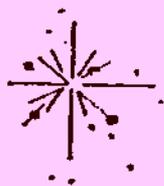
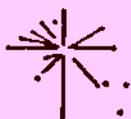




Telling On God



a book of
personal testimonies
of the goodness of God



Compiled and edited by
WILLIAM E. PAUL

Telling On God

***a book of
personal testimonies
of the goodness of God***

Compiled and Edited
by William E. Paul

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William E. Paul
Compiler and editor

Dedication

TO BETH, MY WIFE

Through Whose Life and Influence
I Came To Have A Personal
Testimony For Christ

Acknowledgment

Grateful Thanks Is Expressed To
DONNA BROWN
Whose Tireless Efforts In Typing
The Copy Made This Book Possible

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Introduction

WHAT IS THIS BOOK?

This is a book of true happenings. It is a compilation of actual incidents which occurred in the lives of people just like yourself. Some are young, others are elderly. Some are preachers, while others are not. But all have one thing in common; each one has seen the power of God at work in his life, and has written his or her testimony of what God has done.

You will read testimonies of God's goodness in such realms as health, finances, conversion, employment, housing and protective care. You will read of the Lord's leading in granting prayer requests, working out problems, supplying needs and in making decisions.

These testimonies were compiled mostly through the responses to a mailing. The project also became known by word of mouth as various brethren told others about it. Plans for the book were also announced in NEWS and TRUTHS, a gospel paper, and thereby many others learned of it. This book is the result of those efforts.

The compiler of these testimonies is personally acquainted with most of the contributors. However, some are only known by name, while a few are known merely through mutual friends. A sincere effort has been made to use testimonies from consecrated Christians only. However, the inclusion of any incident in this book should not be considered an unqualified endorsement of its author or the persons or institutions referred to.

WHY WAS IT PRODUCED?

It is being published for the purpose expressed by the title, namely, to TELL ON GOD. It is not intended to publicize "sensationalism." Neither is it designed to elevate or bring credit to any person, whether he be the author of the particular testimony or anyone mentioned in it. Nor are the testimonies to be taken as "proofs of salvation." The sole aim of this book is to exalt God by showing how truly *good* He is.

There are several clear Bible passages that indicate that God's children should DECLARE HIS DOINGS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

Please notice the following verses of Scripture:

“It shall be told of the Lord unto the next generation. They shall come and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done it.” (Psalm 22:30-31)

“Sing praises to Jehovah, who dwelleth in Zion: declare among the people his doings.” (Psalm 9:11)

“Oh give thanks unto Jehovah, call upon his name; make known among the peoples his doings.” (Psalm 105:1)

“One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.” (Psalm 145:4)

In the New Testament we are told that “it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work.” (Phil. 2:13) We are also exhorted to “do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him.” (Col. 3:17) Romans 8:28 promises that “God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to his purpose.” (New American Standard Bible).

If God is the One who is working, guiding, leading and blessing in the lives of Christians, then it is high time that they speak out about it. This book gives Christians an opportunity to TELL ON GOD by declaring among the people his marvelous doings. If God is truly good, why should it not be told? If God *is* alive, why should not His children be outspoken in their declaration of this fact? These testimonies are a recorded attempt to place in permanent form some of the various ways that God has blessed His children so that future generations may read and know what a great God we have served.

Then, too, it is high time that people quit talking about themselves, bragging on their achievements and emphasizing their accomplishments. If God is responsible for what we are, let us say so! If Christians would spend more time TELLING ON GOD and less time telling on the preacher, the elders, and other church members, the Lord’s church would make a deeper impression upon the community for Christ.

When out on the job, at school, or at the next-door neighbor’s house, it seems that Christians are able to chat for hours about many things, but how few will boldly tell of some blessing that God has bestowed on them? It appears that many are reluctant to TELL ON GOD so that He gets the glory. The apostle Paul exhorted Timothy. “Be not ashamed therefore of the testimony of our Lord.” (II Tim. 1:8)

This book was compiled therefore in order to provide a wider outlet for those who want to testify of God's goodness. Its purpose is to demonstrate, in a small way, what all God *has* done and what He *can* do. It is hoped that many will receive some lasting benefit from reading these testimonies TELLING ON GOD.

FOR WHOM WAS IT PREPARED?

This book is for you if you are a Christian, and it is also for you if you are *not* a Christian.

It is hoped that those Christians who may have been living a listless, faithless life will be challenged when reading this book. If you have never really stepped out on faith, and allowed God to take over and show His power in your life, then it is time you began. When you see the results that come from letting God lead you, allow it to encourage and arouse you to greater trust and reliance upon our all-powerful God.

Some Christians have become so accustomed to being unspiritual that they are not even aware of what God *can* do for His children. Perhaps some of these testimonies will actually shame you into realizing your own lack of consecration. Maybe others will stir you up to walk so close to the Lord that you will come to see His mighty power at work in your own life. We surely hope so!

Finally, if you are not a Christian, read these testimonies and see how good God can be. Possibly you have felt that Christians were just simpletons, self-deluded into merely thinking that there is a God. Maybe you thought that there was really nothing to it; that Christians are not cared for, guided and blessed by a personal God who dearly loves them. Then read these testimonies and be convinced otherwise. Face up to the truth that GOD IS REAL. God has stood the test of time. Through His Son Jesus Christ, He can do great things for you. TRY HIM and see for yourself. Then you, too, can go out and TELL ON HIM to others.

A “Before and After” Case

My testimony is both sad and happy. The sad part is that the biggest portion of my life was wasted until I was fifty-two years old. I had lived a terrible life. I spent much time in taverns, drinking beer and whiskey and spending as much as ten or fifteen dollars every week on such things. I smoked cigarettes and chewed tobacco. I was ill-tempered and would fight over the smallest thing.

When preachers came to my house to visit I would just ignore them or even leave the house to avoid their company. And this does not even begin to tell all that I did while still in the world of darkness and sin, before I knew Christ.

Then one day brother Archie Word came to hold a three or four week gospel meeting at Port Jefferson, Ohio. I attended about two weeks of the meeting before it closed. Then when brother Word left, brother K. O. Backstrand carried on the meeting for another week. It was during that time that I was converted to Christ. This is the happy part of my testimony.

I had a pretty hard time growing in the Christian life, however. Brother Backstrand left the church shortly after I was baptized and I had no help from any brethren or preachers at that time. The temptations to return to the things of the world were very strong.

But God heard and granted my prayers for strength to refuse going back to the habits of drinking and the use of tobacco. I can truly testify that God can change a wicked heart and sinful life. He did it for me and I praise Him for it.

Otto Allen
DeGraff, Ohio

Almost a Final Flight

In 1964, it appeared that time and ground transportation were not working out to the best advantage for my construction business. Although the purchase of an airplane was considered in order to correct this situation, the Gopher Aviation Company recommended that a helicopter would be best suited for my needs. The reason for this was that helicopters require very little take-off and landing areas, while fixed-wing aircraft need runways.

During the winter season I began studying and receiving instruction in helicopter operation. I had the opportunity of practicing under various weather conditions, such as flying in cool air, with excellent lift and even landing on snow.

When spring came, I had 35 solo hours in the 'copter. Having been on several cross-country solo flights, I felt I was able to keep the machine well under control. So my instructor returned to his home near Duluth, Minnesota, and left me to check in and out by myself.

One evening, after completing a "practice session" in St. Paul, the fuel supplier asked me if I intended to fly the 'copter home. I told him that I hadn't planned to and then began to leave. Just then the thought occurred to me that, by flying the 55 miles home and back the next morning, I could gain additional hours of operating time. So after refueling and going through the regular pre-flight check, I started the motor and took off for my home in West Concord, Minn. The trip took an hour and a half. That evening I attended prayer meeting with the Christians at my home church.

At seven o'clock the next morning the sky was overcast and there was a light rain. After a regular check of the machine and its gear, I started the motor and made a lift-off. I soon noticed that the bubble of the helicopter began to fog up some, but I didn't worry about it for I thought that the defrosters would soon take care of it. As I flew out over the field, making a three-quarter turn and coming back over my take-off point, I noticed patchy fog above and around me. By now the bubble was completely fogged over, and I had only the instruments inside the machine to direct me. Knowing my approximate location, I began to lower the machine to determine whether it was a cloud or fog that was

obscuring my vision through the plastic bubble. As I began lowering, I became unsure of my vertical position; I felt that I might be tipping, but I could not know for certain. As I tried to correct this doubtful feeling I started into a spin. It was relatively slow, but I felt completely helpless to do anything about the condition.

All seemed hopeless; I prayed for forgiveness of any past sins, and then placed myself in the hands of a merciful Father. The last thing I recall was the ground coming toward me at a terrific speed and the 'copter door being wrenched open. The next moment found me in the midst of a shattered pile of plastic and metal wreckage, feeling quite shaken up. I turned off the ignition switch and began to unfasten my safety belt. As I stepped out of the wreckage to ascertain my location, I found myself about one-half mile from my home, in a neighbor's muddy, plowed field. As I started to walk toward my house, I met my thirteen-year-old son. When he saw that I appeared to be all right, he went up to view the wreckage.

My injuries proved to be very minor. The Lord had granted me more time to serve Him here on earth, as you can see from reading this account from my own hand.

The knowledge of "attitude" (the relationship of one's position in the atmosphere), comes either from sighting the horizon or by reading delicate instruments within the aircraft. My helicopter did NOT have these instruments and I could NOT see the horizon. It was only through the mercy of God, intervening on that fateful day, that I was saved from serious injury or even instant death.

Tom Avery
West Concord, Minn.

God Knew What He Was Doing

In the spring of 1956, while we were waiting the advent of our second child, Burton Dale, who was due on the Day of Fireworks, July 4, we were informed by the doctor that Opal, my wife, was suffering from an extreme 4-plus case of toxemia. She was hospitalized within two hours. After three weeks the doctors released her, thinking the condition was stabilized. This was done out of respect for our lanky bank account. Five days later it became necessary to re-admit her to the hospital. Two weeks later her condition worsened and the doctor informed me that the baby likely would need to be taken in order to avoid serious complications. He judged that the child would weigh scarcely more than one pound. Little hope was extended for its life.

During the next few days he asked permission to call our family doctor into consultation. Permission was granted, and the result was a decision to take the baby four days later. As we learned afterward, several doctors strongly urged him to take the baby much earlier than the projected time, but he resisted the pressure because he knew how much we wanted the child. We had prayed for a baby and believed that God gave it.

Surgery was scheduled for Wednesday morning. Sunday night, after returning from Centerville, Iowa, I learned that Opal's condition had not seen any change. A test on Monday morning revealed no trace of her toxic condition, so the doctor, suspecting an error, ordered a second one, and he personally made the test. It was negative also! And so was Tuesday's test. That evening he conferred with me, suggesting that the operation be suspended, and saying, "This has me baffled. I cannot account for such a drop in the tests. I can't explain this radical change." I replied, "I can account for it. We prayed and God has answered our prayers. God knows that the child needs a few more weeks with its mother. God knows what He is doing." Without a moment's hesitation, he said, "If God knows what He is doing, I wish He would tell me so that I would know what I am supposed to do."

Well God did know what He was doing. For three weeks there was little or no trace of a toxic condition. It appeared and gradually increased until it reached 4-plus again. After remaining there for several days the

doctor told me: “The time has come. Before any permanent damage is done to child or mother, we must schedule surgery.” That May 27, 1956 they brought forth a child that weighed two pounds, ten ounces --- no more!

Examinations and x-rays revealed that there was no permanent damage to Mrs. Barber or Burton Dale. He never required oxygen, and within a week was kicking around the five-pound sand bags which the nurses had placed along the sides of his crib. Today, ten years later, he is as normal as blueberry pie! Thanks to the grace of God.

Many people have endured worse suffering, greater anxiety, and more unnerving wonderment than we, but this experience never ceases to warm our hearts with God’s love and assure us of His power --- all in response to prayers! “Behold the goodness . . . of God!”

Burton W. Barber
ZA-18 Nevada, Parkville
Bayamon, Puerto Rico

Never “Tire” of Praying

In the spring of 1946, I graduated from Bible college at San Jose, California. Following the closing exercises, we were scheduled to leave on our move from California to Iowa. Once there, we were to make all necessary preparations for an evangelistic meeting that was to be conducted by Archie Word, which later resulted in the formation of the Centerville, Iowa church.

Tire rationing had been lifted, but tires themselves were scarce. The tires on our car were only moderately good, with no spare. It was essential that we obtain one new tire so that one of the poorer ones could be used for a spare.

We had neither the money nor the prospect for a new tire. The night before, my wife (Opal) and I had special prayer for a tire, and money to pay for it, expecting that we would receive the money through normal channels. The mail brought no money and no one handed us any. But the day was only begun.

Early in the morning I learned that a good friend of ours was in a similar predicament, except he had money but no tires. In faith I asked another friend, who operated a service station, to secure a tire for me if possible. I left the wheel so it could be mounted, trusting that both tire and money would be forthcoming. We believed that God does answer prayer, even though not in the precise way we sometimes expect.

When I arrived at the auditorium to preach my graduation sermon, I was met by friends who lived some sixty miles distant. They brought with them a new tire, saying that they felt we would need one on our return trip. No money came, but a tire did. The service station notified me that a tire had been secured. So I sent the tire I had along with my tireless friend (and his money) and the “swap” was made that provided for both of us.

Two days out, we had a blow-out on the spare tire. We made our way to a small town and stopped at the first service station. Asked if he had any tires, the attendant replied, “Yes, I took delivery of eight last night. You are lucky. One hour later and we would have been sold out.” We had driven all night, and this was 7:30 in the morning. Moral: “The early bird gets the tire.”

I hereby testify that God does hear our prayers, even for tires, and answers in ways far different than we may anticipate. Never, never should we place God in a straight-jacket!

Burton W. Barber
ZA-18 Nevada
Parkville Bayamon,
Puerto Rico

God Opened the Door to Preaching

What constitutes a call to preach?

It was when I was in my late twenties that I was elected “Sunday School Superintendent” and deacon in my home congregation. Notwithstanding, my lack of Scriptural qualifications for the office, I was “elected” an elder before I was thirty. This led me to a study of the Bible requirements for elders, one of which I found was that an elder must be “apt to teach.” Since we were plagued with a lack of teachers at that time, I was forced to “fill in” and teach various classes. I had never taught a class, nor prayed publicly in my life before, but now, as it turned out, I was soon to learn.

The Lord led me to pray in public by a more devious means. The preacher was away for a “trial sermon” one Lord’s day and we had more than ninety persons present for “Sunday School.” To my consternation none of the pitifully few men who were regularly called on for public prayer were present. (If God had given me the foreknowledge of the situation, I might not have been there either). With sinking heart (and trembling knees), I knew that I would have to lead. I faltered through a short prayer and have continued to rejoice ever since for the occasion that got me started. Praise God for His help!

As the preacher continued to “shop around” for a place to go, I began to realize that the elders (of which I was one) were to have the responsibility to “feed the church of God” (Acts 20:28). When I approached my fellow-elders about this matter, they quickly agreed, and promptly proceeded to assign me the task of preaching to the congregation. Their attitude was, “You thought of it; you do it.” So, I (the youngest and least experienced “elder”) did the best I could until the next preacher was called.

Then in January of 1958, with no training and little experience (only six sermons in my file), I was called to preach to a small interdenominational group. In my desire to convert them to what I thought was the undenominational position, my attention was directed to what the Bible taught about the nature of the church. (In this process my own concepts were considerably revised!) Although I tried to proceed wisely, and yet firmly, after eight months I was fired!

Returning to my home congregation, I taught, preached as the opportunity arose, and strove (to little or no avail) for reforms I considered necessary from my study of the Bible, and through my contact with strong gospel preachers. (I would be negligent if I failed to name Robert Morse at the head of this list.).

Then in January of 1961, the Lord provided an opportunity for me to preach regularly to a small group of restorationists in Columbus, Indiana. I had not sought this ministry, but I appreciated the confidence which the four churches who sponsored this mission had in me.

In May, 1963, I was contacted concerning the possibility of preaching at Elizabethtown, Indiana. Again, since I had not asked to go to this place, I felt that the Lord was leading, and so made the move to my present ministry. I now work six days a week as a rural mail carrier, and preach two messages and teach two (and sometimes three) classes each week. To some this might not seem like much of a ministry, but to me it is most rewarding, and certainly much better than I deserve.

Although there are many problems yet to be overcome, I believe that the Lord will give me the victory. What constitutes a call to preach? I truly believe that the above facts show that God has led me a step at a time to my present spiritual labor for Him. But I still have so far to go! Pray that I will continue to seek His leading!

Todd Beck
818 Main
Hope, Indiana

A Blessing Disguised as a Tragedy

Since we had three daughters and only one son, you can understand why we rejoiced when, on April, 17, 1960, the doctor said, "It's a boy." Little did we realize, several days later when we took little Davey home, that our joy was to be short-lived. For, soon after arriving home and taking our first close look at our new baby, we realized that Davey was not a normal child. We could not understand why, after many years of sacrificing to serve the Lord, we should be repaid by the Lord sending us a Mongoloid child. But we had served God long enough to know that He always had a purpose in everything He allowed to happen. So we accepted this as His will, cared for little Davey and waited to see how things would turn out.

It did not take Davey very long to entwine himself in the affections of everyone in our family. And this affection was not born out of pity, for Davey was a very loving and sweet child. In some areas his progress was slow, but we learned to appreciate each bit of improvement as it came. We learned that certain things we usually took for granted, came to others only after earnest effort. From Davey we learned the lessons of love and trust, and that reaching goals in life requires perseverance. Perhaps the greatest lesson we learned was that some of God's most wonderful blessings come in disguise.

Davey brought more joy and happiness to our home than it had ever had before. He loved to entertain people and make them laugh. We felt this was a rare ability he had. He loved to sing the little choruses that Christian young people sing, and he kept the house ringing from morning till night with his songs. He became such a ray of sunshine that we no longer thought of him as a tragedy befalling us. We thoroughly enjoyed Davey and were thanked God for him many times.

Walking, talking, counting and distinguishing colors were harder for Davey to learn than for a normal child, but he eventually accomplished them. He was never able to do these things perfectly, but he did quite well.

Many of the things God requires of us in the Christian life are difficult, but with His help and our perseverance, we can accomplish much. Perseverance was a lesson we learned from watching Davey

struggle to overcome each obstacle as he grew. He took such delight in doing certain things. Often, as we watched him, we thought that many of the things that were commonplace to us were so hard for him to do. It was then that we realized how thankful we should be to God for the ability to do such “everyday” activities.

