



# 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 Uncrowned Queen



When God would save a world from sin,  
He chose with mothers to begin;  
And, through a virgin-mother birth  
To bring good will to men on earth.

When Christ the way of life would tell,  
A woman listened by a well;  
When He was tired, and needed rest,  
Two women honored Him as guest.  
He caused a maid to walk again,  
And raised a widow's son at Nain.

When Christ was hanging on the Cross,  
A mother's heart most felt the loss;  
Two women were the first to see  
At dawn, the empty sepulchre;  
The resurrected Christ was seen  
At first by Mary Magdalene.

A mother's love will stand by you  
When other friends have proved untrue.  
She'll round your bed her vigil keep  
While other eyes are closed in sleep.  
She'll cleave to you till life shall end,  
And be your dearest, truest friend.

Our mothers steer the Ship of State —  
Tis they who make the nation great.  
Our nation will be bad, or good,  
According to its motherhood;  
And back of all great men is seen  
The image of an Uncrowned Queen.

— Sel.



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## GOD'S MISSIONARY STANDARD

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ble for publication in the following month's edition.

## A Portrait of Mother

My mother went home to heaven over five years ago, but memories of her life and the impact which she had upon my life will ever be with me. She had those qualities of prayerfulness and saintliness that made a tremendous difference in my life. When I was rebelling against the authority of the home and God, and trying to "do my own thing" mother kept praying and remonstrating and truly as another has said, "What I am today, I owe in large part to my mother."

Though she is now with Jesus, the words of the following poem seem to capture much of what I feel yet today as I think of my godly mother.

## A Portrait of Mother

*I would like to find an artist*

*Who could make a painting for me;*

*I'd like a portrait of my mother—*

*I want it so the world can see.*

*Let the face show lines and wrinkles,*

*For I've helped to put them there.*

*Let there be a mellowed softness,*

*And crown the face with silver hair.*

*Brush the pastel colors softly;*

*Give the face an inner glow—*

*There is not another like her,*

*And I want the world to know.*

*Set the face toward the future,*

*Looking toward the coming years;*

*Give the eyes a gentle expression*

*Of patience with her children's tears.*

*I know an artist could not portray*

*Her years of loving sacrifice;*

*I know the books will ne'er be written*

*Containing all her sage advice,*

*But I want her portrait to remind me,*

*After the years have swiftly sped,*

*Of the prayers she offered for me,*

*And the loving things she said.*

*You could not picture as I see her:*

*All that gentle inner grace—*

*How could canvass capture fully*

*The love of God on Mother's face?*

*I would like the world to remember*

*As we each do here today,*

*That the world is so much brighter*

*Because my mother passed this way.*

— Author Unknown.

DLF



## Parable for Mothers



The young mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is the way long?" she asked.

Her Guide said, "Yes. The way is hard, and you will be old before you reach the end of it; but the end will be better than the beginning."

But the young mother was happy, and would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, gathered flowers for them along the way, bathed with them in the clear streams, and the sun shone upon them. Life was good, and the young mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this!"

Then came night, and a storm. The path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold. The mother drew them close, and covered them with her mantle, and the children said, "Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come." And the mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day, for I have taught my children courage."

The morning came, and there was a hill ahead; the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary, but at all times, she said to the children, "A little patience, and we are there." So they climbed, and when they reached the top, they said, "We could not have done it without you, Mother."

Then the mother, when she lay down that night, looked up at the stars and said, "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned fortitude and endurance in the face of hardness."

The next day there came strange clouds which darkened the earth — clouds of war and hate and evil — and the children groped and stumbled; but the mother said, "Look up! Lift your eyes to the Light!" So the children looked, and saw above the clouds an everlasting glory, and it guided them and brought them through the darkness. That night, the mother said, "This is the best day of all, for I have shown my children God."

The days went on, and the weeks, the months, and the years, and the mother grew old, tired, and weary; but her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. When the way was rough, they lifted and carried her. At last, they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road, and golden gates, flung wide.

Then the mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey. Now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for the children can walk alone, and their children after them."

And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

As they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her, they said, "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A mother like ours is more than a memory — she is a living presence."



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# Missionary Message

## TI-FAM (Little Woman)



We prayed. We always pray, bowing our heads and asking Him to take us safely to our destination. Trusting, believing, confident - that our Heavenly Father would watch over us.

