

# The Liberating Secret Newsletter

June 2009

Volume 54

## The Whole Gospel, to the Whole man, to the Whole World.

(All of Christ, in and manifesting as all of redeemed humanity)

**Did you miss our May conference?** Well, take heart, it will soon be on our streaming loop on [www.spiritbroadcasting.net](http://www.spiritbroadcasting.net). Just a taste:

**Shofar's** blew, people of faith shouted, music played, and the Spirit mightily reined as we gathered together in one accord declaring to all the cosmic forces that Jesus Christ is living His life as us, and is Lord of all heaven and earth. Amen!

Some time ago, the Lord gave me a promise from the book of Judges, chapter 6. It is the story of Gideon. Let me familiarize you with this dynamic story: Gideon was called of God to lead an army to deliver Israel from their enemies. He couldn't believe that God was calling him who was the least in his father's house, and from the weakest clan in Manasseh. He was so unsure of his calling that he requested signs. After several "fleece" miracles, he was convinced that the Lord was going to deliver Israel by his hand. Then an interesting sensorial takes place: There were 32,000 warriors ready to fight with Gideon, but that was too many for the Lord—"lest Israel claim glory for itself against the Lord, saying, My own hand has saved me." So, Gideon sent home 22,000 fearful men. As the story goes, Gideon ended up with just 300 men to conquer the "Midianites and the Amakekites, who were laying in the valley as numerous as locust; and their camels were without number, as the sand by the seashore in multitude." Isn't it just like the Lord to call the least, the weakest, and the most unlikely to be His mighty army. Did they win by their own power, NO a hundred times NO. They won their war just like we "New Creations" do "Not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit saith the Lord" and they won it in the most ridiculous way without even a sword in their hand. Gideon instructed his men to divide into three groups-- blow their shofar's, break their pitchers, and hold the torches in their left hands and the shofar in their right hand as they cried, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" You guessed it, The Lord set every man's sword against his companion throughout the whole camp; and the great army fled.

## The Lame take the Prey!

Now what is the promise? God use the weakest, the least, and the most unlikely rag-tag people to win his greatest battles. God is preparing 300 faith warriors around the world to pay the intercessory price so that "the earth will be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the

Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Habakkuk 2:14).

**So, will the Body of Christ please:  
"ARISE AND SHINE"**

(Isa. 60:1-4)

**"Arise and Shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen on thee. For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all they gather themselves together, they come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side" (Isaiah 60:1-4).**



Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man comes to the Father but by me." So instead here of identifying truth as a body of facts, he centralizes truth as Himself. So the object of truth is to know Him, a **person**. In saying this, I'm not dismissing facts as being facts. An event either happened or it did not, so when we read the Bible, we encounter many facts, both of history and doctrine. Yet, Jesus says that he is the truth.

Jesus had 12 disciples, and each experienced Him in a different way and heard Him in a different way. This isn't to say that He was only a composite of their experiences and hearing. It is to say that the one Jesus would obviously go out to the world and be expressed through very different disciples. And so it is today even: we share what we discover and know of the one person, both by the record left of Him by His disciples and by the witness of the Spirit we receive.

As remarkably different as James, John, Peter, and Paul were, for example, the one unchanging truth is that apart from Christ, no one can know God. Yet, in Christ, we can know Him, and we are known by Him, and how different each of His children is from all the rest, as well as their churches.

Brian Coatney



## **The Final Basis of Civil Liberty**

by Brian Coatney

When an attack comes on my civil liberties as an American citizen, I feel especially thankful for the freedoms I live in most of the time like a free ranging whale in the oceans of the world. There are some demonically obsessed Captain Ahabs out on these seas, bent on over-harpooning the waters, and making scarce or nonexistent what is meant to be our divine heritage. Some of these Ahabs we've elected; others attack from terrorist groups. The worst of

them all lies hidden right among freedom loving Americans.

It is true that the Colonial patriots endured ravaging sacrifices and formulated unique documents in our "Declaration of Independence" and *Constitution* in order to procure our freedoms. Thus today, many well meaning citizens seek to rediscover and reintroduce those sacrifices and the original intent of those documents, to a nation letting them slip into a secular desert so dry that finally the new villains will be those who unearth the true nature of the documents in the first place.

In the battle today for civil liberty, the surface appearance is that of right versus left in politics, but I'd like to assert that this is merely surface and that most citizens miss the underlying reason why liberty will slip away unless we take the next step on a wide scale in how we see the world. I will get to this.

First though, we now put way too much emphasis on who the president is when the real power of a nation lies at the grass roots. A reading of why Judah fell into captivity in the Old Testament reveals the scary fact that not even good kings like Hezekiah and Josiah could keep the nation from going into slavery as a conquered nation. At the grass roots, the peoples' faith had become so corrupted and godless that only in a superficial way did they worship God. In their hearts, they worshipped Baal and materialism. No nation can maintain its freedoms with good leaders if the people do not have a true faith that exceeds intent and moves past that into triumphal living. "The good that I would do, I do not" mentality of Romans chapter 7 must cease to be the daily bread of the Christian on a national scale.

The only means to do this is to discover life in the Spirit instead of the grinding-it-out life of trying to be like Jesus. The founding fathers of our civil liberties based their documents on freedoms reasoned from scripture by the revelation of the Holy Spirit, but that was just a beginning. Laws can never produce free men and women but can only mark the failure to attain freedom. If we think that laws accomplish our end, we constantly need more and more of them, and so a short document like the "Declaration of Independence" or the *Constitution* becomes a library of nightmares as a lawsuit-minded public seeks a kind of perfection only existing in the Spirit of God and thus in those who walk in the Spirit of God and not by laws.

My assertion, then, is that the next step is found in the ultimate charter of liberty, the book of *Galatians* in the New Testament, where Galatians 2:20 tells us that the Christian is crucified with Christ, nevertheless lives, but "Not I but Christ liveth in me." Freedom only comes by abandoning law as our means of living, so that Christ lives supernaturally in us by the Spirit. This truth is so undiscovered by Christians that one who espouses it is considered to be one of two things. Some consider such a person a maniac who has foolishly given up trying to be a good Christian. Others consider such a person a saint of rare vintage and not an ordinary, normal Christian.

