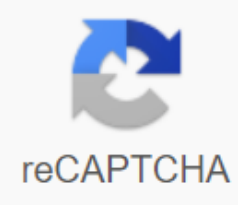




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The cross and the switchblade pdf free

3nKpoA2Wd8748 - Read and download David Wilkerson's book The Cross and the Switchblade in PDF, EPub, Mobi, Kindle online. The Cross and the Switchbladeby David WilkersonSynopsis: The dramatic and inspiring story of a small city minister called to help inner-city children who all believed were beyond hope... David Wilkerson was just a young preacher in the hills of Pennsylvania when he was surprised by a new call from God: to go to New York to speak to seven young gang members on trial for murder. But something much bigger was to come. Once in New York, David was inspired to stay for a lifetime helping troubled teens get rid of drugs and crime. With the word of God in his ears, he founded a ministry in the interior of the city still known as The Adolescent Challenge to change his ways and change thousands of lives forever. - Terminator Tubi is the largest free movie and TV streaming service in the US. We are not available in Europe due to changes in EU laws. The GDPR entered into force in May 2018; Tubi is working accordingly and planning to relaunch in European countries soon. Be the first to know when Tubi is available in your country. Copyright © 2018 Tubi, Inc. Tubi is a registered trademark of Tubi, Inc. All rights reserved. RevelationMedia teamed up with Vision Video to share this classic Christian film. First released in 1970, The Cross and the Switchblade highlights pastor David Wilkerson's incredible testimony and his vision of reaching a violent New York City street gang. The independent film was an international success due to its incredible message of Christ's love amid extreme violence and a man's willingness to challenge all logic and personal safety to make friends with Nicky Cruz, the gang leader. This 50-year edition has been completely remastered in 4K, and for a limited time is being made available online for free exclusively from RevelationMedia. Jump to the main content Â (218)IMDbÂ 6.21h 46min200313+This video is currently unavailable to watch at your location We are very proud of Ralph. He's been off the needle for over a year. He left New York and went to California to live, and all that while he was clean. So he came back and visited us. He was fine for several days, but I noticed a dismay about him whenever he went back to his old neighborhood. I heard his friends were mocking him about the needle. Ralph was being tempted again. And then he fell. He made contact, went up to the room, and stuck the needle in his veins. Five times, before Ralph received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he tried to take away the drugs. Each time was so disgusted with himself after falling that he began to drill more strongly than ever before. Now he had left for over a year and was drilling again. But a strange stranger happened this time. The shot didn't have its usual effect. The next day, Ralph walked into the center and asked for me. When he came into my office, he closed the door. Something funny happened, Davie, Ralph said, after he finally found the courage to tell me what he had done. After I went through the drill, it was like I didn't have anything. It was nothing like what I felt before. But I felt something else. Suddenly, I had this strong desire to run to the nearest church and pray. That's what I did. Davie, this time I didn't feel as disgusted as Before. Instead of going from bad to worse, the temptation is gone. Ralph came back to us humbled and fully aware of the fact that baptism made him Christ in a special way. He couldn't run away from him even when he tried. We certainly couldn't claim a magical cure for drug addiction. All we could say was that we found a power stronger than narcotics. This power was the Holy Spirit, who, unlike narcotics, captured our young men only to free them. We had much to learn about what this religious experience could and could not do in unhappy lives. Every day we make new discoveries. One day, Linda and I were sitting in my office discussing these things and wondering where they could take us. I was aware that there was a name that none of us were mentioning: Mary. Do you think Mary could receive baptism? I asked him. I saw in Linda's eyes that she wondered the same thing. Maria had been using heroin for years. The last time she came to see us, neither Linda nor I thought she had much time to live. We pray for a miracle in Mary's life. We both took care of the dream of guiding her to baptism downtown. But it wasn't supposed to come that way. One day, we got a call from Maria, and she was at Reverend Ortezt's church. Reverend Wilkerson!, she almost screamed for the phone. I have wonderful news! Last night I received the Holy Spirit! She could barely talk about excitement, so I asked her to call Reverend Ortezt on the phone. He described the event, and I could only see it: Mary entering the church; Mary working her way through other men and women until she found an empty chair; Mary listening to the preaching and