There are so many cars, so many people, walking, running, scurrying across the highway, some with heavy loads on their heads, others with sloshing buckets of water teetering on small heads of children. Our car horn works overtime each time we leave the mission yard.

Four of us were in the car. I was driving carefully, always alert but suddenly there she was—running out from behind a parked car! Oh! God, I am going to hit her! The horn screamed, my right foot braked to stop and all of us stared at the frightened creature as she sought to outrun the car. We felt the impact and just knew that she had to be underneath the right front tire.

My thoughts: "it isn't really happening to me because children all over are my dear friends and I would never hurt any of them. Oh! Lord, please don't let her be dead; I have to get out of the car...and see her." A crowd began to gather.

Miss Williams reached her before I did and saw her sitting at the side of the road, starting to get up to her feet. When I walked to her she was standing and I drew her to my heart, seeking to see how badly she was hurt. Blood dripped on my blouse and

skirt. My legs felt weak and began to tremble as I looked and found no deep wounds, but only a cut on her left elbow. And she could move her arm without any trouble. But were there broken bones somewhere else? That we did not know, but one thing **we did know**, God had lifted her up and put her where we found her, so that the car had not passed over her body.

Two men standing among the crowd insisted that they were responsible for the little girl and so they went along with us to the hospital. Sis. Crock held the child close to her and with a hankie over her wounded elbow as we drove back to town and to the nearest hospital which was a Roman Catholic one. When we carefully took her inside the nurse at the desk very rudely told us that there was no doctor available. I did not need her unkindness at that moment as I held Tim Fam close to my side. We left.

On the way to the other hospital I discovered that the horn was not working! So we stopped at the mission that was on the way and Bro. Crock drove the rest of the way. This next hospital was a private Seventh Day Adventist Hospital. A new one, clean and efficient, where they led us to the emergency room. The nurse in charge went immediately to find the doctor. I stood beside the examining table and waited while the two men who had come with me watched me intently,

talking in soft tones to one another. I caught the words saying that they wanted to take me to the police.

Ti Fam (I had found out her name) was very very dirty. Her naturally brown skin was a dusty grey and her disheveled hair was braided in small pigtails, which looked like they had not seen a comb for days. The dress she wore was for someone much older than she and was tied together at the top with a piece of thread. She did not cry and so I talked with her and then as we waited for the doctor I prayed with her. How did I pray? Like this: "Jesus, you have a very special plan for Ti-Fam because today you saved her from death. You love her so and we thank You for being there when we needed You, Oh! so much!"

The doctor came and examined her, so tenderly, so kindly, ("thank you sir"). He ordered two x-rays of her side and arm and said that he thought she would be all right. I had to go pay for the x-rays before they would take them and when the nurse handed me the bill it read \$80! Oh! could it cost that much? Yes, it could and did. But God was there once more and the Director of Nursing came by and saw my alarm. She said, "Wait a minute." She hurried away, in a few minutes she was back with a slip reduced to half the amount. Thank you Lord!

X-rays are taken in a room directly across from the emergency room so we did not have far to go. Ti-Fam never said anything as she was placed for the x-ray. Her filthy dress lay in a heap on the floor and my heart kept praying that there would be no broken bones. But we had to wait. For a long time.

