

@ctivated

CHANGE YOUR LIFE. CHANGE YOUR WORLD.

HIROSHIMA MIRACLE

A survivor's shocking
account

YOU CAN WORK MIRACLES!

Find out how

HOW MUCH DOES A PRAYER WEIGH?

A penniless widow needs
food for her children. All she
has is a prayer.

personally speaking



Every so often we hear a report of some strange happening that both boggles the mind and stirs the spirit: A frail woman lifts the front of a truck to free a trapped child. A terminally ill cancer patient is awakened in the night by a bright light and a warm sensation that passes from head to toe—and is instantly and completely healed. A sailor, lost at sea, is found and carried to shore by a dolphin. Someone prays for a loved one on the other side of the world, then finds out that that person was saved from impending harm at the same instant she prayed.

Are these simply coincidences of the most extreme sort? Could they be explained scientifically by someone, somewhere, if given all the facts and enough time? Are they supreme examples of the triumph of the human spirit, as some believe? Or are they indeed miracles—evidence of a loving God and His agents interceding and overruling His natural order on behalf of His beloved?

If miracles do happen today, what part are we meant to play in them? The Bible quotes God and Jesus as saying such things as “Concerning the works of My hands, command Me,” and “If you ask anything in My name, I will do it” (Isaiah 45:11; John 14:14). Can these offers of partnership with providence be taken literally? If so, does God work His wonders only through nearly sinless saints, or can He work them just as well through ordinary people like you and me?

This issue of *Activated* offers some surprising answers to these questions.

Keith Phillips
For the *Activated* family

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lost and sinking ON THE AMAZON

By Marilia Guterres

I WAS SEVEN MONTHS PREGNANT, and it was another of those unbearably hot summers in northern Brazil, near the equator. Michael, a fellow missionary from the Family, and I were taking a riverboat up the Amazon to share God's Word and love with the people in another town. The trip would be dangerous, we knew, because the riverboats were old and notoriously unsafe, and the river was full of piranhas—small carnivorous fish with ravenous appetites and sharp teeth, which in large numbers often attack living animals much larger than themselves.

We were traveling at night, so we were each given a hammock to sleep in. I tucked in my four-year-old son who was traveling with us, then settled in for the night. For the first several hours everything seemed to be going smoothly, but then for no apparent reason the boat stopped. After some time, Michael decided to go and try to find out what the problem was.

Down below, he found the crew frantically bailing water from the bilge. The boat had hit something that had torn a hole in the hull, and the boat was sinking! To make matters even worse, the sailors explained, they had lost their way and didn't know where we were on the river. The crew members were desperate and frightened, so as Michael helped bail, he prayed

with them and tried to encourage them to have faith in God and His ability to protect those who call on Him.

I still didn't know what was going on, but as time passed and Michael didn't return, I concluded that something must be terribly wrong. I couldn't remember ever having cried out to the Lord so desperately. Here I was, carrying an unborn baby, with one of my three children with me on a boat that was obviously in distress (the other two children were safe at home, thank God), somewhere on the piranha-infested Amazon River, and I didn't know how to swim!

Moments after that heartfelt prayer, a huge boat, filled with light, appeared directly in front of us. One man came aboard our boat and quietly helped the crew repair our hull, then showed them which way to go to find a dock.

Then, just as mysteriously as the man had come, he left. The crew, other passengers, and I all looked for him to thank him, but he and his boat were nowhere in sight! But how?! There was no way a boat that size could have left our sight in only a few seconds. Could that man and the others with him on that boat have been angels? However He chose to do it, what really matters is that God answered our prayers and saved our lives that night! ○

I was ... somewhere on the piranha-infested Amazon River, and I didn't know how to swim!

You can work miracles!

By David Brandt Berg

JESUS LEFT HIS FOLLOWERS WITH AN AMAZING PROMISE of power—supernatural, superhuman, miraculous power. “Anyone believing in Me shall do the same miracles I have done, and even greater ones, because I am going to be with the Father” (John 14:12 *TLB*).

That promise has stood for two thousand years, and multitudes of other Christians have *done* those “greater things.” God empowered otherwise ordinary people like you and me to work His miracles. Now that same power can work miracles through us, if we will simply believe and act on God’s Word.

