

CHRISTIAN LIGHT PUBLICATIONS

November - December 2009

Prayer and Desire

DESIRE is not merely a simple wish; it is a deep-seated craving; an intense longing. In the realm of spiritual affairs, it is an important adjunct to prayer. So important is it, that one might say, almost, that desire is an absolute essential of prayer. Desire precedes prayer, accompanies it, and follows it. Desire goes before prayer, and by it, created and intensified. Prayer is the oral expression of desire. The deeper the desire, the stronger the prayer. Without desire, prayer is a meaningless mumble of words. Such perfunctory, formal praying, with no heart, no feeling, no real desire accompanying it, is to be shunned like a pestilence.

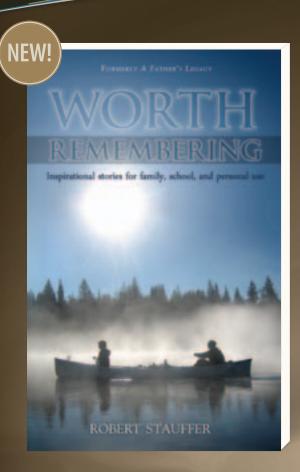
And yet even if it be discovered that desire is honestly absent, we should pray, anyway. We ought to pray. The "ought" comes in, in order that both desire and expression be cultivated. God's Word commands it. In such circumstance, we ought to pray for the desire to pray; for such a desire is God-given and Heaven-born. We should pray for desire; then, when desire has been given, we should pray according to its dictates. Lack of spiritual desire should grieve us, and lead us to lament its absence, to seek earnestly for its bestowal, so that our praying, henceforth, should be an expression of "the soul's sincere desire."

Physical appetites are the attributes of a living body, not of a corpse. In like manner, the inward consciousness of spiritual need creates desire, and desire breaks forth in prayer. These Heaven-given appetites are the proof of a renewed heart, the evidence of a stirring spiritual life. Spiritual desire is the evidence of the new birth. The absence of this holy desire in the heart is presumptive proof, either of a decline in spiritual fervor; or, that the new birth has never taken place.

One might ask, whether the feebleness of our desires for God, the Holy Spirit, and for all the fullness of Christ, is not the cause of our so little praying, and of our languishing in the exercise of prayer. Do we really feel these inward pantings of desire after heavenly treasures? Do the inbred groanings of desire stir our souls to mighty wrestlings? Alas for us! The fire burns altogether too low. The flaming heat of soul has been tempered down to a tepid lukewarmness. This, it should be remembered, was the central cause of the sad and desperate condition of the Laodicean Christians, of whom the awful condemnation is written that they were "rich, and increased in goods and had need of nothing," and knew not that

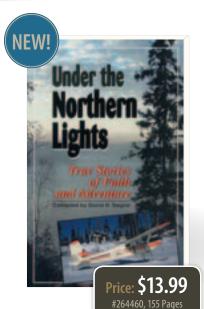


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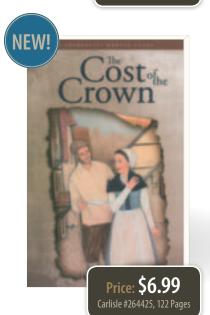
Worth Remembering is a collection of true stories experienced by a father who wants to pass on to his children the lessons learned that are worth remembering. In some stories he "did it right," while other times he missed the mark. Well written and from a humble perspective, these are the kinds of stories every father should read to his young children and teenagers.

Price: \$8.95 • #263895 • 201 pages • CLP



UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Comp. David H. Siegrist
True, flavorful stories
of faith, adventure,
and dedication told by
missionaries serving under
Northern Light Gospel
Missions, headquartered
in Red Lake, Ontario.
Pictures throughout.



THE COST OF THE CROWN

Claudia Esh

Is it right to leave the Catholic Church? Can't I just serve God quietly without being rebaptized? Is it right to read the "forbidden book" in my own language? Follow Margriete and Grietje as they count the cost of wearing the crown of the true kingdom.



BE STILL MY SOUL

Sarah Zimmerman

Like all ten-year-old girls, Joanne Fox wishes to be "like everyone else." And in many ways, she is. But unlike most others, Joanne has a degenerating disease. As she grows into adulthood, the added years bring added realizations of her limitations. Can she find contentment and rest in spite of a disease that could affect her whole life? they "were wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind."

