



GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

Official Publication of God's Missionary Church, Inc.
Penns Creek, Pa.

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

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The Day of Resurrection



*The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.*

*From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.*

*Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light.*

*And list'ning to His accents,
May here, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.*

*Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
Let the earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph
And all that is therein:*

*Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen . . .
Our joy that hath no end.*

—John of Damascus (ca. 675-749).

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GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

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our aim to uphold the teaching of the infallible Word of
God.

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no later than the fifteenth of each month, so as to be eligi-
ble for publication in the following month's edition.

DISCOVERY!!!

There is something exciting about making a discovery. Children will excitedly cry "Look what I have found" as their probing fingers uncover some besmudged trinket or treasure from their excavation in the backyard. Grownups are no less thrilled at the unearthing of some momentous truth for which they had been faithfully searching.

Christians have a perfect right to attract the attention of all who will heed and hear and shout, "Look what I have found!" More correctly it should be "Look Who I've found!" We should feel anew at this Easter Season the thrill of those disciples who many years made a thrilling, life-changing discovery regarding the Risen Lord.

Notice the language of these verses: "And they FOUND the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and FOUND not the body of the Lord Jesus...And when they FOUND not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and FOUND it even as the women had said..." Luke 24:2, 3, 23, 24.

The Romans had done their best to secure the tomb against any possibility of entrance or escape by placing a huge stone over the entrance and setting a guard. While the grieving women approached the tomb their question was "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door...?" What a thrilling discovery was theirs! The stone was gone, the Roman seal was broken and their pathway was cleared. As one has said, "Instead of a difficulty they FOUND a door!"

It may be in our lives that there is an unmoveable object, a nagging doubt, a harassing problem. We, like those women years ago, can make the thrilling discovery that "His grace is sufficient." Though we now see through a glass darkly, in the glory of that new dawn we shall see face to face, and understand "the reason why."

As those early morning visitors entered the tomb seeking for the body of Jesus, the angels gently rebuked by asking "Why seek ye Him that liveth among the dead?" They were reminded of His promise that indeed on "the third day (he would) rise again." What a discovery — the tomb is empty. His promise is verified! He's alive! Death hath been conquered at last!

The resurrection is one of best attested facts of our Christian faith. To believing hearts there is blessed assurance that as He fulfilled His promise regarding His resurrection there is the confidence that He will fulfill all of His good Word and Will in our lives.

DLF

REVIVAL SERVICES

Rex & Debbie Keaton

APRIL 25 — MAY 3, 1987

God's Missionary Church
Sunbury, PA

PASTOR: ANDREW COOLEY

Leonard Sankey



LOOK TO JESUS

There was just enough chill in the air to make the early spring warmth of the sun feel very comfortable. I had already spent a couple of hours on the little garden tractor rolling back and forth across the lawn cutting the new growth of grass.

One of the secretaries heard the roar of the motor and came running out of the office building near where I was cutting and waved me to a halt. "There is a bird's nest with six eggs out there where you are going to cut," she yelled. "Be careful not to run over it."

We walked out into the tall grass and all of a sudden there was an excited trill and flailing of wings. Suddenly a killdeer scooted off to the side. Her cries were insistent and loud. When she saw we were not to be deterred, she began the famous killdeer act . . . holding her wing like she was wounded and all the while uttering pitiful cries. She did everything she could to draw us and our attention away from the nest and to herself.

So perfectly did the nest and eggs blend into the grass and ground that we were practically stepping on them before we saw them. There they were, six spotted eggs lying on the ground, surrounded by dried leaves. We stood momentarily and pondered the reason why the bird would build its nest in such a vulnerable spot. We wondered at the mother's devotion to the yet unhatched eggs.

After marking the place well, I continued on around the lot with the trac-

tor and mower, little by little working my way toward the nest. I couldn't help but think of the killdeer from the previous year that had literally flown at me while I was mowing, shrilling her anger at my intrusion into the area of her nest. Or the bird in another year that had run back and forth in the area of her eggs seemingly to advise me of its presence.

As the tractor mowed up the grade toward the nesting bird, she stood up to discern the nature of the oncoming threat. Even above the engine noise and the whirring of the blades, I could hear her defiant chirp. Now, instead of running off to the side as she did when we approached on foot, she drew herself up, puffed out her wings, drew a beady eye on the machine and stood there, refusing to move. Five or six times I drew the roaring tractor up to the site of the nest and each time she bristled and chirred, but wouldn't move. I finally decided that there was one strip of grass that wasn't going to be cut that day so I went around her in a circle, allowing her to dwell in safety.

As I rode away to complete my work I thought about how many times Satan has drawn his heavy machinery up to where the saint is resting in the center of God's will. His engines have roared and perhaps more than one of us have been tempted to run to escape. Or sometimes he pulls up outside the Divine defense perimeter with his tanks and artillery and we begin to shiver our way into our

spiritual bunker. He shifts, disguises and shows up as a seemingly invincible lion, slaving as he looks us over thinking to make us his next meal. On other occasions he fain would blow a tempest at us, hooting and threatening to sweep us out from our Father's care.

