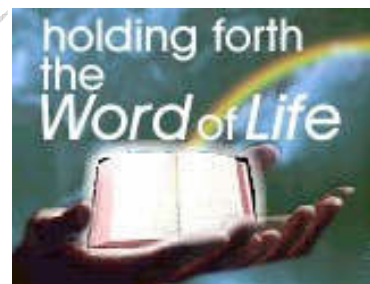


# Applying the Word

Jesus prepares his followers for the time after His death when he would not be with them physically. He says,

**“But the Helper, the Holy Spirit,  
whom the Father will send in My name,  
He will teach you all things,  
and bring to your remembrance  
all things that I said to you.”**

John 14:26



The authority behind the writings of the apostles is the authority of the Holy Spirit. Jesus said that He would do two things:

“Whatever I didn’t teach you, He will teach you; and whatever I said that you might have forgotten, He will bring to your remembrance.”

So the record of the gospels does not depend on human memory; it depends on the truth of the Holy Spirit.

Jesus breaks the laws of grammar to emphasise that the Holy Spirit is not an “it” but a “He.”

According to Greek grammar, He should have used the preposition *it*, but He didn’t; He said *he*.

It’s vital to understand that the Holy Spirit is not an *it*, He’s a *He*, a person, and we need to relate to Him as a person.

Article The Indispensable Word Derek Prince 2003

## The Holy Spirit’s Call

It was a year and a half after David’s tentative trip to New York to take God’s message to the young alcohol and drug affected members of the city gangs in the 1960’s.

In his country church in Philipsburg this August evening he had felt a tremendous exhilaration and a tremble. It was as if the Spirit of the Lord was drawing very close. Walking to the back of the building at the close of the service He gazed at the town bathed in its cold mysterious light but a section of the wheat field captured his attention. The Lord seemed to be saying, “Look, I send you to reap a crop for which you have not toiled.”

In his mind’s eye David saw the blades of wheat as if they were youngsters on the streets of the city, hungry for a new beginning. Turning to look at the church and the parsonage where Gwen and the three children were safe, happy secure in their life in a country parish.

A quiet inner voice said, “The church is no longer yours, you are to leave.”

And, in the same, still inner voice David answered, “Yes, Lord. I shall go.”

David tells he walked to the parsonage and there was Gwen, waiting up.

“What is it, Gwen?”

“David,” Gwen said, “you don’t have to tell me. I know already. You’re going to leave the church, aren’t you? You’ve got to leave.” I looked at Gwen a long time. I could see the glint of a tear in the corner of her eye.

“I heard it too, David. We’re going, aren’t we?”

In the darkness I put my arms around her.

“Yes, my dear one. We’re going.”

The next Sunday, I told the congregation and that very afternoon the telephone began to ring. One call from Florida from a pastor who said that he couldn’t shake the strong urging to invite me to come and conduct a series of retreat meetings immediately. Another call came and another and by the end of the day I was booked for twelve weeks of speaking engagements.

Out of these came the opening to place a full time pastor among the gangs of New York and while Gwen and the children moved in with her parents, David naively began his infant ministry in New York slums.<sup>2</sup>

## God's Miracle: Setting young people free



It was almost exactly two years from that morning when I sold the television set until I found myself launched on this strange adventure.

I was standing inside the glass doors on the Staten Island Ferry, hardly realizing myself what a giant stride we had just made toward my dream. Off the starboard was the Statue of Liberty, and I found myself thinking how appropriate it was that I would pass here each morning. Our ambitious mission was to be based on Staten Island.

We would rent offices for a specific program aimed at setting youngsters free.

Our second experiment was a teen-age television show using a choir of the boys and girls then one of the choir sharing his or her story.

We were encouraged by the show's high rating but were soon desperate to find \$10,000 to continue the work.



When the opportunity to find the money seemed hopeless, the Rev Harald Bredesen offered to share the problem with Chase Walker, a magazine editor in Manhattan. Mr Walker listened carefully to the need for finances and said, "Fund raising is really out of my line. What made you think of me?"

Harald said, "I can't really answer that question. I've had the most remarkable feeling ever since I learned that this program might have to be cancelled, that somehow you held the key. It's a feeling in my spirit."

Mr Walker rose from his chair concluding, "Well, I'll let you know if I get any ideas. In the meanwhile, thanks for sharing the story with me.

We were actually out of the office, when suddenly Mr Walker called us back: "Say Harald, David. Something funny has just occurred to me. I got a telegram today I don't understand at all." It read,

As it happened our "headquarters suite" consisted of three rather grubby rooms in a less-than-chic neighbourhood. There was an outer office, an inner office and a shipping room. My salary wasn't enough to afford even the cheapest room, so I set up a couch next to my desk in the middle office.

We ran a literature program aimed at reaching every high school student in the city's troubled areas.

In this way we tackled problems such as drinking, drug addiction, promiscuity, masturbation and gang violence offering help from the Bible.



'Disregard previous telegram. I will be at the Savoy Hilton Wednesday.' "But I never got a previous telegram, so I wonder...."

Walker stared curiously at Harald for a moment, then picked up a pen and scribbled a note. "Go up to the Savoy, he said, Ask for Mr Clement Stone. If he's in, you can use this as an introduction, and see what develops."

Twenty minutes later we were knocking at the suite in the Savoy. A gentleman came to the door tying a large bow tie. He was obviously dressing for dinner.

"Mr Stone."

The man nodded.

"We have a note for you from Chase Walker"

He said that he was due downstairs in a few moments, but that if we wanted to talk while he finished dressing, he'd be glad to listen.

Fifteen minutes later Mr Stone was saying gently, "I have to go now, but if Chase recommends you, that's good enough for me. I like the sound of your work. Send me your bills. I'll pay them up to ten thousand."

Harald and I looked at each other stunned.

The \$10,000 purchased film and television time but also brought a new respect for this ministry. It was clear that the hand of the Lord was on our work and as long as we let Him lead, miracles were ours to enjoy.<sup>2</sup>