In the fast pace in which we live in this world, we sometimes get out of touch with the more important things of life and, in doing so, fail to enjoy life as God intended we should. Again, we learned from Davey just how much a person can enjoy the simple things of life. It did not take much to make him happy. He was a demonstration of what Jesus said in Luke 12:15: “A man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth.” How much happier many would be if they could learn this lesson, one which Davey already seemed to know. These, and other lessons, God taught us by giving us, for awhile, a Mongoloid child in appearance but to us a beloved son and brother.

Then suddenly Davey left us. His going to live with his heavenly Father seemed as tragic as his birth had been.

On March 19, 1966, we were visiting the home of a fine young couple of the church here. We were just getting ready to leave after dinner, and Davey had gone out ahead of us, presumably to the car. Their dog had just been fed, and Davey had apparently approached his dish and was attacked. The dog was large and tore his face terribly, so we rushed him about 16 miles to the Madelia hospital. The doctor waited for almost two hours, which was as long as he dared. He waited that long so as to give the food in his stomach a chance to digest, so he wouldn’t vomit and choke, which, as it turned out, was exactly what happened. I carried Davey into the operating room and comforted him until they put him to sleep and then left. They then inserted a tube into his throat, at which time he vomited and began to strangle. They were unable to clear his windpipe, and some got into his lungs. But before he could strangle, God mercifully allowed his heart to quit. We feel it was a combination of loss of blood, shock, and the fact that the Mongoloid system is a little weaker than an ordinary child’s. And again, as at his birth, we cried, with broken hearts, “Why?”

When friends tried to tell us that it was for the best, we wanted to cry out that they did not know him and love him as we did. Our heartache still lingers and probably will continue until we see Davey again on that Great Day. But we have also learned that what our friends

said was true. It was true not only in the way they meant it, but perhaps in many other ways.

Davey was spared the hardships of life that very possibly would have come his way because of being retarded. Also, he was spared the other “hard knocks” which the handicapped usually suffer at the merciless hands of this cold, old world. But now he is safe in the loving care of God, a far greater care than we would have ever been able to give him. And we are so thankful for that. He is no longer limited in any way, and we know that he will enjoy the heavenly life to its fullest.

And, although he has left an empty place in our hearts, he has done one more thing for us which, perhaps, surpasses all others. Davey has laid up for us in heaven another wonderful blessing to look forward to. Because our little Davey will be there, it makes us just that much more determined to get there ourselves.

Bob C. Blanshan
West Concord, Minn.

How the Lord Cured Me of “Tarantism”

(Editor’s Note: “Tarantism,” according to the dictionary, is “a dancing mania,” the uncontrollable desire to dance, supposedly caused by the bite of the Tarantula and considered incapable of cure except by protracted dancing to appropriate music.)

Upon my conversion to Christ at the age of 18 I was a member of a dance team in the local high school. The year before, we had won state honors in dance arrangements in a Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored “Jamboree” at Ashville, North Carolina. Of course this type of dancing was not looked upon by the majority of people as sinful since it was endorsed by the local high school. Yet there was much drinking and unchristian behavior throughout the whole affair.

I was chosen to return the second year to participate in the dance program, but in the meantime I had accepted Christ as my Savior, and so became quite concerned about a Christian partaking in such things. Being yet young in the faith and torn by the temptations of the old life, I still had a desire to dance, and tried to justify it by any and every means possible. I felt that if I could only get the preacher under whose ministry I had been converted to sanction dancing, then at least my conscience would be clear in continuing to do it (this is typical thinking of much of the world today, and a very effective tool in the hands of Satan). But the minister refused to be a party to my worldly ambitions. This was a very serious matter to me at the time so I decided the best thing for me to do was to make it a matter of prayer. I shall never forget the childlike simplicity of my prayer: “Lord, if dancing is a sin and you do not want me to participate in this affair, please show me.” The big dance program was scheduled for Thursday night, and up until the Sunday night before, my plans were to go ahead and participate in it. But still I prayed.

Then it happened; the Lord answered my prayer. Immediately after services Sunday night I was rushed to the hospital with appendicitis. An emergency operation was performed within an hour and the next Thursday, while the dance contest was in progress, I was lying in a hospital bed.

Soon after my recovery I made a pledge to God that I would never go onto the dance floor again. I cannot help but believe that the Lord

used this means to impress upon me the evil of the dance, and at the same time provide me with a personal illustration which I have used countless times in warning young people of the sin of the dance. Perhaps to many this incident may seem to have been merely a coincidence, but to me, in the very beginning of my Christian life, it was a clear answer to prayer and a great lesson on sin.

Harry Bowers
P.O. Box 172
Ahoskie, N. Carolina

A Newspaper Ad Leads to Restored Health

When I was 18 years old, and living with my parents on the farm, the joints and muscles of my feet became very sore. It made walking very difficult and, at times, almost impossible. My parents took me to several doctors but I was unable to get even a little relief from the medicines they prescribed. I bathed my feet from morning until night in cold water, in hot water, in salt water and I even baked them in an oven at the hottest temperature I could stand.

This condition continued for a number of years. Sometimes I had relief from this affliction for a year or so, but for the most part, work became increasingly difficult due to the pain in my feet.

As the years went by I continued to have poor health. I was not a Christian, but even then the goodness of God was upon my life. In the course of those years, the best girl in the world consented to marry me. Had it not been for her, no doubt I would still be living in the religious system of “denominationalism.” After our marriage my health gradually got worse even though we prayed that God would lead us to a doctor that could help me.

There were times when I went to the field on the tractor and came home in such pain that I would have to be carried from the tractor to the house and put in bed. By this time doctors had concluded that arthritis and rheumatism were the causes of my trouble.

One day, as I was glancing through the advertising section of our weekly newspaper. I noticed a small ad that offered a treatment for arthritis and rheumatism. After reading the four little lines, I decided that, even though I had received no relief from all the other doctoring I had done, this was for me.

It was in the fall of the year and the corn was in the field needing to be harvested. This was during World War II, when it was almost impossible to hire help, so I could hardly spare being away from my work. But I decided that it was worth a try, so I took a bus to the place mentioned in the advertisement.

While there, twelve doctors examined me and then told me the cause of my trouble. I anxiously questioned them about whether they

could help me. They said they wanted me to remain there for a month of treatments for relieving the soreness. They also said they would teach me how to properly care for myself, so that in time I could regain my health.

In the month that I was there, they literally “put me back on my feet.” This was done by means of proper diet, vitamins, physical therapy and mineral water baths. I took no medicine and received no shots of any kind. As a result of this treatment, I could soon walk and even run and jump. Believe me, I was a happy man. The doctors warned me, however, that, if I did not take care of myself, I would soon be back in the same condition I had been.

What a happy reunion I had with my wife and two small children after not seeing them for a month! I had left them, unable to walk, and returned home walking as if I had never had any kind of foot trouble. Just thinking of that time still brings to me tears of joy.

The instructions the doctors gave me included not working for six months. However, with a family to support and corn in the field to be picked by hand, no one could keep me from my work. I followed the doctors’ advice to a T, with the exception of not working. Although I was affected somewhat by the work I had to do, in a matter of about two years I had completely recovered from my foot condition. That has been nearly twenty years ago.

For all these things: my wife, my children, my health and all of God’s other blessings, I thank and praise Him. As powerful as Satan is, he cannot cause me to doubt God’s hand in these matters.

Many people have asked what the doctors did to help me. Some of these people never expected to see me walk again. To give them a complete explanation would require a long story. But, in short, although my doctors were not Christians, still they knew how people in America should live. If we lived as they suggest, they would be among the poorest instead of the richest individuals in the nation.

I close by expressing my thanks to God for all the gifts that I have received through His loving kindness.

Art Brennfoerder
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Searching For Christian Service

In May of 1964, I graduated from Bible training school in Ottumwa, Iowa. That summer I spent in teaching in Vacation Bible Schools and relaxing from the bustle of final exams. Following that, I enjoyed a brief vacation in Colorado. While there I inquired at the town of Fort Morgan about the possibilities of moving there to help in the Lord's work. Being a young, single woman, opportunities for service were limited for me, but I wanted to do the most I could for the Lord.

It was late summer when I made my decision to move to Fort Morgan. I finally made train reservations for a Thursday, late in October. However, my trip was delayed by the severe illness of my sister-in-law. This caused me to wonder if, perhaps, the Lord was leading me to stay at home in Mooresville, Indiana. But God graciously spared her life and so once again I made arrangements for a trip west.

After getting settled in my living quarters in the small town of Fort Morgan, I began looking for work. But due to the lack of much industry in the town, and my inexperience, I was unable to secure a job. Many of the places where I applied for work considered the time I spent in Bible training school wasted as far as preparation for employment in the business world.

After much prayer, I decided to run an ad in the daily paper for work doing housekeeping or ironing. Since I had done this type of work while a student in Iowa, I felt this would help me to find work. Also, I could set my own prices and actually earn more than at any of the downtown businesses.

I stayed in an apartment for awhile but had to move out when the building was sold. It was then that Jim and Myona Hall graciously opened up their home to me. Although their house was small, somehow they made room for me, and soon became very dear Christian friends. When it became necessary, Jim allowed me the use of his car to get to work, making other arrangements for getting to his own job. Myona was also a blessing to me in teaching me how to budget my income.

Although I taught a Bible school class and occasionally played the piano for services, I had a deep desire to be doing more. Also, I felt somewhat depressed that I was not able to help the Lord's work

financially as much as I desired. These feelings stayed with me, and sometimes I found myself quite downcast over the situation.

One day, as I was alone and in deep concern over the matter, and praying for the Lord's guidance, I received a letter from my sister, Nancy Tipton. As I read it, I had to weep for joy. She was inviting me to move with her and her husband Hugh near Orlando, Florida, to help in establishing a new congregation. They were to assist the Rex James family who would be leading in this effort.

I could hardly wait to tell Myona and Jim and see if they felt this was God's leading. (O, ye of little faith.) Myona suggested that we "try" the Lord, praying that, if it were His will that I stay in Fort Morgan, He would provide a steady job for me within two weeks. We prayed earnestly. The first week went by without a call for work. Then after the second week with still no job opening in sight, I felt sure I knew the Lord's leading.

With great anticipation I boarded the train May 4, 1964, heading for Indiana to join the Tiptons in their move to Florida. I spent three months in Indiana making final preparations for the move.

In late July, Rex and Sandra James, Hugh Tipton, my brother-in-law, and I made a fast trip to Orlando to look over the job situation, and then returned for our belongings. We finally arrived in Orlando late on July 21, 1964. Upon arriving at the house the church folks in Orlando had rented for us, we found the beds all set up and ready for our weary bodies.

The next day we started out job hunting. A large newspaper ad announced the opening of a new J. C. Penney store which had recently been completed. Three days had been set aside for interviewing prospective employees. We rushed over and, after a short interview, I was hired to work in the stock room. The manager asked if could begin work the very next day, which I was glad to do. Hugh found it more difficult to find the particular type of machinist work that he did, so had to take other work in the meantime.

Times of difficulty and struggle followed, mainly because of inadequate work for my brother-in-law. So in December of 1964, the Tiptons and James' decided to return to Indiana. But, what about me? I felt the Lord had directed me to Florida. Now what was I to do? Was I to return to Indiana too, or just what did God have in mind for me?

Discouragement set in. I began to wonder if I had gone ahead of the Lord. I wondered if, perhaps, I had made the decision in order to be close to my sister and her family. Had I really let the Lord lead?

After I had prayed about it and discussed the matter with Nancy and Hugh, I decided the Lord wanted me to stay in Florida, so I began to seek His leading for my future.

It was not long before I began to see His will. I started meeting with the Union Park church where brother Bill Paul was laboring. Immediately, I was given a class to teach and was asked to help with the young people. The Pauls opened their home and heart to me and whatever loneliness might have set in was soon overcome by my closeness in the Lord with this family.

When the pianist moved away I was asked to play for all the regular services. I had never played regularly before, but had only “filled in” a few times. Now I had this as a full time responsibility.

But the greatest blessing has been in the work with the young people. Although there have been times of heartache, just being able to see young lives happy and contented in the Lord’s service, is inexpressible happiness. Yes, the Lord wanted me here in Orlando.

Not only have I been able to help in the church services, but also in personal work. I always had a fear of meeting people. Although my heart was touched over the condition of the lost world, I couldn’t seem to muster the courage to go out and teach people. When one of the ladies in the church asked me to go with her to call on a neighbor because she was also quite timid, I ended up doing the talking and teaching. This led to other times I was able to “contend for the faith.”

I had asked the Lord for His leading and had surrendered myself to Him wholeheartedly and eventually found my place in His service.

Donna Brown
Route 5, Box 527-B
Orlando, Florida

Trusting Prayer Foils a Terrible Crime

On the afternoon of January 7, 1966, my 19-month-old son and I were getting ready to leave a shopping center on the east side of San Jose, California. As I sat in the car for a minute, looking for the ignition key, I glanced to my left and there, beside the car, stood a man with a gun pointed directly at me. He said, sternly, “Move over, don’t say a word, and look straight ahead.” As he started the car, he said, “If you love your baby, you will do what I say.” I asked if he would allow me to pray before we left, but he said to shut up. I prayed out loud anyway.

He turned left as he drove out of the shopping center and, after going about a mile, he forced me to put my son in the back seat while still pointing his gun at me. Then he told me to lie down in the front seat. I was praying silently all the time he was driving.

After awhile he turned onto a bumpy road. Then a few minutes later, he stopped the car and told me to sit up and put my hands behind me. Then he handcuffed me. He sat there a few minutes, asking me such questions as my name and how long I had been married. Then he pulled my hair back and asked me if I would like to have it cut off. All I could think to say was that the Bible mentions that a woman’s long hair is her glory.

The man then got out of the driver’s side of the car and went around to the passenger side and opened the door. He made me lie back down and began disrobing me. As he prepared to finish this terrible act, I began praying out loud again: “Dear God, have mercy on this poor man for, in the end, he will truly be punished for what he is doing. I pray in Jesus’ name. Amen.”

Suddenly, the man went no farther. He began dressing me and told me to sit up. He went around to the other side of the car, got in, and took the handcuffs off of me. He then brought my son into the front seat and made both of us lie down again, out of sight, while still pointing the gun at us.

He drove almost all the way back to the shopping center and pulled to the side of the road and stopped. Then he said, “you should be thankful I didn’t harm you.” I told him I WAS thankful to my God for sparing us. He then made me get out of the car and walk back to the

shopping center. He said that when I got there I would find the baby safe in the car, parked in the same place as before. He said, “If you run, you will never see your son again.” He wanted to allow enough time to escape before I reported the incident to the police. As I walked to the shopping center, I continued to pray. When I reached the car I found my baby, scared and crying, but safe.

God had taken care of us both. I am thankful to this day that God answers prayer. I am also thankful that I serve a living God who is always near to guide me whenever I need Him.

A 21 year old Christian mother
California

(Editor’s note: This story made front page, banner headlines of a large West Coast daily newspaper. Local police authorities were overwhelmed by the nature of the incident.)

A Long Way to Church Service?

I lived in an isolated area where there were no other true Christians with whom I could meet for fellowship. This seemed like a hopeless situation but I continued to believe that somehow things would change for the better.

Last summer my husband consented to allow our children to attend Christ's church camp at Sharon Bluff, Iowa. The children, who had never had much Christian fellowship, were greatly impressed by the goodness shown to them by the young people at camp. Our 11-year-old son accepted Christ before the week was over. Following the teaching and influence of camp, both children wanted to begin attending church services immediately. What was I to do? Realizing that there was no New Testament church nearby with which we could meet, we determined to study and pray diligently for the Lord to open up the door for us to have the fellowship and teaching we wanted and needed.

A few months later I received a letter from my brother, who is a Christian, informing me that a small group of new converts had begun meeting together approximately 50 miles north of our home. They had previously met much farther north (as far as 79 miles from some of their homes). But when they were told of my family and our isolated situation and desire for a congregation to meet with, they found a place to meet near enough for us to attend.

While some may feel this is still a long way to attend church meetings, I feel it is a wonderful privilege to get to hear the Word of God preached and to have fellowship with other Christians. I am able to attend every Lord's day with my children and it is so strengthening to us.

I know that the Lord does not forget His own. He truly answered my prayers in this matter.

Lorraine Carter
Route 2, Box 69
Alta Vista, Iowa

Challenged By the Death of a Child

The big yellow school bus rolled to a stop as usual that Friday afternoon. The children were home and ready for another weekend vacation from school activities. It was a pleasant day that September 20, 1963. Fall was beginning in Missouri. This is a very beautiful time of the year, a season when the days are warm but not too hot; the nights are cool and often the haze of Indian summer lingers in the skies. This particular day was the beginning of many days, weeks and months that were to be filled with anxiety, sorrow, tears and prayerful pleadings. Also, there would be soul searching, the learning of lessons, and yes, the joys of knowing that we serve a great, prayer-answering God.

Manford, our youngest son who was 5 years old, had just started his first year of school. To him school was a great joy. When he had to miss for some reason, it was a time of tears. Even though when asked what he liked best about school, he would reply, mischievously, "recess," he loved the ride on the big, yellow school bus and, to him, books were a never-ending source of enjoyment and challenge. Books were a means of opening up new worlds and fresh ideas, and they were to become his constant companions through many hours of illness. Toward the last, he was proud and happy to purchase his own Bible and to read, with understanding, many verses from it.

As soon as he was in the house that evening, he lay down on the divan and went to sleep. His mother, noting this to be a departure from his normal activity, soon discovered that he had a high temperature, in excess of 105 degrees.

His grandparents were at our house that evening and my father and I were out in the field tending the cattle. John, our son just older than Manford, came out to inform us that Manford was sick. We lost no time in taking him to the hospital, where we learned that he had a throat infection. It was there that we also learned he had an unusually high count of white blood corpuscles. About eight to twelve thousand is normal. His was 35,000 and increasing. Our doctor hinted then that Manford probably had leukemia, but sent us to the University Medical Center in Columbia, Missouri, for additional tests. It turned out that he had a very rare type of leukemia, acquired in children, and we were told

that he could pass away at any time. Amidst the tears we found great comfort in fervent prayer, knowing that God was taking care of all things, and that many Christians were also praying.