But thank God! Every saint that has stayed put in the center of God's will for his life has found that...

*"Though tempests may blow
and the stormclouds arise,
Obscuring the brightness of life,
I'm never alarmed at the overcast
sky.
The Master looks on at the strife."*

We have found that the lion is on a chain which allows him to go just so far. When satanic gunfire erupts, we know that we are safe as long as we are wearing the "whole armor of God." And even when Lucifer and all his hosts come against us like a flood, we have seen time and time again that the Spirit of the Lord has raised up a standard against him.

If you find yourself pursued by Satan as by a hungry wild animal, or if you are in the battle and it looks like the enemy is taking the field, look away to Jesus! He will take you through. God will never abandon you to the onslaughts of hell as long as you walk in the light. Take new courage! God has never failed yet and He won't fail now!

The killdeer still shelters her eggs and the grass around the nest grows tall. She is safe. I thank God that He has thrown infallible defenses around us. We can dwell safely. There is no need to fear men or devils while we rest in His omnipotent care.

Promoted To Glory

Brother William Rosenberry was promoted to glory on Monday morning, December 8, 1986 at 4:00 a.m.

He had been asleep until 3:30 a.m. when he awoke suddenly and called to his wife, Anna, gasping for breath, "Please help me, I can't breathe." He suffered intensely for about one half hour. The rescue squad was called. Minutes before his passing he stretched his arms heavenward looking up. His eyes widened and brightened, a surprised, delighted look crossed his face. One more gasp and he was gone. Brother Rosenberry was translated from earth to glory.

A large crowd attended the viewing and funeral, December 10 and 11. The greater part of those who passed by the casket had been profoundly influenced by his life.

Preachers from each of the three Calvary Holiness churches participated in the funeral service along with several others. Tributes characterized his life as one of fragrance and beauty, his character as a saint, a soldier and a servant. He was a humble man who lived what he preached, never compromising on the convictions that God gave him. He was no respecter of persons. "LOVE" was the motto of his life. Two of Brother Rosenberry's favorite songs, "I Saw The Cross of Jesus" and "My Jesus As Thou Wilt", were sung by the congregation that attended the service. His brother, John, preached on the text: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."

A God-consciousness pervaded the atmosphere around him, whether he walked into a hospital room in clerical garb, or down the block where he lived, in work clothes. A neighbor said, "What will we do without him? A hardened sinner with whom Brother Rosenberry had dealt faithfully and lovingly said, 'I had a lot of respect for that man.'"

Nearly five years ago, the doctors had diagnosed "cancer" and had given eleven months as the maximum time he could live. But God touched him and lengthened his days. Since this past February, he had suffered increasingly. He had not preached since August and was not able to attend church services for the past eight weeks.

Brother Rosenberry had often spoke of wishing for a vision of Jesus or, at least, of angels. From the look on his face, the morning of his death, his desire was granted. It is without a doubt that Brother Rosenberry is now

rejoicing in the presence of Jesus with a body free from pain and suffering.

Farewell, Brother Rosenberry, we will meet in heaven. Your life has been an inspiration and encouragement for all of us.

Sumner C. Musser

Funeral services were conducted in the Milledgeville God's Missionary Church, November 4th, at 10:00, for Sumner C. Musser. Brother Musser was born July 12, 1923, the son of the late Sumner C. Musser and Mae M. (Wingard) Musser. He went to be with the Lord, October 19, 1986, his age being 63 years, 3 months, and 17 days.

He was married April 16, 1951 to Sara M. McClellan and to this union were born two daughters, Mrs. Trudy Grove, Spring Mills, Pa., Mrs. Janice M. Lane, Jasper, Alabama and one son, Jonathan, of Long View Trailer Park, Spring Mills, Pa., all who survive.

He is also survived by three sisters: Mrs. Betty F. Grenoble of Pine Grove Mills, Pa., Mrs. Ethel M. Auman, Spring Mills, and Mrs. Mary M. Kessinger, Spring Mills. One brother survives, Lester R. Musser of Phenix City, Alabama. Seven grandchildren also survive.

Bro. Musser attended Intercession City Bible School, Intercession City, Florida in 1947 and 1948. He was a member of God's Missionary Church since his conversion and was attending the Rebersburg God's Missionary Church at the time of his death. He was employed by the Penn Nurseries of Spring Mills until 1976 when he retired due to failing health.

Rev. and Mrs. Stephen Hicks sang several numbers at the service and the congregation joined in singing, "The Comforter Has Come", a song that was his favorite. They sang as Bro. Musser would have sung it, with enthusiasm and meaning.

The Rev. Ronald Neese, Pastor of the Rebersburg God's Missionary Church, assisted in the services by reading some scriptures and prayer, both helping to heal the hurt that was so keenly felt at this time.

