

FALL 2025

TIDINGS

CHRIST'S SANCTIFIED HOLY CHURCH

The Holy Spirit

"Are you sanctified?" I asked. "What do you mean sanctified?" An honest response. "Do you have the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?" I followed. Then came their follow up: "What is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?"

It is entirely possible that many people around us are never prompted to explore the meaning behind the words "the indwelling of the Holy Spirit." Perhaps some are outwardly (or inwardly) asking "what is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?" Or "what do they mean by sanctified?" While we (I) continue completely unaware that the word is tragically foreign to them. So, what is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?

In the first place the Holy Spirit is not tangible or natural. He cannot be seen. He cannot be bottled, manufactured, or marketed. He is a person. The third part of God the Father and God the Son. Like the wind, He does not go where He is not sent and does not stay where He is not welcome. He is God. He is Christ, and He testifies of Jesus Christ. He reproves sin and makes holy that which He baptizes. He makes holy wherever He abides. He is called in scripture the: Holy Ghost, the Spirit, the Comforter, the Spirit of God, Living Water, the Spirit of Truth. He is the second coming of Christ. The fulfillment of Jesus's prophecy that He will come again and receive us unto Himself. The Holy Spirit is the establishment of the New Testament church, and the keeper of the New Testament Christian. He is why we can live holy. When the Holy Spirit shows up, things happen, they change, you change; you take on the character of the Holy Spirit, which is holiness. You die to the old way of living, which is sinfulness, and you are raised into a new life of righteousness. No one can go to heaven without the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is what invades a willing heart and purges out the "want" to sin. Furthermore, it implants a seed of love in your heart; love towards God and man, perfect love, true holiness; sanctification. It is Jesus on the inside; it is why I believe we can live without committing a willful transgression against God, because the Holy Spirit can keep us from sin. Christ promised He could, He would, and then He sent the Holy Spirit to give us the power to live free from sin. Our will is God's will as long as we yield to the instruction of the Holy Spirit.

"Indwelling." The Holy Spirit is not like a house cat. He does not go and come on a whim. He will abide, but He will not stay where He is not welcome. He will not enter where He is not invited. If you can imagine your heart as a throne room, where the ruler of all your desires can be found: on that throne sits the devil if you are not sanctified (meaning you don't have the indwelling of the Holy Spirit). Only when you, with all sincerity, repent of your sins and ask God to send the Holy Ghost to throw out the devil and take the throne, only then will He come. He will come, He will dwell, and He will guide, if you are obedient. He will change your desires and make your heart and life anew. What a blessing! What peace! What a comfort! What a joy to have the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Do you have the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?

"But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." (Romans 8:9)



- Bro. Patrick Collins



Life in Christ



As humans, it is easy to fixate on the death of Christ. It is deeply ingrained in our nature to hold death as the ultimate source of fear. However, I think what has always struck me most about the gospel story, is that Jesus could have never chosen to live a human life in the first place. As we often sing in church, "He left the splendor of Heaven knowing his destiny was the lonely hill of Golgotha."

His rightful place was always at the right hand of God; we read in Revelation that *"worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing"* (Romans 5:12). He never had to confine Himself to the limitations of the human experience. He never had to be trapped in a constant cycle of postponing hunger and exhaustion. He never had to experience a stubbed toe or restless night. It wasn't that He couldn't understand what humans go through, or that it was beyond His power to empathize with us. He was simply proving to us, through what I'm sure was thirty-three long years, seeing as the crucifixion was always looming in the peripheral, that we were never alone in our struggles.

I can't help but wonder how much He remembered of Heaven, its jasper walls and glittering shores, as He trekked the rugged terrain of Judea. I wonder how much He could understand of His role as a child; did the idea develop alongside His neurological development, or was it the first thing He ever came to grasp? Could He feel the splinters of the cross when Joseph guided His young hands in woodworking? Did He ever feel those wretched thorns when weaving flower crowns for His infant siblings? Some things aren't given for us to know. Regardless, it is the life of Christ that makes His death significant. Both the life He lived up until the cross - the things He suffered, the sermons He taught, the people He healed - and the life He lives eternally afterward. Many people love to emphasize that Jesus died to forgive us of our sins, and fail to recognize that forgiveness was always available through the old law. Of course, it's still a great privilege that we can claim Christ's sacrifice for our own, instead of having to present and slaughter an animal each time we commit a trespass. But that's not the end of the story. He died for our sins, and was raised for our resurrection. Just as we are called to take on the death of Christ in crucifying our own wants and desires, we are called to live for Him, whatever that may look like.

Because, as much as we fear death, death is nothing, not in the face of Jesus' victory over the grave. It's easy to say we would take a bullet for Christ, we'd probably say we'd take a bullet for any of our friends and family, but there just aren't bullets being fired, not for the vast majority of us anyways.

It's what we do in the meantime that makes that resolution matter. Dying for God is just the start, now are we willing to live for Him? Do we truly believe Paul when he wrote, "for me to live is Christ and die is gain"? Are we willing to take up our cross?

