G O D ' S M I S S I O N A R Y

STANDARD

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David Wise

Catching that Big Fish for the Lord

When a Christian hears the reference from Daniel about the people of God being "strong" and able to "do exploits," the normal response is to think of David taking down Goliath, Samson bringing destruction on the Philistines, or even Noah preaching to his rowdy neighbors before that first, big rain storm. In a New Testament sense, we think of Paul's evangelistic crusades or the Apostle John's standing firm for truth during the early decades of the Church. We are thankful for these Bible heroes, but not everyone is called to slay Goliath or author books in the New Testament. Though all can and should be strong through grace, not all exploits are the same because all don't have the same mission from God or the same sphere of influence. In

a unique twist of biblical history, an unknown disciple who was never mentioned again in the Bible was the human instrument, chosen by God, to disciple the penitent chief persecutor of the early Church.

In Acts 9, we are introduced to Ananias. This humble disciple from Damascus was the man whom the Lord used to guide Saul of Tarsus after he was brought to repentance by a re-

We know very little about Ananias, but he responded to the Lord's call.

markable encounter. While we know very little about Ananias, there are some things we can discern from the biblical account about this noble man.

1. **He was listening.** We are not implying that the "big name" preachers were not listening, but when the Lord came knocking on his door, Ananias was there to answer. In the busyness of life, a true follower of Christ must learn the fine art of waiting on the Lord. Ananias was able to respond to the call because he was able to hear.



- 2. **He was aware.** Ananias was not hiding in a cave and out of contact with daily life. He was leading a godly, separated life, but he knew about Saul. Maybe some of his friends had been jailed by the zealous Pharisee. Maybe he was part of the prayer group that was asking the Lord to "save him or move him on to the next world." We don't know for sure. But we do know, based on his response, that he was aware of the potential danger to himself.
- 3. **He was obedient.** Ananias had already "died." He was a consecrated vessel full of the Holy Spirit, and disobedience wasn't an option. His will was set to obey his Lord, come what may. He was part of a movement where the commitment level for even ordinary followers was exceedingly high and many would eventually pay the ultimate price for their devotion to Jesus of Nazareth.
- 4. He was tender-hearted. Perhaps some of his friends had been harmed by Saul. We could understand if Ananias had been a bit aloof toward this new convert, taking a "wait and see" approach without being rude to the blind and humbled man. Instead, his spiritual cup was full and overflowing with Divine love when he first dealt with this zealot who had done so much harm to so many good people. The biblical account tells us that as Ananias approached Saul, he placed his hands on him and called him "Brother Saul." We can almost hear the tenderness in his voice as we read of this encounter. Great soul winners, whether preachers or not, have tender hearts. If they maintain their power with God and men, they have learned how to keep a tender heart.
- 5. He was genuine "the real deal." You cannot lead a person to higher ground spiritually than you, yourself, have attained. The early Church was full of good people who were also full of the Holy Spirit. Yet Ananias, who is never mentioned again in the Bible, was the man who prayed Paul through to a clean heart. It would have made more sense to many of us if the Lord had somehow led Peter, fresh from his spiritual triumph on the day of Pentecost, to boldly confront the blinded Saul and urge him to "really repent." Maybe John and James could have double-teamed Saul and used some "thunder and lightning" to bring down the proud persecutor and make sure he was really right. Instead, a humble, anointed vessel of

honor put his hands on his "brother," fully convinced he was a new creature in Christ, and tarried with him in the place of prayer until victory was won. It is a most remarkable turn of events. Maybe Paul's willingness to associate with Greek slaves and call them "brethren," while rejecting all of his past elitism, was related to the fact that an unknown but saintly follower of Christ was so bold but tender toward him in the initial days of his Christian life. The mighty exploits that Paul would do for the Lord were made possible because Ananias was strong in the Lord but content to do exploits in his much smaller sphere of influence, seeking only the approval of his Lord Jesus. As the old hymn says,

"All the talents I have I have laid at Thy feet. Thy approval shall be my reward.

