

## The Body of Christ in Action

*“Nor was there anyone among them who lacked, for all who were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the proceeds of the things that were sold and laid them at the apostle’s feet, and they distributed to each as anyone had need.” Acts 4:34-35*

*“Now all who believed were together and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods and divided them among all as anyone had need.” Acts 2:44*

Long before Nimrod built a city, or villages were formed or tribes or small towns, our Father had in mind a people who would be willing to give up all their possessions and then follow Him, and ultimately give up their own lives to become part of His life and form a new thing in the earth called a community. Always remember while reading this, our life is that inner man where all our desires, emotions and actions originate.

Many are the rewards of walking the way of the cross but none is quite as precious or dear as a community of believers known as “the body of Christ”.

His community is not a commune; it is not a village; it is not a “church”. His community is His family begotten by our Father through patience and travail and birth pangs.

The community called Piecemakers began back in the late 60’s when the Spirit of God hovered over the waters of the deep, causing a dormant seed in His people to spring forth. Little did any of us realize that His goal was to form a family born of Him over whom He could rule and care for as Father, carrying out His work in the earth. As one member of this family, perhaps I can speak for all seeing as how we all have one mind and convey the same message.

When I met God’s messenger (His Son), who would ultimately change me so I could live eternally with His Father and my Father, His message was always the same: “Follow me.” Each time He spoke and gave me instructions as to how to follow Him, it always came against my will, always disrupting my life, my control, my peace, my all. During those days of walking with

Him in the wilderness, dying to all my old habits, old loves, old desires, dreams and hopes, I cried more than all the years I’d lived on earth. I was 46 years old at the time. The year was 1967. Seemed like the whole world was caught as God began taking over. His coming into my life was like He said it would be. He came like a thief in the night. Our family was never the same again.

I had a bewildered husband and four children who felt their mom had died. I still cooked, baked, put bandaids on wounds, but there was always that intruder called Jesus who jealously made sure I loved no one more than Him.

The planting of the seed in the 60’s and 70’s was disruptive but also filled with joy and expectation as we experienced daily God’s guidance, His love, and His no nonsense sense of discipleship. Like a good husbandman, He began to plow the soil and rain upon it by the Holy Spirit. The bright sun of His truth nurtured the seed that He carefully planted. The activity in those days was as if we had all been sound asleep and now we had all been awakened to much truth, activity, and new people, all with a common denominator called Jesus, whose emphasis at that time was the baptism in the Spirit to start us on our death march through the wilderness.

Many thousands began the race at that time. All heard the same message of leaving our old life behind and following Him, but there were so many pitfalls along the way. Because the emphasis was on the baptism in the Spirit, speaking in tongues and ministering to one another, there was no long term goal for the multitudes that some seemed to sense.

However, there were a few who were not content with only the power to become the Son of God. To be conformed into His image was like a beacon of light drawing us home to our Father. Without a vision the people perish and many perished along the way. With the goal of being united with our Father continually before us as our landmark, all else was added. Truly, if we seek first His Kingdom, all else will be added unto us. The fact that we have a business has nothing to do with our planning to have a business. It was the “added to” as we sought for His Kingdom. Our community and how it is set up is also a by-product of our continually seeking Him, ever obedient to His will.

Any community that is set up with community living as its goal will end up with an earthly establishment, an earthly inheritance, made up of earthbound people with rules and regulations ruling and guiding them instead of having Christ rule.

All Kingdom businesses will be established out of the “blessed are those who die in the Lord for their works will follow them”. All works in the Kingdom will have gone through the fire; will be consumed and refined by our God who is a consuming fire.

In the beginning when we were all young in the Lord, many came and went. Usually those who left could not cope with the “picking up your cross” daily. Whoever thought the severity of the cross would take our life even to the shedding of our blood that binds us to our natural family? How can we eat His flesh and drink His blood as He commands us to do without getting His flesh and His blood as our life? How giving is His pure blood — no respecter of persons, no condemnation. Truly it is like the leaves of a tree for the healing of the nations.

