



Jim van Heiningen

Apartado 31, 29700 Vélez-Málaga,
Spain

Phone: +34 - 952 501 867

E-mail: pressingonstill@gmail.com

Website: www.ntmu.net/

In the context of: **New
Testament
Ministries -
Unlimited**

Παραλαμβανο (PARALAMBANO) I TAKE UNTO MYSELF

The fact that I am anything but a Greek scholar doesn't stop me making some striking discoveries in my Greek NT.

There is this remarkable verb that the Lord uses to describe the rapture of the believers in Matthew 24:40-41 and Luke 17:34-35. In a fraction of a second the working- or the sleeping saint is “**taken**”, while the companion, or the colleague, is left behind. In another ten passages Jesus is said **to take** his disciples (**unto himself**, or **with him**) - ‘paralambano’; three each in Matthew (17, 20, 26), Mark (9, 10, 14) and Luke (9 twice, 18). Then, in the remaining one, in John 14, He himself uses it; and whereas the former nine had to do with him **taking** the disciples **with him** to the other side of the lake, up the Mount of Transfiguration, to Jerusalem, into Gethsemane, and so forth, in John 14, He says: “**If I go and make ready a place for you, I will come again and TAKE YOU TO BE WITH ME, so that where I am you may be too!**” (NET).

The ‘paralambano’ verb is used consistently for ‘taking *to* oneself’ or ‘taking *with* oneself’. It means we need not have any misgivings about the Matthew 24 and Luke 17 passages, where the Lord teaches about the time of the end by drawing parallels with Noah’s time and Sodom & Gomorrah. When He says “the flood came and took them all away”, He is *not* using “paralambano” (24:39). Yes, they were ‘taken’ by the flood, NOT ‘**taken unto himself**’. They were taken ‘away’ in judgment, whereas in 40-41, ‘paralambano’ is used. Here the disciples are suddenly “**taken**”, i.e. “**unto Him and with HIM**”!

“I will come again and TAKE YOU TO BE WITH ME!”

Oh, when the saints, without constraints...
Oh, when the saints forsake their slumber,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
Oh, when the saints go marching in!



Dear friends,

What a great privilege it was to be back in South America after seven years. So often the friends in a number of places had been pulling on me, and my reply would be that we'd have to wait on the Lord; that *He* must open the doors. I'd also ask them to pray with me for his perfect will. Then, in January it happened - there was a real sense of his will. And so, with the door for traveling now open, my door was pulled shut - that was on Februari 1.

Michael kindly took me to Málaga airport, and after flying to Madrid and waiting till midnight, the huge Airbus took off for its smooth, 12-hour flight to Montevideo, Uruguay, where **Carlos Gómez** and his daughter picked me up the next morning. As it was a splendid mid-summer morning, my poor eyes immediately protested the lack of sunglasses... How dumb to forget them. But a few days later, good old **Eduardo** gave me a pair which became inseparable for the rest of those two (sunny) months in Uruguay, Argentina and Paraguay.

After two busy weeks in Uruguay, I crossed the River Plate (Río de la Plata - widest river in the world) to spend a week in the Buenos Aires area, Argentina, with meetings and visits. On the Sunday the above picture was taken, though not everybody was in it. We had special times that day in the Word. In

addition, there were five baptisms and testimonies, then the 'Lord's Table', and a joyful meal for which the contributions brought by many were shared out. It meant that the folks just stayed on for some 8 hours altogether. Buenos Aires is so immense that people cannot be expected to go home for a meal and come back, especially since most depend on public transport.

And so it continued from place to place and from congregation to congregation, eleven in all, including the Uruguayan camp. In most places there were daily meetings, sometimes more than one. There was also a 20 minute radio talk. Ties were strengthened and many were greatly encouraged with new insight into God's eternal purposes. The Gospel went out to a number of individuals. If the Lord leads you, pray for **Armando** of 20, who was in the camp; for **Pedro** the taxidriver, and for **Rossana**, a single mother, and her boy, **Alejandro** of 10. She now has the New Testament - may she be strongly drawn to it.

At every goodbye, often with hugs and tears, the question was asked: "Brother, when are you coming back again?" I had to admit every time that I just didn't know; that I'd love to be back very soon, but that, in any case, if we didn't meet again 'down here', we'd meet 'up there'!

Since then, South America has been struck by great disasters, Uruguay and its tornado plus further storms, Argentina with its floods, Paraguay with its super heat, Ecuador with its earthquake, Brazil with its deepening political crisis, Venezuela with its catastrophic economy that is leaving many at starvation point... Is God telling governments and populations that time is running out?

We could turn to other continents, of course, and the picture would be much of the same; just think of the European migration crisis and the ongoing calamities in the Middle East. One thing is sure, and Psalm 91 says it clearly: **"He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty!"**

Every blessing in Christ!

Jim

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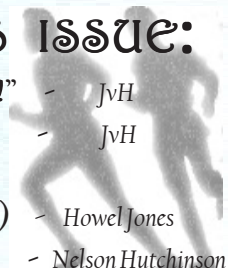
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MARTYRDOM - TRAGEDY OR TRIUMPH? *Corry ten Boom Remembers*

The Illustration



Several years ago I was in Africa in a nation where a new government had come into power. The first night I was there some of the Christians were commanded to come to the police station to register. When they arrived they were arrested and that same night they were executed. The next day the same thing happened with other Christians. The third day it was the same.

All the Christians in the district were being systematically murdered. The fourth day I was to speak in a little church. The people came, but they were filled with fear and tension. All during the service they were looking at each other, their eyes asking, *'Will this one I am sitting beside be the next one killed? Will I be the next one?'*

The room was hot and stuffy with insects coming in through the screen-less windows and swirling around the light bulbs...

I told them a story from my childhood:

“When I was a little girl - I said - I went to my father and I told him,

-Daddy, I am afraid that I will never be strong enough to be a martyr for the Lord Jesus.

-Tell me - said father - when we have to take the train into Amsterdam, and you are getting the tickets, when do I give you the money for the tickets? Three weeks before?

-No, Daddy, you give me the money for the tickets just before we get on the train.

-That is right - my father said - and so it is with God's strength. Our Father in Heaven knows when you will need the strength to be a martyr for Jesus Christ. He will supply **all** you need - just in time.”

My African friends were nodding and smiling. Suddenly a spirit of joy descended upon that congregation and the people began singing, “In the sweet by-and-by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore!”

Later that week, half the congregation was executed. After a few months I heard that the other half too had been killed.

*“If we live, we live to the Lord; and if we die, we die to the Lord.
Therefore, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.
For to this end Christ died and rose and lived again,
that He might be Lord of both the dead and the living!”*

(Romans 14)