The medicines available were not very effective in this type of leukemia, but within a few weeks he had responded to treatment in a remarkable way. He even returned to normal in his activity and appearance for a few months. We know this was an answer to prayer. It brought amazement to the doctors and gratitude to all of us. All the while we knew that God COULD heal him completely, but it would have to be according to His will, and we must not be selfish if He wanted to call His own to be with Him.

The doctors told us that this type of illness could affect many parts of the body and result in much suffering. Our prayer was that, if God saw fit not to heal him, his suffering would be at a minimum. This prayer was very definitely answered. In the nine months of his illness, aside from shots, tests, some ear infection and the normal strain on his nervous system, he suffered very little. His suffering could have been tremendous, but God was merciful.

Our little Manford displayed much patience during his entire illness, asking only once if he would always be sick. From the very first he dreaded the many tests and shots that faced him on his frequent trips to the doctor and hospital. But eventually he learned to take these in stride with little or no objection.

Naturally we talked with him often about spiritual things. His faith was that of a child, with no pretense. A few weeks before he died, I was talking with him about Heaven and what it would be like, and in the course of our conversation he made this statement: "Someday I will know what it is like." Yes, to him, Heaven was a reality.

Among the many things granted through prayer, in connection with his sickness, we are appreciative of the physical health, strength and material means supplied to us in order to meet the extra obligations.

Undoubtedly the greatest result of all this, perhaps the purpose God had in mind, was that various ones indicated to us that our boy's illness caused a real challenge to their lives spiritually. We know that it certainly did to ours.

While he was in the hospital, his mother and I took turns caring for him. On the morning of June 27, 1964, we attended him during a

prolonged nose bleed. He was conscious, seemingly in no pain, and talked some. While I stepped outside the door to summon the doctor, he slumped over in his mother's arms, into unconsciousness, and soon into eternity. The doctor's efforts to revive him were futile. God had called him home.

Many members of our family live some distance from our area, but since that weekend was vacation time, many of them were home and able to come to the funeral. At any other time this might not have been possible. At the memorial hour we were all blessed with a true and challenging gospel sermon. Was this all just a coincidence? No, for we know it was the work of a wonderful, prayer-answering God.

Paul Crist
Winigan, Missouri

No Odds Too Great For God

In the year 1950, I was recalled into active service in the Navy. I had already served 5 years and 8 months during World War II and, since I was in the Reserves, I was one of the first to be recalled when the Korean War broke out. This was quite a jolt to me, because of several things that had happened during the previous couple of years.

For one thing, I had met and married a Christian girl. For another, I had become a Christian in January 1949. I knew from the ungodly life that I had lived in the service in World War II, that the Navy was no place for a person who was trying to serve the Lord. Because of the temptations that I knew I would have to face, and being unsure of whether I could come through such a situation and remain faithful to God, I trembled and feared the outcome of reentering the service. I truly loved the Lord and had no desire to return to the depths of sin from which the Lord had lifted me. But there seemed nothing for me to do but go and trust God to help me in the matter.

I had been a Christian for only two years and was still a babe in Christ. At such a time as this I would be an easy prey for the devil. Everything would be a temptation and pose great difficulties to overcome. I would be like a baby who tries to hold his bottle for the first time but it keeps slipping out of his hands. But, with his mother's help, he finally grasps it and holds on without losing it.

Upon being inducted, I was flown to San Diego, California, where I was herded with the rest of the sheep being prepared for the slaughter. Then began our long wait to see where we would be sent.

It was during this time of waiting that I met a young man who was interested in the Bible. We spent long hours together discussing it. Although he was not a member of the church, he proved to be of help to me in this trying time.

There were over 100 men awaiting orders at this base but none appeared to be interested in talking about the Bible, except for the two of us. I continued to pray that the Lord would lead in this matter and help me to do His will in all things.

Finally the day came when the orders were to be placed on the

bulletin board. All the men gathered around reading aloud the places they were to be sent. I was afraid to look. Finally I looked at the list and couldn't help thinking of the mighty power and the faithful promises of God, through His Son Jesus. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." (Matthew 28:18) God promised not to allow us to be tempted above what we were able to bear. (I Corinthians 10:13) There on the bulletin board I saw that all the men were being sent overseas except for two, the young man with whom I had spent hours studying the Bible, and MYSELF. I was to remain stationed there in San Diego, and he was to be sent somewhere in the Midwest.

Since that time I have had other experiences with God, but this one stands out especially in my memory. This is the reason that I can say with the Apostle Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against the day." (II Timothy 1:12)

Russell Crum
Monterey, Louisiana 71354

Employment For a Young Preacher

We were living in southeast Portland, Oregon, at the time. I was a student at Portland's Churches of Christ School of Evangelists. Endeavoring to learn the Word of God better, I was determined to keep worldly pleasures and secular work from hindering this goal.

I had been working in a large department store as a janitor, but since the store stayed open late on certain nights and I was forced to work long, irregular hours, I began praying for a job with better hours. Many times I had to rush home from the store to change clothes, grab a bite to eat and then hurriedly drive to school for prayer meeting and classes. After a number of months at this pace, I could see that my primary goal, to study to be a preacher, was becoming a sideline. It was something that I worked at just when I had some free time, and that was not proving to be very often anymore.

It was then that I decided to rely more on the Lord in prayer. While there were still uncertainties, yet I knew what I wanted, and I knew that God could help me. The question was, WHEN? It became increasingly plain to me that I was reaching a crossroad in my life. All my hopes and dreams of ever becoming a gospel preacher were not as vivid in my mind now. I found that I could not divide my interest between such two separate areas of activity and be fully happy.

Then it happened. I had filled out an application for a custodian in the local school district a few weeks before, and had forgotten all about it. My name was pulled out of a large stack of applications and I got the job. It was better, but still not the solution to my problems.

I was placed in a high school at the extreme opposite end of town. I was promised a transfer to a school nearer my home if an employee in that area would be willing to trade me. I accepted the job, but it was hard to drive past the high school in my own neighborhood each day wishing I could have worked there instead of so far away. I thought of how much more time it would have allowed me to study my lessons.

Then another difficulty arose. Our funds were dwindling rapidly, and as a father of three children, my custodian's wages didn't go very far in supporting my family. But I was thankful that we had been able to get by on the income that God was providing.

I spent time in meditation. My wife and I discussed together our plans for the future. I did not want to do anything that would keep me from preaching. I was sure of that one thing. But I was confused. I stood like a man yearning to cross a great gulf, but felt helpless to do so.

So we turned to God and besought Him earnestly. The school official promised me a possible transfer at the end of the six months probation period or sooner. I worked and prayed often during that time. As the last day of the probation period approached, I was still working and driving an hour each way, to and from work. By now I had about accepted the conclusion that God wanted me to work there indefinitely.

Then the very day after my probation period ended, the phone rang at school. My wife informed me that I was being transferred to a small grade school three miles from my home. The marvelous factor in the whole matter is that the man I replaced had to leave because of being stricken with cancer. Except for this, I later learned that my chances of transferring to any school nearer my home were very slim. The odds were enormous but powerless before my God.

Because of this incident, I have new courage to face even greater situations. I am a believer. God answered my prayer right to the very day.

Gerald L. Davey
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Arvada, CoLo. 80002

Rescued By a Thin Thread

I lived some distance from any semblance of gospel preaching when this all started to happen. I was in the seventh grade.

I found a strange, old brittle book under some other articles in the buffet drawer at home. I showed it to my mother and asked, “What is this?” She replied, “That’s a Bible.” When I asked if I could look at it she said, “Sure, it’ll do you good.” Not exactly catching what she meant, I said, “Huh?” So she repeated, “Sure, go ahead and read it all you want to. It won’t hurt you any. It might do you a lot of good.”

With my curiosity aroused, I began to study this newly found book, and soon concluded that it was God’s Word to the world.

I began to recall the only other knowledge I had of God. A few years before, I had asked my mother, “Will everybody die?” She answered, “Yes.” My heart sank, and I asked again, “How come?” Noting my sadness, she replied, “Don’t worry. If you’re a good boy, you’ll go to Heaven when you die.” Then I asked, “What is Heaven?” She said, “It’s a real pretty place . . . and you won’t die anymore.” I said, “Really?” and she replied, “Um - umm.”

The next day those thoughts were still in my mind, and so I asked my mother another question, “How bad do people have to get to miss Heaven?” She answered, “Oh, if you murder people and rob banks and things like that. Just the real bad people can’t go there.” Feeling much relieved, I left the house with the thoughts of these words lingering in my mind. I don’t recall learning anything else from my parents about God.

Now that I began reading the Bible with interest, my mother encouraged me, and had me memorize the Ten Commandments. That summer I attended a two-week Vacation Bible School, conducted by the local small town denomination. I was, by far, the oldest boy there and felt terribly out of place. I also memorized the twenty-third Psalm and a few other Bible verses. The preacher tried to interest me in attending a seminary.

But after that my interest in God and the Bible began to wane, until I received a minor injury. My father told me that such an injury might cause cancer. This so frightened and haunted me that I began a fairly

regular and earnest prayer life, which might be compared to that of Cornelius in the Bible.

Upon graduating from the eighth grade my father informed me that my education was complete. I was to help on the farm from then on. I worked hard that summer, and, when the school season drew near, I told my father that I wanted very much to enter high school. Seeing that I was determined, he agreed, with this understanding: I was to work my way through high school, including room and board, and pay him half of my wages. I began working on a neighbor's farm and so started high school.

The following spring, a new family moved into our community. They had some connections with the gospel. Their daughter was also in the first year of high school, but I was not the least interested in her as I had my eye on someone else. Besides, I was very girl-shy.

Through the urging of my mother and the maneuvering of my boyfriend, I was worked into a double date with this new girl. I had just begun to care for her when she and her family moved away. I could not afford a car nor the gas to drive sixty miles to see her, so after exchanging a few letters, I wrote her that we might as well forget being boyfriend and girlfriend.

That summer, conditions changed with my boss, and he told me he would not be needing me to work for him any longer. But he did say that I could remain until I found another job. I told my father about it, and, knowing I planned to break up with the girl, he offered me his old "second" car saying, "I'm giving you that car. Go see your girl, and if you can get a job there within two weeks, stay and finish high school there if you want. If you don't find work, come on back home." I could hardly contain myself. Of course I went and finally got a job and stayed.

That summer there was an evangelistic meeting held in a nearby town by a congregation striving to build the church according to the Scriptures. My girlfriend's mother, feeling her daughter was not as spiritual as she should have been, refused to let her date during the meeting because the whole family was going to attend it each night. My girlfriend tried to figure out a way that we could be together and finally got an idea. She asked her mother if I could take her to the revival meetings a couple of times. Her mother hesitated saying, "I don't know. I'll think it over."

The day before the meetings began, she gave her consent. Having

recently heard a striking school lecture on what you can learn by keeping your ears open, I decided to listen intently. I found myself learning swiftly and becoming deeply convicted. Then I was converted, being baptized into Christ for the remission of sins after just a couple of those dynamic messages.

I shall be everlastingly thankful to God for His providential powers that kept the thin threads from bursting, which eventually lifted me out of the fire. All my heart can say is . . . PRAISE GOD! AMEN!

Edwin DeVries
Hamburg, Iowa

Giving God the Credit

It was back in May, 1954, that my wife and I accepted Christ as Savior. We were both baptized at the same time. I thank God for leading my wife to see the need of Christ when I did. A consecrated wife is a great blessing to a man who wants to serve God.

Since we became Christians, God has blessed us with the things we needed to live. Many times we have spent our last penny only to find that the Lord provided our needs in some way. I can testify to the truth of Matthew 6:33, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all of these things shall be added unto you."

The Lord blessed us with a family of four children. In the summer of 1962, I was laid up and unable to work due to surgery for appendicitis. But again God provided our needs.

Then in May, 1964, I had a severe heart attack. A blood clot developed inside of my heart. For the first twelve days I was in the hospital, I was in great danger, for if the clot had moved over one of the heart's outlet valves before it could have been dissolved, it would have caused certain death. But once again, God blessed and brought me through it all.

Today, I am unable to work, but God again provided a way for our needs to be met. I am receiving disability payments from the Social Security. God has blessed my good wife with a part time job. Through His love and goodness, we are doing fine. I am completely satisfied with what God gives me.

But God's greatest blessing to me is the sending of His only begotten Son to die on the cross so that I could become one of His children. I want to tell on God for what He has done for me.

Miller W. Edwards
Route 1
Anna, Ohio

A Home On Earth and One In Heaven

My heart's desire and prayer to God for many years was for the salvation of my parents. As with the case or so many, they had been only nominal church members. They needed to know the Lord as their personal Savior. Finally, after ten years of patient teaching and prayer, they came to accept Christ in a marvelous way. I baptized both my mother and father in the pond on the home farm. But this was only the beginning of God's goodness.

Even before my parents were converted, God had led us in the purchase of our present home at a good price. We soon began to remodel the basement into an apartment, although, at the time, we had no special need for the extra quarters. We really didn't know WHY we were fixing it up but it wasn't long before we found out.

The year after the folks were converted, Dad had to give up the farm because of failing health. At that time we did not know exactly what his health problem was. After farming for so many years, it was a hard decision for him to make. However, when we made the offer of our basement apartment to my parents, they decided to move in with us. So THIS was why God gave us a house with the extra room for an apartment!

It was at this time that Dad was examined by the Veterans Administration in view of receiving a disability pension. He was found to have two types of cancer, which accounted for his decline in health. It was also feared that he had cancer of the lymph glands, but it had not yet spread to that area of his body.

Because they had a convenient place to live, with US, my parents made the decision to retire just in time, before Dad's illness became worse, or even fatal. Since that time his cancer has been arrested. If just a few more months had gone by, with Dad working hard on the farm and having cancer without knowing it, this dread disease may have claimed one more victim.

Since that time God has delivered my father through several other illnesses, including two heart attacks and several strokes. Through it all God has proven that He cares for and sustains the ones who trust Him, even in times of deep sorrow and difficulty. All of this is a marvelous

demonstration of God's providential leading in bringing about conversions and granting renewed strength.

I will always feel that God not only definitely led in my parents' conversion, but also provided for the purchase of our home and the remodeling of its basement. And all this in order for two people, late in life, to find their Lord personally, and to live out their remaining years in contentment, thus declaring the doings of God among His people.

Richard M. Ellis
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The Funeral That Never Took Place

It happened on May 1, 1965. God gave my wife and me our third child. It was our first girl. Our boys presented problems when they were born since we have an RH blood factor, and the expense for them was very great. So I told the doctors who were to deliver this child to expect some difficulty. We tried to prepare ourselves. I had insurance this time so we rested a bit easier.

When the baby was born, due to the blood condition, we were prepared to have the baby's blood changed. My boss was the only one I could find who had the right kind of blood for the baby. We breathed easy for a while.

Then Tuesday morning we learned that the child was having trouble with her intestines, being unable to throw off her body waste. An operation was considered necessary. We had to have more blood. I asked everyone. I had no success in finding any. Fortunately, that very night a woman called the hospital and volunteered blood for another child. However, that child ended up not needing the blood so the hospital sent me over to pick up the fine, young Italian mother who had donated the blood for our child instead.

Tuesday night, we waited and waited to hear the results of the operation. After about three hours of waiting and praying, the doctor came out and spoke to us. It was not good news. Dr. Starr, the head surgeon of the hospital, tried to tell us in an honest, sincere, polite way that the baby could not possibly live. He told us that blood had never passed through the intestines with the result that the intestines had collapsed and gangrene had already set in. He pointed out that if not much intestinal tissue had died, usually they could cut out the dead part and splice the two good ends together. However, the doctor explained that, in this case, the entire intestine had collapsed and that gangrene had already spread all through it. He said that it was impossible for the child to live more than a couple of days. He even suggested that I make funeral arrangements. He said it would take a miracle for the child to live. I told him that I knew Someone who did miracles.

Leaving my wife at the hospital, I went to my car and prayed as I had never prayed before. I do not know how you can love a child so

much that you have seen only once. I guess it is because it's yours. I thought that I could take it if the baby died, but then when I heard the word "impossible" for her to live it sent me into a feeling of despair. But I prayed only the more fervently. And I was not the only one praying. Churches in the East and even those in the Midwest, who had heard about my child, were also praying. I wondered if all these prayers would make God weary. I thought too, that God no doubt desired that we be that diligent in our prayers over a lost soul, as over a dying baby.

The days that followed were full of suspense. Would the phone ring telling the news that she had died? I requested the hospital to call me and not my wife so that I could be with her in case it was sad news. I wanted to be the one to tell her.

Well, the call never came. Instead my wife and I were allowed to go to the hospital and feed the baby. We wondered if it would be the last time. Why did the tiny child lying there in an incubator have to die? Why couldn't she live and fill our home with baby talk and laughter? Why couldn't she ever come toddling up to me and say "da, da"? Why?

Then it was that I resolved that God knew best. I wanted His will to happen. I stopped feeling sorry for myself and began to think of the child, and the miseries she might go through if she lived. Perhaps it was best, I thought. When I developed that attitude, I believe that God changed His. He decided to let the baby live.

That was a year ago. Now she not only fills the room with baby laughter but I might add baby "cries." When she needs to be changed, we don't murmur for we know that it was virtually a "miracle" that God choose to heal her intestine so that she could cast off the waste materials of her little body. She is healthy and happy today.

The medical expenses for this baby were huge. But God continued to answer prayer. We learned that the law in Massachusetts is that premature babies are paid for by the state. This took care of \$700 of the medical bill. I still owe a large sum for the other two children, but God has granted me a good paying job to support myself while laboring as an Evangelist.

God has proved that He is interested in us. He can grant health, money to pay bills and good jobs to His children. God is alive. He is active and His ear is tuned toward us. Let us flee to Him that we may find help in time of need.

George L. Faulk
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Northboro, Massachusetts

A Young Man in Search of God

During my childhood I had difficulty with my stomach. The pains were very severe at times and would last from a few days to a week. At such times I would pray and ask for God's help. When I improved, I would acknowledge God as the One responsible. This was a vital thing in my life, for it seemed to build a faith, trust and love for Him while I was still young.

Though I was never very religious, I did attend the Baptist Church once in a while. The reasons were: because of friends, girl friends, picnics, or sports, but nothing else. The young people had no higher moral standards than I did, so "why should I become a Christian?" I thought. Christ didn't seem to be doing much for them, and as I watched them backslide one by one, I determined that I was as good as they were. This kept me from becoming a Baptist. for which I was thankful to God later.

Our move from West Virginia to Florida, and to Orlando in particular, proved to be another blessing of God. I was against the move, but had to go since I was still living at home with my parents. I had made up my mind to leave Florida as soon as I graduated from high school, but after graduation I decided to remain in the state.