The absence of intense desire is a sure sign of God's absence from the heart! To abate fervor is to retire from God. He can, and does, tolerate many things in the way of infirmity and error in His children. He can, and will pardon sin when the penitent prays, but two things are intolerable to Him—insincerity and lukewarmness. Lack of heart and lack of heat are two things he loathes, and to the Laodiceans he said, in terms of unmistakable severity and condemnation:

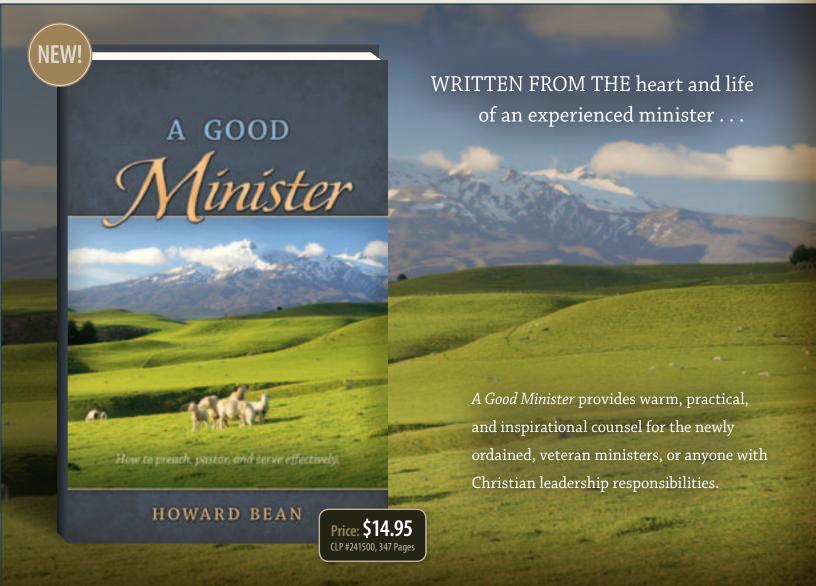
I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth.

Our hearts need much to be worked over, not only to

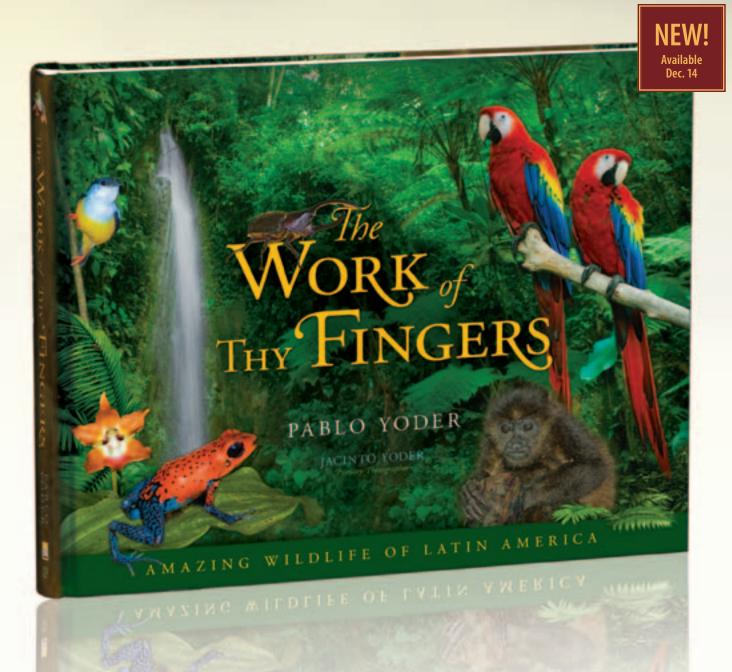
get the evil out of them, but to get the good into them. And the means to the incoming good is strong, propelling, prayer with desire.

— E. M. Bounds 1835-1913

CLP FINANCIAL REPORT Fiscal Year Ending 5/31/2009 Sales of Publications 4,282,978 Completed Inventory on hand for sale 2.153.911 Accts Receivable due from customers 148,484 Accounts Payable due to vendors 73,118 Checking account balance 259,732 Cost of Just For You distributed free 59,363 Production and Office Equipment in use 1,036,065 Depreciated value due to use (725,592)Present value of our equipment 310,473



HOW BIG are your fingers? How big are God's fingers? What can your fingers make? What did God's fingers make? Let Pablo Yoder take you on a tour of nature's paradise in Central America and see the handiwork of God's fingers. Whether you simply gaze at the photos, go deeper and read the stories, or get serious enough to digest the scientific information, this is one tour you can enjoy over and over again.





