

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

STANDARD

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**The HARVEST of
the Earth is RIPE**



from the

editor



David Wise

Rowdies Ripe For Revival

Less than a year after his heart was “strangely warmed” at Aldersgate, John Wesley did the unthinkable for a churchman of his day; he preached the Gospel outside the walls of a church. His friend George Whitfield had returned from America and found the pulpits of London closed to him. Whitfield headed for Bristol in southwestern England and began to preach to the most degraded class of people in that day, the coal miners. England as a nation was plagued by “dead religion” and gross immorality of all sorts. From the highest classes to the lowest, Christianity was mocked and dedicated followers of Christ were scorned as either hypocrites or simpletons. As Whitfield began to preach to the depraved miners, his crowds began to grow rapidly and soon exceeded ten thousand in attendance. It was then that he contacted Wesley, and it was at this point that the Wesleyan revival broke forth. Those who were dead in sin and seemingly had no concern for their souls were radically transformed by the grace of God as Wesley preached, prayed, and organized his converts. For the next fifty years, the Father of Methodism traveled throughout the British isles doing what he did in Bristol and seeing the fruits of his labor blossom into a harvest of righteous souls that literally changed the character of Britain and quite possibly saved that land from a bloody revolution. When moral darkness reigned supreme and it seemed that the nation was ripe for judgment, the heroic efforts of a noble band of sanctified souls turned the tide and wrought a great victory for the kingdom of God and their native land.

He preached
the Gospel
outside of the
four walls of
the church.

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In one his books, Leonard Ravenhill mentioned that oftentimes, in the mercy of God, revival will precede judgment upon a nation



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or people. This pattern would occur when the people of God, moved by the darkness of the hour, began to earnestly seek the face of God until mercy drops became showers of blessing. In some cases, the revival would hold off the judgment. In other cases, the revival prepared people to endure the coming hard times. And sadly, there were times when no intercessors could be found to “stand in the gap,” and the judgment fell without the blessing of God coming to visit His people in revival power. Our Civil War was preceded by the Great Awakening in 1859. Russia experienced a spiritual awakening right before the communist takeover that lasted through the 1920’s. The revival ministry of W P Nicholson in Northern Ireland saw 100,000 souls come to Christ and the expected bloody revolution never took place. John Sung, the Wesley of China, had a remarkable ministry that saw thousands of his countrymen come to Christ shortly before the communist takeover of that land.

Our nation is ripe for judgment. The last three years have been hard on many of us. The changes that have taken place in our culture since the 1980’s are mind boggling. The larger Evangelical movement is collapsing under the weight of “wokeness,” “easy believism,” and overall spiritual lethargy. It would seem that the darkness of our day is great, yet our God has worked wonders in the darkness before. Gideon defied all odds and routed the Midianites. Asa cried to the Lord in his hour of extremity and the massive Ethiopian army was turned back. The Early Church was threatened by their enemies; they called for a prayer meeting where the power of God came down, the place was shaken, all were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they continued to preach the Word with great boldness.

I certainly will not be dogmatic about future things that good people have disagreed on, but is it possible that as a certain portion of our world and nation has become “ripe for judgment,” another group of people is being awakened to truth? Revelation 14 talks about a harvest of righteousness and a harvest of wickedness. Seeing the “moral insanity” of our world, they are being awakened to the fact that the evil of our day must be opposed by the Source of all good. Though we live in perilous times, we must not give in to the spirit of the age. Rather, we must cry mightily unto God to push back the darkness and rescue as many “ripe” souls as possible. ■



William Booth's Vision

On one of my recent journeys, as I gazed from the coach window, I was led into a train of thought concerning the condition of the multitudes around me. They were living carelessly in the most open and shameless rebellion against God, without a thought for their eternal welfare. As I looked out of the window, I seemed to see them all... millions of people all around me given up to their drink and their pleasure, their dancing and their music, their business and their anxieties, their politics and their troubles. Ignorant- willfully ignorant in many cases- and in other instances knowing all about the truth and not caring at all. But all of them, the whole mass of them, sweeping on and up in their blasphemies and devilries to the Throne of God. While my mind was thus engaged, I had a vision

I saw a dark and stormy ocean. Over it the black clouds hung heavily; through them every now and then vivid lightening flashed and loud thunder rolled, while the winds moaned, and the waves rose and foamed, towered and broke, only to rise and foam, tower and break again.