We not only moved to Orlando, but to a section of town where my younger brothers became acquainted with a Christian family. They went to Bible camp a few years and were converted to Christ. The only thing I can remember now about that, is that I wondered how long it would be before they would backslide also. Instead of falling away though, it seemed to me that they were going to church services all the time. The preacher, brother Bill Paul, was real friendly and came to pick them up all the time, but I remember dodging him every time I could.

In 1962 I was operated on for my stomach disorder. The operation was very successful and again I thanked God for the recovery. I tried to live right for awhile, but soon I was mixed up with the wrong crowd again and put God out of my mind completely. It was some time before I thought of God again, but the time finally came, and I realized that something had to be done about my sinful life.

It was another blessing of God that I was transferred to the night

shift on my job. That stopped some of my running around, and I had more time alone to think. It didn't take a preacher to tell me that something had to be done. I knew that --- but what?

I would read the Bible and pray for wisdom. I studied about Christ in order to convince myself of his divinity, and to disprove those who denied him, such as Marx, Lenin and other unbelievers.

When I decided that Christ must be the Son of God, I then began studying the New Testament to see what it taught that one must do to be saved. Again, I prayed for wisdom and help.

Upon my completing the reading of the New Testament. I saw where many denominations were wrong and that there should be one church. But I wondered which church was the right one. Since I had attended the Baptist Church in the north, I decided to try several in Florida also. The preacher at one of them got me real mixed up. He told me that I was already saved and didn't need to be baptized unless I joined his church. And also, when I told him I thought the Bible taught there should be just one church, he said, "You are all mixed up. Do you think we could have this great building and such a large number of people if God had not blessed us?" This set me back a few loops, and it was months later before I was baptized for the remission of sins and found the true church in Orlando.

Then, after talking with this Baptist preacher, I visited a Christian Church a few Sundays later. The preacher there said he would baptize me but when I learned that he didn't accept the words of Jesus on divorce, I lost all interest in being baptized by him. I was confused, perplexed, and bewildered. I was about ready to throw up my hands in despair and just stay at home on Sundays and read my Bible alone.

You may wonder why I didn't visit with my brothers at the meetings of the church. Well the devil wasn't sleeping while I was searching for the Truth, and so he did everything to hinder me.

I thought perhaps the church of Christ was a little "Pentecostal." The women were not "made-up" like the world and the people didn't even attend the movies. Brother Paul had shown a series of filmstrips on the Bible at our home, but I was a little too skeptical of Christianity to get any good from them. Various ones had invited me to services many times also, but I was a little suspicious of them.

So just when I was about to give up, my brothers told me they

believed that there should be one church also and invited me to services again.

That evening I attended and was greeted by the warmest and nicest people I had ever met in my life. They impressed me so much that I even forgot about their attitude toward “make-up” and movies.

I continued to attend and it was on June 16, 1963 that I was baptized into Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and had the burden of sin washed away. It was the wisest and most important decision in my life.

I firmly believe that God worked marvelously and wonderfully in my conversion. What if I had become a Baptist? What if we had moved to another state? What if we had not moved to Orlando? What if I had left for West Virginia after graduation as planned? What if my brothers had not become Christians, and what if we had not moved near a Christian family? God blessed and worked things out so that I could have the opportunity to be saved if I wanted to be. I am deeply indebted to Him forever.

Stuart Fitzgerald
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The Power of a Christian Example

From the uncertainty of the Methodist Church and the instability of home life, the Lord led me out of a jungle of unconcern and from tottering ground to the Rock of safety and real purpose in life.

In my early days of schooling I was an ordinary kid, living in an ordinary world, with ordinary parents, and considered religion as the ordinary means for getting to heaven. As time went on I became deeply impressed by the Christian example of my best friend's mother. She would pray before meals each time I was invited to their home for dinner. She was kind to me and showed genuine concern for my young soul.

When my father died, family problems arose over the acceptance of a step-father. He had a very unsettled character and was a Catholic by faith. He was also a heavy drinker and often came home drunk and threatened me for reading the Bible rather than joining him in his drinking. My mother had hoped he would keep his promise to reform when they married but it didn't prove out that way. Mother was a Protestant and this simply added to the difficulty.

Conditions worsened when we three boys rebelled against our step-father. My older brother even wept over the undesirable situation that existed in our home. I was a senior in high school and was still hanging onto a mere social religion and a few principles of the Methodist Church. However, I had no stable faith in the Lord to fall back on during these trying days. What was I to do? My home life was becoming more unbearable. I seemed to live in a world all my own. I tried to escape the stark reality of my existence by turning to humor and excitement, but nothing seemed to help.

Conditions at home finally built up to the breaking point. I was asked to leave home, so I decided to move in with another family for a time. I had an offer from a school friend to come home with him but his family seemed to be having problems enough of its own. Another offer came from the Christian family I had been impressed with earlier. The warmth and friendliness of Mrs. Clara Van DeVelde led me to accept an offer to move in with her and her children, one of whom was my best friend. She understood my situation, opened her home to me and treated

me as her own son. Her home was close and one of sharing. She was to become my mother in the Lord.

Sister Van DeVelde took me to the meetings of the Union Park church of Christ in Orlando, Fla. I found things the same there. The people were friendly. They not only shook hands but took a genuine interest in me. I was first impressed with the enthusiastic singing of praises to the Lord by the congregation. I was also moved by the spontaneous “amen” or “yes, Lord,” voiced by the preacher when others would lead in prayer. Everybody knew everybody and everybody carried a Bible. That was more than I could say for the Methodist Church.

Not long afterward I made my decision for the Lord. Brother Roger Deys urged me to go with him to Ottumwa, Iowa, for more advanced study in the Bible. I considered this an opportunity to start anew in a good environment, away from home and old problems, so we left together a few months after graduation from high school.

As we traveled from state to state, and from one gospel rally to another, I heard much preaching that challenged and stirred my soul. As I entered into a more concentrated study of God’s Word and participated in personal evangelism calling, I found a new joy in the Lord.

In my training in the Lord’s army, God led me to the young Christian lady who was to become my companion in life.

So Christian love, patience, example, warm-heartedness, enthusiasm in service, and a well-laid groundwork of the Bible truth were the factors in helping me to find my Lord and Savior. The seed of Christian example was sown and nine years later it blossomed into a newborn creature in Christ Jesus.

Richard Geringswald
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Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread

While I was a young, unmarried preacher, in training, I preached “part time” in a traditional church situation in central Kentucky.

When summer vacation came I moved to the place where the church was located. Since the church could only partly support me, I took a job working with a construction company, clearing highway right-of-ways (which was very hard work to say the least).

I secured a room where I would sleep and planned to “eat out” at a restaurant for meals. I made a practice of going by the church building every morning for a time of prayer before I went to work (and a very good practice it was).

Before the first week really got under way, I suddenly became aware that I was out of money. Perhaps that has never been your lot, but to face a week of hard physical labor with the problem of where the food would come from was not a very pleasant prospect. The next Sunday I could expect some money from the church, but in the meantime, that was no help to me in the least. I hesitated to tell the church of my plight. What was I to do?

But, nevertheless, I had to go to work that day, so I climbed the steps of the church building for my talk with God as I had been doing each morning bright and early. Only on this morning there was a little more desperation and fervor in my prayers. I really opened my heart, letting the Lord know the nature of my problem in no uncertain terms.

Maybe this sounds like audacity, but when I arose from praying, something within me seemed to say, “This is going to be a long, hard day; you had better order a big breakfast for you’ll need it.” I made my way across the street to the restaurant, and did just that (although I didn’t have a penny in my pocket). I ate the hearty breakfast, and walked up to the cash register as if to pay, but not knowing what to say. Before I could speak, the voice of the gentleman behind the cash register rang out in clear tones, “It’s yours; you don’t have to pay for it.”

I thought I had prayed in faith, but I wasn’t ready for this . . . such a speedy answer to my prayer. I cried out, “O God, help my unbelief! May I never again doubt your power!”

Needless to say, I was “in the clouds” all that day because of what God had done. The owner of the restaurant, although not a Christian, made it plain that I was to eat breakfast all that week at his expense, which I did. My other meals were provided by good-hearted church people who invited me into their homes.

I have prayed about many things since that experience, but that has proven to be the most speedy and obvious answer to prayer I have ever received. Thank God that He does hear and answer prayer! Praise His name!

James E. Gibbons
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God Helps Through Christians

On the afternoon of August 20, 1959, my telephone rang. I went to answer it and the moment I heard the voice of the manager my husband worked for, I knew something awful had happened. He told me to go immediately to the hospital in a town 65 miles away, as my husband had been in a terrible automobile accident. A very dear sister in Christ drove me the whole way there. I do not remember all we talked about during the trip to the hospital, but I kept asking myself *why* this had happened.

By the time we arrived at the hospital they had my husband out of surgery and into his room, but doctors gave little hope that he would live through the night. He had a broken neck, six fractured ribs, a brain concussion, and a large cut on the side of his head. For what seemed like hours, his manager stood on one side of his bed and I on the other, expecting him to pass on at any moment. Since he, too, thought he was dying, he told his manager some things he had never told anyone before. As he talked, things came to light which were hard for either of us to believe. Yet we felt they must be true. After he had stopped talking, and I began to think over what he had told us, I knew that I had the answer to my question “why?” The saying, “you can’t do wrong and get by” is so true.

The next day brother Archie Word came to the hospital to see my husband. The first thing that brother Word said to me was, “Hazel, remember Romans 8:28 is still in the Bible.” I couldn’t quote it then, but when I had the chance, I looked it up in my Bible. I have never forgotten it.

For the next several days I stayed at the hospital. The doctors feared that my husband would be paralyzed from the waist down and wanted me to stay nearby. He was in the hospital 45 days before the doctors let me take him home.

After the first shock had passed and my mind was clear once again, I began to think about what we were going to do now that my husband would be out of work for many months. We had four children from ages thirteen down to two years old. I considered going to work, but that would have meant leaving the youngest child with a baby sitter.

I sincerely believed that God would take care of us. I knew that

Christian friends were praying for us. I continued to pray and ask God to provide our needs and to guide me in the paths He would have me to go.

Soon the news of the accident was out and I began receiving letters, cards and money from our many Christian friends. I received money from those I had never even heard of. Many were letters of encouragement. One letter I remember so well was from brother Hal Watkins, of Alaska, telling me not to worry; that our needs would be supplied. And they WERE wonderfully supplied, by those who loved us (and the Lord) from Alaska to Florida, and from the east to the west coast.

Since that time the song, “God Will Take Care of You” has had more meaning to me. God answered our prayers in many ways. Not only did we have our needs supplied, but God blessed my husband with a recovery which the doctors had thought was impossible. He suffered no paralysis and left the hospital walking. Thank God for answered prayer.

Hazel Howard
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Colorado Springs, Colo.

Letting a God-Guided Conscience Guide

During my senior year in high school, I began to plan and prepare for further education after graduation. I wanted to become a nurse, but I felt I should attend a Bible training school, too. The big question in my mind was which of the two I should do first. All of my teachers and advisors at school wanted me to go into nursing first. My father also strongly urged me to do this, even promising to help me financially if I did. He discouraged my taking further Bible training at the college level.

Needless to say, this was a very perplexing decision for me to make. My Christian friends and my mother encouraged me to build my life spiritually first and think of my material needs for the future after that. In the midst of this turmoil, I finally decided to go into nurses training first.

I obtained an application from a school in Denver, Colorado, but I was still so doubtful over my decision that I was afraid to return the application. Because of so many doubts about my future, I was unhappy. I asked myself why I should be so unhappy and doubtful if my decision had been the right one. Shouldn't I have been anxious to start nurses training? The answer came from deep within me, "You are putting material things first and spiritual things last." I realized that I was not going the way God wanted me to go.

I threw away the application to nursing school and immediately applied for Bible training classes at Midwestern School of Evangelism. I came to school with only \$33 to apply on my tuition, but I wasn't the least worried. I felt that if the Lord wanted me there, He would provide my needs.

I have been out of money many times but God has always met the need in answer to prayer.

During my first year at school I made the decision to place my entire life fully in the Lord's hands. My life had not been all that it should have been. After that time, I was a much happier person. The gaining of money or position in life holds little attraction to me. To be a useful servant of the Lord is my greatest concern.

While in Bible training school I met the young man who was to become my husband. He was studying to become a more effective

preacher of the gospel. When I went to school I had no desire to get a boyfriend much less to get married. But again the Lord graciously led in this matter also.

I have found that putting God first and letting Him lead has resulted in receiving the best things I have known in life.

Sandy Howard
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Recognizing God's Leading

In the early 1900's my father quit his railroading job in Montana and returned to his small hometown of Pulaski, Iowa. During the years of his absence from Iowa, my mother's family moved into that community from Illinois. In time they met, soon began going together and finally married. As a girl, my mother had been serious-minded and deeply religious. As a boy, my father had been only moderately religious, and in his railroading years he had gotten clear away from it altogether.

About that time, my father's brother-in-law was working as a depot agent in the small town of Cincinnati, Iowa. Work was hard to find in those days, and when my father's brother-in-law learned of an opening in the Cincinnati printing office, he sent word to Dad about it. Thus, God was leading my people to settle in this small Iowa community, which was later to receive the true New Testament gospel at just the time that I would be receptive to it. I was in the last years of high school, just the right age to hear it, appreciate it, and give my life to it and its proclamation. For a number of years the Cincinnati congregation was forced to stand alone, since it was not near any other congregation that was committed to the New Testament position.

As I think back on those incidents, which occurred over a period of several years, I have often wondered where I would be today, spiritually, if Dad had not given up railroading and returned to Iowa. What if he had not married my religious mother? What if he had not had a brother-in-law in Cincinnati to tell him of that job opening? And what if I had grown up there at a different time than when I did?

My chances of ever hearing the true gospel of Christ must have been about 1 in 10,000, but God led at each point, and I praise Him today for it.

Donald G. Hunt
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Room For Just One More

Between the Sacramento (Calif.) and Troutdale (Oreg.) Gatherings of 1951, as we were in northern California on our way up the coast, word came by telephone that I must return to Ottumwa (Ia.) to care for some important business. It had to do with purchasing the school Administration Building, in which Bible training classes are held at 908 N. Court Street. It was so urgent that neither driving, taking the bus or taking the train would have gotten me there by the deadline. Flying was the only possibility, but its prospectiveness was dimmed by an airline strike which affected all planes from Portland east. When I arrived in San Francisco, I found “everyone and his brother” crowded into the airport terminal trying to get flights east. And there I was with no reservation.

The ticket agent said there was no chance for me. It was still 4 hours before the flight that I would catch. I never left the terminal but waited there, either for a flight east, or to learn the worst. How I did pray, as any Christian man of responsibility would have done under those conditions.

Finally the time came for the passengers to go aboard the flight. It seemed as if the terminal had suddenly become depopulated, so many were heading out the gate. But I stayed on. Finally the agent called me to the window and told me he would sell me a refundable ticket which entitled me to a seat on the plane in the event that a regular, scheduled reservation failed to show up. So I bought the ticket and went to the proper gate only to find others waiting ahead of me, and with the same privilege.

Those holding reservations filed up the steps into the plane and a long period went by. Finally, this little group concluded that all the passengers must have shown up. Just then the first of us was fingered forward and permitted to board the plane. After another long period, we concluded that he must have gotten the last available seat. But in time, the man and wife just ahead of me were signaled on. How this did fan a greater hope than ever within me. If there were just one more seat, it will be for me, I realized. It would be impossible to state the overjoyed feeling that swept over my soul when I, too, was called to board the plane and saw the door shut behind me. I was the last one on.

I think I have never praised God more. He went on to lead in taking

care of all the other important details of that trip; to the securing of this important property, and to the safeguarding of the several thousand dollars which had already been paid on it.

Donald G. Hunt
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Ottumwa, Iowa

When the Doctor Said “Cancer”

Early in 1957, a doctor's examination confirmed that my wife Sandra and I would become parents of our fourth child that August. This examination also revealed a foreign mass in the area of Sandra's left kidney. The young doctor called in his older and more experienced associate to assist in determining the nature of the growth and what procedure of treatment should be followed. After X-Rays clearly showed an unmistakable shadow, indicating some kind of foreign growth, arrangements were made to make X-Ray studies of the kidney, using a special dye injected into the blood stream. This would show any abnormality in the kidney structure. The kidney appeared to be normal from these studies. The doctor suggested that she go to a larger clinic some 200 miles away, but did not insist, so it was decided to do nothing further until after the birth of the baby. The older doctor, who now took charge of the case, felt that we were probably dealing with a large cyst. Since surgery would have been dangerous to the baby, it was decided to wait until after August to have the surgery.

Stanley was born on August 8th. He was a fine big boy. However, the doctor was quite alarmed over the size of the mass in Sandra, which was now much more accessible for manipulation. At his insistence our plans to be away for a revival meeting were cancelled and surgery was scheduled instead.

The operation was performed in the small, local hospital on Monday morning, October 10, 1957. It took much longer than had been anticipated. Following the surgery the doctors showed me the large mass that had been removed. Instead of a cyst it was a tumor that had been attached to the kidney. The doctor explained that it would be a week or so before the laboratory tests would be completed. For the first time, the thought of CANCER really struck me. However, the doctor was quick to assure me that the kidney seemed to be unaffected and he was quite certain he had successfully removed the entire tumor --- whatever it might turn out to be.

The following Sunday, Sandra came home from the hospital. On Monday I had to call the doctor to ask for some medicine for a cold Stanley was developing. He then informed me that he wanted to see me

alone in his office at once. Without indicating the fear that his tone had put within me, I went to his office.

The laboratory tests had been completed and they showed the tumor was malignant. The tumor itself was well contained in its sac, but one of the blood vessels of the tumor had been invaded by the malignant growth. This meant that tumor cells had been carried to other parts of the body via the blood stream. He explained that in this “advanced stage” there was only one chance in a million for any hope of recovery. It would be necessary to have an immediate removal of the kidney and all surrounding tissue. He had already made arrangements with a urologist in Omaha to do the surgery in Methodist Hospital in that city.

