



# 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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## The Flag Speaks

Filled with significance are my colors of red, white and blue into which have been woven the strength and courage of American manhood, the love and loyalty of American womanhood.

Stirring are the stories of my stars and stripes.

I symbolize the soul of America, typifying her ideals and aspirations, her institutions and traditions.

I reflect the wealth and grandeur of this great Land of Opportunity.

I represent the Declaration of Independence.

I stand for the Constitution of the United States.

I signify the Law of the Land.

I tell the achievements and progress of the American people in art and science, culture and literature, invention and commerce, transportation and industry.

I stand for peace and goodwill among the nations of the world.

I believe in religious and racial tolerance.

I stand for personal liberty.

I proclaim freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, freedom of the press.

I am the symbol of American Democracy and the emblem of National Unity.

I am the heart of America, symbolizing the joys and sorrows, the love and romance of her people.

I wave exultantly over the schoolhouses of the Land, for Education is the Keystone of the Nation and the Schoolroom is my citadel.

I am the badge of the Nation's greatness and the emblem of its Destiny.

**THREATEN ME AND MILLIONS  
WILL SPRING TO MY DEFENSE!**

## I am the American Flag!

— Selected.



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### Editor —

Rev. David Fuller  
Box 1065  
Hobe Sound, FL 33475-1065

### Associate Editor —

Rev. Kenneth E. Walter  
R.D. 2 Box 242  
Middleburg, PA 17842

### Business Manager —

Rev. Jacob Martin, Jr.  
Box 22  
Penns Creek, PA 17862

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*Part of the spiritual legacy that General of the Army Douglas MacArthur left to his son Arthur was a prayer. The General wrote it during the desperate early days of the Pacific war.*

By Gen. Douglas MacArthur

## A Soldier's Prayer for His Son



Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, brave enough to face himself when he is afraid; one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, humble and gentle in victory.

Build me a son whose wishes will not take the place of deeds; a son who will know Thee — and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

Lead him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Let him learn to stand up in the storm; let him learn compassion for those who fail.

Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high; a son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men; one who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past. And after all these things are his, add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor so that he may always be serious yet never take himself too seriously. Give him humility, the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom and the meekness of true strength.

Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, "I have not lived in vain."





# "God Bless America"

Evangelist Wilfred E. Moutoux

More than two hundred years ago God planted on this continent the great American Republic. Her founders were seeking God — they found both God and gold.

America has been an instrument in God's hands with which He has blessed the world. From her shores have gone a great army of missionaries, and a flood-tide of evangelical literature heralding salvation's Good News. From field and factory has poured incalculable wealth to every area on earth. Millions should cry out in gratitude and say, "God bless America."

The whole world should now be praying, "God **preserve** America," for if the enemies of God can destroy her, they will have wiped out the last bastion of evangelical influence. If they can stop her religious press, and muzzle her freedom of expression, they will cast a pall of ignorance and gloom over the entire globe. May God preserve us from such a catastrophe.

America was founded on the principle of dependence on, and responsibility to God. Her character and integrity can be preserved only as she continues to adhere to this founding principle. Let there be no vain boasting in human accomplishment, but let there be a grateful acknowledgment to God for His beneficence.

Many have forgotten; others have never known the real source of power in the American experiment. It should be stated that it was not her fertile fields, and rich resources, nor was it the ingenuity and industry of her people. She has all of this, but this was not the source. God said, "Seek the kingdom first, and all else will be added." The U.S.A. has always and still does acknowledge God in her affairs. This has made her great.

From whence came this awareness of God? One of the most significant forces at work molding the public conscience of the young Republic were the heroic Methodist missionaries who, over mountain and plain, through summer's heat and winter's snow, rode their ponies to the settlers' homes and loved their way into their hearts.

President Calvin Coolidge, speaking at the dedication of Asbury's memorial in Washington said, "America was born in a revival of religion. Back of that revival were John Wesley, George Whitefield, and

Francis Asbury." These were some of the pillars on which God built a nation.