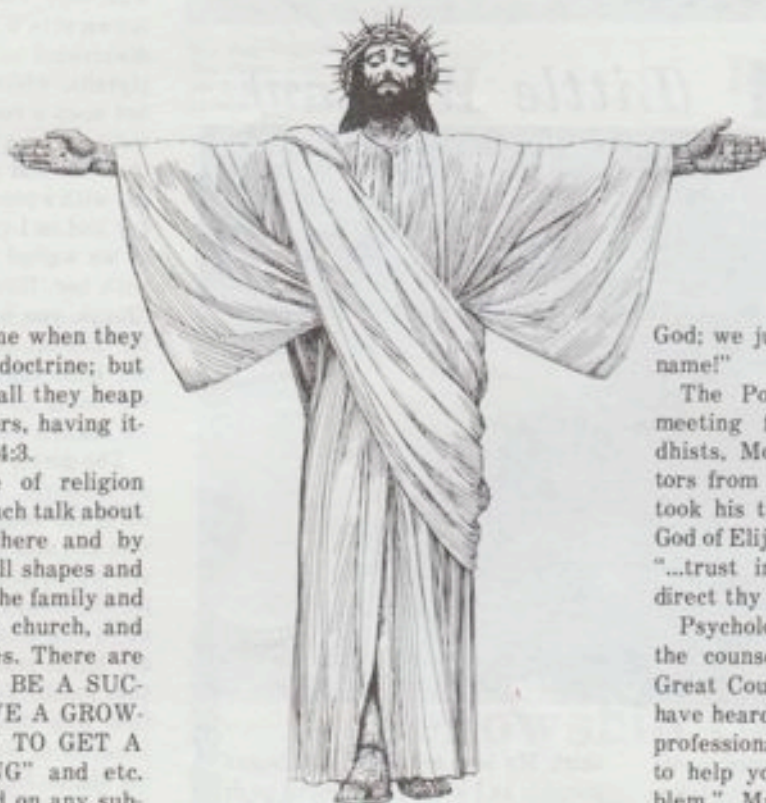
While we waited the nurse sent me to buy sulfa powder for her wounded elbow and then she cleaned it, put on the medication and tenderly bandaged it. This nurse treated Ti-Fam like a V.I.P. and I wanted to hug her. "Thank you Jesus for having the right people here today." As the nurse finished the dressing she poured antiseptic soap in the sink and let the water run to fill the basin, then she began to bathe Ti-Fam! Her arms, then her legs and all the time talking kindly to her telling her not to be running across crowded highways without looking both ways. When this nurse had to leave us to take care of another duty, only Ti-Fam's feet were still unclean. At that moment the same Director of Nursing came in and she saw the situation. She, herself took the cloth in her hands and washed Ti-Fam's feet. I looked on with

(Continued on Page 6)



# Religion — But No Revival

by Dewey Evans



"For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap unto themselves, teachers, having itching ears." II Timothy 4:3.

Say, are you aware of religion around you today? So much talk about the Bible from everywhere and by everyone. Seminars of all shapes and sizes are held. Some on the family and the home, some on the church, and even some on businesses. There are Seminars on "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS", "HOW TO HAVE A GROWING CHURCH", "HOW TO GET A BUS MINISTRY GOING" and etc. There are Seminars held on any subject you choose.

Whatever happened to God-sent, Holy-Ghost filled Revivals? "If my people will humble themselves and PRAY..." II Chronicles 7:14

Today we find Christian radio stations (so-called), holding big campaign's. There are Crusades held by Drs. B.G., J.S., and R.H. and many more of the like, where they claim thousands are saved. Yet, in spite of this, liquor, cigarettes, drugs, and pornography all continue unabated.

We have RELIGION-BUT NO REVIVAL! "Beware lest any man spoil through vain philosophy" Colos-

sians 2:8.

Oh, that God would visit us with a Holy-Ghost, life-changing, sin-killing REVIVAL. One that would dry up the liquor, put out the smoke, stop the flow of drugs, and put pornography out of business. One that would restore Holy-Ghost preaching, God-filled laymen, The Amen Corner, and the everyday, down-to-earth Pilgrim that walks the Holiness Way. Isaiah 35:8

Have you ever heard statements like this one made? "It doesn't matter what you believe as long as you are sincere. We are all serving the same

God; we just call Him by a different name!"

The Pope in his recent prayer meeting for peace, included Buddhists, Mohammeds, and witch doctors from many African tribes. Each took his turn praying. Where is the God of Elijah? Be careful, child of God! "...trust in the Lord and He shall direct thy paths"

Psychologists are trying to replace the counsel of the Pastor and the Great Council on High. I'm sure you have heard people say, "You need the professional advice of a Psychologist to help you work through this problem." Many professing Christians are "hooked" on the advice of a "Professional" such as a "Christian Psychologist" and refuse the counsel of the WORD. Divorce courts are full. What is wrong with taking our marriage problems (and any other problems) to THE COUNSELOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE PRINCE OF PEACE, THE LORD, and THE SAVIOUR: JESUS CHRIST?

