

BOOMERANG

The Funeral of Failure

Arthur Burt



BOOMERANG

The Funeral of Failure

Ephesians 4:8 — “*He led captivity captive...*”

The tomb was the womb of Eternal Life.
He lives that death may die.

Reading Time:

About one and one-half hours.

Living Time:

The remainder of your life!

Arthur Burt

BOOMERANG
The Funeral of Failure

Copyright © 1979, 2000 by Arthur Burt

Other books by Arthur Burt:

AROUND THE WORLD IN 88 YEARS
THE SILENT YEARS
THE LOST KEY
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO
PEBBLES TO SLAY GOLIATH

Published by:

The Emmanuel Foundation
Stuart, Florida 34996 USA

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN 0-9667720-4-0

Foreword

My first “introduction” to Arthur Burt was quite unusual. I found myself in Archer Torey’s apartment (Archer is the grandson of the late R. A. Torey). Archer is an Episcopal priest who undoubtedly has something from God. Also present was an austere man who had just been released from prison; Dabny Loving from Marietta, Georgia; a doctor’s wife who was obviously hungry for Jesus; and Archer’s wife, Jane, a lady who radiates her Lord.

Dabny had brought a tape from a recent convention he had attended in Florida. Had I known the meeting was going to be a tape session I probably would not have gone — not that I am against tapes, but I just have difficulty concentrating on them and often fall asleep. On this particular tape Roxanne Brant was speaking. My attention was waning, as usual, when she began reading from I Corinthians 14:29-31:

Let the prophets speak two or three, and let the other judge. If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace. For ye may all prophesy one by one that all may learn, and all may be comforted.

Then an unmistakably British voice interrupted the tape. “My dear Miss Brant, do you believe what you just read to be true?”

“Uh, why, yes,” she replied.

“Then would you please sit down? I feel I have a message from God.”

Never in my Christian life had I heard of such a thing. The man was surely correct, as the scripture was clear; but I had never seen such boldness. I had to meet this man. His name was Arthur Burt from Kent, England.

Arthur visited Dabny's fellowship on occasion, so Dabny said he would have him drop in on us here at the Lamb's Chapel.

It was several months later when Arthur called to see if it was convenient for him to come by. And that was the beginning of several years of visits to our fellowship. Each visit brought us closer to the truth of the message of the glory of God.

God used Arthur to bring a living and timely word to us on many occasions. One such occasion was in 1974 when God had begun to speak to us about commitment and depth. The Lamb's Chapel ministry sprang from the Jesus movement in the late 1960's, and many young people had met Jesus and had been transformed. Many were "floating on clouds" and needed depth in their lives if they were to stand. God had been speaking to me over a period of time about calling the people to commitment to the Lord and to one another and moving into a relationship of giving and sharing our lives and possessions. But I had not yet made any move to confront the people. Then God sent Arthur. No sooner had he come into my house, put his bags down, and sat down than the Spirit of the Lord fell on him and he burst forth with a message in tongues. I felt as though God had yelled at me. Then came the interpretation: "You have not done what I told you to do."

I understood what God was saying; and it was that word which encouraged us to move out into further depths with the Lord and each other in the Christian community.

And the Lord continues to send Arthur to us to challenge and encourage us. He only stays a few short days (or even less), ministers the word God has given him and moves on. He has

described himself as just a piece of paper blown by the wind from one place to another.

Arthur's life has been both a challenge and an encouragement to us all. Many were tempted to exalt Arthur as we saw him move in a realm of obedience to the Spirit of God far beyond anything we had seen at that point. But Arthur has not been ashamed to expose his heart before us. He has known great failure and weakness in his life. But God has taught him the invaluable secret of turning these liabilities into assets for the glory of God. He often expresses it as "Coming in on a knockout."

God has given Arthur a life-changing word — truth which he has bought at the expense of his own pride and reputation. "Buy the truth and sell it not..." (Proverbs 23:23).

Harry Bizzell (1979)
Ministering with
The Lamb's Chapel
Charlotte, North Carolina

Introduction

In relationship to failure, one vital principle that cannot be ignored is concerning truth! If the truth is that the truth makes one free, then no man is going to get *OUT* of his failure until he has had the truth *ABOUT* his failure! I have to *OWN* where I am before I can *DISOWN* where I am!

Many people are tied to pardoning grace who are longing for changing grace. The difference? “Oh God, I’ve done it again!” instead of “Praise God! the want has gone!” Until I give God the glory *DUE TO HIS NAME* for pardoning grace, I am not likely to find changing grace. Both are for his glory and if I have not rendered to Him for what I am receiving, what evidence is there that I will for that which, as yet, I have not received? I am cheating on God!

The credit is God’s because the work is God’s, and God will *do* the work when He gets the credit. If He is not getting the credit, He won’t do the work — the evidence — of my failure!

So now, in my failure I have *failed to recognize* His grace and His mercy in forgiving me. It is by his mercy that we are not consumed! He has provided a surety for me when I am in failure. It is like starting a car with jump leads. It gets me going and keeps me going when the Arthur Burt battery is flat and has to be replaced with the Jesus battery!

All illustrations fail somewhere, but suffice it to say that when the Jesus battery is *in me*, I discover he has invisible jump

leads to the Father! The basis of this transaction is that I stop pretending and stop pushing my vehicle and shoving it in gear when no one in the street is looking, and neither do I leave it on the top of a hill to start easy - I have the truth - I'm flat! *YOU DO NOT NEED TO BE REPAIRED; YOU NEED TO BE REPLACED!* Watch the witness! The Spirit guides into truth!

Arthur Burt

Contents

Boomerang! <i>or the Funeral of Failure</i> (The Opening)	1
The Way Out <i>or How It Works</i> (The Teaching)	15
Conclusion (The Application)	29

PART I

BOOMERANG! The Funeral of Failure

Bouncing back from failure into success! I failed to succeed because I did not know I could succeed through failure!

There is no such thing as waste. Waste is lack of revelation! Dung is not a “nice” word, but it is a wonderful fertilizer!

Failure is part of life — it is truth’s apprenticeship for me. I don’t have to roll in the mud to know it’s black, but most of us start this way! *BOOMERANG BACK TO GOD ON A KNOCK-OUT!*

At the time of this writing (1978) I have been a Christian fifty-one years. I have seen a lot of failure, not just in my own life but in many lives. I have ministered to many failures. I have sat where they have sat. Is a doctor qualified to practice who has not been sick? *Even Jesus was in all points tempted!*

What is failure? Some questions relative to moral failure: Where does it start? How does it start? What is the answer? At what point does decay begin? Rottenness comes out of ripeness. The rotten apple was once sweet and mellow! What is the cause of failure?

