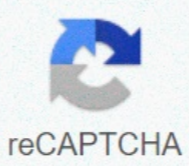




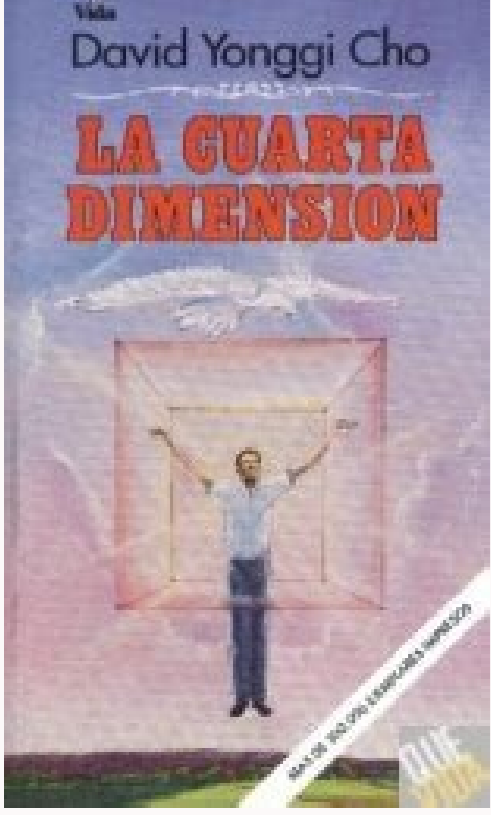
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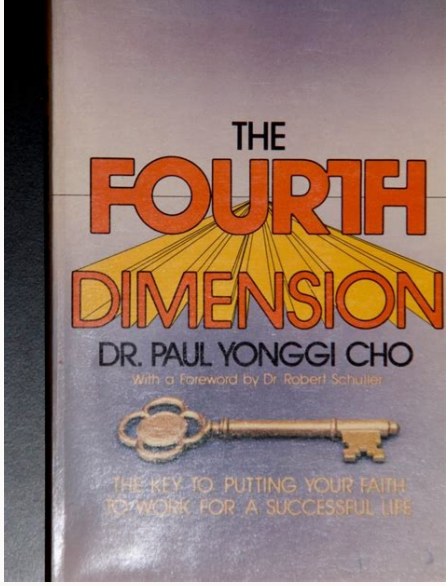
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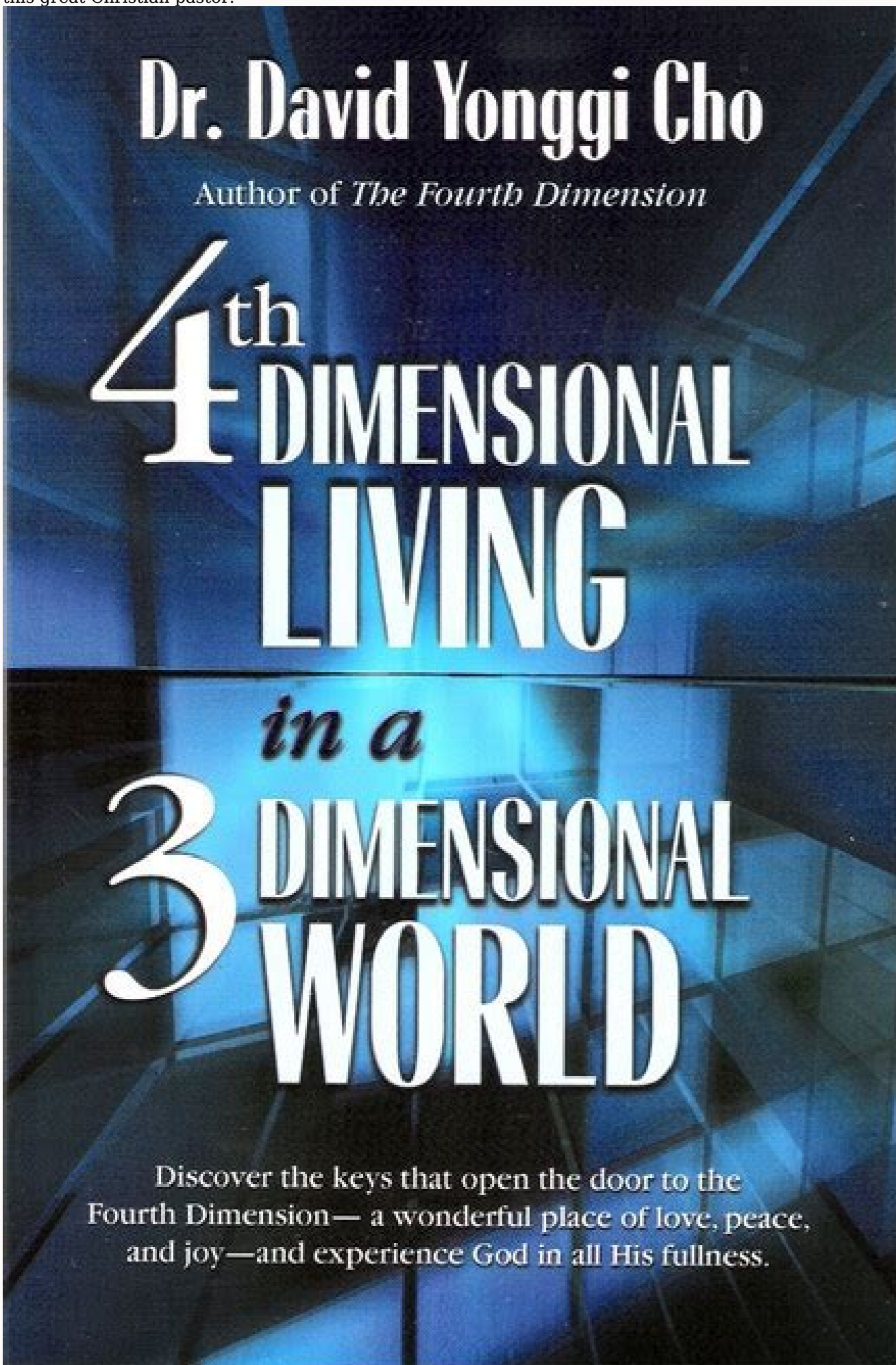
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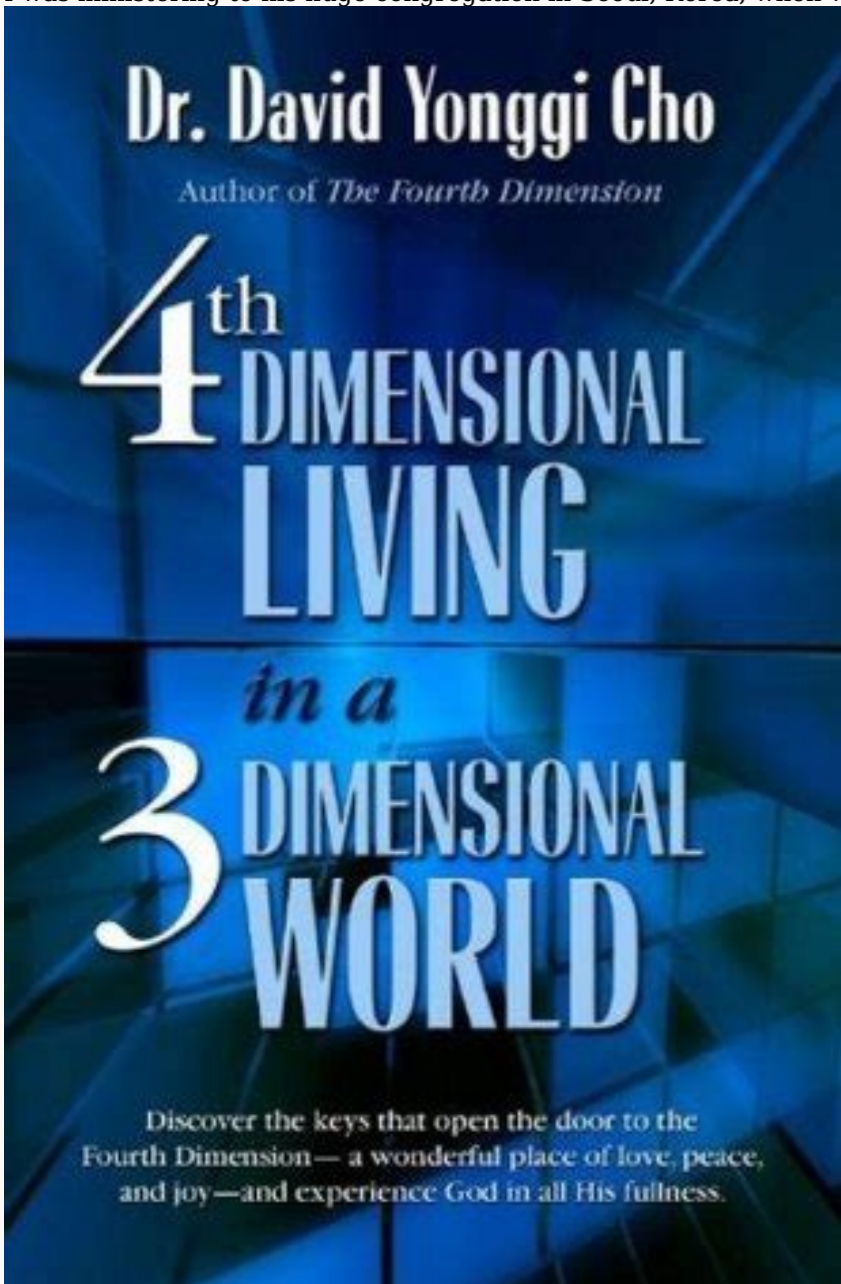
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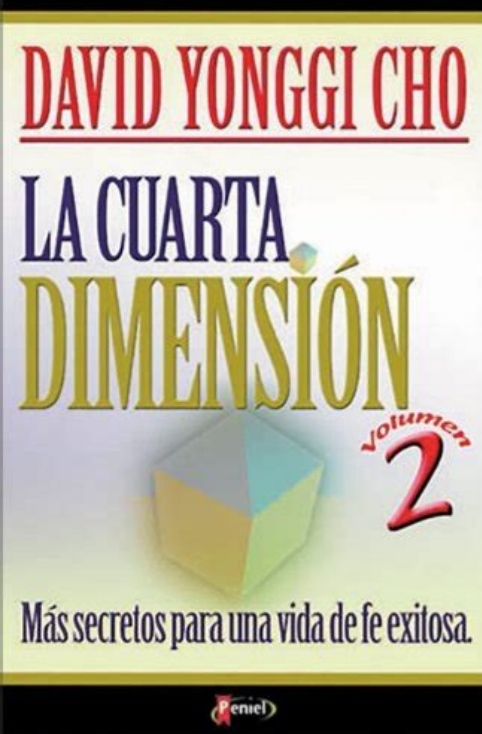
You're Reading a Free Preview Pages 112 to 122 are not shown in this preview. You're Reading a Free Preview Pages 129 to 133 are not shown in this preview. You're Reading a Free Preview Pages 140 to 143 are not shown in this preview. You're Reading a Free Preview Pages 147 to 160 are not shown in this preview. You're Reading a Free Preview Pages 164 to 172 are not shown in this preview. Page 1 This book is dedicated to the many people who are seeking, searching, and struggling to find and walk a consistent road of faith in their Christian lives. CONTENTS Foreword by Robert Schuller Preface Chapter 1 Incubation: A Law of Faith Chapter 2 The Fourth Dimension Chapter 3 The Creative Power of the Spoken Word Chapter 4 Rhema Chapter 5 The School of Andrew Chapter 6 God's Address Foreword I count it a great honor to write these words as a foreword to this exciting book by my brother in Christ, David Yonggi Cho. I am personally indebted to him for spiritual strength, and for insights I have received from God through this great Christian pastor.