Rev. Clifford Sarver, who very recently became the pastor of the Milledgeville God's Missionary Church, spoke briefly of their new relationship as brothers in Christ. He was appreciative of the times of spiritual

blessings as they prayed and he presented many scriptures of comfort and help. He appreciated the family, who had been also inspired by Bro. Sarver's cheerful spirit and positive attitude. He expressed a great hope of meeting again in a better world.

Rev. Paul Miller, a former pastor, who had also administered to Bro. Musser and the family in their hours of distress and his time of passing through the valley, officiated at the funeral. It was a sad time, but in a glorious way, for Bro. Musser was faithful in God's service and God was faithful at his passing.

Interment was in the Millheim Cemetery, where a number of Scriptures were read. The committal pronounced, and Rev. & Mrs. Hicks led the people in singing "The Eastern Gate". He waits the resurrection of the dead, when we shall be joined together again, "Praise the Lord!"

The following was written recently by Rev. Paul Miller, expressing his feelings since Bro. Musser's departure. It is written in Memory of Him and in honor to the family, May God bless them as they read this poem.

He is gone, but not forgotten,
Though the days seem sometimes long,
Yet, his memory still is with us,
Seems we hear his cheerful "songs"

He was always bright and pleasant,
Never sang of melancholy blues,
But of Jesus' love and heaven,
Of the Bible, God's good news.

How I miss his pleasant smile,
Seems I never saw him frown;
Even when his pain, his sickness,
And Satan tried to get him down.

Yes, I still miss that pleasant smile,
And his hearty "Praise the Lord",
For he loved to "sit awhile",
And to talk about God's Word.

All the "Golden Bells were Ringing"*
At his spirit's welcome home,
And at heaven's, with his singing,
While he waits for us to come.

*Words in quotation marks refer to a

(Continued on Page 5)

Do You Walk With God?...

By Samuel L. Brengle

"And all the days of Enoch were there hundred sixty and five years; and he was not; for God took him" Genesis 5:23, 24.

A most remarkable biography! Nowadays, men write hundreds of pages about their heroes, and do not say as much as that. But there is a good reason. There is not so much as that to say.

Enoch was a mighty man, with a wonderful life, lived under very unfavorable circumstances, and I have profited much by meditating upon his life, and what I think must have been his secret.

We are prone to look upon past ages and distant places as peculiarly favorable to godliness. I remember that years ago I thought if I could go to London and listen to Charles Spurgeon each week, I could be a Christian. In my boyhood I wished that I had lived in the days of Jesus, and heard His wondrous words, and questioned Him about the mysteries of godliness, for then I could certainly have been His true follower. Usually the farther back we go, the more godly seems the age, and the more blessed seem the men.

But really, this is not so, and especially is it not so of Enoch's age and place. The age was most ungodly, and men had very little religious light. The world was fast hastening to that dreadfulness of sin and unbelief which would cause God to sweep away its people by the Deluge and leave but eight persons in it. They had no Bible. They had no law. Men had not yet had a Divine revelation from heaven, telling them that they must worship God, must keep the Sabbath day,

must honor their parents, must not kill, commit adultery, steal, lie, or covet. Try to imagine an age and place with no such teaching as that! Every man a law unto himself, his evil passions and lusts and tempers having no restraint put upon them, and he plunging continually deeper and deeper into sin and corruption!

Then they had no gospel, with Jesus revealed as a loving Savior: they had only one promise of hope and mercy, and that rather vague—the one given to the woman after that awful fall in Eden, the promise of the Seed that sometime would come to bruise the serpent's head. It was a black night, with only one lone dim star shining in the darkness. But Enoch held on to that promise, and in its light and hope he walked with God for three hundred years.

We have a whole Bible, a finished revelation. We have the holy, just good Law of God, showing us what we ought to do and what we ought not to do. We have the Gospel, with its full noonday light showing how to keep the Law, how to get life and power to fulfill the will of God on earth as the angels do it in heaven.

We have Jesus, crucified before our eyes for our sins, dead, buried and raised to glorious life again for our justification, and ascended on high to

the right hand of God, far above all created things and all opposing powers of evil, to intercede for us, to pour out the Holy Ghost upon us in rich measure, to live in us through the Spirit. We have commandments, precepts and thousands of promises.

Instead of a midnight, with one lone, dim star shining fitfully in the darkness, we have a mid-day, with all the splendor of the sun in his strength, together with ten thousand reflected lights, shining upon us; and yet we, in our trembling, pitiable, shameful unbelief, wonder however Enoch could walk with God.

For three hundred years God was his Friend, his Counselor, his Comforter, his constant Companion. Oh, what fellowship was that! What an opportunity to gain wisdom, to build up, round out, and ennoble a man's character! How easy to be good and to do good! How life must have almost burst with fullness of gladness! Walking with God! Talking with God! Communing with God! Having mutual sympathy with God—entering into a union with God as intimate as the union of the bay with the sea; and all this by faith, by simple trust, by childlike confidence. This was Enoch's reward, and it may be yours, my brother, my sister, if you will meet the conditions as Enoch did.