Each story opens with a colorful picture of the plant or animal being discussed as well as a photo of where it lives. The opening page also includes the scientific name, Spanish name, and geographical range of the creature.

THE GAUDIEST FROG

everal years ago we lived in a poor, little, rented house with an outdoor shower. We dipped cool, fresh water for our showers from a cement water tank. One half of this tank was enclosed by a simple, wooden-framed shack covered with sheets of tin for privacy. The other half was outside, providing a place for the neighbor ladies to wash.

At the beginning of the rainy season I noticed a glob of clear, jelly-like substance on the tin right above the water. During the night some creature had laid several batches of eggs. I could see them in the jelly. *Probably frogs*, I guessed.

I didn't know that, during the night, Mama Gaudy Leaf Frog had come to the water tank with Papa Frog on her back. First she had entered the water and lain soaking, absorbing water through her skin into her bladder. After she was filled with water, she had climbed up onto the tin above the water and laid her eggs. Papa had fertilized the eggs as she laid, up to seventy in a cluster. After she had laid her eggs, she had gone back into the tank and repeated the process.

These frogs can lay from three to five clutches in one night. The gel around the eggs absorbs water from the female frog's bladder. If she lays her eggs without having her bladder full, the gel isn't right and the eggs dry up in just a short time.

When I saw the three clusters the frog had laid in one night, I was impressed by the system the Creator had provided for this egg business. I tried to imagine the three globs of fully developed gel and eggs in the skinny frog's tummy. She would have burst, I'm sure!

Maybe it works something like pancake batter. Sometimes when we go to the boonies, we take along dry pancake batter. When we add watter, it swells and makes for some good eating. But you need to add water to make it just right. The gaudy leaf frog's gel comes in a concentrated form, and it also requires water to make it just right. Then it produces many times the amount it had before.

In normal circumstances these frogs lay their eggs on leaves hanging over the water of a still pool. After a

week these eggs hatch and the tiny tadpoles fall into the water, where they will live for another seventy to eighty days as they develop into adult frogs.

After we'd moved to our current home, I was out by my snake pit checking on Lupita, my pet boa. I leaned on the five-foot wall, peering in to see if she might be relaxing in the orange tree on some sunny branch or if she was in her den in the bank. All of a sudden I saw a cluster of gaudy leaf frog eggs on a leaf. Yep, Papa Frog knew a good spot when he saw one. He had sung there the night before and

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Seventy little tykes waiting to grow up and find their own pool to swim in.

The fascinating story

with captivating photos.

begins, illustrated throughout



convinced Mama to lay her eggs there, right over the little pool I had made for my boas.

Excited, I looked for more. I found two clusters that had been laid the night before. One was a little to one side of the pool. Mama had missed the mark. Bur I knew how easy that would be if you were a frog way up in an orange tree. What really impressed me was how this couple could figure this all out in the first place.

Several times a day I would go visit the snake pit. I watched the eggs grow into tiny tadpoles in their tiny, glass-like cubicles. Toward the end they got bored. They had just enough room to turn around in their soft little prisons. With one flick of their tails, they'd switch positions. If you watched the cluster closely, every second or two you could see the quick flick of a tadpole repositioning itself. One here, one there, and two there, creating constant flicking movements. Seventy little sets of eyes peered up at me. It seemed like they were asking me, "When, oh, when, will we be free to swim around like a tadpole is supposed to?"

The day came, and I'm so glad I was there.

Seven days after I'd first seen the eggs, the tadpoles hatched. I'm sure the babies were so ready to be free. As I watched, the tadpoles flicked extra had. "Ellbow room" I could almost hear one cry. "Flick, flick, flick, flick, flick, and here I go!" They actually popped open their slippery cells with their tails and flung themselves out into the air. Airborne. Free-falling. Wet landing. Home at last. Free. Swimming in a neat, predator-free swimming pool. (Boas don't eat tadpoles.)

