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CHANGE YOUR LIFE. CHANGE YOUR WORLD.

MORE PROOF!

THE MAN AND THE MIRACLE

THE MATCHLESS PEARL

BEYOND PRICE, BUT YOURS
FOR THE ASKING

“WE SHALL BE CHANGED!”

WHAT YOUR HEAVENLY BODY
WILL BE LIKE

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personally speaking



I once heard someone say that he thought Easter ought to be made the premier Christian holiday, ahead of Christmas. That's not likely to happen, of course, but he presented an interesting line of reasoning.

If Christmas gives us reason to hope, he argued, Easter gives us cause to celebrate. Christmas marks the arrival of the long-awaited promise, but Easter marks the ultimate fulfillment of that promise. Christmas marks the beginning of the earthly life of the King of kings; Easter marks His coronation as the Savior of mankind.

The Easter advocate went on to make an even stronger case for Easter being a joyous occasion, not a sad and solemn one. His argument here was simple: Jesus wants it that way. He wants us to marvel at His love and sacrifice and celebrate His resurrection, not mourn His death. (I couldn't have agreed with him more on that.) He quoted Jesus three times to back up this claim:

Before His crucifixion Jesus told His disciples, "If you loved Me, you would rejoice because I said, 'I am going to the Father'" (John 14:28). And a little later, "Your sorrow will be turned into joy. I will see you again and your heart will rejoice" (John 16:20,22). And finally, when Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were the first to see Jesus after His resurrection, the first thing He said to them was, 'Rejoice!'" (Matthew 28:9).

Easter is almost here. Let's be Easter advocates and make it the happy occasion He wants it to be. Let's celebrate! Let's praise God and Jesus for the victory! Jesus lives! And because He lives, we will too—forever!

Keith Phillips

For the *Activated* family

Brought back to life —and Jesus!

By Peter Cook

Jesus said, "I am
the resurrection
and the life. He
who believes in Me,
though he may die,
he shall live"
(John 11:25).

I WAS 21 YEARS OLD and living in a small town in Florida when I met up with an old friend from high school. Several months earlier I had accepted Jesus as my Savior, and I felt God calling me to serve Him. My friend had received the Lord years earlier, but problems since had caused him to become bitter towards God. I tried to tell him that no matter what had happened, Jesus still loved him, but it was hard to get through his hard shell.

One night we had gone to a party and were driving home around 3:00 A.M. in my friend's sports car. As is common in that part of Florida, there were canals on both sides of the country road we were on.

Suddenly a larger car smashed into the back of ours, sending us crashing off the road. When I regained consciousness, I was on the other side of the canal, unhurt and completely dry. Everything was still. The car that had run us off the road was nowhere in sight. I called to my friend, but got no answer.

I looked into the canal and saw the car's wheels protruding from the surface of the water. I ran into the waist-deep water and felt inside the car. He was there, motionless. I tried desperately, but there was no way I could get him out by myself.

I climbed up the bank to the highway and flagged down the next car that came along. The driver was an elderly woman, and she was alone. She sped off to call an ambulance.

A few minutes later another car stopped. This time it was three young men who I had never seen before. Once down in the canal, the four

of us were able to tip the car, open the door, and pull my friend out. Two of the strangers carried him up to the road.

He wasn't breathing. One of the young men pronounced him dead. My emotions welled up and I cried out with all that was in me, "God, don't let him die!"

Just then an ambulance and the police arrived, and rushed us to the hospital. In all the commotion, I didn't see the three strangers leave. Later, when the police questioned me about the accident, they said that no one else had seen the three men.

"You must be praying," one of the emergency room doctors said to me several hours later. "There is just no other way your friend could still be alive. His lungs were three-fourths full of contaminated water. We drained them, performed a tracheotomy, and have him on an artificial lung machine—but he is alive."

The next day my friend was conscious but couldn't speak. I asked him, "Did you understand what we were talking about the other night, about Jesus?" He looked deep into my eyes and gave me the most beautiful smile. I knew he had found the Lord again.