The trouble is, most people put God’s promises of power in either the past or the future. The past was wonderful, glorious, and supernatural, with all those heroes of the faith working miracles and angels intervening on behalf of God’s people. And the future is going to be marvelous and “miraculous” in Heaven. But they don’t believe that any of those things could happen in the *present*. “They say, “Of course you couldn’t expect anything like that now.” But that’s *not* what the Bible says!

“Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever” (Hebrews 13:8). God is still the God of miracles. What He’s done before, He can do again—and not only later, but right now if you need it and have faith for it. If all the little people in the past have already done miracles by the scores and scores, in both the Old and New Testaments, as well as throughout the past two thousand years, then Christians today can do them too! And they don’t have to wait for the Great Tribulation or the Millennium or the New Earth. They can do them *now*.

Too many Christians try to excuse their little faith or get out of the job the Lord has for them by saying, “That’s not us. That’s not me! That was just for the miraculous days of yore. He doesn’t expect that of *me*. Not now!” They try to squirm out of the responsibility to do the things that God has told them to do, including telling others about their faith and doing miracles to help people.

That was the only reason that Jesus did miracles. He didn’t do them to show off His power or dem-

What God has done for others, He can do for you!

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onstrate that He was a great miracle worker, or even to prove He was the Son of God; He did them because He had compassion upon the multitudes (Matthew 14:14).

He did those miracles for *their* sakes because He loved them and hated to see them suffer. That was His motivation. And that has to be our motivation too—not to show off and say, “Look how wonderful *I* am! Look how powerful *I* am! Look at the mighty signs and wonders *I* can do! Believe in me!” We are to go about the Lord’s work quietly, sweetly, and humbly, with lots of love and compassion. We’re to simply try to help people, like Jesus did, then He will do the miracles through us when He knows they’re needed, when the time is right to accomplish His purpose, and when He knows the power and attention won’t go to our heads.

Sometimes the Lord doesn’t give that power to people because He knows they’d become very proud and they wouldn’t be able to handle it. For example, for years I wanted the gift of tongues, the ability to speak in a celestial language, which is one of the more visible manifestations of the Holy Spirit (1 Corin-

thians 12:7–11; Acts 2:1–11). But the Lord didn’t give it to me because I wanted it in order to be able to show people that I had the Holy Spirit, and to prove it through the supernatural, miraculous gift of speaking in tongues. He didn’t give me the gift of tongues then because I wanted it for the wrong reason, because of my pride. But when my heart was right and the time was right, I did get the gift of tongues.

People’s pride is not the only reason a miracle doesn’t happen every time someone prays for one. Sometimes it’s simply not the Lord’s will or His time—when He knows it will accomplish His purpose in the lives of those involved. So don’t be discouraged if you don’t get this supernatural power immediately in every situation.

The important thing to remember is that He has promised *you* that power. God is still alive, well, and working just as powerfully as ever amongst those that trust in Him, so when you or someone you know needs a miracle, let God use you and your prayers to help make it happen. He will if it’s His will and you believe and claim it in Jesus’ name! ○

DURING WORLD WAR II, a young man who knew nothing about God or prayer and cared even less, suddenly found himself swimming for dear life. The ship he had been on had been torpedoed. There were other survivors, and he soon joined up with eleven others. They tried to encourage each other and keep from panicking. Then their horrifying situation became even more horrifying. Fuel from their ship had caught fire, and the wind and waves were driving the burning slick toward them. There was no way to escape; the fire was too wide and moving too fast. What could they do?



Just then, the only Christian in the group began to pray out loud. It was the heartcry of one in dire need to the God of mercy whom he knew well: “O God, save us!” And with that, all the others—most of whom had never thought much about God or prayer—followed with, “Please, God! Please, God!”

Immediately the wall of flames parted, leaving a clear, wide path directly in front of them. And what do you suppose God had put in that path?—A piece of debris from the sunken ship that was large enough and buoyant enough

to keep the twelve afloat until they could be rescued!

