

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

STANDARD

Let the Skies
POUR DOWN
Righteousness



God's Missionary Church

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BORN AFTER MIDNIGHT



DAVID WISE

A. W. Tozer wrote a book with the same title as this article where he made the claim that revivals were “born after midnight.” Prayers made in the early morning hours are not meritorious of themselves, but in the dealings of God with the souls of men, sometimes the earnest seeking that God requires demands extra time. Our God longs to answer prayer, but He also longs to see us in a large place spiritually where He can trust us with the answers to our prayers. Jesus loves the souls of all men, but He does not reveal Himself to the casual seeker. But for those who “hunger and thirst for righteousness,” the promises of fullness, victory, and answered prayer are a blessed reality. A genuine revival, whether personal or corporate, comes when hungry souls lay hold of the promises of God and relentlessly petition heaven until their particular Jerusalem is made a “praise in the earth.” In February of 1950, Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky, became the scene of one of the great revivals of the 20th century as the Spirit of God descended upon that small holiness Bible college in a most unusual fashion. Thousands of souls were born into the kingdom of God or filled with the Holy Spirit through the influence of this visitation as revived students from Asbury travelled from coast to coast “testifying” about the mighty works of our Lord. According to Wesley Duewel, the 1950 revival became one of the lead news stories in America at that time. The results from the revival may have become national news, but the beginnings of the revival sprang from the nightly prayer meetings held on the campus and attended by a small number of faculty and students who longed for a move of God in their “Zion.”

For weeks leading up to the outpouring in late February, earnest souls at Asbury sought the Lord nightly for revival. A young student named Bob Barefoot seemed to be the student leader, and T. M. Anderson would gain notoriety as one of the faculty members whom the Lord would use mightily in the days to come. Brother Anderson had an unusual experience in prayer right before the revival started. He was awakened suddenly one night by

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A Covenant of Prayer

T.M. Anderson

In the month of January 1950, I entered into a covenant of prayer with the Savior. At the time this covenant was made I was teaching in the Department of Bible at Asbury College. It was my purpose to do some writing on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and I had made plans to begin this work in January. In order to have the time to devote to my writing, it was necessary for me to arise early in the morning, because my schedule of teaching began at eight o'clock. I arranged my daily work so that I could retire early in the evening and arise about two o'clock and begin my writing. At the beginning I realized the need of special help from the Lord, and I prayed earnestly that He would enable me to understand the Scriptures and help me prepare a written message that would glorify Him and enlighten His people. On January the sixth I was suddenly awakened at midnight; at the time I did not know what had aroused me so suddenly, and knowing that I had a full day of work before me, I felt it necessary to sleep a few more hours. At that moment the Savior spoke to me. He asked me if I could remain awake long enough to give Him time to talk with me in the quiet hours of the morning? He reminded me that there is a fast in denying ourselves of sleep, even as there is a fast in abstaining from food. For five hours I waited before the Savior in holy worship and communion. My soul did greatly rejoice in His Presence, and my spirit was refreshed, and my body felt

no weariness from loss of sleep. It was during the quiet hours after midnight following the visitation of the Savior that I entered into a covenant of prayer with Him. I took account of my time spent in prayer during the average day. I felt ashamed before the Lord when I discovered how little time had been given to prayer. It had been my daily practice from the time I was converted to pray evening and morning. The family altar was established at the beginning of my married life. In my pastorate, and in my calling to the field of evangelism, I had not failed to pray and rest my soul on the Savior. But in all of these years of ministry, I had never known the power and pleasure of prevailing prayer like it was revealed to me when I waited five delightful hours in the Presence of the Savior. Since making this covenant of prayer, my cares and concerns of daily life rest upon my soul lighter than the clothing on my body. I have discovered the secret of casting all my cares upon Him; I have found the place of His rest.