Not taking the next step leaves people in arguments over laws, attacks on political opponents, and false hopes in leaders. Emphasis remains on trying to establish a system with Christ as savior that looks more like He's savior of an Old Covenant nation rather than a nation of free people. Christ's blood is acknowledged for the forgiveness of sin, but most Christians stay slaves to sin. How can citizens like that rule a free nation?

Wise Christians stop their entangling obsession with political opponents and look within themselves first to see if they truly live freely on a spiritual level; otherwise, their only liberty will be political and outer, and not for long at that. How foolish must God consider us if we seek outer liberty while still a slave of sin, not having entered into the freedom of “walking in the Spirit” as *Galatians* puts it.

A nation whose citizens stop looking at political leaders and start walking in the Spirit will find that their inner freedom quickens the outer life of their culture increasingly, even if at first they are attacked and persecuted as impractical. The lie of independent self will come rolling on out and get exposed, and people will get liberated on the inside first, then take their quickening into public service.

The devil, the enemy of liberty, will rage since people will no longer live by making more and more laws based on a document never intended for that; citizens will see the genius of the Holy Spirit in short documents and huge sacrifices to keep them that way.

Materialism will recede, an ethos of God’s Spirit will take over, and politics as we know them will fall away into the dry rubbish fit only to burn that it is—mere wood, hay, and stubble. Leaders will evaporate; citizens will proliferate. The day Jeremiah prophesied will arrive when no one needs to tell someone else to know the Lord. We will all know Him. Mount Zion will have shown itself above the silvery clouds, and citizens will beat their laws into urges to love. That will be a grand government.

# Letters

Hi Sylvia

I wanted to write and thank you for allowing me to come to the God Unlimited Conference this weekend. It was an awesome experience. For that matter, this past 15 months have been an awesome experience, and one that I could have never imagined. After hearing and meeting Ron Block, I’ve experienced a deeper walk w/the Lord. I’ve been saved since I was 13..but knew I desired something deeper. I am so grateful that I got to meet you and speak with you at the Station Inn b/c of the insight I’ve gained.

I’m so excited that my mother in law, Cheryl was able to attend w/me this weekend and received such a liberating freedom in her walk w/the Lord.

I really look forward to next May, however, hope to see you in the coming year.

All my love,

Jenny Davis (in VA)

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Hi Sylvia,

Thanks to you and family for hosting the 8<sup>th</sup> annual conference there on the patio behind your house. It flew by. Hardly do I ever remember a three day conference going by so fast. The atmosphere was truly sweet and love-laden, and I marveled at the way that talks could be going on, and at the same time all kinds of fellowship was taking place all around in the house and outside in your serene yard. I'm sure upcoming year will bring lots of memories made and started right there at Poplar Lane Heaven.

Brian Coatney—Hopkinsville, Ky.

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Dear Sylvia and Scott,

Many many thanks for all the planning and preparation that went into this year's conference. It was such a blessing to be with you and all of the wonderful people you are reaching with the liberating secret message. It was a challenge for us to get there but the Lord made it a faith adventure. Truly it was not difficult and our flights were perfect.

Julie Lee was a blessing. Stephen was so pleased with the CD we brought back to him. I couldn't bring up a website for her. [www.julielee.com](http://www.julielee.com)

Let's look toward having another meeting here when you can come this way. We talked with Brian Coatney about coming sometime and he sounded like it was a real possibility. He is a NCU graduate like Gray and Stephen and they share a real love for Chapel Hill. Also, Brian and Tandy have a son near Raleigh.

I know the Lord is blessing you richly. Wasn't the weather nice for the most part and your patio, walkways, tent etc were beautiful. The lush green lawn beckoned us. I'll bet it looks just like that as you approach heaven.

We love and appreciate you more than you can know. All of your family are so talented and lovely. Thanks to each one who had a part. As always, Jenny outdid herself, and Margaret L was certainly in the right place to help us find Poplar Land. I can't imagine why the Lord allowed us to miss it.

Tomorrow we'll have our meeting and it will be hard not to boast. I pray the LOrd will express His love for each one in such a way that they will all be blessed by what we share about our very special time with you.

See you soon I hope.

Love,

Marion and Gray Dixon—Wilmington, NC

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Hello Sylvia and Scott,

Steve and I made it back to Toledo with God's blessing. We were blessed in many ways last weekend. Thank you and Scott for opening your home to all of us. It was more than a prayer come true to have my husband with me this year. WOW, the Lord never ceases to be The Amazing One! May the One Who holds the universe in His Hand, give you and your family all of the blessings mentioned in His Word. Thank you both for your gifts.

Sincerely In His Joy,  
Steven and Teri—Toledo, Ohio

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## Meredith's Crosses:

[http://www.etsy.com/shop.php?user\\_id=5534054](http://www.etsy.com/shop.php?user_id=5534054)

## Quotes

Every negative has its hidden resolve in God, and faith is the key that makes manifest the negatives, hidden positive. **Sylvia Pearce**

Faith looks beyond the pain, wrapped in veil of time, and sees God's eternal purposes beyond it all. **Sylvia Pearce**

'With all sorts of doubts I am familiar, and the result of them is, has been, and will be, a widening of my heart and soul and mind to greater glories of the truth ... .. I cannot say I never doubt, nor until I hold the very heart of good as my very own in Him, can I wish not to doubt. *For doubt is the hammer that breaks the windows clouded with human fancies, and lets in the pure light.*' **George McDonald**

**C.S. Lewis** once said that there are two equal and opposite errors that we can fall into regarding Satan and his demons. One is to act like they don't exist; the other is to be unduly and overly interested in them.

