



Thinking His Thoughts!

AS HE THINKETH IN HIS HEART, SO IS HE!" (PROVERBS 23:7)

From Cephas:

I have been thinking a lot about my thoughts, as someone mentioned to me that when I get a little perturbed by someone or something, I shouldn't really dwell so much on trying to "figure things out" in my own mind! Lord help me. Your letter, Maria, on "Daydreaming" really helped me understand more about my thoughts!

I began to think about things from the Bible about thoughts, & prayed & really asked the Lord to help me with this problem & to really go on the attack & change in this area! Then the verses began to come. First I got Proverbs 23:7—"As he thinketh in his heart so is he", & I began to realise

that even though I sometimes only think thoughts in my heart & don't actually voice them, they have already become part of me & I of them!

Then I got the verses in 11 Corinthians 10:4&5 that specifically talk about "...casting down imaginations & every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God & bringing into captivity every THOUGHT to the obedience of Christ!" In the Young's Concordance, the Greek word for captivity means, "to take by the spear."—Wow! This passage is talking about violent warfare! I began to see just how important thoughts are & how even some of my

big battles with foolishness & self-righteousness could have been much less predominant in my life if I'd realised the importance of guarding my actual thoughts! I need to put away childish thoughts & to think maturely—with His mind, not trusting in my own thoughts!

The verse I claimed was Proverbs 16:3, "Commit thy works unto the Lord, & thy thoughts shall be established!" and Philipians 4:8, "...if there be any virtue & if there be any praise, think on these things!"

I never actually realised how much of a warfare is going on all the time in the spirit & that truly out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, & therefore if I am not prayerfully guarding my thoughts & actually fighting to bring them forcibly into actual captivity, then my heart can be under bad or negative influences!

Being a Scorpio, I do have a tendency to be both sarcastic & very suspicious, with almost a fetish of wanting to figure people out, thinking, "Now why did she do that, or why did he say that." Instead I should let it pass & dwell on other more important things, like the Word, which is a "...discerner of the thoughts & the intents of the heart!"

Now more clearly than ever I'm understanding the verses about the "Carnal mind is enmity with God", & "Out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, etc." All that comes out of my mouth is only a manifestation of what has been going on in my heart & my thoughts!

I really prayed & rebuked the Enemy & really called out to the Lord to help me think His thoughts & to keep on the right track! Thank the Lord! He's rewiring me & I'm very happy about it. Love, Cephas

More On Daydreaming!

(Excerpts From 'Teach Your Baby Math' By Glenn Doman)

Learning is the greatest game in life and the most fun. All children are born believing this and will continue to believe this until we convince them that learning is very hard work and unpleasant. Some kids never really learn this lesson and go on through life believing that learning is fun and the only game worth playing. We have a name for such people. We call them geniuses.

We have assumed that children hate to learn essentially because most children have disliked or even despised school. Again we have mistaken schooling for learning. Not all children in school are learning—just as not all children who are learning are doing so in school.

My own experiences in first grade were perhaps typical of what they have been for centuries. In general the teacher told us to sit down, keep quiet, look at her and listen to her while she began a process called teaching, which, she said, would be mutually painful but from which we would learn—or else.

In my own case, that first-grade teacher's prophecy proved to be correct; it was painful, and at least for the first twelve years, I hated every minute of it. I'm sure it was not a unique experience.

In my own case (and I suspect in almost everybody else's) it turned out that the teacher could make me sit down, could make me be quiet, could make me look at her, but could not make me listen and think along with her.

During the rest of that year (and it seemed to me like a hundred years) I found myself in deeper oceans than Cousteau ever visited, on the top of Mount Everest long before Sir Edmund Hillary ever scaled its heights and on the far side of the



moon thirty-five years before NASA came into being. I would otherwise have found that century I spent in the first grade a time of crushing boredom interrupted as it was with moments of sheer panic when, during my Jungle Explorations, I dimly heard my teacher calling on "Glenn." It wasn't that I didn't know the answer, it was that I didn't know the question.

I dare dwell on my personal experiences in school only because I believe I was the rule rather than the exception.

(TTL God's Word is the answer to everything! Please read Mama's Daydreaming Letters!)