



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

Official Publication of God's Missionary Church, Inc.
Penns Creek, Pa.

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it." Psalms 68:11.

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For The New Year

*I know not what awaiteth me,
As dawns another year;
The path untrod I cannot see,
Yet knows my heart no fear.*

*Though dark the path may be, or light,
A smooth or rugged way,
I ever shall be led aright
While I for guidance pray.*

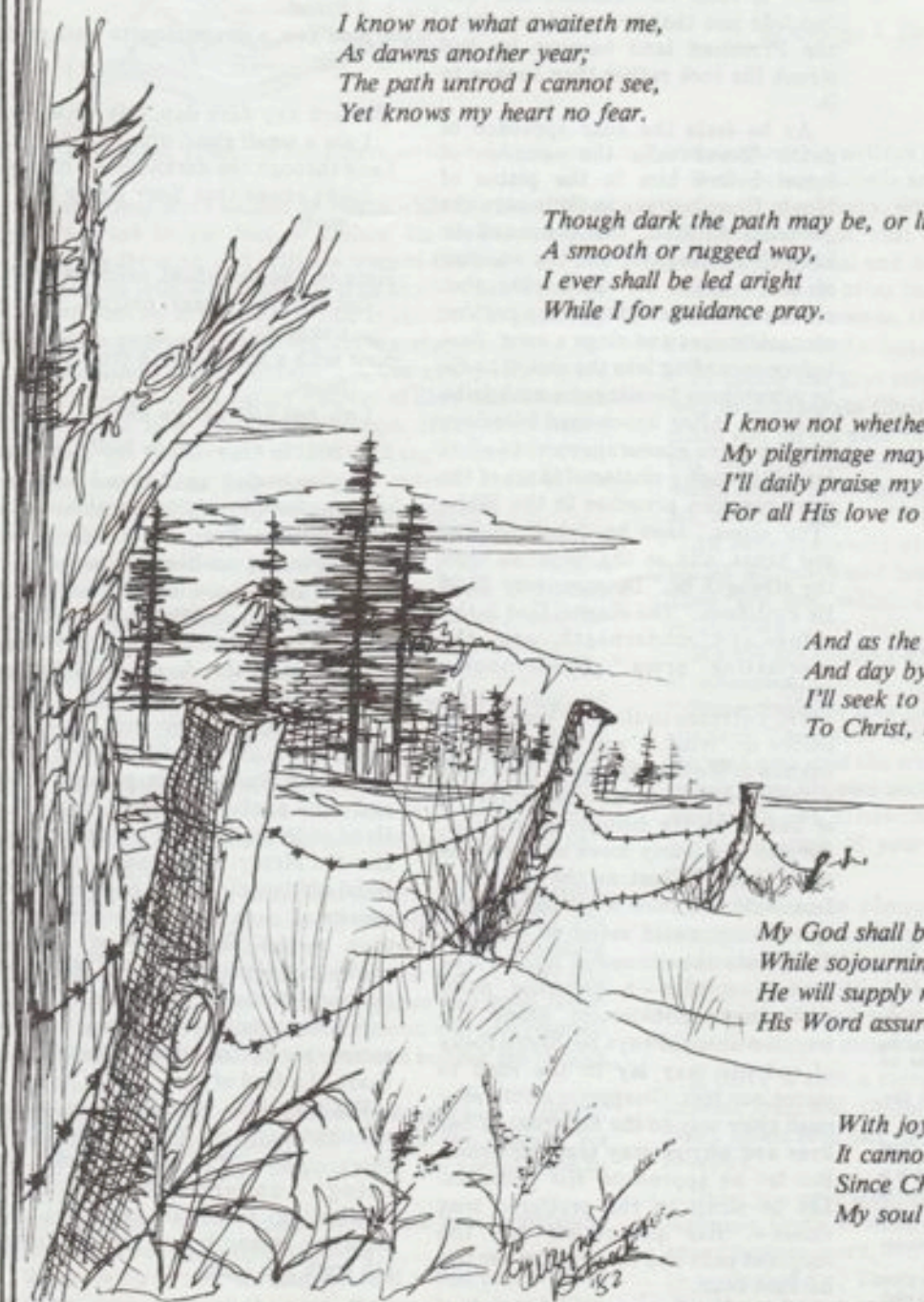
*I know not whether short or long
My pilgrimage may be;
I'll daily praise my Lord in song,
For all His love to me.*

*And as the year shall onward roll,
And day by day be mine,
I'll seek to lead some precious soul
To Christ, the Way divine.*

*My God shall be my strength and stay
While sojourning here below;
He will supply my need always,
His Word assures me so.*

*With joy I greet the opening year,
It cannot bring me ill;
Since Christ, my Lord, is ever near,
My soul with peace to fill.*

— Author unknown



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GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

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ble for publication in the following month's edition.

Iron Shoes

Moses was nearing the end of his life; a full life, full of sorrows, heartaches and the special evidences of God's leadership and blessings. Moses had come a long way from the back side of the desert where he saw the burning bush and received his call from God. Being the leader of such a large and many times rebellious people was not without its hazards. Yet he loved his people and had given himself for them. He was tinged with some of their disobedience and God had told him that he would not enter the Promised land because he had struck the rock rather than spoken to it.