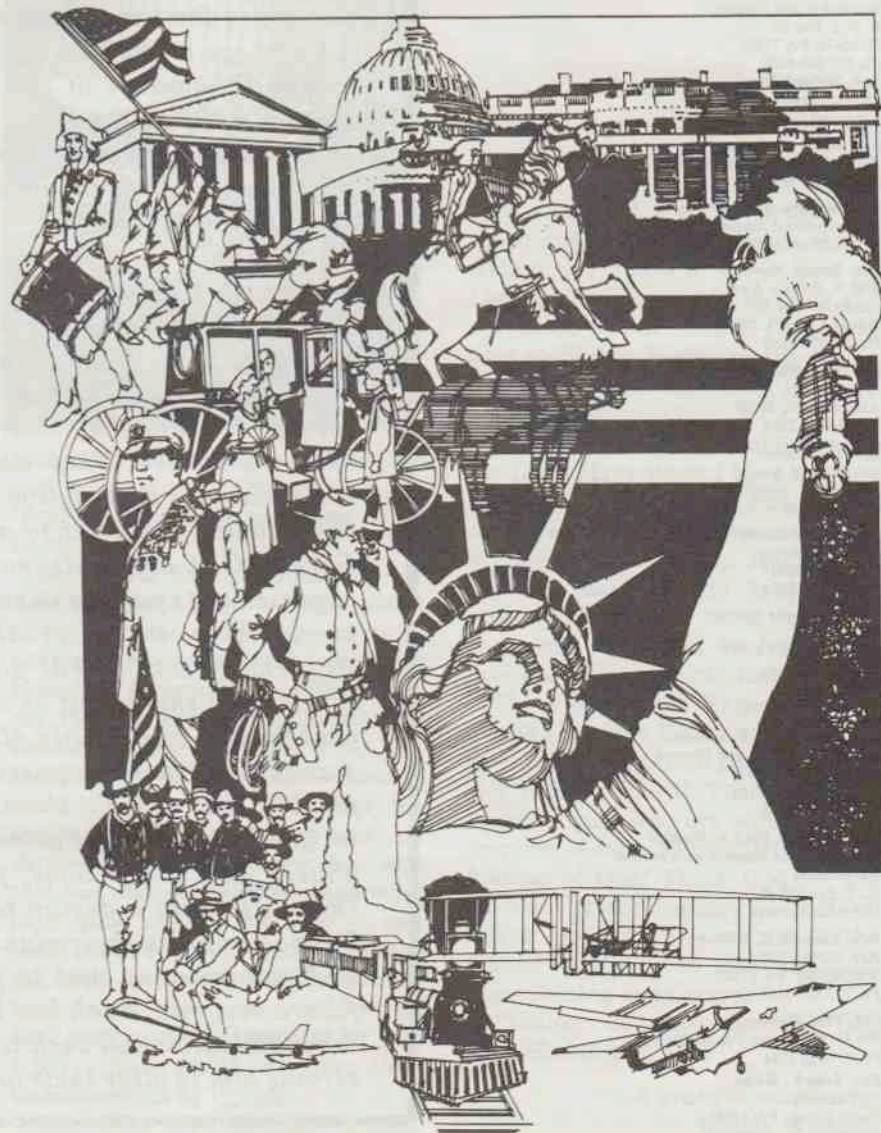
England gave America these mighty men, and with them England gave the new Republic the Methodist, Baptist Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches, as well as the Salvation Army, the Y.M.C.A. and the Bible societies. All of these grew out of, or were influenced by, the Wesleyan awakening in England. Lord Baldwin said, "You cannot understand America unless you understand John Wesley and George Whitefield," and it should be added, "their contemporaries and successors."

Lloyd George suggested that Britain was deeply indebted to America, but that debt was nothing compared to what America owed England in the lives of John Wesley and George Whitefield. It is said that Whitefield

crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to thrill American hearts with his eloquent message. Dr. Coke (Wesley's first superintendent) crossed the ocean eighteen times. This influence on the new nation can never be calculated.

It is to America's credit that she paid in full the debt to England and the world. After all has been said about Britain's contribution to America, it is patently apparent that not even Britain has made such an impact on the world in evangelical outreach, scientific technology, agrarian development, and social betterment as the mighty American Republic.

No other nation in all history has portrayed the "Brother's Keeper" image with such lavishness as the U.S.A. "May the Lord bless her, and keep her, make His face shine upon her and give her peace."





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## The Declaration of Independence

### THE PREAMBLE

*When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.*

*We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That, to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains him to alter their former Systems of Government.*





## Holiness Unto The Lord Now and Forever!"



Each year, as a new class begins our Bible School here in Haiti (called Theological Seminary of Haiti—God's Missionary Church), we "fall in love" with our students all over again. Please do not misunderstand—we have our problems, and sometimes have problem-students, but for the most part they are very precious young people, eager to drink in God's Word.

This year has been a different kind of school year because we had to miss about six weeks of the first semester due to the problems in the country, and at other times there were strikes and other hindrances. But God has answered our prayers and helped us to finish first semester and begin the second.

One of my special joys this year has been teaching Holiness class. It always is a subject I enjoy teaching. Although I still have much to learn myself, we study and learn together.

But this year is even extra special since we have some extra special students—students that love God with all their hearts and are eager to walk in every ray of new light.

We have been using Harry Jessp's book, *Foundations of Doctrine* in French. I don't understand all the French, but I have my book in English for when I get stuck. But oh, it is so

precious to be reading and discussing and to hear my students saying, "Praise the Lord!", "Thank You, Lord!"

We do not have an abundance of class time, and since we have about thirty students in the class, there is not time for each student to express himself as he would like. I had a feeling that some of our students had something they would like to say. So, recently we set aside about twenty minutes at the end of a class for testimonies. I wish so much that you all could have been there, too, and that you could have understood what they were saying. But even if you could not have understood the Creole, you could not have missed the sincerity and joy of their voices, and I would have been so glad to interpret for you. I felt a little selfish, enjoying their testimonies all by myself.

