now revealed.

"I rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church: Whereof I am made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which is given to me for you, to fulfil the word of God; *Even* the mystery which hath been hid from ages

and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints..." *Now a mystery that's made manifest is no longer a mystery.*

It "has been revealed to His saints," "...to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."

The mystery is "Christ in you, the hope of glory." "Greater is He who is in you than He who is in the world." "Father, Thou in me, I in them..."

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It's not imitating Christ, it's not seeking to be *like* Christ! "But Christ liveth *in* me." "He who is *in you* is greater than he who is in the world." The emphasis is on *in*; He lives *in* me and *in* you. Now this is the mystery which is no longer a mystery and is revealed *now*: "Christ *in* you, the hope of glory."

But there's a price.

I am not going to improve. For many years, I believed I had to *improve*. Now I see God does not want to improve me, He wants to remove me. "It is no longer I who live, but Christ lives *in* me." And as I go out, Christ comes in.

Jesus prayed to the Father on our behalf, "...as You, Father, *are* in Me, and I in You; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe...." "I in them, and You in Me; that they may be made perfect in one."

John had got it right, "*He* must increase." But there's a price. Only as I decrease, can He increase. And the measure of the one is the revelation of the other.

God does not want to improve me, He wants to remove me. And in that day when He looks inside me and says, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," He does not mean Arthur Burt. He sees *Jesus* living *in* me and He says, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." *Now that's back to Genesis!* "Let Us make man in Our image, according to Our likeness."

Jesus extends His Kingdom in His people and His people are His Body. As you and I recognize this, He increases and I decrease. The loss of identity is vital. My "himself" has to go. "I can of mine own self do nothing."

What is the pattern?

He declared, "I'm going. And as I go, He will come." This '*He*' is the *Holy Spirit* of God. Jesus said *He* will come. He is a Person, He's not an influence. He's a Person. He has a '*Himself*' that does not operate: "He will not speak of *Himself* but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak. He'll show you things to come. He shall glorify *Me*." Jesus explained it, "The Comforter, *which is* the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

So is this the pattern? The Father said, "Let Us make man in Our image." *What is the image?* What is the pattern?

“If you’ve seen Me, you’ve seen the Father.” Jesus declares utter transparency! “If you’ve seen Me, you’ve *not* seen Me.” He’s saying, “My ‘Himself’ does not go in the shop window. I don’t put it there because I don’t want to sell it. All I want to do is glorify the Father, not My ‘Himself.’”

Then He declares, “I’m going to leave you, I’m going away but the *Comforter* will come. He is ‘the Spirit of truth’ and He is the Holy Spirit.” So without *Truth*, there’s no holiness. Truth is holiness.

The Holy Spirit “will guide you into *all* truth.” In the process of doing that, He shall not speak of His ‘Himself,’ “but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.” Only when the Father speaks, will He repeat.

Now that’s the pattern of the *Son!* “I can of mine own self do nothing.” It’s the same pattern exactly. “As the Voice comes to Me, so I speak.”

Just as the Son is the image of the Father, so the Holy Spirit is the image of the Son. Jesus even cried out, “If anyone thirsts, let him come to Me and drink. He who believes in Me, as the scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water.” He was talking about the Spirit, “whom those believing in Him would receive; for the Holy Spirit was not yet *given*, because Jesus was not yet glorified.”

So in the lifting up of Jesus, the Holy Ghost demonstrates the pattern! And each would have a ‘Himself’ that reveals the pattern.

The Lord Jesus says, “I can of *My* ‘Himself’ do nothing.” He said, “I do not seek My own will but the will of the Father who sent Me.” Independently, *by Himself*, He can do nothing. He says, “*He* does the works, not *Me*, but *Him*.” Now the Holy Ghost *also* says, “I can of My own self do nothing; I seek to lift up *Another* and that *other* is the Son of God.” And the Father sits back and says, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.” So here you’ve got a pattern. Each is delighted to exalt another. Is this the pattern for the Body of Christ? Is this what the Father is waiting for?

The Husbandman is waiting for the Bride.

“The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath *long* patience for it....” *Harvest time! It’s harvest time*, “the precious fruit of the earth,” *Tabernacles!* Harvest...

Is there anything we can do or be to help this? He’s waiting for us and we’re waiting for Him. I was looking for a cockerel. The issue was without a cockerel, there’s never a chicken. I was *looking* for something!

He’s waiting for us... “*till the time of the end.*” God said, “Go thy way, Daniel: for the words *are* closed up and sealed till the time of the end.” (*Dan 12:9*) Now “the harvest is the end of the age.” *It’s harvest time!* (*Matt 13:39*)

It swings the whole thing into another dimension. We've believed a lie. We thought we were waiting for Him. Is God waiting for me or am I waiting for Him? When... where is the *fullness*?

See, *the husbandman waits...* for the bride! And He's waiting... *and He's waiting*. And in the fulfillment of purpose, the bride will make herself ready.

How will she make herself ready? *Good question*. How will she? *How*? She must lose her identity that she might "be conformed to the image of His Son." In that process, she comes forth in all the beauty of *Another...* conformed to *His image*.

The whole purpose of God is to bring fulfillment out of nothingness and emptiness. I'm excited about it. Many people have never attained to this. Many of them never will.

The very issue was brought out recently right here. It looked as if my wife's sister was about to go to heaven. I didn't even know if I'd be able to get over there in time to see her. I'm not bothered about a funeral. I'd rather go and see her while she is alive. We all have to face "it is appointed unto men once to die" and then we have the appointment. As long as God spares you, you can go on living and being changed!

The one thing about Tabernacles, it's fulfillment. And in the fulfillment, there will come forth an ultimate end into all God's purposes, "...the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

The cockerel is vital. Without him, there'll never be a chicken. Something has to burst forth in us! Tabernacles means fulfillment of purpose. Nothing could come to fullness except God brings it. And it is His purpose to bring fulfillment out of nothingness and emptiness.

EACH SEEKS ANOTHER'S WEALTH.

It's the pattern. Every member in the Body must lose their *identity* and in so doing, each one seeks the wealth of another. One does not seek to *get*, he seeks to *give*. The emphasis is on *giving*, not on *getting*.

The hand's whole ministry in the body is to give. It will feed the mouth. It will tie shoe laces up for the feet. It will wash the face of the head. Its whole ministry is in *giving*. You *give* to *live*.

If you don't give, you don't live. You die.

It's been from the moment the devil said to Adam and Eve, "You will be like God," He told them they could have what they had already got! When they believed they hadn't got it, they lost it, and they then had to get it! Initially, they'd got it. But they believed the devil's lie and they made God a liar by not believing Him. God had already decreed, "Let us make man in Our image."

Look at what God said right at the beginning! "Let Us make man in Our image, according to Our likeness; let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth.' So God created man in His *own* image; in the image of God He created him; male and female He created them."

You give to live. In the same way, the Dead Sea is the *Dead* Sea because it does not have an outlet. That's why it's dead. Anything that doesn't *give* loses the divine pattern.

The hand will *give* to the body, so will the ears. The ears don't *get* to *get*. The ears receive to give. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." And because he hears, he will declare the glory of God. So the ear is not desirous of hearing for itself. It purposes to *give*. The feet will carry the body and the feet will minister to the body.

The eye will minister to the body. It sees where the pitfall is. It sees where the precipice is. It sees where the danger is. So it doesn't *get* to *get*. It *gets* to minister! And it warns the body and fulfills its purpose. It fulfills, it fills full the pattern.

The eye is now serving the body. The hand is now serving the body. The same principle operates in what we call the "*Godhead*." Each seeks "another's wealth."

Charity... Love seeks not her own.

The scripture says, "Love seeks not her own." Love is defined by an old English word called *charity*.

Today, *charity* doesn't convey. '*Charity*' means a *shop* where people's cast-offs can be dumped, a Charity Shop is filled with things people are finished with. But in I Corinthians 13, "*charity*" is defined as "*a more excellent way.*"

Charity goes beyond speaking in tongues of men or angels. We can do that and have not *charity*. We're simply like an empty tin can! And though you have the gift of prophecy, know mysteries, remove mountains... and have not *charity*, you've got nothing. It says that even though you bestow all your goods to feed the poor and you're prepared to give your body to be burned... you can do all that and have not *charity*. It profits you nothing.