My body is often weary in His work, but my spirit knows no weariness, my soul dwells at ease, and my heart is quiet and undisturbed in a world of trouble. There was a time when the burden of preaching was almost more than my body could stand. I was restless in the night, and would awaken with the distressing responsibility of the work hanging over me. It took sleep from my eyes and greatly impaired my health. It is clear to me now that I

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REVIVAL

1 KINGS 18; 2 CHRONICLES 7:13-14; HOSEA 10:12

Rain was no longer falling.
The land was barren and dry.
The people had turned to idols
And forsaken their God most high.

Elijah, the faithful prophet,
Called with a clarion voice.
Between Baal and the living God,
The people must make a choice.

Visitors flocked to Mount Carmel
To witness this spiritual fight.
The multitude of false prophets
Began to cry with all their might.

In spite of their noise and pleadings
There was no answer from Baal.
Then Elijah called on Jehovah
And the fire from heaven fell!

Victory had been secured.
Many people turned back to God.
Then the rain began to fall
Upon the barren, thirsty sod.

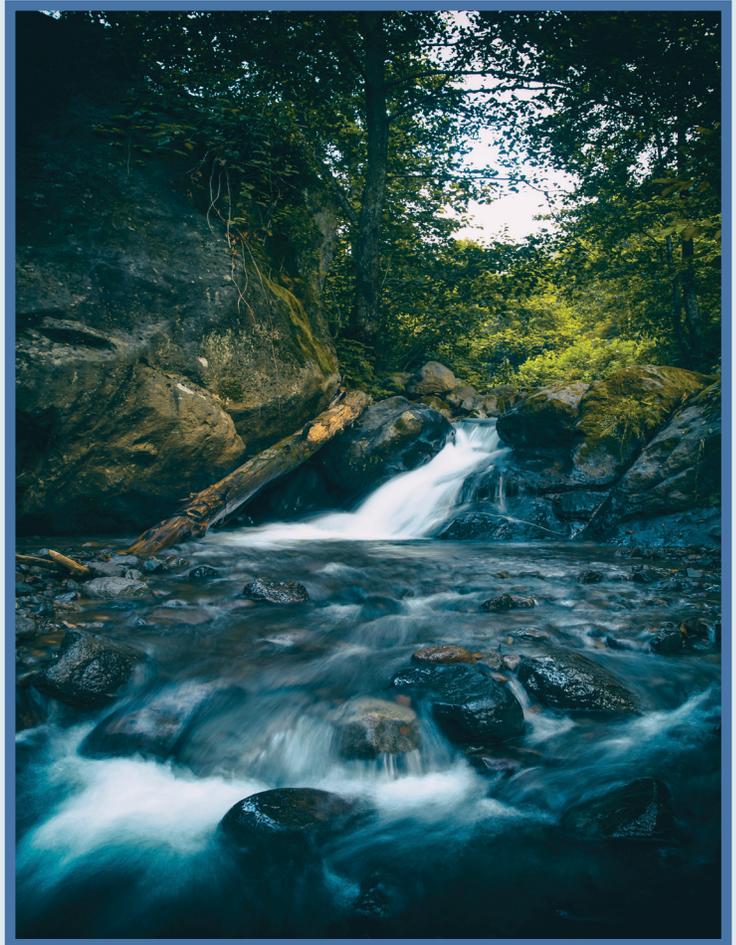
As we look at our land today,
Spiritual drought's in every place.
Jehovah has been forgotten.
He's been forsaken and replaced.

Let us humbly bow in repentance
And upon the God of heaven call
So His righteous showers of blessing
May come down and revive us all! ❏

—Rev. Rob Dicken

*"I will pour water on him
that is thirsty, and floods
upon the dry ground."*

Isaiah 44:3



Revival or Death

R. G. FLEXON

It was in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Rev. Early was the pastor of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. The meeting had been in progress nine days with about one hundred seekers. However, there had been no real break. Thursday morning I told Brother Early I was not eating, that I was going to my room and I was not coming out until God answered for a break in the meeting. I wrestled with God for hours but did not get anywhere. I finally, in desperation, cried, "Give me a break in this meeting or send my body home in a casket." That moment the burden lifted. That night during the first song, the altar filled up and the front bench filled up. God came in great power on the service. When I went to my room and thanked God for the service, I asked Him why He had moved in such power. He said, "You told me to either give a break or send your body home in a casket. I want you to go on preaching the Gospel so I had to do it." He has said, "Command ye Me." ❏