Four of our boys testified. No doubt

there would have been more, but time ran out on us. They all four said how the Lord has sanctified them in 1988. How they had been so hungry for something, but didn't quite know what it was or how to find it. How the Lord made things plain to them and witnessed to their hearts. One of the boys started by having us join him in the chorus of "Hallelujah I Have Found Him."

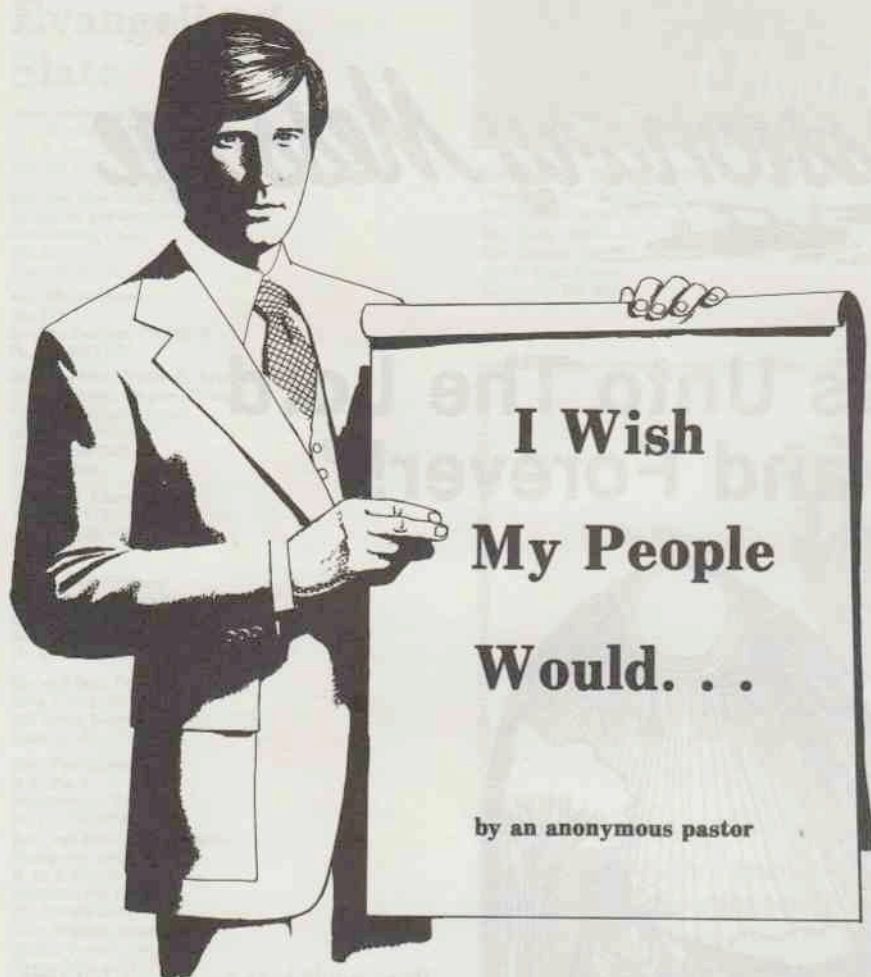
My heart is full of thankfulness to the Lord. Many times I have left that class feeling refreshed and blessed and strengthened in my own heart. And my heart is also full of longing and prayers that He will keep these students and lead them, establish them and use them to help other precious ones come into this Blessing.

Thank God for the Way of Holiness! Thank God that He is still cleansing from the carnal nature and filling with His Blessed Spirit! Thank God for young people who are willing to be emptied of self and filled with all the fullness of God! Thank God for the privilege of working for Him in Haiti! Thank God for those of you in the United States who are faithfully remembering us in prayer.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

*A grateful missionary,  
Bonnie Williams*





I know how unsatisfactory it is to say, "I love you, *but . . .*" In spite of that I want to say I do love my church.

And what I'm going to say in this article isn't to be considered a "*but*." Our people aren't perfect, just as I'm not. Still, they're a precious flock and I thank God for the privilege of being their undershepherd. We have a happy relationship together — at least, I think so. What I have to say here isn't critical or complaining. I just want to mention some things I've experienced (and I think the same is true of pastors in general). If some improvement could be made in these areas, it would make a good life even better.

First, *I wish my people would all recognize that the pastoral office is a calling of God.* I'm not asking for anything personally, and I certainly don't mean they must bow down to me whenever I come by! But I do believe the office of pastor is something established by God, and that the true pastor holds that office because God put him there. He needs to be respected as one who occupies that office and fulfills that calling. He is, first of all accountable to God. That affects his preaching, his position and his practices. Again I say, I'm not asking for outward demonstrations; I don't care whether or not they call me

"Reverend." I guess what I'm thinking about is an inner attitude—that they recognize being a pastor is a special calling and ministry.