hearing the altar call; Mary going forward. I could even hear her voice, so hoarse the last time she visited us, now begging the Lord to send her Spirit to dwell in it. I could see her sinking to her knees and feel hope in her heart as warm hands were placed on her head. Then the soft, melodic, bubbly language she did not understand, coming from her own throat, the sign that prayer had been answered. Reverend Ortezt was happy. We all wait a long time for isn't it, he said. As a matter of fact, we do. It's more of a victory. However, I was full full Seizure. I knew that when Maria got angry, she went back to the needle. One night, late, Maria got off a bus on a street in Manhattan, near her former territory. From outside the shadows stepped three girls. Hey, Maria. Maria turned around. She recognized the girls as members of the old gang. She greeted them warmly. In the dark behind them, she recognized, too, the shape of a boy. Say, Maria, one of the girls said, we heard you're out h. We hear you have religion now. That's right, Maria said. Well, now, isn't that just wonderful? You're not having to spend all that money on heroin. I wonder if you lend a couple of friends a dollar or two. Maria knew what the money was going to do. Many times she sat in a dark room with these same girls, twisting a belt around her arm and pumping a syringe full of heroin into her veins. I'm sorry, she said. Not for what you're going to use the money for... Maria never saw the blow coming. A girl's fist plunged into her stomach. Maria doubled it. Her first instinct was to fight back, and Mary had been known throughout the area for her fierce struggle. But she was there, with her hands by her side. As on the first day she passed the test for the presidency of the club, Maria was punished without resisting, without whining. But this time Maria was praying. She was praying, too, when the knife came in by her side. She was praying as the trio leaned over her prone body and grabbed her purse and ran, laughing, down the street. After a while, Mary rose, slowly. She came home somehow. Johnny helped her take off her bloodstained clothes and examined the wound. The knife had pierced his flesh near the ribs, but the wound was not deep, and Johnny did not think it would be serious. What he cared about was Mary's emotions about the incident. What would happen to her now? Often he had seen his wife come along the road for recovery, then slip when something made her angry. But that night, after bathing and putting bandages on the knife cut, Mary fell asleep with the peace of a child. Maria visited us downtown a few days after hitting. She entered with the black and blue marks of her bruises still livid. They got me a little confused, Reverend Wilkerson. But I prayed and the Holy Spirit was with me. I looked at Linda, who was as astonished as I was at the move. That's all we need to know, I said. The next time I saw Maria, she and her family were on their way to Puerto Rico to attend a Spanish training school to equip the couple to work full-time with the church. Johnny was proud of Maria's side. Her three little children hung timidly to her newly-cined skirt, and were clinging to a mother who were were to trust. Mary's hair shone in the sun, and her hands hung relaxed beside her. As I watched this family, I saw myself repeating Jesus' words: I will know the truth, and the truth will set you free. 23 For most people in Brooklyn, the morning of August 28, 1961, was just another hot and bright summer morning. But not for us at the Teen Challenge Center. At noon we should deliver a certified check to the holders of our second mortgage. The required amount was \$15,000. How much money do we have in the bank? I asked Paul DiLena. I don't even want to tell you. How much? Fourteen dollars. I was counting on another miracle so much. Somehow in my heart I had confidence that we weren't going to lose the center, and yet here we were on our deadline and there was no money. Noon came and went, and there's still no miracle. I had to ask myself serious questions about my own confidence. If I expected too much from God without doing enough? I spoke to Julius Fried, our lawyer. Could you get an extension? Julius spent the afternoon examining documents, and when he finished his day's work, he announced that he had achieved an extension. They agreed to wait until September 1, Julius said. But if the money is not in their hands by then, they will begin to terminate the proceedings. Do you have any ideas? yes, I said, I'm going to pray about that. Julius was used to the praying manners of the center, but at that moment I think he wished for a director who was more practical. That afternoon I did something rash. I called all the young people together, gang members, drug addicts, college kids and girls, employees, and told them the center was safe. There was great joy. I think we should go to the chapel and thank God, I said. That's what we did. We enter, close the doors, and praise the Lord for keeping this house for its use. Finally someone asked: Say, David, where did the money come