had not learned the secret of rest. I was pushing and pulling in my own strength and was not trusting to the Spirit of God to bring things to pass. I have the same responsibilities of preaching and have the same concern about the victory in the work of the Savior, but I have found rest unto my soul and have learned that His yoke is easy and His burden is light. When I entered into this covenant of prayer, it was not as an experiment; it is an imperative necessity in my life. It has been a delight to my heart to meet Him at the throne of grace while the day is young. It has become a fixed habit of life to pray; I consider it to be more important than my daily bread. I am persuaded that a covenant of prayer is the norm of spiritual living. The Psalmist yearned for the abiding place with the Lord; for he said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he will hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock." (Psalms 27:4-5) When I made the covenant of prayer with the Savior, it was necessary for me to arrange the plans and pursuits of my personal life so that there would be no conflict with my time devoted to prayer. I discovered that the things of daily living were crowding and congesting my spiritual life, and like Martha, I was careful and troubled about many things. The legitimate things of life are not evil, but when we permit them to master us it is wrong in the sight of the Lord. In a very real sense, I emptied myself of all earthly possessions and cares before the Lord. I took my personal interests, such as my teaching, and my preaching, and my time

“My soul did greatly rejoice in His Presence and my spirit was refreshed, and my body felt no weariness from loss of sleep.”

for a vacation, and my home, and placed them in a heap before the Savior, and I separated my heart and mind from them. I reckoned myself to be dead to all earthly things. I made a solemn promise to the Savior that I would not allow the temporal things of life to interfere with my worship and praying. I made a vow to take sufficient time to wait in His Presence and watch with Him in prayer. I considered it to be far better to sacrifice my personal affairs and count all things loss for Christ, rather than gain the whole world and suffer spiritual loss to my soul. I have adopted the words of a Psalm in my covenant of prayer. "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." (Psalm 5:3) It has been my practice for many months to keep the morning watch with the Savior. Some amazing results have been obtained by prevailing prayer during the silent hush of the new day. The achievements of these sacred hours spent with the Savior have exceeded my greatest expectations. I know that I have not fathomed the depth of God's infinite goodness made available by prayer; neither have I explored the vast reaches of His mercy disclosed in the promises of answered prayer. It is not my purpose to overlook the necessity of praying at all times. The Psalmist said, "Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud." (Psalm 55:17) However, I do not believe it is possible to place too much emphasis upon the value of praying in the still hours of the morning. The Savior evidently made this a practice of His life, for it is recorded, "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." (Mark 1:35). ▀



GLENN GRIFFITH

THE CHALLENGE OF THIS

Tragic Hour

Those giants of faith whose man-
tles fell upon us, as holiness minis-
ters, stood in the gap. Some were cast
into slime pits, thrown to wild beasts,
put into lion's dens, and sawn asun-
der. They wandered in desert sands, in
caves of the mountains, lived on locust
and wild honey. They were stoned, they
were beheaded, but they never yield-
ed. They accepted the challenge, and
bared their hearts to a carnal world, and
wrought righteousness, built kingdoms,
brought the dead to life, stopped the
mouths of lions (of whom the world was
not worthy). Oh,

mighty God, what a
heritage they gave
us; from Moses,
to Paul, to Bresee.
Oh, God, help me
to pray until the
place is shaken
where I am. Pray
'till Pentecost blaz-

es in my own soul. Pray 'till my heart
is completely melted in its flame. Pray
'till my entire past, present, and future,
my reputation, my all, rests surrendered
to God. Pray to be hurled against this
mighty foe to defeat him in the hearts
of lost men. Help me pray 'till my faith
embraces a warm flowing Calvary. 'Till
the Word of God will not only be my
source of authority, but the answer to