*I wish my people would assume more responsibility at the church.* I am now in a church that has an adequate staff. But I remember my first small church. If the lawn was mowed in summer; if the sidewalk was shoveled in winter; if books and papers were picked up; if the broken window was repaired — I was the one who did it. I'm not feeling like a martyr, and I don't mind working with my hands. It's just that nobody seemed to give any thought as to how these things were to get done. How nice it would be if members felt such things were *their* responsibility, too!

Along the same line (and I'll get the money part out of the way now), *I wish my people wouldn't expect me to sacrifice.* Some of them, that is; they don't all feel that way. When I entered the ministry, I knew there might be a price to pay, speaking of income. I remembered the Lord said He had no place to lay His head, and I knew if I followed Him, that might be my lot, too. I was willing to accept that, and still am. I think, though, the Lord meant we should be willing to endure these circumstances if it were

necessary — not as a normal level of life. It bothers me that when pastors are hard-pressed for money, some people don't feel any compulsion to improve the situation. "Well," they think, "that's part of being a pastor." If they are doing the best they can, I don't care how low the salary is; but if they could do more and don't because they think somehow I'll be more spiritual if I'm poor, that's not right. Why should a pastor have to live on a lower income than the average of the congregation when it isn't necessary?

*I wish my people would not look for perfection in my family.* I'm not a flawless husband and father. My wife and children have frustrations, temptations and weaknesses as do all other people. I've heard people say about some other children: ". . . and they're preacher's kids, too." Which means they would say the same thing about mine. We do try to set a good example — my wife and I — and try to see that the children do the same. But don't throw stones, if they slip once in a while.

*I wish my people would give me a chance when I propose something different.* I don't ask for unquestioning submission; people have not only the right but an obligation to think things through. But some of them still make use of the *seven last words of a church*: "We never did it that way before." Some new ideas may not prove practical; if so, I'll admit it and drop them. All I ask is that these ideas be given a reasonably honest try, and not be shot down before they even have a chance to fly!

*I wish my people would develop more of a family spirit in the church.* We don't seem to have learned to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice. We don't have the unity I would like, as a local body. I know the larger a church becomes, the more difficult the situation is, or seems to be. Yet I don't think our church is that large. Instead of a warm family spirit, I do occasionally sense — I'm sorry to say — some feelings of ill will. This bothers me a great deal.

*I wish my people would welcome visitors and try to make them feel at home.* Over and over again, in my calling, I've had people say they like such and such a church "because the people are so friendly there." Some of our members do make it a point to greet strangers. Most of them, however, are interested only in chatting and having fellowship with friends. They hardly even nod to visitors. Along this line, I wish our people would gladly let new



# I WISH MY PEOPLE WOULD.....

(Continued from Page 6)

members be worked into offices and responsibilities in the church. This isn't a large problem, but once in a while I've known a few of our older people to act as though they thought they were the only ones who could fill certain offices.

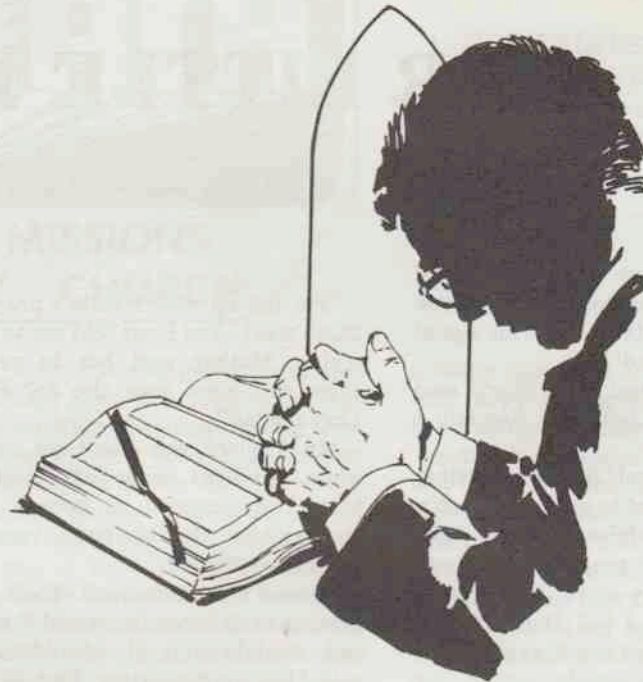
*I wish my people wouldn't expect me to be an unofficial psychiatrist.* Certainly I want to be of help; my office door is always open to people who need whatever spiritual help I can give them. A few, however, seem to come quite frequently and take up a large amount of time going over their personal problems. Sometimes I wonder whether they just want someone who will listen to them; and of course I can't charge them a sizeable hourly fee, like a professional man would.

