



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

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Penns Creek, Pa.

"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it." Psalms 68:11.

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MOTHER'S DAY

by G.I. Straub
General Superintendent
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In leafing through the calendar, we come across days and dates that are marked in red. Beneath these markings we have the names of great men who have been honored for their heroism and accomplishments of the past.

Of the many names that are recorded, there are two that stand tall and high in our minds, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. These men were known and respected for their patriotism, sacrifice, love of freedom, and loyalty to their country.

Since the days of these great men, more red letter days and new names appeared on the calendar, among which is Mother's Day.

The first recording of the word "mother" is found in Genesis 3:20; "And Adam called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living."

It has been said the three sweetest words in the English language are heaven, home, and mother. All three of these words are filled with healing balm for troubled hearts. To a dying saint there is nothing so inspiring and uplifting as the thought of heaven. To the patient in the hospital, home is the foremost thought. To the crying child, it's mother.

Mother's Day had its beginning in the ministry of a lady evangelist, Miss Ann Jarvis, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in the year 1907.

While men of renown were being praised and honored for their achievements, Miss Jarvis was inspired and moved by the Spirit to honor one she considered equally as great, if not greater—that was her mother.

Miss Jarvis lost no time in implementing her proposal and began to put into practice a biblical command.

"Honour thy father and mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Exodus 20:12.

Miss Jarvis' first Mother's Day Service was so owned and blessed of the Lord that she decided to continue the memorial annually at the same time. The news of this great service and scene of love got beyond the four walls of the church and made lasting impressions on other pastors and spread through conferences and into Congress. It was so sanctioned by the President and the honorable assembly at Washington D.C. that on May 10, 1908 they set aside, by special proclamation, the second Sunday of May as Mother's Day.

In order to make this even more impressive, flags were displayed on public buildings and many homes. One of the highlights of the first Mother's Day Service was the giving and the presentation of flowers. White flowers indicated Mother was dead, red flowers signified she was living. It is true some mothers may be unworthy of this honour, however, there are many who are worthy and deserve the recognition set forth in God's Word.

Some years ago a speaker was addressing a vast group of people wherein the Queen was present. After the address the speaker was asked how he managed to be so calm and serene during the course of his speech. He replied, "I have done this before my Mother."

President Lincoln in one of his speeches said, "All that I am or ever expect to be, I owe to my angel Mother."

Moody at his Mother's grave said, "If all the world was mothered by that kind of mother, there would be no need for jails."

Wicked Napoleon said, "The greatest need of France is better mothers."

There is a motto that reads thus, "The hand that rocks the cradle steers the nation."

We would do well to look at the names of some of the great mothers of the Bible who changed the course of nations and the spiritual tone of the church.

In the book of First Samuel, chapter one, we are introduced to a woman by the name of Hannah. The first chapter opens with a brief biography of who she was, what she was, also the burden and desire of her heart. Of all her problems, the greatest affliction and suffering was that of barrenness. Verse two said she had no children.

Hannah was a woman, with a woman's heart, desiring to do something to help change the deplorable condition of the church. Since woman's sphere was limited in Hannah's day, none but men could officiate in matters as between God and man. This curtailed Hannah's opportunities for service to the family circle.

The highest place of usefulness open to her was to be the mother of some useful man. But nature had denied Hannah even this place of honor, for the Lord had shut up her womb. Hannah, like many at this point of life, could have given up in despair and gone down in defeat. With her sights set high she did what all godly mothers should do. She sought a secret place of prayer and tarried until she touched the great heart of God. Her prayer was answered and a son was born. Her son was born at a time when the light had gone out in the holy place, when the priest could not

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Remember Mom!

*"When I call to remembrance . . .
thy mother." II Timothy 1:5*

The second Sunday of May has been
set apart as a special day to honor our
mothers. It is interesting that the
great apostle to the Gentiles was
remembering a mother when writing
to his son in the faith, Timothy.

Mothers should be remembered.
They may be remembered for many
things, the hand that comforts a sick
child, the voice that relieves a
frightened one, the hours spent in
selfless toil for her family, the love
that motivates a total giving of herself
for others.

Paul remembered this New Testa-
ment mother for her faith. Eunice was
known as a woman of faith. She dwelt
in faith; faith in her God, faith that
was not shaken by storms and tests. A
Christian mother must be enjoying
the faith herself. Her love can be
measured by her devotion to God and
to her family, particularly her faith.
Modern liberated women want
nothing to do with faith in God.

These lines by an unknown author
attracted my attention:

Her love is like an island in life's
ocean, vast and wide
A peaceful, quiet shelter from the
wind, and rain, and tide.

Tis bound on the north by Hope, by
Patience on the West,
By tender Counsel on the south,
and on the east by Rest.

Above it like a beacon light shine
Faith, and Truth and Prayer;
And through the changing scenes of
life

I find a haven there.

The Apostle Paul not only noted
Eunice's faith but recalled how her
faith and faithfulness had impacted on
her son—"I am persuaded that this
faith dwells in you also, Timothy."
This transmission of faith from
mother to son is most thrilling, but it
is only a picture of what should

transpire all the time. Faith must be
taught as well as caught and I'm sure
the consistent, godly life of his mother
was a prime factor in Timothy's Chris-
tian experience. The little boy, who
was told by his mother that it was God
who made people good, responded,
"Yes, I know it is God, but Mothers
help a lot."

Billy Sunday once said, "I don't
think there's enough devil in hell to
take a young person from the arms of
a godly mother." While some would
feel such a statement a bit extreme,
yet the force of a consistent, caring
faith in molding character and
establishing proper direction cannot
be denied. Faith must be transfer-
red—like mother—like son or
daughter.