MUSSER

(Continued from Page 4)

song or something that I remember while visiting with Bro. Musser. He loved to sing, but only cheerful, happy songs and while he could no longer play the guitar and mandolin, he loved it when we came with the banjo and joined the family in music and singing, and he seldom discussed anything but spiritual things. It was a pleasure to visit with him.

P.M.

HEAR

The Morley Family Singers And Handbell Choir

APRIL 4, 1987 7:30 P.M.

Albright Brethren Church

Route 867

1 Mile from the Roaring Spring God's Missionary Church

Sponsored by the Roaring Spring God's Missionary Church and the Albright Brethren Church

NOTE: The Morleys will be at the Roaring Spring Church on Sunday morning, April 5th at 9:30 a.m. They will minister at the Alum Bank God's Missionary Church Sunday evening, April 5th at 7:30 p.m.



"THE SPECIAL THORN"

Once upon a time, or to be more exact, about 15 months ago, there was a thorn floating down a river. Away back in the mountains of Haiti there are many, many thorns and very few rivers.

But God had one very special thorn floating in the river that day. And it came in contact with a foot of a peasant mountain woman. Perhaps she had just come from working in her garden on the mountainside and had stopped to cool her feet.

Anyway, as the story goes, I am sure the following days were spent in much misery and pain as she sat in her mud and stick hut and watched her foot swell and rot away.

After many days or weeks with three to four large holes eaten in the bottom and top of her foot she remembered—My child was also sick some years ago, and I took her to the missionaries' clinic. Now she is well. I will go myself.

So, down the little trail out of the mountains, crossing the river three times, came the little donkey carrying the sick woman.

When she arrived at the clinic and I saw the condition of the foot, I immediately told her she would have to go to the hospital as it was too far gone for me to take care of. She argued with me, saying, "It's here that I know to come." But I insisted, "It's too badly infected, and you must go to the hospital."

So they finally carried her out of the clinic, put her on the donkey, and started back up into the mountains. Upon realizing that they were not going to take her immediately to the hospital, I sent my clinic worker after them.

She returned and still insisted, "It is here I know to come." So I said, "all right", and the first thing I did was to have prayer with her. I told God, "I don't know what to do, but You know what to do. Prove Thyself strong and help us."

I went to cleaning up the foot. Soaking 4 x 4 pieces of gauze in antiseptic solution and leaving them inside the large hole. For two to three weeks this treatment went on. And it was

looking much better.

Then it all happened. Our President left and the whole Island was in much trouble, and I was not permitted to return to the clinic. What a disappointment not to be able to give this woman any more medicine!

Then the thought struck me—God isn't limited. I had thought He would heal her foot with the help of medicine. But He has power to perform a miracle, and do it without my help or medicine. And it was there my prayers and faith took hold.

It was probably some two months before I saw that woman again. And when I saw her, she wasn't carried in-

to the clinic—she was walking! Praise God. He did answer and prove Himself strong in our behalf without medicine! The foot only bears the deep scar marks to remind us what our God can still do.

The best part of the story is to come. I kept telling the woman she owed the rest of her life to Jesus for saving her life and healing her foot. At first she would just smile, and I am sure she was thankful in her own heathen way. But one day, not too long ago, she took it serious and, kneeling before the altar, opened up her heart and life to Jesus.

She now walks that long distance each Sunday morning coming to church. Several times she has brought one of her seven children with her.

Pray with me that she will be able to influence her whole family for Jesus. And when she stands before God on the Judgment Day, both she and I will thank Him for sending that "special little thorn".

*Yours of Haiti,
Beverly Wing*

GOOD FRIDAY SERVICES

APRIL 17, 1987
2:00 P.M.

Message By: Rev. Arthur Page
Special Singing By: Singing Pages

EVERYONE WELCOME

Bermudian God's Missionary Church
Bermudian, PA

35TH Annual Inter-Church Holiness Convention

APRIL 21, 22, 23, 1987

Convention Center

Dayton, Ohio

THEME: "The More Excellent Way"

Come and help us celebrate 35 years of spreading scriptural holiness

H. E. Schmul, General Secretary

For information call: (216) 222-2061 or (812) 275-7820

For The Boys and Girls

He Answered Nothing

"Jimmie Burns! Jimmie Burns!" The children on the school ground turned to look. Someone ran, and some shouted "Jimmie Burns" without knowing why.

The principal, Mr. Work, came out from the building and asked the children, "What has happened?"

He looked over the group, but only one seemed to have an answer; that was Jason Young.

"Oh!" he shouted. "Jimmie Burns threw a stone and broke a window; I saw him."

Everybody kept still and looked at Jason. They noticed that Ted Brown, his particular friend, was standing very near to him.

Mr. Work asked, "Who saw him throw it?"

"I did," said Ted.

Mr. Work looked at Jimmie, and then, instead of questioning him as they all expected, he turned and went into the schoolhouse. The classes went on as usual for the rest of the day, and it was almost time for dismissal when the subject of the broken window was taken up again.

As soon as the questioning had begun, Mr. Work learned that a number of the pupils were needed in a business meeting, so he dismissed all except Jimmie. When all had gone, he asked kindly,

"Jimmie, did you throw the stone?"