In that ocean I thought I saw myriads of poor human beings plunging and floating, shouting and shrieking, cursing and struggling and drowning; and as they cursed and screamed they rose and shrieked again, and then some sank to rise no more.

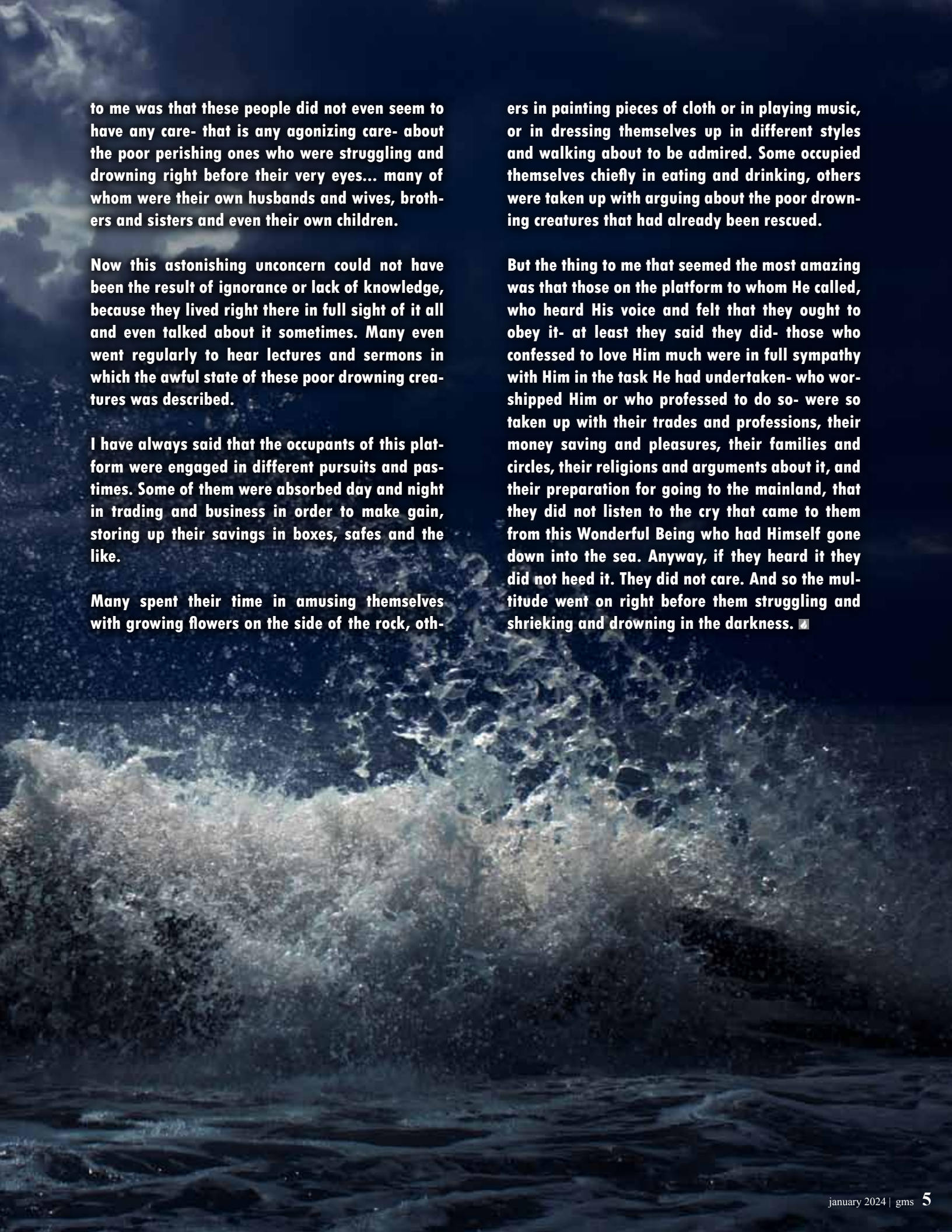
And I saw out of this dark angry ocean, a mighty rock that rose up with it's summit towering high above the black clouds that overhung the stormy sea. And all around the base of this great rock I saw a vast platform. Onto this platform, I saw with delight a number of the poor struggling, drowning wretches continually climbing out of the angry ocean. And I saw that a few of those who were already safe on the platform were helping the poor creatures still in the angry waters to reach the place of safety.