As he feels the near approach of death Moses calls the children of Israel before him in the plains of Moab. He rehearses in their ears the goodness of God, the command to keep God's covenant and the warning of God's wrath for disobeying that covenant. He then gives some parting counsel, writes and sings a song. Just before ascending into the mount to die he pronounces blessings on each tribe of Israel. After specialized blessings he then gives encouragement to all of Israel through a cluster of three of the most precious promises in the Bible. "Thy shoes," says he, "shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Deuteronomy 33:25 He continues, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Deuteronomy 33:27

The entrance to the new year is just before us. What it will hold for us is unknown. We may approach 1983 with enthusiasm and heightened interest, or beaten by the failures of the past, we may cautiously move with a sense of foreboding. Just as the people of Israel did not know what life under a new leader would mean so we peer dimly into the shrouded future. The road is untried—a primrose path, with fragrant blossoms lining the way, it will not always be. Sharp rocks of sadness may lay in the road to pierce our feet. Disappointments may push their way to the forefront of our lives and sorrow may tear our shoes. But let us apprehend His promises. Let us strap on the proffered iron shoes—His protection for the roughest path and His support for the darkest hour.

Join in the poet's prayer.

Here on my threshold, eager to start
Out through a New Year, Lord, I
stand
Waiting a moment, a prayer in my
heart:
Go with me, Lord, and hold my
hand.

There are such beautiful days ahead,
Blinding my eyes, Lord, may there
be
Springs by the wayside, manna for
bread,
And You, a companion, to walk with
me.

Through any dark day, talk with me,
I am a small child, often afraid;
Lead through the darkness, let me see
Light ahead that Your Lamp has
made.

Here on the threshold, ready to start
Out through a year, untrod,
unknown—
Now with a small child's trusting
heart
I go, but I do not go alone.

Grace Noll Crowell

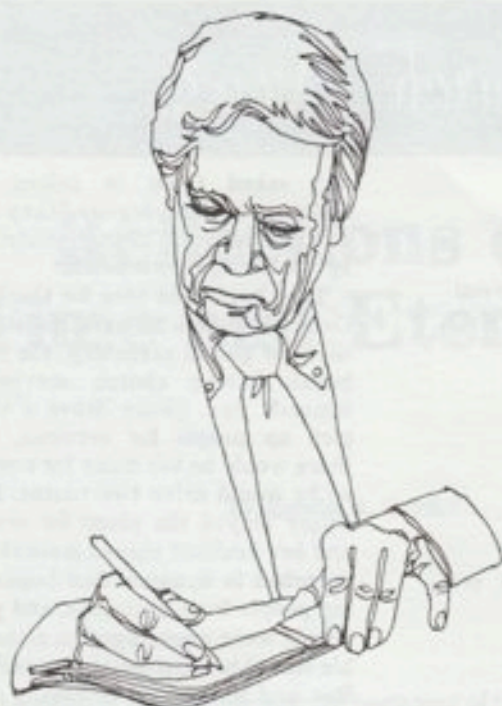
You see, God knows just how to
mix the proportion of sunshine and
rain; smiles and tears, joy and sorrow
to bring out of our lives the beauty He
desires. Iron shoes may not seem at-
tractive and beautiful, but we'll be
grateful for them on a rough and rugg-
ed path when the sharp-edged stones
would shred our thin sandals.

J. Ellis has put it so well.

Our life is like the dial of clock. The
hands are God's hands passing over
and over again. The short hand, the
Hand of Discipline; the long hand, the
Hand of Mercy. Slowly and surely the
Hand of Discipline must pass, and God
speaks at each stroke; but over and
over passes the Hand of Mercy,
showering down sixtyfold of blessings
for each stroke of discipline or trial;
and both hands are fastened to one
secure pivot, the great, unchanging
heart of a God of love.

We may look confidently into the
unknown days and weeks of 1983 with
this support—"The Eternal God is my
refuge—underneath are the
everlasting arms—as my days, so
shall my strength be—My help com-
eth from the Lord."

D.L.F.



Text: St. John 19:22; "What I have written I have written."

These words were spoken by Pilate while the bloodthirsty mob tried to get him to violate his conscience and change his thinking and attitude toward Christ.

What was true with Pilate is true of all of us. What we have written we have written. Life is like a book - each day we write a page, each year we write a chapter.

As we stand on the threshold of the new year, we are made to realize that another chapter of life's activities has closed and a new one about to begin. Many are looking back over the beaten path of 1982 with regret and remorse, wishing for another opportunity to retrace some of the crooked steps which led to shame and disgrace.

In prisons and penitentiaries there are those who are walking the corridors gazing upon the gray walls. The thoughts of their minds are those of the Poet; "If I could live over the days that are past, I'd live them for Jesus, the first and the last; I'd turn from the evil and live for the right. And take all the sunshine He giveth for night; The past is a picture transgressors have scarred, Of sowing and reaping a life that is hard."

In as much as there is no road leading back to the yesterdays and an utter impossibility for one to retrace his steps, there is one thing sure, if we will come to God as a penitent sinner, repent and confess our sin, there is peace and pardon awaiting us.

Good intentions may be back of those New Year's resolutions. You may have promised your wife and family you would quit smoking, drinking, gambling, and spending your nights at the club house. Try as you will, you will find within you an evil force warring against you good intentions. The sun will no sooner set until you will find yourself overpowered with a burning thirst and hunger for alcohol and tobacco.