Then the scripture defines what *charity* is! It's not something out of a thrift store; it's not dumping what you don't want. Charity suffers long and is kind. It does not envy. It does not vaunt itself. It has a 'himself' that never puts its '*himself*' in the shop window. It vaunts *not* itself and it isn't puffed up. There's no yeast in it. There's no pride in it. Charity is not puffed up. It does "not behave itself unseemly." It knows how to conduct itself in order. Then comes this staggering statement: "*It seeks not her own.*"

Charity "does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things." "Love never fails." All the others do.

But now to me, the outstanding thing about charity or love is that *it seeks not her own. Charity seeks not her own.*

"God is love." But if I say to you, "I love me. I love my *himself*," have I any idea of what love is? To say "*I love me*," I choose the best seat. I want the biggest part. I push you out, I'm not bothered about you. Yet I declared, "*I love*." But see, this word "charity" cancels that out. *It seeks not her own.*

Perfect love seeks not her own. This is the principle in the Godhead, each seeks *another*. The Father delights in the Son... *He delights in the Son!* Each perfects in seeking not their own.

Now if it be that the Father and the Son and the Spirit are *one*, then except man was created, they would be totally *selfish*. In a sense, they could never be perfect without an object outside of divinity.

To say "*I love me*" is an expression of total lack of revelation as to what love is. I don't love because I love me. Love seeks not her own. God could not be perfect in loving Himself because love seeks not her own.

Now I see why God creates an object outside of Himself. That object is man. The total perfect expression of Himself is that God loves you and me. The Bible says

God *so loved the world*. “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.”

“In the beginning God created....” He created not just grass and fields and days and sun and moon which are all inanimate objects. He had to make an object outside of Himself to *demonstrate* His love. He could not do it in Himself anymore than I could demonstrate in myself, “I love Arthur Burt.”

Only as I throw open everything I own and *disown it* and *share it*, am I capable of this divine attribute which is *love*.

Love, as it defines itself in an old English word called ‘*charity*’ is misleading with our modern understanding of what *charity* is. Today, *charity* has an air of pride about it. *Charity* disposes of what I don’t want. It’s not really kind or loving or gracious, it just throws things out that I’ve finished with and dumps them in a Charity Shop. In a sense, what was once so valuable to me is of no value now. So there’s no credit in what I put in the Charity Shop. I don’t want it anymore. This is not the definition that God gives for *charity* in the Bible.

Charity is meant to demonstrate a selfless love. A ‘*self*’less love. It does not seek its own.

Being made in the image of God, I have the ability to humble myself.

That ever God should consider making me, I’m so glad He did! I’m not a potato. I’m made in the image of God. A potato is an object, but not made in the image of God.

An image, or one made in the image of God has choice, love and ability... *God-given*, admitted. But a potato has no power to do anything wrong. It cannot repent, it cannot decide. It cannot love God. It cannot seek God. All these attributes are not in a potato, but in *me*.

Even though an onion can make you weep, it isn’t to be blamed. It belongs to a different kingdom, a vegetable kingdom. I am not a vegetable.

Being made in the image of God, I have the ability to humble myself and *lose identity*. Jesus humbled Himself and said, “I can do nothing of mine own self.” I too must humble myself, God will not do it for me. Jesus said, “Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.”

God will humiliate me, but never humble me. He will abase me from the outside, but I must humble from the *inside*. Humbling isn’t a virtue, it’s a responsibility, an obligation to God. *Who do I think I am?*

You give to live.

Let’s take another look at seeking another’s wealth. This is the function of every member in the human body. Not one member lives to itself. The liver, the kidneys, the heart, the lungs, the eyes, the ears, the hands, the knees, the wrists, the feet... are all tied together in a divine purpose where each serves another. Each serves another

and fulfills the Word. Each seeks another's wealth and as it does, it produces health to the body.

Anything that breaks this principle produces sickness the moment it seeks not to serve. *Test what I say!* I've never heard that before. Sickness comes out of a member that does not serve and breaks the divine principle that you *give to live*. And if you don't give, you don't live.

In the Body of Christ, each member serves. Jesus said, "Love one another as I have loved you." Paul said, "through love serve one another." But we see the truth in it, "The members should have the same care for one another." Paul explained further, "I became a minister according to the stewardship from God which was given to me for you, to fulfill the word of God."

In the Body, we are all subject to the Head, *Jesus*. With this in mind, we must never seek to *get*, we must seek to *give*... losing our identity in giving. Thus we are living to the glory of the Head, *Jesus*.

Every one of you!

The time has come where the Church must say goodbye to the "one-man show" where everyone seeks to *get*. They all seek their own glory. But now it's no longer on a platform. Music, ministry, speech and the gifts of the Spirit have all been located on a platform. "*We* are the people and *we* control the ministry." That day is *rapidly* going out!

The Word declares, "How is it then, brethren? When ye come together, every one of you *hath*..." *Every one of you! ...Hath. HATH!* The Word declares *every one of you has a psalm, a word, a tongue, a revelation....* "For in fact the body is not one member but many." It's no longer located at the platform, but the Spirit divides "severally as He will." It is not as *you* will or as *I* will but as *He* will.

"We have many members in one body, but all the members do not have the same function, so we, *being* many, are one body in Christ, and individually members of one another. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, *let us use them...*"

Now the same principle imparts *life*. We give as we live. I receive from you. But I don't receive from you to receive from you. I receive from you to *give* to another. My ministry is seeking another's wealth. "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to each one for the profit of *all*."

The perfect plan is to make an incomplete man. I am called to convey.

I must not bury my talent. I must hide my '*himself*,' but everything else has to convey. I am called to *convey*. I must not emphasize *containing*.

When my wife was alive, she would open the oven door in the kitchen each night and she heated the dinner plates in there. Then she would hand them to me to set the table. But I couldn't even hold the things, I had to grab a tea towel! She could bear the heat, but I couldn't.

The very fact that you can't *hold*, you can't *bear*... is an indication that you were never meant to. You have to *convey*. As soon as you received, your function was to convey. Before, you could be burned. Before, it was so hot that you dropped it and smashed it on the ground!

See, you had to *convey* what you had received. And you conveyed it and it went on its journey to the ultimate place where it is contained. At that point where it's contained, it fulfills the goal or the ultimate purpose. The electricity washes dirty clothes. The bulb lights up the dark room. The elevator lifts the people up from level to another.

Once it is plugged in and switched on, the electric iron eliminates the damp and the crease out of the fabrics. The electric cars can move people. Electricity can drive trains at terrific speeds along the track as long as the trolley or the equivalent underground enables contact which allows the power to flow through.

If the issue is *bearing*, which it certainly is, the fuse box in the house is a reminder that the house may have limitations related to how much power it can hold or bear or draw. The fuse box has a message.

Inside the box is a little fiber fuse wire, the weakest point in the whole system. If there is any strain on the system that it cannot bear the demand of the power, then the fuse goes. It is much easier to replace a fiber fuse than it is to rebuild another house that caught fire and was destroyed.

The perfect plan is to make an incomplete man. Jesus is made unto me *wisdom, righteousness and power*. Why? It's because I lack them. *I lack them*. God meets me, the fool, with His wisdom. He meets the sinner with His righteousness, the weak man with His power. *Thine only is the glory, the honor, the credit*.

I am called to convey. God has got me in a place where I convey. I'm a convenience for Him. I'm not holding; I'm not containing. The only way I can *bear* the glory is... *well*, as soon as it comes, I must get rid of it.

When I recognize it's *not* through me, then it goes *through* me and it goes instantly on its way back *to Him* and the cycle is perfect. *Of, through, to... of, through, to*.

The only way I can bear the glory is... well, as soon as it comes, I must get rid of it.

Imitation becomes so dangerous. To be *like* Christ now becomes the spirit of antichrist. The *good* is the enemy of the *best*. The **best** is not *good*, it's God! *The final revelation must be "Christ in you."* Not you copying Christ, but actually *the Son of God living in you and in me*. Then the danger has been dealt with.