Let us follow this Pauline example
and remember our mothers.
Remember her love, her patience, her
firmness, her tenderness, her kind-
ness, her faithfulness, her faith. If you
did not have a godly mother for your
example you can determine to provide
such to your children.

Make her day a special one by your
many acts of kindness and continue to
express your appreciation throughout
the year. Don't forget her when the
steps become more feeble and the
mind and memory start to fail. She
particularly needs you then. The poet
expresses it this way:

As once you stroked my thin and
silver hair

So I stroke yours now at the set of
sun

I watch your tottering mind, its
day's work done

As once you watched with forward-
looking care

My tottering feet. I love you as I
should

Stay with me; lean on me; I'll
make no sign

I was your child, and now time
makes you mine

Stay with me yet a while at home
and do me good. — D.L.F.

What Sort of Child?

by S. Hugh Paine



Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst and said, "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18:2-3).

Could it have been a gamin, or just any child, that Jesus on the spur of the moment called to serve as an object lesson? Could it have been a child who would have fitted into our permissive Christian culture who perhaps that morning had thrown himself to the floor in a tantrum, or had hit his mother to express his petulance, or perhaps had snatched a plaything away from a younger brother, or had lied to conceal a wanton disobedience, or who had run away from a chore because it was nicer to play than to work? I can't imagine it was that sort of child Jesus introduced as an object lesson, can you? Of such is **not** the kingdom of heaven!

The little child Jesus called had submitted to godly nurture, in which such natural propensities as those described above had been carefully curbed before they became confirmed in his personality. He had been **converted** during the course of such redirection. Basically conversion involves repentance, a change of mind toward one's own willfulness, and rebirth, a change of "heart," or personality, necessary in order to receive divine assistance toward righteousness.

Does the child need to be converted?

Yes, he does. As a son of Adam he has an inherited depravity, and as a son of his immediate forbears he has inherited a cumulative degeneracy. In spite of the fact that he may not be as deeply stained with sins as an

unregenerate adult, every child needs to be changed from attitudes of self-will to those which can be molded from self-gratification to self-control, from moral ignorance to knowledge, from perversity to acceptance of godly standards.

Some argue that good psychology will do, that adroit suggestions and conditioning without the trauma of open clash is sufficient. I have observed, however, that the child is usually better at psychology than the parent, and yielding to him is often no more than a postponement leading to greater trauma when waywardness finally must be curbed. Others argue that the behavior of children is entirely without moral consequence, and that they are to be endured until they mature. However, to mature properly and without suffering the permanent disabilities which often come from experimentation in evil, the child must be sensitive and submissive to God. If the child is not cooperative with parents and sensitive to their wishes, how can he properly consider the desires and requirements of God, whom he cannot see? For the young child, submission to parents is a reality without which submission to God can only be an abstraction. But submission to God must be a reality by the time parental control is to yield to the independence of maturity. The biblical norm is that children should mature in their youth (Ps. 144:12).

How and at what age can a child be converted? Under the tender nurture of a thoroughly godly culture such as that to which Jesus was sent, proper attitudes toward parents and God were expected to be shown at a very early age. Psalm 131 indicates that by

the time a child was weaned his spirit and outlook toward his parents could be the example of a proper adult attitude toward God.

The boy Samuel provides an excellent illustration of this. Right after he was weaned, quite possibly at the age of three, his mother gave him to the Lord and left him permanently in the care of Eli, the high priest. Not only was Samuel a submissive party to this arrangement, but he was able to enter meaningfully into the Tabernacle worship experience which accompanied it (1 Sam. 1:24-28). Certainly his parents had much to do with his spiritual stature at that time. Yet it is apparent that they accomplished their part without engendering resentment.

The early conversion of children is a parental responsibility, with the promise of success to those who follow the precept, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6). When the biblical principles are followed consistently—to train, chasten, correct, restrain, and indoctrinate the Scriptures (Prov. 22:6; 19:18; 22:15; 1 Sam. 3:13; Deut. 6:6-9)—the method still works today. I have frequently heard it testified by saints that as far back into their childhood as they can remember they loved Jesus and had a sincere desire to please God. But how can that be the experience of children whose parents, out of indulgence, or lack of knowledge of the child's potential, or the indifferent thought that "they will grow out of it," tolerate the various manifestations of perversity? God gives us the infant to start training—a much easier task than a willful

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Church News

Love Covers

The elders in a certain church met with the young pastor who had been ministering in their church for just a few months. The head elder said, "Young man, you are not a great preacher." He paused and the young minister flushed, wondering if he was being asked to resign so soon.

The old church leader continued: "Rather than seek a new pastor we have decided instead to ask you to continue as our pastor, and we, in turn, have decided to join together in prayer each week on your behalf, asking the Lord to bless your ministry among us."

The head elder and the other elders kept their word. Each week they prayed specifically for their pastor that God would empower him with abilities far above his natural ones. Their prayers were answered. Their pastor's sermons greatly improved... the spiritual atmosphere of the church warmed up... and God blessed the church abundantly.

Some years later this pastor became a greatly used evangelist in soul-winning campaigns around the world. His name? Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the man who wrote these lovely lines:

"Living He loved me; dying He saved me;

Buried, He carried my sins far away.

Rising, He justified freely forever;
One day He's coming; O glorious day!"

Who knows if the world would have known J. Wilbur Chapman if there hadn't been godly men who decided to pray for him rather than break his heart with adverse criticism?

Remember, friend of mine, LOVE COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS. You don't have to tell everything you know. You don't have to be the judge of another man's actions. But the Lord does ask us to have "love one for another."

God's love is the love that covers. I wonder... is this the kind of love that you have? If not, ask the Lord for a fresh supply of Calvary love, because, "Calvary covers it all."

