



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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Preaching versus Lecturing

Preaching is not lecturing. Lecturing is not preaching. A lecture is defined as "a discourse delivered on any subject; especially, a formal or methodical discourse intended for instruction. A lesson in class or given to a pupil. In churches, a discourse delivered on an irregular or a special occasion, in contrast with a sermon."

Preaching involves more than a "formal or methodical" statement of facts or truths. It is tragic when that which is supposed to be a sermon takes on, rather, all the earmarks of a lecture.

This is almost inevitable when any major portions of a sermon are read. When the eyes of the preacher are lowered to follow a manuscript, they cease to keep in contact with the congregation. Furthermore, few preachers are equipped with sufficient genius to invest the reading of a manuscript with anything akin to the inspiration and rapport that are possible in extempore speaking from an adequately-prepared outline.

I have observed this important difference, even within one sermon. When the preacher was reading, there was a distinct loss of contact with the hearers. But when the same preacher lifted his eyes from the manuscript, and looking at his congregation, began to speak directly from his mind and heart, the almost instantaneous new contact was well-nigh like magic.

Surely the preparation for a sermon must be as thorough and as honest as that for a lecture. But whereas the lecture demands nothing particularly of the heart, the sermon involves the heart and the emotions of the preacher. Preaching calls for a spirit of earnestness, of urgency, of exhortation, designed to move men toward God.

Recently I was reading again from *The Cure of Souls*, by John Watson (Ian Maclaren), comprising the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale University in 1896. In the chapter on "The Technique of a Sermon," he says:

"The last and greatest canon of speaking is intensity, and it will be freely granted that the want of present-day preaching is spiritual passion. Of intellectual and social passion there is enough in the pulpit . . . What is wanting, and what cannot be wanted, is the sense of the unseen and eternal — of the everlasting love of God, the atoning sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, the unspeakable value of a single soul, the infinite pathos of human life, the tenderness of the Holy Ghost, and the graciousness

of the Evangel. Bathed in such springs of profound emotion, no man will be able to preach without tears, which will be all the more affecting if they be in the heart rather than in the eyes. He will need no tricks of acting, for through his broken accents will be heard the voice of God."

This passage describes no lecturer; this is a preacher. I make no brief for carelessness and slovenliness, in either preparation or delivery of sermons. I do insist that we cannot afford to allow the demand for polished perfection of phrases to rob us of that essential inspiration in preaching that alone can move men toward God. "Broken sentences," says Dr. Watson again, "when the speaker could not continue, unfinished sermons, when the Spirit of God was working powerfully, have wrought marvels beyond all the wisdom of schools."

Brethren, let the preachers preach! Let someone else do the lecturing.

— Hugh C. Benner — Nazarene Preacher.



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End of Construction!

Summertime is traveling time; millions of people will crowd the highways of the United States going somewhere - to work, to church, to vacation. Summertime is also the prime time for repairing the pothole-filled streets and thoroughfares of counties and states. Four-lane roads are narrowed into two lanes and special traffic patterns appear while improvements and construction occurs. There are many signs which dot the roadside to direct the unsuspecting driver into the correct area. There is one sign which brings a sense of relief, particularly if you have been delayed for some time - END OF CONSTRUCTION or END OF IMPROVEMENT!

challenge to the Ephesians - "And he gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists, and some, pastors and teachers; For the perfecting of the saints. Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Ephesians 4:11-13 This verse certainly indicates that perpetual expansion and growth is the Christian's happy privilege. Oh what blessings await the one who is constantly on the stretch for more of God's love, for greater knowledge of God's word, for keener sensitivity to the Spirit's voice, for larger areas of service in God's kingdom.

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We are strictly "WESLEYAN" in doctrine and it is
our aim to uphold the teaching of the infallible Word of
God.

All items for publications should be sent directly to the
editor. We advise all articles be typewritten, double
spaced, and typed on standard typewriter paper.

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no later than the fifteenth of each month, so as to be eligi-
ble for publication in the following month's edition.

Highways are not the only places
where such signs appear. And when
they appear in other contexts they are
not encouraging or welcome. People
can express such attitudes on their
faces. Churches might as well have
such a sign over the door - END OF
IMPROVEMENT. Preachers have
such signs over the entrance to their
little-used studies.

When the signs appear in such
areas it always points to a tragic oc-
currence. When the sign appears in the
spiritual life of a Christian, it always
means death is imminent. You see, in-
dividuals or churches, or preachers
who fail to grow will eventually die.
One writer has indicated that "old age
sets in only when there is no longer
any growth of mind or personality."

The misplaced emphasis in conser-
vative holiness ranks has been only on
crisis. While a crisis experience is
essential, we have failed to preach the
very vital need of spiritual growth
and development. The real and
vibrant relationship with Jesus Christ
must be maintained every day; there
must be expansion. Paul certainly felt
that this was a must. Listen to his

Oswald Chambers once wrote that
"People stagnate because they never
get beyond the image of their ex-
periences into the life of God which
transcends all experiences." Chambers
would really get a vision of
experience-oriented people if he
were able to come back and visit some
of our camp meetings and prayer
meetings. It seems that there is a
great deal of "I" in many testimonies
and not nearly enough "God."