I can see the long-shadowed finger of the Anti-Christ in all of this. See Matthew 24:4

Let's look up for His coming is soon! Let us pray for a **real** REVIVAL; not just **more** religion.

## Ti-FAM (Little Woman)

wonder at these two women who "cared" and decided that sometimes angels wear nurse's uniforms. I found some candy in my pocketbook and gave it to the child as the doctor came back to tell us that no bones were broken and she could return home! Thank you Lord!

After a tetanus injection they said we could go. But I asked the doctor if I needed to see the police to report the accident. He told me, no, that I had done all that I needed to do. I had deliberately asked in front of the two men who had discussed taking me to the police. Thanks again Lord!

We took her home. Home was a

small yard with a grey colored cement house, no trees, or flowers, noone came out to meet her. Then an older woman came around the corner and told her that she was glad she was okay. We stood there with the two men and Ti-Fam and prayed again. I told them I would return.

People did not want me to go back. Because there can be problems and trouble if the family decided to follow us for funds or other things. But I needed to go back! Once to see her and place a small doll in her hands, to pray again, to see if she were still all right. That time I met the woman who said she is her mother. But I doubt it, for I

think rather that she is their servant.

Once more I went to pray with her and to hold her close, because I was so glad that she was alive.

Before we leave the yard we still pray. But now it is different! For now we know that we can hit a small girl on crowded highways. God let it happen, it can happen again. He shall still be there, knowing, caring, strengthening, undertaking, and whispering these words to our bleeding hearts, "...and lo I am with you always; even to the end of the world." Amen!

*satisfied with Jesus,  
Bonnie Cleaver*

(Continued from Page 5)



# Especially For Mother

Mrs. Paul E. King

Becky picked Barbara up from the living room floor and carried her to the rocking chair. Cradling the fretful baby in her arms she rocked back and forth, back and forth, crooning softly in the tiny ear so close to her head. Mother looked so very tired today, Becky thought, and she could help Mother by rocking Barbara and singing to her.

"Mercy there was great and grace was free. . . ." Becky's voice was soft and sweet. Almost immediately Barbara's crying ceased. With half-closed eyes, and singing a sleepy lullaby all her own, the baby smiled a crooked half-smile at her sister. Becky laughed and kissed Barbara's full, round cheeks then she continued her song. In no time at all, it seemed, Barbara was sound asleep.

Sliding carefully off the rocking chair, Becky carried the baby to her crib. Closing the door quietly, she hurried to the bathroom and picked up all the soiled towels and washcloths and took them to the laundry room. Next she cleaned the bathtub and the sink, then hung clean towels on the towel racks. She would do all she could to help Mother, she reasoned happily, going to the living room where Barbara's teething ring and her rattles and small toys were scattered over the floor.

Becky gathered the things up and placed them carefully inside the playpen, then she dusted the furniture and straightened the throw pillows on the sofa. Helping Mother to keep house was so much fun, she

thought. Especially since she was doing it so Mother could have a wee bit of time to rest.

"Becky, Becky, dear." Her mother's voice reached her from the kitchen. "Lorna wants to see you, dear," Mother said.

Becky hurried to the kitchen. "Hi, Lorna," she greeted her friend pleasantly. "You wanted to see me?" she asked.

"I just came by to see if you'd go to the store with Kathy and me. Tomorrow's Mother's Day, you know," Lorna said meaningfully. "Father gave each of us money to buy a gift and I thought you may like to go too. Kathy's good at picking out the right thing. Of course, she's older than you and I. But she'd be happy to help you choose something nice for your mother; she's going to help me."

Becky smiled. "Thanks, Lorna, but I'll stay here and help Mother. You and Kathy have a good time."

When Lorna left, Becky hurried to her bedroom and cried. How she wished she could have bought Mother the pretty blouse she had seen in one of the shop windows! But she didn't have enough money. No, she didn't. She had nothing special to give to her wonderful mother. Nothing but the candy dish which Aunt Ellen had given her for her "hope chest," as her aunt had phrased it when she gave her the dainty, antique hobnail dish on one of her infrequent visits to their home.

Her mother had admired the pale, lime-green dish, and that's when Becky decided that it should belong to

Mother!

A soft footfall in the room caused Becky's head to come up . . . out of her hands, in which she was crying. "What's wrong, dear?" Mother asked softly, putting an arm around Becky's slender shoulders.