The world would love to have us believe our life on earth is defined by worldly pleasures. We've all seen movies or commercials where people shout "I feel alive!" as they race down the boulevard in their new luxury car. They lean back in their chairs on the sands of Waikiki and declare "this is the life, this is what it's all about." Many can't get that feeling outside of drugs, parties, or alcohol. If that's how we define living then it's no wonder we are called to die daily.

On the other hand, as someone who's dealt with chronic pain for as long as I can really remember, it's hard for me not to view life as a seventy year long migraine. It can be tempting to try and sabotage your future for the chance to make it to heaven faster. It's even more tempting just to ignore the prospect of a future here on earth entirely, especially as a junior in high school who's having to make decisions about where to go to college or what to do for work.

Wherever you fall on the spectrum, it's critical to let God define what your life is and be determined to see it out through the end. If it never gets better, God will give you the strength to make it somehow. We are here for a reason, and it's not merely to invest in our happiness, nor is it sheerly for the spectacle of our suffering, even though it is true that what we go through can do a lot to encourage others if we are willing to be vulnerable.

I remember recently, I found myself lying back to the floor, unable, it seemed, to stand in the face of what the road ahead of me looked like. How was I supposed to do, sixty, seventy more years of this? How was I supposed to live one more week? How was I supposed to wake up the next morning to one more migraine?

I remember a calm sort of contentment washing over me in that moment, subtle but identifiable. It was the quiet joy of unconditional courage. It's so different from the stubbornness the world would brand as bravery. I can't do this because of who I am, but because of who God is. And there is a beauty in being able to brave anything. Maybe even an excitement.

It's that sort of feeling you get when rallied together with the saints, raising your voices as one, in triumph over the battles to come. "Go forward in the power God has given you, and in his strength, until the end endure!"

- Sis Paige Basham

He Shall Direct Thy Paths

When I was very young I was put in the foster care system and even then God had a hand in my life and I didn't even know it. I went through five foster homes during that time period. I don't remember much about my first foster home, but in my second foster home, it was just me and my sister, Yvonne. In that home, I unfortunately lost my sister at just three years old to pneumonia. When she got sick our foster parents wouldn't take her to the hospital which led to her unfortunate death. Still to this day I wonder what she would be like if she would've had a chance to grow up, but I do know that she's with God and one day I will see her again.

I was immediately put in my third foster home when I was about five years old. I wasn't there very long. I kept getting in trouble so they sent me away to my fourth foster home. I lived in that home for about a year. I was always in trouble. I wasn't even out of the first grade and I was being brought home a lot by the cops. This was one of the main reasons I kept being sent from home to home.

Next to the last day of first grade I was coming home from school and walking up to the house where I saw my foster parents sitting on the front porch as I grew closer. They told me that I was no longer welcome in that home and that DSS would be there to pick me up in a few minutes. Sure enough, DSS came and I was sent to the next home, which was a big farm with lots of cows. I was asked when they dropped me off "Could you get in trouble here?" and I asked them "How long do I have?" Moving from home to home was all I knew, but this turned out to be the best home of all!

Wayne and Betsy Gaulnack were the names of my new foster parents. I do not remember anyone else who were my foster parents as these two were very special to me. I was able to feed and milk the cows daily. They actually cared about me, but again that was not the path God wanted me on. He had other plans for me.

Unfortunately, my foster dad, Wayne, passed away from some health issues and they told me that I couldn't stay there any longer without a man in the house. Betsy really tried to keep me there but they refused to let me stay. I had been there for 5 years almost.

DSS had to search for another home for me and when they couldn't find another home for me to live in, they removed me and they took me to the children's home to visit. We walked around seeing everything and that evening when we were done, they took me back to the foster home. As I was getting out of the car, the DSS agent asked me how did I like it? I told him I didn't think I had a choice in the matter, so just do it and get it over with.

A week later, at nine years old, I was placed in the children's home. I stayed there until I was 17 years old.

One day, when I was about 16 years old, my stepfather and my mother showed up to the children's home. I was off with some friends for the weekend when I was told my parents were at the home to see me. I said that couldn't be possible because I didn't have parents, but I was made to come back to the home to see them. I had never met my mother or stepfather before. When I got back to the children's home I walked in and looked at them and said "so you're my parents. Where have you been?" Then I turned around and left. For a time I was forced to go visit them on the holidays and I really did not like being there. My mother was never really attentive, but my stepfather was a good father figure to me. I wanted nothing to do with them but, there again, Christ interceded. He was sending me down another path that was guiding my life, but yet I still wasn't paying attention.

At age 17, I joined the military for four years. My first duty station was Yokosuka, Japan, where I had a lot of problems and I started using a lot of drugs and I drank a lot. After 2 years, I left Japan and came back to the East Coast. I was stationed in Jacksonville, Florida and my drug problem grew worse. I got out of the military after four years and came to Charleston, South Carolina, not really knowing that God was still working in my life. I continued to ignore Him and steadily began doing even harder drugs, and drinking a lot more, which got me in trouble.