I was ministering to his huge congregation in Seoul, Korea, when we received a telephone call that our daughter was tragically injured in a horrible traffic accident in Iowa.



Accompanying us to the plane as my wife and I left in haste was our dear friend, David Yonggi Cho, prayerfully supporting and sustaining us. And when I arrived some hours later to sit through the black night hours at the pain-wracked side of my daughter, whose left leg had just been amputated and whose life had just been snatched from death, I found myself reading page after page of the unpublished manuscript of this book for which I now, with enthusiasm, offer a word or two.



I discovered the reality of that dynamic dimension in prayer that comes through visualizing the healing experience. Line after line, of the original manuscript, was underlined by this travel-weary pastor, this suffering father. I can only hope and pray that many Christians—and unbelievers too!—will find this book coming into their hands and drawing from it the amazing spiritual truths that its pages contain. Don't try to understand it. Just start to enjoy it! It's true. It works. I tried it. Thank you—David Yonggi Cho—for allowing the Holy Spirit to give this message to us and to the world. God loves you and so do I! —Dr. Robert Schuller Preface Life Full and Free
In the chaos that followed the Korean Conflict, I was among the many struggling for existence. Poor but persistent, I held several jobs in the course of a single day. One afternoon I was working as a tutor. Suddenly I felt something oozing up from deep inside my chest My mouth felt full. I thought I would choke. As I opened my mouth, blood began to gush out. I tried to stop the bleeding, but blood continued to flow from my nostrils and mouth.

My stomach and chest soon filled with blood. Severely weakened, I fainted. When I returned to consciousness everything seemed to be spinning. Shaken, I barely managed to travel home. I was nineteen years old. And I was dying. Go Home, Young Man Frightened, my parents immediately sold enough of their possessions to take me to a famous hospital for treatment. The doctor's examinations were careful, their diagnosis: incurable tuberculosis. When I heard their assessment, I realized how badly I wanted to live. My desires for the future were to end before I even had the chance to start fully living. Desperate, I turned to the physician who had pronounced the grim diagnosis. "Doctor," I plead, "Isn't there anything you can do for me?" His reply was to resound often in my mind. "No. This type of tuberculosis is very unusual. It is spreading so fast that there is no way to arrest it. "You have three, at the most four, months to live. Go home, young man. Eat anything you want. Say good-bye to your friends." Dejected, I left the hospital. I passed hundreds of refugees on the streets, and felt a kindred spirit. Feeling totally alone, I was one of the hopeless. I returned home in a dazed condition. Ready to die, I hung a three month calendar on the wall. Raised a Buddhist, I prayed daily that Buddha would help me. But no hope came, and I grew continually worse. Sensing that my time to live was shortening, I gave up faith in Buddha. It was then that I began to cry to the unknown God. Little did I know how great an impact His response would have on my life. Touching Tears A few days later a high school girl visited me, and began to talk about Jesus Christ. She told me about Christ's virgin birth, His death on a cross, His resurrection, and salvation through grace.

These stories seemed nonsense to me. I neither accepted her stories, nor paid much attention to this ignorant young female. Her departure left me with one emotion: relief. But the next day she returned. She came again and again, every time troubling me with stories about the God-man, Jesus. After more than a week of these visits, I became greatly agitated, and roughly rebuked her.

She did not run away in shame, nor retaliate in anger. She simply knelt down, and began to pray for me. Large tears rolled down her cheeks, reflecting a compassion foreign to my well-organized and sterile Buddhist philosophies and rituals.

When I saw her tears, my heart was deeply touched.

There was something different in this young girl. She was not reciting religious stories to me; she was living what she believed. Through her love and tears I could feel the presence of God. "Young lady," I entreated, "please don't cry. I am sorry. I now know about your Christian love. Since I am dying I will become a Christian for you." Her response was immediate. Her face brightened into a glow, and she praised God.

Shaking hands with me, she gave me her Bible.