While such signs (END OF IM-
PROVEMENT) are valuable for traf-
fic direction and information they are
a tragedy in the Christian church.
Even in heaven they will be out of
place for I cannot envision that all the
glorified saints will be doing in heaven
will be munching on fruit and relaxing
in the mansion. I believe that there
will be eternal purpose and growth
endlessly. We will be constantly
reaching to attain the "measure of the
stature of the fullness of Christ."

D.L.F.

Raymond L. Crooks

The Pastor's Credentials

The pastor has one of the most exalted positions on earth, and in the sight of both God and man he is held in high esteem. What is it that qualifies a man for this, the greatest of responsibilities and privileges? Although there are other steps necessary to one's becoming an effective pastor, three of the essential credentials are his ordination*, his anointing, and his endowment.

The pastor's formal training, his apprenticeship, and his natural abilities are also important, but will not be discussed here.

I. The pastor is ordained.

By a divine enactment, a man is selected, or set apart, to preach the Gospel. God makes this appointment (Gal. 1:15). Some men have been "called" to the ministry by overly-zealous parents or friends; some have preached because they were gifted; a few, because of the prestige of the office. But only when the appointment has a divine origin can the man rightfully claim the office. However, when he has been so ordained, he must claim the office.

A divine prescription for his message accompanies his ordination. He is to preach Jesus Christ, and Him crucified (I Cor. 1:23). His major attention cannot be politics, social welfare, church building, feeding the poor, or community affairs, though admittedly all of these areas must occupy a portion of the time and concern of the pastor. His chief object must always be to exalt Jesus Christ, and to preach the Word (II Tim. 4:2).

The call of God to the ministry carries with it the assurance of His intention of establishing the man in the sacred task of preaching the Gospel (I Tim. 2:7). With Jesus' commissioning of the Twelve were commands for, and the promise of power to perform, the preaching of the kingdom, the healing of the sick, the cleansing of the lepers, the raising of the dead, and the casting out of devils. He promised provision and protection, a message, power to endure, and honor before God the Father.

A destiny is also involved in this ordination. Paul's own words clearly ex-



pound the truth of the "woe" for not fulfilling the call: "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel (I Cor. 9:16). On the other hand, Christ pronounced a blessing when he declared, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 10:32).

II. The pastor is to be anointed.

Anointing was an indication of welcome, as to an honored guest (Psa. 23:5). In addition to the other comforts offered the guest, a special visitor might be doubly honored by being anointed, as in the beautiful incident in the home of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. The minister's anointing can well be indicative of his acceptance, his reception, or his being peculiarly honored by the Spirit of God. What a blessed thought! And how much more blessed when the minister feels the reality of it.

Dedication is an essential element of anointing (I Sam. 10:1). Few professions require more intense devotion and oneness of purpose than does the great work of the pastor. How wonderful it would be if every church could fully support its pastor so that he would not have to seek his livelihood elsewhere. Nehemiah tells of a time when the priesthood was not adequately supported, so they went to their fields to work, and the house of God was deserted. The pastor must be able to give his total time to prayer, study, visitation, and preaching, and related church duties. Let us all seek

to make possible the minister's complete dedication to his work; and may the pastor not be content until, in his own life and ministry, that is achieved.

Inspiration for his life-work should flow from the anointing (I Sam. 16:13). Inspiration implies a "breathing in; inhaling; stimulus to thought and action; divine influence" (Webster). The pastor who breathes deeply of the Holy Spirit will receive the heavenly stimulus and incentive for his labor of love. There will then be present a divine influence that will add warmth, power, and effectiveness to the work of the ministry.

A sacred status is accorded the one anointed (I Sam. 26:9). Because of respect for "the Lord's anointed," David would not touch Saul. May we, as ministers of the Word, carry about us the air of a status bestowed by the High and Holy. Not a spirit of being "better than thou," but of divine commission to the highest calling on earth.

Unction accompanies the anointing of the Holy Spirit (I John 2:20). Unction implies fervent and earnest utterance of the message on the minister's heart. To be constantly and earnestly sought, this ingredient insures that the preached word "...is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit...and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. 4:12).

The anointing signifies divine selection (Isa. 45:1). A person selected for some honorable task by a president or king considers himself peculiarly honored. But what greater esteem could come to mortal man than to be one of those few (relatively) chosen for the ministry? To be chosen by the God of the universe for the most noble work on earth — what an honor! Should we not marvel at the unexcelled privilege of being His choice?

III. The pastor is to be endowed.

To endow means to provide with some talent or quality; to furnish with a fund, supply with means, or to enrich, endure or invest. What other office in the world needs greater endowment; or what other service is promised more of His supply of grace or means; and what other office has had more of it? The supply is inexhaustible; the office of the pastor is worthy of His dowry; the Giver is liberal. One need never be spiritually poverty stricken.

Christ promised His disciples

(Continued on Page 6)

*Reference here is to God's act of setting the man apart for the ministry, not the official ordination service.