The next day he passed on to the loving, waiting arms of Jesus—no longer bitter and doubtful, but happy and reconciled.○



the matchless **pearl**

Author unknown

YEARS AGO, while an American named David Morse was living and working in India, he met and became friends with a pearl diver, Rambhau.

Morse spent many evenings in Rambhau's cabin, reading to him from the Bible and explaining its central theme: God's love and salvation in Jesus. Rambhau enjoyed listening to the Word of God, but whenever Morse would encourage Rambhau to accept Christ as his Savior,

Rambhau would shake his head and reply, “Your Christian way to Heaven is too easy for me! I cannot accept it. If I gained admittance to Heaven in that manner, I would feel like a pauper there—like a beggar who has been let in out of pity. I may be proud, but I want to deserve my place in Heaven. I want to earn it, and so I am going to work for it.”

Nothing that Morse could say seemed to have any effect on Rambhau’s decision. Years passed.

Then one evening Morse heard a knock on his door. It was Rambhau.

“Come in, friend,” said Morse.

“Will you come with me to my house?” asked the old diver. “I have something to show you. Please don’t say no.”

“Of course I’ll come,” replied Morse.

As they neared his cabin, Rambhau said, “In a week’s time I will start working for my place in Heaven. I am leaving for Delhi, and I am crawling there on my knees.”

“That’s crazy!” Morse exclaimed. “It’s nine hundred miles to Delhi. The skin will break on your knees, and you will have blood poisoning before you get there—if you ever get there!”

“No, I must get to Delhi,” affirmed Rambhau, “the immortals will reward me for it! The suffering will be sweet, for it will purchase Heaven for me!”

“Rambhau, friend, you can’t. How can I let you do that, when Jesus Christ has already suffered and died to purchase Heaven for you?”

But the old man could not be moved. “You are my dearest friend on earth. You have stood by me in sickness, in want. Sometimes you have been my only friend. But even you cannot turn me from my desire to purchase eternal bliss. I must go to Delhi!”

Once inside the small cabin, Rambhau walked to a back room and returned shortly with a small but heavy strongbox.

“I have had this box for years,” he said. “I keep only one thing in it. Now I will tell you about it. I once had a son. ...”

“A son! Rambhau, you have never once mentioned him!”

“No, I couldn’t.” As he spoke, the diver’s eyes filled with tears. “But now I must tell you. My son was a diver too. He was the best pearl diver on the coasts of India. He had the swiftest dive, the keenest eye, the strongest arm, and the longest breath of any man who ever dived for pearls. What joy he brought me!”

“As you know,” Rambhau went on, “most pearls have some defect or blemish that only an expert can discern, but my boy always dreamed of finding the perfect pearl. One day he found it! But in gathering it, he stayed under water too long. He died soon after. That pearl cost him his life.”

The old pearl diver bowed his head. For a moment his whole body shook, but there was no sound. “All these years,” he continued, “I have kept this pearl. Now I am going and may not return, so to you, my best friend, I am giving my pearl.”

Rambhau worked the combination on the strongbox and drew from it a carefully wrapped package. Gently parting the cotton packing, he picked up a mammoth pearl and placed it in Morse’s hand.

It was astoundingly large, almost unreal, and glowed with a luster never seen in cultured pearls! It would have brought a fabulous sum in any market.

For a moment Morse gazed with awe and was speechless. Then he exclaimed, “Rambhau! What a pearl!”

“That pearl, my friend, is perfect,” replied the Indian quietly.

Then Morse was struck with a new thought: This was the very opportunity he had prayed for to help Rambhau understand the value of Jesus’ sacrifice.

“Rambhau,” he said, “this is a wonderful pearl, an amazing pearl! Let me buy it. I will give you ten thousand dollars for it.”

“What? What do you mean?” Rambhau asked.

