

unity of the Spirit and His bond of peace. My mom and sister have also turned to seek the Lord. All my crushing shame has been searched out and revealed. Satan's last tools of spiritual captivity in my life—secretiveness, along with pride—now give way to trust in Jesus.

Finally, that great old demon, self-will, has himself had the door of my soul slam him in the back-side on the way out of my life! I love to patiently seek and wait on God as I make His will my own. He delights my soul with new mercies every morning.

My hope is sealed. There are no more leaks. I find that even persecution is acceptable and profitable for my continually growing strength and maturity. God be blessed forever! Jesus is Lord...now He's my Lord!

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Christ's Lordship

The Steven Bath Story

Salvation is the milk of babes, but Christ's Lordship and our obedience is the meat of discipleship...where the greatest treasures are found. Hebrews 5:12 says "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat." Hebrews 6:8 says; "But that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned." And John 4:34 says "Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work," and others!

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At the age of thirty-two I was a babe in the faith, but my god was really self-will. I'm in prison because I wanted my own way all the time. I didn't want the rules of society nor the laws of men to control me, but then there were God's laws, which I could not so easily dismiss. All the justifications and all the mental and emotional whoop-de-doo I did were to make myself believe I was a "true" son of God. This delusion was bound to collapse in the face of the truth.

For various reasons, deviant sexual desire had found a stronghold in me from early childhood. Now, here I was an adult, feeling helplessly enslaved to a demon of hell, while at the same time trying to hang on to my identity as a saved child of the Most High and disciple of Jesus Christ. I didn't experience the spiritual freedom of a saved son of God and, deep down, I knew I was not a disciple of Christ. The fact is, I was a crippled and disturbed babe in the faith...vulnerable and grossly deceived about matters of relationship and sex. I was stuck in a jelly of conceit and confusion, living

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from emotional fix to emotional fix, sexual high to sexual high, which had become my "heaven," but which was in fact my "hell."

One night I was in the home of a victim of my sin, overpoweringly tempted to seek "ultimate" acceptance and pleasure. Feeling led by God, I walked out in the dark from the teenager's room into the family room and fell to my knees and my face. "Save me, Oh Lord! Deliver this youngster from my hands. I don't care any longer what it takes. Get me out of this evil and save me — even if you must take my life — even if it be a violent death in prison, I don't care. Never let me lay my hands on another with evil intent ever again. Save me, Lord Jesus. I can't do it without You."

Almost seven years have passed since that dreadful but holy night, and God, such as He is, has been magnificently faithful. Life-changing treatments, the structured life of prison, humility, and freedom have each found me. My wife has accepted Jesus as her Savior and Lord, and now together we walk in the

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