Not one to hide anything from her mother, Becky sobbed, "I wanted something really special for you for Mother's Day, that's all. I love you so, Mother dear."

"I love you, too, Becky; so very, very dearly. But you have given me the best Mother's Day present of all."

"I haven't given you anything . . . yet," Becky stammered, wide-eyed with wonder.

"Your Mother's Day gift is a perpetual gift . . . a year-long gift, honey. You wash and dry the dishes, you dust the furniture, you help me with the baby, you keep the bedroom clean and tidy and. . ."

"But that's not a gift, Mother!"

"O yes it is, and I am a proud and thankful Mother: God has blessed me with an unusually kind and unselfish daughter. You, dear Rebecca Ann, with your loving ways and your sunny disposition and helpful hands, are a giver of continual Mother's Day gifts. You give me things that no amount of money could buy — joy, happiness, love; and kind, soft words. I ask for nothing else, dear little girl. Nothing, other than that you remain always the way you are."

Becky smiled and leaned her head gently on Mother's shoulder. She felt good all over.

## WOMEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

E Q O O I D M S O F H L W F C B Q O E X  
X E L Z F S A A C O Y D T W M B E H F E  
S V J A R P S Q W D Z H W A G D C G I C  
E D C R P O L G I U K X R Q M Y B J M U  
S Q X H H O I A L B B T L V T T U X E A  
V H I P C D J A D P H A M N S R F W X B  
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R Q A D E R U D B A Y E K I H E S V A N  
N O I J I I Y L G R O Z C G S O Y I G K  
E A M O L A V J A E H A H J Y Q A W R R  
J Q M A K J S M O F M C V F A O S R K P

Find these hidden words in the above puzzle:

aquila	bernice	claudia
eunice	euodias	joanna
lydia	martha	marymagdala
prisca	priscilla	rhoda
syntyche	tabitha	tryphona
dorcas	elizabeth	
julia	lois	
persis	pheobe	
salome	sapphira	
tryphosa		



# Advice For Keeping Victory

by Howard R. McKenzie

What is the most important thing you do to stay saved? Go to church? Read good books? Avoid temptations? Witness? Keep church rules? Attend camp meetings? It is none of these, however helpful they may be. I believe the most vital factor in keeping spiritual victory is your devotional life.

I know no one who has backslidden while keeping a strong personal communion with God. People do backslide in spite of camps, revivals, standards, great preaching, Christian fellowship and more. Others, denied such privileges by circumstances or illness still stay true to God because they stay in touch with God. Peter's list of things that prevent spiritual barrenness (II Peter 1:5-7), spring from the heart and are watered in the secret place.

Your devotional life is the thermometer of your spirituality. I care not how loud you shout or how eloquently you testify—if your devotions are dying, so are you. Oppositely, circumstances may make it seem that you are getting nowhere when you

are growing by spiritual leaps and bounds.

You can exist physically without a multitude of things, but not without food, water, and air. You can survive spiritually when difficulty prevents church attendance or emergency requires breaking a tradition, but you will die spiritually in days without personal contact with God. Your devotions must be **regular**. Scarcely should you miss one day. Meet God at the best time of the day. If you are a busy mother, the best time may be after the children have left for school. For most people, it will be early in the morning, though work schedules may make the best time noon or night. The psalmist said he would lift up his voice early. Let it be early in your day, regardless when that day begins.

Your devotions must be **meaningful**. Prayer lists and helpful aids can be useful, but don't fall into the trap of mechanically talking down a list. Ask God to help you pray.

Your devotions must be a **time of communion**. Spend most of your time praying, listening, and in the Word,

though books, poems, and songs are helpful. Read the Word all the way through. When in "drier" portions, add spice from more easily understood parts.

The amount of **time** you spend is important. Don't let Satan cheat you. Ask God's guidance in how long to spend. New converts and children may grow on 5-10 minutes a day. Mature Christians cannot. They may need thirty minutes to an hour to keep spiritual, and intercessory prayer will often take longer. When tempted to skip prayer or shorten it significantly, ask yourself if circumstances also warrant missing meals and sleep. Is it a real emergency?