As soon as I could pull myself together, I brought Sandra and her mother to his office and he sparingly told them the tumor was malignant, and that we should immediately leave for Omaha for further surgery. Sandra entered the hospital at 10:00 PM that night. Tuesday and Wednesday were spent taking X-Rays and other tests to be certain there were no growths already evident elsewhere. Much to our relief, no other areas showed evidence of growth. Lengthy surgery was performed on Thursday morning. The report was good. There was no evidence of tumor growth in the surrounding tissue nor the kidney, all of which was removed. However, the specialist refused to give us any encouragement about the final outcome. It would be a miracle, in his opinion, if metastasis (secondary tumor growth) did not soon develop from the cells that had spread through the blood stream, perhaps to the other kidney, the spine, the heart, the liver, the brain, the lungs -- who could tell where? He felt that she might live three years -- at the most, four.

Based on the surgeon’s opinion, with which every other doctor seemed to concur, I made the decision to move to Indiana to be near her relatives. We arrived in Indiana in mid-December.

There was one factor that had not been considered when the doctor made his prognosis. That factor was the power of God. Before we left O’Neill, Nebraska, for Omaha, we prayed together. The church there gathered that night for special prayer. As the word of our need spread throughout the country, faithful Christians everywhere prayed. And they continued to pray. One good sister promised to pray every day for Sandra’s recovery. Several years later she testified she had faithfully done so. It was almost five years after her surgery that Sandra, then in excellent health, had the privilege of stopping by to see both surgeons

again. One of them put his arm around her and said, “I never expected to see you alive again.” Sandra thanked him again for all he had done for her and expressed her conviction that it was only God’s answer to prayer that the work of healing WAS COMPLETED.

It has now been nine years since those days of uncertainty and fear. There has been no recurrence of her illness. God answers prayer.

Rex James
Oxford, Indiana

God Comes Through in “The Long Haul”

In the spring of 1954, we began preparations to move from Iowa to Washington state, to devote our efforts to starting churches in that state. As in the case of most who are just out of college with families, we had very little money with which to meet our first big problem, to get moved half way across the United States to our destination. We could not afford the expense of a moving company so we decided to try purchasing a truck in which to transport our things and which could be resold when we arrived.

Around the city of Ottumwa, a ton-and-a-half truck ranged in price from \$350 upward. This was more than we could pay so we drove to Des Moines to look around some more. The first car lot we stopped at had nothing in our price range. It was the same thing at the second lot but we were told that there was a man there, right then, who wanted to sell a big two-and-a-half-ton Diamond T truck for only \$150. After seeing the prices on smaller trucks we were quite dubious about what its condition must be, but we had no other choice than to look. It was a very happy surprise to find its age and condition to be good, needing only a good tire and a new water pump. We closed the deal and, after making repairs and further preparation, we loaded up our belongings and began the long haul to Washington.

We had only a little money above what would be needed for travel expenses and food. If we had any important difficulty on the trip, it would have been a disaster. But day after day we rolled along with no problems, not even a flat tire. The strain of traveling and sleeping in odd positions, sitting up in the truck, was great, but, while the future was uncertain, the anticipation of the life of service into which we were entering made it seem like a great adventure.

As we crossed the various states we were required to pay truck fees. This resulted in our funds dwindling away rapidly. We asked no one for money along the way but, in Boise, Idaho, brother Charles Richards invited us to preach and gave us an offering for our work.

When we stopped at Helix, Oregon, to visit my grandmother, my uncle, for whom I was named, just “happened” to be visiting from California. Although I had not heard from him for several years, he

volunteered a contribution to our effort.

I received a letter from this uncle a few months later. The following is a quotation: “I will be frank to tell you that the plan (to move to Washington to start churches) sounded a little bit risky to me, and the chances did not look too bright from where I stood, but in an enterprise of that sort the chances of success are less dependent on how good the prospects look, than on how much backing you have from powers beyond the realm of mankind. From normal human standards, I would not give your attempt fifteen cents worth of chance, but since it cannot be based upon normal standards, I would not express an opinion about it, either to you, nor to myself . . . ”

Despite his personal skepticism about our venture, he felt inclined to help us financially.

Just how slim a margin, from the human standpoint, were we operating on? This may be seen by the fact that, when we entered the state of Washington, we had to pay another truck license fee which exceeded the amount that we had remaining of our original fund. It was only my uncle being at the right place at the right time and extending his generous contribution (together with brother Richards’ gift) that enabled us to get to Seattle. We arrived with less than five dollars in our pockets . . . and just as the generator went out on the truck. We couldn’t have refilled the gas tank if we had needed to.

Surely God’s care and provision were seen in the blessings He poured out upon us during our trip out west to begin a new phase in the Lord’s work.

A. Ralph Johnson
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From Sinking Sand He Lifted Me

When I recall what Christ has done and is still doing for a sinner like me, I marvel and glory in His goodness to me daily, even though I am not worthy of His blessings.

The first time I remember being saved from death was when I was 8 years old. I was bringing the cows in from the pasture when I stumbled into some quicksand. In trying to free myself, the more I struggled, the deeper I sank, until I was covered with the quicksand up to my armpits. With both arms free, I waved and cried for help. It so happened that the wind was blowing from where I was sinking toward the field nearby, where my father and older brother were plowing corn. They were able to hear my cries for help and came quickly and pulled me out just in time to save me from a horrible death. Had the wind not been blowing from the exact direction it was, I would not be here to tell about this incident today. Quicksand is so much like sin in that the longer you stay in it, the deeper you sink.

I thank God that someone told me about Jesus and His saving grace. I am so thankful for the many who have placed within my heart the hope of heaven and eternal life.

There are so many times that my life has been spared from physical death: twice from drowning; twice from freezing; once from quicksand; once from scarlet fever; once from pneumonia; and in 48 years of railroading there were many times I was saved from accidental death.

I am persuaded that anyone and everyone should realize that the first and most important thing in life to us creatures of time is to get ready to die. I pray that God's mercy might go with me through the judgment.

Bert E. Knight
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He Being Dead Yet Speaketh

It was back in the year 1946 (on July 4) that I first came to know God and to accept Christ as my personal Savior. It was at that time, too, that I made the decision to preach the gospel. I immediately began making plans to attend school at Joplin, Missouri. After one semester, I then enrolled in the school that was just starting in Ottumwa, Iowa.

The next four years proved to be wonderful years of learning more about God and His word, and I am so very thankful for them. I am certainly glad I was able to have these early Christian years before my afflictions came upon me later. Along with the joys of those school years, there were also times of hardships and trials. Already with our family of four, we naturally had our financial cares, but again how many times I can thank and praise God for His loving care for us. How truthfully we can say, “His grace was sufficient for us.”

One of my greatest joys in the ministry has been the promoting of Bible camps and working with young people in camps and rallies. I have seen many young people accept Christ and live for Him, but there have also been those who have gone back, for whom Satan is to blame.

God was surely wonderful to me in the first years of my ministry, but I certainly never realized then how much I would need His arm to lean upon in the years to follow.

Satan began to buffet my body during the 1961 season of Kamp Keomah (near Oskaloosa, Iowa). Shortly after that I had a tumor removed, which, though unsuspected, proved to be malignant. During the weeks that followed, with X-ray treatments and the doctor’s care, I realized again, “His grace was sufficient in times of weakness.” How everyone needs to live a godly life always, so that when trials like these do come, one can come boldly to God to ask for help in times of need!

During the time of my affliction, some preaching opportunities had to be cancelled; participation in young people’s camps had to be called off; and many other times of wonderful Christian fellowship missed because of my “thorn in the flesh.”

Then, two fairly good years followed, in which God was good to restore my health for awhile. However, Satan again took opportunity to

afflict my body in January, 1964. That year again had been one of trial. Many times I sought help in time of great pain, but God seemingly answered, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” There were good days mingled in with those that were not so good, as Satan always returned to remind me that I was not well. Remedies, suggested by many good friends, were tried, but all were to no avail.

As I look back over the days, months and years that have passed, I again realize how thankful I am to have known God. How hard it must be for those who don’t know God or who have fallen away and therefore do not have the help of God to depend upon in times like these. Perhaps our request has not been answered as WE would have wanted, but God, in His infinite wisdom, certainly knows what is best for me. Many times we wonder why these afflictions must be, however, at such times may we be able to realize that God’s grace is sufficient for us. Every Christian should always remember God’s wonderful promise in Romans 8:28: “All things work together for good to them that love God.”

In closing I can truthfully say that I have learned much from my trials. How insufficient we are in our own selves, and how we need God! This time of Satan’s buffeting has caused me (and my family) to spend much more time in meditation than we would have otherwise, no doubt. New opportunities for testifying have opened up. A concern for my doctors gave me the chance to speak to them about their souls. The fellowship, prayers, and interest of so many Christians have all meant so much to me, and I realize that all this can never be repaid! Whatever the future may hold, whether in weakness or strength, may my life be so that it could be said, “My grace is sufficient for thee.”

Dewey Lalk (deceased)

(Editor’s note: This testimony appeared in the February, 1965 issue of the Voice of Evangelism. Brother Lalk passed away suddenly on June 16, 1966, while working in a youth Bible camp in southern Iowa.)

The House God Used For Gospel Preaching

It was in the summer of 1952 that a French preacher, Moise Cormier, and I drove through the area around Crowley, Louisiana, noting the many towns and villages that had never had the gospel preached in them. The entire southwestern section of Louisiana is controlled by the Roman Catholic Church. In most of the towns, 80 to 90 per cent of the people are members of that religion.

On that particular day, as we drove into Gueydan, Louisiana, brother Moise said, "Here is another town to which no preacher has ever come to preach the TRUE gospel." I said, "I wonder how receptive these people would be to God's Word if a preacher were to come here and hold services?" After driving around the city for about half an hour I said, "Brother Moise, let's stop at one of these houses and just ask if they would be willing to hear the Bible taught, if a preacher came to town to teach it." Brother Moise said, "But which one? I don't know any French people here." "You just keep driving and I'll pick out the place," I said. We drove until we came to a house on a corner lot that looked like it might have kind people living there. So I said, "Let's take that one . . . right there on the corner." We stopped the car and walked up to the house. Brother Moise hesitatingly said, "I don't know these people." "That's all right," I said, "we'll meet them now. If they are French, you talk to them and ask if they would like to hear the Bible taught, if someone would come to town to teach it." A woman came to the door, and Moise spoke to her in French, informing her of our business. The lady's reply was, "Yes, providing you come when my husband would be home to hear. I think I could get some neighbors to attend also."

So this first contact led to a regular weekly Bible study in this home, which brother Moise Cormier continued for some time. When the old Catholic priest found out we were teaching the Bible in that family's house, he warned the people of the community to have nothing to do with this "false religion." He made it so miserable for the Catholics who attended the meetings that they finally asked brother Cormier not to come anymore. So the services were discontinued and the whole matter was dropped. A few years passed and all was forgotten.

In 1954 I moved to Crowley, Louisiana, where we began to work among the French Acadian people. After laboring in the area for over a

year, I was approached one day by a Frenchman, a Christian, who said to me, "I have some tithe money I would like to give for starting a church of Christ down in Gueydan, La." He had \$2,000. I told him that I would pray about the matter and seek the Lord's guidance concerning it.

So, in the summer of 1955, I began going to Gueydan to look for a suitable site to purchase, on which a church building could be built. I searched the city but found no lots that would have served our purpose. I asked a real estate dealer if he knew of any lots for sale but he knew of none. However, he said, "If I can find a house for sale on a lot, would that suit your purpose?" When I told him that we didn't have enough money for a house and lot both, he said he would keep our needs in mind.

Then one day the dealer called me to say that he had found a family in Gueydan that wanted to sell their house and lots. They had operated a small store in the front of the house but now that the husband had died the wife wanted to sell out. They wanted \$4,000 for the property. I told the real estate man to forget it as we didn't have that much money. Besides, we only wanted a few lots so we could build our own church building. He replied, "Why don't you at least come down and look it over? The woman may reduce her price and it might be what you could use." So I went down, met the woman, and finally, after several weeks, we entered an agreement with her and bought the house and property.

Then I went to work removing the partitions, relocating the bathroom, and building seats and a pulpit so that we could begin holding preaching services in the house.

As I talked to brother Cormier one day about how things were developing, he reminded me of something that I was not aware of. He said, "Brother Lankford, do you remember the day, about four years ago, when we drove through Gueydan looking for a place to preach the Gospel?" I said, "Yes." He continued, "Remember the house you picked out as we rode up and down the streets? Remember how we talked to the woman and I arranged to go there to preach until the old priest made it so hard for the people attending that I had to stop going?" "Yes," I replied, "I remember all of that."

Then he startled me by saying, "The house you bought and are fixing up IS THE SAME HOUSE." I couldn't believe it. I pointed out to him that the house we went to that day had no front porch on it. He explained, "They added on the front part when they opened up the little

grocery store in it. But that is THE SAME HOUSE you picked out, I know.”

I preached many sermons in THAT HOUSE over the next four and one half years. Others have preached there since that time. A few Roman Catholics were converted as a result of all this. Evidently God wanted His Word to sound forth from that place. The hand of the Lord was seen in it all.

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What If Death Had Come Then?

We had just spent three wonderful days at a spring preaching rally at Elmira, New York. The fellowship, the singing of praises to God, and the good, solid preaching were truly a spiritual uplift and joy to our souls in the Lord. The drive from Elmira to our home in New York City was about nine hours. It was on this trip home that we witnessed the hand of God watching over us.

There were six of us in the car and all were Christians. We were having some trouble with the car but, trusting in the Lord, we prayed and continued on our way home.

Approximately 75 miles before reaching New York City, we met with a sudden accident. As it usually happens in such cases, those of us involved in the mishap were not able to fully understand just how it all came about. The car apparently went into a skid and then headed for an embankment. As the driver swerved sharply, the car hit the middle of the highway and turned over completely.

Somehow we all managed to help each other out of the smashed car. We marveled at the sight before us. The top of the car was smashed clear in and all the windows were shattered. The six of us just stood there, hugging each other and crying. We were so thankful to the Lord for sparing our lives so mercifully.

All of us escaped without serious injury. One of the girls in the car did bruise her shoulder, and one of the fellows scratched his thumb, but the rest of us were not visibly hurt, except for a few bumps on the head.

What if death had come to anyone of us at that very moment? As we thought about it and discussed the matter, we agreed that we would have been ready for it. We were thankful, however, that God spared our lives and we felt that it was for a purpose.

What if some unsaved people had been in the car and were killed? This would have ended their opportunity of ever coming to know the Lord. While this narrow escape was a blessing, it was also a warning. We determined that, since God had allowed us to live, we would try to win more souls to Him. Also, we were given a testimony from our own lives to show to all the importance of always being ready!

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When Losing Was Winning

In 1951, I purchased a farm, hoping to be able to get completely out of factory work and into farming full time. My chief concern at that time was to find something that could provide me with a good living. The farm I was considering looked like the very opportunity I was waiting for.

At the time, we were living what most people would have called good Christian lives. We attended church services regularly, even though we lived about thirteen miles from the church building. I could not take an active part in the church, however, because I was trying to work at both the shop and the truck farm. I was not making much money from the farm, but felt that I was learning the business of truck farming, at least.

This went on until about 1956, when two couples came into the church who wanted to study the Bible more and do more home visitation. It was then that I realized how I needed to be doing more studying and calling myself. But this would have been very difficult, due to my working at two jobs. I guess I was trying to serve both God and mammon. But I felt I had to succeed in farming in order to keep up the payments on it and the equipment I had purchased.

About this time two major highways were constructed just a short way from our place. The work of excavation changed the natural water shed of the land surrounding our farm. This created such a drainage problem that we were not able to get in to work our muck land at the right times. This resulted in having to harvest our crops too late to meet the early market demand, and so we began losing money.

In January of 1957, a group of Christians left the tradition-bound church with which we had been meeting. Under the leadership of brother Bob Chambers, the church on Highway 94 was established. Now the desire to be more active in the church became stronger but still I was trying to hold down both the farm and factory job.

The next four years brought heavy rains that flooded our land and brought crippling financial losses. I had to give up the farm but still had to make payments on it without receiving any income from it. So I was still unable to take as much part in the Lord's work as I wanted to.

A couple of years after we gave up the farm, a man bought up all the land around us for raising sod. This was the only type of farming that could be done on most of the land around there, including ours, due to the change in drainage caused by the new highways. At first this man wanted to lease our land but finally he purchased it.

We feel that God opened up the opportunity for us to sell our farm without a loss. We then moved nearer to the church building where we were able to take a more active part in the Lord's work. I began teaching a class on New Testament Epistles, and was able to go with the Evangelist on teaching appointments. We were also able to share our home with those who traveled here from other congregations for rallies, youth fellowship meetings and other occasions.

So we feel that the loss of the farm was actually a gain for us in the kingdom of God. For now we have found greater joy in His service, even though it meant a loss in this world's goods.

James V. Montgomery
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A Move in the Right Direction

In 1956, while living in Vancouver, Washington, I casually answered a newspaper advertisement for an engineering position in Denver, Colorado. In just a few weeks the engineering company made me a firm offer and wanted me there in two weeks.

We prayed about making the decision and inquired about the church in Denver. We knew that two families had moved to Denver from Portland, Oregon, and were presumably attempting to start a new work there. And so we decided to move, and arrived in Denver in April of 1956.

We found that the “new church” there consisted of these two families attending separate Christian Churches. However, we were able to begin meeting with one of these families in their home. From that beginning, and through the intervening years which held many trials, God has raised up a congregation now under the able leadership of brother Donald Heese as evangelist. God has blessed us with an attractive building, and we continue to pray for a real harvest of souls in this area.

God has not only blessed in the church, but also in our personal lives. Linda, our eldest daughter, is now happily married to a man who came to Denver from Minnesota, and became a Christian after coming here. Merrily, our second daughter, married a young man who was our neighbor. This man, too, had become a strong Christian. I also believe that God led us to buy that very house so that this was made possible. Anne, our third daughter who is still in high school, is blessing us with her presence at home.

We had been blessed with three fine daughters, but no sons. As I would see photographs of little boys, it added to my longing for a son of my own. Then finally God blessed our home with a boy who is now almost three years old.

As He has promised, God has poured our His blessings from Heaven which we can hardly contain. We are very thankful for my job, our family, Christian friends and good health. I have no doubts at all that God had a definite hand in leading my family to Denver. I’m sure He also has more work for us to do. As we strive to do this work and remain

faithful to Him, we are confident that His blessings will also continue.

Ken Miles
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The Power of a Single Sermon

I spent the first 35 years of my life searching for the things I considered worthwhile. I took part in various types of entertainment such as attending night clubs, parties and dances besides different sporting events. While not all of these activities were actually harmful (such as sporting events), yet none of them seemed to bring me any lasting enjoyment or peace of mind. Whatever joy I experienced was only temporary. Many times there was a feeling of guilt because of the sins I had been committing. I felt I needed something with real purpose to base my life upon, but I didn't know where to start looking for it.