ITS WORTH IS IN THE
LIFEBLOOD OF MY SON. I
CANNOT SELL THIS, BUT I
CAN GIVE IT TO YOU.

“I will give you fifteen thousand dollars for it, or if it takes more, I will work for it.”

Rambhau stiffened his whole body. “This pearl is beyond price. Not a man in the world has money enough to pay what this pearl is worth to me. On the market, a million dollars could not buy it. I will not sell it to you. You may only have it as a gift.”

“No, Rambhau, I cannot accept that. As much as I want the pearl, I cannot accept it that way. Perhaps I am proud, but that is too easy. I must pay for it, or work for it.”

The old pearl diver was stunned. “You don’t understand at all, my friend. Don’t you see? My only son gave his life to get this pearl. Its worth is in the lifeblood of my son. I cannot sell this, but I can give it to you. Just accept it as a token of my love for you.”

Morse was choked, and for a moment could not speak. Then he gripped the hand of the old man.

“Rambhau,” he said in a low voice, “don’t you see? My words are just what you have been saying to God all the time.”

The diver looked long and searchingly at Morse. Slowly he began to understand.

“God is offering you salvation as a free gift,” Morse said. “It is so great and priceless that no man on earth can buy it. No man on earth could earn it. If he were to work for it all his life, his life would be millions of years too short. No man is good enough to deserve it. It cost God the lifeblood of His only Son to gain entrance for you into Heaven. In a million years, in a hundred pilgrimages, you could not earn that entrance. All you can do is accept it as a token of God’s love for you, a sinner.

“Rambhau, of course I will accept the pearl in deep humility, praying God I may be worthy of your love. Rambhau, won’t you accept God’s great gift of Heaven, too, in deep humility, knowing it cost Him the death of His Son to offer it to you?”

Tears rolled down the old man’s cheeks. The veil that had clouded his understanding was beginning to lift. “I see it now. I could not believe that salvation was free. Now I understand. Some things are too priceless to be bought or earned. I will accept His salvation, my friend!” ○

the two religions

A CERTAIN CHRISTIAN used to spend much of his time witnessing about Jesus on the streets of the California city where he lived. Time and again he was asked the same question: “How can you say that *you* have the truth? There are hundreds and hundreds of religions, and all of them think that theirs is the only right one. Who’s to say which of them is the right one?”

And the Christian would answer, “Hundreds of religions, you say? That’s strange! I’ve heard of only *two*.”

“Oh, but you must know that there are many more than that!” his listeners would retort.

“Not so,” he would reply. “I will admit that *within* these two religions there are many different sects and differences of opinion, but there are, after all, only two. One religion consists of all faiths that believe that they can *earn* their own salvation by doing good deeds and keeping various religious laws and commandments. This, you realize, comprises most of the faiths of the world. The other religion consists of those who know they are incapable of saving themselves, and look to God alone to save them.

“So you see,” the Christian went on, “the whole question is really very simple. Do you think you can save yourself or somehow earn your salvation by being good?—Or do you realize that you need a Savior to rescue you from your sins and shortcomings? If you know you need help from above to make it, then Jesus is for you!”

—
“For by grace you have been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest anyone should boast” (Ephesians 2:8–9).

“Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, through the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit” (Titus 3:5). ○

Now there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works—a teacher of such men as receive truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was (the) Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named after him, are not extinct at this day.

—**Flavius Josephus, Jewish historian and general (37?–100? A.D.), *Antiquities, Book XVIII***

“There’s nothing to Christianity,” a skeptic once commented to the French statesman and diplomat Talleyrand (1754–1838), who was also bishop of Autun. “It would be easy to start a religion like that.”

“Oh, yes,” Talleyrand replied. “One would only have to get crucified and rise again the third day.”

Socrates taught for forty years, Plato for fifty, Aristotle for forty, and Jesus for only three. Yet the influence of Christ’s three-year ministry infinitely transcends the impact left by the combined 130 years of teaching from these men who were among the greatest philosophers of all antiquity.