I have made many, many mistakes, but *I AM NOT GOD’S MISTAKE!*

This is a book about failure. It is written by a man who knows what he is talking about. It is written to failures by a man who has failed!

I have been a great success as a failure; but if that is all I have to write about, you may as well put this book down — finish. *BUT IT IS NOT!*

If in judo men spend weeks in learning how to fall that they may bounce back, would there not be a spiritual counterpart? One ship goes east, one ship goes west by the *SELFSAME WIND THAT BLOWS!* It's *not* the gale; it's the set of the sail that determines the way the ship goes. Is there a spiritual tacking that enables me to go forward on a contrary wind?

The Scripture declares: he maketh my feet like hind's feet. Is there a spiritual prong at the back of my hoof that so operates that if I do slip — the bigger the slip, the bigger the grip?! The force of my slip drives that prong right into the grace of God — wham! Is there?

I believe there is! So God would have me make the message clear and plain — Christ receiveth sinful men! If you are in a mess or you know someone who is in a mess, that is what this book is all about — *MAKE THE MESS-AGE CLEAR AND PLAIN!*

As someone has said, "Everything I like is either immoral, illegal or fattening!" I understand perfectly well what Paul meant when he said, "The good that I would I do not and the evil that I would not, that I do" (Romans 7).

To bare my own heart and to begin with me, my own marriage could have broken right at the outset — I was involved with a girl who was not my wife for seven years. I made all sorts of resolutions, tried and cried, ran away from the situation, vowed and declared, gave her up again and again and — failed! I played about with the affections of a schoolgirl from the time she was twelve until nearly sixteen. Only God got me out — I couldn't — I failed!

I was always fond of children. The kids knew me as "Uncle Arthur" and many were the games and conjuring tricks we

shared. Among the children was a little girl called R---. The years rolled by, and she tacked herself onto us and would come up to the house and help my wife with the children, taking the baby out, etc.

Time passed — she was ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen years old. One Christmas time we were having some fun and games and I kissed her! She put her arm at the back of my neck and held me tight. I immediately noticed that (I suppose it fed my pride), and from that time paid a lot more attention to her. There developed the surreptitious cuddle when my wife was out of the room, the “scuffle” for a handkerchief or what-have-you, which allows hands to wander where they couldn’t or shouldn’t.

Eventually it developed into a little “affair.” By this time she was almost sixteen. There were “accidental” meetings on purpose, excuses that allowed us to meet or be alone. I found ways for her to help me with “work” I had to do. It was no longer enough to see her when she came to help my wife at home. I began to meet her in the woods. I was too “spiritual” to go to the ultimate in the affair and too carnal to leave her alone and not trifle with her affections. I would fondle her flesh while I would “help” her spiritually — so, what grace should do, my pride became a substitute for.

One day another brother (a fellow minister in the meetings) approached me and said that her mother had come to him to ask him to speak to me to leave her alone — she was not eating, she was not sleeping, and her mother believed that it was all because of her infatuation for me.

I looked at him! Inside I was blazing (outwardly, calm), and I thought, “*You, you* speak to me about this — I’m lily white compared to you!” I knew he was involved in an affair up to his neck. His marriage was a shambles. His wife spent night after night at our house telling her troubles to us. More than

once I had steered her away from suicide and maybe even murder (crockery smashed, blows struck had been the order of the day, and night). That was only one situation in his life — by no means the only one! So I rejected the word because of the vessel — a very dangerous situation. Perfection isn't in the appointed one; it is in the appointment. Because the postman's trousers are muddy, that is no excuse for rejecting the letter he hands me! I was furious inside and the more I brooded on his life the more I judged.

The next night, one of our children not being well, my wife stayed in and I went to the meeting on my bicycle (war years and after found us able to get petrol only with a permit). I took my little girl on a chair at the back. After the meeting I walked part of the way with R---, sharing what had happened. At the top of the hill I bade her good night, mounted my bicycle with my little girl at the back and rode down the hill.

Blackout still prevailed in England — no lights. My only light was from a dynamo on the back wheel. When the wheel stopped, the light went out. At the bottom of the hill the road led through a pitch-black vale of trees through which a mile further on I lived. With not another vehicle, not another light, I swept down the steep hill. Upon gaining almost the maximum of speed at the bottom of the hill where the road bore left, I leaned over to the left. There was a shattering, shuddering screech as the back wheel buckled, almost throwing me. The light went out; my little girl was screaming, and not a soul or light around!

I put my hand at the back in the dark and felt something warm and wet. I knew what it was — it was my little girl's blood! Her leg was trapped in the buckled wheel! Somehow I managed to get my leg over the handlebars and, lifting the whole weight on the buckled back wheel, "frogmarched" the bike to a wall in the pitch-black darkness. There I frenziedly tried to pull

the bicycle spokes out of her flesh as she bled and screamed. They seemed to be embedded to the bone. “Oh God, if only I had a light!” But there was no help and no light.

Finally, in despair, I gave up the struggle and, taking the whole weight, in the dark I wheeled my screaming child uphill on the front wheel. It seemed like a thousand miles! Once home and in the light, my wife and I eventually got our child clear. We prayed and bathed, bathed and prayed. I decided to go through with God!

That night, a sleepless one, little fingers pushed through the cot rails clutching Daddy’s hand as she sobbed and I tried to comfort her. It was seven weeks before I knew whether my little girl was going to walk.

All the time God was speaking to me. I learned the difference between pride and sin! I knew that however wrong I was in my failure, God could be gracious to me, but that He would never be gracious to that which made me rise up against my brother — God resisteth the proud!

The next trip to the seaside I arranged for R--- to sit with D--- on the coach (he was sixteen years old). They must have been married for twenty-five years or more now! I believe they have three sons in their twenties.

Physically, I had heart trouble in my early thirties, brought about by nothing but my pride. In the days of starting handles I would show off with heavy Chevrolet engines out in the cold. If others couldn’t, I could! I paid the price! I became so weak I couldn’t hold a newspaper out at arm’s length. The bedclothes felt like a ton weight as I gasped to breathe. I had stabbing pains at my heart! If I had to stand I always leaned against the wall. I couldn’t use a paint brush, a spade or do any arm work. I was a physical failure!

I have known financial failure. I’ve rubbed shoulders with poverty. And when money failed in a mining area, I dragged a

tin bathtub on wheels around the back lanes in the last war, picking up “brass knockers” or coal with stone in it that the miners had thrown out. I did it for years! During the war I had an income of forty shillings (about five dollars) for a man, wife and one child to live on — four shillings for tithe, eight shillings for rent, five shillings for clinic and baby food and five shillings for a widowed mother without a pension, leaving the grand total of eighteen shillings to live on! I proved God! I had to!