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Mt. of Blessing Camp

On June 29th the Mt. of Blessing family began to move to the hilltop for what everyone hoped to be a good, spiritual camp. The people came with a determination to have one of the best camps ever. As the camp started and progressed from day to day, it was good to see folk coming from far and near to this camp for the first time. These newcomers did not come to take a vacation, but came to be blessed and to be a blessing.

Our workers were outstanding! My own heart was touched and I believe many others were as well. The Fuller family sang songs that were uplifting and heartfelt. The evangelists, Bro. McDonald and Bro. Bustin, brought heart-stirring, Heaven-anointed messages. The youth worker, Sr. Fetterman, did a splendid job with the children and young people. Sr. Fetterman kept everyone's faith encouraged as she encouraged the young people to pray and believe God for a special need. At the present time the Mt. of Blessing family is rejoicing and praising God for what He is presently doing for us.

This article would not be complete without telling about the highlight of the camp. Not only was the singing and preaching excellent, but we are glad the Holy Spirit has been faithful to many hearts and has given victory to all those who obeyed him. Jesus is still the answer.

If you are looking for a good old-fashioned camp, we would like to give you an invitation to join us next year if Jesus tarries.

A family member

Church News

Mr. and Mrs. George Young

Song Evangelists
Silver Creek Road
Hellenstown, PA 18055



Dedicated to Rev. C. William Rachau July 24, 1984

From the depths of sin, to the streets
of glory,
This is C. William Rachaus' blessed
story.

A life well spent in his masters will,
A life that death can never still.

The call came from the eternal home
on high,
Come home my beloved, never more
to die.

Your crown is waiting, your race is
won,
Lay down your cross, my son, well
done.

The joys of the kingdom now forever
are thine,
You now and forever more shall be
mine.

No pain or tears will dim your sight,
Enter now, into God's eternal life.

The souls you have won, wait to
welcome thee home,
Together you will stand about my
throne.

Some day I will bring your loved ones
to thee,
Together in peace you shall live with
me.

Lay down your sword, now take thine
ease,
Your earthly life my will did please.
You have crossed the gulf, you're safe
at last,

In heavens harbor your anchor is cast.

Tis not good-bye, for in this land of
day,
Nothing will ever fade or pass away.
You've kept the faith, and have fought
the fight,

And now you will live in garments
of white.

Well done, my beloved and trusted
friend,

This is the beginning and not the end.
From depths of sin, to streets of glory,
This is your blessed life story.

Written by: Rev. John F. White

The Blessedness of Temptation

*"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."
(James 1:12)*

This is a startling beatitude. It is directly opposed to our carnal notions. Most of us think something like this: pitiable is the man who is sorely tempted. Paul said very truly, "Now we see through a glass darkly." Things from the human standpoint are much confused in this world. Carnal vision distorts their outlines. We do not see things in their true perspective. The true perspective in which to view the things of this life is in the light of the future world to which we are fast hastening and which, to a spiritually-minded person, already casts its light on the present world. St. James adds the true perspective in which light that world is to be viewed. He says, "For when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to those that love him." Couple temptation with eternity, and there comes the blessedness of those who endure.

Peter tells us that "the trial of your faith is more precious than that of gold that perisheth." To a serious soul, anxious to make safe landing in heaven, temptation is a blessing, to be hailed with delight, for it reveals to us the quality of our religion just as testing reveals the quality of gold. We have no more and no better religion than that we can commend in the time of great trial and temptation. No matter however much we may rejoice when the skies are clear, the time that we are tempted shows the true value of our religion.

We should, therefore, rejoice when the acid test comes and reveals that our gold is pure. We can afford to be tested, no matter how severe the test, for our religion is our only hope for eternity. We are going through this world just once, and cannot come back to correct

mistakes or fundamental errors. * *

Temptation means testing. The Lord tempts or tests His people as He did Abraham, to bring out the good and get rid of the evil. Satan tempts or tests to get rid of the good and retain the evil that is in us.

When we get to heaven and look back on this life, as we are then wearing the crown of life, we shall doubtless feel like saying, "Blessed temptations that showed me just where I was in my religion, that showed me that I was in the way that led to the wearing of the crown of life."

There is a development of faith and patience that can be brought about only by actual trial and temptation. It is as necessary as physical training is to the athlete. There is no substitute for it. Even divine grace cannot take the place of the actual trial that develops spiritual life and graces. This being true, when we ask for divine grace and an increase of faith and patience, and then have immediately severe testing, it is the answer to our prayer. Let us stop feeling that we are afflicted when God thus answers our prayer by giving us the means to increase and develop our faith and patience. We have known souls who flinched in their hour of testing, who, as they looked back, actually wished it might be repeated that they might get back the lost opportunity.

We had better be very careful how we ask for an increase of faith, unless we are ready to fall in line with the providences that come to us in answer to our prayers.

"Great faith must have great trials. We must expect great troubles before we shall attain to much faith."

— On Eagle's Wings.



Missionary Message

It was just a typical clinic day when Madame Michel came for us to see her. She was a young woman in her thirties and was expecting her eighth child. Her feet were swollen and she showed signs of toxemia so we consulted her and asked her to go to Gonaive to see the doctors there. She went and then returned for us to follow her here in our clinic. She came again a few days after that and said that she no longer felt the baby moving in her stomach. I checked her and could find no fetal heart tones and felt no movement either. Again we sent her to Gonaive to see the doctors there and they confirmed our suspicions that the baby was indeed dead. However, they said, "just wait, the baby will be born on its own."