Jesus painted no pictures; yet, some of the finest paintings of Raphael, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci received their inspiration from Him.

Jesus wrote no poetry; but Dante, Milton, and scores of the world’s greatest poets were inspired by Him.

Jesus composed no music; still, Haydn, Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn reached their highest perfection of melody in the hymns, symphonies, and oratorios they composed in His praise.

Every sphere of human greatness has been enriched by this humble carpenter from Nazareth.

—**Author unknown**

Let’s not just remember Jesus’ death on the cross and the suffering He went through. We don’t have a Jesus on the cross; He’s left the cross! We have a bare cross! “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” (1 Corinthians 15:55 KJV). We don’t have a Christ in the grave! We have a live Jesus in our hearts! He rose in victory, joy, liberty, and freedom, never to die again, so that He could redeem us as well.

—**David Brandt Berg**

JESUS LIVES!

If you’re not sure that you’ve met this Man who was dead and is now alive, why not seek Him out? Just ask Him to make Himself real to you. He says, “Behold, I stand at the door [of your heart] and knock. If anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him ” (Revelation 3:20). Invite Him in by simply praying: “Thank You, Jesus, for loving me enough to die for me, so I can live forever with You and our Father. I open my heart now and receive You as my Savior.”

You’ll see what Easter is all about.



Jesus is the
Messiah!

MORE PROOF

HUNDREDS OF YEARS before Jesus was born, numerous prophets predicted His coming. Their prophecies, which are recorded in the Old Testament, were not mere generalities—"a Messiah, a Savior, will come," etc.—but they gave specific details about places, times, and events that have been fulfilled in only one person who has ever lived—Jesus of Nazareth!

Many of the over 300 Old Testament prophecies about Jesus concerned His death and resurrection—the Easter story. Here are several of the most outstanding, followed by their New Testament fulfillments.

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

In about 518 B.C., Zechariah prophesied before the people of Israel:

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem! Behold, your King is coming to you: He is just and having salvation, lowly and riding upon a donkey, a colt, the foal of a donkey (Zechariah 9:9).

Five days before His crucifixion, as Jesus neared Jerusalem, He told His disciples, "Go into the village opposite you, and immediately you will find a donkey tied, and a colt with her. Loose them and bring them to Me. And if anyone says anything to you, you shall say, 'The Lord has need of them,' and immediately he will send them." ... So the disciples went and did as Jesus commanded them. They brought the donkey and the colt, laid their clothes on them, and set Him on them. ... Then the multitudes who went before and those who followed

cried out, saying: “Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!” (Matthew 21:2–9).

BETRAYAL

In about 518 B.C., the prophet Zechariah also wrote:

Then I said to them, “If it is agreeable to you, give me my wages; and if not, refrain.” So they weighed out for my wages thirty pieces of silver (Zechariah 11:12).

On the night that Jesus was arrested by His enemies, the New Testament tells us that Judas Iscariot “went to the chief priests and said, ‘What are you willing to give me if I deliver Him to you?’ And they counted out to him thirty pieces of silver” (Matthew 26:14–15).

HIS TRIAL

In 712 B.C., the prophet Isaiah wrote that Jesus would be tried and put to death, but that in truth He would not die for any sins of His own, but for ours:

By [arrest] and judgment He was taken away. And who can speak of His descendants? For He was cut off from the land of the living; for the transgression of my people He was stricken (Isaiah 53:8 NIV).

Jesus was arrested by the soldiers of the High Priest while praying in the Garden of Gethsemane (Matthew 26:57). After judging Him in the religious court of His own people, they condemned Him to death, bound Him, and brought Him to Pilate, the Roman governor (Matthew 27:1–2). While Pilate was sitting on the judgment seat, the chief priests

and elders persuaded the crowd to demand that Jesus be executed (Matthew 27:19–20). After hearing this, Pilate complied and Jesus was crucified (John 19:16).