"Search the Bible," she instructed. "If you read it faithfully you will find the words of life." That was the first time in my life I had ever held a Bible. Constantly struggling to gasp air into my lungs, I opened to the Book of Genesis. Turning the pages to Matthew, she smiled: "Sir, you are so sick that if you start from Genesis, I don't think you will last long enough to finish Revelation. If you start from the Book of Matthew, you will have enough time." Expecting to find deep moral and philosophical religious teachings, I was shocked at what I read. "Abraham begat Isaac;Isaac begat Jacob;and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren." I felt very foolish. I closed the Bible saying, "Young lady, I won't read this Bible.

This is only a story of one man begetting another. I would rather read a telephone directory." "Sir, she replied. "You don't recognize these names right now. But as you read on, these names will come to hold special meaning for you." Encouraged, I began reading the Bible again.

The Living Lord As I read I did not find any systematized philosophies, any theories of medical science, or any religious rituals. But I did find one striking theme: The Bible constantly talked about Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The imminence of my death had brought me to the realization that I needed something greater than a religion, greater than a philosophy, and even greater than sympathy for the trials of human existence.

I needed someone who could share my struggles and sufferings, someone who could give me victory. Through reading the Bible I discovered that someone to be the Lord Jesus Christ: The Person Jesus Christ was not bringing a religion, a code of ethics, nor a series of rituals. In a profoundly practical way, Jesus was bringing salvation to humanity. Hating sin, Christ loved the sinner, accepting all who came to Him. Deeply aware of my sins, I knew I needed His forgiveness. Christ healed the sick. The ill and infirm came to Him, and He healed all He touched. This put faith in my heart. I became hopeful that He might heal me, too.

Christ gave peace to the troubled. He urged, "Have faith in God! Don't be troubled! There is no reason to fear!" Christ hated fear, showing man that he was born to live by faith. Christ gave confidence, faith and peace to those who came to receive help. This tremendous message thrilled my heart. Christ raised the dead. I never found one incident in the Bible where Christ conducted a funeral service. He brought the dead to life, changing funeral services into magnificent resurrections. Most outstanding in my mind was Christ's mercy to the demon possessed. During the Korean War many people lost their families and businesses. Suffering from nervous breakdowns, many became completely possessed by the devil.

Bereft of shelter, they wandered aimlessly around the streets. Christ was even ready to meet this challenge. He cast out demons and restored the possessed to a life of normalcy. Christ's love was powerful, touching the lives and needs of all who came to Him. Convinced that Jesus Christ was alive and moved by the vitality of His ministry, I knelt down. I asked Christ to come into my heart, to save, heal and deliver me from death. Instantly the joy of salvation and the peace of Christ's forgiveness surged over me. I knew that I was saved. Filled with the Holy Spirit, I stood up and shouted, "Glory be to the Lord!" From that time on I read the Bible like a starving man eats bread. The Bible supplied foundation for all the faith I needed. Despite the prognosis and old feelings of fear, I soon knew I was going to live.

Instead of dying in three months, I was out of my deathbed in six. Since that time I had been preaching the dynamic Gospel of Jesus Christ. The girl whose name I never knew taught me the most precious name I will ever know. Through the years God has helped me to understand several important principles of faith. These are the principles I share with you in the chapters that follow, in order that you can enter a deeper dimension and more abundant life. Christ is unchanging. He is the same yesterday, today and forever. Christ wants to bear your burdens. Jesus can forgive and heal you.

He can cast out Satan, and give you confidence, faith and peace.