"I love Him. But more than once I've done, *in the fear of God*, what I wouldn't have done. There is a discipline in divinity. He says, "...*in whom I am well pleased*." It delights the Father's heart when I lift up Jesus."

THE CURRENCY OF HEAVEN

He gave me the ability to bless...

There's a question I've asked but I've not answered. Can you reverse the reverse? If you can curse the curse and if captivity can be made captive—*now that can be!* The Word says!

So can captivity be captured? Can the curse be cursed? Can destruction be destroyed? Can death die? Can the reverse be reversed? If so, *when*—is it now or is it then? I need to know this, I need to know.

But then, *do* I need to know? Or do I need *revelation*, not the knowledge of good and evil which God has forbidden. I'm more acceptable when I say, "I *don't* know," than when I say, "I *do* know." I can receive revelation in my spirit.

See, I was never meant to know! God never gave me that. He gave me the ability to bless people. I have an ability, but I'm not called to *know*. I'm called to that delightful place where *by the grace of God*, I can *transmit*.

I was only meant to know God. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Paul said, "I count all things *but* loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

God is positive with the negative.

There's one thing I can fasten on and stand on: *Captivity is captive*. Jesus said on the cross at Calvary, "It is finished!" He said, "I have finished the work which You have given Me to do." God has declared the end from the beginning.

It would seem God is positive with the negative. If captivity is captured, then the curse is cursed. Destruction loses its power to destroy if Jesus has destroyed destruction, And He became a curse for me through death—*through death*, not avoiding death!

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood," *which they are*, "he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death," *not avoiding it*, but *through death* "he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

They tell me when the bee stings, it dies. But the honey is left. *The honey is left.* I've checked this with my good friend John, who is a bee expert. He says as soon as the bee stings, it dies.

So the death is the end of the bee. But see, the sting of death is the end of death. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death *is...*" The sting is the end. (1 Cor 15:55)

See, the Lord has removed the sting, but He's left the honey. "But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Men fall on their strong point.

Goliath did not die with David's sling, David's sling stunned Goliath. But it was his own sword that cut his head off. The Word of God has shown us that men fall on their strong point.

Absalom's hair was long and he polled it "at every year's end." It was his glory. But he got it all caught up in an oak tree where he died. The mule he was riding went on.

Peter of all people needed the boldness of the Holy Ghost and yet he himself was a bold man obviously glorying in his boldness.

The devil had power according to Hebrews 2:14. But the devil lost his power at Calvary. Jesus declared, "All power is given unto Me." He said to Pilate, "You could have no power at all against Me except it were given." David said to Goliath, "The battle *is* the LORD's."

What was the devil's strong point? *Fear!* Whenever he ministers, he ministers *fear*. Whilst the devil can minister *fear*, he's also subject to it. And the *sting...* Just as Goliath did not die with David's sword, he died with his own sword!

People who are fighting in the world today finally will die in their sting. The bloodstained battlefields.... It's a principle. If you pick up the sword to kill, that's what will kill you. But on the other hand, if you choose to *love* people, the opposite takes place.

Let God be true!

If the devil's power is *fear*, he must be destroyed with his own sword, *fear*. While Jesus has destroyed him, the devil can still make people afraid. "Beware of the wiles," the devil's bluff. But he does *not* have the power *not* to be afraid. The Word of God declares, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." *He will flee!* "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Not only Goliath, but *all*.

Look at the mess we've had out in Iraq with the recent war and conflict. How much more wonderful it would have been to have sent 10,000 *believers* out there with Bibles than 10,000 soldiers to kill. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."

My understanding is that we give the devil back the power that Jesus took from him when we enter into fear. We give him back what Jesus took from him! We do that when we do not let God be true.

Yielding destroys the impetus, the momentum of compulsion. By yielding to the Spirit of truth, I automatically resist the devil. How does the devil feel when He's confronted with the Holy Spirit of God?

He sent His Son. Another member of the family brought us into newness of life.

The whole issue goes back to Jesus making captivity captive. "When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive..." If He makes captivity captive, that opens the prison door! You see what's happened? Captivity hasn't locked me in prison; Jesus has locked captivity in prison. Captivity is the prisoner, not me. He's made captivity captive!

Now running that through, *He's cursed the curse!* He's cancelled out that power that cancelled out so many things in the life of the sinner. "When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." And it says He "ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things."

Running it through again... Wicked men can go into business again *out of bankruptcy* by substituting another member of the family. Now God has arranged freedom *by another* member of the family. He sent His Son. "For as much then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, *He* Himself likewise took part of the same..." (*Another member of the family*, not an angel, but *the son of man!*) "...that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil...." Another member of the family brought us into "newness of life."

Men do this wickedly and make bankruptcy a source of income to go into business again. But God, in His mercy has arranged for us, *newness of life!* "And God both raised up the Lord and will also raise us up by His power."

Jujitsu is an art of self-defense descending from the Japanese. In jujitsu, there is a sacrificial form where one of the opponents will deliberately fall to overcome his adversary. He has learned by the actual fall to triumph and to save himself.

Twelve armies of angels could have utterly destroyed every Roman soldier. Jesus would have saved Himself and you and I would have been lost. So in the purpose of God, Jesus saved you and saved me to the ultimate glory of His great name.

And whilst we do not continue in sin... "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid." Yet God has permitted the *saving* for the glory of God's name. *Amen!*

*"I gave Him my old tattered garments,
He gave me a robe of pure white..."*

Revelation revolutionizes...

Now is there something coming that could alter? Is there anything of the curse in what you're doing? If the power is for His glory and the glory is taken by the

vessel, then it does not go *through* and therefore, it does not go back *to*. We're settled on this principle: "For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things." Not some things, *all things*. (Rom 11:36)

Revelation revolutionizes! We're not passing in a tub to scrub the fabrics clean, we're pressing the button on an electrified washing machine. We are not putting a horse between the shafts of a cart, we are sitting in comfort in a carriage governed by internal combustion, a car. The engine has cancelled out the horse and cart. The greater includes the lesser.

Nobody ever *dreamed* of the cell phone. Henry VIII never dreamed of the cell phone. The cell phone has changed mankind like the computer has. You see, we are treading on the threshold of the unknown.

The currency of heaven is humility.

Why does the ebb *ebb*? Who causes the ebb to ebb? Well of course, God does. In the record of the past, it is recorded.

Look at King Uzziah*, "his heart was lifted up." When? The scriptures reveal that "he was marvelously helped, till he was strong." But when he was strong, he did not recognize he was *strengthened*. His heart was lifted up and he thought it was through *him* and it didn't go through him. He finished up a leper in a hut.

Nebuchadnezzar* looked at the splendor of his kingdom, gloated and gloried in himself. "Is not this great Babylon, that *I have built...*?" And because he thought it was through *him*, it didn't go through him back to God. Then his ebb came.

The ebb came, just as it did for King Uzziah who was struck with leprosy. Nebuchadnezzar lost his sanity and his kingdom for seven years. He ate grass in the fields like a beast. His nails were like birds' claws, his hair like birds' feathers *until* he knew: "*Until* you know that the Most High rules in the kingdom of men, and gives it to whomever He chooses." Then he blessed the God of heaven and his reason was restored and the ebb stopped ebbing.

Herod*, on a set day, arrayed in royal apparel, gave a great speech. The people said, "*It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.*" He touched the glory. It did not go through him. It did not go back to God. "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him" and he was eaten by worms and he died "because he gave not God the glory."

He thought it was through *him* and it didn't go back to God. What was the result? What happened? God ordered the ebb which destroyed him.

Pompous Peter declared to Jesus, "Though *all* men forsake you, yet will not *I*." The cause of the ebb? "*I...*" It was the birth of his pride that exalted him. Swiftly the rot set in. Not before Pilate or Caesar, but before a little servant girl. Three times he denied the Lord with oaths and curses.