EXACT YEAR OF HIS CRUCIFIXION

In 538 B.C., Daniel, an Israelite captive who became a prominent advisor to the kings of two empires, gave an intricate and exact prophecy that, if followed mathematically, would indicate when that the long-awaited Messiah would be born and the exact year He would be killed:

It will be 49 years plus 434 years from the time the command is given to rebuild Jerusalem until the Anointed One comes! Jerusalem’s streets and walls will be rebuilt despite the perilous times. After this period of 434 years, the Anointed One will be killed (Daniel 9:25–26 TLB).

In 453 B.C., Artaxerxes Longimanus, king of the Persian Empire, decreed that some of the captive Jews could return and rebuild Jerusalem. The rebuilding took 49 years. Exactly 434 years after that, in 30 A.D., Jesus was crucified.

CRUCIFIXION

In about 1000 B.C., King David prophesied about a cruel and agonizing death:

I am poured out like water, and all My bones are out of joint; My heart is like wax; it has melted within Me. ... Dogs have surrounded Me; the congregation of the wicked has enclosed Me. They pierced My hands and My feet. ... They divide My garments among them, and for My clothing they cast lots (Psalm 22:14–18).

Hundreds of years before Jesus was born, numerous prophets predicted His coming.

King David died a peaceful, natural death, so we know he was not talking about himself in this passage of Scripture. But also being a prophet, David predicted the circumstances surrounding Jesus' death on the cross.

"I am poured out like water ... My heart has melted within Me." Jesus not only poured out His life for us spiritually, but shortly after He died, while He was still hanging on the cross, one of the soldiers pierced His side with a spear, and blood and water flowed out (John 19:34).

"All My bones are out of joint." This describes one of the horrors of death by crucifixion: the weight of the victim's body pulls the arms from their sockets.

"Dogs have surrounded Me; the congregation of the wicked has enclosed Me." Jesus' wicked and vengeful enemies gathered around Him as He hung on the cross, mocking and reviling Him (Matthew 27:39-44).

"They pierced My hands and My feet." Crucifixion was not practiced in David's time; execution then was by stoning. But God showed His prophet, David, how the Messiah would die 1,000 years later, executed at the hands of an empire that did not even exist in David's day, Rome, whose principal means of executing criminals would be crucifixion.

"They divide My garments among them, and for My clothing they cast lots." The Roman soldiers who crucified Jesus "took His garments and made four parts, to each soldier a part, and also the tunic. Now the tunic was without seam, woven from the top in one piece. They said therefore among themselves, 'Let us not tear it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be'" (John 19:23-24).

HIS BURIAL

Over 700 years before Jesus was crucified, the prophet Isaiah foretold the circumstances of Jesus' burial:

And He was assigned a grave with the wicked, and with the rich in His death (Isaiah 53:9).

In the eyes of His enemies, Jesus was a wicked man. He was crucified between two common criminals (Matthew 27:38). Yet after His death, He was buried among the rich. "A rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph ... went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. ... When Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb" (Matthew 27:57-60).

HIS RESURRECTION

About 1000 B.C., Israel's King David praised God for a "Holy One" whose body, even after death, would not be left to decay:

For You will not leave My soul in Sheol [Hades or the world of the dead], nor will You allow Your Holy One to see corruption [decay] (Psalm 16:10).

King David died and was buried, and his flesh decayed; but Jesus was raised from the grave three days and three nights after His death, and His flesh did not decay (Acts 2:27-31). An angel said to mourners who came to Jesus' tomb, "He is not here, but is risen! Why do you seek the living among the dead?" (Luke 24:5-6). Jesus walked the earth for 40 days after His resurrection, and was seen by hundreds of followers (Acts 1:3; 1 Corinthians 15:4-6). He then ascended to Heaven, where He sat down at the right hand of the throne of God (Mark 16:19). ○

ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS

Q: I've read several articles in *Activated* that said we should try to please the Lord in everything we do and let Him use us to help others. I've been trying, but it doesn't seem to work for me. Either I just can't face doing a particular thing that I think He wants me to do, or something else comes up that I'd like to do but isn't very high on His list of priorities. Any advice?

