



What Christianity is this?

There is a mixed message being broadcast subconsciously by the family of God and it is causing confusion. Do we really know that God lives in us? A seeker's observation to me recently was, "So is your God inside you or not? Some of you talk and sing about God coming down, and call for Him to visit you, but you say that He lives inside you."

Scripture is clear. Jesus dwells in us. The Holy Spirit dwells in us. So the flow is from the inside out in rivers, as Jesus said. I believe that some of us are now teaching and preaching the truth, yet we sing songs that proclaim God as external to us and talk like we need Him to intervene in areas of our lives in which He has already given us power and authority, and for which we are fully resourced by His living in us.

Relationship? Or?

For those of us born to Jesus Christ and who have never been involved in religion or denominationalism, I rejoice. As Paul said to the Galatians and others, don't get trapped by rules and laws, when what you know that is working is of the Spirit of God. The rest of us have had some issues to work through and yet the words of Jesus always keep ringing true. New wine doesn't belong in old wineskins! Any traditional or religious formulaic basis for faith is used by us to prop up our lack of real relationship with our Great and Awesome Father and His Magnificent Son Jesus. Have you noticed, as I have, that, just when a "revival" move seems at its height, the "rules of the church" start to be reinvoked and Holy Spirit stops moving in power? The time periods involved seem to vary, so there's no formula there, but as soon as the "church authorities" start to try to patch the old garment with the new it's all over!

When Jesus was questioned over religious practice in Mark 2:18, He was quite blunt and spoke to them with the parables I have just used above. For them, at that confrontation, it was all about fasting traditions. The thing is that new wine must go into new wineskins because the skins must be supple enough to stretch and expand with the maturing of the wine inside. My personal experience is that any sort of "**calloused**" (the Greek word often translated "**hardened**") heart caused by the observance of "religious traditions" causes the wineskins to stop being supple. Being in an ongoing surrendered relationship with our Father, who we are hungry to know better, keeps our hearts supple and, oddly enough, there isn't much room for formulas and traditions in that because He is interested in growing our relationship with Him beyond them. Pursue relationship with our Father in Jesus'

Name even if it costs you religious tradition/s that you were comfortable with. Knowing Him is so, so worth it!

Unfortunately many of us who have moved into House fellowships, and thought that we had thus left “church tradition” behind, have brought with us our ways of being religious and even subconsciously inserted them into the ways in which we are being Family together. We all seem to know that, but are we hearing the call from our Father to step further into relationship with Him and to grow past the “cuddly blankets” we are so familiar with? Some are, but some are also critical of those they see who “won’t move on”. Either place leaves me feeling a bit sad. Brothers and sisters, we need to grow in grace and favour toward each other as well as in understanding that there’s more in Dad’s agenda for each of us. When you were “converted” He made all things new to you. Regain that freshness of His continual pouring out through your own “wells” of the “**new wine**” of revelation, inspiration and communion with God so that you can bless someone else with it. Why expect this to only happen in meetings, when you have the Living God dwelling in you all through the week as well?

Be hungry for more of Jesus Christ pouring out through you. Be determined to pursue a viable two way relationship with Him by continually surrendering your heart to Him and craving to know Him more. Ask Him to pour out through you the Gifts of the Holy Spirit more and more. He stands at the door to each of our lives in this present day Laodicean church (that is **rich and increased with goods and has need of nothing**) and the only door handle is on our side of the door. That means the response is ours to make. Don’t wait!

His Story by Kevin Grant

The Lord’s my Shepherd, I’ll not want,
We know it off by heart.
But do we really understand
The Author and His heart.

Of course we know it was David,
He was earthy, and Spirit-led,
And once you’ve dwelt upon the Psalms,
You know that you’ve been fed.

Now let’s go back to the beginning,
To when it all began,
To understand our Creator’s
Unveiling of His plan.

It was all to do with fellowship -
So that He could talk to us,
He made us in His image,
No strings, no deals, no fuss.

B ut oh my, how we've fallen,
We've not kept up our part;
We've broken all of His great words
And even then His heart.

B ut love is such a power word,
When it comes from our dear Lord.
He loved and loved and loved again -
More powerful than the sword.

H e watched us as we broke the rules,
In fact, I must confess,
The earth and all its manly ways
Resembled one great mess.

O ur God was mightily troubled,
His patience wearing thin,
But then He sent a Saviour
As forgiveness for our sin.

T his mighty man was Jesus,
So perfect in every way,
From a lowly crib in Bethlehem,
On earth He was to stay.

A s He grew there seemed all around Him
An aura, saintly borne,
A Prince above all earthly men
Arose that special morn.

H e preached, He taught, He loved us when
Our paths would go astray.
He gently, gently led us back
To His unfailing way.

H e often spoke in parables,
To teach us right from wrong.
And man, just short of wisdom,
Tries to do it in a song.

He's faithful, loving, always there,
He'll never go away.
His words will be our comfort
As we struggle day by day.

He's a mighty man of miracles,
And we should be one too.
He heals the broken-hearted,
It's His wish for me and you.

But slowly man got jealous
Of our Lord's most perfect ways.
He undermined His teaching,
Tried to shorten all His days.

And finally He succeeded
With a trial – 'twas such a farce –
Our dear sweet Lord was crucified
It prophetically came to pass.

But then, to all us doubters
On the third day He arose.
What a mighty meeting with His Dad
That led to screeds of prose.

I think - I know He loves me,
He's blessed me with good health.
His Spirit's a deposit
To His huge heart of wealth.

You don't need heaps of titles,
Degrees or pastor's clothes;
Just store it deep within your heart -
Believe that He arose.

This gentle man was mighty,
But He had a servant's heart.
He always thanked His Father

As He prayed to do His part.

We're left with such a victory
For all that He had done.
We've got unceasing 'ternal life –
A promise from the Son.

So rally, folks, and do your best
To hasten out the news.
Choose life and all its fruitfulness
To chase away the blues.

He left us with the Bible,
Knowing we would end in strife;
Inside a guide to wholeness,
A handbook for our life.

Inside are gems of knowledge
Written for us by the saints.
We get a close up of God's heart
By the pictures that He paints.

Please take the time to read it -
There's heaps of stuff in there.
Unlock the pearls of wisdom,
And thank Him with a prayer.