She waited and every week came to our clinic. Each time endearing herself more and more to our hearts. We gave her penicillin shots and vitamins since she was very anemic and prayed. She became weaker and time was passing swiftly. Now the baby had been dead inside her for four weeks. We insisted that she go somewhere else to check with a doctor who would help her. She decided to try Gonaive again and we went with her. I went in with her to see the doctor and plead with him to do something for her. He still claimed that the baby would be born on its own but it had been dead four weeks and I was sure it must be rotting inside her. Her health was declining every day. We talked to her seriously about her soul and told her that no longer were we talking about a baby's life but hers. She had been a Christian at one time but had backslidden.

When we got to know her better we found out she was living with the third man and had been married to one before. Seems this was the thing holding her back from giving her

heart completely to the Lord. She still came to the clinic every week but was getting worse. We prayed and talked to her some more. One day they came and told me she was in the hospital in Gonaive and had been hemorrhaging.

I went into Gonaive and visited her in the hospital. I again told her we were praying and she said, "I know, miss, its your prayers that are keeping me going." I admonished her to give her heart to the Lord but she wasn't ready.

One week later after returning from Port from buying supplies I had the feeling that all wasn't well. I was thinking about going in that afternoon to visit her when they came and told me she had died, the baby having died in her stomach **eight weeks** before. My heart sank as I feared she had gone out into eternity without God. I offered my services to the family in any way I could help. They asked me to go and pick up the body from the morgue.

After clinic on Monday we went for the body and brought it to La Croix for the burial. The man she was living with said he would find a priest to perform the services at the graveside. When we arrived all that was waiting

on us began to wail at the top of their voices saying, "Oh, Madame Michel. God took her and left her seven children behind. She was a good woman." Such crying and demonstrating. My heart was wrenched in two as I thought they have no hope of eternal life. We are trying our best to tell them of salvation but our numbers are small and our strength some times fails. We know you are praying and lifting us before our Heavenly Father and your prayers and faithful giving keep us going.

After it was all over Madame Michel's "husband" came and told us that before she died she had made a decision that when she got out of the hospital that she would faithfully attend our church and that now he and the children would come. I trust and pray she made her heart right with God before she went to meet Him. Only eternity will reveal the answer. However, just this Sunday her brother came to church and gave his heart to Jesus.

Please continue to lift us in prayer that we may always use every opportunity given to us that we can point lost souls to Calvary.

**Occupying until He comes,
Barbara Neeb**

THE PASTOR'S CREDENTIALS.....(Continued from Page 3)

power over the enemy (Luke 10:19). No one denies that our adversary is strong, but the minister has power over the devil — if he seeks and finds Christ's endowment. Only God can truly reveal to each one the depths of meaning in this promise, but He can, and will, reveal it to the faithful, devoted minister. May we appropriate the resources in this gracious promise.

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things,

may abound to every good work" (II Cor. 9:8). The literal meaning is "self-sufficiency," rather than "all-sufficient," and implies that the one bound up in consecration to God and faith in Him, is independent of external circumstances. When outwardly things are dark, he has light; when others are weak, he is strong; when others are fearful, he is brave and calm. May the full scope of this powerful promise be revealed to us!

(Continued on Page 10)

Fiction Feature

September

Let-Down

By Mrs. Paul E. King

The sun burst over the eastern horizon in a flaming, flamboyant, blazing, full-orbed circle of glory and brilliance. It was just another beautiful morning. I told myself, viewing the spectacular sight from my perfectly situated kitchen window. Another perfect morning that glowed bright with the promise of peace and quiet and the glory and splendor of autumn.

I checked the clock on the wall for time before turning from the window and hurrying to the living room where I began re-dusting the furniture which I had done only the night before.

I would prove to the world the fallacy of the tale that a mother suffers inexplicable pain when she sends the last of her offspring off to school. It was an exaggeration of speech. I was sure. A wholly unsubstantiated rumor. Think of the leisure time I would have, I reasoned, mentally

calculating my "free" hours and heaving a great sigh before again consulting the trustworthy grandfather clock near me for the exact time.

Seeing that, according to the staid old clock's easy-going, dependable movements and slow-moving hands, it was entirely too early to call Ginger to get up, I sat down in the sofa to think.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Tick-tock.

I looked at the dear old clock. It had been an integral part of Bob's and my life, having been with us from the very day we set up housekeeping — thirty four years, two months and eighteen days, to be exact.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. Ginger-Ginger

I felt like chiding myself. Why shouldn't Ginger go to school? She was six, and normal and intelligent. I shook myself and stood suddenly to my feet.

Why should any smart person succumb to the sentimental nonsense that something happens because a

certain day pops up on the calendar and a last child begins school? I reasoned, recalling the words of a friend and trying desperately to shake off the constriction inside my chest. Surely — surely! this nebulous "feeling" I'd heard about *could* be avoided and overcome by a measure of mental stability and a bit of foresight and careful planning. I rationalized. A fully mature person could cope with any situation. I was sure.