A : JESUS HAS A UNIQUE MISSION for you that only you can fulfill. This is what is commonly referred to as “the Lord’s will.” Within that mission there are a multitude of tasks that He would like you to do. The first step is knowing what Jesus wants you to do—be it for the moment, for a certain time, or as your calling in life. This is usually not too difficult to find out, because if you ask Him, He’ll tell you (Matthew 7:7). The second step is *doing* what He asks of you. This is where the rub comes in, especially when what He’s asking of you doesn’t appeal to your human nature or fit in with your plans. And of course if it’s something the Lord wants you to do, you can be sure that the Devil will also try to talk you out of it!

You’ve probably heard the expressions, “This just kills me” and “This is a heavy cross to bear”—and it can really seem that way when the Lord asks you to do something that under any other circumstances you wouldn’t choose to do (though Jesus has promised to never give us burdens more than we are able to bear). This is when it’s important to remember what Jesus was willing to go through for you. Even though He knew it meant His earthly end, Jesus prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane, “Father, not as *I* will, but as *You* will” (Matthew 26:39). It may mean death to self, but if you’re willing to pray that same prayer and go through the subsequent “crucifixion” when the Lord asks something difficult of you, it can result in glorious “resurrection” of greater happiness and fulfillment and other blessings from the Lord.

“I have been crucified with Christ,” the apostle Paul wrote. “It is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me” (Galatians 2:20). Paul also said, “I die daily” (1 Corinthians 15:31). Why do you suppose he was willing to go through that? Because Paul learned that when he did what Jesus wanted him to, Jesus was able to turn what looked like no-win situations into win-win situations. He made Paul a blessing to others, and blessed Paul in the process—and He will do the same for you. Guaranteed! (Matthew 6:33; Psalm 37:4; 84:11). ○



It Happened to Me **AM I THE ONLY ONE? —**

By Sara Kelley **OR DO OTHER MOTHERS
BATTLE THOSE NAGGING
THOUGHTS OF WHAT LOUSY
PARENTS THEY ARE? DO
OTHERS FEEL AS INSUFFI-
CIENT AS I DO?**

Do others feel guilty for not doing enough for their children, not providing for them or guiding and inspiring them as much as they'd like to?

My head was full of this condemning, downward mind pattern while en route to the hospital one morning with my husband. He had suffered a heart attack a month before and was going for a day of further tests on his weakened body. *If it weren't enough to keep up with our five daughters, I thought, now Alf also needs help and care till he fully recovers. I could barely give the girls what they need, and now this!* My heart, mind, and spirit were overloaded, to say the least.

Alf went in for his tests, while I prayed for him in the waiting room. *Our thirty years as full-time Christian volunteers is catching up with us now at age 50.* My anxious thoughts crowded out prayer.

Overwhelmed, discouraged, and just plain tired of “fighting the good fight of faith,” as the Bible calls it, I was exhausted to tears.

It was then that the Lord's still, small voice spoke sweetly and clearly to my heart. He knew I needed Him right then and there, and do you know what He said? “Look up! Lift up your every thought. Now turn each one into a prayer, and praise Me.”

Thank You, wonderful Jesus!

Immediately I felt calm and reassured—as well as convicted in my heart that I was, well, complaining, when God has been so extra good to our family and provided wonderfully for us throughout our years of serving Him, despite not having secular jobs. I saw visions of our girls' happy faces, with the joy of the Lord shining through. Memories of the many times God had healed members of our family left me ashamed for ever doubting that He'd do the same for my husband now. *I've been fretting about my family and simply not trusting You as I should—and I know better,* I told the Lord in a silent prayer. *Please forgive. You have never failed me, and I know You never will.*

In one short talk with Jesus, everything was okay. I had that perfect peace that His Words always give me when I stop to pray, to ask for His help and get His answers. It always works.