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After the Storm—

Pearl V. Bird

The day's been rough today—
I wonder why it had to be this way?
Jesus, I sought Thy counsel—
I even stopped to pray.

Yes, Thou didst know I'd need Thee
When I arose today;
I felt such a heavy burden
As I began to pray.

Though the tears flow unbidden
Down my cheeks tonight,
I'll sleep, and in the morning,
I'm sure 'twill be all right.

For the rose has sweeter fragrance
When it's broken and crushed,
And the sky is bluer, fairer
After the storm and rains are hushed.

So through all my trials and testings
My blessed Savior sees me through;
He dries my tears, He soothes my
heartache—

He'll do the same for you.

When "Preachers' Kids" Go Wrong— What Can the Church Do?

by Gene Van Note

"We have two boys: one to make us happy, and one to make us humble." With these quiet words a pastor opened up a tiny window to his past and revealed a massive heartache.

Then, apparently feeling he could trust me, the story tumbled out. The older of their two sons had rebelled against the discipline of the home and the restrictions of the church. After many months of bitterness and argument he had left home in anger. Several years had passed, but the hostility was still present in their relationship.

Then that troubled man put down his fork and slowly wiped his face with a napkin. Suddenly he was no longer one of the leading pastors in our church. He was a brokenhearted father. With a look of profound sadness he said softly, "I don't know what to do; I've done everything I know."

In that moment, neither of us felt like talking, and we ate our now tasteless lunch in silence.

The story of rebellious, runaway children is far too common. The quietness of their absence does not hide the gnawing loneliness, the sense of failure, or the fear of tragedy. It is a devastating experience when parental love is rejected in such a crushing way.

It is even more difficult for the parents when the father is a minister, the pastor of a local church.

Pastors are often placed on a pedestal, given special honor and recognition, and consequently more is demanded from them. The parsonage family is expected to be the example in godly living. When they do not live up to the expectations of the congregation, they often feel a sense of disapproval and rejection.

A pastor and his wife are warmly human, like any member of their congregation. They experience the same despair as other parents when they are rejected by a child whom they love and for whom they would die. But since more is expected from preachers and "preachers' kids," all the normal emotions are complicated by these outside pressures.

First there is guilt, the terrible feeling of failure coupled with the fear

that people will not understand. After all, the Apostle Paul wrote to the young preacher Timothy, "If a man can't make his own little family behave, how can he help the whole church?" (1 Timothy 3:5, TLB). So the feeling of guilt is multiplied. Soon it becomes more difficult to stand in the pulpit and proclaim, "Thus saith the Lord."

A chasm may begin to develop between the pastor and his congregation. He is no longer a free man. He is bound by the knowledge that he has fallen short of the scriptural ideal.

The haunting questions keep returning: How can I lead the church if I cannot control my own family? Where did I go wrong? As a result, his strength in leadership may be diminished.

Self-analysis brings uncertainty and the temptation to "draw away" from the people. Thus, as the distance between the pastor's family and their congregation increases, it becomes more difficult for their lay friends to help them.

When this breach occurs, a terrible loneliness invades the parsonage. There is the deafening silence of the telephone and doorbell which do not ring.

The pursuit of God's call often carries the parsonage family many long miles from their nearest relatives. Only the members of their church can fill this void. When this loving relationship is fractured, the pastor and his wife are left alone.

I stood in the subdued light of a church parking lot one night and listened to the agony of a pastor's wife as she talked about their 16-year old daughter. "Our daughter has not been to church in two years," she said. "No one has talked to her, or come to see her. No one ever bothers to ask us about her. Our people don't care what happens to our daughter."

The unplanned words broke the carefully constructed composure, and tears flooded her eyes. She moved quickly away to a secluded spot to cry alone.

Perhaps she was right, but she might have been wrong. She might have been so afraid of being hurt that she had erected barriers. It could be

that some members of that church had tried to reach out to her with their love, but in agony she had rejected them. What appeared to be a sudden chilling in personal relationships might have been an attempt to guard against further injury.

After all, both she and they are human. The tragedy is that no one put her arms around the pastor's wife and said, "We care about you; we love you."

Perhaps it is inevitable that people expect more of their pastor and his family than they demand of themselves. This double standard can create tension and make it more difficult for a "preacher's kid" to develop normally. Laymen need to make sure that the pastor's children are not penalized because their father has obeyed God's call.

The church has a special responsibility to "preachers' kids." The minister is the pastor for the laymen's children, but the church "pastors" the preacher's kids. Their attitude toward God and the church will be greatly affected by the relationship between the church and their father. This makes such things as the pastoral-recall vote take on added significance, for it may affect the spiritual destiny of the pastor's children.

More often than most laymen suspect, good men have left the pastorate because of the pressure on their families or the feeling of failure with their children.

Should your pastor and his wife be burdened with a problem concerning one of the members of their household, remember, they need you. They have no one else to turn to. Your kindness and love will cause their fear to melt away.

Keep in mind that God gave freedom of choice to ministers' children, too. Parents have not necessarily failed because their children have not succeeded.

When "preachers' kids" go wrong, what can the church do? It can continue to show its love in kind and tender ways until loneliness has been dispelled and hope begins to live again.

—Reprinted from *Herald of Holiness*



ANOTHER VICTIM FALLS!

She was very small and did not look to be a teenager. Her large soft eyes looked at you as if to say, "Please help me, I am so sick." And so the Lord began to work with this young girl who was a victim of T.B. She was admitted to the sanatorium at Sigueneau and we prayed that the medicine and the rest would begin to heal her body. We were praying that our God would undertake. Her name was Jocelyn and she knew Jesus.