Christ wants to give you life eternal and be a present part of your daily living. While thieves come to kill and destroy, Jesus Christ comes to give you life, life full and free. Through the presence of the Holy Spirit, Jesus is with you right now. Christ desires to heal you, and to deliver you from death. He is your living Lord. Put your faith in Jesus Christ, and expect a miracle today. Chapter 1 Incubation: A Law of Faith God will never bring about any of His great works without coming through your own personal faith. It is taken for granted that you have faith, for the Bible says that God has dealt to each and every one of us a measure of faith. You have faith whether you feel it or not. You may try to feel faith, but when you need faith, then faith is there. It is there for your use, like having two arms; when you need to use them, you just reach out your arms and move them. I do not need to feel that my two arms are hanging on my shoulders to know that I have them. There are, however, certain ways your faith works, and links you to the Heavenly Father who dwells within you. The Bible says that faith is the substance of things hoped for, a substance which first has a stage of development —of incubation—before its usage can be full and effective.

You might now ask, "What are the elements needed to make my faith usable?" There are four basic steps to the process of incubation. Envision a Clear-cut Objective First,to use your faith you must be able to envision a clear-cut objective. Faith is the substance of things, clear-cut things, hoped for. If you have only a vague idea about your goal, then you are out of touch with the One who could answer your prayer. You must have a clear and defined faith goal. I learned this lesson in a very peculiar situation. I had been in the ministry for quite a few months, and was so poverty- stricken that, as far as material things are concerned, I had nothing. I was not married, and was living in one small room.

I had no desk, no chair, and no bed and was eating on the floor, sleeping on the floor and studying on the floor, but walking miles and miles everyday to carry out soul winning. But one day while reading my Bible, I was tremendously impressed by God's promises. The Bible said that if I would just put my faith in Jesus, praying in His name, that I would receive everything. The Bible also taught me that I was the son of God, a child of the King of kings, and of the Lord of lords! So I said, "Father! Why should a child of the King of kings, and of the Lord of lords, live without a desk, chair and bed, and walk mile after mile everyday? At least I should have a humble desk and chair to sit on, and a humble bicycle to ride on to do my home visitation." I felt that according to Scripture I could ask for these kinds of things from the Lord. I knelt down and prayed, "Father, now I am praying. Please send me a desk, chair and bicycle." I believed and praised God. From that moment on I was waiting for the delivery of each thing I had prayed for. A month passed with no answer. Then two months, three, four, five, six, and still I was waiting; but nothing happened. Then one rainy day I was really depressed, and not having any food by that evening was so hungry, tired and depressed I started complaining. "Lord, I asked you to supply me with a desk, a chair, and a bicycle several months ago, but you have not supplied me with any of those things. Now you see me as I am here preaching the Gospel to the poverty stricken people of this slum area. How can I ask them to exercise faith when I cannot even practice it myself? How can I ask them to put their faith in the Lord, and truly live by the Word, and not by bread? "My Father! I am very discouraged. I am not sure about this, but I do know I cannot deny the Word of God.

The Word must stand, and I am sure that you are going to answer me, but this time I'm just not sure when or how. If you are going to answer my prayer after my death, what kind of profit will that have for me? If you are ever going to answer my prayer, please speed it up. Please!" Then I sat down and began to cry. Suddenly I felt a serenity, and a feeling of tranquility come into my soul. Whenever I have that kind of feeling, a sense of the presence of God, He always speaks;so I waited. Then that still, small voice welled up in my soul, and the Spirit said, "My son, I heard your prayer a long time ago." Right away I blurted out, "Then where are my desk, chair and bicycle?" The Spirit then said, "Yes, that is the trouble with you, and with all my children. They beg me, demanding every kind of request, but they ask in such vague terms that I can't answer. Don't you know that there are dozens of kinds of desks, chairs and bicycles? But you've simply asked me for a desk, chair and bicycle. You never ordered a specific desk, chair or bicycle." That was a turning point in my life. No professor in the Bible college ever taught me along these lines. I had made a mistake, and it was an eye opener for me. I then said, "Lord, do you really want me to pray in definite terms?" This time the Lord led me to turn to Hebrews, the eleventh chapter: "Faith is the substance of things," clear-cut things, "hoped for." I knelt down again and said, "Father, I'm sorry. I made a great mistake, and I misunderstood you.