The young man who told this story—the same young man it started with—now says, “No one can persuade me or any of the others that God isn’t real or that He doesn’t hear and answer prayer!” ○

PRAYER FOR THE DAY

Dear Jesus,

Thank You that You’re so understanding and comforting. You make me feel secure and reassure me that everything’s going to be okay because it’s all in Your care and under Your control. Everything that I give to You, You take care of, so please help me to give it *all* to You.

Please help me not to get so busy or distracted with the cares of this life that I forget about You. Help me to take time to love You regardless of circumstances or conditions, just as You always love and have time for me.

it's so

BECAUSE GOD SAYS SO

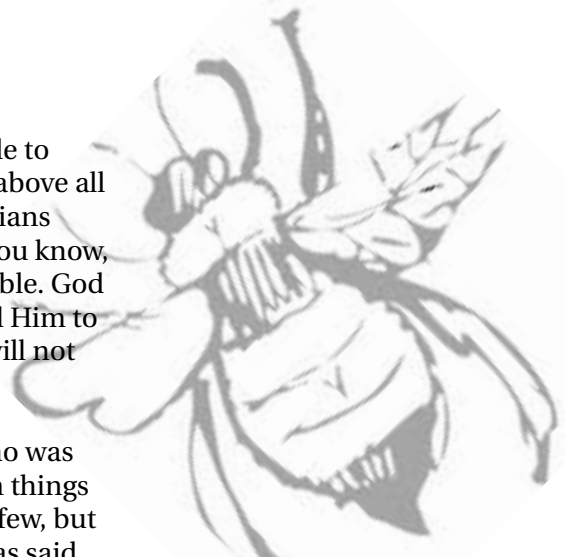
By Virginia Brandt Berg, adapted

GOD'S WORD SAYS that He is "able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Ephesians 3:20). People aren't always able, as you know, to fulfill their promises, but God is able. God stands behind His promises, so hold Him to them in your hour of need and He will not fail you.

Did you ever have a friend upon whom you could utterly depend, who was absolutely faithful to you even when things were going wrong? Such friends are few, but oh, how we value them! Someone has said, "There is a strange bond that links a man to that which he has found to be dependable and true. There is a tie that really binds you to the one you can depend upon in stormy weather." Just so, anyone who has tried and trusted the promises in the Bible when there was no other help, no other hope, or nothing else to lean on has found them to be utterly trustworthy. We know through experience that we can put limitless trust in every word and rest our full weight upon them.

All God asks is simple faith—that you take Him at His word and accept His promises at face value. Many modern scientific-minded people think it utterly ridiculous and impossible to take God's promises literally, seriously, and cash them in at the Bank of Heaven for what we ask for—but that is exactly what God wants us to do.

There is some controversy, as you may have heard, as to whether or not it is possible according to the principles of aeronautical science for the bumblebee to fly because of the size and shape of its body in relation to its total wing area. Either way, it matters not to the bumblebee. It just goes ahead and flies, regardless.



So it is that in spite of all the skeptics and their philosophical reasoning, there are those of trusting and childlike faith who are daily doing things that those doubting intellectuals say can't be done. Those of faith dare to take the promises from God's Word just as they are, appropriate them for themselves, and act upon them—and they are getting the most wonderful answers to prayer, problems solved, and needs met.

So let the philosophers tangle themselves up in a web of difficulties, doubts, and intellectual thought as they try to explain away our rights to accept these great and precious promises. Just the same, we'll walk right in and enjoy the full riches of them all! They are there for *you*. God means them personally for you. God will not fail His Word. It's so because God says so. God will keep His Word! ○

THE HIROSHIMA MIRACLE

AUGUST 6, 1945. The Japanese city of Hiroshima was decimated by the first atomic bomb to be used in war. An estimated 60,000 to 70,000 people were killed or missing as a result of the bomb. Within a two-mile radius of the point of impact, only 12 people survived that hellish blast. Within a one-mile radius, only two survived. One of them was Mr. Yoji Saito, who was 13 years old at the time. Here he tells his incredible story...

My family was very well known in Hiroshima. I come from 17 generations of Hiroshima samurai. In modern-day Japan, ancestors of the samurai are often in the educated professional class. My grandfather was a famous doctor and owned a hospital where my father also practiced. We lived in a large house in the hospital compound.