***"Oh God, help me
to pray until the
place is shaken
where I am."***

the sin question in every heart I contact.
Pray 'till I realize the value of a lost soul
slipping into hell. Let me pray 'till I am
moved with such compassion on the
lost, that I will forget the price of rescue,
and go into all the world and preach the
Gospel. 'Till messages both negative
and positive burn within my heart. 'Till
that unction of the Holy One comes
upon me. Then!! Let me preach. Preach
the Word. Preach it in the streets, in
mission halls, in little churches and big
churches. Preach it with such power that
souls will get under conviction and quit

sin. Preach until
souls will cry out,
"What must I do to
be saved?" Preach
until this awful pro-
paganda of hell and
this commonplace
religion is given
up. Oh, God, let me
preach Thy word

until genuine revivals break out, and
all the chaff is burned up. Preach until
the most unconcerned will believe in
my earnestness. Preach until the show-
crowd will get under conviction and go
through with God. Yes, dear Lord, let me
preach 'till the Word has answered the
challenge of carnality and destroyed it
in human hearts ☑

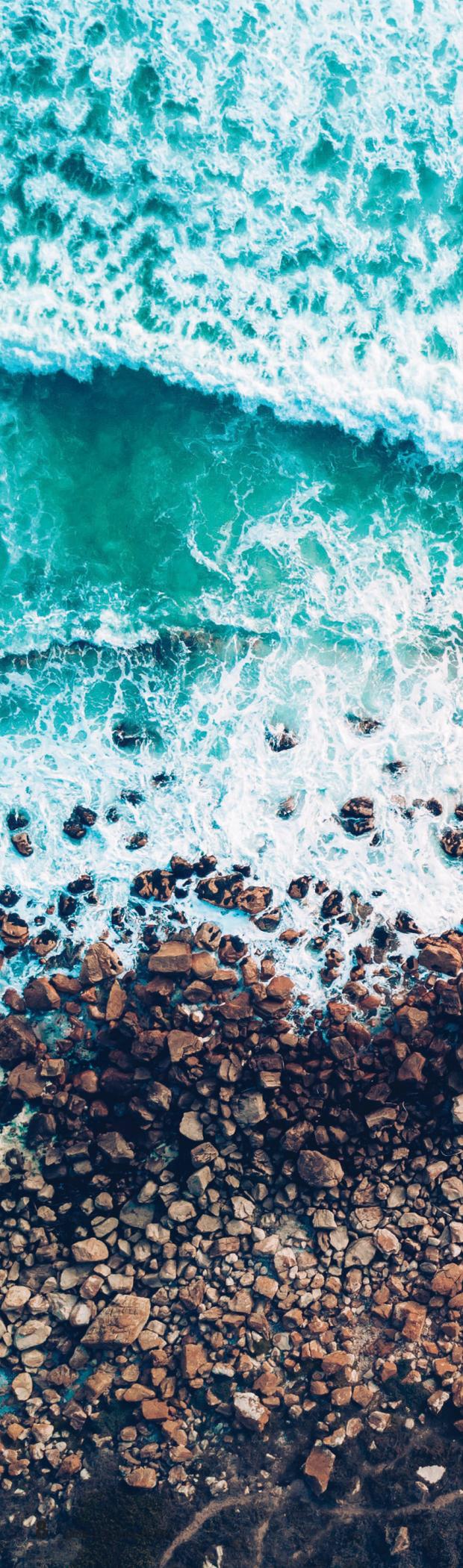
the presence of the Lord in his room and spent the next five hours waiting upon the Lord. He seemed to receive a fresh anointing from heaven that morning that prepared him for what was to come. In the early hours of February 23, Bro. Barefoot and some other boys were praying with the “number one rascal on campus,” Herbie Van Force. Herbie was a tall, athletic, good-looking son of a preacher who was about to graduate from Asbury with no testimony to saving grace. The boys prayed him under conviction, and he came looking for their help when he decided to surrender to Christ. After several hours of earnest prayer, Herbie “struck fire” about 3 a. m.