Finally, and perhaps this is selfish, although I don't mean it that way, *I wish my people wouldn't take me for granted.* When a pastor is new at a church, the members welcome him, have a reception for him and tell him how glad they are he is with them. But after a couple of years, they start treating him like another piece of furniture around the church. Of course, when they go out Sunday mornings they say how much they enjoyed the sermon. That's nice (though I'm afraid that can get to be empty and routine), but that isn't what I mean. Everybody likes to be appreciated, and sometimes it would be nice — if they really do appreciate my wife and me — if they would mention it in a little note or some special word to us. It would help us to feel the Lord is using us, and give us an encouragement we sometimes need badly.

I'd really like to write another article entitled, "I'm Glad My Church Does..." and give some of the things that have brought delight and thanksgiving to our hearts over the years. These outnumber and outweigh the ones I've just been talking about. But I was asked for the theme of this article, so I did my best. Let me say as a final word that whatever pressures and frustrations the pastoral ministry may have, I still wouldn't be doing anything, else!



## A SONG OF TRUST



I cannot always see the way that leads  
To heights above;  
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on  
With hand of love;  
But yet I know the path must lead me to  
Immanuel's Land,  
And when I reach life's summit I shall know  
And understand.  
I cannot always trace the onward course  
My ship must take;  
But, looking backward, I behold afar  
Its shining wake,  
Illumined with God's light of love; and so  
I onward go,  
In perfect trust that He who holds the helm  
The course must know.  
I cannot always see the plan on which  
He builds my life;  
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
The noise of strife,  
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows  
And oversees,  
And that in all details with His good plan  
The Master's rule;  
I cannot always do the tasks He gives  
In life's hard school;  
But I am learning with His help to solve  
Them one by one;  
And when I cannot understand to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

— Author Unknown



# For The Boys and Girls

## HER LITTLE LIGHT

By Mrs. Paul E. King

"So that's where you are! Kendall exclaimed in an explosive sort of tone of voice to his sister. "Loitering again! Wait till I tell Dad!"

With tear-stained eyes, Sherla said softly, "I wasn't loitering, Kendall; I was praying."

"Oh sure! Sure! Always praying. You were sent out to gather the eggs, not to pray, little Miss Religious. I get so tired of your praying that I can scarcely take any more. Now get to work! Wait till I tell Dad!" Again, Kendall used the threat, angrily and wickedly.

Still in her soft, sweet-spoken manner, Sherla said, "The eggs are all gathered, Kendall, and I even fed the chickens and filled their water containers with fresh water."

"Then take the eggs to the kitchen to Mother."

"Mother has plenty of eggs," came Sherla's kind-spoken reply. "She told me so herself."

A lump was forming inside Sherla's throat. Why was Kendall so hateful to her? she wondered. Ever since the night when she had gotten converted, her brother's attitude toward her was different. Oh, so different. Instead of treating her kindly and brotherly, he became hateful. Almost like a stranger, she sometimes thought. And the more she prayed for him, and for her father and mother, too, so much more hateful and angry Kendall seemed to get.

She wiped the tears from her eyes and brushed the dust off her little skirt, from where she had knelt in the straw to pray.

"Get going!" Kendall ordered.

Fresh tears sprang to Sherla's eyes.

"Stop that crying!" Kendall all but shouted the command, raising a hand as if to strike his sister.

"What's going on in here?" Mr. Turlock's big voice echoed through the doorway of the barn. Then, stepping inside, he faced his son. "What do you think you're doing, Kendall Turlock?" he asked.

"I'm fed up with Sherla's prayers, that's what. And I just told her to stop crying. Mother sent her to gather eggs, and what does she do? *Pray!* That's what!"

Mr. Turlock was silent for a long while. His eyes never left Kendall's face. They seemed to bore a hole through him. "So!" the father remarked. Again, "So!"

Kendall's head dropped. Then, in a gesture of defiance, he raised it again and, straightening his shoulders, he said, "But it's disgusting, Dad; all this praying and crying. Why, she . . . she's disturbing our home."

Again Mr. Turlock's eyes probed his son's face. "Is she, Kendall? Now really, is she? I think, if anything, *you* are creating the disturbance. Sherla's sweeter than ever since she had this heart change by God. I've been observing her. Very, very closely. I have seen nothing but beauty and love and kindness demonstrated in her life since Jesus save her. She's different, Kendall. A difference which both your mother and I like. And which, I must add, each of us is planning to follow. It's too bad that I never took the lead and gave my heart to God years ago, as the head of my home. But since I didn't, and my little daughter has, I plan to follow in her footsteps and become converted. Her light has been shining brightly ever since her born-again experience. So brightly, in fact, that it has brought conviction and condemnation to both your mother's heart and mine."

"But Dad, what will the neighbors think? And Uncle Charley and Aunt Katrina?" Kendall asked quickly. "You know what they said about Josh Wickers and . . ."