When Hitler was only the width of the English Channel away, nightly air raids, nothing in the shops, all supplies failing, and finishing up in prison because of what I believed, I knew a different aspect of failure. I have lived under the meaning of Jesus’ words, “Gather up the fragments that *nothing* be lost.”

As a Christian for twenty-five years I tried to carry out the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount and found *I* couldn’t do it — I failed! I gave it up in disgust and decided to leave the Sermon on the Mount up the mount! It was some years after that I discovered that the Christian life isn’t hard to live — it’s impossible to live and only Jesus can live it. Then I discovered that my only struggle was the struggle not to struggle, to let go and let God! But that is another story — at this stage we are discussing failure, not victory.

FAILURE, according to the Oxford dictionary, is falling short, bankruptcy, coming to nothing, rejection, breaking down or, of course, the opposite of success, which is defined as the attainment of an object.

True success is doing what I do to the glory of God and is in being faithful, rather than getting results. Success must be defined by God, and so also must failure. That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God (Luke 16:15), and vice versa. There is a success that is false!

Are my experiences of failure essential ingredients for the recipe of true success? Can I make lemonade with my lemons instead of letting them turn me sour?

True success demands that I extract the sting of fear out of failure. Failure must become my friend to teach me rather than my enemy to destroy me! A strong man defeats his enemy. A wise man uses his enemy. God is strong and God is wise! Satan is God's sheep dog to drive the wandering sheep back to the Shepherd. I may learn from failure!

Until you know what to do in the hour of failure you will always have an hour of failure!

Failure is a life that leaves God out. Success is not in success. As Kipling said, "If you can meet with triumph and disaster and treat these two impostors just the same..." then you are on the way to TRUE SUCCESS. The last part I have added — I believe it!

The purpose of this little book is to show that failure is an essential part of success — a vital ingredient! A success that has not climbed up the rungs of failure is an unknown quality! It can be blackmailed with the fear of failure — the devil's trump card — bluff! Success that has attained the top of the ladder via the rungs of failure is true success — it has successfully used failure to arrive at its goal!

What a man believes rules him. He does not rule his believing. His believing rules him! Failure is not in failing. Failure is in my attitude towards failure!

The fear of failure! Jesus said to Peter, "I have prayed for thee lest thou fail." Oh, no! "I have prayed for thee lest thy faith fail." Jesus kept the man's faith alive (He is the author and finisher of faith — Hebrews 13:2) in the hour of his denial or his apparent failure. What is his first ministry on the day of Pentecost? YE HAVE DENIED THE HOLY ONE! Like the Syrophenician woman, Peter boomeranged, back on a knock-

out! She knew how to handle the apparent insult of Jesus when He called her a dog! Instead of going out on a knockout she came in on a knockout, and seizing the very word “dog” she said, “Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs under the table!”

An exponent of judo can bring his opponent down by falling (is it called a sacrificial fall?) and uses his opponent’s weight against himself! While others are learning how to stand, he is learning how to fall!

He always wins who sides with God! To him no chance is lost! Jesus said to Peter, “Satan has desired to have you that he might sift you as wheat.” When Satan sifts, God separates — the wheat from the chaff, the truth from the false, grace from pride! God uses the devil!

Peter the failure could minister on denying. Out of his death came forth life, not to the glory of Peter, but to the glory of God! It says of Samson, “The dead which he slew at his death were more than all they which he slew in his life.” Jesus said, “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abides alone.” BUT IF IT DIES IT MULTIPLIES.

Why can’t you burn ash? It has been through the fire! God gives beauty for ashes. He offers in Joel to restore the wasted years. “I will give you back again!” Note that God says in the book of Joel, “My people shall NEVER be ashamed!” Then He says it again!

I do not believe that a Christian ever needs to backslide whatever the mess he is in. If he is in sin the blood can cleanse him; if he is in pride he can humble himself under the mighty hand of God (I Peter 5:5). If he deliberately aims to fall in sin, that is, to trespass on the grace of God in pride, then God will resist him (I Peter 5:5). God is not mocked! BOOMERANG! What a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Here is a definition of failure that is not in the dictionary: A withdrawal of the grace of God on a certain given point in my life. Why has God withdrawn grace? Answer: God will not give His glory (the credit due to Himself) to another! His grace is to glorify Himself, only incidentally to meet my need! Because I have broken the principle of the glory of God (exalting myself in pride) revealed in my judgments and I attempt to steal His glory — BOOMERANG! It comes back on me! So I dig my grave when I judge another! Romans 2:1 says, “Thou that judgest **DOEST** the same things!” BOOMERANG! MY SIN OR MY FAILURE IS THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCE OF MY JUDGMENTS! This needs to be written in letters of fire in every life! Would to God it could be burned into every life — judge not that ye be not judged! BOOMERANG!

We apply our warped rulers on other lives and weigh in our false balances our fellow men, handling the word of God deceitfully and holding the truth in unrighteousness. If our standards fulfill eye service they satisfy our smug Phariseeism despite the word of God that says **NOT** with eye service.

Two lives that are wrong on the issue of divorce — are they made right by a scrap of paper from a sick society which claims to make wrong right? Or are the simpering, horrified self-righteous who lift their hands up in affected grief not more wrong in pride than the wrong ones? God has grace for sin, but none for pride which is worse.

A young man goes past the word, “Flee youthful lusts,” and puts a girl in the family way and when she is almost due, tires of her and jilts her under the pretext that God has spoken to him to flee youthful lusts! The utter hypocrisy of taking a past word for a present situation when he needs to stand by her and provide for her!

Many people have gone beyond the point of no return with right and wrong and the issue to be settled is the lesser of two evils. Not what is right! There is grace for the man who is wrong but not for the man with a whitewash brush called pride who pretends he isn't wrong! One church I know has two young men in it. One young man was divorced before he got saved; therefore he cannot be an elder in the church. The other man for ten years lived a wild life and lived with many women but never married before he got saved and, therefore, "qualifies" to be an elder! How come? God looks upon the inward and man on the outward!

FAILURE! You will never deal with sin by dealing with sin! Why? Because sin is a consequence and not a cause. I must get at the root, the cause! You will never get rid of cobwebs by dusting cobwebs down — you must CATCH THE SPIDER! Many things bush out when you cut the top off! John the Baptist said that the axe was laid AT THE ROOT OF THE TREE! What is the cause of my sin or my failure? DON'T KICK THE BOOMERANG; FIND OUT WHO THREW IT!