Be my store great or small, I surrender it all To my wonderful, wonderful Lord."



This is That

I once instructed the president of our youth organization in a certain church to call a prayer meeting the Sunday night preceding a revival. I asked her to set aside the planned program for that night and "get all the teenagers into prayer meeting." We were beginning a revival meeting the following Tuesday night. I felt we had to see a real revival. I well knew that only about six or eight young folk in the organization of forty really possessed an experience with the Lord. This looked much akin to the impossible – to instruct a teenage girl to get a group of forty into a red-hot prayer meeting with at least thirty-four of them non-professors of religion! I shall never forget the heroic expression on the face of that somewhat frail teenage girl as she faced her task in that prayer meeting. When I gave her the instructions for the meeting she only replied, "Yes, sir, I'll try!" The hour came. It was 6:10 p.m. on Sunday. The youth went to their auditorium in the church annex. The prayer meeting was begun. No adults were present. I had felt best to leave the program for this prayer meeting to the girl in charge. The few Christians

in the group saw the magnitude of their task. They began to pray. There was a sense of determination in the thin line of frail voices as they seemed determined to hold the line at all hazard. Soon the faithful Holy Spirit began to do His office work. Conviction began to settle. Others began to

There was a sense of determination in the thin line of frail voices.

repent, pray through, and join the ranks of the saved. The sound of battle increased to a small roar. It began to seep out through the walls. By 7:30 things had swelled into dead-earnestness. I was in the pulpit in the main sanctuary. The great choir was singing. Between numbers the dull noise of the teenage prayer meeting

could be heard. Just about the time I arose to preach, the young people left the annex auditorium and came into the basement of the main building. They went into the main prayer room. I preached for about twenty minutes with the crescendo of the praying swelling up through the floor. The big congregation sensed the spirit. It seemed the very air was becoming surcharged with the supernatural. About 8:30 the teenagers left the prayer room and came up the steps; they came in both front entries singing, with faces aglow like that of Stephen, with cheeks wet with the tears that coursed down like falling rain. The song was familiar: "My heavenly home is bright and fair, And I feel like traveling on." Sinners and backsliders began to leave their pews and run toward the altar. The Holy Ghost had come! I left the platform and rushed to the basement prayer room. I arrived in time to see a college freshman pray through, leap to his feet crying lustily, "I'll do it! I'll do it! I'll do it!" I learned that he meant he'd leave a fraternal order that I had advised against and that his family had advised against. He had joined the fraternity over the advice, prayer, and protest of all of us. He rushed out to his automobile, removed the emblem of the order, cast off his lapel pin, and in all made a clean sweep. The Holy Ghost had done in a few seconds what the pastor and family could not do in days! "This is that" which will revive the church and rebuke sin! When the smoke of the battle was cleared that memorable Sunday night, we could count forty as "the slain of the Lord." I preached on Monday night before the evangelist arrived, and we saw ten more added to the forty. The evangelist (one of our good district superintendents) arrived on Tuesday. There was not a barren altar call! With a steady downpour of rain that lasted all the last Saturday night and all Sunday morning we counted over seven hundred in Sunday school! The Holy Spirit had paid us a visitation!



Arrested: A Testimony of Bro. Glenn Griffith

Adapted from "Remarkable Incidents and Answers to Prayer" by Georgia McCain

f I was never arrested until after I got sanctified, but since then, I've been arrested many times. I remember one time in LaJunta, Colorado. I was pastoring there at the time, and our church had held a tent meeting. Many folks had received help in the meeting, and the praying and shouting and crying had been quite loud. While I was away from there in another meeting, I received a summons, along with eight of my members, for disturbing the peace. I called and asked if they would wait until I got home, and they did. I told the church that I would plead the