In Jeremiah 13:23 our attention is drawn to a question. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."

Pilate makes it very clear. What has been written is written, the record is unchangeable.

What we have thought and felt and willed and done in the past year, yea in all the years that are past, is indelibly

What Are You Writing?

by George I. Straub

and unalterably written on more than one record.

Some men's records are written on their face, others on the walls of memory, while others are written on society. Last but not least, that which is written on the judgment books will be final and determine one's eternal destiny.

While it is an utter impossibility for man to rub out or erase his past records, there is One who can. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son cleanseth us from all sin.

In taking the first step into the new year, all would do well to incorporate Christ into your lives and allow Him to guide and direct your course. Everybody makes mistakes but the wise man is he who seizes the new knowledge which comes to us through the Holy Spirit and the infallible Word of God.

All over the world aviators are constantly striving for higher altitudes and longer endurance records in flying. They are not satisfied with records that have been established.

We too are running a race surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses.

Some time ago four youngsters were killed in a traffic accident. The father of one of the casualties vowed to kill the man who sold the whiskey to his kids. Upon seeking a bracer from his own cocktail cache, he found a note in his daughter's own handwriting which read, "Dad, we are taking along some of your good liquor, I know you won't mind."

Let it ever be remembered that no man liveth unto himself. The eyes of someone is fixed on you. Therefore, we are an influence for good or for evil.

In the case of this father, moderate as his drinking may have been, his bad example led to the premature death of his own beloved daughter.

If there is such a thing as angels weeping, I believe all heaven mourned throughout the Christmas season as many celebrated the birth of Christ in drunkenness and revelry.

Have you ever stopped to consider that the day is coming when God's book of remembrance will be opened and every profane word, evil deed, and ungodly act will have to be accounted for? These are indeed sobering thoughts and should not be taken lightly.

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Carl and Ernestine Shuey:

"Hitherto Hath The Lord Helped Us"

Rev. and Mrs. Carl Shuey of the Miami Cuban Refugee Mission are living proof that God cares for His people.

More than two decades ago, Brother and Sister Shuey felt a burden for the souls of the Cuban people, and thus moved to Havana, Cuba to pastor the God's Missionary Church. During the Communist takeover the Shueys were forced to flee, leaving behind faithful Christians, including a Cuban pastor who gave his life for his faith.

In 1961, when numbers of Cuban refugees were fleeing to American shores, the Shueys were there, meeting boat loads of persons as they stepped onto United States soil for the first time. They saw the bloated bellies of children and the tattered clothing of the people.

Sensing the Cubans' material needs, the Shueys notified the God's Missionary Churches of Pennsylvania

and asked them to collect used clothing for the refugees. Many boxes and bundles were lovingly distributed by the Shueys' own hands.

Thus began the idea for the Miami Cuban Refugees Mission. Sensing the need for gospel preaching, the couple began having church services in Spanish. Rev. Shuey drove a van to pick up people for services. Often there would be too many for one load, so he would drive two routes. Sister Shuey played the piano for services and her husband played marimba and preached in Spanish. God began saving people from their sins, and young people were encouraged to attend Bible school to continue their education. Rev. and Mrs. Shuey remained active at the mission for 20 years.

Then tragedy struck. During a Sunday morning service in 1981, Rev. Shuey suffered a stroke which left his body and speech paralyzed. He spent much time in bed, unable to do things for himself. Then, God began to show loving ways of taking care of His servant. The Cuban people, who had been ministered to so lovingly by their pastor, began returning the same kindness to Rev. Shuey. When he began physical therapy, his Cuban nurses and therapists treated him with utmost care. When he was well enough to attend church in a wheelchair, they faithfully carried him up and down the steps of the church. If he tired during the services, they were there to meet his need.

After much prayer and physical therapy, Rev. Shuey seems to be improving. He is able to say "Praise the Lord" and can tell time again and count his medication.

The Shueys, originally from the Lebanon, Pennsylvania area, have four children. Two daughters married ministers: Marilyn is Mrs. Herman Noll of Ohio; Jean is Mrs. John Yount of North Carolina. Daughter Carlene is Mrs. Glen Spitler of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and son Larry resides near Lebanon also.

We appreciate the Shuey's years of selfless service for the Master and wish God's best for them. If you would like to share their load, send a card or letter or a contribution to Rev. Carl Shuey, 845 S.W. 24th St., Miami, FL 33129.

(An update of Miami Mission is on Page 7)