Sin always comes out of my unbelief. My unbelief is always the expression of my pride or self-glory. So — one, two, three. Pride (number one) begets unbelief (number two), which produces sin (number three). *As with fear — deal with fear and fear is still here! Fear is always built on a lie. Deal with the lie and fear will die!*

I do not rule my believing — my believing rules me! Unbelief is not NONBELIEF — it is wrong belief!! My sin has to be broken up, dissolved from the inside. My sin begins to dissolve when I have TRUTH in the inward parts. (Pride is always a lie!) Instead of fighting God about my sin, I start to have TRUTH.

So, instead of fighting I start inviting (the principle, or one of them, in judo). Illustration: I saw on a post card at the

seaside this little ditty — “Tobacco is a hateful weed; I like it! It makes you thin, it makes you lean, it takes the hair right off your bean; it’s the worst darned stuff I’ve ever seen, but *I like it!*”

Here is a man grappling with a problem. He loves something he ought to hate. What does he do? Having truth splits the problem up! The devil cannot operate in truth. He abode not in truth. He is as helpless in truth as a shark in a parking lot surrounded by Fords, Cadillacs and Toyotas. The shark needs his environment — water. Satan’s stock in trade? Bluffs, lies, counterfeits, mirages, forgeries, imaginations, masks! *With every chain the devil binds men with, there is always one link that isn’t real!* Which one is that? *The first!* He is a liar from the beginning. Examine the first link that binds you in your failure and you will find you are believing a lie. It is not the truth! Many an unhappy woman who is divorced from a husband she once loved has a problem. The court awarded her the custody of the children but gave the husband the legal right to visit his own children. She wants the children but hates the father. She cannot keep the father out because she had the children when in union with the father. If she does not want the father she must relinquish the custody of the children.

John 8:44 says that the devil is the father of the lie. That makes the lie the child of the devil. God will uphold the legal right of the devil to visit his own!

Jesus said, “The prince of this world cometh and findeth NOTHING IN ME!” Why? Because Jesus is the TRUTH! The man who abides in Jesus is devil proof! The man who believes a lie is fighting both God and the devil. Let me repeat, God will uphold the legal right of the devil to visit his own! *Truth in the inward parts will dissolve the platform of lies upon which my failure stands.* Call the devil’s bluff. Then watch God!

There are two methods of deliverance — deliverance from and deliverance in! Deliverance from is measure; deliverance in is fullness! The three Hebrews were delivered in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, not from it. Daniel was delivered in the lions' den, not from it. My God had shut the lions' mouths. *You may suck peppermints to try to stop smoking — that's measure; or God can just take the want away — that's fullness!* A measure in deliverance is to meet my need. Fullness in deliverance is to glorify God and incidentally meet my need. My need can never be fully met in measure and only when I seek the glory of God will my need be fully met. That is fullness! Many of us could never reach fullness because we have never had fullness — of truth which is the glory of God! Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. God married them and man cannot put them asunder. The measure of your grace is the measure of your truth! So don't ask for more grace; embrace more truth!

We have a problem we will not face up to. As Saul said to Samuel, "I have performed the commandment of the Lord (relative to the utter destruction of the Amalekites)." Samuel said, "What means then this bleating of the sheep in my ears?" DEAD SHEEP DON'T BLEAT!

There were more people than Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar who put the telescope to their blind eye and said, "I see no ships." I understand that the Eskimos have no problem with the aged and infirm, and THEY HAVE NO WELFARE PROGRAM! Why? They just put them out at night on the ice to die! They eliminate! Of course the problem of having no problem is this: The old Eskimo had been put out to die. "Fetch me my blanket; it is so cold," he requested of his little grandson. The little boy went home to fetch the old man's blanket. When his father caught him cutting it in half he asked him what he was doing. "I am saving half for you, Father," was the reply. *BOOMERANG!*

If you have a problem, instead of fighting God start inviting God! Watch it break from the inside! If sin is a consequence and not a cause, if pride (man's glory) is the cause of his sin, then stop dusting cobwebs down — USE the cobweb to catch the spider! If I have TRUTH, God will take the sin to break the pride. You may be very fond of strawberries and cream, but if God puts mustard on the strawberries you can very soon lose your desire for strawberries! The hymn writer says, "Search me, O God, my actions try, and let my life appear as seen by thine allsearching eye. To me my ways make clear."

Because of living to man I want to preserve a false reputation in the eyes of men. I live a lie! Therefore God resists me (I Peter 5:5,6); this is my pride! If you doubt this, TRY LIVING ONE DAY IN ABSOLUTE TRUTH with yourself, your neighbor, your God. You will say or do nothing to man but only to God! LIVE IN the golden rule!

The little apple, the false smile, the thought you think but never say — the motive that LAUNCHED the act! NOT the what but the WHY! The lie you tell by keeping your mouth shut! The juggling with motive number three becomes number one and vice versa. Putting forward what is true as a substitute for truth to conceal the truth! "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts," says David (Psalm 51:6). Using twenty words to slither down when five God-given words would bring me down! Only three words make an apology — I WAS WRONG!

Covering and cloaking in pretense! The extra industrious effort as the foreman or the teacher enters. Pretending to wipe your nose while you are looking at a pretty girl's legs. Looking in a shop window to get the reflection of someone across the road while you pretend you haven't seen them. Sitting with your back to the light so that the pimples on your face don't show up. "This is the last one," says the salesman. True, but not the truth! The last until he opens another crate! Some reduced prices are

bumped up before they are brought down. It is not unknown for a secondhand car to have batteries switched between sale and delivery; boot polish on the walls of the tires; sawdust in the gearbox and speedometers turned back thousands of miles!

The old huntsman knows the crack of the whip. God make me real! Water finds its own level. If I am only a dime or a tenpenny piece, God make me real and not pose as a quarter or a fifty pence piece! So from the inside God begins to break my failure into small pieces by the entrance of TRUTH until it dissolves in the light.

Pride is revealed as a hideous mask. The lie is revealed as a lie. The devil's bluff is called. The only thing that darkness does when light comes is flee!

Why do you have to jump up to dust or to poke the fire when you hear footsteps at the front door? Fair enough, if it's time to put the kettle on or poke the fire. But if the motive is "Lest they think I am lazy!" True humility doesn't mind being thought proud! The "odd" magazine pushed under the cushion and the Bible suddenly opened in "certain" company!

"Quick, switch the television over (or off) lest..." True success can only be defined in terms of living to God, NOT to man! I must learn this in what is termed failure. To my own Master I stand or fall. The way out of your problem has four letters in it whether you spell it "E-X-I-T" or "T-R-U-T-h" (and I can count!). Run away from those four letters and you get H-U-R-T!