I cancel all my past prayers. I'll start all over again." So I gave the size of the desk, which was to be made of Philippine mahogany. I wanted the best kind of chair, one made with an iron frame, and with rollers on the tips, so that when I sat on it I could push myself around like a big shot. Then I came to the bicycle, and I really gave much consideration to the matter, because there were so many kinds of bicycles: Korean, Japanese, Formosan, German.

But in those days bicycles made in Korea or Japan were usually quite flimsy. I wanted to have a very strong, sturdy bicycle; and since any machine made in the U.S. was the best, I said, "Father, I want to have a bicycle made in the U.S.A., with gears on the side so that I can even regulate speed." I ordered these things in such articulate terms that God could not make a mistake in delivering them. Then I felt faith flowing up and out of my heart, and I was rejoicing in the Lord; that night I slept like a baby. But when I awoke at 4:30 the next morning to prepare for the early morning prayer meeting, I suddenly found that my heart was empty. The evening before, I had all the faith in the world, but while I slept faith took wing and left me. I could not feel anything in my heart. I said, "Father, this is terrible. It is one thing to have faith, but it's entirely different to keep that faith till I receive your answer." This is a trouble common to all Christians. They have a special guest speaker, and are filled with faith when he ministers to them, but before they reach their homes they have lost it all. Their faith takes wing and flies away. On that morning while I was reading the Bible, and looking for a particular scripture to speak on, suddenly my eyes fell upon Romans 4:17, "God raises the dead, and calls those things which be not as if they were." My heart fastened to that scripture, and it began to boil in my heart. I said to myself, "I might as well just call those things which are not as if they were, as if I already had them." I had received the answer to the problem of how to keep one's faith. I rushed out to our tent church where the people had already begun praying, and after a few songs I started preaching.

I expounded that scripture, and then said, "Folks, by the blessings of God I have a desk made of Philippine mahogany, a beautiful chair with an iron frame and rollers on the tips, and a bicycle made in the U.S.A. with gears on the side. Praise God! I've received all these things." The people just gasped, because they knew that I was absolutely poverty stricken. I was bragging about these things, and they could not believe their ears. In faith I was really praising God, doing just as the Word of God told me to do. After the service, as I was walking out, three young fellows followed me and said, "Pastor, we want to see those things." I was taken aback and frightened, because I had not counted on having to show any of those things. These people were living in a slum area, and once they knew I had lied, it would be my last time to minister there. They would never come back. I was in a terrible situation, so I began to pray to the Lord. "Lord, from the beginning this wasn't my idea. It was your idea for me to tell it like that. I just obeyed you, and now I'm in a terrible situation.

I said it as if I had it, and now how can I explain this? You've got to always help me." Then the Lord came and helped me, and an idea floated up from my heart. I said, "You come over to my room and see." They all came, and they looked around to find the bicycle, chair and desk. I said, "Don't look around.

I'll show you later." I pointed my finger at Mr. Park, who is now pastor of one of the largest Assemblies of God churches in Korea, and said, "I'll ask you a few questions. If you can answer my questions, I'll show you all of those things. How long were you in your mother's womb before you were born into this world?" He scratched his head and said, "Well, nine months." I then replied, "What were you doing for nine months in your mother's womb?" "Oh, I was growing." "But," I said, "no one saw you." "No one could see me because I was inside of my mother." Then I said, "You were as much a baby inside your mother's womb as you were when you were born into the world. You gave me the right answer. Last evening I knelt down here and prayed to the Lord for that desk, chair and bicycle, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, I conceived that desk, chair and bicycle. It is as if they're inside me, growing right now. And they are as much a desk, chair and bicycle as when they will be seen by people at the time of their delivery." They started laughing and laughing. They said, "This is the first time we've ever seen a man pregnant with a bicycle, chair and desk." Rushing out of my room they began to spread the rumor all over town that the minister was pregnant with a bicycle, chair and desk.

I could hardly walk through that town because women would gather to look at me and giggle. Mischievous youngsters would come to me on Sunday, touch my stomach and say, "Pastor, how big you are becoming!" But all those days I knew that I had every one of those things growing in me. Want more? Advanced embedding details, examples, and help!