Reflections on Time and Eternity

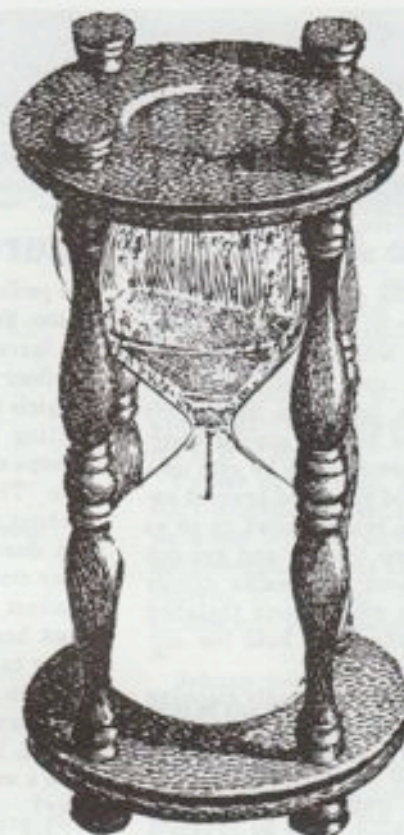
by Melvin H. Snyder

The ending of the old year and the beginning of the new serve as an annual reminder of the relentless movement of time. How we, moment by moment, face up to this unalterable and irresistible tide called time, decides what our existence shall be both here and hereafter. It is impossible for us humans to think of time apart from life, for time is more than measurement; it is conscious duration. A realization of this fact, caused Benjamin Franklin to note, "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for it is the stuff life is made of." Again, Longfellow observed, "What is time?—The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries—these are but the arbitrary and outward signs—the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul."

Though the Bible makes a clear distinction between time and eternity, there is a sense in which they are inseparable, for time is but a measured part of eternity. Dispensationally it extends from that point described in the Bible as "In the beginning" (Genesis 1:1) to that point when God shall have culminated His redemptive activities toward man and brought to full fruition His eternal purpose regarding man. For the individual, time is generally thought of as that period of conscious existence in this world bounded by eternity past and eternity future. Charles Wesley's poetic description of man's relation to time and eternity is both graphic and jarring:

*Lo! On a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.*

Thus we see eternity as unmeasured duration of which time is by way of comparison an infinitesimal speck. Yet that tiny speck called time is of equal importance with eternity for the simple reason that what we will be in eternity is decided in time. As Richter once put it, "Time is the chrysalis of eternity." There will be no changing of course once we have departed time. According to the Scriptures, character can be changed only in time; entrance into eternity finalizes it (Revelation 22:11). When facing eternity unprepared, Queen Elizabeth seemed to be awakened to this fact and cried out, "All my possessions for a moment of time."



There is great mystery about time. Colton once said, "Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future has not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires." Actually, the only part of time we can honestly claim for our own is the present moment. The past is gone forever and cannot be relived. What we have written on its pages cannot be rewritten. The future is an uncertainty and cannot honestly be claimed as our own, for we do not know that it will be ours. In fact, James declares that any dependence on or boasting of the future is evil (James 4:16). Any planning for the future years must be prefaced by, "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that" (James 4:15). Therefore the important thing concerning time is to make each moment what it ought to be in the light of eternity. If we are wise, we will join Moses in praying, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom" (Psalm 90:12). In the light of these facts, God always calls men to right relationship, therefore to right living, now! "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (II Corinthians 6:2). "To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts" (Hebrews 3:7-8). "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness" (Matthew 6:33). "Choose you this day whom ye will serve" (Joshua 24:15). "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord" (Isaiah 1:18). Thus a loving God both warns and woos men while yet there is time. How fitting then are the words of John Newton as we enter the new year:

*Thanks for mercies past received;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us hence forth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.*



Missionary Message

Come And Go To Church With Us

We leave the mission at 7:20 and drive for forty-five minutes to get to our first stop which is an orphanage just outside the small town of Leogane. The forty-two little girls who live there have a special body-guard and as we drive in he sets up a howl that would scare the bravest intruder. But he really knows us so as soon as we stop the car and get out the large brown dog walks calmly with us to the small round thatched roof shelter where we hold the service.

The little girls sing loudly clapping their hands in perfect time, proclaiming that "God Can Do Everything", and when they are finished they sit there smiling while we greet them and say, "Bon Jou". They know that a story will soon be forthcoming so they sing one song after the other in anticipation. And today we teach them a new song, "Everybody Ought to Know". They learn quickly and will soon be able to sing it without our help.

Our story today is about a little African girl who went to the witchdoctor and was not helped and then later was healed by the power of Jesus. Since she is much like the little girls all over Haiti the orphans identify with her easily. But they are disappointed when we stop at the most exciting place for this is a continued story. So they all wish it were next week already!

We leave the small town and go further into the country and here we cannot drive so we leave the car and start walking down a muddy path, hope you don't mind a bit of rough walking. Along the way we greet the people and talk to them about the Lord, giving our tracts and sometimes going into the little thatched huts to read and pray with sick ones who cannot go to church. One, a paralyzed man who has not walked for years. Their houses smell damp and musty from the many rains that often enter the houses and leave things soaked, many times carrying their few possessions away. Our hearts are sorry that they must live under such conditions.

Oh! there's the church. A church you say, that tin covered shelter, with palm trees split and nailed to make the sides? Yes, that's it. We'll unlock

the padlock and let's go in. Oh! its dirty too. Yes, because the sides are open the leaves and the dirt can blow in and the floor is just mud. But one of the little girls runs to get a broom and those waiting stand patiently while she sweeps slowly till all the refuse is outside. They we place the benches without backs in a row on each side and dust the pulpit that is rotting away since the rain leaks in on it. The smallest of the children run to the front benches and the older ones sit closer to the back. Look! some of the children don't have much on. No, they don't have much to wear so that is expected. Some of the little boys just have a wee shirt on. Try not to notice, okay?