PART II

THE WAY OUT or How It Works

A man who had many storms in his marriage was asked, “Have you ever considered divorce?” “Divorce?” he said, “No, never. But murder, yes, hundreds of times!” This, of course, allows for more than one way out of the problem! As we have seen, there is a so-called remedy for failure — suppression, or bottling up, smothering, a covering, an apparent deliverance on the surface, but not real, never lasting. You can crush it but it will break out again. Outwardly you may successfully keep the Ten Commandments, but Jesus likens some people to whitened sepulchers — whitewashed on the outside but FULL OF DEAD MEN’S BONES! This is aptly illustrated with the two little boy stories: “Sit down!” thunders the angry father to his young son who, as the father moves away, mutters, “But I’m still standing up on the inside!” “Mum,” cries the little boy from upstairs, “Bring me a drink of water, please.” “No, go to sleep!” “Mum!” “GO TO SLEEP!” (Silence.) “Mum!” “GO-TO-SLEEP!” (A long silence.) “Mum!” “WILL YOU GO TO SLEEP? If I have to come upstairs to you I will give you a good hiding!!” (Followed by a long, long silence.) At last he has gone to sleep, surely. But no — a long time after, a pathetic little voice says, “Mum, when you come upstairs to give me a good hiding, bring me a drink of water!” Only a heart deliverance is a true deliverance. So, as we are only concerned about a true deliverance, it

must be at the heart of things. How do I put my heart to sleep when it has an unfulfilled want?

We have said that my sin or my failure must be defined by God: "Thou requirest TRUTH in the inward parts!" Failure may be success and success may be failure! 'Twere better to fall to God than to stand to man! To x-ray my failure, to break it up, to dissolve it, I must go back three, two, one. My failure is because I lack God's grace. This is my sin. I lack God's grace because I am in unbelief (number two). I am in unbelief because in my pride (the treason of the creature), instead of bowing to God, I set myself up as God and turn a deaf ear to His voice and therefore reject His Word (number one). On the basis that I am in pride (indicated by the judgment that rejects what God says), God resists me and He does this by withdrawing his grace! If I steal (number three, my sin) I am in unbelief (number two). I seek to meet my own need instead of believing, "My God shall supply all my need" (Philippians 4:19). This is because I choose to be my own God (number one).

I am always first in unbelief before I am in sin! The greater includes the lesser! Catch the spider and stop dusting cobwebs! My sin comes out (number three) of my judgments (number one). **BOOMERANG!** Judge not (don't throw) that ye be not judged. **BOOMERANG!** Thou that judgest doest the same things (Romans 2:2). You dig your own grave when you judge!

Relative to my failure, God does not deliver me to deliver me! He delivers me for His glory, and if He is not getting the credit He won't do the work! That is why so many are tied to pardoning grace (Oh God, I've done it again) instead of being released by changing grace!

"I will not give my glory to another." (Isaiah 48:11). Where is my responsibility in my failure? First, obviously, I must take the blame! Take the blame or you do it again! There are three things where the sovereignty of God gloves the hand of the re-

sponsibility of man: performance, will and choice. First, performance. I cannot do! I cannot change myself! I have not the ability of myself to stop sinning. God must do it! So He gets the credit because He does the work. And if He doesn't do it, it isn't done! Second, will. God works in BOTH to will and to do (Philippians 2:13). It is not of him that willeth (Romans 9:16). Whatever God demands, He provides! How often have you heard people say, "You must be willing to leave your sin." If you are willing you have the glory and break the principle of God's glory. *If He wants the glory He must do the work!* God will not accept natural willingness which says (like the man in the parable), "I will go!" and goes not! Admitted, you must be willing to leave your sin but He has to WORK IN to will as well as to do of what? His great misery? No, His good pleasure (Philippians 2:13). When He has worked in you to will you will know, because His good pleasure will be your good pleasure! I am to ENJOY the will of God! YOU HAVEN'T DONE THE WILL OF GOD WHEN YOU HAVE DONE IT MISERABLY!

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. There is joy and peace in believing. God doesn't want a lot of salt zombies like Lot's wife who are looking back to what they have left, moaning for the leeks and onions of Egypt, instead of enjoying the milk and honey of Canaan! The JOY of the Lord is your strength (Nehemiah 8:10). Amen to God isn't a dirge — there is music in it! Amen isn't amen if it is a resigned amen.

The prodigal son's feet were under the father's table and his heart was in the far country, and *the father* made it possible for him to take his feet where his heart was (he divided unto them his "living" — unusual?) until the son's heart brought his feet back. Many people (including the writer) have sought to make themselves willing! The hymn writer wrote: "Deep in unfathomable mines of never-failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs AND WORKS HIS SOVEREIGN WILL!" To

make a pun, there are depths in me that only God can fathom, where I have had “my sovereign will” and declared this is “mine” and that is “mine” and the other is “mine.” It has to be a work before I surrender! I may not want to go, but God may send hornets that make it difficult to stop! It is a work that God does and therefore when it is done, the GLORY (credit) IS HIS! So then, what is left? Where does my human responsibility come in? Am I a robot? Do I just say, “What is to be will be”? Kismet, fate! How do I deal in personal responsibility with my failure? Am I waiting for God or is God waiting for me? On which side of the net is the ball? This brings me to a choice.

How do I define my choice? Lord, I am not willing for your will but I choose it; I am willing to be made willing! I stop fighting Him about the situation and start inviting him into it! This is man’s responsibility. The spending power of God Almighty is determined by the choice of his children. Psalm 78:41 says, “*They* limited the Holy One of Israel!” The Unlimited One may be limited by man’s choice. The heart may choose to be a god and rise in pride or *humble to God and find grace*. You may say, then, “If *I* choose, then, at least *I* have whereof to glory,” and thus break the principle that if God wants all the glory (credit), He must do all the work. No! I am dying of thirst in the desert; God brings the water. He says, “Stoop down and drink and live!” I stoop down, I drink, I live! Why do I live? “Oh,” I answer, “I live because I stooped!” Oh, no you don’t! You live because God brought the water. All the stooping in the world would not have saved your life if God had not brought the water! And yet, you would have died if you had not chosen to bend your neck! So the blame is all mine if I don’t, and the credit is all His if I do! Beware of the philosophy that says, “If the blame is mine, then the credit is mine.” My choice is vital and yet so feeble that God must fix it! Take some samples (what we term as failures in the church today) such as slavery to the

gogglebox (TV), smoking, all kinds of self-abuse, overeating, sex, etc., inordinate desire (or idolatry) to something that is not necessarily evil — newspapers, magazines, sports (such as football, swimming), money, and so on. This is a sample list, obviously, and not comprehensive. With many things it takes more grace to ride the beast than starve it to death!