* Uzziah see 2 Chron 15, 16; Nebuchadnezzar see Dan 4:30-33; Herod see Acts 12:22, 23

The Pharisee exalted himself and in exalting himself, he touched God's glory. "I fast. I give tithes. I'm not like this man."

The devil said to Adam and Eve, "You will be like God." Because they believed the lie, pride was born, *the leaven*, and the *Fall* came in.

Again and again we see the cause of the ebb: he *exalted* himself. The safety: he *humbled* himself. Saul hid his 'himself' amongst the stuff. Jesus made His 'Himself' "of no reputation." What do I do with my 'himself?' *This is vital!*

There is a moment when the king holds out the scepter. Then human responsibility in the person of Esther touches the top of the scepter and Sovereignty comes in. I can only humble "*under the mighty hand.*" The *mighty hand* is God. The withdrawal of the scepter is the consequence that produces the ebb. The ebb comes when the *mighty hand* decrees.

Consequence? *The Ebb*. Result? *Mock humility*. Not acceptable! The currency of heaven is humility. Mock humility is like counterfeit coins that are rejected at the throne of God.

David declared, "Thou requireth truth in the inward parts." If truth is not in the inward parts, the outward parts produce counterfeit currency. The motive is not in the *what*, it's in the *why*. Why do I do what I do? Is it to be seen of men? Is it to feed an unseen image inside me?

Is it any wonder that God declares in the second commandment, "Thou shall not make to thyself, to thy 'himself,' a *false image*. That's doing what God does! God made man in *His* image. When man repeats that and does what God does, it births pride, the enemy of the glory of God.

Good instead of *God* breaks the very first commandment. "Don't eat of the tree...."

IS MY LIFE GIVING THAT TRANSPARENCY?

Obedience is life.

Now if commandments are not creative, then there is no creation. Life ceases and the ebb is birthed. “Thou shalt also decree a thing; and it shall be established unto thee....” When? When commanded to do so.

The proceeding Word is from your mouth? *No!!* The proceeding Word is from the mouth of God. *The mouth of God!* “When He utters *His* voice –” Jesus said, “My sheep hear My voice.”

Some of us are familiar with *His Master’s Voice* records. I’m taking you back almost 90 years! As a little boy, I searched for the voice in the gramophone and couldn’t find the man. I put my head inside that great big trumpet to try and find the man talking inside!

Well, *this* is a story from the early days of the *telephone*. It’s about a man who lost his dog. He loved his dog so he reported it to the police station.

Soon they sent the message up, “We’ve got your dog.” Down to the station he went! No, it was not his dog. This happened again and again and again. He constantly went down to see dogs that were not his. Finally he told the police, “I’ll not bother anymore.”

Then came another message, “We are *sure!* This time we’ve got your dog. Do come once more.” Halfheartedly he went down to the police station. It wasn’t his dog. “*That’s it, no more!*”

Again came the message, “We are *sure* this time!” He said, “You’re always sure, but you’re always wrong. I’m not coming.”

“Well, would you speak over the telephone and see if *this* dog responds to your *voice*? Would you do that, even if you won’t come down?” He said, “All right.” The dog at the station was connected to the telephone. The master said over the telephone, “*Fido! Slippers! Fido!*”

And the dejected dog, tail down, head down... *leapt at the voice, jumped off the stool and ran around the station excited!* The policeman said, “*This is it! This is it!* We are settled, he’s your dog.” He went down and sure enough, the lost dog was found.

The dog knew the *voice*. The dog had been trained to find the master’s slippers. *Through his obedience*, he revealed his ownership. He heard his master’s voice and it was related to his *obedience*. This was the same voice that had said, “*Down!*” “*Sit!*” “*Heel!*”

When a dog is trained, he doesn’t cross the road when he wants because he could be killed. He has to learn obedience. The master says, “*Down.*” “*Sit.*” “*Heel!*” Then comes, “*Now!*” When “*Now!*” comes, the dog crosses the road. His obedience is related to his *life!*

Trust...

I had a dog once, his name was Duke. I started a game with him and at first he did not know what I was doing. He didn’t know it was a game.

I’d say to him, “*Sit!*” I’d get a piece of meat and I’d bring the meat right around to his nose. He would open his mouth and I would say, “*No.*” The meat would go around and come right back to his nose. He’d open his mouth and I’d say, “*No.*” After two or three times, I’d change from “*No*” to “*Now.*”

Once he moved from trust to understanding, it became a game. He’d wag his tail and completely wait until I changed from “*No*” to “*Now.*” It had now become a game and he loved it. He saw the end from the beginning and he knew and trusted me, his master.

My wife and I would dare not speak about his lead, his leash, in front of him. Marj would say, “Is it time for his w-a-l-k?” *Walk*. He soon learned what w-a-l-k meant. He couldn’t spell, but he associated that with the lead up on the nail. And his tail was wagging as soon as one of us said, “Is it time for his w-a-l-k?” He’d go and look up at his lead. He couldn’t spell, but he *knew* and he *trusted*.

We lived in England and were going to Wales on holiday and we wondered, “Should we take the dog?” We decided to take him along. We put Duke in the van along with the kids and went on holiday.

One night I was invited to take a meeting. We said, “Well, we’ll have to lock Duke in the house and come back after the meeting.”

What happened, I don’t know. All I know is we had gone several miles in the van when somebody looked out as the van was stopping at the crossroad and shouted, “*Duke!*” There was Duke, completely and utterly exhausted.

From that moment, he never trusted me again. It destroyed something in him. Many times, I’d find my dog sitting in the driver’s seat. I had destroyed something of trust in my dog and he believed I was going to leave him behind. I had destroyed trust.

“Why hast thou forsaken Me?” We know why.

Have you ever considered what Jesus said at Calvary? He cried out, “My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me?” Jesus asked, “*Why?*”

Something happened at Calvary beyond the physical. That inward relationship between Jesus and the Father was wounded. He not only suffered physical death; He suffered as a lost soul. Never before had the link been cut!

You’d be amazed if you count the times Jesus spoke again and again of “My Father...” “My Father...” “My Father...” “*My Father and I...*” “...the Father *is* in me, and I in him.” “...the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I *am* in the Father, and the Father in me.” “I and *My* Father are one.”

Never before had God turned His back on Jesus. And He said, “*Why?*” We know why. It was for our sake, “for our sins.”

Trust goes beyond faith. Trust is in the Person.

There’s a silly story of an old man who had a reputation for trusting nobody. The old man told his little boy, “My boy, I will put you on the bottom stair. When I say to you ‘*Jump!*’ then you jump and I will catch you.” So the little boy jumped and the father caught him.

“Now my boy, I will put you on stair *number two*. You will jump when I say ‘*Jump!*’ I will catch you.” The little boy jumped and his father caught him.

“Now my boy, I will put you on stair *number three* and I’ll say, ‘*Jump!*’ and I will catch you.” Again, the little boy jumped and his father caught him.

Then the old man said, “I’ll put you on stair *number four* and I’ll catch you. When I say, ‘*Jump!*’ ...you jump!” The old man said, “*Jump!*” But he turned his back on his little boy and let him fall.

He said, “There you are my boy. You have now learned the first lesson that a smart boy must learn: Never trust any man, not even your own father.”

OK, a *silly story*. But trust goes beyond faith. Faith is in the word. Trust is in the *person*.

When Jesus used the word ‘*Why?*’ ...a link was cut. God forsook Jesus and He was left to die. And in that moment, He cried out, “My God, *why* have you forsaken me?”

Do I know why the Father turned His back on the Son? *Why?* Well, in the atonement or the ‘*at-one-ment*’, Jesus took my place.

Of Him, through Him, to Him...

So here comes the question. Has reversed been reversed? The curse was cursed. The scriptures declare captivity is made captive; bondage is bound; shackles are shackled.

Is death dead? Is there something that the Church has not yet seen? Hebrews 2:14 says that “through death,” He defeated death. He’s the Alpha and the Omega. “Of Him, through Him, to Him are *all* things.” Not some things, *all* things.

Have we yet to receive revelation from God that makes the printed Word that “we are more than conquerors” a living fact demonstrated in the Church?