Lets look and see who came to church today. One is a man who lives directly across from the church who we have ask to come many times, and this is his first time. Then there are the two daughters of a woman who is deep in Voodoo, beautiful but afraid to go against their Mother's wishes. The one coming in the door now lives in the yard beside the church and she often has sat in her yard and listened but now today she is coming inside, but look. She has her dress opened down to the waist! One of our national workers leans over and whispers to her and she quickly fastens her dress. Her choice has been one of the back benches. Then there are three teenage girls who sit together and enjoy the singing so much. A man sits near the back with a child in his arms and five or six medium sized boys sit near the middle. The smaller girls are sitting next to even smaller sisters trying to keep them quiet.

Charles, one of the nationals leads the singing. He is the only one who has a songbook. Most of them cannot read so it doesn't matter. While they hold the line of the one they have just sang, the other worker tells them what the next line is so they can sing it. But a lot of the songs are choruses and they get along well with those, singing and clapping. Here too we are teaching them the new song, "Everybody Ought to Know". They like it too.

The story is even more real to this group who live in the area that is the headquarters of all the witch doctors

in this land. An area that contains people living openly for the devil and despising the things of God and His Dear Son. But underneath there is fear and loneliness and horror put there by the enemy of their soul!

When the story is finished one of the national workers Fritz Joseph stands to his feet and begins to admonish them to come to the Lord Who alone can set them free from the bondage of the enemy, and our hearts cry as we know their need...and we pray they will understand. And the Holy Spirit answers our prayer and they begin to come. The lady who lives next door, and the two daughters of the Voodoo woman and others, all kneeling on the mud floor in front of our small wooden altar. We lift our hearts to the Lord saying, "Thank you Lord", and then cry out to Him for their deliverance...we pray for a long time before some of them rise to their feet saying they will never live for the devil again and they want to serve the Lord alone. Fritz explains to them that this is just the beginning for them, their names written down in the Book of Life but now they must live and learn of Him! They agree and we pray again with them asking Him to watch over them. For we know what awaits them. Persecution and ridicule, suffering and heartache as they fight against the forces of evil. But Jesus will give them strength as we pray. You will give for them won't you? Here are some of their names, Kettley, Antionise, Roselaine, Francois, Adeline, Denise, Cedilise, Lina, Chantal...and others whom He knows.

The Lord willing in the near future we plan to build a permanent church and school in this area. Pray that all matters will be solved concerning the needed land and that God shall continue to move upon precious souls for whom He died.

We hope that you have enjoyed going with us today. We have walked in the hot sun for quite a while and our noses are red, we are thirsty and hungry for we did not eat before we left home (the people there do not eat in the mornings and we want to be able to feel with them). Yes, we are tired, but HAPPY, for today He brought souls to Himself because we went to church in the village. Please go with us again and each Sunday in prayer as you meet us at the throne.

yours for souls, Bonnie Cleaver

For The Boys and Girls

How Johnny

Was Cured



Johnny was a boaster. If he heard a playmate telling of something he had done, no matter what it was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim:

"Pooh! That's nothing! Anyone could do that!"

One evening the family sat by the fire in the sitting room. Father was reading, Mother and Grandma were sewing, and Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table, and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, and said:

"Look at my drawing. I did it today. Isn't it good?"

"Pooh! You call *that* good?" replied Johnny. "You ought to see the one I drew. It beats yours."

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother; and, going over to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

"I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive his drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny. "You needn't try to draw. Girls can't even make a straight line."

It was not long until "Mr. Boaster" left the room for a few moments. When he came back, everything seemed to be going on just as when he left. Father was reading, and the others were doing the same as they had been.

"At last I have finished my hem," remarked Grandma, folding the

napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

"Pooh!" said Mother. "That is nothing. I have done two while you have done only one."

The children looked up quickly, for who would have believed Mother would have spoken so?

"Father, look at my examples, please. I have not made a single mistake," said Alice, taking them to him.

"Pooh! That's nothing," replied Father. "You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was a boy!"

Poor little Alice was so astonished to hear such a remark from her usually-kind father — but he drew her up near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought smiles to her face again.

For a few minutes no one said anything, when Mother said:

"My flowers look so well. I believe the geraniums will bloom out again."

"Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise! I had flowers all winter long, and you have had only a few blossoms during the whole winter," said Grandma.

"What's the matter with everybody?" thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such an ugly humor before.

When Father remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocery store and been weighed that afternoon and weighed 168 pounds, and that was doing well for him, Mother said, crossly:

"Pooh! You call *that* well? Old Mr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him brag about it."

Then everybody laughed. Father roared with laughter and Grandma left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

Johnny saw them all looking at him, and asked: "What are you all laughing at? Is it at me?"

Father said, "Well, we are not exactly laughing at *you*; but we thought we would try your way of boasting of our accomplishments and see how you thought it sounded — but Mother spoiled our game before we finished it."

Johnny looked very sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered if he was as disagreeable as the older folks that evening when he boasted of what HE could do, or had done. Anyway, he resolved to break himself of the bad habit.

— Selected.

Update Of Miami Cuban Refugee Mission

Since Rev. Shuey suffered his initial stroke, he and his wife have found it necessary to live at their home in Pennsylvania occasionally. Thus, they began praying about a helper to take their place at the mission. This person must be versatile, able to preach and to be a musician. He must speak Spanish and adapt easily to the customs of the Cuban people. This replacement was found in Rev. Bradley Halter. He is now a full-time worker at the mission and well received by the people.