"True and perfect obedience is a virtue above all virtues...obedience has no cares; it lacks no blessing...When I give my will up to the care of my Lord and Master and have no will of my own, God must will for me; for if He were to neglect me, He would be neglecting himself. So it is with everything; where I do not chose for myself, God chooses for me. What will he choose for me? That I shall not choose for myself." **Meister Eckhart**

Meekness is not weakness but power under restraint, for we see ourselves as we really are, and see him as he really is." **Fred Williams**

**St. John of the Cross** says: "(This wound is delectable (i.e. delicious)." John of the Cross goes on to say: "After the dark and painful night of the spirit there is...a divine awakening...the soul uses a similitude (i.e. an example) of one that awakens from his sleep, and says, 'how gentle and loving is...thine awakening, O Word and Spouse, in the center and depth of my soul...wherein alone, secretly and in silence, Thou dwellest as it's Lord. This divine awakening is an inspiration of the Word manifesting His dominion, His glory and His intimate sweetness."

Faith builds Heaven in the midst of Hell's despair!

Heirs of the Kingdom are those who die to *achieving* and live by *receiving*!

Faith sees the invisible, believes the unbelievable, and receives the impossible.

**Corrie Ten Boom**

"Good must be sucked out of the bitter root of seeming evil." **Brian Coatney**

"Life's disappointments are veiled love's appointments." From "Streams in the Desert", Feb. 1st.

"Sometimes God calms the storms, and sometimes He lets the storm rage and calms His child."

The expression of true everlasting life procures itself contented as the vessel or container of Christ alone. **Jennifer Cormack**

In the pasture of the King, freely bloom two trees. One offers sacrificial unified life; the other cloaks itself in the good works of death. If the sheep of the pasture cannot produce their own righteousness, then conversely they cannot produce their own iniquity. Will you be so entwined by the false independence of goodness you fail to express the true liberty you possess? The only good and just King tarries for your reply.

**Jennifer Cormack** Short Story Excerpt

## Religion is guilt with different holidays- **Danny Pearce**

"If we cast aside the suggestions of Satan, the delusions of our own feelings of separation, the sense of weakness and ignorance: if we boldly possess our possessions in Christ, draw the sword of the Spirit upon the deceiver, declare by God's word that we are one with Christ and with one another, one mystic organism, one divine life flowing in and through all: then we *are* strong by faith, for His strength is in us; we *are* wise, for His wisdom is ours; we have love, joy or any other needed grace of the Spirit, for we are permeated with Him; and all we need to do is to go forward in this faith, as having and possessing, and we shall find that what is true in the realm of the Spirit, through our faith becomes manifest in the realm of the senses, whether it be power, love, joy, knowledge, or any other needed resource. Christ the head thus becomes manifest in and through His members."—**Norman Grubb**

Everything fulfills the word spoken over it, whether negatively or positively. **Kathryn Magnotto**

Break confidence in oppression! Break fellowship with fantasy. **Shirley Weaver**

What is a oak tree, but a acorn that held its ground! Author unknown

## Poem of the Month

### His Glorious Inheritance in the Saints

(Ephesians 1:18

Barry Burton—Birmingham, Al.

What we will be we do not know  
Yet through the prophets' words we glean  
A role no thoughts can fully claim.

A body broken, raised to life  
Its parts now gathered, each in place  
Presented spotless, pure in love.

The bride's betrothal consummate  
The fruits of Love now issue forth  
As rivers spreading Life abroad.

To rule the universe tis true  
As vessels of eternal Love;  
Truth reigns as revelation dawns.

His bride, the body, pure and fair

Shall shine as truth for all to know  
The glory of the Lord of all.

## Flying

We're flying into the high, high places,  
with suffering as our guide—  
our familiar friend,  
hated with fear,  
resisted in pride,  
as we frantically tried  
to escape Christ,  
who, when embraced,  
brings the radiance of the morning,

soft and gentle on the flowers,  
building strongly through the day,  
peaking in the afternoon pinnacle,  
when shade would be  
our sheltering friend,  
but would defeat the end  
we endure for;

so we take the full heat,  
both of scorch and glory,  
to watch our hopes,  
drop slowly into a ready afternoon,  
and twilight time of thanks,

that when the sun does go down  
below its appointed rim,  
His beams and warmth within us  
light the darkest place  
the devil's ever been.

Brian Coatney/5-5-09

## Prayer Request

**The Hopkinsville report:** Pray for Brad and Janelle, Tandy

## Coatney, and Billy Anderson

Recently, **Brad Anderson and his wife Janelle** (brother to Tandy and brother-in-law of Brian Coatney) came to Louisville and filmed three awesome DVD's. They may be seen on [www.spiritbroadcasting.net](http://www.spiritbroadcasting.net). Soon after this tremendous experience, Brad and Janelle experienced one of the greatest test the Lord could ever put any of us parents--they lost their 20 year old son Austin. He was in a horrible motorcycle accident which took his young life. What a seemingly senseless loss, yet to these two faith parents it is not senseless at all, to them it is an "opportunity of faith," great faith.

How painful, I can't even imagine the sorrow, the grief and sense of loss. Our heart goes out to our precious brother and sister, and as well as the rest of their family as we grieve with them. Yet our sorrow is only fuel to the expectation of glory that cannot be compared to its painful counterpart. Our God reigns and glory will win her prize. Only a family of faith like this one can bear such sorrow, and transmit glory at the same time. Brad and Janelle, we love you very much. Please pray for them. **(Be sure to read the second article of the month by Harriet Wearren, a friend of our who lost her 17 year old son in the 1980's.)**

### Prayer for Tandy Coatney:

This is the **cancer report** It'll be brief, and Tandy can fill in later.

The surgeon took out all her lymph nodes on the left side (two dozen he says). He had to take more than the lump but says, "She will have a breast, just not symmetrical." He was prepared to do a total mastectomy if needed since the objective was for Tandy to die of old age not be a senior citizen beauty queen, a contest which she can still win easily in my opinion, even with one breast.

The surgeon will refer her to the cancer doctors for chemo and radiation.

She spent last night in the hospital as a precaution, and discharge is pending this afternoon hopefully when she sees the surgeon. He said yesterday that if she was a good girl, she could go home today. She has been very good, though looks forward to a nap in her own bed. A hospital is a very busy place, and so sleeping isn't always so easy, besides which she's just around the corner on the 7<sup>th</sup> floor from her dad, who's been there a week already with what probably was a light stroke.