The birth of pride, the birth of leaven comes as the man exalts himself and believes it’s through his ‘himself,’ *of* God but *through* the man. Then it *doesn’t* go *through* the man and it *doesn’t* go *to* God. This is the birth of pride and the consequence is the ebb.

You see, if revelation doesn’t change me, it’s only powerless print in a book. “Have you read that?” “*Oh yes, I’ve read it, but it didn’t change me.*”

Print doesn’t change you. But if God *breathed* on the print, then the breath of God *through* the print will change....

Now I’m a part of the Church, yet I see that the Church isn’t giving a clear representation to the world of what *should* be. Look in the Book of Acts where it tells about the birth of the Church. *They came...* when they saw the timidity and the fear of Peter and John? *No!!* It was when they saw the *boldness!* The Holy Ghost gave them *boldness*. Now there’s the challenge!

A clear trumpet-like clarion call...

Here they are all together, “And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.” They went out on the streets of Jerusalem and people marveled!

Suddenly there was “a *sound* from heaven.” The Holy Ghost gave them boldness! There was “a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind” that filled the whole place and it was *whispered.... no, no!* It was *noise!!* God turned the volume up!

They didn’t have to *shout* only to get a muffled result. Are we ready for God to turn the volume up? Well here comes the issue of *bearing*. “I have many things to say to you, but you cannot *bear* them now.” If we are ready, we can bear it. If we haven’t got it, the ebb speaks loudly. *The ebb is speaking loudly.*

Why does the volume, the *holy boldness* cease? What causes the ebb? You see, I’m not satisfied. I feel there should be a clear trumpet-like clarion call. It was “a *sound* from heaven.” Is my life giving that transparency? Does my voice effectively declare *the sound*?

I look through the window and I see a perfect picture of the window. No I don’t! *I see the mountain!* I don’t even notice the window. I look *through* it; I look through it and I don’t even see it. “Of Him, through Him and to Him are all things.”

The Son of God declares the God of the Son.

“Why, *why?*” Jesus went this way on the cross when He cried, “*Why?*” My Saviour was cut off from the Father. He bore, amongst everything else that He bore, He bore my doubt. “*Why hast Thou forsaken Me?*” He bore my despair.

Now if *He* bore it, do I need to have it? The whole principle of the atonement is *He took my place*.

I look through that window. I don't even consider what a nice window, what a clean window. I say, "*What a wonderful mountain!*" I'm thrilled with the creation of God and I don't even see the window. It is totally transparent.

Jesus said, "If you've seen Me, you've seen the Father." In other words, *finally*, the Son of God declares the God of the Son. The ultimate end, "that God may be all in all." In finality, *there's no ebb*.

He had to know what it was to be forsaken. He bore the awful doubt...

But related to the ebb is the issue of the '*himself*' where the man sees himself and believes the lie: "It is through *me*." So then it doesn't go *through* him and it doesn't go back to God. *The glory...*

Simple illustration: "What a wonderful window!" No. "What a wonderful mountain!" Yes. I see the mountain. I don't even see the window. "Of Him, through Him and to Him are all things." It's gone *through* Him and so it goes back to Him.

"Why have You forsaken Me?" The Father turned His back on His only begotten Son. "Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Apparently, Jesus didn't know why. He knows why now because He's risen from the dead.

But as He was going through it, the Father cut the link and Jesus was forsaken. Now surely, the whole point is that *we* should never feel forsaken. The sinless One bore my sin that I might enjoy the presence of the sinless Son. After His resurrection, He told His disciples, "*and lo, I am with you always...*"

He had to know what it was to be forsaken. Jesus bore the awful doubt of being forgotten of God. He became a curse for us. God cursed the curse in Jesus.

From Pentecost to Tabernacles...

Is there a threshold with Tabernacles as there was with Pentecost? "They were all with one accord in one place."

Prior to this, in the Passover preparation before Pentecost, they had obeyed His Word which was "Follow the man with the pitcher."

The man with the pitcher was doing a woman's job. He would be easily seen, he'd be carrying a jug on his head. The fact that he was a man would make it easy to follow him. And they did.

They followed him because *Jesus* had said, "*Follow Me*." Once the man with the pitcher arrived at the upper room, you never hear of him again. There is not a '*Gospel according to the man with the pitcher*.' The *one-man-show* goes!

Is there a last chapter?

In obedience again after Calvary, they *go up* the steps and they're all together with one accord in the Upper Room. *Pentecost!* I would think they had to *go up*.

Remember the old hymn, “Oh may no earthborne cloud arise to hide Thee from thy servant’s eyes....” They were all together with one accord in one place in Jerusalem and the Church is birthed!

Now is there a last chapter? *Tabernacles*. We are on the threshold of the dispensation of the fullness of times. It’s two thousand years since Pentecost and look, *fullness screams for fullness!*

This is the day when murder and every abominable wretched thing comes to fullness. Other days never came into the potential that they can come to in this day. It’s harvest time, “the harvest is the end of the age.” *The dispensation of the fullness of times is at hand.*

“Come, and let us return unto the LORD: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us: in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight. Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the LORD: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth.”

Hosea 6:1-3 KJV

SEE YOUR CALLING?

In the Body, as we enter into Tabernacles and into this day of fullness, it's not only *coming together*, it's *losing identity*. Enoch *was not*. (*Gen. 5:24; Heb. 11:5–6*)

There's not much said about Enoch. But when you go back and read about him, you see he was a family man. He had a wife and he had children. He wasn't a monk or somebody living on the top of a mountain. Whilst he walked with God, he had time to have a family.

Enoch was not. He lost his identity in God.

So let's create round a family man who "walked with God." One of his sons was called Methuselah. He lived nearly 1,000 years. Shall we create a situation? Mrs. Enoch says to little Methuselah, "Your Dad's out walking again, he's always walking. Go and tell your Dad that dinner is ready. Go and find him, Methuselah."

So Methuselah goes out looking for Dad. After a long time, after all, everything's long about Methuselah, he comes back and says, "*Mum, I can't find him.*" "Don't be ridiculous," she says. "*I can't!*" The situation soon becomes serious; they can't find him. He *was not*.

There's no record of him ever being buried or dying; it just says, "he *was not*." Somehow he lost his identity *in God*. Whether this could be a forerunner, a herald, a sample of what God purposed at the *end time* is something that you and I need to settle.

Does God so want us to walk *with Him* that finally we lose our identity *in Him*? I've got rid of my *through* problem, my 'himself,' believing it's *through* me. I've lost my identity. If Enoch *was not*, isn't there a place where Arthur Burt should be *not*? Is this the message for the Body?

In the Body, I'm lost in God. I'm no longer the whole. I'm part of the whole.

I am no longer an *identity*. I now become part of the Body, the Head of which is Christ, the Head of which is God. In the Body, I'm lost in God. Then out of this total disappearance, I emerge. I've gone, but I emerge. I'm no longer the *whole*—Identity: *Arthur Burt*. But I discover I'm *part* of the whole. And because I'm part of the whole, I become a whole part!

If I'm a hand, my function will be to handle. All the handling in the body will be my responsibility. But I am no good for listening. I'm no good for talking or walking because I'm a hand. The only thing a hand can do perfectly well is *handle*. So wherever the body needs to handle, the head will direct me to the hand.

But I have to learn to be left out. If the head is speaking, the ear must have an ear to hear. "He who has an ear to hear, let him hear." But there's nothing in the Book that says, "Let the hand listen." It can't. "Let the hand walk." It can't. The only thing it can do is that which God has purposed it should do, *handle*. Handle.

If the only operation of the body was to handle, then I am a *one-man show*. But there are so many things the body has to do that have nothing to do with handling. How can a hand handle if the liver doesn't function? How can a hand handle if the heart doesn't beat or the foot doesn't walk or the eye doesn't see? The hand is helpless without them. The only thing it can do is handle. But it is a whole part. When the head dictates *handling*, that is what the hand does.

It is like the key on the piano. If C-sharp is needed, B-flat will never take its place. Only C-sharp can fit the divine harmony at that place. And only the musician can touch C-sharp. C-sharp isn't sharp enough to touch itself. It's helpless and waits for the divine musician, the Holy Spirit to touch it.