As the 70’s gave way to the 80’s, the seed planted began to grow and grow, ever changing day by day with the doldrums of everyday life, and the flesh not getting the thrills offered by the world, many bailed out and then turned to persecute, sue and try to put to death the little vineyard God has given us.

These were trying days for all of us, but the ones whose hearts were purposed to finish the race continued to follow our Savior as He increased and we decreased. The summer sun was hot. Many times I wondered if the vision we had would ever come to pass. Endurance, long suffering and patience began to become a part of

our character. What a difficult time from when the seed was planted in the spring through the long growing season to the harvest in the fall. That time span from spring and the planting of the seed to the fall and the harvest, is called a generation!

Now we are in the harvest time. We are coming face to face with our awesome Father; no more does He call us servants, but we are His Sons. The community is made up of mature life-giving people. The vineyard is prepared for our Master’s return, and the pain and suffering seem to be behind us. Yes, we all own nothing, but have all things. We are poor yet very rich. We are indeed a blessed people for we have found a secret buried deep within our Father’s heart that “few there are that find it”. The Kingdom of Heaven is truly even more than I could have imagined and it is right here within the grasp of all people. Blessed are those people whose God is the Lord! That means blessed are those who have died out to all their control, will, self, and their life — and He is ruler over all. Everybody born of God will live in a community called “the Body of Christ.”

The children in our community are indeed a blessing with no respecter of persons as they belong to God and are a part of the interchange of life. There is always someone at home. No child comes home to an empty house. The love of God is so a part of our life that Bible classes are not necessary. The God of knowledge that so rules our country has been put under foot as we trust our Father to lead our children into the talent and works He has for each one, much like He did Edison, Ford and many others not known who were content just to serve their master and use the world as if it is passing away (1 Corinthians 7).

I remember when the Spirit began moving over the Catholic Church. About that time I saw the people begin to take that precious Holy Spirit and make it conform to just another ugly religion. My heart was in despair as I saw the multitude preferring to be led by evil men rather than following the gentle probing of the precious dove. Many hours I spent in anguish and travail seeking the Lord, wondering if there were any others like us who would follow the Lamb whithersoever He went, regardless of the cost.

Then in 1977 a group of humble people came from Northern California and said they wanted to walk with the God we walked with. They wanted to embrace the

cross and give their whole heart to our Savior. The group was large but God sifted out those whose hearts would betray Him. Now with a precious new fold, we felt reinforced, and our desire to know Him blazoned like a flame in all our hearts.

I could go on and on with “I remember when.” Each member of our community is an open epistle read of men with a story of their life written in His book of life in the heavens.

He is knitting all of us together with His love, and if we seem to be a bit reluctant at times to yield to the knitting needle, His rod and staff, they prod us into submission. His love (the yarn) consists of exhortation, admonishment and chastisement. He has set a table before us each day and has led us into green pastures and still waters. Because He has become our Shepherd, we want no more. His final move to usher in His kingdom has already begun. May God’s grace be with us all.

A note of appreciation: As we began our journey, God chose special vessels to help us get perfected — an evangelist named Chuck Smith was like a door we walked through. Many would not receive him or his message at that time and consequently never came

through the door. The teacher God anointed as preaching the Kingdom of God in the wilderness, Bob Mumford, took God’s people beyond the initial salvation message. Those who would not receive him or his message died on the vine. God also sent true prophets such as Chuck Flynn to help guide the people on their journey. It is true, “If you receive a prophet in the name of a prophet you receive a prophet’s reward. If you receive a righteous man or a teacher God has sent, you receive their reward.”

Rick Joyner obediently wrote three very special books to guide the people on their journey. Bill Britton, Norene Nichols and others who have passed on, faithfully wrote articles of truth that fed God’s hungry flock. Now our time has run out and we are all having to face God and give an accounting of how we have spent our time during the last 30 years. Have we stored up treasures in heaven or have we made this world which is passing away our dwelling place?

I pray this article on community living called “The Body of Christ in Action” be a guiding light to a world that has lost its way — a road map pointing to our Father who will greet us with mercy and forgiveness.

God bless you all.



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