Just out of surgery, what does Tandy think about? "Did they get daddy to walk? Is there someone to help him eat?" So she's jumping into working to coordinate with her brothers the next step for her daddy and also Mimi, who is a trooper but tearful over missing Billy.

With so much time at the hospital, one has time also to admire the paintings on the walls, sample the cuisine in "The Rose Room," chat with the staff, ponder, think of new questions for the doctors and nurses, and marvel at the artistic architecture of the new parts of the hospital.

One of my former English students at the college was a CNA on night shift last night. I remembered him well and enjoyed chatting with him. Another former student is a nurse for the surgeon, so when one is a teacher, lo, former students may pop up anywhere.

My sister, Sylvia, is a breast cancer survivor, and she & husband Art sat with me the two hours of the surgery, and we caught up a lot of family news, as well as it starting to dawn on me what

a resource she is, being in a cancer survivor's group the past year and a half.  
OK, I don't think I've botched the news much here, and Tandy can fill in more.  
The surgeon expressed his confidence that he got all the cancer and that tansy is still on track to grow wiser and more white haired for years to come.

Tks to all for the tremendous outpouring of love and prayer.

Brian and Tandy Coatney

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Scott and I are on a **ministry trip** in Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. Pray for open hearts, and minds as the Spirit ministers liberating to His precious Body.

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This is from Paul E. Billheimer's book, "Destined, to Overcome." **"Prayer is where the action is.** John Wesley said, "God does nothing but in answer to prayer," and E. M. Bounds tells us "God shapes the world by prayer."

A **great illustration** is the account of the Israelites battle against the Amalekites. Satan, God's enemy had stirred up the heathen nation of Amalek to fight the Israelites trying to keep them from entering the promise land. As the battle was beginning, Moses said to Joshua, "Choose us out men, and go out, and fight with Amalek: tomorrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in my hand." Joshua and his men began the battle. "And Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. And it came pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed" When Moses grew tired and could no longer hold up his arms, Aaron and Hur stood up on either side and supported him until the battle was won by God's people and Amalek was defeated.

These 3 men, Moses, Aaron and Hur were united in holding up the rod (symbolizes the Cross) of God, and also symbolic of His power and prayer. When the intercessors engaged in believing prayer, Satan's forces were bound and paralyzed. Then God's children were victorious. To the casual observer the battle was won in the valley where the troops were engaged but to the spiritually discerning the battle was won on the mountaintop. Prayer is truly where the action is. Paraphrased by Margaret Lester

This Month's (2) Articles:

**The Beauty of Adversity**

by Dan Stone

*Taken from a message given by Dan Stone in Alexandria, Virginia on May 16, 1981*

Our relationship to Christ has many facets, not all of which we see at once. Initially we see our salvation in Christ, our freedom from condemnation, and the effects of sin. Later we begin to understand our freedom from sin itself. And with that firm assurance of our godliness, we finally move out of ourselves and into the lives of others. We become intercessors.

Paul's letter to the Romans describes this three-part growth pattern. Romans 1-5 emphasizes the blood of Christ as an atonement for our sins, Romans 6-8 shows how the body of Christ takes care of the person of sin; and Romans 9-15 deals with Christ's life in us as co-saviors for others. Let's talk first about the blood and the body of Christ. When we take communion, we are meant to see beyond the elements, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread" (I Cor. 10:16). This is expanded on in Colossians 1:13-14: "(God) has delivered us from the power of darkness and has translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son, in whom we have redemption through His blood which is forgiveness of sins." In verse 20, "Having made peace through the blood of his cross, by Him to reconcile all things to Himself, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven; and you who were sometimes alienated and enemies in mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death: to present you holy and unblameable and unreprouvable in His sight." On one side of the cross you see the blood of Christ providing justification for the sins of the world. On the other side of the same cross you see the body of Christ and us in Him, made holy, blameless and unreprouvable because of our new position in Christ.

Let us create a scene to demonstrate the blood side of the work of Christ for the forgiveness of our sins. As part of a large audience, observers of a tremendous drama, we see the man Jesus being crucified. Someone walks up and lays around Jesus' neck the chain of adultery. Someone else walks up and lays around His neck the chain of fornication, another the chain of uncleanness. Others lay on Him lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, strife, seditions, envyings, murders, drunkenness, and so forth. As this picture of Jesus develops, we see draped on Him every expression of sin-and then we watch Him die. The Holy Spirit steps forward and says to us, "Everything that you've done, I've laid on Him." An invitation is extended to all: "Will you receive this gift of mine? I've laid on Him all your sins which means they are not laid on you. If you will accept that transference as my love-gift to you, you're justified. You will be to Me as though you'd never committed them.

All positively respond, "We accept that. As mere spectators all we can do is sit in the audience and hear someone tell us what all this means and accept it. In this analogy Christ pays the price for the sins of the world, and all we can do is receive the gift and, say "Thank you." Now if you are like I was for so many years, this was the only side of the cross you knew. But Paul turns the cross around and says, "Now wait a minute, don't go away too soon. We have another scene."

In this second scene, we are more than spectators-we are participants in Christ. To imagine this scene we must draw a big mental circle around the audience and see ourselves as one. We are all in Him. Paul, in describing the Lord's Supper says that we *received* the benefits of the blood, but we *partake* of the body of Christ (I Cor. 10:16-17). The body is all of us, so whatever is happening to the body is happening to us. We are not just observers of a drama on stage; we *are* the drama. It is as if Jesus loses His identity and becomes us.

The blood side of the cross expresses the glorious fact of our forgiveness, but the body side is a

deeper truth. Paul shows us that we became Him, and He became us. We've put a lot of emphasis on Christ being in us, and rightly so. What Paul is teaching now is that we're in Him, so that we ourselves are on the cross.

The people standing watching Christ die are really on that cross themselves. What is happening is a death. We are not dealing with the human body which the Spirit lives in, but with what's happening to the Spirit when it leaves the body. When a body dies, the Spirit leaves and is no longer a part of the body.

The realm of God is the realm of spirit. God looks on the heart. That is why Jesus said to those people whose actions were supposed to be good and righteous, "You do what you see your father the Devil doing" (John 8:44). There are two fathers: God and Satan. We express one or the other.