One Sunday afternoon, as I passed one of the local church buildings here in Stayton, Oregon, I noticed a gathering of cars in front of it. I decided to go in and see what was going on. After hearing God's Word preached for about half an hour the Holy Spirit brought conviction to my heart, and I saw my need for the Savior in my life. It was then that I realized that I was a sinner and needed to have my sins forgiven. This resulted in taking Christ as my Savior and being buried with Him in baptism.

I now feel like a new man and, in reality that is just what I am, for I have been set free from sin and have been made a new creature in Christ.

I thank God for His mercy and love toward me as a sinner. I realize that I didn't really deserve His wonderful gift of salvation but because of His love for me He made it possible. I thank Him for being a reality in my life, and for His Spirit, His power, peace, joy, wisdom, guidance and grace. There is everything to gain by becoming a child of God.

I enjoy working for the Lord. I have found so many blessings in life since becoming a Christian. Life has become very interesting and my future is always bright, for to know Him assures me of having eternal life.

Everett Nightingale
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And Still No Complaints

I would like to give my testimony to the great wealth of God's love. I came from a divided home and had seven brothers and five sisters. At the age of seven I came down with polio and spent much time in hospitals. It was in my early twenties that I recall hearing much about Christ, but at the time I never thought I would come to know Him as my personal Savior.

Later my health improved enough for me to begin thinking about marriage. I also began to think more about Christ. But not until I was married did I learn very much about the Bible. It was then that I began to realize how important it was to have God in my life in order to have the most successful marriage. I began attending church services, but it turned out they were not teaching the Scriptures accurately.

I did not attend church meetings anymore, then, until my husband took me to Kentucky to meet his dear mother. I had not been there an hour before she told me that she was a Christian. I told her that was what I wanted to be. She patiently opened her Bible, and we began reading the Scriptures together. We read about receiving the forgiveness of sins in Acts 2:38 and about the Lord's church in Romans 16:16. I soon realized what I must do in order to be saved.

The next Lord's day I attended a meeting of the church of Christ and, having believed on the Lord, I repented of my sins and was baptized into Jesus Christ. The knowledge that I was now a Christian made that the most joyful day of my life. Since then I have been truly happy, as I have experienced God's wonderful love and tender care.

I am now in my early fifties and a total invalid. The only thing I can do is to feed myself. About ten years ago, when I became very sick and crippled with two types of arthritis, I volunteered for some experimental operations. I had surgery fourteen times, on my hips, legs and hands.

Although my sicknesses began soon after I became a Christian, I am so thankful to the Lord for being with me through those experimental surgeries and the many days of pain that followed.

I now have throat cancer and at this time I am experiencing blackouts. But I must say again that I am still a VERY HAPPY

Christian. I cherish in my mind and heart the verse of Scripture that says
“For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” (Hebrews 12:5)

When you meet some disappointments, and you’re feeling
sorta blue,

When your plans have all been sidetracked, and some friends
have proved untrue;

When you’re toiling, praying, struggling, at the bottom of
the stairs,

It will truly seem like heaven, just to know that Jesus cares.

It will send a thrill of rapture through the framework of your
heart,

It will stir your inner being till the teardrops want to start.

For this life is worth the living, when Someone your trouble
shares,

Life is TRULY worth the living, knowing JESUS REALLY
CARES.

Mrs. Shirley Pace
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The Long Way Around to Find God

I happened to be one of the many children in a medium-sized Ohio town who was reared in a non-religious home. While honesty and hard work were strongly stressed, yet no one in my immediate family attended church. I don't recall ever seeing a Bible in my home. As a child, the only experience I had with "church" was when I attended a Methodist Church Sunday School for a couple of weeks in order to be allowed to join the Boy Scouts. They put me in the primary class with children who were just learning to read, although I was 12 years old at the time. Once they took me into the Scouts, I dropped all ties with "church."

Near the end of World War II, I joined the U.S. Navy and was sent overseas. Along with my clothing, I was issued by the Navy a small, blue, cloth-covered New Testament. This was the first "Bible" of any kind I had ever owned. At that time I had never read any portion of the Bible. I didn't even know there were two principal divisions of the Bible, consisting of the Old and New Testaments.

Then one day, during the long weeks my ship was sailing in the western Pacific Ocean, I decided I would get out my "Bible" and read it. I had always had a curiosity about what was in the Bible, but had concluded that it was a mysterious, hard-to-understand book filled with odd-sounding phrases and suited only for eccentric, religious fanatics I had known of in my home town. So I took the New Testament and went clear up to the bow of the ship and went down into a deserted hold, where no one would see me, and began reading. I thought the most logical place to begin was at the beginning and so I read, "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham. Abraham begat Isaac; and Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Judah and his brethren This made no sense, so my eyes glanced down through the column and then over to the second column. It was all the same . . . begat . . . begat . . . begat. Just as I thought; the Bible was a meaningless book. I stopped reading and never picked up the Bible again until several years later.

There were a few religious fellows aboard my ship and one of them tried several times to talk to me about Christ. But I wasn't interested and at times I even made fun of them. I remember one young lad, about my

age, whom I continually tried to get to go ashore with me at various ports overseas to drink at bars. But he steadfastly refused and I remember thinking, “How foolish he was.”

I was on several ships while overseas, which stopped at ports in the Hawaiian Islands, the Marshall Islands, the Marianas Islands, the Philippine Islands and Japan. I was in a convoy of ships that barely made it through typhoon “Louise” in the East China Sea one time. Part of my duty was spent aboard a ship whose job was to explode mines in the Inland Sea of Japan. They had been placed there to slow down an American invasion of the Japanese islands. Once in Manila Bay, Philippine Islands, I was almost swept over the side of a small boat in extremely heavy seas. As I look back now I can see that God spared my life on several occasions. How grateful I am for His goodness!

After returning to the States, my ship sailed to Astoria, Oregon, and then up the Columbia River to Portland, where it was to be decommissioned. It was while in Portland that I met with a circumstance which eventually resulted in my conversion.

While stationed in Portland for a few months I was given liberty every few days. I began dating several girls I met in the bars and dance halls of the city. My main concern was to have a “good time” in the typical, worldly fashion.

Then one night, a fellow on my ship came back from liberty and showed me a picture of a girl and asked me if I would like to go out with her. He said he had a date with her sister and wanted me to go with her, making it a double date. I agreed, quite willingly. It was a “blind” date for me, and I learned later, for the girl also.

So the two of us, in our Navy uniforms, took the Greyhound bus east of Portland about 20 miles and got off on a lonely, country road. Walking about a fourth of a mile, we arrived at a small frame house. We were welcomed into the house and were surprised to find a number of young people there. After being introduced to my “date,” I was handed a large box, filled with wieners, buns, potato chips and soft drinks, and told to take it out to the car. Pretty soon we all piled into an old Model A sedan and drove off into the night.

About 15 minutes later we pulled up in front of a church house. We all got out of the car and went in, making our way to a back room where a number of people were congregated. Much to my surprise I found

myself in a midweek Bible study and prayer meeting. I had never been to such a meeting before and really didn't know what to expect. It was also quite a shock to find out that I had made a date to go to church, without knowing it!

So I decided to sit down and make the best of it. I was impressed by the Bible discussion, especially that a number of the people entered into it. I was able to understand what they were saying and actually found it quite interesting. After that, various ones prayed. It seemed like they were talking to God, as if He were right there in the room. It would be difficult to describe the impact all this had on me. It was all such a new experience, I hardly knew what to make of it.

Then, when the meeting was over, we all packed into the Model A and off we went into the night again. This time we stopped at the edge of the highway and walked down a steep path to a river with a large sandy beach. In fact, it was called the Sandy River, and was within a few miles of where the Troutdale Gathering preaching rally was to be held years later.

We unloaded all the food and started a fire. It was the first time I had ever been on a wiener roast. We had prayer before eating. One of the fellows had a guitar and everyone joined in singing gospel songs and choruses. I visited with my "date" as we stood by the rushing river under the clear, moonlit Oregon sky. Everyone had a good time, eating, talking, laughing and singing. I did too, even though there was no drinking or dancing, as I had been previously accustomed to on dates.

This was my first introduction to the saving gospel of Christ. That prayer service was held at the church of Christ in Gresham, Oregon. After hearing more of the Word of God, and coming to see my need of Christ, I was eventually immersed into Him by Warren E. Bell. About seventeen months later, that "blind date" became my beloved wife.

It certainly was a long way around before I found the Lord. From a town in northeastern Ohio to the southwest Pacific islands to the Pacific northwest state of Oregon, some 20,000 miles in all. This is about equal to a trip around the world.

And through it all, the providence of God spared my life and allowed me to come into contact with the gospel and the Lord's church. I will be eternally thankful for His love and mercy in bringing me to the knowledge of the Truth and salvation.

William E. Paul
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People and Preaching Lead to Decision

I had been a Christian for only about 3 years. Although my health was not good, I was happy in the Lord. With a Christian wife by my side and a faithful congregation of true Christians to meet with, I was growing in the Lord.

Various men in the church were asked from time to time to bring brief messages, called “sermonettes,” just before the Lord’s supper each Sunday. I took my turn with the others and found this to be a blessing to my spiritual life. I was also able to go calling with the preacher, Warren E. Bell, as well as with other men in the church. I learned a lot this way and felt gratified that it was a means of serving God besides being of help to others.

About that time, brother Bell began teaching a Homiletics class (a class for learning how to prepare and present sermons) and I attended these classes one night a week along with about a dozen men from several area congregations. I enjoyed these classes. They not only helped me to organize material better for speaking before the church, but also stimulated a greater interest in Bible study.

I remember very vividly one particular night that brother Bell was driving me home after the regular Tuesday night Homiletics class. We were talking about the outlines that had been handed in as part of a class assignment. Warren said, “Bill if your health would allow it, have you ever thought about becoming a gospel preacher?” This came as quite a surprise for I had never given the idea the slightest thought.

It was now the summer of 1950 and preparations were being made for the first Troutdale Gathering, which was held only 4 miles from my home. The Gresham, Oregon, congregation, of which I was a member, was in charge of local arrangements and so I was able to help in getting things ready for the big rally. I had never attended such a gathering and so was looking forward to it eagerly.

Finally, the rally opened and what a thrill it was to hear men of God bring powerful messages from the Bible. The theme that first year was “Soul Winning.” And what a timely theme it was, for me especially! I had wanted to be a soul winner and had been trying to do what I could to reach people for Christ. But the circumstances surrounding this rally

were to result in a decision that affected my whole future. Here is how it happened.

After only the first few messages of the rally, I became more concerned about lost people I knew in the community. I had traded at a service station near where I worked and had spoken to the owner about Christ and the church several times before this. But on this particular occasion, as I hurried home from work to get ready to attend the rally that night, I stopped at the station, intending to speak to the man again. He had always been friendly but rather quiet when I spoke to him about spiritual things. But this time was different.

Since he lived in the back of the station, he invited me to come back to his living quarters to talk. There I met his wife and also another young couple who were friends of his. So as I talked about God and the Bible, they started in on me. It seemed that being four of them against one gave them added boldness. They ridiculed me when I tried to stand up for the Bible. They laughed at me when I spoke about Christ. They made light of my desire to be a Christian. For about ten minutes they kept this up until I hardly knew what to do or say. So I finally left, with a very heavy heart and almost in tears. In the short time I had been a Christian, I had never encountered such fierce opposition. I could hardly believe that people could so talk and act about spiritual matters. But this was a good experience for me. God was working on me and later I was to learn the purpose of it.

That very night brother Burton Barber brought the message titled, "What Soul Winning Will Do For Your Spiritual Life." Fresh from the experience I had just gone through, this was exactly what I needed. One of his points was "Soul Winning Will Keep You Humble." Among some of the things he said was "the world is not cordial toward Christ, and it cannot be expected to be cordial toward his people." Then he quoted John 15:19: "but because ye are not of the world . . . therefore the world hateth you." He then continued, "We have it from Christ that when we, too, deal with the world and its sins, it will hate us also. In fact, it is impossible to work as a soul winner and not be despised and persecuted, for "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (II Tim. 3:12). How true I knew this to be, for I had experienced, only a few hours earlier, the hatefulness of people merely because I was trying to tell them about Christ.

Then brother Barber said, "When you go out, Bible-deniers, Christ-

rejecters, pleasure-seekers, and world-pleasers will flatten you out and leave you a pulp. About the time that you get doors slammed in your face and get laughed at, cursed, and belittled, you will either lose that pride or quit soul winning. But the blessing is yours if you will grit your teeth and keep at the good work. May God grant you the pluck that you need to come through this test.” Yes, this was exactly how it was in trying to win souls. I had suffered for Christ in an effort to win someone to Him. Now, would I continue to try or quit? I was being faced with that decision in my heart that very night.

All of this, together with the rest of the fine, heart-stirring messages, led me to see the great need for soul winners. When I recalled the sad condition of the lost and the need for SOMEONE to go to them with the good news of salvation, I became more convicted. Finally, before the gathering was over, I came to the realization that GOD WANTED ME TO PREACH THE GOSPEL. I made no public statement to that effect, but determined in my heart that, with God’s help, I would study and prepare myself to preach the Word and be a soul winner as my life’s work. I believe it was a day or two after the gathering that I informed my wife of my decision.

Despite cataracts on both eyes, a chronic, incurable skin disease and a disfiguring scalp disease, I determined that I would become a preacher and continue for as long as the Lord could use me. That was almost seventeen years ago.

So God used the cutting words of a lost sinner together with the convicting words of a gospel preacher to lead me to one of the most important decisions of my life. I praise His name for His providential guidance in this wonderful way!

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(Editor’s Note: The details of brother Barber’s message, referred to above, may be found in Vol. 5 of the [Voice of Evangelism](#), pages 273-288.)

A Phone Call Leads to an Eye Operation

One day in 1947 I began noticing a dimness developing in my vision. Up until then, I had 20/20 vision. So I went to an eye doctor, thinking that possibly I needed glasses. After an extensive examination, the doctor said bluntly, “Son, you’re going blind.” Naturally, this hit me very hard. I had developed cataracts on both eyes.

But the dimness of vision got worse very gradually. After deciding to preach the gospel in 1950, I was enabled by God to use my eyes sufficiently to get through training school and begin preaching the Word of God.

However, by the early 1960’s, the cataracts had so impaired my sight that I could only distinguish light in my left eye. The right eye was considerably better but still far below normal. This condition was getting so bad that it was threatening to end my labors as a gospel preacher. I could not drive at night at all anymore. Driving in the daytime was very risky, especially in the bright sunlight. Bible study and sermon preparation required the use of a powerful magnifying glass in order to see the print, especially the fine print of commentaries and reference works. I was becoming quite concerned about my condition and began to wonder if, perhaps, the Lord was through using me in the ministry of the gospel.

Being a disabled veteran from World War II, I was eligible for Veterans Administration treatment and hospitalization. One VA eye doctor in St. Petersburg, Florida, told me an operation was needed on my left eye soon due to the muscle of that eye becoming weakened (since I could not see objects with that eye, it tended not to move as far to the right or left as the other eye).

Two Navy eye specialists at the Jacksonville, (Fla.) Naval Air Station examined the eye carefully and then said that, due to an “absorption” process that had developed, neither of them would attempt the operation. This was not very encouraging news.

Another eye surgeon at the Bay Pines, (Fla.) VA Hospital agreed to operate but gave no assurance whatever of success. He was a very gruff and unsympathetic man, and I was unable to feel any confidence in him at all, especially when it involved cutting into my eyes.

A private ophthalmologist in my own city (Orlando, Fla.) examined me and showed eagerness to operate on the eye. He was optimistic about it, saying that the operation stood a 95% chance of being successful. But since he was a private physician, my eligibility to VA care would not cover the expense if he operated. The surgeon's fee would be about \$300, the hospital bill about \$200 and the contact lens another \$125. I didn't have that kind of money. So there things stood. All we could do was to pray and wait upon the Lord's leading.

Then one day in 1963 I was talking on the phone to the state Vocational Rehabilitation counselor about a person in the church who was being considered by them for possible assistance. In the course of our conversation I had occasion to testify to this counselor how God had blessed me through the years of study while preparing to preach, in spite of cataracts on the eyes, a chronic skin condition and the handicap in appearance of a scalp disease. I pointed out to him that although I had been hospitalized six times (up until that time) for my condition, God had mercifully granted me sixteen years of service for Him.

This somehow impressed him, for he said, "May I ask you a few personal questions?" A little surprised, I replied. "Why, yes, I guess so." He then asked me about the extent of my present eye disability, how much it was handicapping me in my work, the size of my family and the amount of my income. After giving him the answers to these matters; he asked if I would come into his office for a personal interview. I agreed to do so although it seemed strange that he would take such an interest in my problem, since my original conversation with him had absolutely no bearing whatever on my own needs. I wondered if this, perhaps, could be God beginning to work all things together for good, as He had promised.

So I went in and filled out a form and answered a few more questions. The counselor said he would call me in a few weeks to let me know what their decision was. I went home, still amazed at this remarkable turn of events. Little did I know how wonderful God was working things out on my behalf.

When I received the call from the Vocational Rehabilitation counselor, he informed me that the State of Florida had authorized that an operation on my left eye be performed completely at their expense. They agreed to pay the doctor's fee, the hospital bill, and even pay for the contact lens I would need, and the tedious work of having it fitted correctly. They allowed me to select my own surgeon and even the very

time I wanted to be operated on. What a marvelous blessing! Surely God is able “to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.”

The operation went fine. I had very little discomfort (actually no more than from an ordinary toothache). I was able to be in a local hospital near my family and friends for only ten days. The eye healed perfectly. I was later fitted to a contact lens, giving me 20/15 vision in that eye, which is even better than normal. I became able to drive a car easily both day and night. Since the operation I have even driven during a drizzling rain, on a strange six-lane turnpike, in the heart of New York City, with no difficulty. With my improved ability to read and study again, I was able to continue preaching.

All the credit and glory must be given to my wonderful God through Jesus Christ the Lord! Praise His name for His mighty acts!

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A “Mountaintop” Experience

How long does it take puppy love to mature into the real thing? In my case it started in 1900, when I was eleven years old. I did not see the girl again until I was 16, and working for a farmer who belonged to the church where her father preached. I did not attempt to “go” with her, since such things were not done in those days, until one began to think of marriage. I did not even seek out her company especially.

