

THE BIBLE VIEW

In This Issue:

[Purged](#)

[Remember, You Are Forgiven!](#)

[Forgiveness](#)

[Moody's Mother's Forgiveness](#)

Volume: 816 June 28, 2021

Theme: Forgiven

Purged

Bill Brinkworth

*"Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his [God's] Son [Jesus], whom he hath appointed heir of all things, . . . when he had by himself **purged** our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high;" Heb. 1:2-3*

The Apostle Paul starts his letter to the Hebrews by bragging about Jesus. Although much is pointed out about our Saviour, one little word is easily skipped. That word is "purged." The term explains why anyone can go to Heaven and why they can have a peaceful life.

Noah Webster defines "purge" as "to cleanse or purify by separating and carrying off whatever is impure." When one accepts Jesus' death on the Cross as payment for all his sins, he is purified of the one dirty thing that keeps all out of Heaven. He is purified from all the iniquities he has committed and the ones he will do in the future. His sins were all carried off by Jesus when He died.

Mr. Webster further defined "purge" as clearing "from guilt or moral defilement." When Jesus' finished work at Calvary is accepted to cover one's transgressions, he is relieved from any shame his sin can bring him.

Many have been saved and know God has forgiven and forgotten past sins, but they still hang on to guilty thoughts of what they have done. Paul has told us there is no need to have any guilt. Since God has forgiven us, we must forgive ourselves.

A Christian is purged! All our sins are carried away. We do not have to continue in them, and we certainly do not need to dwell on what God has forgiven.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Psalm 103:12

Remember, You Are Forgiven!

Bill Brinkworth

When we are saved, our whole life should change. We are forgiven, and our sins are forgotten. Our old ways are dead and hidden (Colossians 3:3), as far as God is concerned. We are to bring our bodies under subjection ("mortify" – Col. 3:5). No longer are we to let sin control our lives (Col. 3:5-10). We should put our "old man," what we used to do and be, far away from us.

We are new creatures in Christ (II Cor. 5:17) and have a fresh start. We have a “new man” (Col. 3:10) that we should put on and strive, with God’s goodness and help, to “wear” well! Our new attitudes and actions should try to be:

- Holy and dear to God’s heart (Col. 3:12).
- Merciful to others, as we have received much mercy from God (Col. 3:12).
- Kind (Col. 3:12).
- Humble (Col. 3:12).
- Meek (Col. 3:12).
- Longsuffering (Col. 3:12).
- Willing to put up with what others do to us repeatedly (“forbearing” – Col. 3:13).
- Forgive what others do to us and others. God certainly has forgiven us thousands of times. Why cannot we forgive those that have wronged or offended us (Col. 3:13)?
- Loving and caring to all — unconditionally (Col. 3:14)!
- Peaceful to one another (Col. 3:15).
- Thankful (Col. 3:15, 17).
- Ruled and guided by God’s Word (Col. 3:16).
- Submissive to authorities, God says are over us (Col. 3:18-22).

It would be impossible to do all God has told us to do, as new creatures in Christ, and not be happy and content. However, it is when we allow the “old man” to be temporarily resurrected that we have our problems. When our old ways return, they rob us of the peace and joy that should be ours. Has the “old you” gained control in your life again? Ask the Lord to forgive you and help you regain what is yours!

“Feed the ‘new man,’ the spiritual you, and he will grow stronger every day. Do not feed the ‘new man,’ and he will suffer from spiritual malnutrition.”

Forgiveness

Edmonsan, 1871

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman’s ax descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the weapon bends,
E’en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
And render only love again!
One had it — be He came from Heaven,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed;
No curse He breathed; no plaint He made,

But when in death's dark pang, He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers and died.

“The habit of judging and condemning others is usually a great deal more serious blemish than are the things we so glibly point out as flaws or faults.”

— Author Unknown

Moody's Mother's Forgiveness

D. L. Moody

Before I was fourteen years old, the first thing I remember was the death of my father. He had been unfortunate in business and failed. Soon after his death, the creditors came and took everything.

My mother was left with a large family of children. One calamity after another swept over the household. Twins were added to the family, and my mother was taken sick.

The eldest boy was fifteen years of age. Mother looked to him as a stay in her calamity, but all at once, he became a wanderer. He had been reading some of the trashy novels, and the belief had seized him that he had only to go away to make a fortune.

Away he went. I can remember how eagerly mother used to look for tidings of that boy. She used to send us to the post office to see if there was a letter from him. I recollect how we used to come back with the sad news, “No letter.”

I remember how in the evenings, we used to sit beside her in that New England home. We would talk about our father, but the moment the boy's name was mentioned, she would hush us into silence. Some nights when the wind was strong, and the house would tremble at every gust, mother's voice was raised in prayer for that wanderer who had treated her so unkindly. I used to think she loved him more than all the rest of us put together, and I believe she did.

On Thanksgiving Day, she used to set a chair for him, thinking he would return home. Her family grew up, and her other boys left home.

When I got so that I could write, I sent letters all over the country but could find no trace of him. While in Boston, I remember how I used to look for him in every store. I looked amongst people for anyone who had a mark on their face, as my brother had. I never found him.

One day while my mother was sitting at the door, a stranger was seen coming toward the house, and when he came to the door, he stopped. My mother did not know her boy. He stood there with folded arms and a great beard flowing down to his breast. His tears trickled down his face.

When my mother saw those tears, she cried, “Oh, it's my lost son,” and implored him to come in. He stood still.

“No, mother,” he said, “I will not come in until I hear first you have forgiven me.”

Do you believe she was not willing to forgive him? Do you think she was likely to keep him standing there? Instead, she rushed to the threshold and threw her arms around him, and breathed forgiveness.

Ah, sinner, if you but ask God to be merciful to you, you can ask Him for forgiveness. Although your life may have been in sin, ask Him for mercy, and He will not keep you waiting long for an answer. He is looking and waiting for you!

“It is vain for you to expect, and it is imprudent for you to ask of God forgiveness on your behalf if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper to others.” — Hoadley