case and not to get a lawyer. I began to fast before I got back to town, and a peace seemed to settle down and an assurance that all would be all right. God would see us through. I studied the law of our land on religious worship, so I would know where we were as far as the law of the land was concerned. When the trial came, we all met in the court house; and the place was filled and packed with holiness people from all over the area. I remember that on the inside of the chancel rail stood the city

attorney and the city judge. They

had their witnesses, and we had ours. We cross examined their witnesses; and none had been to the meeting; none had been an eye-witness to who was making the noise. It looked to the crowd as though they should have thrown the case out. I preached for forty-five minutes on Christian persecution, from the time of the Pilgrim landing up to the present trial. Some of the folk there got blessed while I was preaching. The judge and attorney and witnesses all got under conviction. After a few words by the attorney, the judge said, "Mr. Griffith, for what you have done, the fine will be \$50 and sixty days in jail." He waited a few minutes and said, "If you promise to quit that shouting, and will worship in a respectable way, I will cancel the fine and the jail sentence." I told the judge that I didn't have the fifty dollars to pay the fine, and that I would have to lay it out. I said there wasn't any

holiness preacher in the jail, so I felt that the fellows should have one there to preach holiness to them; I told the judge that I planned to preach once a day or more and to pray at my usual time each morning. Before I left the courtroom, I told the judge I'd be at my church about six o'clock the next morning, Lord willing, because this was my time of secret prayer. I told him that sometimes I got pretty loud praying for the people in this wicked town. I also told him that we were going to carry on our services as we had always done, and that we might

> shout, and perhaps the praying would get loud; so if he wanted to arrest us, he might as well do it then.

He didn't do anything, so we left the room.

On the way out, the folks were lined up along the stairs, and one of the truck drivers that I had been preaching to, took me by the arm and asked me what they had done to me. I told him what they said they would do, if we carried on our services as we had been. I had lots of truck driver friends there and lots of the boys that I had been preaching to on the court-

house lawn on Sunday afternoon when our young people played instruments and sang. They said, "Bro. Griffith, you give us the word, and we'll run that outfit out of town." I told them that if we did that, we would be as bad as they. I told the boys that we would go on as always; that I would preach to them, and that God would save some of them. Later, I saw many of those same boys pray through and get sanctified in our meetings.

The arrest only added to the church and God's cause. It advertised our cause of holiness and caused the editor of the "LaJunta Journal" to write an editorial entitled, "Daniel in the Lion's Den." He was our good friend; and this, too, stirred the community in our favor. Praise God! There is still victory for God's cause, and Daniel's God still lives and moves and has His being. Amen.

REVIVAL

IN THE CONGO

Adapted from "This is That" by Norman Grubb and published by Christian Literature Crusade, 1954.

One of the missionaries at Ibambi, who has been over twenty-five years on the field, gives us a glimpse of what lay behind this revival. "To think that we've ever been privileged to live through these days of revival blessing is beyond anything we had imagined. We have longed, prayed, cried, agonized for revival, and God has done the 'exceeding abundantly.' We are only in its beginnings, for judgment begins where God says it does – at the house of God. He has been setting His house in order, purifying, cleansing, empowering by the blood and Spirit; now He will turn to the heathen, and who shall abide the day of His coming? Our people have had a revelation of the sinfulness of sin and the holiness of God, and they know now, not in their heads but in their hearts, that 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord'.' Before it was as it were the missionaries' interpretation of the Word; now it is the Holy Ghost convincing them of the truth. Scores and scores have been absolutely broken before the cross. The Holy Ghost has dug deep and brought to light the filth which had been buried away for years. There was no escaping; they had to call a spade a spade; big and so-called little sins had to be classified together. In the light of the cross and a holy God everything looked vile – bad thoughts, criticisms against one's neighbor, pride in every form, lust in the thought life, worldliness in dress, etc. But as the testimonies have been given, what joy, what peace, what radiance, what ecstasy, as the Holy Ghost came in and took possession. As testimony after testimony poured forth, so there was a releasing more and more of the power of the Holy Ghost until we were wild with joy. I fully understand now why David danced before the ark! I for one have been caught right up into the glory of the whole thing and I would burst with sheer joy. Away back in 1935 God gave me Isaiah 60 as a promise of revival. I have the date written at the side of this chapter. Others have probably got their promises too, for many have been pouring out their hearts to God for revival. We were getting desperate. Since I returned from furlough, the pressure from the enemy has been terrific; we have never known anything like it. In January, during a quiet weekend in preparation for a coming ministry, my husband and I took the book Rees Howells, Intercessor with us. I finished the last few chapters when sitting in a small mud house where it was quiet. My spirit was overwhelmed within me. As I thought of all that wonderful life had accomplished, it just created a great longing to know for myself something more of this life of intercession. I went to my husband, and we talked together again of the need for revival, and then we got to prayer. The burden was terrific. We told God we didn't mind where revival began, or through whom, but revival we must have for we were desperate. Others we knew were desperate also. When news came from Lubutu that revival had started, we found it had begun that very weekend. No wonder we had felt the urgency of prayer.

