



 editorial 

Dear Ablazers,

Small experiences become great testimonies. God shows his will through crazy times and unexpected people. We have wonderful testimonies to share with you in this issue. We see miracles but many times, we fail to understand that it was the hand of God that made it happen. God is not a coincidence in your life but the Purpose. We believe the articles we bring to you this month will increase your faith in miracles. The testimony by Sister Rosamma Varghese emphasizes on the importance of decisions that we make in our youth. The story Pebbles should be read everytime you're waiting for the answer to your prayers. The wait may belong but definitely worth the wait. And still if you have a doubt, Read the article Believe it or not. He works in mysterious ways that no human or scientific logic can explain. Certainly he is able to do such miracles in our lives also – Everyday. Wait upon Him and be Ablaze !

Editorial Team,

Blessy Roshan, Annie Royson, Nisi Samuel



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

R P CHACKO

When we see the phrase “Believe It or Not” we think of imaginary Sunday School speeches or impossible things. But sometimes such things can happen for real to increase our faith. I am sharing one such experience of mine in the hope that it will help some reader along on the path of faith.

In 1968, I was 12 years old and studying Sunday School. As usual, I reached our Church on a Sunday at 8 am for Sunday School. When I reached, I found that the drum in our Church was missing. I asked the Pastor, “What happened to the drum?” He said that the drum had been given for repairs at a shop 15 – 20 km away from the Church and nobody was ready to go and collect it. I said that I would go to Vettiyar and collect the drum, if the Pastor gave me his bicycle. He said you are so small (because I was very short and the old cycle looked like a camel), how will you ride it? I convinced him that I would do it and started my journey from Arunnootimangalam to Vettiyar. I was too short to sit on the seat and pedal, so I was cross-pedaling through the bar. I reached the shop and collected the drum. The shopkeeper told me to ride carefully with the drum on the bicycle. After I had covered around 2 km on my return journey, a heavy rain and storm started. I lost control of the cycle and it hit an electric pole. I fell down. My drum came loose from the cycle and rolled away. I was heartbroken and looked around if anyone would help me, but the place was completely deserted and there was no one around. After a very little while, a man aged 45-50 stood in front of me and asked me what happened. He enquired whether I was hurt. When I said no, he laughed and said, “But the electric pole looks shaken”. He helped me get the drum back, tied it securely to the bicycle and asked me to go. You will reach Church on time, he said. I smiled and thanked him. When I turned to look at him a moment later, he was gone. I reached at 10 am and worshipped the Lord along with the drum. The Pastor was delighted. He blessed me and said the Lord would use me for his work in the future. As far as I am concerned, it is a miracle. I am 58 now, still in search of that man who helped me when I was a boy.

For He Will Command His Angels Concerning You

To Guard You In All Your Ways;

They Will Lift You Up In Their Hands,

So That You Will Not Strike Your Foot Against A Stone. (Psalm 91:11, 12)

Bad times don't last, but they don't go away easily either. You have to outwit it, outmatch it, and outclass it. We always ask why to so many things that happen in our lives, and more often than not we do not find the answer to it, but there are a privileged few who do find the answer, they are not intellectuals, nor are they experts of any kind. They are common people like you and me. How then do they find the answer to the question “why” the answer to which is most elusive of all? How do they manage it? Do they have some sort of special powers? Do they make it their lifelong quest to find the answer to the said question? NO they do not.

The ones who find the answer, are the ones who after a while stop asking the question, and start observing silently, it's an arduous process of waiting patiently and then waiting some more, but they finally do receive the answer to their question. And when they do receive it, it is as beautiful as the lilies of the valley, as sweet as the honey in the rock, and as satisfying as the heavenly manna. So why don't you stop asking and start waiting, and then waiting SOME MORE. Now many of you may be asking yourselves, “What's all this fuss about waiting”? Haven't we got anything better to do? And some would definitely be asking themselves, what on earth is this bloke talking about? But trust me; I'm talking because I once heard a story. A story about someone who waited, and found the answer. And it's stuck in my mind ever since.

The story begins like any other story would.....