Each time that we went to visit her we visited the other patients also and we happily watched the improvement as she was moved from room to room according to her condition. When we took Vitamins and milk for her the others asked for some too and one day we were able to give all of them some Vitamins and V-8 juice. Jocelyn stood with the others smiling and saying, "thank you." How thrilled she was that now she was in the "last" room and would be going home from there. And soon she did! We praised Him!

But when she was again well and in her one room house where she lived with her sister Chantal she would not come to church nor would she listen to our admonitions that she must come and thank Him for touching her. We saw her begin to choose the things of the world, putting on jewelry, wearing immodest clothes and going with questionable company. When opportunity came we talked to her about her soul and warned her that the sickness could return if she would not obey the Lord Who had helped her. Jocelyn would smile and told us that she knew.

Weeks went by, months and then the sickness came back slowly and steadily. Weakness, a nagging cough, no appetite and then she was going for x-rays and treatment once more. In the summer of 1981 she was admitted to the city sanatorium and stayed there for three months, then was dismissed. When I returned from deputation work in October she was home but not well. We spoke to her again about her soul, but she went her "own way." Months passed and she could not eat, so began losing weight.

Then one evening just before dark she came to our front porch and sitting on one of the chairs looked up into

my eyes saying, "I want to give my heart to Jesus and ask Him to forgive me." I took her into the house where we knelt and prayed together as she asked forgiveness. He in His mercy took her to Himself. After that she came to church all the time when she was not too ill, the jewelry came off and she walked softly before Him as she continued taking the medicine and we prayed.

In late January Jocelyn had a very bad spell and they took her to the sanatorium in the city. Her sister was fearful and I promised to go to visit her as soon as possible. When we went we found her in a ward with many other suffering souls, all sick with T.B. One woman especially came near as we talked with her and told us that she helped Jocelyn when she needed something. They had given her I.V. and the prescribed medicine was purchased and had been given. As I talked to Jocelyn about the Lord she told me her confidence was in Jesus.

A week later I told Chantal that I would be going into the city Friday and would stop to see her sister, to tell her I was coming. But things kept us from getting there early so we did not get to the hospital till late, about four, and her sister had already been there and Jocelyn had told her that I had not come. We had brought her some toothpaste and soap and stayed a while to talk. Jocelyn did not look good and her breathing was labored. My heart was fearful and as we prayed that day I was uneasy about her condition. When I kissed her goodbye I thought it might be for the last time.

The next day she died. Her sister went to the sanatorium and was told to go to the general hospital, not being informed that she was gone. When she went to the hospital they would not tell her anything so she hurried again to the sanatorium where they at last told her to go to the morgue at the general hospital, for her sister had died! Our precious young girl had gone to be with Jesus. Thank God she had returned to Him.

We went to the funeral but arrived late as they were leaving the church and they were not alone...for here in Haiti they have mass services with

four or five dead ones at the same place, so they were walking along the road to the cemetery with several cars and crowds of loved ones following along behind. Some weeping, some screaming! As the women would fall down men would come and lift them bodily, carrying them into a small room near the cemetery grounds. One of the groups walked behind a horse and carriage that contained a very small casket, which is their custom here when it is a baby.

Chantal did not make it to the place of burial, she started to fall in grief and sorrow as she neared the place so she was returned to the little room where the others were kept in their sorrow. It was just as well in the light of what we witnessed next.

At the open tomb which is always above ground here in this country, there was a man closing up the opening after the casket had been slid in. There was the pile of cement, the blocks and he hammered away as he cut blocks to fit the opening! All while we stood there and watched! I could not believe it. One by one he put them into the opening till the last mortar was secured in the cracks and then he took his wheelbarrow and walked away. The sorrowing ones had been speaking all the while, softly to Jocelyn. The half sister kept repeating, "Jocelyn, why did you leave me, come back." Another relative cried and screamed at times. One other cried out in anguish as she said, "Oh Jocelyn, Oh Jocelyn," holding her hands above her head and shaking her body in grief. Death is our enemy and oh the sorrow when those who say goodbye do not know the Lord.

We found Chantal later and she was now subdued, ready to go home. Others of the neighbors who had come went home along with us and we talked together about the necessity of knowing the Lord and giving Him the glory when He has touched us. They listened quietly and agreed.

After dark that same evening, Chantal came to tell me in fear that her unsaved family had informed her that she would be the next one to die, that the family was cursed and that

(Continued on Page 10)

For The Boys and Girls



Grandpa and the "Kettle"

Spring had come to the Ottawa Valley! Birds filled the air with their songs while soft white clouds floated in the sky of blue. One week ago, the Carp had been in flood; but today, as Grandpa stood beside it, a smile of satisfaction spread over his face.

"Looks just about right, now," he said to himself. Looking up, he spied Dan coming down the lane.

"Dan," he called, "come see the river. It's down within its banks. How say we start timbers tomorrow?"

"It's all right with me," said Dan as he stood beside his grandfather. "They've done a great job this winter cutting all those timbers. It was a good idea to pile them on that high spot on the bank. The river sure flooded this year. It might otherwise have carried them all away."

"Yes," rejoined Grandpa, "we have some great pieces of white pine. They'll bring a good price at Quebec this year."

"And, thanks to your strong arm and broad-axe, they're really nice and square!" laughed Dan.

The men were happy to hear the news that evening, but Grandmother stifled a sigh, as she bravely smiled. How she hated the long months ahead when Grandpa was to be away with his raft of timbers! But it was no use to complain, and indeed she never even thought of doing so, for this was part of their livelihood.

Next morning saw the men busy sliding the timbers into the river. One man guided them into the center of the stream, where they were started on their way to the Ottawa River, there to be caught in a boom and made into rafts. Several neighbors usually went together and formed a raft, sometimes an acre in size.