I had every thing under control. Emotions and all, I felt certain. Ginger and I had planned for "that" day. I shared with her the excitement and joy of buying school supplies and new clothes and for many days we talked about her first day in school with shining eyes and happy hearts.

I walked back to the kitchen and did meaningless little tasks until the grandfather clock's deep, sonorous chimes alerted me that it was indeed time that I get my golden-haired daughter out of her downy bed and begin her breakfast.

Straightening my shoulder, I walked briskly to her neat and orderly room. On the big dresser sat Heidi and Gretel and Alice, three of her favorite dolls. In a nearby chair was Brown Bear, whose presence and nearness had brought comfort and solace to our "little Goldilocks" (as the older children had come to call Ginger) when she had fallen from her swing and broken her arm; while cradled in her arm and pulled close to her heart, was Baby Blue Eyes, her latest Christmas doll, nine months old.

I stood inside the bathroom door and viewed this "last child" with a deep sense of gratitude and awe and a heart overflowing with love for her. How wonderful the Lord had been to Bob and me, and our other four children, in sending Ginger to us after so many years of waiting for another little one, I thought, raising my head and thanking Him silently for our little girl.

A sudden, totally unannounced hot tear stung my eye and at the same time a lump too big to swallow popped into my throat. I shook myself and brushed the tear away quickly then crossed the carpeted floor to her bed.

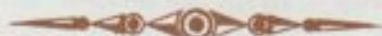
"Time to get up, sweetheart!" I called, kissing her tiny pug nose on its very tip. "School today!"



I felt torn apart

(Continued on Page 10)

With Christ, the Pilot



William S. Deal

"And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." — Mark 4:39.



During His ministry one day, the disciples and Christ were on the Sea of Galilee when a tempestuous storm arose. Galilee, lying in a large basin, is subject to quick winds sweeping in over the hills and creating a furious storm on its waters in no time at all. In the midst of one such tempest, it seemed to the disciples that all was lost. They recalled that many a small vessel had been caught and capsized, and the sailors drowned in dreadful Galilee in such a storm as this.

With distraught faces the disciples cried to Jesus for help. Arising from deep slumber, He rebuked the raging sea and said simply to it, "Peace, be still." Immediately, "there was a great calm."

Figuratively speaking, all mankind is upon a sea of life. All are sailors in boats of many varying circumstances, and all have a "desired haven" in mind. In some boats there is the Master Captain and the sailors can be at rest, even in the worst storm life can offer. In other boats there is at the pilot's wheel only the form of a weak and powerless man against the frightening waves of a devouring sea.

Many long years ago the then world renowned Quaker preacher, Charles H. Stalker, and his wife were returning from England and on the famous Queen Mary ship, one of the world's greatest ships at that time. Suddenly, they were enveloped in what became a frightful storm. The boat rocked and rolled from stem to stern and even side-wise. Mrs. Stalker became very alarmed. She cried to her husband, "Charles, do you suppose the ship is

going down?"

"I don't know," Charles replied in his calm manner. "All I know is, *she never has!*" These words provided immediate comfort for Mrs. Stalker. And we can say the same for the Old Ship of Zion in today's frightening maelstrom. We can calmly assure ourselves that as our good ship has endured the storms for centuries, she will endure this one too. We can shout triumphantly, "In every high and stormy gale, my anchor holds within the vale."

Many years ago a certain Captain Niewiek was in charge of a sea-going vessel from the Netherlands. His grandson relates that one particularly dark night, when the wind had whipped the waves into a maddening fury, the crew became very nervous, and some even mutinous. The Captain realized that the going was extremely dangerous.

Sensing that something must be done to prevent disaster, the old skipper breathed a silent prayer. Then, in a loud, clear voice he started to sing his favorite hymn,

*"In the good ship of our Captain,
We are sailing o'er life's sea,
Pilgrims to a better haven,
Heirs of heaven's felicity.
E'en though the clouds sweep
fast
And the wild billows roar,
We're safe with Jesus
To pilot us to shore."*

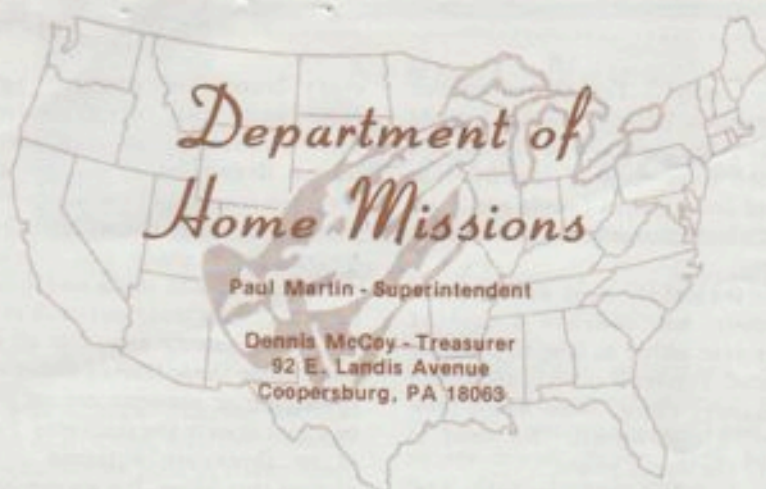
This old song, long a favorite of Christian Dutch seagoing men, had a remarkable effect upon the crew. He sang the lyrics with such joy and courage that the crewmen took renewed confidence. With God's help, they brought the ship safely through the storm. Always after that when danger lurked on the briny deep, Captain Niewiek's voice could be heard above the roaring waves, singing this old song of assurance.