from? It's not here yet. Twenty-five frozen smiles. But before the tenth of September, I said, the money will be in our hands, I'm sure. By that date, I'll have a check for \$15, 000 to show you. I just thought we should thank God ahead of time. With that I left. September came first. With each passing day, I spent time on the phone, seeing if I could find the solution to our problem. Each sign pointed to Him wanting us to continue our work. Summer had been good. Our records showed that 2,500 young people throughout New York had given their lives to Christ. Hundreds of boys and girls passed through the center on their way to new jobs, new perspectives, new lives. Twelve were actually preparing for the It all started with that picture in my life, I told Gwen one night. Isn't it strange that you were never allowed to see these boys from the trial? she said. It was weird. I had written, phoned, and knocked on doors for almost four years. But for reasons beyond my comprehension, I could never work closely with the boys whose tragedy brought me to New York. Maybe when the boys were released from prison, I could tell them about the concern that was still in my heart for them. There was a boy, however, from the early days in New York, whose life still touched mine: Angelo Morales. One morning Angelo came to visit us. Together, we relived that first day when he hit me on the stairs outside Luis Alvarez's father's apartment. Now Angelo himself was about to graduate from seminary. He'd be working with me downtown, too. If there's a center, Angelo, I said, sharing with him our financial problems. Is there anything I can do? Angelo asked. Yes I know. Enter the chapel with the others and pray. While you're praying, we'll be on the phone. All the members of our board were busy making phone calls to old friends downtown. Aid arrived, but never in the amount needed to meet the \$15,000 note on September 10. Among the calls was one to Clem Stone's Chicago office. Harold Bredesen put it on, openly admitting that he was a little embarrassed. Clem had already been more than generous to the center. We tried to keep him in touch with the progress of our work all the time, not just when we needed money, but I suspect that when Clem heard a call coming from the Teen Challenge Center, his natural instinct would be to put a protective hand on his wallet. It was Clem's son Harald called on September 8. They had a long talk. Harald told of the work that had already been done, and thanked the Stones for their participation in it. Then he got to the point. We have to have \$15,000 by tomorrow, he said, and he explained why. I have no idea what your position is right now. I certainly won't ask for a decision while you're on the phone. But talk about it with your father. Tell him thank you for what he's already done to help. So let's see what happens. The tenth of September has arrived. The morning mail arrived—envelopes of children sending their coins. Thank you, Lord, I said. We couldn't do it without these. Morning chapel service has begun. Everyone prayed and sang. Here and there I heard our young people thanking God for sending us the check for \$15,000. In the middle of the service, I was called to the door. It was a special delivery. I looked at the Chicago, Illinois. I opened the envelope, and inside there was a certified check of exactly \$15,000. I couldn't talk when I took that piece of paper to the chapel. I stood in front of the fireplace with its bundle of wheat harvested in bas-relief in the fireplace. I raised my hand to the silence, and when the room was quiet, Paul DiLena handed the check to the boy closest to me. Can you pass that around, please? Paul said. The canceled check, which Clem Stone now has in his archives in Chicago, tells a mute story of God's wonderful leader among new York's youth. It is duly endorsed, duly deposited. But if you look closely at this check, you'll see that it's stained—dirty, really, of having passed through the hands of two dozen young people who had learned what it's like to believe. Maybe there's some tears in him, too. Tears of gratitude to a God who moves in mysterious ways His wonders to accomplish. For decades, the Reverend David Wilkerson became known for his work among teenage gangs in New York. His book The Cross and the Switchblade sold millions of copies worldwide and was turned into a feature film. He is the author of more than forty books and was also the inspiration behind Nicky Cruz's book Run Baby Run. Reverend Wilkerson died in 2011. Elizabeth and John Sherrill met as young men aboard Queen Elizabeth and married in Switzerland. Together, they wrote over thirty books, including The Cross and the Switchblade with David Wilkerson, God's Smuggler with Brother Andrew, and The Hiding Place with Corrie ten Boom. The writing of the Sherrills took them to five continents, recounting the inspiring acts of the Holy Spirit in the 21st century. John Sherrill died in 2017. Website: chosenbooks.com Facebook: Chosen Books Twitter: @Chosen_Books David Wilkerson, The Cross and the Switch BookFrom.Net blade