Rev. Halter is a graduate of Hobe Sound Bible College. He pastored the God's Missionary Church in Seven Stars, Pennsylvania and also served as a missionary to Taiwan under the Florida Evangelistic Association. His role at the mission includes driving the van to transport people to church, playing the organ at times, and preaching. The Shueys, as well as others, appreciate his willingness to work wherever he is needed.

Rev. Eduardo Rodriguez is the Cuban pastor and is an asset to the work of the mission also. In addition to leading songs and choruses for worship services, he preaches. We praise the Lord for these dedicated laborers in His harvest field.



Before I Die ...

A New Year's Meditation

Louis A. Bouck

The missionary camped that night just across the river from a horde of fierce, armed savages. They were after him. He could not escape. In the morning they would come for him. He expected to die at dawn.

What did he do? He did what you and I can do in time of desperate crisis. He prayed. Not just as usual, but with tremendous earnestness, solemnity, and heart-searching. Even for a missionary, he said, "It makes a great deal of difference *how* you pray, when it may be your last prayer before you die."

How do you pray? A sleepy "Good night, Lord," before tumbling into bed? A brief sentence-prayer with the family at the breakfast table? Would it make a difference if you knew this were your last prayer?

Would that prayer be a frantic confession of sin and a desperate plea for mercy? Would it be all-out agonizing before God for deliverance from depravity — the taking care of long-delayed unfinished business with the Lord?

There are some things every man must do before he dies. One is to take care of the needs of his soul. Another is any service he would render to a needy world.

My wife and I had planned a trip to visit relatives and friends. It would, we knew, be long and time-consuming. We could hardly break away from our work. We did not know if our old car would stand the many miles. Often we talked of going, but found the way

barred.

At last, things worked out. We could make the trip, this once at least, while we still had life and strength.

A special burden was my brother. He was advanced in years, and unsaved. When we stopped at his house, our time was short. In the few minutes we had alone together I said, "George, I want to pray for you before I go."

"No," he said. "I don't think I need you to pray for me."

"It isn't *that* so much," I told him. "I love you, and I want to pray for you."

"All right, if you want to."

After the prayer, when I opened my eyes, I saw tears coursing down his face.

"I'm not crying because I'm sad; I'm crying because I'm happy," he said. He insisted on making a generous offering to my work. He seemed a new man.

Did my brother touch God for salvation while I prayed for him that day? I hope so. I do not know. But it was my last chance to pray in his home; for he is gone now. Would I have prayed more earnestly, if I had known he would slip out into eternity soon?

Others who need the Lord come to mind. Perhaps this year will close the door on any possible helpfulness to their souls. I say to myself, "I must not offend, by bearing down too hard. I can find a way to say more another time." It *may* be so. But it could be that I will never have another opportunity.

Am I being too casual? Too unconcerned? Too taken up with humdrum daily duties, to insist that the lost about me face their sins, their call to repentance and holiness; their privilege of salvation? Perhaps while I am waiting and planning and hoping, my time will come to die and I shall never get to these long-deferred tasks.

Before I die, I want to be a better man, a kinder, more friendly, more Christlike Christian. Today, I excuse myself for sometimes coming short of the ideal.

I am so busy, you know. Like you, I am under pressure. Too tired to dig much into those good holiness books that might enrich my soul. Too oc-

cupied with passing trifles to offer a helping hand to life another's load. It is easier to admit and bemoan the fact that I am not all that I might be, than to set about the difficult, demanding business of improvement.

As a student one night, I left my roommate sitting at a desk trying to study. At least he was bemoaning the difficulty of study and poor grades he had been getting. Hours later, I returned to find him in the same place and with the same attitude: unhappy because he found it hard to learn. He had not studied one bit. He had wasted the entire evening in unproductive worry.

Do you do the same about those unwelcome opportunities that come day after day? What about the open doors to service which I close firmly with the word, "Wait till I get this or that done?" Those opportunities will go away after while. I shall regret neglecting them, but I see many good excuses.

One day, though, I'll react as usual to a knock at my door, "I'd like to help you, but — ." Only this time it will not be another opening to self-improvement or service. It will be the Grim Reaper.

"Oh, not you!" I'll wail. "I'm not ready for you yet, at all. Many things I want to do before you step in." But Death will not wait.

What I would do and be, I must do and be now, today; for I know not the day of my death. Though I have no particular reason to expect it, I have no assurance that death will not come to me in the new year.

It is not likely that I shall reach the ideal this year. I shall probably leave some things undone, as before. But I shall ask God to help me do better; for I expect to pass through this world only once. Any good therefore that I can do, any service to a fellowman in need, let me do it now, before I die; for now is the only time I have. The tomorrow of my dreams will never come, when it will be pleasant and easy to respond to the call of duty. Today is here. Let me use it to the full, for I shall not pass this way again.

— God's Revivalist

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Dr. Arthur M. Climenhaga

The Apostle Paul wrote, "Be filled with the Spirit," and "Quench not the Spirit." The Bible is full of truth concerning the Holy Spirit.

Too often the person and doctrine of the Holy Spirit are neglected. Our sermons and even our hymns are singularly barren on the subject. Not many of the great Christian books written deal with the subject of the Spirit.