That morning in chapel, the presence of God seemed to hover over the sanctuary. Bob Barefoot got up and testified about the glorious victory that had occurred a few hours before. Immediately, Herbie Van Force jumped to his feet and gave his own testimony to victory. Students

started lining the altar, and Brother Anderson exhorted everyone to just mind God. What started on a Thursday morning continued until the following Tuesday morning. For that period of time, there were testimonies, exhortations, and prayers in the chapel continuously. Hundreds claimed victory in that short period, and thousands would testify to help received when it was all said and done. Herbie Van Force and Bob Barefoot would personally lead hundreds of souls to Christ in the short amount of time given to them. Herbie was electrocuted on a job site in 1951 and Bob died in a car crash in 1956. Their races were short, but they ran well, and they finished strong. Perhaps the brevity of their time on earth may help impress upon our minds the uncertainty of life, the seriousness of eternity, and the desperate need in our day for young and old to be intensely earnest about the kingdom of God and revival. ■



“Drop down, ye heavens, from above,
and let the skies **pour** down righteousness:
let the earth open, and let them bring forth **salvation**,
and let **righteousness** spring up together.” —ISAIAH 45:8



C. L. HENBEST

MIGHTY THROUGH *Faith*

About the first of March one year, I received a brief letter. It read, “Our revival starts the thirtieth day of May. You are our called evangelist; please do not disappoint us.” I answered the letter and told them I was sorry, but I was slated for that particular date. To my surprise, they wrote right back, “Our revival starts the thirtieth of May. You are our called evangelist; please do not disappoint us.” Overall, I received five letters from them, and the last one had the money enclosed for the 3000 mile round trip! No church had done that before! I was puzzled but wrote a letter declining their offer and returning their check. As I was about to drop the letter in the mail, I felt a “check.” (You better watch those checks; they can come from God, you know.) Going back home with my letter, I decided I had better pray some more. We drove the next day to the town where we were slated for that week. We showed the letters to Bro. M to read. He began to cry and said, “God is in this; you go to that meeting. We can have our meeting at a later date.”

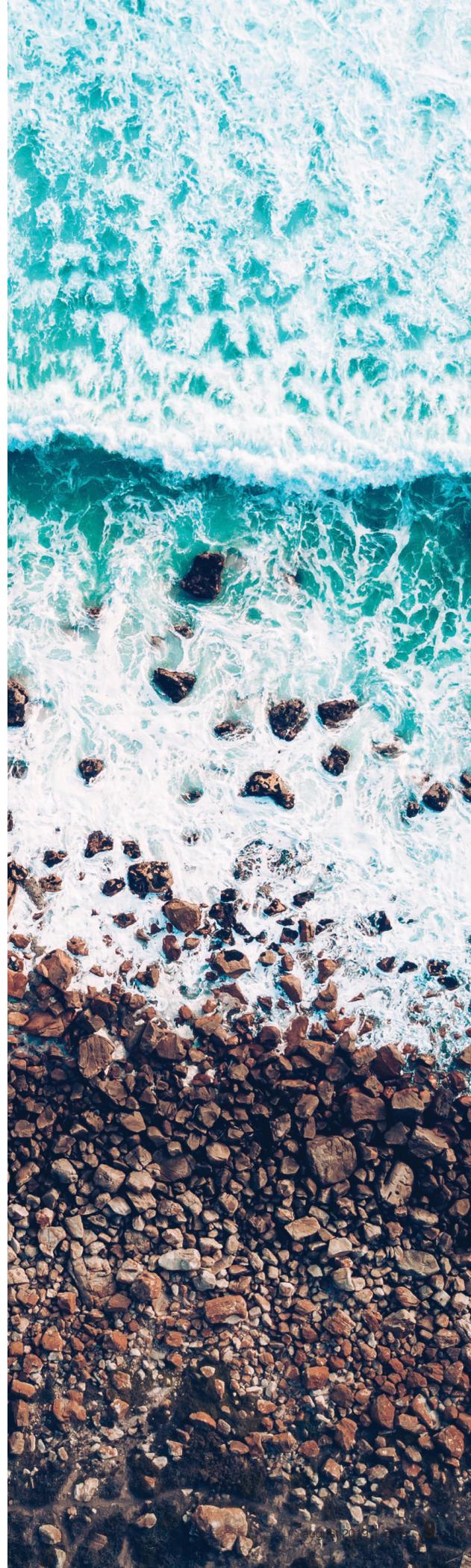
In my heart, I did not want to go. These people were not Nazarenes; we did not know them, but it seemed God said “Go.” I boarded the train and upon reaching my destination, we were met by a lady who said, “Are you the evangelist?” “I guess so,” I replied. “Well, praise the Lord,” she shouted and began opening her purse. “We’re going to have one hundred people saved