In a few days Grandpa, Dan, and some of the men started for the Ottawa. Two or three of the men who had left earlier were busy already, selecting their timbers and lashing

them together upon Grandpa's arrival. When this was finished, they built a shelter on the raft and stored their supplies. It would take them several months to reach Quebec, and they had to be prepared.

When all was ready, Grandpa and Dan, with the men, loosed the raft from its moorings and started on their way. The scent of pine was in the air; all nature seemed filled with song. The river sparkled in the sunlight as though rejoicing in its new freedom from the winter's icy grasp. It was pleasant sailing down its swiftly-moving waters, and the men enjoyed it to the full. They could see several other rafts — a couple in front of them, and others slowly coming on behind.

As Grandpa and Dan sat gazing at the heavily-wooded slopes along the river, Dan turned and said, "I am always glad when we get safely past the 'Kettle,' aren't you?"

The "Kettle," as it was called, was a dangerous whirlpool near Bytown. Here, the men had to be very careful and hug the bank of the river till they were safely past.

"Aye, lad, that I am," replied Grandpa. "Then, there are the rapids — but we'll take the raft apart there and shoot the timbers down the runway; then we'll rebuild the raft below the rapids. It's more work, but safer, in the end."

It was the next afternoon, as they were rounding a bend of the river near Bytown that Dan suddenly sprang to his feet and took hold of Grandpa's arm. "Look, Dad, look!" he exclaimed. "That raft over there. They're out too far. Don't they know the Kettle!"

As Dan spoke, Grandpa started waving his arms and yelling, but his voice seemed drowned by the noise of the water. At that, all the men and Dan started calling, and finally suc-

ceeded in drawing their attention. As they looked, Grandpa, putting his hands to his mouth, called as loudly as he could to the men, "You're too far out! Come this way! The whirlpool will catch you!"

"You're in DANGER!" he fairly bellowed.

The men on the raft returned a shout of derision at his words.

"You mind you own business, and we'll mind ours!" they yelled back; and, laughing boisterously, turned their backs.

Grandpa and the men continued to call, but the men paid no attention.

Promptly the outer eddies of the whirlpool caught the other raft and started it whirling. They struggled to get it free, but, as though held in a monstrous grip, round and round it spun! Frantically, the men fought, and called for help — but it was too late! Closer and closer to the deadly center they were drawn. Then, before Grandpa's and the others' horrified gaze, both raft and men disappeared from sight!

The shadows of evening were falling as Grandpa and Dan once more were seated side by side. They were far below Bytown and the dangerous Kettle. All the men were shaken by what had occurred, and everyone was very quiet. Every now and then Dan could still hear that call for help ringing in his ears, and he struggled to free himself from it.

Putting a hand on the lad's shoulder, Grandpa said, quietly:

"Dan, boy, I don't think we'll ever forget that! And, Dan, that's just the way sin drags strong men down and down."

Dan gazed silently over the dark waters, and with a shudder, exclaimed: "No, Dad, I'll never forget that!"

Young reader, let Jesus save you from your sins.

—The Pentecostal Witness.



At My Mother's Knee

I have worshiped in churches and
chapels,

I have prayed in the busy street;
I have sought my God and have found
Him

Where the waves of the ocean beat;
I have knelt in the silent forest,
In the shade of some ancient tree;
But the dearest of all my altars
Was raised at my mother's knee.

I have listened to God in His temple
I've caught His voice in the crowd;
I have heard Him speak when the
breakers

Were booming long and loud;
Where the winds play soft in the
treetops,

My Father has talked to me;
But I never heard Him clearer
Than I did at my mother's knee.

The things in my life that are worthy
Were born in my mother's breast;
And breathed into mine by the magic
Of the love her life expressed.

The years that have brought me to
manhood,

Have taken her far from me;
But memory keeps me from straying
Too far from my mother's knee.

God, make me the man of her vision,
And purge me of selfishness!



God, keep me true to her standards,
And help me to live to bless!
God, hallow the holy impress
Of that day that used to be,
And keep me a pilgrim forever
To the shrine at my mother's knee!

— John H. Styles, Jr.

My Mother's Song

Sing me the song my mother sang
In accents sweet and low . . .
That dear old song she sang to me
In childhood long ago.
Methinks I hear her voice again
And see her smiling face,
As when we sang that sweet refrain
Of God's "Amazing Grace."

Oh, sing it as she sang that day,
So tender and so sweet,
When, penitent, I knelt to pray
Before the Mercy Seat.
It seemed a song from angel tongue,
My broken heart to bless,
When Mother sang that dear old song
Of God's "Amazing Grace."

Sing me that dear old song again —
It brings me sweet relief;
Twas Mother's song in joy or pain . . .
Her balm for ev'ry grief!
In vale or on the mountain steep,
She sang her song of praise . . .
"The Lord my soul will safely keep
Through His Amazing Grace!"

Sing as she sang, with faith so strong,
When called by angel band
To join her song with seraph throng
In heav'n's sweet summer land.
Still singing God's redeeming love,
His glory on her face,
She winged her way to realms above,
Through God's "Amazing Grace."

— J.E. Ramsey

What name is it
We all revere,
What name so sweet
To mortal ear?
Mother.

Who cared for us
Day after day;
Who was it taught
Our lips to pray?
Mother.

Who talked to us
Of Jesus' love
And trained us for
His courts above?
Mother.

Who watched o'er us
While others slept,
When we were ill,
Her vigil kept?
Mother.

Who was it soothed
Our childish fears,
Comforted, cheered us,
Dried our tears?
Mother.

Who is it that,
Though others fail,
Whose love for us
Will still prevail?
Mother.