Hebrews 2:14 says, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, Jesus also Himself took part of the same, that through death, He might destroy him who had the power of death, that is, the devil." Satan has been destroyed as a person who can reign in our lives, captivate us, motivate us and keep us under control. When Christ died, we died—we participated in His death and lay in the grave three days, and were raised with Him on the third day. Recently, I had lunch with a young couple and their two-year old. The child kept grabbing for the paper napkin on my lap. She finally got it and began to tear it up into little bits, but she couldn't put it back together again. Her mother went to the kitchen and tore off a paper towel. She handed it to me and said, "This is your new napkin." It wasn't a napkin. It was a towel. But she made it a napkin.

That's what God did. He made Jesus to be sin. Jesus wasn't sin, but God made Him to be sin. The girl's mother said, "This towel is now a napkin." God said, "This precious Son of Mine is now Mr. Sin." In other words, God made Jesus to be us. Paul says, "He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again" (II Cor. 5:15). We never live for self again. If we only look at self, we will often appear to be living for self. Likewise, when we were lost and self-oriented, we sometimes appeared as if we weren't living for self. But the realm of appearance is not the place where the battle is fought—it is fought in the spirit realm. As a result of that battle, Paul says, "You were an expression of that person regardless of what the outcroppings were. But now you are an expression of another person, Christ." We need to get that point home, and we need to know who we are, before we start worrying about conduct.

For years we spent time dealing with our conduct, not knowing who we were, but this did not bring us to a consciousness that "Christ is my life." Instead it brought confusion about who we are related to. This confusion fostered the big lie of two natures. Reasoning from actions back to truth is dangerous, for we may or may not reach truth. But if we start from truth, which is spirit-reality—from "He and I are one"—the conduct is His. Starting from conduct, we are not sure who is in control, and it never brings any of us the awareness of union with Christ. *The blessed love of God is to let us worry about conduct until it kills us.* It produces the "Oh, wretched man that I am" in a man who was anything but wretched. That is its glory. Paul says, "If there is a glory in the ministry of condemnation, there is a greater glory in this ministry of grace." So let's praise God for misery in the believer. Recently a woman told me that her marriage was on the rocks. Her husband had a girlfriend, etc. God was showing the wife a lot of things, and she didn't like any of them. She said, "You know, I think I'm going insane."

I said, "No, darling, you're not going insane. You're real close to God though, because you're almost at the end of self." She had said about her husband, "He's my god," so I said, "Well then, you're not going to get him back, because God isn't going to share you with anybody. You're

close to getting God, so keep on being miserable."

"Misery" is the name of the door that moves us from the self room to the spirit room. More people come into the union life through misery than through any other door. In fact, I don't know of anybody who hasn't come through some kind of personal misery. The point I made with this woman was that the very end of herself, which she was afraid was insanity, was really where she was going to meet God.

Paul says that we can cease to live for ourselves now. We may appear to be living for ourselves, but if you take the stand that we and He are one, no matter what the appearance looks like, then we are not living for self. Something may look in the first two chapters to be all self, but the final chapter's going to be for the praise and glory of God, because we can never live for self-and the fact is, we don't want to live for self !

The Dan form of Satan died in 1949 and a brand new creature emerged, a Dan form of Christ. Never before has there been a Dan like this. And the same happened to you. Put your own name there-a new creature in Christ. You began to operate from a new person, a new energy, a different approach, and a whole new excitement. You've got a new "wanter" in you. You don't want sin anymore. You may find yourself sinning occasionally, but you don't want to. What you want is God. I often tell believers, "I know your heart. Your heart's for God. Your thoughts and your emotions may not always be, but your heart's for God!" Go with your heart. When you go with God, you're safe, because all He's after through you is the privilege of loving someone else by means of you.

Paul says in Colossians, "It's through the blood side of the cross that we come to the forgiveness of sins." That's the knowing side of the cross. Turn the cross around and we'll see something that to the natural mind is unbelievable. We'll see all of the attributes of God have been poured into us.

We come to the awareness of our perfection in Christ through the operation of choice. God means His creatures to have choices and the consequences of those choices. He means us to have the consequences of whatever we attach ourselves to. If we attach ourselves to the flesh He means us to have the consequences of that attachment.

If we can serve God from the flesh, then why does He strip us down? If all the teaching about performance, doing, attaining, and striving from the flesh is right, then why did God strip Moses? If it is true that we can serve God from the flesh, why did He take Jacob across the brook Jabok and wrestle with him all night and leave him with an outer sign that he had been with God? If he could have served God from the flesh why did Joseph go through what he did? Why was Jesus Himself led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil? Even our Lord had to get fixed so His whole life was a Spirit life.

Let's take the case of Moses. There was nothing wrong with Moses' intention. He got the call-he knew what life was all about. Exodus 2 says: "It came to pass in those days when Moses was grown, that he went out unto his brethren, and looked upon their burdens. And he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of the brethren, and he looked this way and that, and when he saw there was no man, he killed the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand." What's interesting is the parallel account in Acts 7, long after Moses. The Holy Spirit told Stephen some things that Moses did not tell us.

The Holy Spirit told Stephen to say that this was to be the sign of Moses to the people that he was the deliverer of Israel, "by this sign you will know that I am this deliverer that you've been awaiting." And yet the next day Moses encountered two of his own brethren striving together, and they said, "Are you going to do to us what you did to that fellow yesterday?" In the Old Testament the Holy Spirit doesn't hide anything about anybody's flesh. But in the

New Testament, He sees the same people from the point of view of perfected faith. So in the Old Testament we see that Moses fled because he was afraid of Pharaoh. But when we read Hebrews, we see that wasn't the case at all. He forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, says Hebrews 11. But Exodus 2 says that he was afraid of the king. Moses had plenty of dedication, but he needed to change his method. Or rather, he needed to quit his own methods and let God take over. That's when things began to happen. That's when the Lord said to Moses. "See, I've made you God to Pharaoh" (Ex. 7:1, literal). "When Pharaoh sees you, he's going to know he's dealing with Me. I'll make you God to Pharaoh." That's what Moses wanted all along. Of course he had his share of weaknesses, and God needed every one of them. God gave him somebody to speak for him, gave him a staff to lean on, and then Moses learned what his forty years in the wilderness were for. In less than three months the Hebrews began to wander around in the same area, and Moses needed to know where all the water holes and oases were, as well as everything else that is necessary for desert life. We have dedicated our lives many times. We have worn out altars by laying our bodies down on them. God says, "I know you're dedicated. I know your heart. I am your heart." The struggle is not over dedication but over methodology. God does us a favor to let us collapse. That is hard for us to comprehend. Why? The world doesn't appreciate failures.