But He wasn't done yet.

“Upstairs,” He whispered in my ear. “There's someone upstairs who needs a hug. She needs the same encouragement you just received from Me, and she needs it right now. Go!”

A HUG

Shaken from my seat as well as my thoughts, I soon found myself upstairs in the x-ray department waiting room. Just as I entered, my eyes met Vivian's. Vivian is a wonderful Christian nurse we had spoken with for two hours on our last visit to the hospital. She loved the *Activated* magazines and looked forward to receiving more. But instead of the expected warm greeting, she looked at me and burst into tears.

I took her in my arms as she wept and held on tight. "My kid... my family..." she sputtered. "It's just so hard. ..." Now I was crying too. She didn't need to explain at all.

"Sweet Vivian, it sure is hard at times. I know. God knows too, and He wants us to look to Him for strength and help. Trusting Him shows our love and faith in Him and Him alone." There was really no need to preach or even talk. We just stood there in the waiting room and held each other.

The voice of His Word then spoke to my own heart: *God comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those [others] in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God* (2 Corinthians 1:4 NIV). Suddenly I realized why I had needed to fight "motherhood blues" that day: so I could learn to overcome them through faith and prayer and hearing from the Lord, and so I could be there to help someone else who was going through the same thing.

Alf appeared in the doorway and greeted Vivian and me with a huge smile. "The doctor says I look great

and am healing up fast! Isn't it wonderful to trust the Lord?"

"Thank you for being here when I needed you most." Vivian was beaming now. "I sure needed that hug!"

"I did too!" was my reply. Vivian was deeply touched when I told her that when I had been waiting downstairs, Jesus told me to personally deliver that special heartfelt hug from Him. It was all His idea to help heal us both! ○

sure
cure

Dr. Virginia Satir, in a lecture given to over 4,000 members of the American Orthopsychiatric Association, said, "Four hugs a day will help you survive the blues—a dozen is better!" She went on to say that four hugs are needed for "survival," eight for "good maintenance," and twelve for "growth."

In her book *Touch Therapy*, Helen Colton writes: "Nothing binds up psychic wounds like the bandage of a hug—a warm clasp around a hurting human being. When I am unusually irritable, flaring up over incidents I would normally take in my stride, snapping in an edgy voice on the telephone, feeling close to tears, I ask myself, 'What's wrong? Why are you behaving this way?' And I become aware that I need a 'fix.' I haven't been held close for a while."

prayer for
the day

Jesus, thank You for leaving Your beautiful place in Heaven to come to this world, to experience human life, and finally to die to save me. Now I want to understand and love others more, forgive more, and give more. In short, I want to be more like You, Jesus, because I love You!

“BEHOLD, I TELL YOU A MYSTERY,” the apostle Paul wrote to a group of Christians in the Greek city of Corinth. “We shall not all sleep [be dead], but we shall all be changed—in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised incorruptible, and we [who are alive] shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. ... Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: ‘Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is your sting? O Hades, where is your victory?’” (1 Corinthians 15:51–55).

In this passage Paul is explaining the resurrection of the dead. It’s pretty hard to explain how a body that’s been in the grave for years—possibly even hundreds or thousands of years—is going to come to life and be perfectly whole, even better than it was before. How’re you going to explain that? Paul says it’s going to be like the difference between a seed and what the seed becomes once it has germinated and grown to maturity (1 Corinthians 15:36–44).

Our resurrection bodies are going to be new and different, and yet they’ll be close enough to the ones we have now that we’ll recognize each other: “Then I shall know just as I also am known” (1 Corinthians 13:12). The disciples recognized Jesus after He was resurrected, but not always. He was different enough that sometimes they didn’t recognize Him (Luke 24:13–16, 31; John 20:14–16). That was either because He didn’t want to be recognized at the time, or because He was even more beautiful and more perfect, if that’s possible, because He had a

new spiritual body that would never die—and that’s the kind of body you’re going to have! You’re going to be like Jesus was and is now, since His resurrection. He “will transform our lowly body that it may be conformed to His glorious [resurrection] body” (Philippians 3:21).