Long, long ago, in a place far, far away, there was a rock perched atop a cliff. It was in the mountains of Palestine they say. It was a bright, sunny morning, and the rock was enjoying the glorious view perched atop the blessed vantage point. Oh how happy she was, could there be any bigger joy than to be seated on a high place such as this, and enjoy the cool breeze with my friends? Scarcely had she finished asking herself this question, than a stiff wind blew and pushed her over the edge. She was now rolling down the cliff, bouncing off boulders and branches and what not. Oh what pain, what wretched pain it was. Now she starts cursing her luck, why oh why did fate deal so cruelly with me? Why did not God have mercy on me? Didn't I look up to the heavens when I sat on my throne? Why did God forsake me then? She was all flail, flail, flail and wail, wail, wail, and amidst all the flailing and wailing she never thought that God could have a bigger role planned out for her. After a lot of rolling and skidding and banging she finally plunged headlong into a stream of murky water. She could not see herself, she could not breathe, and so she started asking questions by the dozen. Why would someone in such a majestic retreat fall down to such a lowly state? Why is God punishing me? She asked herself. What could I have possibly done wrong?

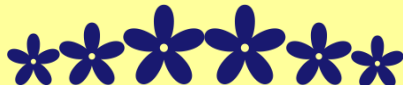
Now down the stream she rolls, and as the water transports her to places unknown, knocking off a little rough edge from here, a little from there, she thinks to herself, “This is my destiny”. And so she stops complaining, and decides to enjoy the cool touch of the water. By and by she comes to rest on a soft bed of sand, listening to the gushing sounds of the babbling brook. There she lays all round and smooth, perfect in symmetry, perfect in beauty. But don't you be fooled, she didn't reach there in a day or two, it took years. Long years, where she was buffeted by the waters, sometimes stuck in crevices for weeks together, not knowing what to do. But she had made a pact with herself and she stood by it.. She let the water do its work, the work of cleansing, and shaping, and transporting. Now she lies on the bed of the brook, waiting patiently and then waiting some more. I can almost see sunshine she says to herself, can almost hear the birds sing. But wait, who is this that walks down the narrow winding pathway that leads to the brook? Why? It is the young king of Israel. It's David, the terrible one of Judah.

Now it's all excitement, now it's all adrenalin. He picks her up, feels her in his hands, it's the right shape, the right weight he says to himself as he deposits her in his shepherd bag. Are those bugles I hear? Are those trumpets? And whom do I hear roaring curses against the Lord almighty? He must surely be punished. The king puts his hand into the bag once again, this time with great determination and purpose, takes the smooth stone into his hands once again. She could not believe her eyes, was she really in the sling of David? Round and round David swings the sling and let's go. The stone is now rocketing through the air, speeding towards its target.

CRACK.... It sinks into the forehead of the wretched philistine. Oh what joy, joy unspeakable, I helped the king destroy the philistine she says to herself. And now she sees the plan of god clearly, with tears in her eyes.

So you see folks, waiting is not all that bad. There may be trials, but you have to wait. There may be pain, but you have to wait some more, because there comes a day when the great King will take you in his hands and catapult you into glory unknown, and then there will be no stopping you.

So now let us along with king David say; my soul, WAIT thou upon God.





1. What can be caught with the hand, yet found in kings' palaces?
2. According to the gospel of Luke, what will you win if you stand firm?
3. Who put ashes on her head and wept aloud?
4. What was the other name of Barnabas?
5. Who was the leader of the people of Judah?
6. From which mountain, Moses viewed Canaan?
7. What ruins the vineyard?
8. What was the name of the place where Moses died?
9. Who asked "Am I a dog"?
10. Who was the father of Jabal?

Answers to Ablaze March Quiz : Hoshea, Mount Hor, Isaiah, Micah, crown of life, Zeresh, One who continues in the teaching, Lot, Trouble, Mocker

Winner :

Sis. Grace Roy

[Sharon Fellowship Church, Sabarmati]

I was born as the eldest of six children to parents who were believers in the Evangelical Church. Since my childhood, I attended Sunday school and all other church activities regularly. We were particular that we should pray and praise morning and evening before the sound of prayer was heard anywhere in the neighbourhood. Even today this tradition continues in my family. When I was studying in Class 10 I went to a nearby Marthoma church to hear the word of God. That was in 1969. The scripture portion that was shared that day was Isaiah 60:8 - *Who are these that fly along like clouds, like doves to their nests?* I started thinking about this verse. That night, many accepted Jesus as their Saviour. If my memory is right, I was the youngest person among those who, by His grace, accepted Jesus as a Saviour. It is difficult, even now, to describe that divine joy. I was filled with the power of the Holy Spirit and was unable to keep my feet on the ground.