Some people say about the TV, “If you can’t turn it off, turn it out!” It is not always as easy as that, as one sister found out when she turned it out and then discovered her teenaged daughter standing in the shop door, way downtown, watching her favorite program!

The birds don’t sacrifice their plumage to God — they moult. What is moulting? The new life pushes the new feathers through and the old ones drop off. In measure a young girl may sacrifice her dolls but in the fullness of time she falls in love and the power of a greater attraction finally produces a bundle of life called a baby that completely ousts the dead dolls!

I have not played marbles for years, and I did not give them up because they were sinful. Paul says, “When I became a man I put away childish things” (I Corinthians 13:11). The power of a greater attraction! Dare you believe, do I believe that there is fullness of joy and satisfaction in Jesus? All my lasting joys are found in thee!

Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build! God puts the juice in every orange, and if he doesn’t, there is no juice! So, back to failure. “In all thy ways acknowledge him” (Proverbs 3:6). In all thy ways! Some of us have got some very funny ways. Do I hide from him or confide in him? Fight Him or invite him? Dare I invite him into my failure and be completely frank and open with God, having truth ruthlessly with myself? I knew a little boy who, when he was naughty, would never run from his daddy but always ran to him, put his arms round his waist and lay his head on daddy’s chest as he

said, “Sorry, Daddy; sorry, Daddy!” Did you ever try to smack a clinging child? Distance lends power to the blow! That’s why some boxers get into a clinch. Agree with thine adversary quickly. Especially when it is God!

If I agree with God that my failure is because he has withdrawn grace from me, and He has righteously done this because in my pride I chose to be my own God and exalted myself, then I can now choose to humble myself and let God use my sin, my failure to break my pride! Don’t dust the cobweb; leave it until it fulfills its purpose and traps the fly. “Oh, no; what will people think?” If there’s one thing worse than cobwebs, it’s dirty cobwebs. This is what it is all about — living in the sight of God. Once the web traps the fly, from behind the rafter emerges the cause of your problem; then you find your problem isn’t the web — it’s the spider! NOW, take your duster, put it over the web, the fly, the spider, shake it out in the garden and you have gotten rid of your problem. I am again living to God and have tapped the source of life. *BOOMERANG!*

Give a man a fish, and you feed him for a day; teach a man to fish, and you feed him forever! You will never have an hour of failure if you know what to do with your hour of failure. The purpose of this little book is to declare how we may be positive with the negative, NOT negative with the negative.

When the photographer seeks to make permanent a passing scene he takes his camera, there is a click and a flash of light and... a negative! I don’t like the negative. Mary, on her wedding day, had a lovely dress on; it is now black, so I will tear the negative up, destroy it. No, don’t! Value it; treasure it! Out of it will come the positive result. It must be developed in your dark room in a solution of acid. There, light must be focused on it to shine through it and give you your positive, permanent result. In John 12:36 Jesus said, “While ye have light, believe in the light.” Revelation is married to situation. What you see when

the anointing is on you positively will be followed by a situation that is negative and there in your dark room (maybe in an acid solution) by faith focusing the light you had, you develop your positive, lasting image. Whilst you SEE in the anointing, you make it yours in the negative situation by faith! NOW SEE how valuable the hour of failure is!

*O long and dark the stairs I trod
With stumbling feet to find my God,
Gaining a foothold, bit by bit,
Then slipping back and losing it.
Down to the lowest stair my fall,
As if I had not climbed at all.
And as I lay despairing there,
I heard a footfall on the stair.
And lo, when hope had ceased to be,
My Lord came down the stairs to me!*

“Yet doth he devise means whereby his banished are not expelled from him!” (II Samuel 14:14). This verse means just what it says. God has provided a remedy for my failure! Do you believe you are saved by grace (the undeserved favor of God freely bestowed for Jesus’ sake)? “Not of yourselves; it is the gift of God!” (Ephesians 2:8). Well, if it is grace, it remains grace! Good works won’t bring it and bad works won’t hinder it, else grace is no longer grace!

If it comes for Jesus’ sake — Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever! (Hebrews 13:8).

I was once in Doncaster market in Yorkshire and beholding a crowd I joined it to see a man with a large tin filled with the most horrible collection of corns and bunions I have ever seen, which he proudly displayed! He wasn’t selling them. He was claiming he had a paste which would quickly remove them,

and as he invited people to step forward and to sit down and remove their shoes, he was declaring, “The bigger it is, the better I like it!” I admired him as he invited all and sundry to “step forward.” He obviously believed in his product as he threw out his challenge.

What sort of limits has an uttermost salvation? “By one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified” (Hebrews 10:14). “We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Christ ONCE FOR ALL” (Hebrews 10:10). What is the secret of this perfect salvation? One word, “substitution.” What does it mean? “In the stead of!” The perfect sinless Man died in the place of the imperfect, sinful man! So I am justified in the sight of God JUST AS IF I HAD NEVER SINNED! Christ died for (instead of) me. I am represented by proxy! Therefore, I stand complete In Him! I have an *imputed* righteousness until I have an *imparted* righteousness. The scaffolding around the building stands until it is finished! “By so much was Jesus made the surety of a better testament (covenant, arrangement)” (Hebrews 7:22). He is my assurance in the time of uncertainty. He ever lives to make intercession! He stands in the gap for me. He not only pays my debt in the hour when I am up for unpaid debts, but he is Heaven’s loan, standing bail until my case comes up for trial. The hymn writer says (and I believe it), “ALL the worth I have before Him is the value of the blood!” Will you accept that you are accepted in the Beloved? Then the Beloved is accepted in you! “I do not this for your sakes..., but for my holy name’s sake,” says the Lord (Ezekiel 36:22). “NOT for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord.” If you are not accepted because of your success, how can you be rejected because of your failure? For your unbelief, yes; for your pride, yes; but for your failure, never! You have no righteousness of your own — yet you are complete in him. Believe it! As the scaffolding goes up before the building, so you have an im-

puted righteousness before an imparted righteousness! This does not mean that you won't be hammered and chiseled, sawn and troweled before the first is taken away — you will!

Definition of imputed (or reckoned) righteousness: First little girl: "How many pennies have you, Jennifer?" Second little girl: "I've five pennies." F.L.G.: "I've ten pennies!" S.L.G.: "Let me see! Oh, you little fibber, you've only five, same as me!" F.L.G.: "No, I haven't; I've ten!" S.L.G.: "You can't count; you've the same as me!" F.L.G.: "Yes, I can. Listen; this morning, when my daddy went out he said, 'Mary, how many pennies have you?' I said, 'Five, Daddy.' My daddy said to me, 'When I come in tonight I'll double your pennies!' So, there. I've got ten pennies!" She reckoned her daddy's words were the words of a gentleman and she chose to believe what he said rather than what she saw. The pennies were *imputed* to her before they were *imparted* to her! Which do you put first, your experience, your opinions, your feelings, what your body tells you or what God *says*? Maybe it would pay you to put this book down and meditate on this.