in this revival,” she exclaimed, taking from her purse a long slip of paper. “We have a list with all of the names.” She was talking loud and fast. The porter’s eyes had opened wide, and the conductor stopped and looked. We drove to the house, and no sooner did I meet the husband than he began reaching in his pocket. “Did the wife tell you about the list? There will be one hundred . . .” “Tell me about the list,” I asked. “Well, God has given us the assurance.” “Do they all come to church?” “No, just five of them come.”

Though I had been riding the train since Wednesday and never started a revival on a Saturday night, they insisted that we begin the revival that night. I was called to “work and not sleep” they told me. I excused myself from supper and began walking to the church. A man approached me from across the street and asked if I was the evangelist. He then began to tell me about “this list.” He saw his friend George and called him over to us and they began to talk about “the list” and the great things God was going to do for us . . . right there on the street corner for all the world to hear! Apparently the attractive little church building was not big enough to hold the anticipated crowds and they had rented a municipal building that could hold one thousand people. Right before the meeting began, another man began to talk to me about the list. “Did you notice that little knoll over there on the side of the mountain as you came into town? It’s a thousand feet to the top. We have been going to the top to pray. Most of the church people have been going for weeks. We felt like God selected the names for us. We took one name at a time, prayed for that individual until we felt that soul would be saved in this revival and so on down the list.”

We organize everything else; why not prayer?

The beautiful singing began. God’s presence was there in a gracious way. The pastor led the opening prayer with tears racing down his cheeks. My faith began to mount higher and higher. I prayed, “Jesus, forgive me for all the thoughts I’ve had about these dear people –that they were fanatical.” I whispered, “Brother Pastor, do you have an extra list that I might carry?” I knew that God would give us those one hundred souls. Sunday morning we had a larger crowd and fifteen came to the altar. I saw people pull out their pencils and cross names off “the list.” That night fifteen more came to the altar. At home, not long ago, I found the telegram I sent to my wife during that meeting: “One hundred and one converted, and we have hardly gotten started in the meeting.” Those people were living for God – they organized a prayer band. We organize everything else; why not prayer? ❏





Soul Travail

Oswald J. Smith (adapted from “The Revival We Need”)

We read in Isaiah 66:18 that “as soon as Zion travailed she brought forth her children,” and this is the most fundamental element in the work of God. Can children be born without pain? Can there be birth without travail? Yet how many expect in the spiritual realm that which is not possible in the natural? Oh, my brethren, nothing, absolutely nothing short of soul travail will bring forth spiritual children! Finney tells us that he had no words to utter, he could only groan and weep when pleading with God for a lost soul. That was true travail.

Can we travail for a drowning child, but not for a perishing soul? It is not hard to weep when we realize that our little one is sinking below the surface for the last time. Anguish is sponta-

neous then. It is not hard to agonize when we see the casket containing all that we love on earth being borne out of the home. Ah, no; tears are natural at such a time! But oh, to realize and know that souls, precious, never-dying souls are perishing all around us, going out into the blackness of darkness and despair, eternally lost, and yet to feel no anguish, shed no tears, know no travail! How cold our hearts are! How little we know of the compassion of Jesus! And yet God can give us this, and the fault is ours if we do not have it.