Now we have just had the third wave of revival in Ibambi, and it has nearly overwhelmed us. I have felt the tide of blessing rising up in my own soul. I wondered before the revival came here why God insisted, on two occasions when I was praying alone in my bedroom, that I should get flat on the floor before Him. I told Him that it would dirty my dress, for you know what our Congo floors are like! He quietly insisted, and won. I didn't know that He was putting me into practice for this last week, but I can see it all now.

The closer one approaches to God, the deeper the realization of His holiness and His standard. C. T. Studd used to say 'How much sin can you do and get to heaven?' If no sin can enter heaven, then it has got to be dealt with beforehand. The one who has made the standard so high surely has made the provision through His beloved Son to reach it. Why should we be afraid to say that Jesus can cleanse from all sin and keep us cleansed? The blood which can cleanse from nine-tenths can surely cleanse the remaining tenth. I see in my beloved Savior One who died to make me like Himself. He was without sin, therefore if I will really let Him do the work He wants to do in my heart and life, then He can make and keep me free from the cursed thing which nailed Him to the cross."

BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT

Adapted from "Remarkable Incidents and Answers to Prayer" by Georgia McCain. Originally by James A. Stewart

When I was saved during a mighty movement of the Spirit of God in Glasgow, Scotland, a young lady was also saved. Her name was Helen Ewan. She was just a slip of a girl, but at the very threshold of her new life in Christ, she crowned Him as absolute Lord and was filled with the Spirit - a definite experience. The rivers of living water just simply flowed from that young girl's life. Although she died at the age of 22, all Scotland wept. I know hundreds of missionaries all over the world wept and mourned for her.

She had mastered the Russian language and was expecting to labor for God in Europe. She had no outstanding personality; she never wrote a book, nor composed a hymn; she was not a preacher and never traveled more than 200 miles from her home. But when she died, people wrote about her life story. Although she died early in life she had led a great multitude to Jesus Christ.

She arose early each morning about 5:00 to study God's Word, to commune, and to pray. She prayed for hundreds of missionaries. He mother showed me her diary – one of her diaries - and there were at least 300 different missionaries for whom she was praying. It showed how God had burdened that young heart with a ministry of prayer. She had the date when she started to pray for a request and the date when God answered her petition. She had a dynamic prayer life that moved God and moved man.

I was talking one day with two university professors in London. We were talking about dynamic Christianity, when one of them suddenly said, "Brother Stewart, I want to tell you a story." And he told me that in Glasgow University, there was a remarkable young lady, who, wherever she went on that campus, left a fragrance of Christ behind her. For example, if the students were telling dirty stories, someone would say, "Shhh, Helen is coming – quiet." And then she passed by and unconsciously left the power behind her. The University professor told me how, in the prayer meetings, they could always tell when this young lady entered the room. She did not even have to take part in prayer. The moment she entered the room, the whole of the meeting was revolutionized by the mighty power of God. "And," said the professor, "she led many of those students to Jesus Christ." She was the greatest power for God that he ever knew in his life.