Your devotions should be **enjoyable**. There are seasons of burden, intercession and care, but if you rarely experience joy in the secret place, ask God's help. You can tell Him anything, including this, and He cares. If you want to remain a Christian and make Heaven, take time to be holy!

— Rev. Howard R. McKenzie

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## God Is Working Out His Purpose

God is working out His purpose  
He has planned for you and me;  
Though from us it may be hidden,  
Some day we shall plainly see  
How He stands behind the shadows,  
Waiting to perform His will,  
Whisp'ring, "Child, be of good courage,  
Ev'ry promise I'll fulfill."

God is working out His purpose,  
Even though we go alone;  
It may take us from our loved ones —  
Lead us far away from home.  
It will be the greatest pleasure  
Just to feel His presence near,  
And to know that God is working  
Out the purpose, to Him dear.

God is working out His purpose,  
Though it lead through desert bare;  
He'll go with us on life's journey,  
And our heavy burdens share.  
Through the weary years of waiting,  
When the heart cries, "Lord, how long?"  
God is working out His purpose. . .  
Right will triumph over wrong.

God is working out His purpose —  
Never murmur nor repine,  
For our future's in His keeping;  
Gladly to His will resign.  
When the veil at last is lifted,  
And the shadows flee away,  
We shall understand His purpose  
Through one glad, eternal day.

— Mrs. F. W. Suffield.





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

Spring has finally sprung! Those cloudy, rainy days of April are behind us and now the May flowers are beginning to blossom. There is a spirit of newness and expectancy in the air as warmer weather wings its way toward us. It is also a time for planning the summer's outreach activities for the church of the Lord Jesus Christ. I trust all of our churches are planning something special for the summer months. Vacation Bible Schools and Good News Clubs are tremendous ways to spread the gospel among those of the younger age group. Tent meetings, campmeetings, and street services are great means of taking the gospel of Christ to a lost world. While the rest of the world is flocking to resorts and places of entertainment, let's spend at least part of our summer in reaching lost souls for Jesus!

On the Home Mission front, good things have been happening in our churches. I cannot begin to express to you the excitement and expectancy about the work in Donna, Texas. I would like to say a personal and very special thank you to everyone who gave in the special Easter offering to help purchase the property in Donna. God takes special note of those who give to help in the work of Missions. The final total of all that was given hasn't been tallied yet, but I'm sure that with your help we went over the top of our goal of \$7500.00 for the down payment. God bless you is our prayer.

In Camp Hill, Pa. God is helping in a very special way. Pastor Jacob Martin and his wife Rhoda, are doing a very

fine job of shepherding the people of the church there. The church was able just recently to purchase a 12 x 65 mobile home that is in very good condition for a parsonage for Bro. and Sis. Martin. It has been a concern of the church and this department that when Bro. Martin graduates from Penn View in May that they would have a place to move to in the Camp Hill area. We have shared that with you in our Home Mission services and thank God He has answered prayer! We would like to take this opportunity to introduce Bro. and Sis. Martin to you and use the reminder of this article to feature our church at Camp Hill and let you know how God is helping in the work there. Now a report from Bro. Martin.

Greetings from Camp Hill, PA. In case you do not know where Camp Hill is, it is about 5 miles from Harrisburg - the capital of PA. Our churches has houses all about us and this is our third year of pastoring at the Camp Hill church. In looking back over the last two years I can truly say God has helped us. We have prospered in every way - numerically, financially, and spiritually.

Let's look at the numerical gains first. Our church is probably different than most churches in the aspect that we have more for the Worship service than for Sunday School. In the last six months we've gained five in attendance for S.S. and 7 gain for church. So we are averaging 21 for S.S. and 25 for church. Two years ago we averaged 12 - 16 in church.

Secondly, God has helped us finan-

cially to get on our feet. We started this month to take special offerings to help support other branches of our conference.

Thirdly, the Lord has helped us spiritually. This is beyond all doubt the most important area to grow in. When the church grows in this area the pastor and people are happy. During the past two years we have seen 10 people either pray at the altar or they have prayed at their own homes. Seven of these got saved and one sanctified. Three others are trying to serve the Lord. One was a visitor and attends elsewhere. We're still praying for the others and do keep in contact with them.

We have had several people who have not gotten saved yet, but have raise their hands for prayer and I'm believing God is going to save them.