Sister Rosamma Varghese
Sharon Fellowship Church, Sabarmati

This experience lasted for days. There was no one with whom I could share this unique experience because there was no Pentecostal fellowship in our place in those days. In 1970, I set out to study nursing and was sent with a friend of my mother's. Before leaving my home, we travelled to my father's brother's house. He was a Marthomite. The day we reached, a tarrying meeting was being held. After my mother left, I joined those believers and prayed for an anointing of the Holy Spirit. Around 12 am, I received the Holy Spirit with the sign of unknown tongues. I spoke as the Spirit gave utterance to me and my uncle interpreted the meaning for me. He told me that I should obey the Lord in baptism and be a testimony for God wherever I am sent to live. In 1970, I joined VS Hospital in Ahmedabad, to study Nursing. Most lectures were in Gujarati, which I did not know very well, but the Lord helped me to pass in the nursing Council Exam with good grades. While I was in third year, I met some believer girls. I shared my desire for baptism with them. In 1973, I met Pastor K V Abraham (IPC) and received water baptism at his hands at Chandola Lake.

I passed my nursing course and the Lord enabled me to get a job in the same hospital. I got married to Mr. P C Varghese in 1976. The Lord spoke to my mother in law through the Word of God concerning the children I would have. Ruth 4: 14, 15 - *"Praise be to the Lord, who this day has not left you without a guardian-redeemer. May he become famous throughout Israel!"* ¹⁵ *He will renew your life and sustain you in your old age. For your daughter-in-law, who loves you and who is better to you than seven sons, has given him birth.* According to this word, the Lord gave me a son, after which three more sons were born. Two of them went to be with the Lord when they were very young. There were several sorrows and trials in our life but the Lord held our hands and led us thus far. All the promises that God gave us are being fulfilled in our life. Wherever I went the Lord enabled me to be a testimony for the Lord. In 1988, I went to Saudi Arabia for work. My roommate Rosamma, was a Catholic. Today, she and her entire family are worshipping the Lord. As it is written in the word of God, *Cast your bread upon the waters, for after many days you will find it again.*

Later, I worked in the Cancer hospital and was able to be a comfort to many people. I testified about the Lord there and sister Mariamma whom I met during this time, recently accepted Jesus as her personal Savior along with her family. This is more joyful than anything else in this world. My husband and I are both retired from our jobs now. The Lord enabled us to visit Israel, Dubai, USA and be a testimony for the Lord and experience the fellowship of the dear ones there.

I would like to remind the youngsters today that if we surrender to fully obey the commandments of the Lord and lead a spiritual life, God will take care of all our needs. Late Rev. K E Abraham once said, "Our future is closely influenced by the major decisions that we take at the beginning of our lives." It is my experience that this is very true.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Parable of the Wheat and Weeds:

Jesus told them another parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field. But while everyone was sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and went away. When the wheat sprouted and formed heads, then the weeds also appeared.

"The owner's servants came to him and said, 'Sir, didn't you sow good seed in your field? Where then did the weeds come from?'"

"An enemy did this," he replied.

"The servants asked him, 'Do you want us to go and pull them up?'"

"No," he answered, "because while you are pulling the weeds, you may uproot the wheat with them. ³⁰ Let both grow together until the harvest. At that time I will tell the harvesters: First collect the weeds and tie them in bundles to be burned; then gather the wheat and bring it into my barn.'" (Matthew 13: 24-30)

Here are some points that emerged out of a discussion among the youth:

1. The wheat and the weeds grow together till the harvest. Similarly, there may be a lot of evil in the world, but we have to continue being the good wheat while we are in the world.
2. The weeds grew together with the good ones till the day of harvest. Similary evil doers also flourish till the Day of Judgment.
3. Even if there are weeds, the plant is expected to bring forth fruit. We cannot use the weeds as an excuse to live an unproductive life. Anything that does not bear fruit is burnt after the harvest.
4. The enemy sowed the weeds while everyone in the master's household was sleeping. We may be able to prevent a lot of evil from entering our lives if we are alert and watchful.
5. In Psalms 73, Asaph envies the prosperity of the wicked and wonders why they have no struggles. But later he understood their final destiny. They will all be judged on the final judgment day. We should not worry about the fact that weeds flourish because there is a final judgment day when everybody will get their share based on their activities on earth.

What do you think? We would love to know your reflections on this. Write to us at ablazeyof@gmail.com