Norman Grubb, writing in the book *Rees Howells, Intercessor*, saw the glory of the man, yet as far as England was concerned, Rees Howells was discredited in his last word of faith. In other words, if that final word of faith had been realized on the appearance level, everybody would have glorified Rees Howells. Real intercessors may well die in their last intercession.

Don't ever again take anything in your life as from Satan. Don't see him. It's God. Every negative experience that comes your way is a privilege if you turn it over and call it God. If you don't you'll get disturbance and discouragement. Turn it over, and you'll get a blessing.

At Passover, when the head of the family gathers his children around him, the emphasis is not on how Moses delivered them, but on how God delivered them. If Moses had taken them out when he was forty, they would have talked about how Moses delivered them. But when Moses got to the Jordan and wanted to cross over, God said, "You're not going over. I'll take them over. But you've laid down your life for them." This is not literal; it's figurative language. It's as if Moses laid down his life, with his heels on one side of the Jordan and his head on the other, and the Israelites walked across his body.

When we know who's doing it, we can lay down our lives for the joy set before us, and watch people walk over us. When we know who we are when the Prince knows he's the Prince then we lean be paupers in the situation. When we know we've already won, we can look like losers. But if we don't know we're the Prince, and we don't know we've won, it tears out our hearts. Thank God that He lets us have those miseries in our flesh. There isn't any crash that's too embarrassing or too difficult or too horrible if we come through to knowing who we are. It is God's love to let our flesh collapse that He may establish us in spirit-knowing about who He is in us as us. And then we can move out and be a person. No more, "It isn't me, it's Jesus." Now we can go out, and call ourselves the righteousness of God in Christ Jesus, because we are. We have been bought with a price. And we've been accepted in the Beloved.

This article is taken from "The Treasures of Darkness" Chapter 17.

**Calling Into Being That Which Does Not Exist**

**By: Harriet Wearren**

**“I have made thee a father of many nations,  
before him whom he believed, even God,  
who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those  
things which be not as though they were.”  
(Romans 4:17)**

Harriet Wearren is one of the strongest faith people that I know. I want to share her amazing and courageous story of faith. It is pure glory and “Holy Ground.” There is no way that I could begin to write it, so I asked Harriet to write this chapter in the book:



I grew up in a loving family with a younger sister, a strong spiritual Mother, and a Father who was a good man, intelligent, and an interesting person, but an alcoholic. I loved my family, but I was very angry and disappointed with my Father.

We went every Sunday to the Presbyterian Church, and I prayed that God would change my Dad, so that our lives would be normal-like everyone else’s. I suppose I always had great and high expectations for my family members and for myself, and was always looking for something to change, so I could be totally happy! Right after high school I met a handsome, fun loving young man and fell in love. We dated for two years and married after my sophomore year of college. In my mind I thought, “Cinderella has met the handsome prince, and they will live happily ever after.” I stayed in school to get my degree, but my main ambition was to be a good wife and become a mother.

Failure was almost immediate. Who could live up to my expectations? I couldn’t and neither could Wade. What a heavy burden to put on another person! I was extremely frustrated. There was a void in my life that only God could fill, but at that time, I thought if I tried harder, and Wade would try harder, everything would be fine.

Things did not get any easier. We graduated from college, and our daughter Beth was born in September. We loved being parents, but it added to my frustration, because now I not only was demanding time for myself with Wade, but also with the baby. I wanted us to have the “perfect family life.” Four years after Beth, our son Scott was born, and then a few years later we had Andrew. It became increasingly difficult to do all the things that needed to be done to keep the family running smoothly. Wade had a job that kept him out of town five days a week, and he would come home on the week-ends. I would look forward all week to his homecoming, but would meet him at the door with all my frustrations, and rail at him! He was a great father and did lots with the kids, but it was never quite enough for me.

Wade, of course, was not feeling any more fulfilled than I was. He began to withdraw in little ways, and then he began to search for his fulfillment everywhere except at our house. It was driving me crazy, but we couldn’t talk about it because Wade could never discuss personal problems and try to work them out that way. We were ready to divorce!

One night, when I could not sleep, I was so desperate, I was one step away from Our Lady of Peace (the mental hospital, in Louisville) I opened my Bible and put my finger on the page, to see if God could or would show me anything. Really, I hardly believed it would work,

but when I looked to see where my finger was, it was Matthew 11:27, "All things come to me from my Father's hand." Somehow I knew this was directly to me from God and I believed it.

I was attending a small Bible Study at that time, trying to fit all the pieces of my life together, and one day I read, "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you"(I Thess. 5:18). I realized that everything that happened in my life came from God, the good and the bad. The Bible says, "God is love" (I John 4:16). So everything that comes from Him comes from the loving hand of God. Although I can't always see it, there is a reason and constructive purpose in everything.

Our situation did not change as I began to learn these things, but the way I looked at the situation did change. It was a miracle! As bad as things were between Wade and me, I felt God was pressing me to say that **everything** in my life came from Him and that I was to be **thankful** for everything. I felt that God was pressing me to believe that Wade would find his fulfillment in God, and that our marriage was whole and complete, although this really seemed to be far from the truth. But I had to believe that God would "find" Wade, even though he was not knowingly looking for God. God is a big God, so much bigger than our finite minds can imagine. Is anything too big or too hard for Him?