This is disturbing when we remember that the Holy Spirit is the ultimate fact of our Christian revelation, the unique force in our redemption. Two things mark off our Christian faith from the world religions: (1) the claims of Jesus Christ to be the Redeemer of the world; (2) the place of the Holy Spirit as the agent of that redemption. Thus, John Owen said the doctrine of the Holy Spirit is "the touchstone of faith; the one article by which the Church stands or falls." Thomas Arnold spoke of the work of the Spirit as "the main thing of all. We are living under the dispensation of the Spirit; in that character God now reveals Himself to His people. He who does not know God and Holy Ghost cannot know God at all."

As that great Methodist preacher of years gone by, Samuel Chadwick, said, "The Holy Scriptures declare Him to be the revealer of all truth, the active agent in all works of redemption, and from first to last the instrument of Grace in the experience of salvation. In Him, and through Him, and by Him, is the power that saves. Illumination and conviction, repentance and regeneration, assurance and sanctification are all the work of God the Eternal Spirit. To the Church He is the Source and Supply of wisdom and power. The Church is the Body of Christ, indwelt and controlled by the Spirit. He directs, energizes, and controls."

What image is aroused when I use the personality words, "The Holy Spirit"? Were I to ask that about Jesus Christ, the answer would be easy. We know Jesus in human terms and human forms: a babe in the manger, a boy in the home, a man — serving, loving, hated, followed, despised, and in the end hounded to the very Cross. We can think of Him: despised, rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

The nearest thing in human terms that I can find to picture the Spirit is a dove. See the dove descending on Jesus at his baptism.

There is, however, one other picture-form for the expression of the Holy Spirit in the Scriptures: FIRE. Think of those Old Testament reports of the presence of the Spirit of God:

- Moses drawing near to the fiery bush, burning and yet not consumed;
- Elijah on Mt. Carmel calling on God for the fire to descend and consume the sacrifice;
- Isaiah in the temple, seeing the smoke that filled the temple, and in the presence of the Spirit of God, crying aloud his own sense of unworthiness; and then the angel with the coal from off the altar. The Spirit says, "Your lips are cleansed!"

In the New Testament we read the account of the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost! "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come...there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." John and Baptist's statement of Jesus comes sharply to mind, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Have we been so "filled," so baptized that the sense of the "fire" of God's presence burns in our hearts? If so, let us not quench His living presence within. Let us seek His constant, daily, baptizing, cleansing presence within. As John Wesley put it, this is the "moment by moment" life.

Such a belief in the Holy Spirit will bring us to the place where we will earnestly desire to deal with the old nature within by seeking the baptizing, infilling Holy Spirit. Such a belief will lead us on in the Christian walk so that we will avoid quenching the life of the Holy Spirit within. We will keep from putting out the fire of the Holy Spirit by stirring up the embers of our witness for the Lord (Acts 5:32), by fanning the flames of our prayer life in the Spirit (Romans 8:26), by keeping the love flame of the Spirit burning brightly (Ephesians 4:30-32).

No Time For My Lord?

There's time for the mending and making;
There's time for the cooking and baking;

For the letter I write,
Or the words I indite,
But what time do I give to my Lord?

There is time for trimming a hat;
There is time for a neighborly chat;
There's time for some pleasure,
But scarce any leisure
To give to my Master and Lord.

There's time for the book so compelling;
There's time for the buying and selling;
For the office or mart,
For music or art,
But where is the time for my Lord?

There's time for the digging and hoeing;
There's time for the raking and mowing;
For the sowing of seeds
And removing of weeds,
But what time do I give to my Lord?

There is time for the news on the air,
To which I must listen with care;
For the claims of my health
Or the spending of my wealth,
But what time do I give to my Lord?

Lord, Thou gavest Thy time here below,
Salvation and grace to bestow.
Dost Thou wait for my voice?
Can I make Thee rejoice
As I give of my time to Thee, Lord?

O Master, forgive me, I pray;
I'm sorry, repentant, today.
From this hour make me wise,
And teach me to prize
The time that I spend with my Lord.

— Beth Coombe Harris.

Because You Prayed

Because you prayed —
God touched our weary bodies with
His power
And gave us strength for many a
trying hour
In which we might have faltered
Had not you, our intercessors,
Faithful been and true.

Because you prayed —
God touched our lips with coals from
altar fire
Gave Spirit-fullness, and did so
inspire
That, when we spoke, sin-blinded
souls did see;
Sin's chains were broken;
Captives were made free.

Because you prayed —
The dwellers in the dark have found
the light;
The glad good-news has banished
heathen night;
The message of the Cross, so long
delayed,
Has brought them life at last —
Because you prayed.

— Charles B. Bowser

PRAY — GIVE — GO!—

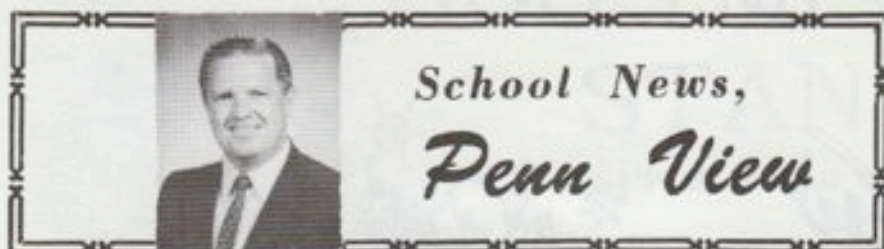
Three things the Master hath to do,
And we who serve Him here below
And long to see His kingdom come
May PRAY, or GIVE, or GO!