And the Spirit divides severally as *you will*. *NO, no, no!* It's "*as He will*." You have no ministry except the Spirit touches you and anoints you.

"What's your qualification?!" "*I'm very good at cutting the grass on your lawn.*" "Well we don't need anybody who can cut the grass. What we need is somebody that can fly an airplane, a pilot. Have you any qualifications for flying?" "*Well, I can sing. I can cut hair.*" "Don't you understand? The vacancy is for a pilot! We don't want somebody to cook the dinner, we've got a cook! But we've a vacancy for a pilot." *What is your function?*

Is there a dispensation of demonstration?

Is there something that has yet to come which would be *demonstration*? *Being* is more important than *saying*. Could it be that preaching goes *out* with the *one-man show*? Well, what comes in?

We are living in a world of talk. The whole of life is made up of advertising. "*Heinz Baked Beans, 57 Varieties. The Joy of Living!*" What?! The joy of living in a can of beans? "*Guinness is good for you!*" Who says so? Guinness does. Well do they have *another motive*? He that bears testimony of himself is not true! Truth demands independent witness.

In Tabernacles, we are going to see, not a *preaching* of truth, but a *demonstration*. A blind man is here. I don't preach to him but I *demonstrate* that Jesus Christ is a *Healer*. All I need to say is, "In Jesus' name, *see*."

Now that's where *life* began for me at 15. I didn't know a thing. I'd never been to church, never been to Sunday School. I was an absolute heathen. But I saw this girl, she'd be about 20. She was jumping up and down hysterically shouting, "Oh, I can see! I can see!" And that one thing was a *demonstration* that began God dealing with *this man*, me.

I said, "God is real!" because of a demonstration! I was introduced with a *demonstration*. I saw ambulances outside Victoria Hall and people being carried in on stretchers and God was *healing* them in 1926!

I don't think I've ever seen that since, ambulances bringing sick people. But I was impressed with *demonstration*. After that, I got hooked on preaching, which of course had its allotted place in the purpose of God. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel" with signs confirming the preaching of the Word, signs *demonstrating*.

At the beginning, God said, "Let there be..." and there was. "Let there be..." and there was. "Let there be...." And there was! The whole of creation is a demonstration of the reality of God.

We are entering into Tabernacles. Over and over the scriptures say, "In that day..." Is this *that day*? Is there a *dispensation of demonstration*?

Christ in you...

Manhood is the goal. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child." It doesn't say, "I stayed as a child. I remained as a child." It says, "...when I became a man, I put away...."

My shoes don't fit me anymore, my foot has grown. I have outgrown my little trousers. I have outgrown everything in divine purpose, because in becoming a man, I outgrow my garb as a child.

You put away your dollies when you become a mother with a living baby. That is the ultimate goal. That is *Tabernacles*, "Christ in you," the only hope of God ever getting glory out of you.

Because in the middle place, the 'himself,' as long as I've seen *that* 'Himself' as not myself, I'm safe. It's *of Him, through Christ*, and it goes back *to Him*. The indwelling Christ occupies the place, the breeding ground where my 'himself' could believe it was through me. But I know it's not.

So in the loss of identity, where am I? If, like Enoch, I *am not*, then the breeding ground is gone. Pride needs a breeding ground. The Pharisee said, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men *are*." "I..." "I..." "I..."

But if Christ *in* you is the hope of glory, the one spot where humanity could produce leaven or could produce pride is occupied with Jesus. Then you've got the perfect cycle! "For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things." Of Him, through Christ, to Him are all things.

As Jesus took my place on the cross, I can now take His place. See it's *of Him*, I've lost my identity. And it's now *through Him*, so it goes back *to Him*. So there's the divine cycle and *there...* there's no place for the ebb.

Enoch was not. The invisible man lost in the great I AM!

Tabernacles, the *dispensation of the fullness of times* is upon us. Now that which God is bringing is in the first stage.

I began as a twinkle in my daddy's eye. That was long ago! Well, I'm 98 now, just two years off 100. But physically, I began as a twinkle in my daddy's eye. Now the only place where anything can be dealt with is at birth.

Pentecost birthed the Church. But it hasn't yet come to "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The only way it is ever going to come to that measure is by the complete dismissal, evaporation, the *was-not-ness* of Enoch.

Enoch was not. The invisible man lost in the great I AM! He *was not*. He was lost in the great *I AM*.

Another paid the price. He took our place.

According to Galatians 3:13, Jesus was made a curse for us. Imagine a diver going down to a wreck deep in the sea. He's utterly dependant on them *up above* to supply him with air to enable him to see to the wreck and resurrect the wreck. Can you imagine if what was previously planned in the plan goes wrong?

In eternity, Jesus had never been forsaken. Examine the New Testament and find out the times when Jesus declares, "My Father... ." "My Father... ." Many, many times, He's talking about, "My Father and I..." He *knew* Him. "I and *My* Father are one." He had never been forsaken.

The air had always been there and they *up there* had always pumped the air down to the diver. Change the diver to *Jesus*. Change the "they up there" to the *Father*. Now you have the picture that produced the cry, "My God, why have You forsaken Me?!"

The Son of God suddenly discovered there was no air for Him. And deep down, He's crying out, "You've cut me off, My God! What are you doing to me? I can't live!" For the first time in His existence, He's cut off from the *Source*. He never ever had that experience before. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The divine plan was to forsake Jesus. It could not have been discussed beforehand. If forsaking Jesus had been previously discussed, then why would Jesus cry, "*My God, why have You forsaken Me?*" He *had* to be forsaken. God *had* to turn His back on Jesus.

Jesus took my place that He, *God the Father*, would never turn His back on me. The sinless Savior took our place. "He was wounded for our transgressions." He took my place, my iniquities, in my place—*condemned*. That's why there is "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." They have been condemned *in Jesus*, and therefore, there is *no condemnation*.

He had never known the experience of being separated from His Father. He always depended upon His Father. And all of a sudden, He finds Himself down there, like the diver at the bottom of the ocean and He's cut off. "Why have You forsaken Me?"

He took my place! He bore my every "Why?" He bore my every sin. He took my despair. Every accusation, every quarrel never got beyond Calvary. To be justified is to be *just-as-if-I'd* never sinned. That is why Jesus was forsaken! He died in my stead. He now *lives* in my stead, instead of me. He took my place.

I understand when you go into a shop in Jerusalem and make a purchase, they write 'teleo' across the bill, which means, "It is finished." It is the same Word that Jesus cried on the cross. "It's paid."

I've got a collection of receipts. I keep all my receipts to prove that people don't have to forgive me, I have paid. A debt can be forgiven. *Paid* is different. If anybody says to me, "Hey just a minute, you've never paid that bill," I bring out my receipt. That shows my debt paid."

But if I did not pay and someone else paid for me, *in the stead of me*, that would be the perfect plan. It's finished! *Another paid the price!*

Self-consciousness lost in God-consciousness!

Enoch was not. See your calling? God has chosen the 'are nots.' Why? He has chosen the 'are nots' to bring the things which *are* to nothing. Do I see my calling? If I do not see my calling, I see my 'himself.'

When humanity ceases to recognize that the 'through' is not through *him*, then it does not go through *Him*, and pride, the leaven is born. He *must* recognize that it is "of Him and through Him and to Him." It's not through you or me.

Enoch was not. 'Himself?' ... *Invisible!* He couldn't be found. Self-consciousness lost in God-consciousness! If this is the conclusion of the whole situation, then where the "glory has departed," the breeding ground of pride, the birth of the leaven causes the ebb. The anointing has lifted, the life has gone. *Ichabod.*

It comes in a man, even in a visitation or a so-called revival. It *becomes* in a man and the ebb is birthed. It's because the man or humanity thinks it is through *him*. Therefore it does not go through *Him* and back to *Him*, and the divine cycle is broken. *Of, to, through...* *This is absolutely vital.*

"Of Him, through Him and to Him are all things." (Rom 11:36)

OUT OF DEATH COMES LIFE!