"We are past what the neighbors and our relatives think, Son," Mr. Turlock answered, without waiting for Kendall to finish speaking. "Sherla's right; she said we would be living on forever and ever someday, in either heaven or hell. Your mother

and I discussed this at length. And, since we *know*, we're not ready for Heaven, well, that leaves us only one other place to go. And we're not planning on going there! You may join us, Kendall, and give your heart to God, like we're going to do. The minister's coming to the farm later on this afternoon to pray with us and for us regarding our soul's salvation."

"But Dad, what will my school friends say? What will they think?"

"Sherla had this to face, Kendall. It doesn't seem to have been too big a problem for her," Mr. Turlock remarked. "Her one-time, so-called friends just automatically dropped off when she told them how Jesus had saved her soul and forgiven her of all her sins."

"I have true friends now, Daddy," Sherla declared. "Jesus gave me many friends, where I go to church since I got saved."

"I want you to think about your soul, Kendall," the father said soberly, "and where you will spend eternity. As your father, and as the head of my home, I ask you to forgive me for not leading the way in this most serious of all affairs; the matter of your soul and where *you* will spend eternity. Come, join your mother and me today, Son. Let's make this day one of a new beginning in Christ."

Tears brimmed in Kendall's eyes. Looking Sherla full in the face, he said, "Forgive me, please, for the hateful things I've said and done to you. I admire you, little Sis." Turning quickly to his father, he said, "I will, Dad. I'll do it; I'll give Jesus my heart and my life, too. *Today!*"

Sherla's tears began flowing again. This time they were tears of pure joy and thankfulness. A light! Her father had said she had been a light and that it was shining brightly. She smiled through her tears; she hadn't known she had a light. It must be Jesus shining *His* light in her and through her, she thought happily. Yes, that was it: *Jesus.*





SUPERINTENDENT:  
REV. DENNIS McCOY  
92 E. Landis St.  
Coopersburg, PA 18036

Greetings from steamy, sultry, extremely hot Coopersburg, Pa.! For those who delight in hot temperatures, this summer has been right down their alley, so to speak! The drought of this summer has affected all of us in one way or another. I have watched my garden lose its lush green color and have its growth stunted. Prices at the grocery store for fresh fruits and vegetables seem to be escalating on a daily basis. My heart goes out to the precious farmers in our country who are trying to work out a meager existence, only to see their labors dry up and wither away.

I was discussing the drought situation recently with someone when the question arose, "Do you think that this drought is the result of the Lord's anger with America because of our sin?" I confess that I am not totally certain if this situation is a result of God's anger so much as it is a result of God's mercy. Maybe the Lord is trying to get us back where we need to be, and this is a prodding to do so.

Lamentations 3:22 & 23 reads, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness." It has only been the Lord's mercy that has preserved us this long. Jeremiah, the weeping prophet, is writing of the tragic destruction of Jerusalem. The very name Lamentations means "to cry aloud in despair." Prophecies of doom and destruction abound in this short book. Yet it also glitters with wonderful promises like the one just read. "Great is thy faithfulness," is a phrase that every child of God is keenly conscience of. Regardless of circumstances we can be sure of God's faithfulness! If God for one second ceased to be faithful, the whole universe would crumble around us. Jeremiah lived in a day when the leaders of his country had turned from

God. Corruption in government was abundant. Even the religious leaders were trusting idols and turning from the God of their fathers. Jerusalem had become a haven for false gods! Jeremiah watched the decay of his people, and knew the judgment of God was at hand. Babylonian armies swept over Jerusalem and destroyed the city. Jeremiah watched the holy city fall into the hands of idol worshipping Gentiles. As the soldiers ravaged the city and the temple was going up in smoke, Jeremiah looked Heavenward and said, "Great is thy faithfulness!" God had warned of im-

pending judgment and He had faithfully kept His promise. The conditions of our summer are another of "great faithfulnesses" of God! Let us who love this His faithfulness pray that His overtures of mercy will turn America back to God! Jesus is coming soon, and if you and I would see souls saved we must hurry and get them to Jesus! Let's do our best to be faithful to others as God is faithful to us. It is our solemn obligation and responsibility to our fellow man to warn them of the coming judgment! I leave this poem with you.

## I'll Stay Where You Have Put Me

I'll stay where You've put me; I will, dear Lord,  
Though I want so badly to go,  
I was eager to march with the "rank and file,"  
Yes, I wanted to lead them, You know.  
I planned to keep step to the music loud,  
To cheer when the banner unfurled,  
To stand in the midst of the fight, straight and proud,  
Victorious before the whole world.

I'll stay where You've put me; I'll work, dear Lord,  
Though the field be narrow and small,  
And the ground be fallow, and the stones lie thick,  
And there seems to be no life at all  
The field is Thine own; only give me the seed;  
I'll sow the dry soil while I wait for the rain,  
And rejoice when the green blades appear.