On looking more closely I found a number of those who had been rescued, industriously working and scheming by ladders, ropes, boats and other means more effective, to deliver the poor strugglers out of the sea. Here and there were some who actually jumped into the water, regardless of the consequences in their passion to "rescue the perishing." And I hardly know which gladdened me the most- the sight of the poor drowning people climbing onto the rocks reaching a place of safety, or the devotion and self-sacrifice of those whose whole being was wrapped up in the effort for their deliverance.

As I looked on, I saw that the occupants of that platform were quite a mixed company. That is, they were divided into different "sets" or classes, and they occupied themselves with different pleasures and employments. But only a very few of them seemed to make it their business to get the people out of the sea.

But what puzzled me most was the fact that though all of them had been rescued at one time or another from the ocean, nearly everyone seemed to have forgotten all about it. Anyway, it seemed the memory of its darkness and danger no longer troubled them at all. And what seemed equally strange and perplexing





to me was that these people did not even seem to have any care- that is any agonizing care- about the poor perishing ones who were struggling and drowning right before their very eyes... many of whom were their own husbands and wives, brothers and sisters and even their own children.

Now this astonishing unconcern could not have been the result of ignorance or lack of knowledge, because they lived right there in full sight of it all and even talked about it sometimes. Many even went regularly to hear lectures and sermons in which the awful state of these poor drowning creatures was described.

I have always said that the occupants of this platform were engaged in different pursuits and pastimes. Some of them were absorbed day and night in trading and business in order to make gain, storing up their savings in boxes, safes and the like.

Many spent their time in amusing themselves with growing flowers on the side of the rock, oth-

ers in painting pieces of cloth or in playing music, or in dressing themselves up in different styles and walking about to be admired. Some occupied themselves chiefly in eating and drinking, others were taken up with arguing about the poor drowning creatures that had already been rescued.

But the thing to me that seemed the most amazing was that those on the platform to whom He called, who heard His voice and felt that they ought to obey it- at least they said they did- those who confessed to love Him much were in full sympathy with Him in the task He had undertaken- who worshipped Him or who professed to do so- were so taken up with their trades and professions, their money saving and pleasures, their families and circles, their religions and arguments about it, and their preparation for going to the mainland, that they did not listen to the cry that came to them from this Wonderful Being who had Himself gone down into the sea. Anyway, if they heard it they did not heed it. They did not care. And so the multitude went on right before them struggling and shrieking and drowning in the darkness. ■

Do What They Did

By Rodney Keister

We do a lot of things in our church circles to reach the lost, but do we do what they did in the early days of the Church? I am grateful for all the ways our churches reach out to the community: bus ministry, special events, meals, parades, revival meetings, conventions, camp meetings, and visitations at the hospitals and homes. These are all wonderful ways to reach the lost, and we need to continue doing these good things. What more can we do? Perhaps it would be good if we simply did what Jesus and others did to evangelize in the early days of the Church.