On that fateful day, I remember being awakened early in the morning by the wail of air-raid sirens. It seemed that an attack was expected, but by 7:30 all was quiet—too quiet. As I walked to school, a strange and frightening stillness hung over the city. I arrived

at the school building just before 8:00, and lined up as usual with the other 250 students to do our morning exercise routine in the schoolyard. Then suddenly an incredibly bright flash of light struck us all.

I don't really know what happened to me next, or for how long I was unconscious. All I know is that some time later I woke up to a living nightmare of horror and death. Stunned and bewildered, I found myself 200 meters from the place in the schoolyard where I had been when the bomb exploded. The bodies of many of my classmates were strewn around me. Not all of them were dead. But dead or alive, I couldn't recognize any of them anymore. Their faces had melted, and they all looked the same! Some had been dismembered, or had the skin burned off their entire bodies.

One boy was crying uncontrollably. I couldn't recognize him, so I asked his name. To my dismay, it was my best friend, Suari! Pitifully he pled for water, but couldn't see, so I managed to lead him through the rubble to a river a few hundred meters away. Once we were there, however, I couldn't find the surface

Normally it took me 20 minutes to walk from school to my house. On that day it took 12 hours.

... where I had been standing was only 700 meters (less than half a mile) from where the bomb exploded.


of the water. It was completely covered with the bodies of people and animals and wood and debris that had been blown into it by the tremendous blast. Suari died there at the river.

I then tried to find the way to my house. Only one word can fitly describe the horrors that were all around me—Hell! It was really Hell! Fires raged everywhere, and even though it was the middle of the day, the sky was dark and hazy and filled with smoke and an eerie glow from the burning city. Everything was melted and black. The very few buildings still standing were gutted and almost unrecognizable. The pitiful moans and cries and sobbing of dazed and dying people filled the air. Normally it took me 20 minutes to walk from school to my house. On that day it took 12 hours. Sometimes hands reached up out of the debris beneath my feet, and grabbed at my ankles. I stopped and tried to help those I could. Not everybody died immediately in the blast; some groped and staggered through the streets for two or three days, scarcely recognizable as human beings—the living dead.

About 8:00 that night, I found the pile of rubble that used to be my house. I rejoiced to see that my mother was still alive. She too was overwhelmed to see that I had survived. We fell weeping into each other's arms.

"Why, Yoji," she exclaimed a moment later, "you're naked! Where are your clothes?" It was only then that it dawned on me the incredible thing that had taken place: The fiery blast of the bomb had blown every last stitch of clothing off of my body, and burned every single hair off of my head, yet I did not have a single burn! This was truly miraculous because, as I later found out, the schoolyard where I had been standing was only 700 meters (less than half a mile) from ground zero, where the bomb exploded.

Later on, some soldiers on a truck came and took my mother and me to a bomb shelter, where we tried to sleep that night. By the next morning, most of the fires had stopped burning. For the next few days I wandered throughout the blackened ruins of Hiroshima, searching in vain for my father. I can only assume that he was buried



under the rubble of the hospital, because we never heard from him again.

In those days, nobody knew anything about radioactive fallout and radiation sickness, so even though God had miraculously spared me from the initial blast, I soon became very sick from exposure to fallout, as well as eating and drinking contaminated food and water. I came down with a very high fever, and could no longer eat. I became delirious and had terrible dreams and hallucinations in which I relived the horrors I had witnessed. I expected to die any day. It was then that I began to pray to God—if there was a God—that He would take away those horrible nightmares and visions and save my life. The nightmares ceased and God miraculously began to heal my body in answer to my prayers.

For the next five years, I remained very weak and sick from radiation sickness. During this time I did not grow at all. My voice remained the same, and I did not mature as normal boys did. My mother worried that I might end up a dwarf in a circus. But still I prayed daily that God would restore my health completely, and sure enough, when I was 19, I grew 15 centimeters (6 inches) in one year and my body matured completely.

For many years, I told no one about my experience because

others considered those of us who had been affected by high doses of radiation the living dead, as though it was only a matter of time before we would die. It was also thought that those who had been exposed to radiation would have abnormal and deformed children. I felt, therefore, that I should tell any girl I was considering to marry about my background and experience, and several girls refused to marry me because of this. Eventually one girl agreed to be my wife, and thanks to God, we had three normal, healthy, beautiful children.—Another set of miracles!