I'll stay where You've put me; I will, dear Lord;  
I'll bear the day's burden and heat,  
Always trusting Thee fully! when even has come  
I'll lay heavy sheaves at Thy feet.  
And then when my earth work is ended and done,  
In the light of eternity's glow,  
Life's record all closed, I surely shall find  
It was better to stay than to go!



# Doors Of The Bible

Dr. William S. Deal



## A Door of The Lord's House

The period to which this expression refers in Jewish history is quite a bit later than the days of the old tabernacle. There are, however, some expressions in the Psalms which doubtless refer to the house of the Lord as the old tabernacle, before the temple of Solomon was built. And there is so much of significance for us today in this

reference that we deem it wise to devote an article to it.

David said; "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." To face the door of God's house brings a sense of rejoicing to God's children. How well I now recall when I was a lad in my middle teens, just after my conversion, what a thrill it gave me when I entered the door of God's house. It was a humble place, a dwelling house remodeled into a church. But it seemed that when I entered that door every trial and temptation and the very devil himself left me. Oh, how the glory of the Lord was manifested in those services! No one ever had to coax us young fellows in those days to go to church. We were, like David, "glad" when the hour came to go. It is pretty good evidence of a good spiritual state when people love the house of the Lord and cause for alarm when they dread to go, or refrain from it.

This door stands for **fellowship**. The best people on earth go in and out this door. So much did the Psalmist love this door that he said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my god, than to dwell in the tents of the wicked." It is more blessed to be the janitor in God's house than to be the head of a great financial firm where God is dishonored. How sweet is that fellowship, the bonds of which nothing can break, not even death itself. All societies of earth cannot offer a bond of fellowship to compare with it.

This door represents to us **strength, courage, and fortitude**. It is in the house of God that men receive the strength to go out and face the world and do valiant things for God and men. It was when Hezekiah went into the Lord's house and spread the letter of the wicked enemy of God out before Him, that he received strength and power to resist him. And it is here that we, today, may receive strength for our every spiritual need.

This door further speaks to us of **peace and rest**. Within the sanctuary of God's house there comes to the troubled heart peace that the world cannot possibly give. If all the fears removed in this house could be converted into atomic energy, they would perhaps blow a continent to pieces or even rock the world. If all the burdens which have been lifted from the hearts of weary mortals could be turned into stones, there would be a wall greater than the Great Wall of China around the world. There is no other place on earth where such calm, inward rest comes to one as in the house of God.

It is inside this door that we so often hear **the voice of God**. It speaks to us words of comfort, of good cheer, of conviction, of correction, of new deeds of love, new fields of service, and do higher, nobler things above. Here the voice of God calms the storms of life, soothes the pains of sorrow and woe, gives strength for the toils of tomorrow, and prepares the soul for all its future engagements and encounters. Here bride and groom are happily joined, the young are offered to the Lord, the aged are often healed of their infirmities, and when the last hour of earth has passed, we say our final farewells. It is the center of the strength of any people, and God pity the nation that has no house of the Lord.

Beloved, let us "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; . . . and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." (Heb. 10:25).





# Penn View Bible Institute

P. O. BOX 970 •

Summer time is a time for camp meetings. Oh, may this summer be the time when we would witness a mighty out-pouring of the Blessed Holy Ghost upon our camp meetings. May they be more than just meetings, may they be times of refreshing from the MOST HIGH GOD! A leader of one of our Holiness denominations recently told me that if his conference does not experience a real old time revival within the next two years, that she would be gone the way of many today, the way of compromising. Oh, let us join in much interspersory prayer for God to once again visit with us!

Summer time is also a time for representation from Penn View to be out and visiting churches and camps. The Lord has been very gracious to us and given His seal upon the spring tour of the choir and quartet. Praise the Lord! Many were blessed and challenged by the inspiring singing and testimonies.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul Clough will be joining our staff in the area of music

PENNS CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA 17862

and Mr. Clough will also be working in the public relations department. Paul and Linda are alumni of Penn View and have a desire to serve the Lord in helping other youth train for the Christian Ministry. The Cloughs will be traveling with the Praise Singers this summer which will give many of you a chance to meet this fine couple.

Now is the time for prospective students to get their applications sent to us for the fall term. We praise God for those which we already have know there are some of you who need to get your request for admission sent to our Admissions office. Please do so today! Our address is P.O. Box 970, Penns Creek, PA. 17862. We shall be looking for your letter to us!

There will be a special Alumni get-together on July 30th in the dining hall here on campus. The time is 4:00 P.M. and we desire you who are alumni of Penn View to be in attendance. Some real special things are planned for this time of fellowship and meal. Make plans now to attend!

## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Wendy Rhoades

Once a man was resting under an oak tree. He noticed the strong roots that went out from the tree and the tiny acorns hanging from the branches. He glanced over to his garden and observed that the giant watermelons were connected to spindly green vines. He wondered, "If God is so wise, why would He let little acorns grow on big trees with strong roots and have big watermelons grow on little, spindly vines?" Just then, an acorn fell on his head. Immediately, he knew why watermelons grew on such tiny vines.