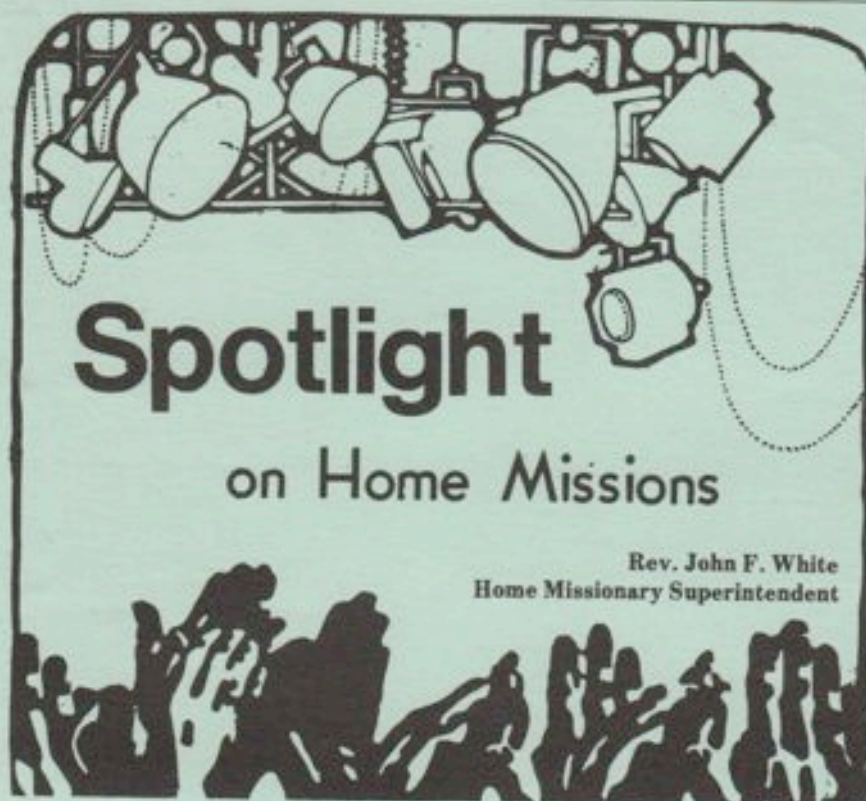
Then shield and cherish
All her days
And give of love
And heartfelt praise
To Mother.

Mother



Give bouquets now
Sweet with perfume
Don't wait to place
Them on the tomb
Of Mother.

by Mrs. Walter E. Richey.



Hitherto Hath The Lord Helped Us

1 Sam. 7:12

With the close of the month of May another conference year comes to an end. This year has brought with it many blessings, tests, trials and disappointments. All we hoped to do has not been accomplished. Plans had to be set aside, goals were not reached; yet with all this some things were done for the Lord. We can say with the scriptures, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." God has never failed us one time. All the failure must be placed on our part.

We want to thank each church, every individual who has prayed and given to the cause of Home Missions. To the faithful members of the Home Missionary Board who have worked

long hours, traveled miles, bore heavy loads without earthly reimbursement, we say "thanks." God has not seen the efforts and closed his eyes to the desires of the hearts of those who faithfully labored in His fields.

Let us give you a few year-end reports on what God has done this past year for home missions. The church at York has been completed in the basement and the school and church moved into this fine building this past conference year. The entire outside of the building is bricked, the area has been landscaped and it is a beautiful picture in a lovely section of the city. The pastor and people have given hours of work to get this done. There have been many times of

spiritual blessing in special meetings as well as the regular services. The pastor has moved within three miles of the church which has been a great help. The attendance has grown slowly and a good average is maintained.

The work in New York among the Indians with the Hoskins has gone on. Revivals here have cleared up many problems. The church and school moves steadily on. This has been a year of rebirth to this work under the leadership of a good pastor and wife. This church holds several revivals and a tent meeting each year to reach the lost among them. Sister Hoskins works hard with the children in the church and the school. This work has gone on in spite of some of the coldest winter weather to be experienced.

The work at Fairborn, Ohio is still progressing. Bro. and Sis. Newton live a very sacrificial life. This young pastor makes many calls to the people. His good wife works with the children all the time. The attendance has increased as God has helped. Bro. Paul Miller preached a good revival in this church this past year. Many improvements to the property and parsonage have taken place. The Newtons have lived on meager funds, never complained or quit. God has helped them in a great way.

The work at Roaring Springs has progressed under the good pastor and wife there. The work in Ekin, Indiana has been cared for by a hard working pastor and wife. A jail ministry has been started by Bro. Glover and has brought results. He is doing all this while going to Bible School and preparing for his ministry. The Florida district has seen a new church at Orange City. A good camp was held there. Bro. Hays at Seffner has continued to move on with a Christian day school now a part of that ministry. The work at Rebersburg, under a good young pastor, Bro. Musser and wife, has held services continually, keeping the doors open and spreading the light.

Some of our churches have caught a vision and supported the home missionary work as never before. The Home Missionary Board has met regularly and much work has been done to lay foundations for the next conference year if Jesus tarries. Pray much as we move ahead. We look back and say God has helped us. To Him be all the glory. A special thanks to the church paper editor, Bro. Fuller who has done a splendid job on a good paper, which is an arm of Home Missions. We need your prayers and support. God bless you all!



WHAT SORT OF CHILD..... (Continued from Page 3)

child of ten, or even three! (See Prov. 19:18, 23:13-14, 29:15-17; 1 Sam. 3:13).

What are some qualities of childlike Christians? It seems to me that Jesus used the little child to emphasize the following points:

1. The exemplary little child, who honestly accepts the reality of his dependence upon his parents, is freed from the false concepts of manipulating them and is enabled to trust them. Likewise it is only when we completely accept God's rule in our life that we are enabled to fully trust Him.