It wasn't until many years after my Hiroshima bomb experience that someone told me about Jesus and His plan of salvation, and I asked Jesus to come into my heart. Before that I could never understand why God had miraculously spared me. But now I believe the Lord wants me to tell my story in order to warn the world of the nightmare of nuclear war—a war that unleashes the very horrors of hell on earth and is absolutely insane, suicidal, and without honor, where millions of innocent men, women, and children can be wiped out in one burning flash.

I would also like my story to encourage all who hear it that God can do miracles. If God wants you to live, then nothing can kill you—not even an atomic bomb! ○

“... I believe the Lord wants me to tell my story in order to warn the world of the nightmare of nuclear war ...”

HOW MUCH DOES A PRAYER WEIGH?

Author unknown

HOW MUCH DOES A PRAYER WEIGH? The only man I ever knew who tried to weigh one still does not know.

Once he thought he did. That was when he owned a little grocery store on New York's West Side. It was the week before Christmas of 1918 when a tired-looking woman came into the store and asked him for enough food to make a Christmas dinner for her children. He asked her how much she could afford to spend.

"My husband was killed in the war," the woman answered. "I have nothing to offer but a little prayer."

The man confesses that he was not very sentimental in those days. A grocery store could not be run like a breadline.

"Write it down," he said with a huff, and turned to attend to other customers.

To his surprise, the woman pulled a piece of paper from her pocket, unfolded it, and handed it to him over the counter. "I did that during the night, while sitting up with my sick baby."

The grocer took the paper before he could recover from his surprise, and then regretted having done so. What would he do with it? What could he say?

Then an idea came to him. Without even reading the prayer, he placed the paper on one side of his old-fashioned weight scales and said, "We shall see how much food this is worth."

To his astonishment, the scale would not go down when he put a loaf of bread on the other side. And it still didn't go down as he added more food—anything he could lay his hands on quickly, because people were watching him. His face turned redder the more embarrassed and flustered he became.

Finally he said, "Well, that's all the scales will hold. Here's a bag." And he turned away.

With a little sob, the woman took the bag and started packing the food, only stopping to dry her eyes on her sleeve from time to time. The grocer tried not to look, but he had given her a big bag and couldn't help but see that it wasn't quite full. Without another word, he tossed a large cheese down the counter. Had he let down his defenses enough to actually look at the woman, he would have been rewarded with a timid smile and look of deepest gratitude.

When the woman had gone, the grocer examined his scales, which had worked fine for the previous customer. He never figured out how or when it had happened, but they were broken.

The grocer had never seen that woman before, and he never saw her again. But for the rest of his life he remembered her better than any other woman that ever came into his shop, and he always kept that slip of paper with her simple prayer: "Please, Lord, give us this day our daily bread." ○



It happened to me

The Roller Coaster

Author unknown, adapted by Keith Phillips

I THINK I WAS ABOUT 14 WHEN I HAD MY FIRST ROLLER COASTER EXPERIENCE. I remember thinking, as my wagon chugged up to that first drop-off and my blood drained into my feet, “*Why* in the world am I doing this?!” Then began the heart-thumping succession of radical ups and downs with no stopping place, no exit. My only option was to hold on for dear life and finish the course.

The first few months after I received Jesus as my Savior were like that roller coaster ride. There were times when I was up, and times when I was down—*really* down! Sometimes I would think, as my little “wagon” headed upward, “This is great, and it just keeps getting better! Happiness is here to stay!” Then I would hit a peak and stall momentarily before plunging to the depths of doubt and disillusionment. I hadn’t yet learned that to “walk by faith, not by sight” (2 Corinthians 5:7) meant I was supposed to hitch my wagon to God’s unchangeable promises, not my ever-changing feelings.

On my happy “up” days I concluded that I must have done something right. Perhaps I had been

exceptionally humble or more in step with the Lord and His guiding Holy Spirit. Whatever it had been, it had propelled me across some invisible boundary and I was now headed for a higher spiritual plane, leaving normal earthlings far behind. I felt like I was on top of the world, and was proud of myself. I had climbed my Everest!