I have been out on the streets of Glasgow at midnight, in the awful cold winter night, giving out tracts and doing personal soul-winning, and as I was going home, I have seen Helen Ewan with her arms around a poor, drunken harlot, telling her of Jesus and His love. Friends, she led a multitude to Jesus Christ.

Dower of a raying wife

There is a double side to this story. The side of the man who was changed and the side of the woman who prayed. He is a New Englander, by birth and breeding, now living in this western state: almost a giant physically, keen mentally, a lawyer, and a natural leader. He had the conviction as a boy that if he became a Christian he was to preach. But he grew up a skeptic, read and lectured on skeptical subjects. He was the Representative of a district of his western home state in Congress; in his fourth term or so I think at this time.

The experience I am telling came during that Congress when the Hayes-Tilden controversy was up, the intensest Congress Washington had known since the Civil War. It was not a time specially suited to meditation about God in the halls of Congress. And further, he said to me that somehow he knew all the other skeptics who were in the Lower House, and they drifted together a good bit and strengthened each other by their talk.

One day as he was in his seat in the Lower House, in the midst of the business of the hour, there came to him a conviction that God- the God in Whom he did not believe, Whose existence he could keenly disprove-God was right there above his head thinking about him, and displeased at the way he was behaving towards Him. And he said to himself: "This is ridiculous, absurd. I've been working too hard: confined too closely; my mind is getting morbid. I'll go out and get some fresh air and shake myself." And so he did. But the conviction only deepened and intensified. Day by day it grew. And that went on for weeks, into the fourth month as I recall his words. Then he planned to return home to attend to some business matters, and to attend to some preliminaries for securing the nomination for the Governorship of his state. He was in a fair way to securing the nomination.

He hardly reached his home before he found that his wife and two others had entered into a holy compact of prayer for his conversion, and had been so praying for some months. Instantly he thought of his peculiar, unwelcome Washington experience and beintensely came interested. But not wishing them to know of his interest, he asked carelessly when "this thing began." His wife told him the day. He did some quick mental figuring and he said to me, "I knew almost instantly that the

day she named fitted into the calendar with the coming of that conviction of impression about God's presence."

He was greatly startled. He wanted to be thoroughly honest in all his thinking. And he said he knew that if a single fact of that sort could be established, of prayer producing such results, it carried the whole Christian scheme of belief with it. And he did some stiff fighting within. Had he been wrong all those years? He sifted the matter back and forth as a lawyer would the evidence in any case. And he said to me, "As an honest man I was compelled to admit the facts, and I believe I might have been led to Christ that very night."

A few nights later he knelt at the altar in the Methodist meeting-house in his home town and surrendered his strong will to God. Then the early conviction of his boyhood came back. He was to preach the Gospel. He utterly changed his life, and has been preaching the Gospel with power ever since.

His wife had been a Christian for years, since before their marriage. But at some meetings in the home church she was led into a new and full surrender to Jesus Christ as Master and had experienced a new consciousness of the Holy Spirit's presence and power. Almost at once came a new intense desire for her husband's conversion. As she prayed that night after retiring to her sleeping apartment, she was in great distress of mind in thinking and praying for him. She could get no rest from the intense desire. At length she rose and knelt by the bedside to pray. As she was praying and distressed, a quiet inner voice said, "Will you abide the consequences?" She was startled. Such a thing was wholly new to her. She did not know what it meant, and without paying any attention to it, went on praying. Again came the same quietly spoken words to her ear, "Will you abide the consequences?" And again the half-frightened feeling. She slipped back to bed to sleep. But sleep did not come. And back again to her knees, and again the patient, quiet voice.