Then we moved from Nebraska to Washington state and I heard nothing more of her. But when I was twenty-one. I thought it was about time I did something about it; I had hoped and prayed about it for a long ten years. So I wrote to her, asking if she cared to begin corresponding so that we could get to know each other better. After a long wait there came a very short letter informing me that I was a “kecker junge” (bold youngster), and that she had other plans. It took me several years to get over that.

During the next ten years I met a number of ladies who seemed to be desirable prospects for marriage. To some I was too much of a hayseed; the others were just not interested. I never even got far enough with any to get a date.

Since my first and greatest disappointment, I asked the Lord for His guidance, so that I would not choose the wrong one. As time went on I came to see that my first choice had not been a wise one, and I thanked God for denying what had been such an urgent plea. Finally, I said to the Lord, “you must have a special reason for not letting me win any of the several girls who seemed acceptable to me; and for the few who showed interest I did not care for at all. So if you want me to have a mate, from now on I will leave it up to You.”

At last He had me where He wanted me. Little did I suspect that He had the stage all set for the first act. About a year before this, a home economics teacher had begun her work at the Gresham (Oregon) High School, and had attended the services at the Evangelical Church (of which I was then a member). Then someone suggested that a group from the church climb Mount Hood that summer. It was a mountain of 11,250 feet and only some fifty miles away.

So on August 31, 1922, this church group spent the night in a large

abandoned sheep barn at the foot of the mountain, and then about 4:00 A.M. we started our uphill trek. As we looked down, what a grand panorama unfolded before our eyes. To the east we could see far into the eastern Oregon plains. Behind us, the Cascade Range showed its rigid contour, with several snow-capped mountains pointing skyward like sugar cones. The west was too hazy for visibility, and soon a fog drifted around volcano-like Crater Lake, and the balance of the ascent was rather uneventful. The final 1,100 feet were almost straight up, but we were securely connected together by a rope which was anchored at the top. Then, hand over hand, we reached the summit just before noon, after being caught in a snow storm before arriving.

After we rested in the lookout's cabin awhile, it stopped snowing and we descended. Somehow this teacher and I paired off while the others were hurrying to get to our base quarters at Government Camp. Soon we lost sight of them and ended up taking the wrong fork in the trail. Presently, the guide appeared over a ridge and inquired where the "lovesick calves think they were going."

So began our romance. We were married the next June when her school term ended. Allowing the Lord to have His own way paid off big, and kept paying off.

After awhile the spiritual food at the sectarian church we attended seemed more and more like thin soup. So the Lord led us to the church at 550 NE 76th Avenue, in Portland, Oregon, where brother Archie Word preached. There we were able to grow like trees planted by the waters. My wife and I became closer as the years went by. When differences arose, they evaporated after our evening prayers each day. We thanked the Lord for our love and expressed to Him our determination to love Him the most in our unique triangle.

Then, after an ideal marriage of almost twenty years to the day, the Lord called her home as the result of a home accident. Her last words were, "Come soon, Lord Jesus."

Among other things, her passing was a test for me. Did I love the Lord more than I did her? Other tests have come since: testings for patience, testings for trust in God, testings for self-discipline. As time passed on I finally realized that the Lord was patiently dealing with me, in order that I might overcome spiritual pride, my besetting sin.

Cultivating God's fellowship here on earth is simply a foretaste of

the perfect fellowship we will have with Him over there. It is Jesus that will make heaven so desirable, more than all of the other privileges and beauties of that place, even more than being with loved ones who have gone before us.

“LOVE, trust, obey, for there’s no other way, To be happy in Jesus, but to LOVE, trust, obey.”

Walter Ramser
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No Payments For Seven Months

We became Christians at Gering, Nebraska, on June 20, 1954, during a revival meeting conducted by brother Burton Barber. After three years I gave some thought to entering the work of preaching. I spoke with brother Barber about the expense of going to school and the advisability of studying by correspondence. He indicated that attending classes would be more profitable but that the decision needed much prayer. Then we thought of something that could help us decide. It called for God to answer a specific prayer request.

We had equities in two houses so decided we would pray something like this: “God, if it is Your will that I go to school and become a minister of the Gospel, answer by providing a sale for one of the houses.” After offering this definite prayer, I went, to a realtor in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, and had the house listed with him. I decided that if it could be sold within six weeks I would enter school to take up preaching. After this six weeks I planned to spend my two weeks vacation attending the Centerville (Iowa) Rally. So, after explaining this to the realtor he replied, “We will list your house, but houses are not selling this time of year, so I doubt if it will sell in six weeks. Don’t build your hopes too high.”

Then we began to pray, “If it is Your will, Lord, that we go to school let us know by sending a buyer for this house at the price we asked.” In two weeks the realtor called saying he had a buyer for our house, providing we would wait for a few months as this party would need to arrange for a GI loan. We agreed to wait.

I told my wife there was nothing else to do except to begin packing as God must have wanted us to move to Ottumwa, Iowa. We signed a contract with the buyer in which he agreed to have the loan completed within three months. We immediately started to pack our things, selling those items we didn’t intend to take with us, and I terminated my job at the dairy.

Loading our belongings in a U-Haul trailer, and with no house or job to go to, we took off for Ottumwa. Upon arriving, we looked for a house but found none. We unloaded our things in a student’s garage and returned to Nebraska for another load of furniture. We arrived back in

Ottumwa, and again began looking for a house. It was here that God really showed His providential leading and care in our behalf.

We finally found a house for sale through the help of other Christians. We called the real estate man, who had an equity in the house due to a trade he had made and was paying an elderly widow \$40 a month payments. After we looked the house over, and agreed to take it at the price being asked, the realtor asked us what terms we could meet. We offered him \$100 down and \$40 per month until we received the equity from our house in Scottsbluff. He asked us to consider it further and he would return in an hour to close the deal. In that hour we talked about it and prayed over it. When he returned he said, "My wife and I decided to allow you the \$100 down payment in return for a little fixing up that needed to be done." So we signed the contract and agreed to pay \$40 monthly to the realtor which he, in turn, paid to the widow.

When the 1st of October came, I went down to pay the \$40 payment but he refused to take it. He said, "You use that, as I know starting college takes a lot of money."

I didn't have very much income during October and by the 1st of November I didn't have the \$40 payment. When I went down to tell the man I was sorry I couldn't pay yet, he said, "I appreciate your coming in to tell me. That's all right, I've already made my payment to the widow."

During the month of November things went better. I did some yard work and received some money from my home congregation (Gering, Nebr.). When I went to make the payment the 1st of December, he again refused it, saying, "Winter is setting in, and Christmas is coming, so you will need it. Just go ahead and use that \$40."

In the meantime the three months were up on the contract for our house back home but still no money because the man had not yet had his GI loan go through. So we signed another contract extending the period for another three months.

By the 1st of January we were short again. I went down to tell the man we didn't have the money but that I would borrow on my insurance to pay the \$40. He said. "I wouldn't think of it . . . having you borrow on your insurance. I appreciate your coming in. I was able to make the \$40 payment to the widow."

On the last night of the January Gathering I received a call to come back to work for a machinery dealer for whom I had worked previously.

On February 1st I again went down to pay the \$40 payment, and, again he refused it. This time he said “You’ve just started to work and it is only a part time job at that. You need it.”

March came . . . the same thing. He refused to take it. But still no money came for the house back home. We did, however, receive word that the loan had been approved.

In April we received our equity for the house back home. With it we paid the real estate man his equity to our present house and then made payments to the widow every month thereafter.

You talk about God’s divine leading . . . we experienced it, and praised His name for it. Here was a man we had never met; no one in the School of Evangelism knew him; and yet he allowed us to live in his house for seven months **WITHOUT PAYING ONE RED CENT.**

Albert Schwartzkopf
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Removed From the “Suicide Squad”

My experiences in World War I were so different and unusual that after I returned I felt I owed my life to the Lord, since He so graciously spared my life. I was considerably more “religious” than the other men in my outfit and this led to my being ridiculed and persecuted. Upon arriving in France in 1918, I was assigned to a Motorized Machine Gun Battalion that was called “the suicide squad.” This unit was to be used for emergency purposes . . . only when the enemy threatened to overrun us. In such circumstances, it appeared that my life was going to be greatly endangered.

Then, when the 36th Division, of which I was a part, relieved the 2nd Marine Division on the Western Front, it could have placed me in extreme danger. However, by that time the Hindenburg line of defense had been broken, and the Germans were in retreat. Still one platoon was on call in an emergency, but it happened not to be the one of which I was sergeant. This circumstance kept me from being involved in almost certain death in the event the tide had turned, and the Germans attempted a last ditch counterattack.

While my outfit was subject to German shelling, it was not too severe since they were already pulling back. About that time, our Captain received orders from General Pershing’s headquarters to select two sergeants who would be removed from the front lines and sent down into the Alps Mountains of southeast France to officer’s training school. I was one of those two. I have always felt that my concern for spiritual things, being a little too much for the Captain, was a factor in my being picked out to be sent back from the front lines. While I was in the officer’s school, the armistice was signed and the war was over. My life had been wonderfully spared by the Lord’s goodness, and now I would be returned home.

Between the end of the war and my arrival back home, I began reading the Bible as I had never done before. I also read every book and periodical concerning prayer and faith that I could get my hands on. Even before leaving France, I had entertained the idea of becoming a full time servant of the Lord in whatever way He could use me.

Once back home, I entered a business college in preparation for

getting into the dairy products business, of which my father was a manager. But I couldn't keep from thinking of how God had spared my life there on the battlefield of France. I thought "God spared my life; it belongs to Him." Finally, I decided to enter a college to prepare myself for preaching the gospel. This decision led to the loss of my wartime sweetheart, but it was God's leading for my life I am sure.

Surely God had some special use for me, and I am so thankful He spared my life and allowed me to serve Him as a gospel preacher since that time.

H. N. Solliday
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Spared From Sudden Death On a Turnpike

It was a delightful evening late in November of 1965. My family and I decided we would visit a brother and sister in Christ to discuss plans for future youth activities. Leaving our fair city of Sidney, Ohio, at 6:00 PM, we drove onto Interstate 75, a four lane super highway, and headed south. After a fifty-five mile drive, we arrived safely, being thankful to God for His care.

Then following a refreshing meal with loved ones, we sat down together to discuss church affairs, including a mimeograph printing project. We also watched some filmstrips just received that day from the American Cancer Society and concluded the evening with a few games. Then, bidding our friends good-night, we started home at a rather late hour.

It was a familiar drive, but that night was going to be quite different. We drove across country roads and again came to Interstate 75, where we headed north. There was a little fog that night and visibility was less than 100%, but with the traffic limited at that hour of the night, it was an easy drive.

As the landmarks indicated that we were nearing home (only about fifteen miles to go), SUDDENLY there it was before us! A car, with very dim taillights, loomed in front of us, moving at a slow rate of speed and traveling in the same direction in our lane of traffic. This was totally unexpected, since this was a 40 to 70 mile-an-hour highway.

We were doing seventy miles-an-hour and, with no time to apply the brakes, I swerved the car over into the left lane and then back into the right lane. By now the car was skidding. It went out of control, veering to the left and onto the median strip, with the car completely turned around and still moving at a high rate of speed. I applied the brakes as soon as the car began going backwards, and it finally came to a standstill just a few car lengths from a bridge.

Unfastening my seat belt, which had kept me behind the steering wheel where I was able to maintain some control, I stepped out of the car to see if there was any damage done. The other car, which had not been hit, also stopped. After determining that we were all right, it went on its way, as we did also.

We thank God for delivering us out of this ordeal, alive and unhurt. There was not even any damage done to the car. God is certainly good and the older we grow, the more we need to acknowledge His goodness daily.

Gerald L. Stoltz
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Sidney, Ohio

Depending on God Pays Off

I have often marveled at God's providential care through my life to the time when I would take Christ as my Savior. I was aware of His presence in my teens when I read a Bible storybook published by the Seventh-Day Adventists. I also pondered over what I read in our big family Bible.

Although my parents were Baptists, I walked into town to attend a Methodist Bible school. At one time I desired to become a Christian but my mother said I should wait until I was older.

During high school, my English teacher, who was a Catholic, took a deep interest in me when she saw my concern for spiritual things. She urged me to enter a Catholic college after graduation, to take up journalism, assuring me that all my schooling fees would be paid. But I married after graduation instead, which was a big disappointment to her.

My husband was a Lutheran and we were married in the Lutheran parsonage. We were encouraged to attend the Lutheran Church, but we soon moved away from that neighborhood and the close contact with the German settlement.

We had one child by this time and I greatly desired to go to church. An older couple from the Christian Church near us visited us several times and soon we were attending services there. During this time I received a greater understanding of the Scriptures from our young married couples' Bible school teacher and this led to a deep physical and spiritual hunger for salvation. I can say that my heart burned within me as I heard preaching and teaching on Christ and His love for me. I longed to be forgiven of the many sins I had committed and as the invitation was given I hurried down to confess my faith in Christ, and was baptized soon afterward. Never has there been a happier time in my life than this.

As time went on, God blessed in many other ways: through the birth of our children, through sickness, and through hard times. My husband became a Christian soon after I did and we were able to teach our children about Christ and see them also learn to love Him. As we studied and obeyed the things we learned, we began to experience Christian growth and eventually God led us out of the shallow ways of that church.

About that time we saw our first copy of the Voice of Evangelism, then a weekly gospel paper, and began attending preaching gatherings and meetings conducted by some of the preachers who wrote for this fine paper. Their preaching was like rain falling on thirsty ground, and we drove many miles to be able to receive more of it.

Soon we could no longer tolerate the worldly ways of the church we were attending. One Sunday I approached the children's Bible School Superintendent and told her that I was giving up the class which I had taught for so long. As we were going home from church that morning, my husband said, "I resigned as adult Sunday School Superintendent today." Neither of us knew that the other had resigned until after we had both done so.

Now we were able to attend and have fellowship with the church of Christ at Mishawaka, Indiana, some 27 miles away. For many years we drove this distance without it seeming very far, even though the roads were covered with slick ice or deep snow oftentimes in the winter. God had begun to work on our behalf while we were yet children, and had brought us through the years until we came to the knowledge of His church. I still marvel at His love and leading.

Another incident stands out in our minds that had proved to deepen our faith in God. My husband had been to town on business and when returning home discovered that he had lost his pocketbook. There was more than a hundred dollars in it and we would have greatly missed this money. But God's usual care was over us in the matter. I do not recall having one doubt or fear that it would not be safely returned to us. I remember remarking that we should not worry for God would see that we found it. Just then we saw the lights of a car coming down our country road, and I said, "Here comes someone with the money now." As the car drove up, my husband went out to meet it. The driver reached out the window and handed him his pocketbook with all the money in it.

Early in 1966 I was operated on for cancer of the breast. I had never been sick much before and had never been in the hospital except for the birth of our children. I had always been afraid of pain and had even found it difficult to visit in a hospital. But God, in His goodness, provided me with a peace of mind and a calmness of body so I was able to approach the operation without fear. God blessed me with a skillful doctor who gave all the credit to God for the success of the operation and my speedy recovery.

God has been so good to us, far above what we are worthy. To have His love means everything, and without it life would not seem worth living.

Helen B. Stoltz
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The School God Chose For Me

During my last year at a teacher's college, I began thinking about where I might secure a teaching position. As I had not traveled very widely, and therefore was unfamiliar with conditions over the nation, this became a perplexing problem. My college placement office provided me with the addresses of many schools that were in need of teachers for the coming year. For many weeks and months I poured over this information. Open before me was a large atlas of the United States. Where would I LIKE to teach the next year or possibly the next couple of years?

But, beneath all of this searching and anticipation, there was ONE thought. Where could I go that would be near a congregation of God's people, and where I might possibly do the most good? I took this problem before the Lord in prayer every day.

And then I tried something that I had never tried before. I made up my mind that if the Lord wanted me at a certain place for a certain reason, He would surely lead me there. I began to answer the requests for teachers which had come from many parts of the country. Some of the places I had never heard of before. Many of them I had never expected to see, not even in my wildest dreams.

One such place was an elementary school in Cocoa Beach, Florida. This seemed fantastic, as I had never been east of Omaha, Nebraska, in my life. A college friend said to me one day, "Why don't you try Cocoa Beach? My dad was stationed there in the Navy during World War II." So I wrote to Cocoa Beach, asking for a teaching position, and trusted that the Lord would guide me in the final decision.

As many replies to my letters began pouring in from all parts of the country, so did an acknowledgement from Cocoa Beach, Florida. Of all the replies received, the one from Cocoa Beach sounded the most favorable. I filled out their application form, as I had done with all the rest. Immediately, I got word from this small city in Florida that I could have the job if I said "yes" to them right away. I accepted their offer and so had a job in far away, unknown Cocoa Beach, Florida.

I felt that God had placed me where He wanted me to be. But this feeling was not shared by all the Christians of my acquaintance. Some in

the church where I had been attending strongly criticized me for apparently making plans without God, for they knew of no faithful church of the Lord in that city.

After several weeks, one of the Christians learned of the church in nearby Orlando, Florida, 60 miles away. And there were good all weather highways connecting these two points. He received this information from a copy of NEWS and TRUTHS, a gospel paper put out by the Union Park church of Christ, which meets in an eastern suburb of Orlando. It was as though a bright light had turned on in my soul. I had left the matter entirely up to God and He fully showed the way. O, how I praised and thanked the Lord in my nightly prayers.

I have never regretted for one moment my decision to teach at Cocoa Beach, and the resulting fellowship with the wonderful saints in that area of Florida. I had not, up to that time (nor have I since), seen and felt such fellowship and experienced being part of the living church. It seems that I was taken in and adopted by all of the wonderful Christians there. Their homes were opened to me at all times. They did everything possible to make me comfortable, happy and to feel perfectly at home. I love each one of them very much. To me they were an extra special “gift” from God. I had the privilege of experiencing a truly Christian relationship with them for three years. What a comfort and joy it was!

Joel Wagoner
JJ-19 Puerto Nuevo
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Just Enough and Right On Time

It was my last year at Midwestern School of Evangelism. I was looking forward to traveling to South Portland, Maine, to help in a newly established congregation for a few months. After that I planned to drive to Los Angeles, California, where I had accepted an invitation to teach several classes in a Bible training program. During that time I intended to establish a new congregation in the area. I looked forward with great anticipation to the coming events. For these trips I needed money, but I also I needed much time to prepare for the classes I was to teach.