Romans 4:17 became imprinted on my heart as the Holy Spirit revealed His truth to me. "We call the things that are not, as though they are." You know, this is the story of Abraham, who simply believed God, and is called the Father of our faith because of it. God told Abraham when he was an old man that he would be the father of many nations, that his descendants would be numbered as many as the stars in the heavens and as the sands of the sea. Sarah, his wife, was much too old to conceive, so it was laughable to think this could really happen. But in due time, Isaac was born, because Abraham had believed and trusted God. God impressed on my heart to do the same with my situation.

While all of this was taking place, our three children were growing up. Our middle child, Scott, was in first grade when we found that our bright precious child could not learn to read. We found out that he had a severe learning problem, called dyslexia, and I became very protective of him. He was so happy on week-ends, but all hell would break loose on Monday morning when he had to go back to school. I nearly went crazy! One time, I thought I'd like to gather all of us in the house and put dynamite to it and just blow us all up. I was at the end of my rope. I had a degree in elementary education and couldn't even help my own child!

Finally, when Scott was in the second grade, I found The dePaul School, a school for children with dyslexia, and went to look at it. It was so structured and disciplined that it looked awful to me. I argued with God all the way home. I said that I loved Scott too much to subject him to that harsh school, it would be the end of him. Well, since I had searched everywhere and this was the **only** place I was able to find, I knew that God was asking if I loved him enough to give him this chance. I was learning about the love of God. It is not a protective love that keeps you totally tucked away, in a box, but it is a love that pushes you out into the unknown. Well, shock of all shocks, the place that I thought would be the end of Scott, was the very place he blossomed.

A missionary came to visit the lady who taught our Bible Study, and a group of us went to hear him speak. He told us there is only one person in the universe. In the beginning that was such a puzzle to me, but slowly I came to realize what he meant. Everything in this world is a form of God, He is love poured out for His created universe. He spoke of Galatians 2:20 which says, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, but it is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me." What consolation this was to me when I finally understood it.

The good news to me was--"It is not me living here, but Christ living my life." If I am

washing the dishes, driving the carpool, etc. it is Christ who is living in me, who is doing all the things I do.

When I was learning this, half the time I felt schizophrenic. The things I did that looked good were easy to call God, but with my fiery temper, the things I did that didn't look so nice kept me very confused. Finally one day, when I was giving my kids a bath, Beth did something that shoved me over the edge. I jerked her out of the tub by her hair and immediately felt such awful remorse. I thought it despicable that I would dare to say that Christ was in me, living my life, and act in such an awful way. As I walked into the hall I said to myself, "What I am believing is either true all the time or none of the time, and I had to say, "I'm daring to believe that you are here living my life no matter how I look." It was a turning point for me to keep my eyes on God and not on my appearances.

I came to realize that the seed of Christ is in every man. We are born with it, but it has to come to birth in us. Because it had been birthed in me, I could look at all the loved ones who needed to know this for themselves. I began with the verse in I Cor. 7:14, "For the unbelieving husband is **sanctified** by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband." Then from there to Jude 24, "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

I just did the same for Wade that I had done for myself. I stopped looking at his appearance, and just kept affirming what God had already done in him. Most of the time it looked hopeless and when I would say this to God, He would let me know that He was tending to His business and that I should tend to mine. My part, was to simply believe by faith and His part was to change Wade from the **inside out**.

After years of battle, we came to know that everything that happens in our lives, happens for a reason. All of Wade's past was perfect for him to come to know that his life is not his own. He finally saw that he was a "O" (zero), but that God was the "all" inside of him. What a relief that was for him, who thought he had to make himself be better and turn himself around-all he had to do was trust that God was working it all out. God was waiting for him to come to the end of his trying. He has given Wade such insight, wisdom and empathy for people who are caught in the most severe problems and God has a way of bringing those people into Wade's life.

Everything that happened in my life before July 27, 1982 was the perfect preparation of my spirit for what happened that day.

I woke up early as usual and got Wade and Scott, our 17 year old son, off to work. Scott came back home about an hour later, looking for a radio for his truck he was trading in that day on a "new" used car. He was so excited. After he left, the next thing I knew, Linda Bunting, my good friend and next door neighbor, came bursting in to tell me there had been a terrible accident and Scott was being taken to the hospital. I went upstairs and put some clothes on, because I was still in my robe. As I went in to my room, I thought to myself, "I know I'm a strong person of faith, but would my faith be big enough for this?" I was gripped by fear! Into my mind came the verse in II Timothy 2:13, "Even if we believe not, He abideth faithful, for He will not deny Himself." What a relief. It wasn't even my faith, it was His faith. It wasn't up to me. I knew God would get us through whatever lay ahead, and He would do it His way.

Linda stopped to pick up Sylvia Pearce, our other friend and neighbor, on the way to the hospital. I was shocked that I was so calm. I thought about a friend of ours who had a severe heart condition which required open heart surgery. It looked as though he would not survive, but God gave me a verse for him which was Romans 4:18, "Against Hope, they believed in hope," and I knew in my heart he was going to make it, and he did. So going to the hospital to see about Scott, I presented the same verse for Scott, but I knew it wouldn't fit. The verse that

came to me was, "It pleased God to bruise His Son" (Isa. 53:10). So I only asked one thing of God--not to leave Scott a vegetable. I felt he had had struggle enough all those years with dyslexia, and he would hate not being able to take care of himself. So I told God that I was willing to give him up, but I expected--no, I demanded to see life come from his death. Then my mind turned to organ donation and all the things I had thought through the years, about how that would be the thing to do, if he wasn't going to make it.

When we got to the hospital, Scott was still alive, but barely. I told them immediately that I did not want him kept alive on life support, but they told me he was holding his own. Linda's husband, John Bunting, is a surgeon, and he had met us there, so he was with Scott. How sweet of God to have someone who loved him as much as we did, there with him. I called our other two children, Beth and Andrew, to tell them that Scott was still alive. Beth had gotten on the phone and called some of our Christian friends around the country to let them know what had happened. I call it rallying the faithful, because what we needed right that moment was prayer--we had it from everywhere!