The song seems to have made the difference; but actually, the difference was not in the song, but in the singer's heart, and back of that, was the deeper fact that Christ was the real Pilot of the ship! This is what will make the difference in every life. Those who have Christ as life's Pilot will outride the storm and come to the final "Haven of Rest." Those who do not have Him as their Captain and Pilot will go down to the bottom in disastrous and eternal ruin.

Oh, good friend, have you made Him the Pilot of your ship? If not, why not do so today? He alone can save your soul from ruin, and He alone can chart the way to glory over a tempestuous and unknown sea.

*Just beyond the surging breakers
Looms the Land of peace and rest;
Few more days, and we are
welcomed
In the haven of the blest.
— Kuipers.*

— Advocate



As we begin this report we are thinking of the Scripture, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." I realize this is the fall and harvest time drawing to a close as far as crops are concerned. Our concern is the many souls who have gone through the summer who have a spiritual need and now here in the fall that need is still not met. Oh, may we experience a great harvest of souls as we enter this fall season. Let us get out beyond the four walls of our churches and speak to folk about the Lord and lead them to a vital experience with the Lord!

Perhaps we need a vision or a **greater** vision of the lost! Jesus was up and about His Father's business at the age of twelve, when His mother and Joseph found Him with the doctors and lawyers. I believe the reason He was there was the burden and responsibility that He carried even at a young age. He understood well His Mission to earth to do His Father's bidding. He had work to do, and He was already at His task to win lost souls. He felt He must be about His father's business. He had a vision of the need. He saw men without a shepherd, men who were lost and on their way to hell. He had a compassion for the souls of men and left us that example. How much compassion do we have for the lost who will soon be in hell, tormented in the lake of fire? May the Lord help each of us to be winning souls in these days.

I believe a vision of the lost souls is necessary for us to go out in the highway and hedges to win them to God. The Good Shepherd left the ninety and nine and went back looking for the one which was lost. He searched until He found the lost sheep. He

might have risked His own life in the search, hunting among the wild animals, pit falls, and perhaps in the dark. When He found it he came rejoicing. Compassion is a necessity to leave all to follow Jesus in search of the lost.

Another ingredient is prayer as mentioned in a previous report. How much are we praying? I read a Scripture recently in Psalms, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." I believe Oswald Smith speaks of the "morning watch." He mentioned his effective ministry was due to his regular time of waiting on the Lord in the morning. Maybe we can't all come at the same time of the day, but we all need a time of "watch" before the Lord.

Many thanks to each of you for your support in prayer and giving to this department. There are advances and we are grateful to the Lord for all He is doing. We are impressed with the moving of the Spirit at Steamburg, N.Y. In the last visit to this church we experienced the free flow of the Spirit of the Lord. Youth are entering into the work and are used of the Lord to help in that part of the Kingdom. Praise the Lord not all of our youth are going the way of the world.

Fairborn church is not rebuilt as yet. Plans are to relocate the church to a more desirable location. Pray for these folk as they are adjusting to these plans. New folk are attending and the pastor and people are encouraged in Him.

Plans are progressing for a church to be planted near Watertown, N.Y.

There are folk in this area who are anxious to begin worshipping at an old-fashioned Holiness church. Pray that the Lord will have His way in all the plans for this new work in northern New York. A rally was held in a Grange Hall and the Spirit of the Lord was upon the place. I believe God has rich blessings in store for these people. If you live in this area and are looking for a church, write to us and we will be glad to contact you further.

A tent meeting was held in August at Avon, N.Y. There are folk there who want the straight and narrow way. They are hungry for all that God has for them. As a new work is established in this area we know God will give direction to pastor and people.

We trust by the time you read this article a pastor will have been located for the work at Baltimore, Md., area. There is good interest and the prayer meetings held are usually marked by the presence of the Holy One! Pray also for these folk as they follow the Lord.

The Lord is helping at York, Pa. Work is being finished on the sanctuary part, and we hope to move upstairs the first Sunday in October. The Lord is gracious to help in the services here. Pastor and people sense the need for an outpouring of God upon this church. An old-fashioned revival is needed. Prayer and fasting is being carried on and God will honor His word and give us real revival. May it begin in my heart!

New area being considered is Camp Hill, Pa. More later in a report about this possibility.

In closing, may I request your continued support of Home Missions. The needs are so great! Would you pray with us for this work and that the Lord of Harvest would send forth laborers into His harvest. Write to us with any suggestions or requests: R.D. #5, Box 196-D, York, PA 17404.