So, to continue. It's not your reading that will change you; It is your believing. What you believe rules you; you do not rule your believing! A little bird in a cage can be lured out when someone puts a pencil in and it moves off its perch onto the pencil. A quick move by the holder of the pencil, the cage door slams and the little bird has lost its abiding place. It is now exposed to all kinds of dangers from the claws of the cat to the clutches of the children. A pencil looks like a perch. The knowledge of good looks like God! One little "o" makes all the difference between God and good. Move out of God and into good and you will soon meet the attendant twin — evil! How good is the knowledge of good when God has forbidden it?

I leave God, my abiding place, when I move out of God into what is good. I am lured, as Kipling says, by the imposters — triumph and success. My life is now open to other imposters — disaster and failure. I am out of my cage! So while success takes me out of God, failure can bring me back in. How? By my refusing to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil (which does away with the middle wall of partition in my life and I see God in all things! Romans 8:28: “And we know that all things work together for good...”) I become ONE with God when I am ONE with my circumstances. It may be “good” to pray and “good” to read your Bible, but when you trust in these means of grace, then they become a currency to buy grace and you destroy grace as grace! Many things we do are the will of God until we trust in them; then we are on our way into a failure that will reveal to us the evil of our so-called “good.” “I fast twice in the week,” says the pompous Pharisee! A wheel doesn’t go around to become a wheel — it goes around because IT IS A WHEEL! BOOMERANG! God has put us and placed us and made us and, while it does not yet fully appear, it will — when “Daddy comes home tonight”! For all the PROMISES OF GOD, IN HIM, ARE YEA AND AMEN UNTO THE GLORY OF GOD! (II Corinthians 1:20).

The purpose of this book is, as explicitly as God enables me, to show how failure (which we accept as being evil) can successfully point me to where real failure begins, which is in the knowledge of good — the pencil instead of the perch!

If there is one thing worse than bad eggs labeled bad eggs it is bad eggs labeled good eggs! The exposure of the knowledge of good as the root cause of all my troubles! The treason of the creature against its creator!

Where does decay start? Rottenness comes out of ripeness with fruit. If the fruit does not fulfill the purpose of its creator (God has given us richly all things to enjoy) it loses its identity

and disappears in the body (to refresh and become part of it); then it turns rotten!

The power of the false is in its ability to hide the truth! It all begins in a lie. The devil is a liar from the beginning. There is NO truth in him (John 8:44).

Before you sin, you are deceived! As you would look for the sting in a bee, look for the lie in your sin, your failure. That is where it will break. The truth will dissolve it! Let us consider this the cause of failure is in success! The real danger is in the knowledge of good! That's where it all begins. The FALL is really the RISE!

Pride is born when man exalts himself. Therefore God resists him by withdrawing his grace (I Peter 5:5), and then, as man only stands by grace, all he can do is fall. God will not give His glory (the credit) to another! (Isaiah 48:11). Consider not the success of success but the danger of success! Not only is early success dangerous, but any success is dangerous! You won't fall lying on the ground, but you may get dizzy on the roof. Parachutists spend long hours learning how to fall. In II Chronicles 26:15,16 we find the story of King Uzziah who was marvelously helped TILL HE WAS STRONG, but when he was strong his heart lifted up to his destruction! God took Nebuchadnezzar's reason from him and he was a lunatic without an asylum, the book of Daniel records (4:33). He ate grass with the beasts, his hair grew like birds' feathers, his nails like claws for seven years, and then his reason returned and ruefully he declared, "The proud he is able to abase"! In Acts 12:21-23 Herod paid the price for his pride. When the people applauded his "wonderful speech" and cried out that it was the voice of a god and not of a man, the angel of the Lord IMMEDIATELY smote him and he was eaten of worms in his bowels and died BECAUSE HE GAVE NOT GOD THE GLORY! These are not exceptions. Jesus says that "Everyone that exalts himself shall

be abased.” Proverbs 16:5 declares that EVERYONE that is proud in heart is an abomination in the sight of God! Pride is at the back of all the sin and failure in the universe. So the road to true success begins when I humble myself to God!

The “headiest” wine man ever drinks is the wine of success! Success has to be borne and true success is borne to the glory of God! Pride is the devil’s substitute and is man’s glory. When honor and wealth are poured on famous people they have tremendous temptations from the crowd. The Word of God says WHO makes thee to differ from another? What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now, if thou didst receive it, wherefore dost thou glory?

Success stalks in all walks of life! William Pitt was Prime Minister of England at twenty-one. Famous names Elvis Presley; Gracie Fields; Marilyn Monroe; celebrities in sports (400 million people watched Mohammed Ali and Joe Frazier in one of the greatest boxing encounters of all time!); Elizabeth, Queen of England; Neil Armstrong, the first man to put his foot on the moon — these are only a sample from all walks of life who, along with countless thousands, have been picked by what some would call the hand of fate from the sea of humanity to be exalted above their fellow men. They did not choose their birth or their destiny or their parents. Their life, some would say, is a life of success. Oh, to be a Billy Graham, sighs the young man as he enters the ministry! Not knowing success has to be borne. Just as electricity can cause the wires to burn hot and men have to install fuse boxes, so the unseen heavenly power must first be respected by man before it will bless and serve man. It can destroy you or fry your bacon and eggs. That depends on you!

Your pride must be catered for in the hour of success. “Beware, when thou hast eaten and art full, that thou forget not the Lord thy God... and hast built goodly houses... and thy herds and flocks multiply and thy silver and gold is multiplied —

then thy heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord... and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth” (Deuteronomy 8:10–20).

I have a little story. A gifted young man had just performed before a packed audience on an electric organ. As the prolonged applause finally died down a friend said to him, “You must be a proud man as all these people cheer you.” “No,” he said, “it doesn’t move me.” “What! You mean this doesn’t impress you?” “No,” he said, “not at all.” “Come here and I will tell you why. Look up in the balcony. You see that little old man with the bald head? Well, that is my old music teacher. All I ever learned, I learned at his feet. He’s forgotten more about music than this lot ever knew! One smile from him, one frown from him means more to me than the applause of all this crowd!” That is the only way to live — with your eyes on the MAN UP IN THE GLORY! Only He can define what success and what failure is!

PART III

CONCLUSION

You do not sin or fall because you are weak — else Jesus would be the biggest sinner of all because He said, “I can of my own self do nothing.” You fall or sin because God removes the grace that held you up! Why does God remove the grace? Because man did not give Him the glory for it! (I need grace for grace! John 1:16.) God has no grace for pride — God resists the proud.