Were Jesus’ followers able to see Him after He was resurrected? Yes!

“WE SHALL BE CHANGED!”

WHAT YOUR RESURRECTION WILL BE LIKE

By David Brandt Berg



Were they able to usually recognize Him? Yes! Did He walk and talk with them? Yes! He even cooked for them and ate and drank with them (Luke 24:43; John 21:9–14). Jesus was able to do all these normal, natural things, and in your new resurrection body, so will you. Think of that!

But that's not all. You'll also be able to do some things you can't do in your natural body. When His followers were in a locked room with the door barred for fear of those who had crucified Him, Jesus walked right *through* the barred door (John 20:26). Another time, when He had finished talking with two of His followers on the road to Emmaus, He "vanished from their sight" (Luke 24:31). You'll be able to walk through walls and doors and appear and disappear, just like Jesus did. You'll also be able to travel from one place

to another not merely at the speed of sound or light, but at the speed of thought! Well, we're getting ahead of our story now.

"We shall all be changed!" The main thing that's going to be changed is your body, but if He's going to change your body, He's certainly going to change your clothes. Contrary to what some believe, He's not going to resurrect you stark naked. You'll be clothed in a robe of light, a robe of righteousness. Just think, no matter where you are or what you're doing, you're suddenly going to notice a wonderful change and look to see that you're

wearing a beautiful new robe of righteousness!

Actually, you may be so preoccupied with what's happening in the sky—lightning and thunder and Jesus appearing in the clouds—that you may not even notice what you're wearing. But you'll sure *feel* different because you'll "be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump" (1 Corinthians 15:52). At the sound of that trumpet you're going to be raised from the dead, if you are dead, or raised from the earth if you're still living.

In another epistle, Paul writes: "I do not want you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning those who have fallen asleep, lest you sorrow as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so God will bring with Him those who sleep in Jesus" (1 Thessalonians 4:13–14). That includes *you*, if you've received Him! It also includes all of your departed family members and friends who are saved. So don't worry that you'll never see them again; you'll meet in the air. What a family reunion—the biggest ever!

"For the Lord Himself will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of an archangel, and with the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And thus we shall always be with the Lord" (1 Thessalonians 4:16–17).○

God became a man to turn creatures into sons; not simply to produce better men of the old kind but to produce a new kind of man.

—C.S. Lewis



“I UNDERSTAND” —FROM JESUS WITH LOVE

I understand the trying of men’s hearts—the despair, the discouragement, the desperation.

I understand the pain of leaving loved ones, for first I had to leave My Father to go to Earth, and then I had to leave those that I loved so dearly on Earth to return to My Father.

I understand what it’s like to feel betrayed, for one whom I had befriended [Judas] betrayed Me with a kiss.

I understand fear of what lies ahead, and so I prayed, “Father, let this cup pass from Me!”

I understand what it’s like to feel ridiculed and abused, for I was ridiculed and abused.

I understand pain, for I felt excruciating pain as the nails pierced My hands and My feet.

I understand what it’s like to feel abandoned, for I felt abandoned by those I loved, who also loved Me. For a moment I thought that even My Father had abandoned Me.

Though My Father did not let that cup pass from Me, though one who I had loved betrayed Me, though I saw My loved ones flee from Me in time of trouble, though I was beaten and spat upon, though the nails pierced My hands and feet, though I felt My Father had abandoned Me, though I had to die an agonizing death, though it looked like a great defeat, it all brought about a great victory and great salvation—a great resurrection that changed the course of history and all eternity!

I died to save you, but I went through all the rest to understand you better.