Jimmie looked straight into the teacher's eyes, but did not reply.

Again he spoke, "Jimmie, do you know what that glass will cost?"

"Yes, sir; two dollars," he said, and almost choked.

"Can you bring two dollars in the morning?"

"Yes, I can," replied Jimmie.

"Very well, you are dismissed."

Jimmie did not eat any supper that evening. He did his evening work as quickly as possible, and went to his room. He knelt beside his bed, and prayed and wept for a long time; then he arose, washed his face and hands and opened his Bible to read before going to bed. His eyes fell upon Psalm 124: "If it had not been for the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us...blessed be the Lord who hath not given us as a prey to

their teeth."

He read it again, and whispered, "Can it be that the Lord is on my side?" He knelt and prayed again, that in some manner, the Lord would have His way in the manner. His faith was not very strong. Of course, he believed God, but he had not yet learned to keep from looking at appearances, but to keep his eyes on Jesus.

In the morning, he went to Mr. Work the first thing, and gave him the two precious dollars. Mr. Work smiled, but Jimmie could not smile.

After all were seated at their desks and a number of pupils were called in from other rooms, Mr. Work stood before them and began to ask questions. First, he said:

"All who saw Jimmie Burns throw a stone against the window, raise your hand."

Jason Young and Ted Brown raised their hands high. A few others raised theirs very timidly.

Mr. Work smiled. "Very well," he said. "Now all who saw Jason Young throw the stone, raise your hand."

"Oh! oh!" said pupils in every part of the room. Slowly and timidly, Anna May raised her hand. Soon another hand went up, then another until there were several.

Then Jason Young almost shouted, "I didn't do it! I didn't do it!"

There were some excitement in the room, and very quickly Mr. Work stepped out in front of Harry Smith, and asked:

"Harry, how much did Jason pay you to say that Jimmie did it?"

Harry was too started to think, so he answered quickly, "Twenty-five cents."

The room had suddenly grown very quiet, and as Mr. Work stood again before the class, he said very calmly:

"Jason, you will please bring me two dollars to pay for the window tomorrow."

It took several minutes to get the usual quietness in the schoolroom, but as soon as all were quiet and busy, the teacher asked Jimmie: "May I see you in the office a moment?"

Jimmie reported at once; and when he was comfortably seated, Mr. Work asked:

"Jimmie, why didn't you tell me that you didn't do it?"

Jimmie hesitated, then he said, "It's a secret."

"Couldn't you tell me? We are here alone. I'd like so much to know. You are a brave boy."

"Oh, no, I'm not—I'm a coward."

"Well, tell me, anyway," pleaded Mr. Work.

"Well, you see," said Jimmie, "I'm trying so hard to do as Jesus did, and He answered not a word when they accused Him."

Thus having started, Jimmie felt encouraged to go on: "It's easy to say, 'I didn't do it.' See how easily Jason said it; but it's hard to keep still as Jesus did. I like to do hard things—they make one grow strong."

Mr. Work needed to wipe the tears from his eyes just then, but he smiled at Jimmie as he handed back his two dollars, and asked:

"Did your father give you the money?"

"Oh, no, sir, it was mine. I've been saving it for a long time."

"What are you saving it for, Jimmie?"

"For the missionaries. You know, the Christian missionaries go out among the black people in Africa, and it's hard to teach people who have never heard of Jesus — and I wanted to help all I could, and I wanted to keep that money for them —" and here Jimmie's self-consciousness came back, and he began to sob.

"Jimmie, you are a grand boy," said the teacher, "one of the finest I ever met. Here are two more dollars to help the black people. After this, I will tithe more carefully, to help send the Gospel to those who have never heard about Jesus. Now, you had better take this money home before something happens to it."

When Mr. Work went back to the classroom, it was about assembly time. He told the school how Jimmie Burns was trying to live like Jesus, and there were many tearful eyes as he told it.

Jimmie always believed that the Lord was on his side.

BEHOLD THE SUNRISE!

Mrs. Charles E. Cowman

"They came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun" (Mark 16:2) — this little group of His devoted followers who had trudged along with the jeering, taunting mob up the steep hill to the place called Calvary. Just a few hours before, they had seen His enemies nail His precious body to an old wooden cross, and He had been left there to die on the hill, lone and gray, outside the city wall of old Jerusalem. How bleeding and broken were their hearts! How crushed, their spirits! Suddenly, all of their lights had gone out and their future hopes had been as it were, snapped in twain. When hope is gone — the last hope — desperate despair invariably follows.

Had He not told them that He would rise again? Had He not said to Mary and Martha, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life"? And had He not raised Lazarus after he had been dead four days? How easily His precious words are forgotten when we are plunged into a night of thick darkness, an hour of naked faith, and we cannot see our Father's hand or discern His presence! We fail to remember that "In the pitch-black night when there's no outer light, it is the time for faith to shine."