When I think of what they did in the New Testament, I see many ways in which we could return to their methods. Let's Do What They Did once again! If evangelism as recorded in the Bible worked, wouldn't it still be the God-ordained way to reach the lost? At any time did God by example or Scripture command us to do what they did only for a short period of time? No! So why are we not doing what they did on a regular basis today? Throughout history, when biblical evangelism was revived, the Kingdom saw growth and solid converts. Look what happened with the Wesleys and Booths when they went outside the church doors for the focus of their ministry. Wow! Amazing things happened! Lord, please send us a revival of evangelism once again!

One way they reached people in the early Church was with one-on-one conversations as they had encounters in everyday life. They took advantage of situations and encounters by turning them into opportunities to minister to hearts. This is what Jesus did with the woman by the well and multitudes of others He encountered as he went about His journey in life. We can learn a lot from the life of Jesus about how to reach those around

us. Do we spend time talking to people we meet about the things of God, or is it all small talk that has little eternal value? Jesus and the disciples used those daily encounters as golden moments to apply the penetrating oil of the Gospel to loosen the bonds of sin. They gave those lost souls the light of life. You can do the same, but you must get past your uncomfortable feelings and fears.

Often people will forsake scriptural duty to witness to a lost soul because it is not comfortable or they are afraid. To help you with this problem, think of the main obstacle that causes you not to talk to others about salvation. What is it? Is it fear of rejection, of not knowing what to say, of their reaction, of their potential offense, or of your proneness to fail at smooth speech? Whatever that obstacle is, place it on one side of a scale in your mind. Then place lost souls on the other side

of the balance. Is your discomfort, fear, or any other obstacle really of greater worth (weight) than lost souls or God's command to witness? God is great enough to enable you to overcome the obstacle! We must trust Him to help us.

We will only overcome our fear by facing it. Ezekiel 3 has a lot to say about our neglecting to help the wicked find their way to the truth. While their sin will have consequences for them, our failure to warn them will also have consequences for us.

Another way for us to Do What They Did is to evangelize from house to house. The early Church did not visit others in their homes simply to invite them to a church service; they were declaring the Gospel. The Apostle Paul in Acts 20:20 said: "...I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publickly, and from house to house." He said "he kept back nothing"; that surely included what they needed to do to be right with God.



When we go house to house, do we just invite them to church, a special service, or an event, or do we share the Gospel? Let's not keep anything back. Let's be faithful to share the Gospel right in their houses. Their soul's eternity depends on your mind-ing God to be a witness.

The last thing I'll point out from those early days of the Church is the clearly documented way they reached the world around them – open air preaching! They spoke outdoors in multitudes of places. They preached publicly as Paul also referenced in Acts 20:20. They preached in the marketplaces, near false temples, in and near the synagogues, at outdoor altars to false gods, from boats, from mountainsides – you name it, and they probably preached there too. Where do we most commonly preach? Mostly in our churches and camps where only people interested come to hear. God did not call us to preach only to the interested or to those we can convince to come to our buildings. Friends, I fully believe it is impossible to say we are fulfilling the Great Commission as long as we are not preaching the Gospel to everyone. So, since everyone is not coming to our buildings, the only way to fulfill the Great Commission is to go where they are. Let's get back to doing what they did and see if we will have similar results. Let's take the Gospel to the streets, to every fairground, to every flea market, to every sidewalk, outside the false temples, on the courthouse steps, at our state capitals, on college campuses, and every place people are found! We need a revival of true New Testament evangelism!

God did not call us to build the Kingdom of God with only pastoral methods. We are called to perform all the offices of ministry, and the primary work of the evangelist is outside our buildings. Where are the evangelists? While only some may be called to full time evangelism, we are all called to be witnesses. While the evangelist preaches in the open air, who will be a witness to the masses, ministering to those who hear the preaching? It takes all of us to do New Testament evangelism. Are you fulfilling the primary work of reaching the lost? May God help us all to humble our hearts, confess our failures, and pray through with repentance for our lack of evangelism. Remember, to repent, you have to stop doing what is wrong (or neglected) and start doing what is right. Let's Do What They Did! ■

Testimony of J. D. Drysdale

Blessed are they which do hunger and
thirst after righteousness:
for they shall be filled.
Matthew 5:6