But invariably, just when I was feeling so proud about my supposed spiritual progress and revelations, I would catch sight of the *real* me with my very real problems. Much to my horror, I found that I hadn’t attained after all. I had merely reached a momentary peak—one of a series of many on my months-long roller coaster ride of basing my spiritual life on feelings, with all its loop-the-loops and unexpected downturns.

Finally, at the end of the track, as I coasted to a dazed and dizzied stop, I was astounded to find that the Lord still loved me! He was like a daddy, taking me in His arms, reassuring me that everything would be all right, and carrying me until the nauseous feeling of failure had passed.

I felt like I was on top of the world, and was proud of myself. I had climbed my Everest!



The Unchanging Word

Feelings come and feelings go,
And feelings are deceiving.
My warrant is the Word of God,
Naught else is worth believing.

Though all my heart should feel condemned
For lack of some sweet token,
There is One greater than my heart,
Whose Word cannot be broken.

I'll trust in God's unchanging Word
Till soul and body sever;
For, though all things shall pass away,
His Word shall stand forever!

—Martin Luther

The Word of God is the foundation of faith. As you faithfully read and study the Word, as you meditate on it and even memorize it, every word will inspire, strengthen, and increase your faith (Romans 10:17).

—David Brandt Berg



I quit trying
so hard to be a
certain way

It took several such rides before I could see with crystal clarity how unconditional God's love really is. No matter how low I sank or how high I thought I was, His love was constant. Whenever I hit bottom and then reached out to Him in prayer, a feeling of peace, safety, and acceptance would enclose me. It's as though He would pick me up, dust me off, give me a kiss and a pat, put my feet firmly back on the solid ground of His Word, and point me in the right direction—always with a loving smile and some word of encouragement. The verse "God is love" (1 John 4:8) took on a whole new meaning.

Finally I learned that my floundering efforts to attain some self-prescribed state of spirituality only hindered God from directing my life. Once I saw this, I quit trying so hard to be a certain way and began trust-

ing that He, in fact, was in control and would help me to be what He wanted me to be.

It took several years for me to comprehend what true spirituality really is, and that to be "up there" isn't the goal at all. To be loving and kind, *that's* the goal. True humility is seeing I can't make it without God's loving hand at work in my life, and true religion is passing His love on to others.

Now, whenever I see a roller coaster I stop and send up a prayer to thank the Lord for His love and patience, and for His Word that got me off the roller coaster track of feelings and self-made spirituality and keeps me on *right* track—the straight and narrow way that leads to a heavenly life with Him now and forever! ○

DISCOURAGEMENT!—HOW TO FIGHT IT!

Q: I recently made some costly mistakes and became very discouraged as a result—and that discouragement is not going away. I’m a failure. I feel like giving up. What can I do to get out of this mess?

EVEN THOUGH WE MAY NOT UNDERSTAND why the Lord sometimes allows us to stumble and fall, we must remember that He loves us in spite of any mistakes we make. He is always right there by our side. As we turn to Him in prayer, or search for His comfort in His Word or in the reassurance of loved ones, He can cause the hopeless feelings to dissipate. The Holy Spirit “comforts us in all of our tribulation,” and is “a very present help in [time of] trouble” (2 Corinthians 1:4; Psalm 46:1).

Unlike the Lord, who comes to rescue, help, and comfort us with hopeful thoughts, the Devil comes to us with negative thoughts and accusations, attempting to condemn, accuse, and discourage us! The Bible tells us not to be ignorant of the Devil’s devices (2 Corinthians 2:11), and that we are to “watch out for attacks from Satan, your great enemy, [who] prowls around like a hungry, roaring lion, looking for some victim to tear apart” (1 Peter 5:8 *TLB*).

One of the Devil’s favorite ways to attack Christians is through discouragement. If he can’t keep you from accepting Jesus into your heart and life, then he will do his best to try to discourage you from serving the Lord or telling others about Him.— And he has found that the most effective way to discourage most of us is by getting us to look at our own mistakes, sins, weakness, and failures. He gets us looking at ourselves.