I ministered in a military academy when I was in El Salvador. There was a US military leader who told us El Salvador's government received a million dollars every now and then from the USA. That money was to help their military act as a buffer against the invading forces of the rebels.

This meant instead of the US having to deal with them, their government dealt with them. So they took the work that North America would have had to do and they did it *in the stead* of North America.

He told us, "We could finish the war against the guerillas in six weeks. But if we did, their government would cease to receive the millions of dollars that came." He was delegated to a desk instead of leading the Army. I understand that the millions of dollars never got to the military. It went into the pockets of the government.

I saw the military there. It was comprised of boys of 14, 15, 16 years of age. These lads had no real military training. A captive guerilla would be nailed to the ground and the boys would stab him many times to get used to the shedding of blood. That was the only military training.

"Arms and legs shall come down from heaven..."

This will happen. But before they come, they have to go.

Inexperienced boys went out each night in truckloads to fight experienced guerillas. They didn't stand a chance. They were no match for them. In the morning, the trucks would bring the lads back bleeding, blinded, burned.

I went into the hospital and talked to these boys through an interpreter. There were no crutches for them. There was no possibility of replaced limbs. So many were there, all bandaged up with only half of their bodies. I ministered to them, told them about Jesus. "Here you are at 15 and you've lost your legs. Here you are at 16, blinded, one arm gone, one leg gone. *How much you need God!*"

The corruption of a corrupt government! The money that America sent never went into the military. The boys were put into uniform to feed their ego, but they received no military training. They were barely out of childhood.

Man chose to be a god instead of having a God.

Friendship with the world is enmity with God. You can't avoid that. The Word of God declares it. God does not have a majority, He has a monopoly. *Of Him* are all things.

He comes and deposits in humanity. The problem comes when humanity is handling and breaks the divine order and thinks that which is *of God* is through *him*, the man. So it doesn't go *through Him* and you've got the ebb, you've got the leaven. You've got the cause that produces a short circuit. It falls short and doesn't go *through Him* and therefore it doesn't go back *to Him*, God. It becomes a cessation of that which is "*of Him...*"

Once God sees humanity is touching His glory, it ceases. The *ebb* comes, a complete disaster, *Ichabod, the glory has departed*. Why did the glory depart? God withheld that which is *of Him* because it's no longer *of Him* when man believes it's through *him*.

That means it does not go in the divine purpose that *of Him* is *through Him*. Because the man doesn't believe that, it doesn't go *through Him* and it doesn't go back *to Him*. That is the cause, the cause of sin! It's where visitation ceases. It's where man's blessing stops. It's the reason for sin, for sickness, for poverty, for war, for disaster.

It all revolves round the one issue. Take it back to the beginning of all beginnings, the first commandment, "*Don't eat of the tree.*" Man chose to be a god instead of having a God. To be a god, he had to reject having a God and set himself up as God, *in the stead* of God.

His independence became his downfall. The *Fall* was birthed in the man and the woman and so God drove them out of what He had purposed to put them in, what they should be in. *Why?* Had God changed His mind? Man disobeyed. Man chose to be a god instead of having a God.

Pride was birthed. Pride is the enemy of the glory of God. Pride is man's glory. Instead of God having the glory, the honor, the credit, man places his filthy hands on it and robs God of it in his heart. He cannot rob God otherwise.

"Thine is the glory!" It never leaves His hand. "*Of Him... are all things.*" If the things that are *of Him* do not go through creation and come back *to Him*, then God turns the tap off and you have what we call '*ebb.*'

The drought of God is the cessation of the '*of.*' "*Of Him...*" It dries up. Man is left in a wilderness where there is no water of God. "For My people have committed two evils: They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, *And* hewn themselves cisterns—broken cisterns that can hold no water."

The consequence is God turning His back on His own creation because His own creation turned their back on God. The consequence is death, sickness, war, crime,

torture—*every negative situation ruling*—even God *absent* from His own creation, He has turned His back.

Only in *Jesus* is there restoration and revival because Jesus received the curse and became a curse for us when God turned His back on Him. Jesus cried out, “*Why have You forsaken Me?*”

Do I not enter into harvest because I have not died in Pentecost?

The principle is ushered in with *this* Word, He made captivity captive. Now that is vital! He made captivity captive. He took bondage out and He cursed the curse. And in so doing, He destroyed destruction. *He cursed the curse!* Bondage is bound. Calvary has reversed the reverse.

Now comes the big question. If this be so, then how and when and where will it be demonstrated? It’s one thing to put it down on a printed page, but it’s another thing to be *demonstrated*. Is this locked up to a dispensation which we term *Tabernacles*? The whole emphasis of *Tabernacles* is *harvest*. It’s fullness! It’s when you get your corn in, when you get your wine in.

In Pentecost, the kernel of wheat falls into the ground and dies. But *Tabernacles* is *harvest*, when you get your corn *in*. Harvest comes out of the death of the corn.

Pentecost precedes *Tabernacles*. *Passover, Pentecost, Tabernacles...* one, two, three. Pentecost precedes *Tabernacles*. Is there an attendant death? As Jesus died and multiplied, does this principle apply? Do I not enter into *harvest* because I have not died in Pentecost?

“Except a corn of wheat falls into the ground and die....” Oh dear! I thought it was all about *rising!* “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.” See, if it doesn’t die, then there cannot be the attendant blessing, the fruit. After the corn of wheat dies, it abides alone. But if it dies, it multiplies. Everything must die to multiply. A carrot, a potato, an onion, the seed of an apple tree or the seed of a plum tree — *they all have to die to multiply*. This is an absolute essential! If it doesn’t die, it doesn’t multiply.

You and I must come to this place. It’s an unavoidable place; we don’t want it. But life comes out of death. If you don’t die, you’ll never live. It’s a birth in the spirit. You’ve got to be born again. There’s no substitute for death. Jesus died. The good news is He’s alive today! He’s the firstborn of many brethren. Jesus came that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

Is there another way?

They discovered the tomb of Tutankhamen a number of years ago. It’s commonly known as *Tut’s Tomb* in Egypt. A young Pharaoh, about 18, died and he was mummified. His whole body was preserved and entombed for thousands of years. In my lifetime, Tutankhamen’s Tomb was discovered.

In the tomb with a young man, they also discovered gold and silver vessels. Jewels of spectacular wealth were all placed in Tut's Tomb.

One other thing they discovered was a wooden bowl. In this wooden bowl were a number of grains of wheat. But they had never fulfilled the divine purpose, "Except a corn of wheat falls into..." *not into a wooden bowl*, but "the ground."

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

Because they never fulfilled their purpose in the wooden bowl, nothing had ever happened! They had not submitted to the principle that Jesus had declared, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abides alone." If there is a submission to this principle, they die. And out of that dying comes the multiplying.

Well there in a God-ordained environment, the kernels of wheat which had been trapped and imprisoned for centuries were released in the soil. The imprisoned germs came out and died and multiplied after countless centuries! When they fulfilled the divine plan of dying, they entered into their purpose of multiplying. It worked.

Is there any other way whereby, except through *death*, comes life? It's the only way! All life is bound by that principle. The corn of wheat dies and if it doesn't die, there's no fruit, there's no life. Inside there is a seed, it's right inside. But that seed must die and when it dies, it multiplies.

The corn of wheat, the barley, the potato, the carrot, the onion, the apple, the plum—everything seems to have to bow to the divine plan of death. There is no other way into heaven except by dying.

Life is dependant upon the death of others. Your roast beef, your vegetables, everything comes out of death. Your wooden table died. Or should I say your wooden table was birthed out of the death of the tree? One or two exceptions maybe, your woolen jacket came out of the sheared sheep.

A sacrifice...

The silly story is told of the pig and the hen that went for a walk. They passed many hotels and Bed & Breakfast places with big signs, enlarged letters, "*Bed & Breakfast: Fresh Everyday... Ham & Eggs!*"

The hen stretched her wings and said, "How important we are! Everybody is talking about us." The pig grumbled and murmured. "It's alright for you. They only want an offering from you. They want a *sacrifice* from me."

Basically all life depends upon death. It goes beyond the physical. We have to die to what people think of us and that precedes the way of living to God. We have to die to our will which precedes the way of surrendering to the will of God, even as the Son of God died that I might live.