SEPTEMBER LET-DOWN

(Continued from Page 7)

The word had a magic effect upon her. She was out of bed in a single bound.

"O mommie, it is today, isn't it!" she squealed with childish glee. "I told Heidi and Alice and Gretel all about it last night, so they'll know where I am and why I'll be gone from them for so long. And of course Brown Bear knows too! He's so understanding. Blue Eyes is too little to understand so it won't matter too much to her. I'll give her a rattle and her bottle and put her to bed till I get home. Oh, school's so exciting, isn't it, mommie?"

"Ye...yes, dear. Very exciting."

Turning quickly, I rushed down the hallway to the kitchen. My little one must not see the bright tears shining in my eyes.

After breakfast we had family worship together then, one by one or two by two, my husband and older children kissed me goodbye and started out for the day, Bob to the office, Jeffrey and Jill to Mellrose Hill, Alicia to Junior High and Paul for elementary school.

Ginger was the last to leave. Wrapping her little arms about my neck she said softly, "I love you, mommie and I'll hurry home to you just as soon as school is over for the day. Bye..."

"I'll walk with you, dear," I volunteered quickly, with a catch in my voice and commanding my pounding, throbbing heart to keep calm and my whirling brain to maintain at least a reasonable amount of its stability and equilibrium.

"O, but I know the way, mommie!"

"Yes...yes, you do. All right, dear. But do be careful and don't forget to watch for the green light before you cross Magnolia and Hepatica Streets and..."

"I will, mommie. Goodbye. I love you."

I watched until her silken, golden hair had disappeared from sight when I washed and dried the dishes and put the kitchen in tip-toe shape and shining order before checking the bedrooms to make sure that each child had his and her respective rooms in order and neatness, with beds being made, smooth and wrinklefree, and clothing hung neatly and orderly in the closets.

In the living room I settled myself in my favorite chair. I was alone. Gloriously alone...to savor the soothing quietness of the morning. The day was mine! I would begin it now with another cup of tea, drunk leisurely and enjoyed over a book that

now — finally!...I could read without interruption. Later in the day I would set about like a whirlwind to wash and dry the three sets of laundry that needed done, chores I could easily accomplish in an unprecedented amount of time!

The tea and the book were enjoyed genuinely, but somehow I couldn't linger over either as long as I had anticipated. I ended it quickly and began the laundry chore. "Slow down. Slow down!" I told myself. "No need to hurry? the day is yours."

Quite suddenly, the inevitable happened. Sometime between eleven and one I became restless. Very restless. I kept waiting for the childish voice asking for a drink and for the light tug at my elbow; the usual interruptions I had once thought so annoying. So distracting.

By two I was pacing the floor, walking from the living room window to the kitchen window. Back and forth. Back and forth. How empty the quiet house seemed and how sad.

Back at the kitchen window, looking anxiously down the street, I noticed that it was drizzling. When had the rain begun? I wondered, marvelling at the sudden change in the weather patterns and wondering when the sun decided to hide its face.

Seeing the now overcast gray sky, my feeling of emptiness was magnified. I wanted to cry; and suddenly, I *did* cry. A part of me was gone, and I needed it! Immediately I thought of lost moments, of gentle reassurances not given, of discarded dreams. Time was snatched away, like some yearned-for star, too far away to hold.

I glanced out the window to the now dismal autumn day and felt myself as torn apart as the leaves wrested from their homes. I watched as the two big sugar maple disrobed, one glorious, bright, glowing leaf at a time. In a way, I felt as dismal as the day now looked.

But wait! I told my heart in no uncertain way. God did not intend for me to be like this...to feel this way. *Never! His Holy Spirit within me was my comforter!*

The leaves that fell were merely the outer surface. The trunk — the heart! was strong and straight and somehow lovely. And though both trees would be stripped and naked and strange looking when the last leaves lay patterned on the ground, the "Heart" would still send its life-giving strength and sap into each and

every branch and when springtime came each tree would produce a super-abundance of new tender leaves. Regardless of changes about her, each tree would remain solid and more beautiful as she welcomed each spring. Their shade and loveliness would continue to touch men's hearts no matter how many autumns came.

I saw it plainly now. For all of us there come those tearing times when something or someone can no longer be a part of us in the same way. For all of us there are autumns — and winters that follow. But we can look to the spring and become more beautiful in spite of the changes — indeed because of the changes.

I ceased pacing the floor and hurried to Bob's and my bedroom. Once inside, I closed the door, as if trying to shut out forever the restlessness I had experienced the last few hours. Then (brokenly at first) I began to pray, and when I emerged an hour later, it was with victory in my soul, a shine on my face and thankfulness in my heart.

Ginger was growing up and her mother was "growing up," too — in a more maturely spiritual way! It was a beautiful growth. All glorious within.

THE PASTOR'S CREDENTIALS...

(Continued from Page 6)

The old Apostle wrote young Timothy, "And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled [empowered, qualified, capacitated] me, for that he counted me faithful, putting [appointing] me into the ministry [his service]" (I Tim. 1:12, Amplified). The verse could well read, "He counted me faithful in that he appointed me." So, whether we were already fit for the office, or whether He has to make us fit, is little problem for Him — supposing He has moldable clay with which to work. Do we not suppose He would delight in granting the necessary capacities, that His work be properly done?