We are in several homes around the church that the people have not come to church. I believe they will come in time and with the Lord's help.

I would personally like to say that we have a Wonderful group of people at Camp Hill. We love and appreciate each one for who they are.

In December, our church people went out Christmas caroling and met a man that has cancer in one of his eyes. Please pray with us that God will meet his needs spiritually and physically. This is a man that lives about a block away from the church. Pray with us that God will use us and our church to see this family brought to know Christ.

*Thanks for supporting Home Missions*  
**Pastor Jacob Martin**





# Characteristics of Christian Motherhood

MURDO MacKAY

Someone has said that the most beautiful words in the English language are mother, home, and heaven. It certainly is true that there is no place like home if God is there, but it is also true that no place can be more difficult and unhappy if He is **not** there. No human combination in society affords greater opportunity for spiritual development and advancement than the home, for the family is God's ordained institution. But while fertile in possibilities for good, at the same time it involves great hazards. We see this condition in our day, especially in the devil's attack on the very foundation of the home — motherhood.

On this Mother's Day, we give special thanks to God for our mothers, particularly for those who recognize their God-given privileges and responsibilities in becoming the keystone in the family pattern to which they were ordained. I would like to speak about the characteristics of Christian motherhood, for I fear that this image is fast becoming indistinct and is fading from our view in this generation.

My text may be found in John 19:25 — "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother. . . ." An outstanding characteristic of a Christian mother is her total submission to all God's will. Recorded in the first chapter of Luke is the account of the angel Gabriel's visit to Mary at the time of the Annunciation. There we see how readily she fitted into the divine pattern. She said, ". . . Be it unto me according to thy word. . . ."

Motherhood brings many new circumstances into one's life as a Christian which require a constant and continuing offering of one's self upon God's altar. The wheels of family routine need to be well oiled so that the family relationships move smoothly ahead, guided by the blessed flow of God's influence channelled to all by a Christian mother.

To fulfill her God-given ministry a mother needs a strong faith in God. Her faith will often be tested. We know Mary's faith was tested for we read that even Christ's brothers did not believe on Him during those try-

ing times when the world scoffed and rejected Him. Nevertheless, Mary kept faith alive in her heart despite the trying times.

Today God's way is rejected by many, and even sometimes, as the Scripture says, one's ". . . foes shall be they of his own household." The peace is shattered by the sword of division tearing away at the human affections and creating serious complications in human relations. It requires faith in the unseen for a mother to rise above such circumstances and remain steadfast in Christ's way of living, refusing to be robbed of that living faith which enables her to translate her experience into practical godliness.

Thank God for faithful mothers! We honor them this Mother's Day. As they stand beside the cradle, they inculcate into the child the truth that God loves him. And as he grows older, Mother instills into his mind those principles of honesty and truth which shall lay the foundation for the building of Christian character that will endure. Let us emulate the example of Hannah who gave her Samuel to the Lord and His service with all her heart. Lord Shaftesbury said, "Give me a generation of Christian mothers, and I will change the face of society in twelve months."

Motherhood has its crosses, too. While Jesus was hanging on the cross, He exclaimed, "Behold thy son," to Mary; and to John, "Behold thy mother." No doubt they were the two who felt the crucifixion the most.



Their sorrow illustrates the complexities of life and our involvement with others. What is true for us was true for Jesus. Not only did He have to bear His own suffering, but He had to watch His mother suffer because of His total commitment to His Father's will.

Mary was faithful in standing by the cross, proving that divine grace was sufficient to sustain her in the most trying time of her life. Do you have crosses to bear? Shoulder them in God's strength and allow Him to sanctify them for you. Then go forward with them in His name, for your salvation may be wrapped in those crosses. Mary's was.

That we are living in trying times no one would question. Many things which in the past were taken without question are now relegated to a bygone age so that Christian mothers face a difficult situation in endeavoring to raise their children today by Bible standards. The so-called new morality has nothing new about it, for centuries ago it brought about the destruction of the antediluvian world and caused Sodom and Gomorrah to be destroyed by fire. That same influence is pressing in on every side today, so that often we hear the question asked, "What can a mother do?"