Where is my pride? My pride is located in my judgments which come out of my knowledge of good which I have obtained by deliberately disobeying God in eating of the tree of knowledge of good and of evil in the hidden man of the heart! I am permitted to observe but not to judge!

What is the difference? I observe *what* you do. I do not know *why* you do it. Therefore I must not judge you, unless God gives spiritual judgment not based on the tree. That is heavenly judgment! (Peter to Ananias: “Why has Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?”) When you judge you father your failure! Thou that judgest *DOEST* the same things! (Romans 2:2). You dig your own grave when you judge!

As a boil indicates an unseen condition where the blood is out of order because of wrong diet, so your judgments reveal an unseen condition where your life is out of order through a wrong diet! This wrong diet is eating of the tree instead of listening to the voice. Your life is not by “bread alone” but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. Calories aren’t everything!

In the natural, wrong diet produces a disorder that affects the blood stream and you have boils filled with poison called pus! In the spiritual, eating of the tree (wrong diet) produces a disorder that the blood does not cleanse. (The blood of Jesus avails for my sin but *not* my pride. I Peter 5:5.) My judgments are my spiritual boils filled with pus!

As a young man I suffered much with boils — on my head, my neck, my arms, my legs — I once had a carbuncle on my knee with five heads on it!

One day I was talking to a friend of mine who was a chemist and he suggested to me that I try a certain paste that would draw the poison out and save all the misery of steam poultices, the pushing, the pressing, the squeezing that had up to then been my lot.

I tried it! It worked! From henceforth I went forth like a crusader against boils — I was excited; I told everybody who suffered with boils about “my remedy” and how it had worked for me.

One day I was in the house of a miner. He was stripped to the waist, lying groaning across the table while his wife and daughter applied boiling fomentations to four or five huge, ugly boils on his back. I told them of my discovery and offered to bring a half used tin of “Elmbalm,” as it was called. Again, it worked; painlessly and easily it drew out the pus and healed up the boils once the core was out. So, flushed with success, I went on from victory to victory!

• • •

One day in a company of people I was enthusiastically extolling the virtues of my cure for boils when an elderly man looked at me in such a way that I said to him, “What does that look mean?”

“Oh,” he said, “you couldn’t bear it — carry on talking!”

“No,” I said, “I want you to tell me, even if it hurts!”

“No,” he said, “it would upset you.”

“Go on, tell me — I can take it.”

“OK,” he said, “you’ve asked for it — here it comes! You poor fool! When God made your body He put enough holes in it to get rid of all the poison without having to be pockmarked with boils!”

“Go on,” I said, “hit me! I’ll take it all!”

“All right,” he said. “Let me ask you some questions — Do you like sugar?” “Yes!” “Do you like jam?” “Oh, yes; I like jam and bread, not bread and jam!” “Goofy cakes?” “Yes!” “Chocolates?” “Yes!”

“Well,” he said, “there is your trouble — your blood is all out of order because your diet is all wrong. Alter the balance of your diet and you will have no more boils! Your boils are an outward sign of an inward condition!”

That was thirty years ago. By dealing with boils I was dealing with the consequences. And I have never had another boil!

P-ride! U-nbelief! S-in! *PUS!* Behind my obvious sin is my unseen pride that has produced it. The blood of Jesus is the cleanser for my sin — *NOT* my pride! I must *HUMBLE MYSELF* under the mighty hand of God! Pride is defined as the treason of the creature against its creator. Its whole purpose, like Lucifer, is to reign and rule *in the stead of God!* It will die rather than surrender! It copies the whole plan of redemption, which is substitution. *IN THE STEAD OF!* Christ died in *MY STEAD!* Pride will rule in *GOD’S STEAD!*

It is *NOT* just a whim in your hair style, a pardonable extravagance in how you dress or a fond mother’s weakness to show how well little Johnny plays the violin! It is a raging monster that would destroy God if it could — a subtle serpent that can dress in a thousand garbs. It can weep, it can creep, it can

laugh, it can cheer, it can dance, it can mourn. It can preach from the pulpit, sing in the choir, pray in the prayer meeting, vaunt itself in a royal palace or blaspheme drunkenly in a saloon, torture its victims in a dungeon or negotiate with bland charm in an embassy! It speaks all languages and is as much at ease with a whip as a cocktail! The final indictment is from God Himself — *EVERYONE* that is proud in heart is an abomination in the sight of God! (Proverbs 16:5).

Regarding failure! *YOU CANNOT KEEP YOUR PRIDE AND GET RID OF YOUR SIN!* Your problem will break only one way — PRIDE (one), UNBELIEF (two), SIN (three). One, two, three, *NOT* three, two, one. The greater includes the lesser! The lesser does not include the greater. Finish dusting cobwebs and catch the spider! A little poem I read somewhere:

*I think my life is a tame old duck
Dibbling around in the farmyard muck,
Fat and lazy with useless wings!
But sometimes when the north wind sings
And the wild ducks hurtle overhead,
Something stirs that was lost and dead.
And it cocks a wary and puzzled eye
And makes a feeble attempt to fly.
It's fairly content with the state it's in,
BUT IT'S NOT THE DUCK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!*

USELESS WINGS! When the storm comes, all the birds cower and hide, but the eagle does not shelter from the storm; with a piercing scream, it flies into it and is lifted above it! Other birds flap up. The eagle mounts up! On a lone crag he waits for a current of air and mounts up! Isaiah 40:31 declared, “They that wait upon the Lord shall *RENEW* their strength — they shall *MOUNT UP* with wings as eagles! *BOOMERANG!!*”

My friend in failure, the wind of God has come to your
crag. Spread your wings and, as the spirit of truth blows, em-
brace the truth and rise on it, into the presence of God!

About the author, Arthur Burt

Arthur was born in Great Britain in 1912 and was born again in the Revival Days following the Welsh Revival that swept across the oceans. He is one of our “fathers in the faith” and his life is a testimony of more than seventy years ministering the Word of God and walking by faith.

He and his wife, Marjorie, raised nine children. They live in Penmaenmawr, North Wales... still expecting the Great Revival that has no ebb.

Much of his life is described in his biography, *Around the World in 88 Years*.

Arthur Burt can be reached by writing:

Arthur Burt
“Bron Wendon”
Conway Road
Penmaenmawr, Gwynedd LL34 6BB
North Wales, UK

Information and Book Orders

The Emmanuel Foundation
39 N. River Road
Stuart, Florida 34996
USA

E-mail: emmfound@gate.net

Web Page

www.arthurburt.com