Jacob, you remember, travailed until he prevailed. But oh, who is doing it today? Who is really travelling in prayer? How many, even of our most spiritual Christian leaders, are content to spend half an hour a day on their

knees, and then pride themselves on the time they have given to God! We expect extraordinary results, and extraordinary results are quite possible; signs and wonders will follow, but only through extraordinary efforts in the spiritual realm. Hence, nothing short of continuous, agonizing pleading for souls will ever avail. Therefore “gird yourselves, and lament, ye priests: howl, ye ministers of the altar: come, lie all night in sackcloth, ye ministers of my God. Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land unto the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord” (Joel 1:13-14). Oh, yes! Joel knew the secret. Let us then lay aside everything else, and “cry unto the Lord.”

president



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March 25: New York City. I needed to get a visa for my trip to Brazil. Traffic delayed us and we arrived at 9:45 A.M. A long line greeted us, and it closed at noon. The embassy will not send it to you. God went before us and security put us in front of the line. It was a God thing! You just had to be there. Bro. Paulus and I walked out of there with my visa in record time.

March 26-31: Glenn Iron Pilgrim Holiness Church revival. It was a privilege to get to know some of the people better and be with our good friends, Rev. Dave & Joyce Walter.

April 01-09: Brazil. I went with Bro. Paulus, our Missions Director, to see our works in Brazil. There are new people in each of our churches. One church had several newer converts. We rode on boats, ate lots of fish, and I drank coffee for the first time. We also slept in hammocks the last three nights. We were honored to minister with the Stephen Mills family. They interpreted for us everywhere we went. I also ministered in two of their New York Pilgrim churches. God moved among us in our time together.

April 10-14: Cool Ridge, WV revival services at the Little Country Church. Rev. Nathan Walter and the church family showed me great hospitality. I really appreciated how many people came in from other churches during this meeting.

April 15: General board meeting to open ballots from pastoral elections.

April 16: PVBI board meeting. We appreciate President Durkee's leadership. God is using him in a special way. Please keep him and the school in your prayers.

April 17: Sunbury revival service with Rev. Mike Avery on the Spirit-filled life. The sermon, "What does that look like?" had excellent truth.

April 19: Beavertown revival service. We enjoyed the singing of Rev. Alan and Anita Walter and the great message from Rev. Aaron McCarty from Eph. 4:27, "Neither give place to the devil."

April 19 & 21: Danville, Geisinger Hospital to visit Rev. Alvin Shaffer who was low physically.

April 22-26: Dayton, Ohio, IHC. God moved in wonderful ways to encourage us to experience "Victory." Let us all keep the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

April 27-28: Sermon prep for the funeral service of Rev. Alvin Shaffer. I also visited my mom who is in a nursing home.

April 29: Viewing and funeral for Rev. Alvin Shaffer. The tributes from family, friends, church friends and camps were outstanding. Bro. Shaffer really loved people. He was a fisher of men.

April 30: Penns Creek, Home Missions board meeting. In a combined meeting, Bro. Jeremy was voted in for 3 more years as Home Missions Director and he accepted. We thank God for the great job he and his family are doing.

May 01: PVBI Chapel service. I preached to the college young people on "Wall Builders" from Nehemiah 3. I represented GMC to the ministerial students during the lunch time.

May 02: Campus Days. We are blessed to have so many great

students at PVBI. We trust God will use this event to call more students to our school and into God's work.

May 04: Finally, I was able to go fishing for the first time this year. Walleye season opens today. I caught 0 but I did catch 26 small-mouth bass. Catch and release but it sure was enjoyable.

May 05: Lancaster Cross Roads God's Missionary Church. I preached to around 50 in the morning service. Then we had a full house for our dedication service in the afternoon.



JACOB MARTIN

Great service. Sunday night we went to Sunbury to be involved in our grandson Judah's baby dedication. This is Ryan and Mandy's youngest child.

May 06: Penns Creek, headquarters building, prayer breakfast. Great fellowship around a meal. We then went to the church and had a wonderful season of prayer. PVBI school board meeting in the afternoon.