But the Bible doesn’t say that we’re to look at ourselves; it says we’re to look to Jesus, “the author and the finisher of our faith” (Hebrews 12:2). The Lord doesn’t say to look at all of our problems, troubles and woes either, because if we do, we will surely sink beneath them—just like Peter did when he tried to walk on the water.

Matthew’s firsthand account of that incident tells us that in the middle of the night, as Jesus’ disciples were crossing a lake in their boat, Jesus came to them, walking on the water. When

the disciples saw Him, they were terrified and cried out in fear, “It’s a ghost!” But Jesus immediately reassured them that it was He, and told them to not be afraid.

Peter answered, “Lord, if it’s really You, tell me to come to You on the water.” So Jesus did. Peter climbed over the side of the boat and walked on the water toward Jesus, but when he saw the waves rising, he became afraid and began to sink. “Lord, save me!” he cried out. And immediately Jesus reached out His hand and caught him, and they returned to the ship together (Matthew 14:25–31).

When Peter took his eyes off the Lord and began to look down at the waves, he got worried and began to sink—and he probably would have gone under had he not gotten his eyes back on the Lord and cried out to Him for help.

Just so, when you find yourself drowning in a sea of discouragement, what you need to do is call out to Jesus, put your hand in His, and let Him lift and carry you to solid ground.

So when your faults, mistakes, and shortcomings seem to overwhelm you, and you feel like Satan himself is laughing in your face, you may as well be honest and admit to him, “Of course I’m a mess! Of course I make a lot of mistakes, but I’d be a lot *worse* if it weren’t for God! My only hope is Christ in me, the hope of glory” (Colossians 1:27).

Every one of us is a mess, and if we don’t keep our eyes on the Lord and our mind on His Word, we’re doomed to defeat, doubt, disillusionment, and final failure! So forget about trying to be perfect, because you never will be. Just follow the Lord and do the best you can, knowing that it’s only Jesus who can help you do anything good. Ask Him to help you forget

yourself and your own problems, and think about others and their needs. Then as you get busy trying to help and make others happy, happiness will find you. “Give and it shall be given to you” (Luke 6:38).

When you’re tempted to get down, disheartened, and discouraged, look up! Praise the Lord and thank Him for all that He has done for you. Count your blessings and fill your mind and heart, and even your voice, with positive thoughts and words of prayer and praise. Quote Scripture and sing to the Lord, and it will chase the Devil and all his shades of night away. Just let the light in—the light of God’s Word, prayer, praise, and serving and helping others—and watch the darkness flee. ○

Expectancy

When we shoot an arrow, we look to see where it falls. When we send a ship to sea, we watch for its return. When we sow seed, we anticipate a harvest. So when we pray, shouldn’t we expect and look for an answer?

Feeding reading

God’s miracles

All through the Bible, the Lord miraculously empowered and protected His children who were just weak humans like we are.— And the same miracles of power, protection, and judgment that occurred back in Bible times can happen now! Here’s where you will find faith-inspiring accounts of some of miracles recorded in the Bible:

Parting of the Red Sea

Exodus 14:21–31

Water from a rock

Numbers 20:7–11

The sun and moon stand still

Joshua 10:12–14

Food in famine

1 Kings 17:1–16

Safe in the fiery furnace

Daniel 3:19–27

Safe in the lion’s den

Daniel 6:16–23

Healing of a man lame from birth

Acts 3:1–10

Signs and wonders, persecution—and jailbreak

Acts 5:12–23

Dorcas raised from the dead

Acts 9:36–42

Snakebite

Acts 28:1–5

Always and forever . . .

I pour forth My love constantly, without end. The flow is always rich and free and abundant, but how much you see and feel this love in your life depends on your faith—how much you look for it and recognize it in the innumerable ways that I manifest My love each day. Whether or not you see it or feel it or recognize it does not change the fact that My love is constant and abundant and unconditional.

You cannot deserve it or work for it or be worthy of it in yourself, for My love is a free gift. I love you because I love you.—It's as simple as that! I love you, I will never stop loving you, and I will never love you any less than I do today. I will always love you with a perfect, unending, and abundant love.

I long for you to partake of this love of Mine in all its richness, beauty, power, and glory. My love for you is forever love.

From Jesus with Love