God had planned for them a glorious revelation of Himself: a revelation so glowing that the deepest and blackest background was necessary to contrast its brilliance; and He had also planned the time of revelation. God did not forget, but its fulfillment could not be hurried. He would not allow them to miss it, for He understood their hearts. Thanks be to God for His power of prevention! The grasp of His own right hand! He would not permit the arch-enemy, whom He had just conquered on Calvary's hill, to snatch from His own the great blessing He had planned for them from all eternity! His love for them! How deep, how strong, loving them to the end! Measureless love!

They came at the rising of the sun. What a glory-light shines around that little word "at"! How lonely and long must have been their hours after the

crucifixion! Some days can seem to be never ending and some nights like an eternity in length, but no night ever lasts too long, lest the spirit of man would fail. There is always an "after" — God's gracious "after" — an hour "when purple morning breaketh, when the bird waketh, and the shadows flee!" They came in that lovely, still hour when the morning star fades and the first faint pale-pink shades of dawn sweep across the eastern sky. There is something soothing, quieting, to the overwrought nerves and restless hearts in the dewy freshness of the morn when the world awakens from its slumber and "the black-bat night has flown."

What wondrous surprises awaited these weary-hearted, bewildered followers! They were greeted by angels! They heard them make the announcement, and it was made exclusively to them: "He is not here; for he is risen, as he said!" What rest it brought to them! It whispered peace! Sweet peace! Their bitter night of weeping now ended in a morning of joy! "Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss." Oh, the gladness, the shouts of triumph on that first Easter morn! The morningtime of all the ages! Christ's triumph over Satan! It reaches down the ages and reaches our own hearts at this very hour. We triumph in His resurrection victory! Forever is Satan a defeated foe!

What does the Easter message speak to us in this year? Is the world not held in the grip of a darkness as deep as that which held His first little group? Have we hoped for peace and are faced only with chaos? Are we confronted with hopeless conditions, and are we not ready to faint as we behold the destruction all over the world — the beautiful world that God so loved that He spared not His own beloved Son, but gave Him to redeem? Does not the earth look like one vast sepulcher, with its many, many newly-made graves, its cities laid waste and their streets filled with debris and millions of homes buried

beneath the ashes? We ask, "Is not this our Father's world?" What are we to expect? Watchman, what of the night?

To the infallible Word we resort for an answer, as the Scriptures tell us plainly what shall be in the last days, the last generation. To the early followers He said, "I am the Resurrection, and the Life!" To those of this generation, "Behold, He cometh"! The chapters 24 and 25 of Matthew are clear as the noonday sun, and even a child may grasp their truth. Read it, beloved, asking the Holy Spirit to unfold the meaning to you. The signs of His Coming fast multiply. His bow of promise already spans the eastern sky. The Bridegroom prepares to return for His Bride! Oh, it is glorious to be living in this grand hour of final preparation! It fills one's heart with throbs of joy to know of a surety that "His Coming is certain as the dawn!"

What have we to do to be ready for that glorious hour? But one thing: "Occupy until." Complete the unfinished task. Give the Word to every nation, evangelize to a finish, and we shall not be ashamed when we receive the summons to go out to meet Him. This is an hour of hope. Radiant hope! The seeds that have been scattered in springtime, and watered with tears and hearts' blood, are only buried beneath the ashes, and are ready to burst forth into resurrection life. Missions have not come to an abrupt ending. This is the earth's greatest missionary hour! "Go quickly, and tell!" Let us shout to earth's lost millions, "He lives, He lives!" And as we come in this hour "at the rising of the sun," this prophetic hour, we too shall have a revelation of Himself, of the glorified, Risen Christ, such as we have never dreamed to be possible.

Away to the fields, beloved sowers of the precious Seed, for dawn is breaking! Behold the Sunrise!

— The Oriental
Missionary Standard



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

It doesn't seem possible, but here we are getting ready to celebrate another Blessed Easter season! Oh how I thank God for everything that Easter means and represents to the children of God. We are not serving a dead hero, but a Risen Saviour!

Easter is the time for special offering of the Home Missionary Department. Last year our project was for well work and repairs at the church of Steamburg. We set a goal of \$3000.00 for the offering and you responded so well that we went over our goal and \$3900.00 was received. The special offerings have been put to good use, and the needed work has been completed. We would like to say a special thank you for all that you contributed to that project.

This year our project is the net work established in Donna, Texas. Words cannot begin to express the wonderful way that God is helping the church in Donna. Bro. Paul Miller and I recently visited the church and what a wonderful visit it was! We found a thriving, expanding work that is reaching out to the needy souls in that community! We had a tremendous service the night that we were there, with a number of souls seeking the Lord at an altar of prayer following a stirring message delivered by Bro. Miller. God is moving in a special way in the Rio Grande Valley.