Dozens of tadpoles have developed in my snake pool. I have also kept a few in a bowl in my office during their last stage. I found some floating water plants for them, and they began to crawl out onto the plants. What were they then? Tadpoles or frogs? Your guess is as good as mine.

The story continues . . . Each story is approximately four to six pages long.

ORDERING INFORMATION

Available to ship after Dec. 14

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Children's Books

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GODLY HEROES OF THE PAST

Sharon M. See

A collection of moving stories about heroes who suffered for the faith. The stories include the Anabaptists and Waldensians, as well as the apostles—written in a simple way especially for young children and illustrated to give an accurate glimpse of the story setting.



MY GRANDMA'S GARDEN

JoAnna Stauffer

When Grandma says, "Let's take a walk," My feet can hardly wait
To scamper down the path that leads
To Grandma's garden gate.
I love my grandma's garden!
Won't you come and see
The many blooming flowers,
Which are best of friends with me?

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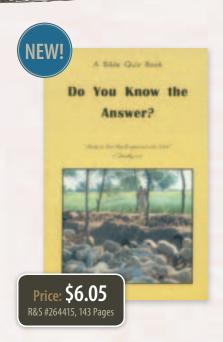




Price: \$5.30R&S #264410, 103 Pages

Godly Heroes

of the Past



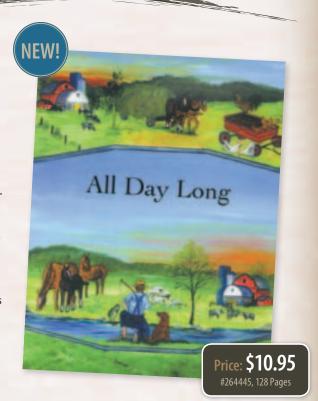
ALL DAY LONG Mrs. Mark Yoder

In this collection, children will find poems that capture their imagination, take them to faraway lands, and show them the delight of the ordinary. These poems, most of them never before in print, reveal the beauty of nature and life.

DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWER?

Martha Fisher

A Bible quiz book to help children and youth learn Bible facts. Not only includes questions, but also clues, with each clue making the answer more obvious. A great tool for parents and teachers.



GOD'S MIRACLE—AN EGG

Rebecca Newswanger

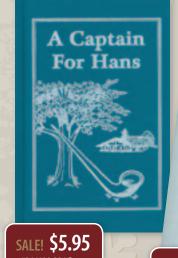
Through a sequence of pictures and children's verse, this book in the miracle series portrays the wonder of life by following the development of a chick from an egg.



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Hans had always dreamed of someday becoming a captain in the Swiss army. But first his best friend, and next his father, began talking in a way that made him reconsider his dream—and then a man Hans knew well refused a captain's commission.

> Hans thought the Anabaptists had been wiped out long ago, but now he began to wonder. And what would he do?



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CHRISTIAN LIGHT PUBLICATIONS

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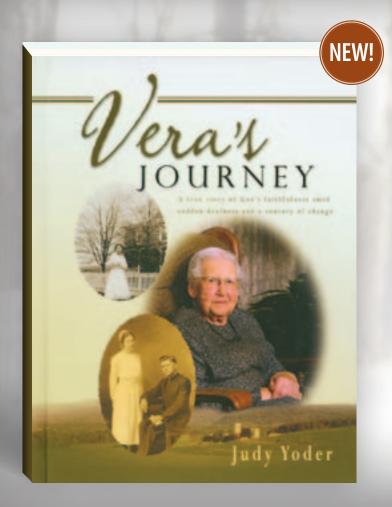
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Vera's Journey

by Judy Yoder

Imagine the changes, challenges, joys, and hardships one would face in a life spanning a century. *Vera's Journey* is the story of such a life. Travel with Vera Heatwole (1906- 2008), a Mennonite woman in the Shenandoah Valley, through 102 years of joys and disappointments. Losing her hearing at age 38, Vera experienced heartache and special challenges most of us never will. Her triumph of faith will touch your heart and inspire you to nobler living on your own journey. Full of Shenandoah Valley and Mennonite history. From the author of *Valley of My Heart* and *Millie's Christmas Surprise*.

Price: \$24.95 #264450 707 pages, Hardcover, 9½" x 7¾", Vision Publishers