God does much with little, most with least and everything with nothing.

Well look at me, I have never fulfilled Pentecost. I still need an interpreter when I go to foreign countries. At Pentecost they were saying, “Do we not hear them all speak in our own languages, the wonderful works of God?” I’ve never had that experience as far as I know. I’ve spoken in unknown tongues and didn’t know. But they spoke *languages*. I have never fulfilled Pentecost.

I’m like a child. It’s time to move to a higher class. I don’t get all my sums right. I didn’t rightly spell all the words. Maybe I only got 80%. But it’s time to move on.

Now I’m in a higher class. But in the higher class, there is a higher demand. *God does much with little, most with least and everything with nothing.*

In Pentecost, is it all “*of God*” and nothing *of me*? Well if that be so, I’m qualified. I see my calling. God has chosen the things which *are not*.

So I even mention to my teacher, “I fell short in the last class. I only got 80%.” He says, “Well now, a governing factor changes in the higher class. In this class, we *require* you to do nothing.”

Effortless ease in this day of fullness...

Notice the difference, how much is done almost with effortless ease in this day of fullness. You press the switch and the light comes on. You press the switch on the elevator.

I remember the days when you started a motor with a handle outside. You’d go outside and you’d take the handle and it was a terrific effort. You’re fighting against compression. You’d bring it down to the bottom and then... “*rrrr...rrrr...rrr!*” And if it didn’t fire, you’d have to go all the way round again pressing it down while the pistons slowly went up inside. You bring it down to the bottom, *take your thumb out of the road!* If it backfires, it’ll break your thumb! Keep your thumb out of the road and now at the bottom... “*rrrr...rrrr...rrr!*” It fires!

I had ‘*heart*’ trouble as a young man. I could start a Chevrolet engine when the others couldn’t and it was grounds for my pride. I’d say, “*Get out of the road! Let me do it!*” And it would go.

Now all that’s gone. It’s all finger work. You touch a button, you plug in, you switch on. The work of a pilot in taking a plane up into the sky with 400 people on board is no longer tremendous physical effort. It’s all finger work on dashboards.

We are rapidly becoming a people of very little effort. It is so easy to switch your vacuum cleaner on. It’s no longer with great effort brushing every area of the carpet. Now it’s *finger work*.

The gas cooker, the electric cooker, *everything* is reduced almost to a place of effortless ease. How easy to turn a tap on instead of going down to the lake to fill a bucket with water and carry it back. You just switch the tap now.

In a modern household, the wife has so little effort that she goes out to the gymnasium to produce effort for her health. Her grandmother did her brushing, her pushing, her passing in the wash-tub. *Everything* demanded effort. Maybe her grandmother was more fit than she is! She has to go out now for exercise. She has to produce occasions which were once supplied in ordinary everyday life.

God does much with little, most with least and everything with nothing. Now it's a matter of disappearing. Now it's just a matter of touching with your finger.

The secret of Samson's strength was the Spirit of God.

We've reached such a state of dominion in the natural. But where has our dominion gone in the spiritual? We've come to a place in the realm of electricity where we have been reduced to a minimum of physical effort. Is there a parallel in the realm of the Spirit?

Did you ever ponder Samson's story? (*See Judges 15 & 16*) What a ridiculous situation! A man called Samson killed 1,000 men — not with a machine gun, not with a bomb, but with the jaw bone of an ass! *Well, how ridiculous!*

These men weren't volunteers, they were an *army* fighting him! The natural man would concede that Samson did it because he was a big gigantic man, legs like tree trunks, huge muscles! But Samson could have been the skinniest, thinnest little man there ever was! Maybe he had knobby knees, no flesh on him.

So then, how did he do it? What source or power enabled him? Well obviously it was a *different* source, a *different* force. Was it electricity? What force enabled a man to kill 1,000? He did it! It's like somebody saying in this day, "Now look, I want you to kill 1,000 men!" Could you do it? How can you do it?

You can't do it with a jaw bone of an ass! Maybe you could do it by electricity. You can slay them, electrocute them... a bomb could do it! But not the jaw bone of an ass!

Delilah said, "*Tell me your secret!*" And the Word says the secret of Samson's strength was the source of Samson's strength, the Spirit of God. *Divine electricity!*

An electric train can thunder along at over 100 miles-per-hour pulling tons and tons and tons in its carriages. Electricity can do this effortlessly!

I remember coming out of the market one day in Nottingham and looking up at Darby Hill. It was about *tea time*, rush hour. I watched a little Toyota car with four people in it and it was tackling that *long* hill. It was very soon in second gear and it was struggling as it was going up, "*rrrr...rrrr...rrr...*"

As I stood there, I watched an electric trolley-bus come up, a bus without an engine in it. *No engine in it*, but there's a thin trolley going up until it touches a power in electric wires up above. Well that trolley-bus in the rush hour was packed with seventy people plus five standing, *seventy-five people!* And it glided up the hill past the little struggling motor car. It left it far behind and glided up the hill with *effortless ease!*

I've never forgotten that! I can still see the trolley bus, no engine in it, *no power of itself*, but a thin little trolley of faith touching the power of God in the electric wires above. It would just *glide!* The secret of Samson's strength was the source of his strength, and the source was the Spirit of God.

How ironic that atomic power comes out of splitting the atom! It's not by hacking and separating logs of wood, but by splitting the atom and letting out a power. Like a chain reaction, it leaps to another and another and another and another.

It's like the candle that loses nothing by lighting the candle. A candle burns until it is finally burned out. In the same way, as the candle burns itself completely out, it also has an ability to transmit the power from one candle to another candle. The candle does not lose anything in the transmission. I'm able to light you and my light is not less because I light you. I have the ability to light you and yet I've not lost anything in lighting you. I'm lit and you're lit. We're both lit.

Tabernacles, a different principle to what I thought. *Death, the grave producing the cradle of life!*

I was meant to know God.

I know nothing about computers. Maybe the computer has some secrets locked up inside it, I don't know. I know as we tread out into *Tabernacles*, it's the unknown. And we can only move in *Tabernacles* as we cease to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and the knowledge of evil. The *Fall* began when man entered into two.

"Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God, the LORD is one!" The purpose of the atonement or the *at-one-ment* is to bring us back to be *ONE* with God—*one with God*, not separate and distinct from Him, but *one* with God!

This one tree produces two fruits: the knowledge of good and the knowledge of evil. How *good* is the knowledge of *good* when God has forbidden it? While it's right for God to know, it's wrong for me to know. It was never in the plan that I should know *good*.

I was meant to know God. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The tree of life: *Jesus Christ*. The tree of death: *the knowledge of good*.

I disobey God countless times. Every time I think I know what's *good* for me, I enter into *consequence*, the knowledge of evil, a wrong force, a wrong source. But the knowledge of evil is a consequence. How *good* is the knowledge of *good* for me when God never meant for me to know what's good for me? There it stands at the door of my first mistake.

How dare we continue to eat of that which produces death! There's the challenge.

We're on the brink!

Out of death came life. If those kernels of wheat from Tut's Tomb had not been planted in the earth, if they'd been left in the bowl or on a table of wood, they would have never died and would have never multiplied. They had to be in the right environment and the right environment was *dirt*. How we're all tied to dirt, *to dust*. We are. Everything came out of dirt. There's nothing that didn't come out of dirt. Everything comes out of the ground.

Everything was under the feet of Adam! But because he didn't have revelation, he didn't know there were airplanes, cameras, telephones, televisions. All that under his feet, but he didn't know it! There he was walking on airplanes, cameras, computers. Look at the mighty ship. At 50,000 tons, it can be *sweeping* on the top of the ocean!

This is the only day that these things have been developed, only in this day of fullness. Look at what is revealed! Look at what is demonstrated! Never before, just this day!

I believe we're on the brink! *The dispensation of the fullness of times...* We are treading on the threshold of the unknown.

*“Souls shall be saved like falling leaves
from mighty oaks swept by a hurricane.
Arms and legs shall come down from heaven...
And there shall be no ebb.”*