Our special project for this year is to purchase the church and trailer that we are renting to hold our services in. The folk that we have rented from have been very kind to us and have given us the first option to purchase the property. The church and mobile home are located on three acres of ground. The purchase price of the property is \$35,000.00. The Home Missionary Board feels that this is a fair price for the property, and arrangements are being made for the purchase. Everything that comes in from the special Easter project will be used to purchase the property. Will you please pray and ask God what He would have you to give? We need a number of large gifts from our dear supporters in order to make this purchase possible. I pray that you will be

obedient to the Spirit and give liberally to this worthy project! Eternity will only reveal the souls that will be won through this thriving work in Donna. Thank you for your help in making this the greatest Easter offering the Home Missionary Department has ever had!!

Following is a current report from our work in Donna. I trust it will bless your heart as it did mine. Remember the Palacios' as they labor for the Lord in Texas!

Greetings in Jesus' Name from the Rio Grande Valley! The Lord is working here on the Texas-Mexican border. Bro. Gonzalo Palacios pastors the Donna God's Missionary Church. His son, Bro. Ignacio Palacios, is co-pastor, and we are all co-laborers in God's vineyard.

We are currently running about 40 in Sunday morning services and Sunday School. Praise the Lord! Besides our other two weekly services at the church, Sis. Cynthia Palacios conducts a children's service on Wednesday afternoons in one of the nearby "colonias" (poor Mexican-American subdivisions, many times characterized by lack of running water and gas). The people from the colonia appreciate the weekly visits by Sis. Cynthia and some are hungering for the things of God. Bro. Gonzalo Palacios has been preaching consistently and under the anointing of the Spirit on Sunday mornings as well as on Thursday nights. Bro. Ignacio Palacios is currently going through a study on scriptural holiness in the adult Sunday School class, and he is also preaching faithfully and anointedly on Sunday evenings. Praise the Lord from whom all blessings flow.

Our pastors and co-pastors are living sacrificially and attempting to lead souls to Christ. Pray for us that

God's Spirit will mightily move and that we may see more souls saved than we already have and that those who seem to be losing ground will awaken to their spiritual condition! Pray for our young people; Some are having fierce battles and a couple of them, a young boy and a young girl, especially need your prayers.

Our pastor is currently praying about and looking into the possibility of starting a "mission" in China, Nuevo Leon, Mexico, about a 2-hour drive from Donna. Awhile back, through former contacts of the Ignacio Palacios family, the pastors went to pray for a man dying of cancer in China. He repented and trusted in Jesus as his Saviour! Praise God! But before he died, he left word with his wife to tell Bro. Gonzalo Palacios that he could have a plot of land on his property to build a church! Praise God, again, for He is moving. But we need prayer and financial support to do any such project. There are many needy souls in poverty-stricken China as well as here in the Rio Grande Valley.

We enjoyed a recent visit with Bros. Miller and McCoy. We had a full church the night they were here! Bro. Miller's simple but stirring message was used of God to convict souls; many went to the altar, and 3 adults testified to salvation! We thank God for His presence, and for the encouraging visit of these brethren.

We are believing God will supply our spiritual and financial needs with your help. God is blessing in the mission work in Donna, Texas, but before we can launch out into other areas of work in God's vineyard we will need your prayer and financial support. May God richly bless you.

In His Service,
Bro. Ignacio Palacios
 and family

Penn View Christian Academy ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT

MAY 14, 1987

7:30 P.M.

George I. Straub Memorial Tabernacle

Featuring:

Don and Shirl Gessner and Eric

The Academy Singers

The Academy Quartet

The Academy Trio

Instrumentalists

Mary Rine

The Fuller Family Singers

Make your plans now to attend this evening of special music featuring present and past Academy students and staff. Pray that God will bless this special effort to "close the gap" financially for Penn View Christian Academy.

P.V.B.I.'s SPRING MUSIC ITINERARY

Date	Time	Church	Pastor	Group
April 8	7:30 p.m.	Dornsife, PA - Indep.	Rev. P. Kirkman	Choir
April 12	9:30 a.m.	Allentown, PA	Rev. P. Spees	Choir
April 12	7:00 p.m.	Bath, PA - Indep.	Rev. B. Jones	Choir
April 15	7:30 p.m.	Milesburg, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. C. Sarver	Choir
April 17	7:30 p.m.	Smithport, PA - A.W.C.	Rev. J. Kunselman	Choir
April 18	7:00 p.m.	Toronto, OH - W.H.C.	Rev. Foster	Choir
April 19	9:30 a.m.	Bremen, OH - Bremen Hol.	Rev. R. Hatfield	Choir
April 19	7:30 p.m.	Lancaster, OH - Lan. Pil.	Rev. C. Elliot	Choir
April 20	7:00 p.m.	Hagerstown, IN - Indep.	Rev. R. Coleman	Choir
April 21-23		I.H.C. Dayton, OH		Choir & Quintet
April 24	7:30 p.m.	Mt. Sterling, OH	Rev. R. Holliday	Choir
April 25	7:30 p.m.	Bluffton, IN - Indep.	Rev. R. Thacker	Choir
April 26	9:30 a.m.	Dayton, OH - W.H.	Rev. Helphenstein	Choir
April 26	7:00 p.m.	To be filled		
May 3	9:30 a.m.	Bellefonte, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. Stephen Hicks	Choir
May 3	7:00 p.m.	Blue Knob, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. D. Hughes	Choir
May 10	9:30 a.m.	Center Union, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. T. Cooley	Choir
May 10	7:00 p.m.	Lebanon, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. B. Arnold	Choir
May 16	7:00 p.m.	Sideling Hill, PA - Indep.	Rev. W. Swope	Choir
May 17	9:30 a.m.	Berkley Springs, WV - Indep.	Rev. W. Swope	Choir
May 17	7:00 p.m.	Hagerstown, MD - C.H.	Rev. J. Brewer	Choir
May 24	9:30 a.m.	Spring Mills, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. C. Marshall	Choir
May 24	7:00 p.m.	Coopersburg, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. D. McCoy	Quintet
May 31	7:00 p.m.	Beavertown, PA - G.M.C.	Rev. J. Bates	Choir