2. The submissive child, brought to be so by the wise and loving insistence of his parents (Prov. 13:24), lives a life of carefree joy and happiness. He does not bear the stress of running his universe, but trusts his parents to do this. So we, when we concentrate on doing God's will, can rejoice as we cast our burdens upon the Lord.

3. The obedient child is truly humble because he accepts his place. And so

are we when we do not arrogate to ourselves the appointments which are the Lord's to make.

4. The cooperative child accepts changes which the parents see are required for his good. He is moldable. To ask "why" is a request for instruction. In like manner we may ask God "why" when change occurs if we do not resent it as an intrusion upon our rights.

5. The loving child forgets wrongs easily because his spirit is right. He forgives readily. He does not carry a grudge, and his actions are not malicious. He accepts and gives love freely. So should we have a simple love both for God and man.

6. Finally, the instructed child is free from cultivated sins; and so must we be if we are to keep a tender consciousness of the sweet monitions of God.

In Jesus' day and culture it was the norm of children to be like that. It is our responsibility to see that those entrusted to us receive the same advantages as they. It is also our responsibility to show those childlike

qualities ourselves in our relationship with our Heavenly Father and His family.

The psalmist has well expressed this point of view: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely, I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child" (Ps. 131:1-3).

—Reprinted from
The Wesleyan Advocate

THREE THINGS—

Three things to GOVERN: temper—tongue—conduct.

Three things to COMMEND: thrift—industry—promptness.

Three things to DESPISE: cruelty—arrogance—ingratitude.

Three things to WISH FOR: health—friends—contentment.

Three things to ADMIRE: dignity—gracefulness—intelligence.

Three things to GIVE: alms to the needy—comfort to the sad—appreciation to the worthy.

—Selected

MOTHER'S DAY..... (Continued from Page 1)

discern between a woman praying or being under the influence of strong drink and also at a time when the work of the church was carried on by those who know not God. I Samuel 2:12; "Now the sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord."

The way to purging the nation and church of its vice, sin, and corruption was long and hard. However, it all came about because of a praying mother and one who would not take "no" for an answer.

Of the many mothers in modern history, Mrs. Susanna Wesley and Mrs. Catherine Booth have been selected as spiritual queens for their piety and saintly living.

No where do we read where they ever received a medal for being the best dressed women or the outstanding figures in social activities.

Mrs. Wesley was the mother of Charles and John Wesley, those princes of christian song and theology. She taught her own family and her spiritual life and example have placed her high in God's hall of fame for all eternity.

Ever since the fall, the state of womanhood in the world has been an accurate index of the condition of mankind. When she degrades herself she degrades man also.

When she rises in morals, man rises

with her. When she advances in ideals, man follows.

In recent years the woman has become the object that attracts the most attention in advertising. The beer and tobacco companies capitalized on this type of advertisement, as they are aware of the fact, the nuder the picture the greater the attraction.

Practices such as this were never participated in by our early mothers as they were models of self-respect and set an example for their children.

It has been said, "Daughter like mother, son like father."

God's will for the woman was to be a helpmate for her husband. At no time did God intend for woman to be masculine in their appearance, exercising authority over man.

She was to be a blessing, not a curse. She was to be the queen of the home, one to whom the family looked up to with respect and love.

An ideal mother lives for her husband. His call is her call, his concern becomes her concern.

Where this spirit prevails and abounds, there will be a happy home and a togetherness that will not be soon shaken or uprooted.

Since no country or nation rises higher than its mothers, let us join in and pray for a revival wherein biblical motherhood will be restored. Only then can the youth of our society join in the song: "Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me."

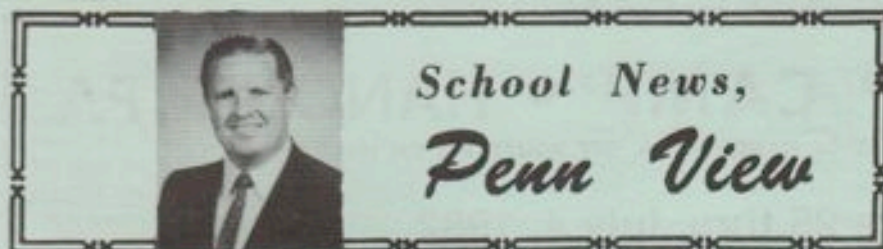
MISSIONARY MESSAGE..... (Continued from Page 6)

there was no escape. Jocelyn's mother had died with T.B. too. They fear so! The enemy of their soul is unrelenting, even in sorrow coming to destroy minds and hearts! But I pled with her to keep her trust in the Saviour and not to be afraid, giving her Psa. 56:3 and praying with her for a long while. Chantal has walked with the Lord for a long time and knows what it is to lean on His Word but she was so upset about her sister dying. After much prayer she went home to sleep.

After x-rays that showed that Chantal does not have T.B. we are thanking Him and praying that she never will have the disease. T.B. is one of Haiti's most hated diseases and it takes hundreds and hundreds into eternity. We see them at the sanatorium and in the country where they cannot be hospitalized. They are so hopeless and discouraged. We treat them at the clinic when they do not come late for treatment and we seek to help them find the Lord. Would you please pray for them.

Jocelyn did not live to walk with Jesus for very long but we were thankful to be here when she wanted to pray. Now she walks with the Saviour where no sickness shall ever enter, Hallelujah!

your servant for Jesus sake.
Bonnie Cleaver



From the desk of Rev. Kenneth E. Walter --
President

God Answers Prayer

Revival fires are burning on the campus of Penn View Bible Institute. I am not talking about an emotional ecstasy that has been worked up by singing nor by oratorical persuasion. We have witnessed a moving of the Spirit in Holy Ghost conviction which has come about as a result of prayer and obedience to God.