This time with an earnestness bearing the impress of her agony, she said, "Lord, I will abide any consequence that may come if only my husband may be brought to Thee." And at once the distress slipped away and a new sweet peace filled her being, and sleep quickly came. And while she prayed on for weeks and months patiently, persistently, day by day, the distress was gone, the sweet peace remained in the assurance that the result was coming.

What was the consequence to her? She was a Congressman's wife. She would likely have been the wife of the Governor of her state, the first lady socially of the state. She is a Methodist minister's wife, changing her home every few years. No woman will be indifferent to the social differences involved. Yet rarely have I met a woman with more of that fine beauty which the peace of God brings, in her glad face, and in her winsome smile.

Do you see the simple philosophy of that experience? Her surrender gave God a clear channel into that man's will. When the roadway was cleared, her prayer was a spirit-force traversing the hundreds of miles and bringing the reality of God and His presence into her skeptical husband's life.

Adapted from "How They Prayed" vol 1 by Edwin and Lillian Harvey. The story is originally credited to S. D. Gordon.

HOW CAN WE HAVE REVIVAL TODAY?

By Oswald J. Smith Adapted from "The Passion For Souls"

We come to the heart of the matter. When will there be revival? That is the question that must now be answered. The church of today is in a pitiful condition. Revival is imperative. Nothing short of a great wave of evangelistic fervor and enthusiasm will ever restore God's people to their spiritual heritage. Let us then face the question, "When will there be revival?"

There will be revival when God's people pay the price, and when I say that, I realize that certain objections will be raised. I am perfectly familiar with the fact that there are two distinct views in regard to revival. There are those who tell us that revival cannot be worked up; it must be prayed down, and therefore, we have nothing whatever to do with it. God is sovereign. He works when He wants to work and no man can ever hinder or hurry Him. Our part is to pray. We can do no more. Then there is the other view, the view that man has a great deal to do with it and that after all, he is responsible.

It reminds me of two farmers. The one takes a look at his fields and says to himself, "I would like to have a crop this year. However, it is none of my business. There is nothing I can do about it," and with that he goes into his house, sits down in front of the open grate fire and prays for a crop. The other farmer says, "I, too, would like to have a crop this year, and there is a great deal for me to do. I am sure I can have one if I do my part." He goes to work. He plows the ground. He harrows and rolls it, and then he plants the seed, and after he has done all that he knows is necessary, he then looks to God to send the sunshine and the rain, and with perfect confidence, looks forward to the days of harvest.

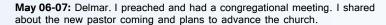
Which of the two farmers would you prefer? I think, without a moment's hesitation, I would choose the second. As a matter of fact, he is the only one using common sense. So it is with revival. God sends it, I know, but there is a great deal that you and I can do, a great deal that you and I will have to do before there can be revival. It is my conviction and I base what I have to say on my own personal experience, as well as on the histories of the revivals I have studied - it is my conviction, I say, that any church, or any community, can have a revival at any time, if it wants to pay the price. Charles G. Finney proved again and again that he could have a revival anywhere if he met the conditions. Oftentimes he went to a community, barren and indifferent, where the people showed no interest at all in the things of God. He met the conditions, and as a result even in those communities, there was a great sweeping revival.

As a matter of fact, revival always comes in days of spiritual declension. When the need is the greatest God pours water on the thirsty ground and on the parched soil. It is then it is needed most. There never was a darker day in England than the day in which John Wesley carried on his work, but it was in that day that revival broke out everywhere. It was so in connection with the great Irish revival of 1859 and the Welsh revival of 1904. It was so in the United States of America in the days of Charles G. Finney. It is so today, and if ever we needed a revival, it is now.



Travel notes with the





May 08-09: Camp Hill, Hanover Camp Board meeting. Camp Director Rev. John Fisher and board continue to lead the camp with improvements to cabins and other things. I also met with a pastor who is making a pastoral change.

May 10: New Columbia. I went to help with their church elections. Pastor Brian Spangler's father was on hospice care.