In The PENN VIEW BOOKSTORE!

BIBLES

Cambridge Concord Bible
Was \$45.00, Now \$33.00

Chain Ref. Bible - Wkbk. Ed.
Was \$59.95, Now \$44.95

WEEKLY SPECIALS

(Stop in and see!)

Penn View Pillows
Was \$7.95, Now \$5.95

CLEARANCE ITEMS

Boxed Greeting Cards
35 - 40% Off

Seals
Reduced for quick sale

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School News, Penn View



Dear Standard Family:

As I reflect upon the months of service here at Penn View Bible Institute, I cannot help but praise the God for the ways in which He has blessed the work here at the Institute. Student interest in PVBI remains strong, not only with the presently enrolled students, but with many who are enquiring about making PVBI their place to prepare for ministry in the area God has called them. We thank God for the resources given and how He has helped our staff to manage them wisely.

God has brought many generous supporters to the Institute; these are the people who have provided the financial assistance necessary to keep PVBI education affordable for all qualified students.

Today, students from many areas find it harder than ever to afford the price (even though at a minimum) of a PVBI education. While many of our students do contribute substantially to meet the cost of their education, **they cannot do it alone.**

For this reason, the Institute is committed to doing its part to assure financial aid is available to as many students as possible. **But we need your help** to achieve this goal. You can make a difference in the lives of our students through your contribution at this time to our special Student Aid Fund.

There are students at PVBI who could not attend any Bible School if they could not be on a work program (provided by the Student Aid Fund) to work their way through school. Your help at this crucial time to provide continued help to these students would be most valuable.

It was great, it was super, it was fantastic! These were some of the

comments made by the quintet after returning from the tour of the southland. Praise the Lord for His Wonderful Presence felt in all of the services in Maryland, Florida, Tennessee, and Virginia. God came in many of the services in a very special manner. His anointing was keenly felt as the young people sang out His praises.

During our tour of the southland, we have met many friends of PVBI. Not only have we met many friends who we have known through the years, but acquaintances were made with new folk interested in what God is doing here at PVBI. We returned with the persuasion that there is a great need for PVBI to remain at the task of being Committed to Christian Training. The need is great for pastors, missionaries, Christian School teachers and administrators and other Christian ministries in our contemporary society. Men and women who have the anointing of the Holy Spirit and equipped with the Word of the Lord. May God ever keep PVBI in the "old fashioned" way. We are committed to academic excellence in the context of total devotion and dedicated to the service of the Lord!

Praise the Lord for the gracious outpouring of God's Blessed Holy Spirit upon the revival meeting which closed early March. The last night wave after wave of "Glory" swept over the chapel with souls finding victory and the saints being encouraged. Praise the Lord!!!

This is our "20th" year and one of our "20th Anniversary" goals is to clear the mortgage of our main classroom-office-library building. Would you pray with us that God will help in the reaching of this goal? When we stop and think of the pro-

gress made in these 20 years, we simply say it is the Lord who has had His approval on PVBI from the very first day it was established. Praise the Lord!

There are miracles every day here on our campus. Miracles of financial needs being supplied, miracles of students following the Lord in a more intimate way, miracles of God's saving grace upon those who have not known the Lord! Oh, what praise and adoration we give to the Lord for His divine leadership here at PVBI.

Folk ask, what special needs are there at PVBI? To answer their questions I submit the following:

- * liquidation of mortgage of \$48,820.00
- * up-date of antiquated phone system approx. \$4,000.00
- * driveway repairs approx. \$1,000.00
- * restroom restoration and repairs in girls dorm approx. \$1,500.00
- * balance of carpet in hallway in main building
- * funds for "Winter" electric bills

We do thank the Lord for providing: new carpet for stairs and part of hallway in main building, funds to purchase fuel oil, coal and many other items.

We thank the Lord for our dedicated, spirit-filled faculty and staff! We have the best!

To you, our friends of Christian Education, let me again say, **thanks for your part** in the training of lives for the Vineyard of the Lord. It is challenging what God is doing and we are thrilled with the forward movement here at PVBI. Please pray with us for a mighty moving of God's Spirit.

"It's exciting, we're growing!"

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MISSIONARY CONVENTION

APRIL 27-29, 1987

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