Paul boldly declares that "our sufficiency is of God," and that he can make us "able ministers of the new testament" (II Cor. 3:5, 6). A better rendering would be that he has made us sufficient as ministers of the New Covenant. Whether this is true in any one given individual, depends on whether or not he has accepted the power conferred or the endowment offered. Think of it! He can make us able ministers! He can make us able ministers! The scepter is extended touch it and receive.



School News, Penn View

From the desk of Rev. Garry L. Spriggs
President

Dear Standard Family:

It was a little Pilgrim Holiness Church in Hitchins, Ky., the preacher had preached on Hell. A runny-nosed hay-fever stricken six year old boy found his way to the altar. That boy was me.

I mean't business that night. There were those, I'm sure, who thought it was just a little boy, he didn't "amount to much". The evangelist was probably not too excited, little boys don't "count much." However, this little boy is still serving the Lord. In fact he hasn't quit in all these years.

As a young lad, a teenager and an adult I have never seen anything that has been worth trading Jesus for! The world and the Devil have yet to drag anything before me that would even tempt me to trade.

Has Satan Tried? Of course he has! But he is a defeated foe, and as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!

I was born in the hills of southern Ohio in a city called Portsmouth. My mother was saved when I was a year old, my father never became a Christian. I was raised in the church and enjoyed every moment of it. Sunday School, church, prayer meetings, and revivals became a way of life. Although my father was unsaved, he took us to church and would either wait in the car or return to pick us up.

It was at the age of fifteen that I reached two milestones. One, I was sanctified wholly and the other I settled my call to preach. In fact, I preached my first message at fifteen while attending high school at God's Bible School.

God's hand has been good across these years. It has led us to high mountain tops and deep valleys. Some tunnels have been dark and long, but His Grace has been sufficient.

As a young lad I was made fun of for smiling a lot, but I loved Jesus and

they just didn't understand. As a teenager in public school before going to G.B.S. I was lonely, but I had Him as my friend. Others were having their "fling", I was in love with Jesus.

The world of the adult is no friend

of Grace. They don't understand why we don't have "fun". I do have "fun" but I also have joy! As a Christian we have an inner peace the world knows nothing about.

It has been worth it to serve Him unselfishly. I have no complaints, He is so good. He has given me so many privileges and blessings.

As an evangelist and school representative I have traveled coast-to-coast and border to border, even in to Mexico and Canada. I have met and worshiped with the saints and made friends in nearly every state in the union. I could travel from ocean to ocean and stay all night with a friend every night. All of this because I joined the "family of God" years ago. Does it pay to serve Jesus? It pays every day!

As a shepherd I have loved the flock and watched them grow. I have labored and wept with them. I have rejoiced with them. I still love them dearly though we have been apart many years.

For the past eleven years, the field of Christian Education has been God's will for my ministry. Hobe Sound was home for eight great years and Kansas City for three. Now we are here in the beautiful hills of Pa. How lovely it is!

To the grade schooler I say, "Love Jesus", it pays in great rewards. To the high school student I say "Love Jesus" there is a world to be won, accept the challenge. To the adult I say, "Love Jesus", Satan has nothing to offer that compares.

My determination now is to serve Him in this corner of His vineyard

called Penn View Bible Institute. By His help and Grace we are going to lead this great school forward for Him. There's a world out there hungry for the Gospel, we are going to train young men and women to take it to them.

Some will be preachers, and they will be the **best** preachers available. Some will be missionaries, and they will be the **best** missionaries on the face of the earth! Others will teach while others may be laymen helping in the load of the local church, and they will be the **best** in their field.

That's our commitment. We want a Spiritual school, high academic excellence, a sound financial basis blessed of God and graduates in demand around the world. It's not just a dream, God is going to help us accomplish this and more!

Our young people are our most precious asset. Lets love them, train them and keep them in God's fold. It's a big responsibility — but not bigger than God's help and grace.

Please stand with us in your prayers and support that we might accomplish this great task laid before us.

Yours for Him,

Garry L. Spriggs
President

AUTOMATIC WASHER NEEDED At Penn View!

Penn View Bible Institute is in need of a good used or new automatic washer for the dormitory. If you can help with this project please contact the Business Office immediately.

You may write:

Rev. Garry L. Spriggs
Penn View Bible Institute
Box 970
Penns Creek, PA 17862
or phone - 717-837-1855

FALL REVIVAL

Penn View Bible Institute

Penns Creek, Pa.

SEPTEMBER 21 — 30, 1984



Rev. Paul Pierpoint
Hobe Sound, Florida

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES

First Service — September 21 — 7:30 p.m.

Monday-Friday	10:30 a.m.
	7:30 p.m.
Saturday	7:30 p.m.
Sunday	10:30 a.m.
	7:30 p.m.

Penn View Bible Institute

HARVEST HOME SERVICE

OCTOBER 15, 1984
7:30 P.M.



Speaker:

Rev. Edward Lecates
Pastor Pilgrim Holiness Church
Sayre, Pa.

Special Music by the Music Department

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