I was then preaching at two small country churches in Missouri. I had a very good part-time job, but when the Christmas holidays were over, business dropped off considerably, and they began laying off some of the employees. Knowing that I had only one more semester of school left, and since I was employed only on a part-time basis, the store decided I should be among those laid off.

Would I have to cancel my plans? I did not have sufficient funds saved to make the trips, and it was only a few months before I would begin my travels. I was out of work and no one was hiring after the holidays. Was God leading some other direction? I prayed that He would lead me and show me His desires for my life.

One evening brother Donald Hunt, of the school faculty, invited me to his home to give me some helpful pointers on teaching. While there he told me of a lady who he thought might be of some help to me. He wrote to her, explaining my situation, and in a few days he received a letter from Mrs. W. Leo Austin. The first paragraph of her letter read as follows: "Your letter was a real blessing for today. I have been praying for God to direct me so I might put my money where it will help the church most, since the church is all I have to live for . . . So I feel that this privilege of helping Eddie is a real answer to prayer."

She sent me more than four hundred dollars. I did not have to work the remainder of that semester and so had the much-needed time to study in preparation for the classes I was to teach. In the months ahead, I carried on a correspondence with sister Austin which was a great encouragement to me. But I was never privileged to meet her in person. She passed away in June of 1963.

My time spent in the East proved a real blessing to my life, and God rewarded our efforts. On my way to California, I stopped at my home in Nebraska. I had a nickel and five pennies in my pocket, and was scheduled to be in Los Angeles within two weeks. I was able to get work for a neighboring farmer in the harvest field part of the first week, but still lacked a considerable amount in having enough to make the trip to California.

I preached at my home congregation at Deweese, Nebraska, on Sunday night, planning to leave the next morning, but still not knowing how I would be able to do it. I had not mentioned my need to the congregation. Just as I was leaving the building that night, a lady in the church handed me an envelope and inside of it was fifty dollars!

God always provides according to His will, even if it is at the “last minute.”

Edward E. Werner
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A Sincere Seeker Secures Salvation

At one time I was a member of a Christian Church, but the teaching and preaching I received there seemed not to fulfill my spiritual needs. So, I began a search of the Word of God which I believed contained the truth concerning God's church. If this church was in existence today, I was determined to find it.

One day in the mail I received an advertisement urging me to enroll in "The Busy Man's Twentieth Century Bible Course." I accepted the offer and eagerly awaited the arrival of the first two lessons, which were to be completed and sent in for grading, before additional lessons would be mailed to me. The first few lessons proved very interesting and enjoyable to work out. But, as the course progressed, certain teachings were presented which I found difficult to accept, although at the time, they APPEARED to be backed up by the Scriptures. The more I studied, the more confused I became until, in desperation, I pleaded with God to reveal to me the true and right way as contained in the Bible.

During those days that I so earnestly prayed, an evangelist (K. O. Backstrand) came to my town to hold a revival meeting. Through his persistence I began attending the services. At first I was hostile toward him and argued that the people who were sending me the Bible course were sincere. He replied that they were no doubt sincere but that they were "sincerely wrong" according to the Bible.

Eventually the power of the gospel won out and, after receiving more teaching and giving further study to the Bible, I submitted my life to the Savior. I obeyed the gospel terms of salvation as revealed in the New Testament and thus became a Christian and a part of the church which is the body of Christ. This promise I found in the Bible was for all who obeyed the Lord in faith. PRAISE HIS HOLY NAME!

I firmly believe that a person, whoever he may be, who sincerely desires to find the Truth in matters of religion, will be given an opportunity to learn of the true church and eternal life. The Lord will supply that means and the Bible will supply the teaching. I have known this to be the case in the lives of others and I can testify to it in my own.

Edward S. Werner
Deweese, Nebraska

The Gospel Changes a Whole Family

My formative years were not spent in a Christian home. Although we had some standards of morality, we had no Bible training and no Christianity in our home.

Shortly before my ninth birthday, my mother became ill. One morning after she had been sick for about a week, I went up to her room and was shocked to discover that life had left her. I shall never forget the terror that filled our hearts as we three older children gathered on the stairway and cried out to a God whom we knew existed. A terrible despair gripped our hearts as we went to get our father from the field. Without the gospel of Christ, death appeared as a terrible, black thing. I do not recall ever having been in a church service until my mother's funeral.

Following her death we began attending a country Methodist Church, but this meant very little to us spiritually. The light of the gospel had not yet dawned upon us. Death was still a subject we were afraid even to mention.

A few years later my mother's youngest brother obeyed the gospel, the first of any of our relatives to do so. I still recall various members of the family saying, "this is just a new fad, it won't last."

Through the efforts of this uncle I became a Christian at the age of 14, being the first one in my immediate family to accept Christ. Since I was the only Christian in my family, it was rather difficult to attend the church meetings. After my uncle went away to Bible College, I began to drift away from the Lord.

A few years later I came back to God and made my decision to be a preacher. How I thank God for the glory of His second call, and for His enduring mercy toward me.

Gradually various members of my family became Christians. One night while I was preaching in a little country school house my own father responded to the invitation. At the age of about 65, my father was the first person I ever had the privilege of baptizing.

Now all but my oldest brother were Christians. He claimed to be an agnostic and his life was that of a typical sinner. Then one day, through

the efforts of my youngest brother's wife, he too became a Christian, and soon decided to be a preacher. O, what a difference the gospel of Christ made in his life. And what a change was brought about in the whole family now. When we gathered together, there was no more bickering and cursing, but now there was prayer and a spiritual atmosphere.

Finally, the changing power of the gospel became strikingly apparent when, about 10 years ago, my father passed away. While there was sorrow over the loss of a loved one, there wasn't the same awful, hopeless feeling as at my mother's death. For now the Word of God had become a reality to all those remaining behind. “. . . Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.” II Tim. 1:10.

Dale A. Williamson
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“No Vacancy” When God Moves In

In May of 1965, I decided that I would go God’s way no matter what the cost. I broke my engagement to a man from my religious denomination because I felt that to marry him would have been a transgression of God’s will on marriage. I was heartbroken at the time, but I chose to live the life of a hermit if necessary in order to obey God’s Word. How glad I was that I had obeyed the Word of God when, a few days before we were to be married, I found out that he was actually a wolf in sheep’s clothing, and thus I was spared a life of misery. It was then that I counted myself so unworthy of the love of God toward me that I wept for joy in the realization of His great love and out of fear of disobeying His Word. How near I came to experiencing the destruction of my life and soul!

I decided right then that God was going to have all there is of Mary Ann Worthy. For the next six months I had more of an interest in the Bible and did more reading of it than I ever had before. It seemed that I had an unquenchable thirst for more of God’s Truth.

About that time I was invited to a revival meeting at the church of Christ in Oskaloosa (Iowa). That night the preacher spoke on Acts 2:38 which reads, “Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.” This was a new message to me. The denomination in which I had grown up did not teach that baptism was necessary for salvation. I read, prayed, and re-read Scriptures on baptism for a couple of weeks until I was convinced that Acts 2:38 meant what it said. I could not read Acts 22:16; Col. 2:12; Mark 16:16 and I Peter 3:21 and still remain unmoved in my convictions about the way of salvation. I was baptized a short time later.

I praise God for directing my life. Truly, I was led of the Spirit into the knowledge of truth. I had written a chorus a few weeks before I attended that meeting of the church of Christ. The words were:

“Help me to be, Lord, a true faithful light,
Glowing through darkness; giving hope in the night;
Help me, I pray, to walk in Thy way;

Shrink not from duty; be quick to obey.”

Surely God knew that was the plea of my heart! He heard and answered my prayer. Praise His name!

I found out that, in order to obey God, I must give up some things that had been dear to me. The Salvation Army, in which I had grown up, was my life. I had lived from day to day just to be able to participate in its many activities. Yet, during the last few months, I was feeling a need for a closer walk with God and my hunger was no longer being filled by these activities. I decided to make the big break and hand over my appointments in the Salvation Army and be baptized into Christ.

When I began to worship in new and strange surroundings, according to the Scriptures, I found out that God does not take away something and leave a vacancy in its place. Instead He gives the Holy Spirit to dwell within us. We have an ever-abundant supply of living water so that we need never thirst again. We have lasting joy!

Mary Ann Worthy
Oskaloosa, Iowa

Recollections of a Preacher's Wife

My husband and I were avid denominational church going people. Yet we were spiritually dissatisfied because of the inconsistencies between what we were taught by our church superiors and what we read in the Bible.

God intervened in our lives, however, and changed our spiritual destinies by a number of "coincidences." There was a radio program, a World War II car pool, a family illness and a move from the country into the city that were all intertwining factors in our conversion. These things all came along at the right time spiritually, too, as we had decided to attend elsewhere for church fellowship.

The local radio station had been conducting a regular sermon broadcast every Sunday evening which proved very thought provoking. We even hurried home on Sunday nights after church in order to listen to these soul searching messages. Many of our questions were being answered.

Because our country was at war, car pools were formed for transporting workers to their jobs, thus conserving on gasoline. In the car pool my husband traveled in was a young graduate minister, a member of the church of Christ, who had established a small congregation in the country town of Molalla, Oregon. While commuting to and from work regular discussions were held in which church doctrines were debated pro and con. When the young minister invited us to witness the ordaining of elders in the congregation where he preached, this only added to the perplexity of our spiritual condition.

My husband worked in Portland but, due to the war, there was no housing available in that city, so he had to commute 60 miles each day to his job. But when a relative moved away, it left an opening for us to move into Portland.

A few days before we moved, one of our children contracted scarlet fever, and as a result, our entire family was quarantined for two months. It was during this time that my husband became acquainted with Archie Word, who conducted the radio program that had come to influence us so much.

Herb Smith, a member of the Molalla congregation, volunteered to move us into Portland. He had previously been a member of the congregation in Portland where brother Word labored. His kindly attitude, friendliness and genuine concern for our souls had its effect. Upon his invitation we began attending services regularly at the church which met at 550 NE 76th Ave., in the Montavilla district of Portland.

The devil had his way for some time while a spiritual battle raged within us. The admission of years of wasted spiritual effort, together with an entirely new concept of Christianity were issues we had to settle before we could be penitent enough to acknowledge that we were wrong. But eventually our hearts were surrendered and we were baptized into Christ on the Lord's day of December 4, 1944.

The Lord truly works in mysterious ways. My husband, Leo Yoder, became a minister of the gospel and spent the last thirteen years of his life preaching the Word of God. We were thankful that we were still young and that our children were not members of any denomination at the time of our conversion. Brother Yoder is now deceased, but his ministry still bears fruit.

Many times we ride the tide of life in serene tranquility, enjoying the blessings of home, family and friends, with no real necessity to trust the promises of God to their fullest. As the years went by our older children married and established homes of their own. Brother Yoder made plans for future evangelistic meetings and rallies, and we looked forward with anticipation to each one. A meeting at our home congregation was near at hand when brother Yoder was fatally stricken with a heart attack. It was not until then that the promises of God's providential care were put to the acid test.

I was now middle-aged, with insufficient schooling, small children and no financial provision. These, plus having to make another move, simply compounded the woes that death had already brought me. So in despair and anguish we cried out to our ever-loving and wise Creator for wisdom, with assurance that He would have compassion upon the broken hearted.

The Lord has graciously led me through the years since brother Yoder has gone, by allowing me to educate myself as a dental lab technician.

There have been many sorrows but the Lord has blessed us through

them all. It has been His wonderful promises that have inspired us to continue in His way.

Alma Yoder
914 NE 81st
Portland, Oregon

A Final Word

TO CHRISTIANS

It is hoped that this book has been a blessing and a challenge to you. If it has, determine in your heart, with God's help, to trust in His goodness with greater dependence than ever before.

Then pass your copy on to others to read, or secure additional copies for distribution. Give or mail them to Christians who may need encouragement in their spiritual lives. Also, you could leave copies in office waiting rooms, terminals, depots or other public places where people might be inclined to pick them up and read them. This may be the means of making the first contact with someone for Christ.

TO NON-CHRISTIANS

If you have been led to see the goodness of God by reading these true life incidents, let it cause you to do some serious thinking about your life. The Bible says, "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." Romans 2:4.

Realize your need to put your trust in Jesus Christ as your Savior. Be willing to forsake all your sins and confess openly that you believe in the Lord. Then be immersed into Christ for the forgiveness of your sins as the Bible teaches. Mark 16:16; Acts 2:38. Then as a Christian, a member of the Lord's "one body" (Eph. 4:4-6), live a life of faithful service to God.

If you would like to know more, or need help in any other way, you may contact the friendly Christians at the address given below. But do it NOW, while you are thinking about it!

Where Are They Now?

It has been more than 38 years since this devotional book *Telling On God* was compiled by William E. Paul. Providing personal testimonies of God's goodness by some 45 individuals, this book touched on a unique topic within the fellowship of churches of Christ in 1967, when it first came out. The 1,000 copies that circulated throughout the country were read privately, used for family devotions, selected by ladies discussion groups, and utilized for sermon illustrations, as well as other uses.

Since the book's publication, at least sixteen of those who wrote their testimonies for it have passed into eternity. Others have moved to different locations or ministries.

Now that the material has been given a second life, via the internet, it was thought that readers of the online version might be interested in knowing the April, 2005 whereabouts of those who contributed their testimonies so many years ago. Below is the most complete information we were able to obtain about these people.

Avery, Tom – Resides in West Concord, Minnesota, with his wife Maxine, where he attends the Church of Christ.

Barber, Burton W. – Passed away from a heart condition at the age of 77 on Jan. 8, 1996 at Galax, Virginia, where he preached for the Church of Christ and published Spanish/English Evangelism.

Beck, Todd – Passed away at the age of 55 on September 20, 1981 at Columbus, Indiana.

Blanshan, Bob C. – Resides in Madelia, Minnesota, with his wife June, where he attends the Church of Christ.

Bowers, Harry – Resides in Asheville, North Carolina, where he preaches for the Antioch Christian Church.

Brennfoerder, Art – Passed away from cancer at the age of 63 on December 1, 1973 at Edgar, Nebraska.

Brown Dalrymple, Donna – Resides in Huachuca City, Arizona, with her husband Paul, where she attends the Church of Christ.

California mother – Resides in California. Her son, now about 40 years

old, became a Christian at a youth camp when he was 14.

Carter, Lorraine – Resides in McIntire, Iowa, with her husband Dale, and attends the Christian Church in Stewartville, Minnesota.

Crist, Paul – Passed away from cancer at the age of 73 on November 25, 1999, at Winigan, Missouri.

Crum, Russell – Resides in Monterey, Louisiana with his wife Catherine, where he is an elder in the Church of Christ, and also preaches at a nearby Christian Church.

Davey, Gerald L. – Resides in Amarillo, Texas, with his wife Carol, and attends a Christian Church.

DeVries, Edwin -- Resides in Sedalia, Colorado, with his wife Betty, and attends The Church in South Denver.

Edwards, Miller W. – Passed away some years ago in Ohio.

Ellis, Richard M. – Resides near Ottumwa, Iowa, with his wife Nancy, where he preaches for the Church of Christ.

Faull, George L. – Resides in Peru, Indiana, where he serves as president of Summit Theological Seminary.

Fitzgerald, Stuart – Resides in Orlando, Florida, with his wife Bonnie, where he preaches for the Harrell Road Church of Christ.

Geringswald, Richard – Resides in Lakeland, Florida, with his wife Sandy, and serves as President of Jamaica Christian College and attends Grove Park Christian Church.

Gibbons, James E. – Resides in Mt. Airy, North Carolina, with his wife Freda, where he preaches for the Church of Christ and edits The Sword and Staff.

Howard Bergquist, Hazel – Resides in Lakeland, Florida, where she attends the Grove Park Christian Church.

Howard Geringswald, Sandy – Resides in Lakeland, Florida, with her husband Richard, where she attends the Grove Park Christian Church.

Hunt, Donald G. – Passed away suddenly of a heart attack at 83 on July 1, 2005 upon arriving at Colorado Springs, CO, where he was scheduled to preach on the annual July 4th Rally the next day.

James, Rex – Resides in Logansport, Indiana and attends the Church of

Christ.

Johnson, A. Ralph – Resides in Seattle, Washington, with his wife Helen, where he serves as an elder in the Glen Acres Church, which he started in 1954.

Knight, Bert E. – Passed away in his 80s in 1974 at Portland, Oregon.

Lalk, Dewey – Passed away from cancer at the age of 44 on June 16, 1966, at Centerville, Iowa, where he was working at Sharon Bluff campgrounds.

Lankford, Carol J. – Resides in Hayward, California, with his wife Donna, where he attends the South Hayward Church of Christ.

Melendez, Mercedes L. – Resides in Vega Baja, Puerto Rico, where she attends Iglesia de Cristo.

Miles, Ken – Resides in Seattle, Washington, with his wife Jan, where he attends Crown Hill Church of Christ.

Montgomery, James V. – Resides in Clarksville, Arkansas.

Nightingale, Everett – Passed away at the age of 84 on December 16, 2001 at Sublimity, Oregon.

Otto, Allen – Passed away at the age of 70 in March, 1971, at Durant, Iowa.

Pace, Mrs. Shirley – Passed away from cancer at the age of 53 on September 8, 1968 at Los Angeles, California.

Paul, William E. – Resides in Franktown, Colorado where he cares for his semi-invalid wife Bethel, while writing books and magazine articles, and attending The Church in Aurora, Colorado, where son Terry preaches.

Ramser, Walter – Passed away at the age of 82 in August, 1971, at Boring, Oregon.

Schwartzkopf, Albert – Passed away from leukemia a few days before his 74th birthday on November 19, 1996, at Butler, Missouri.

Solliday, H. N. – Passed away from lymphoma at the age of 91 on November 18, 1986, at Hamburg, Iowa.

Stoltz, Gerald – Passed away from cancer at the age of 59 on November 5, 1996, at Orlando, Florida.

Stoltz, Helen B. – Passed away at the age of 89 on May 16, 2005, at Orlando, Florida.

Wagoner, Joel – Resides in Hastings, Nebraska, where he attends the Church of Christ.

Werner, Edward E. – Resides in Coos Bay, Oregon, with his wife Sharon, where he preaches for the Church of Christ.

Werner, Edward S. – Passed away from cancer at the age of 88 on April 28, 2000, at Fairfield, Nebraska.

Williamson, Dale A. – Passed away a few days before his 82nd birthday on August 7, 2003, in Lakeland, Florida.

Worthy, Mary Ann – Unknown

Yoder, Alma – Resides in Orchards, Washington, with her daughter, May. She is 90 years old.