We had not been in the emergency room long when John came to tell me Scott had taken a turn for the worse. His head injuries were severe. I told the doctor that I would like to donate any organs, but that needed consent from both parents. When we asked Wade, who had never thought of it before, he was so grief stricken he didn't want to do it. Shortly thereafter, he changed his mind, but it was too late for everything except Scott's corneas. That was the beginning of the life that came from Scott's death. It's the principle of God. Someone else would have sight, because Scott lost his. I called the children back and told them that Scott had died. I said we can feel really sad for ourselves, but we had to feel happy for Scott because it was his birthday into heaven!

When our children are born, we think they belong to us, but the truth is, they are a gift from God. "He holds the keys to life and death" and we look at death differently than He. Death is merely moving into the next phase of eternal life--a new beginning, not an end. We are more familiar with the physical part of us, than the spiritual, but it's the spirit that does not die.

We left the hospital and went home to make funeral preparations and to cope with a life that would never ever be the same again. It was unbelievable. Like magic--one minute Scott was here and life was normal, the next minute he was gone! And our lives were forever changed.

It began to come to me that there is a time, appointed of God, that each of us will die. God knows better than I do, what is best for each of us. I was thankful that my Dad, who loved Scott very much, had died two years before. He was there in heaven waiting for Scott as well as all the other loved ones who had died.

Our friends and relatives came to our house to offer their love and support. It meant so much to us to have them there. The people who came who had walked this road before us were especially helpful, I marveled that these people who had lost a child were still functioning and their lives were going on. Bless their hearts for being there for us!

I was at perfect peace, and decided I must be in shock. When I said this to my sister-in-law, she looked at me so funny and said, "Is it shock or is it your faith?" I knew she was right--God's faith had risen in me!

I had been in a Bible study for a couple of years with some women who had lost children. They had even founded a group in Louisville called Compassionate Friends, for parents who have lost a child. Through the years I had said some very hard things to them, such as, "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you" (I Thess. 5:18). When I would leave the group I'd feel terrible and say to myself, "What if this would happen to

you, how would you like to hear that?" I could only believe that was exactly what I would want to hear and I found this was true. My heart leapt to the Spirit truths.

Our wonderful friends, Barbara and Dan Stone, came to be with us and Dan did the funeral service. It was beautiful, and he said everything I would have wanted to say.

At the funeral home a friend handed me a poem had found in the paper. It was wonderful and remains a joy to me every time I read it:

“I am standing on the seashore a ship spreads her sails to the morning  
breeze and starts for the ocean. I stand watching, until she fades from the  
horizon, and someone at my side says, **She’s gone.”Gone? Where?**  
The loss of sight is in me, not in Her. Just at the moment when someone says  
she is gone, there are others who are watching her coming. Other voices  
take up the glad shout,  
‘Here She Comes!’  
And that is dying.”

Author unknown

The reason I love it so much is that it affirms that life doesn’t end with death; it is merely changed! But we are in the physical dimension, so we are unable to see the Spirit dimension.

Little did I know, the day of the funeral, that harder days were to come. After everything settled down and people began to live their normal lives again, we were left alone to find a new kind of normal for us, because our lives would never be the same again. I was shocked to find how hard everyday tasks were: Waking up every morning to be hit again with the words in my head, “Scott is dead.” Going to the grocery and being overwhelmed with loss as I passed the apple cider that I always bought by the gallon, because Scott loved it. Even sitting at the kitchen table to have a meal is so hard, because one person is obviously missing. I knew the holidays would be hard, but I didn’t know how hard everyday life would be.

Immediately following Scott’s accident, which was about a mile and a half from our house, I decided I would never drive past the accident sight again. I didn’t know how I could stand it. This was going to present a hardship because that was the most convenient way to and from our house. I finally decided that there is a time appointed of God that we all will die and the place and circumstance is beside the point. The point is that it is God’s appointed time for the person! I knew that I need not be held in bondage to that spot in the road, so I had a friend drive me past it while I closed my eyes. Then I drove myself averting my eyes and finally I could drive by and even take a look. It was such a beautiful, benign looking place that it was hard to believe such a life-changing event had happened there.

We had good days and bad days, and I realized that this was normal. One particularly hard day, I was so depressed I could hardly move. I had to go to the mall and happened to get there before the stores opened. As I sat there watching people go by, I felt so sorry for myself. Everyone looked so peaceful and happy, and I resented the fact that their lives were wonderful and ours was in shambles. The doors to the store opened, and as I got up to enter the store, I caught my reflection in the plate glass window and was shocked to see that I looked just like them. I could not believe that I looked so normal. The way I felt, I should have had scars all over my face, but I didn’t. I then took another look at the people all around me who looked so “normal” and wondered what kind of scars must they have that don’t show. It certainly took my

attention off myself!

It took awhile, but we finally ordered a stone to mark Scott's grave. I guess it was hard to face the finality of seeing his name in stone with birth and death dates. I had thought and thought about a verse to put on the stone and finally it came to me, and it was perfect. II Corinthians 4:18: "The things which are seen are temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Eternal-without beginning or end. The spirit of Scott Hampton Wearren was and ever will be. "He is not a past memory, but a living presence!"



My husband, Scott Pearce was counseling a very intellectual man once, and during the session Scott asked him what faith meant to him. The man thought a minute, then quoted a verse of scripture. Scott said, "well that is right, but what does faith mean to you **personally**?" The man couldn't answer. Scott continued, "Well, let me tell you what faith means to me. The summer that Scott Wearren died I was in a state of depression. Then, when I heard of his death, it grieved me even more. So I pleaded with the Lord. 'Why did you take this fine young man, and leave **me** here. I'm the one that is miserable. Why wouldn't you take **me** instead?' After a hesitation, the Lord came back with this startling answer, "It was **because** of you that I took Scott Wearren, for he paid the price of his life **for you!**" I was broken and humbled beyond words. Soon after that, I shared the incident with Harriet. "Do you want to know what her response was?" "Yes," said the man. Harriet said, "Well Scott, **you** are worth it!" She was saying that I was worth the death of **her** son. Now, that my friend, is what faith means to me."

**Christ, Our Life Ministries**

**PO Box 43268**

**Louisville, Ky. 40253**

**(502) 245-4581**

**(502) 417-2110**

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[sylviap@theliberatingsecret.org](mailto:sylviap@theliberatingsecret.org)