He needs them all — the open hand,
The willing feet, the praying heart —
To work together, and to weave
A threefold cord that shall not part.

Nor shall the giver count his gift
As greater than the worker's deed;
Nor he, in turn, his service boast
Above the prayers that voice the
need.

Pray that the gold-filled hands may
give
To arm the others for the fray —
That those who hear the call may go,
And pray — that other hearts may
pray!

— Annie Johnson Flint.



School News, Penn View

From the desk of Rev. Kenneth E. Walter --
President

The music staff and members of our Chapel Choir and public relations team join me in giving thanks to our God for this handsome "new" coach. Our old 1953 coach served us well for many years carrying our choir to churches from northern New York State to Florida. However, after last year, when we all nearly froze on a trip to Binghamton, New York, it was determined that a newer and more dependable coach was needed if we were to continue taking our young people to distant churches and share our ministry of music.

The Lord helped us to realize \$9,000 from the sale of our 1948 tour bus and the 1953 choir bus. This gave us a good start for our bus fund. The choir members worked hard and helped to raise about \$3,000 through projects and personal acquaintances. After

much prayer and numerous trips in search of a replacement, we located this 1962 GMC coach which is in excellent condition. It is equipped with power steering, air-conditioning, and a rest room. After some negotiating we were able to purchase this coach for \$16,000 and the seller agreed to have our name painted on both sides at his expense.

We paid \$12,300 down and the seller agreed to give us thirty days without interest to raise the balance. As of this writing we still lack about \$3,000.

May I impose upon your generous spirit to ask you to prayerfully consider sending a contribution to help us pay off this balance? Please make all checks payable to Penn View Bible Institute and mark it "Bus Fund". Thank you and God bless you.



"A More Excellent Way"

In speaking of gifts the Apostle Paul says we should "... covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet I show unto you a more excellent way." (I Cor. 12:31)

Some people have remembered "Penn View Bible Institute" in their wills, and this is an excellent way. Since the coming of the Lord is so near, and since all of God's saints will be caught up in the Rapture, did it ever occur to you what would happen to all those legacies that you bequeathed to Penn View Bible In-

stitute? The answer is very simple. Millions of dollars intended to be used for the work of the Lord will be used by Satan and his kingdom.

We would like to show you A MORE EXCELLENT WAY. Instead of a bequest by will, may we suggest an annuity. The most simple way to explain an annuity is to use a hypothetical illustration. Let us assume that Mr. John Donor is age 80 and in his will he bequeathed \$10,000 to "Penn View Bible Institute". After hearing about this new concept, John

decided to liquidate \$10,000 of his assets which were earning him \$700.00 per annum. He transfers these assets to an annuity with "Penn View Bible Institute". The results would be as follows:

1. The \$10,000 would go to work immediately preparing young people to tell the world that Jesus is coming soon and what they must do to prepare to meet Him.

2. Instead of earning 7% or \$700.00 per year, it would now earn 9.2% or \$920.00 per year for the remainder of Mr. Donor's life, or until the rapture of the church, whichever occurs first.

3. Of this \$920.00 per year income \$747.59 would be exempt from income tax.

4. In the event the annuitant, Mr. Donor, dies before the Rapture and his estate would go through probate, this portion of \$10,000 would not be included in his gross estate. There would be no probate fees, no executor fees, no attorney fees, no state inheritance tax, no federal estate tax, and, no gift tax on this amount of \$10,000.

5. In the year that the annuity contract was signed, the annuitant could take \$4,767.00 as a gift deduction from his income tax, or it could be spread over the next five year.

Annuities can be drafted for any amount, for any age and for joint lives as well. The figures shown above would vary according to the amounts and according to the ages of the annuitants.

If you agree that this annuity plan is A MORE EXCELLENT WAY, please write to the Business Manager, Penn View Bible Institute, P.O. Box 97, Penns Creek, Pennsylvania 17862.





Recipe For A Happy New Year

Take 12, fine, full-grown months; see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate, jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past — have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into 30 or 31 equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put 12 parts of faith, 11 of patience, 10 of courage, 9 of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), 8 of hope, 7 of fidelity, 6 of liberality, 5 of kindness, 4 of rest (leaving out this is like leaving the oil out of the salad — don't do it), 3 of prayer, 2 of meditation, and 1 well-selected resolution. You will need a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love *ad libitum* and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with a quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty! — Selected



in times like these

In times like these we must have heart . . .
if we are not to shame . . . the heritage
bestowed on us . . . by those who walked in
flame . . . to give their witness to the world . . .
when evil walked abroad . . . and more were
those who lived in sin . . . than those who
lived for God . . . This is no time for empty
men . . . to utter empty words . . . this war is for
the valiant souls . . . the battle is the Lord's . . .
We will need hope to lift the Cross . . .
against unholy powers . . . we will need heart
to keep the faith . . . in such a time as ours.

— Sel.

lon woodrum



**Best Wishes
for a
Joyous New Year
the
Staff of
The Standard**