We would remind you of Jochebed, the mother of Moses. The royal decree had gone out that all the male children of Israel should be destroyed. But Jochebed hid her son and, under the gracious guidance of God, by faith she was enabled to save his life. Moses was raised and taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and exposed to all the corruptions of the palace court. How his Mother must have prayed for him as he was passing through the impressionable years!

Would a slave mother's prayers prevail against the pomp and glory of a palace? Her prayers prevailed for we are told that Moses ". . . refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

*"O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!"*

—In The Burning Bush.





# Penn View Bible Institute

P.O. BOX 970 • PENNS CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA 17862

Praise the Lord for His Blessings at Penn View!

We begin this report with sincere Praise to God for His leadership here at PVBI. His presence is felt in the lives of the entire student body and our faculty and staff. He has been so faithful in providing material and spiritual blessings here at PVBI.

One of those blessings was the "Campus Day." This was a special day when youth came from many areas to view our campus, attend classes, enjoy a special chapel, and participate in the activities of the day. The response on this day was just great. The evening rally was very enlightening when the resource panel discussed areas of social involvement, financial support, pros and cons of accreditation and other topics of interest to youth.

We will look forward to the fall when some of the youth will return to enroll in the Institute. Any who could not attend or who did not know about this special day and have interest in knowing more about PVBI, should write to us and we will forward to you our new catalog.

Another blessing is the fine student music groups that have been touring many churches. These students have been used of God in a special way to life up Jesus. The Institute choir and Quintet, plus the Academy Singers, male quartet, and trio are a real blessing to all who hear them. The Lord has been upon these folk in a very special way.

The Institute Quintet along with Mary Rine, have made a cassette recently. You would be blessed over and over again if you would have this tape and listen to the fine singing. Mrs. Rine attends the Beavertown Church and felt led of the Lord to make the tape and used the Quintet

and music director Barry Mason to produce an excellent recording.

The Lord has given us a real good winter revival and the blessings of the same are still felt. The revival spirit is in the classroom and chapel services, plus in special prayer periods. Fasting and prayer is every Wednesday and we invite you, our friends, to join us at this time of prayer and going down before God. We need an old-fashioned outpouring of God's Blessed Holy Spirit upon our school and churches. Let us wait on the Lord!

This being our 20th year, we would under God like to see our indebtedness cleared. This would be the \$40,000.00 that is still owed for the main building which houses classrooms and administration offices here on campus. Would you pray with us about the project of clearing up this debt? We thank you very much!

This has been a great year for PVBI. All has been new to me as president, but God has helped and is still helping. An evangelist of several years back stated, "A lie can get half the way around the world before truth can get its boots on." This many times seems the case. I have heard a lot about PVBI before accepting our responsibility here and I have found out that a lot of what I have heard was not the truth. Truth is catching up and word is getting out that PVBI is one of the greatest places for training youth in these trying times. Perhaps you have not heard the good about Penn View. Let me challenge you to check with any of our present students and many who have left our halls for work in the Master's vineyard and you will find out that PVBI is doing a job "training youth for the Christian Ministry" and doing it well. It's exciting. Penn View is growing.

As another school year draws to a close, several of our Institute students will graduate and go forth into whitened harvest fields. We covet your prayers in their behalf. Perhaps as you are reading this article now, you will want to harness your abilities and talents to be used of God in Christian Service. Why not write and ask for a catalog with an application and make plans to enroll in PVBI this fall?

Some of our other students will be going into various mission fields this summer for a period of time helping missionaries in summer Bible Schools. Throughout the school year mission offerings were taken and the Academy and Institute students this year raised nearly \$3,700.00 for the project of sending out students for practical experience in working for the Lord with supervised training. Pray for these students.

Our Quintet will be traveling for most of the summer and would appreciate greatly the privilege of coming to your church or camp. Also the Child Evangelism team is having Bible Schools and assisting in Children's services at camps. Call or write today if you would desire any of the above teams.

We give you an invitation to our commencement service on June 1 at 7:00 p.m. While here, look over our campus and speak with our staff about your future here as a student or a vital supporters of PVBI.

In closing, many thanks to you who are faithful supporters to the ministry of training youth here at PVBI. Eternity will reveal that your support has been used for precious souls to hear the gospel and make it to heaven by accepting Jesus as their Savior!

Paul Martin, *President*



**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**

**Tony McCrary**

**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.