May 12-13: PVBI Auction. We appreciate Bro. Leonard Raub and all the others who make this a financial and social blessing to the school. I have also been developing a pastoral election rating sheet.

May 14: Helfenstein. I preached both services on this Mother's Day. This is my second Mother's Day without my mom. So, I was glad to share a little in the sermon about her. We had a congregational meeting, and I used the pastoral rating sheet to help guide our process.

May 16: Rev. Aaron Dorman and I met with PVBI ministerial students. Bro. Dorman informed them of summer opportunities for ministry. I reminded them that GMC is interested in their serving with us.

May 17: Lebanon. They honored their 11 graduates. Rev. Barry Arnold spoke on making our lives count.

May 18-19: Bremen, OH, funeral for Ron Spangler, Brian Spangler's father. His dad had a wonderful conversion and loved missions. He also loved practical jokes like his children.

May 20: Administrative work and got to go fishing for crappies with Rev. Alan Stump and Rev. Hunter Anderson. We did well and had a great time together.

May 21: Beavertown. PVBI Orchestra and Choir did a wonderful job ministering to all of us.

May 22-25: Western District preparation.

May 26: York to visit Rev. Tom Ramsay who was in the hospital having some heart issues.

May 27: Rev. Ron Coleman exhorted our graduates to never quit. Congratulations to every graduate. Thank you, faculty and staff, for a job well done!

May 28: Mahaffey to preach and visit with the Neidermyer family. My wife said, "They are so fun," as we were leaving.

May 29: Memorial Day. We celebrated with 20 family and friends at our house.

May 30-31: Administrative work and preparation for our Western District trip. Rhoda and I also celebrated our 37th wedding anniversary.

June 01-05: Colorado Springs for our Western District Rally and Conference. Rhoda did the singing and I the preaching. God's presence was manifested in a powerful way on Sunday morning.

June 06: General Board meeting. Rev. Eric Susan moved from local to conference license. We surely appreciate how God is using him as New Columbia's Youth Pastor.

June 07-10: Administration work and a meeting with President Dan Durkee in preparation for a PV board meeting. I also went to our GMYC work day.

June 11: Beavertown, GMC to celebrate and participate in their Mortgage Burning services. The music and every part of the service kept us in a spirit of praise. God has done this miracle through the generosity of His

June 12-16: I went straight from a PV board meeting to our GMYC youth camp. A record-breaking attendance of 286. God used Rev. James Plank as he preached on this year's theme "Eternity." Many victories were won! I also had a funeral Thursday for a friend of mine from Sunbury - Rafael Alequin.



JACOB MARTIN

June 17: Scheduling for conference president visits.

June 18: Northampton. We appreciate the Kiscadden family keeping the church doors open.

June 19: Home Mission Board meeting. It was great to have Rev. Dominic Gattone there for our meeting. Dominic also helps at our new GMC church in Milford, Ohio.

June 20: Beavertown, funeral for Roger Moyer. He will be missed, especially at our Sun City Camp.

June 22-24: Rhoda and I attended the funeral of Warren Brubaker from the Sunbury Church. I went with VP Jeremy Fuller to an auction for a house right across the street from our PV property. We were the highest bidder, so this place will be the conference property when it all gets settled.

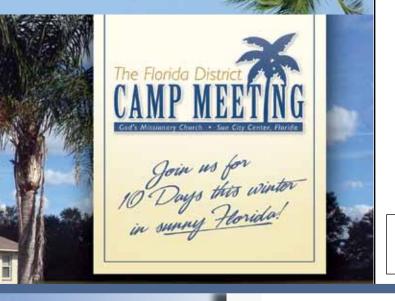
June 25: Coopersburg. It was special to be with Rev. Van & Pam Dorman. We had a great meal with them and some of their church family.

June 26-28: Sunbury. Rev. Ryan Martin was elected as Senior Pastor. I did some administrative work also.