One day on the job site a guy name Scott Hagan came by and started talking to me. We somewhat became friends and without fail he would tell me "we're having church Wednesday night, we're having church Sunday morning", He always invited me to church. When the devil had taken my life to the breaking point and I didn't think that there was any way out and I couldn't bear it anymore, I remembered what Scott had said to me on the job.

So I visited Christ's Sanctified Holy Church in Hanahan, SC and I found what Christ had been guiding my life towards and what He wanted from me. I was invited to go the Evans, GA feastmeeting with some CSHC members and I went and attended service. The Lord started speaking to me and I turned my eyes and my life towards Him that day. God sanctified me and saved me from my addiction to drugs and alcohol. I've been serving the Lord for 27 years now and it was the best thing I ever did. I don't regret a minute of it! Scott saved my life because if God hadn't put him in my life, I'd probably be dead by now. So don't ever give up! Don't ever think that you have no way out. Christ is guiding you. All you have to do is open up your eyes and listen and know that He has been there the whole time, just waiting for you to turn your eyes towards Him.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye."

(Psalms 32:8)

-Bro. John Brandow

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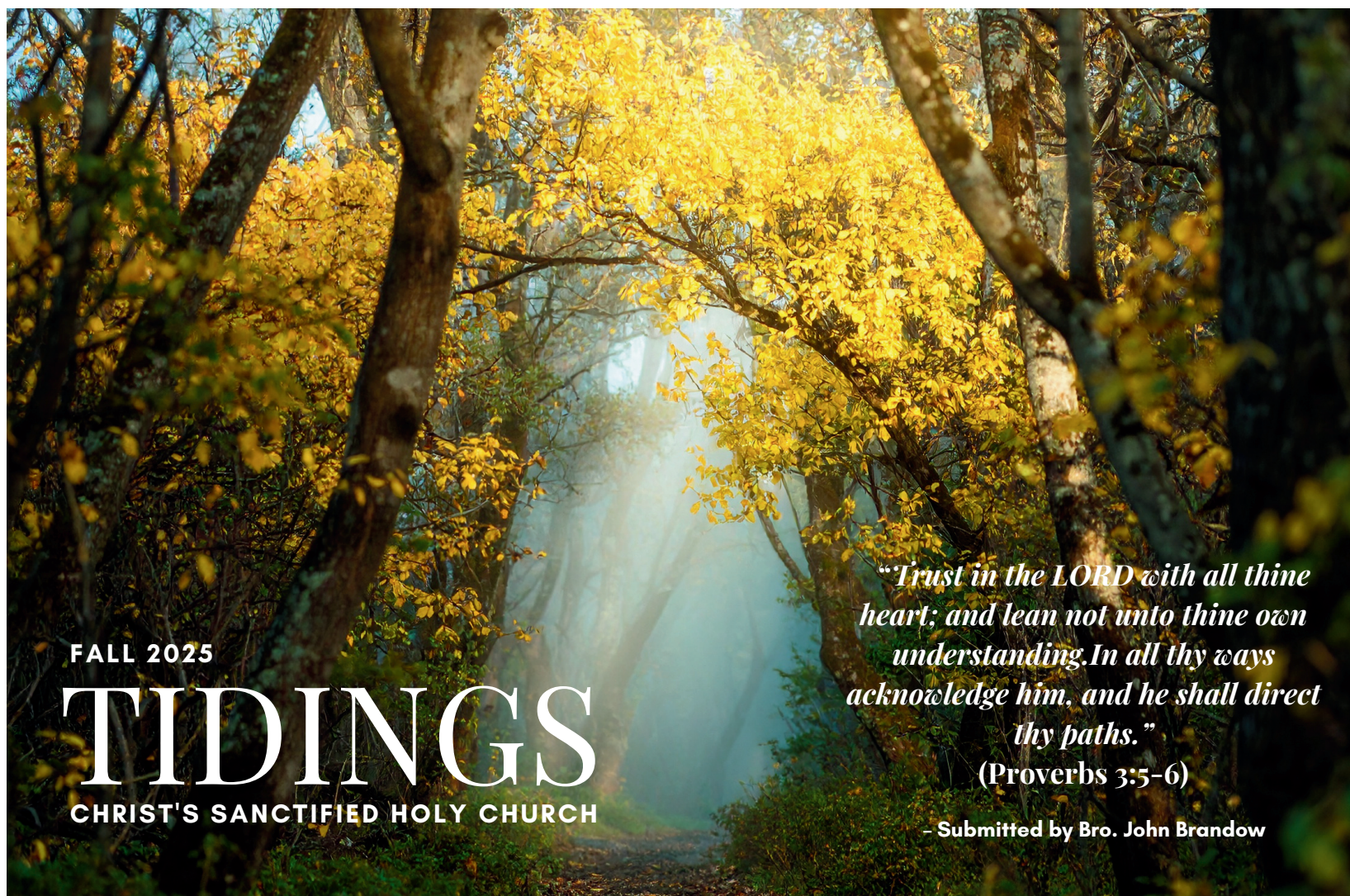


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"Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

(Proverbs 3:5-6)

- Submitted by Bro. John Brandow