May 07-09: Administrative work, mowed and trimmed headquarters building.

May 10: PVBI Auction. We appreciate all the volunteers that make this fundraiser possible.

May 12: Sunbury, Mother's Day. We were involved in the baby dedication for our daughter Erica's twins, Jackson and McKenna Sanford. These are Daniel and Erica's first babies. Finished the book "God's Errand Boy" (H.E. Schmul) by Valorie Quesenberry. The book was excellent.

May 13-16: Administrative work and PVCA elementary program. The teachers and music staff are doing a great job pulling out the gifts and talents of the children.

May 17: Butler. I went to visit Bro. Walburn on his 91st birthday. We appreciate him and his wife.

May 19: Mahaffey. Rev. Joshua Neidermyer was voted in as pastor. We appreciate how the whole family is being a blessing.

May 20: Camp Hill, Hanover Camp board meeting.

May 21: Penn's Creek for the 50th wedding celebration of a wonderful, faithful couple, Rev. and Mrs. Harry Plank.

May 22: World Mission board meeting.

May 23: PVCA elementary graduation. Congratulations for a job well done!

May 24- 25: Linden, TN, for the funeral service for Rev. Robert Walker, founder of the Fort Myers Rescue Mission. What a legacy he left behind of reaching the lost and homeless.

May 27-June 03: Preparation and trip to Colorado Springs for our Western District Conference and services. The Rev. Jeff Stratton family were used of God to encourage and strengthen God's family. ☑

The Trial of “UNCLE BUDDY” ROBINSON

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SHOALS, IN
PERMIT NO 18

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

One night while Bud Robinson lived in Georgetown, the presiding elder came for him to go with him to see a sick man. When they had driven out about two miles in the cedar breaks to a place in a rocky cliff, he told Bud that he himself was the sick man and that he had come to the place where he had to get the blessing of sanctification or go back on God. They got out of the buggy and prayed from 8:00 that night until 1:30. He was very prominent in his conference, and to get sanctified meant for him to lose his standing in the conference. He told Bud that he could not, for he had to educate his children. It was too much for him; he could not bear the reproach, and they returned home, the presiding elder still without the blessing. A few months later the same presiding elder sat as chairman of the church trial where Bud was being tried for “this second blessing heresy,” and the trial lasted from 8:00 in the evening till 1:30 that

night, the very same length of time that Bud had prayed for him in the cedar breaks months before. He told Bud that he would have to give up his conscience on holiness or give up his standing in the Methodist church. Bud replied that he had but one conscience, and there were many churches in which he might live and keep his conscience; therefore he preferred to keep his conscience if he had to lose the church. During this trial Rev. J. H. McLean, regent of the Southwestern University, prosecuted the case, and Rev. P. C. Archer defended Bud. Rev. Samuel P. Wright was the presiding elder, and Rev. John R. Nelson was the pastor. The pastor told Bud that he could not hold meetings in Georgetown, while the presiding elder told him that he could not hold meetings out of Georgetown. They said that if they could get Bud and a few others out of the church that they could kill the holiness movement and stop the heresy. At midnight they allowed Bud to testify, and this brought the whole conference to tears. At this the pastor said through his tears, “Bud, I don’t want to do this, but they are pushing me.” At 1:30 the verdict was

brought in, and Rev. Bud Robinson was expelled from the church and ministry. He then united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he remained until he met the Pentecostal Nazarene Church, where he found himself perfectly at home, where all the preachers preach and testify to holiness. Since then Bud Robinson

*He preferred to keep
his conscience.*

has preached to more people than all of the preachers who had him on trial and has seen more people get saved and sanctified than all of the holiness-fighting preachers in all of the five Texas conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He has traveled 600,000 miles and has preached in all of the great cities in the United States and to thousands of people at a time in great holiness campmeetings in almost every state in the Union, and his name is a household word in religious circles everywhere, while some of the preachers who pushed the fight against Bud have gone down in disgrace, and do not now belong to any church. ❏