June 30 - July 26: I went to 16 camp services: Mt. of Blessing, Hanover, Beulah, Kids Camp, Ono Camp, and Oakland Mills Camp. There are new projects and new people being saved and established. I made a trip to OH for the viewing of Rev. Keith Bunch's dad. I also visited in the hospital four of our own people: Sis. Martha Zechman, Sis. Michelle Durkee, Sis. Ruth Cooley and her husband, Rev. Timothy Cooley. I was privileged to preach at the Gospel Center. Rev. Barry Arnold (one of my heroes) and I went out to eat and visit after the service.

July 27: God's Missionary Church's 88th Annual Conference. In my study of GMC conference president messages, I discovered Rev. Paul Miller and Rev. George Straub both preached on St. John 17 three years apart. I shared their comments and a few of my own on unity and God keeping us during the conference message.

July 28- August 06: Penns Creek Camp. God moved in an incredible way. Several people said to me, "one of the best." Rev. Nathan Purdy, Rev. Brian Spangler, and Rev. Jeremy Fuller preached with God's anointing. The altars were lined several nights with people seeking and receiving victory! The music ministry of the Mike Mayhle family and Marilee Barnard was such a blessing to God's people.



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PENNS CREEK, PA 17862 GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD P.O. BOX 970 PENN VIEW BIBLE INSTITUTE







David Fulton Frankfort, IN Evangelist



Stephen Cassady Beavertown, PA Evangelist



Stephen Cassady Family Beavertown, PA Singers



Ryan Martin Family Sunbury, PA Children's Workers

WEDNESDAY 24 10:30 AM Cassady 6:45 PM Pre-service 7:30 PM Fulton

THURSDAY 25 10:30 AM Fulton 6:45 PM Pre-service 7:30 PM Cassady

FRIDAY 26 10:30 AM Cassady 6:45 PM Pre-service 7:30 PM Fulton

January 18-28, 2024





Featuring: Fort Myers Rescue Mission Hobe Sound Bible College Home Missions Penn View Bible Institute

World Missions Information: Jacob Martin: 570,765,1498

Camp Treasurer:

w Heinzelman: 407.506.5639 PO Box 936 Intercession City, FL 338



Directions:

From I-75 take Sun City exit. Follow 674 East three miles to Route 301. Turn right onto 301 South. Go five miles to Light Foot Road. Turn right onto Light Foot Rd and go 1/2 mile to Sundance Trail.

Turn right onto Sundance Trail The camp is 1/2 mile on right.

Camp Phone: 570.765.1498

Camp Address:

Wimauma, FL 33598

Campground Lodging:

Plenty of RV Parking available Dorm rooms—call for availability

Meacham's RV & Tent Renta:I 941.224.4939 www.meachamsflacamperrental.com

RV Contact: Jim West: 989.304.0829

Holiday Inn Express & Suites: 813,922,4561 Comfort Inn: 813.633.3318 Ruskin Inn: 813.641.3437

DAILY SERVICE TIMES and SPEAKING SCHEDULE

FRIDAY 19 10:30 AM Fulton 6:45 PM Pre-service 7:30 PM Cassady

SATURDAY 20

10:30 AM Cassady 2:30 PM Cassady Youth Emphasis 6:45 PM Pre-service 7:30 PM Fulton

9:30 AM 10:30 AM 2:30 PM Sunday School Fulton Penn View

6:15 PM Pre-service 7:00 PM Cassady

MONDAY 22

ONDAY 22 10:30 AM Cassady 6:45 PM Pre-service 7:30 PM Fulton

TUESDAY 23 10:30 AM Fulton 6:45 PM Pre-service 7:30 PM Cassady

9:30 AM Sunday School 10:30 AM Cassady 2:30 PM Guest Speaker 6:15 PM Pre-service 7:00 PM Fulton

SUNDAY 28

SATURDAY 27

10:30 AM Fulton
2:30 PM Fulton
Youth Emphasis
6:45 PM Pre-service
7:30 PM Cassady