We often question the plans and purposes of God's will. But if we can glimpse what God is really like, we will not have to question. For every man's life is **truly** a plan of God.

The psalmist said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." Our Milky Way galaxy is 80,000 light years across and contains 100 billion stars! And there are six trillion galaxies! Yet the psalmist informs us that

God knows them all by their names! Don't you think He can handle our lives?

Have you ever considered "Our Incredible Insides"? Your blood takes less than one minute to move from the left side of the heart, through the body, through the right side of the heart, to the lungs, and back to the left side of the heart. It makes the cycle over a thousand times a day! In seventy-five years, your heart will beat three billion times!

Your capillaries are fifty times thinner than the thinnest hair. If they were all laid out, they would stretch four times around the equator! Don't you think God can handle the details of your life?

In the Bible, Rebekah had no idea how giving a drink to a stranger would change her life. Joseph could not have guessed how speaking to a sad prisoner would eventually lead to his release and promotion. It is the same for us. God is in control of our lives, and He has every detail worked

out.

Commencement is the beginning. With confidence in the God that I serve, I just can't wait to see what God has for me!

— Excerpted

## Salutatory Address

Esther Kunselman

I am greatly privileged to be a student of the Master Teacher. In Psalms 32:8, He has promised, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." The instruction He gives reminds me of the guidance which my parents and teachers have given.

Sometimes a teacher gives just a "look of correction." She seems to sense when her students are tempted to do something wrong. She looks that mischievous boy straight in the eye, and he knows that **she** knows. Once in a while he may escape **her** glance and fall for that temptation, but our Master Teacher is ALWAYS watching. He never fails.

The teacher seeks to enable her students to become men and women of good character. She assists them by encouraging them to develop their God-given abilities. But her knowledge is limited. She can only **suppose** what they will become in the future. The Master Teacher knows everything about His students. He instructs in light of what He **knows** to be ahead of them.

In fact, He created them especially for the plan He has in mind. Amy Carmichael was a missionary to India. In her childhood, she wished for blue eyes. She prayed earnestly, but she was disappointed. God did not grant her desire. Years later, she understood why. She was trying to disguise herself so she could go into the temple to learn about the children who were being offered as sacrifices to the idols. As she was rubbing coffee on her skin to make it brown like the other people, one of the missionaries remarked, "It's a good thing you have brown eyes!" God knew what was ahead and He gave her the brown eyes she would need.

God has a plan for us, but how do we find that plan? It would have been convenient if He had inspired a book with everyone's name and a description of what that person should do and become. But God has chosen to make His will known in other ways. An earthly teacher does not teach everything in one day. It is a gradual

(Continued on Page 12)



# FELLOWSHIP CAMP GROVE

OFF ROUTE 216 ON HOFF ROAD  
3 MI. SOUTHEAST OF HANOVER, PA.

SECOND CAMP

**AUGUST 19-28, 1988**

EVANGELIST  
**BEDSAUL AGREE**

EVANGELIST  
**ORLOW WEBB**

SINGERS  
**DON & SHIRL GESSNER**

**CONTACT:**

Alvin R. Shaffer

Rt. 3, Box 189 Hanover, PA 17331

PHONE: 717-632-4090

Services Daily

10:30 A.M.

2:30 P.M.

7:30 P.M.

1:30 P.M. (Children)

6:30 P.M. (Youth)

## THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL PORT MATILDA CAMP MEETING

Interdenominational Bald Eagle Valley Holiness Association, Inc.

**AUGUST 10-AUGUST 21, 1988**

Rev. Barry Arnold  
Lebanon, PA

Rev. Paul Finch  
Troy, Mo.

Rev. Mary Boyer  
*Evangelical Faith Missions*  
Bedford Ind. Missionary

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Edwards  
*Song Evangelists*  
Ridgeville Ind.

**Opening Service**  
**AUGUST 10, 1988 7:30 P.M.**

Care Takers Phone:  
814-692-8526

**Missionary Day**  
**August 14, 1988**

**SALUTATORY ADDRESS.....(Continued from Page 11)**

process; the information is given bit by bit. The Master Teacher also shows us step by step, the path we are to take. A student of the Master Teacher should seldom say "no" when called upon to do an act of Christian service. Just as a student finds it necessary to go to his teacher for assistance with some of his assignments, so a student of the Master Teacher will have to seek

assistance from his Teacher. We may be tempted to decline because we feel incapable or because we think someone else can do it better. That is not reason enough to decline. The Master Teacher evaluates His students **not** in the light of who can do it better, but who is doing his best. He has promised to give wisdom and strength to those who simply ask for it.

Just as I have completed the requirements for graduation from Penn View Bible Institute, so I plan to faithfully fulfill the requirements in this "School of Life." The diploma that I have earned here will bring much joy, but that joy will not compare with the joy I will experience when I hear my Master Teacher say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

— Excerpted