For the past two years, our pastor has been preaching and pleading for an old-fashioned revival. He has been meeting with some of the brethren in the chapel for a prayer meeting at 6:00 o'clock in the morning every Sunday on behalf of a revival.

Ever since the day of fasting and prayer of which we wrote in the March issue, there has seemed to be a "rustling of the leaves in the mulberry trees."

Students and staff have taken the initiative in having prayer meetings at various times of the day and night. Even before the scheduled Indoor Camp began, students were praying through in the dorm and in our regular services. The last two Sunday night services before camp, the Holy Spirit moved upon hearts and without any preaching or pleading, souls began to seek the Lord. There was evidence of a genuine going down before the Lord as confessions and restitutions were made to one another.

During the camp, we requested the teachers to go very light on homework and allow as much time as possible for prayer. Two thirds of the institute classes were cancelled and a time of a special prayer was set aside before the morning service. The freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors each met with one of their instructors to pray especially for several students in our high school or elementary department who needed spiritual help.

Each service was marked with the presence of God and our evangelist was used of God to dig around our roots with the gospel plow. The atten-

dance was exceptionally good and there were some seekers but some of us were deeply concerned by Thursday night because we had not seen a real good break and there was only one chapel service left for all our students to attend.

Friday morning, as I got out of my car to enter our school building, I heard an unusual volume of prayer. It sounded like it was coming from the chapel but I knew it wasn't time for service. As I entered the building, I quickly learned that the Holy Ghost was at work and high school students had expressed a desire to pray in the first class period.

I hastened to the chapel to find students and staff virtually everywhere. Some were praying, some were weeping, some were shouting, while others were just standing in awe at the presence of God. I couldn't help but weep as I entered that atmosphere charged with the presence of God.

The pastor and the camp workers arrived at the regular chapel time and discovered they were late. There was no formal opening of the service and no congregational singing. More people gathered in and the tide continued to rise. The Holy Ghost had complete charge as waves of glory swept over the chapel and conviction settled upon those who were in need of spiritual help.

Those who were praying would rise up and go to someone to make an apology or ask forgiveness and return to the altar. As some prayed through to victory, others would break down under conviction and go to the altar. At one point they were lined up seeking God halfway back the middle aisle.

As a result of such seeking for God's mercy, His transforming power has made a radical change in several lives which in turn has wrought a radical change in the classroom as well as the overall atmosphere of our school.

At this writing, the spirit of revival is still at work. Some are still writing letters of apology and asking forgiveness of long-standing offenses. One student is making at least \$750.00 worth of restitutions for damages to public school property and other private property. How we praise God for His faithfulness in giving them courage to face the consequences as He gives them grace to straighten out the crooked past.

This is truly evidence of real revival, but we are not fully satisfied. There is much more to be done to fulfill our desire to have an old-fashioned conservative school with each student on fire for God and a burning zeal to reach the lost upon their heart.

We covet your daily prayers for Penn View. Please pray especially that all our students will become established in the grace of God.



Calendar Of Events At Penn View Bible Institute

Graduate's Service — May 28, 1982 - 7:30 p.m.

Spring Music Concert — May 29, 1982 - 7:30 p.m.

Baccalaureate Service — May 30, 1982 - 2:30 p.m.

Commencement — May 31, 1982 - 10:00 a.m.

All services will be held in the tabernacle.

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June 25 thru July 4, 1982

SCHEDULE BOTH CAMPS

7:00 A.M. Rising Bell
7:30 A.M. Prayer
8:00 A.M. Breakfast
*10:30 A.M. Worship
12:00 Noon Dinner
2:30 P.M. Children's Service
2:30 P.M. Bible Study
5:00 P.M. Supper
6:00 P.M. Prayer
6:45 P.M. Youth Service
** 7:30 P.M. Evangelistic Service
11:00 P.M. Lights Out

*On Sunday Worship at 10:30 A.M. &
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.

**First Service of First Friday

PERSONNEL FIRST CAMP

Evangelist

Raymond Shreve

Evangelist

Paul Pierpoint

Singers & Children Workers

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Holiness Camp**

INFORMATION

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- Many Cottages & Several Trailer hook-ups
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\$20.00 a Camp \$30.00 a Season
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Mount of Blessing Camp

June 25 thru July 4, 1982

Evangelist

Rev. Amos Tillis

Evangelist

Rev. Ricky Rose

Song Evangelist

Paul and Nancy Gray

Children's and Youth Worker

Nadine Fetterman

Special Services

Foreign Missions

June 27 — 2:30 P.M.

Home Missions

July 3 — 10:30 A.M.

Penn View Bible Institute

July 4 — 2:30 P.M.

Opening Service — June 25 — 7:30 P.M.

Schedule Of Service

Rising Bell.....	7:00 a.m.	Children's Service.....	1:30 p.m.
Prayer.....	7:30 a.m.	Afternoon Service.....	2:30 p.m.
Breakfast.....	8:00 a.m.	Supper.....	5:00 p.m.
Morning Service.....	10:30 a.m.	Youth Service.....	6:30 p.m.
Noon Meal.....	12:00 p.m.	Evening Service.....	7:30 p.m.

Please bring bedding, Kerosene Heater if Desired - Camper Space Available
For Information contact: Rev. Paul F. Miller

All correspondence should be mailed to: Secretary Rev. Timothy L. Cooley, 164 Penn St., Millheim, Pa. 16854

Meals and rooms are on the free will offering plan.
Come ... Plan ... Pray For A Great Camp!

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