A truly born again soul begins immediately to manifest the fruits of the Spirit; but, before long, he becomes conscious of something in his heart which spoils his testimony and cripples his usefulness; something within him which is aptly described by George Fox as "something which would not keep sweet"... Under the illumination of the Holy Ghost, I began to consecrate my whole life to Christ who had saved me, for I longed to be truly spiritual. One of the last things to be surrendered to the Lord was my music. For weeks that unmistakable inner voice kept saying, "Will you be a society entertainer or a soul-winner? Will you let Me have that gift entirely for My use and My glory?" I gladly let it go to the Giver. This meant a complete break with my musical friends. From that day to this, my voice has never been used for anything save His work and glory. The deeper my consecration, the more intense became my hunger for all the fullness of God. I knew, in a very real sense, what my Lord meant when He said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled" (Matt. 5:6)...I cared not whether I lived or died: I wanted God more than friends or fame or fortune, yea, more even than food; my whole soul was crying out for God as the hart for the water brooks. Then, suddenly, one day some months after my new birth, on a country road between Blantyre and Uddingston, the Holy Ghost fell upon me, purging, cleansing, and filling. It was an unforgettable day, when it seemed as if the billows of God's pure love rolled over my soul. It seemed to come in wave after wave of pure, holy love. I praised and magnified the God of heaven for such unspeakable glory. Love, love, love! I shouted and praised God with my whole being... After that mighty baptism with His Spirit, the language of my heart was, and has been ever since, "Spirit of God, my Teacher be." ■

An Irish Girl and a Dream

The Testimony of Priscilla Stewart

Taken from Studd C. T Studd: Cricketer and Pioneer by Norman Grubb

“I am a missionary now, but I was not made that way. Had you asked me to come to a meeting when I was a girl, I would have said, ‘No, thank you, none of your religion for me’; for my idea of a person loving God was to have a face as long as a coffee pot, and I said, ‘I have a young heart and a gay heart, and I don’t want to be made miserable or to have a face as long as a fiddle!’

“So right on until I was nearly out of my teens I maintained this attitude, not only of opposition when spoken to on such things, but also often scoffed and mocked and said, ‘I will never serve God. I will never love Jesus nor call Him Lord and Master.’ But what happened is just an illustration of ‘man proposes, but God disposes.’

“It was winter, and I had attended several small dances, and at last the day came which is always a red-letter day in every girl’s life; I was to go to a ball! How little I thought it was to be my first and last ball! I thoroughly enjoyed it, dancing every dance, etc. It

was a grand night! We got home at 4 a.m. I went to bed and slept, but a disturbed sleep, as I had a horrible nightmare.



was a grand night! We got home at 4 a.m. I went to bed and slept, but a disturbed sleep, as I had a horrible nightmare.

“The first time I awoke I tried to smother conscience with ‘Oh, it’s only a dream!’ I slept again to awaken at the same point, but the third time conscience would not be silenced. So I got up, determined to drown all such nonsense in the reminiscences and laughter of the breakfast table with my cousins. But the pricks of conscience are not so easily smothered. For three months this nightmare worried me, for I became convinced that I had seen the end of my own existence.

“I had dreamed I was playing tennis, when suddenly I and those playing with me found ourselves surrounded by a multitude of people, and, as we stared in amazement, One rose high over all the crowd, and as He did so, I alone exclaimed, ‘Why, that’s the Son of God!’ He was looking and pointing straight at me, and I distinctly heard Him say, ‘Depart from Me, for I never knew you.’ The crowd seemed to disperse as clouds, and we on that tennis court were left. I looked at my friends and seeing their expression of horror, turned to my special friend, saying, ‘Never mind, we are all going together!’

“So hardened had I become that I did not care, though I knew and believed those words meant that I was cut off from God forever. But as the days passed by, the thought fastened on my mind that somewhere in the Bible it said, ‘It may be at evening, or at midnight, or at cockcrow that Jesus will come again,’ and as each of these hours came round the thought arose, ‘And if He comes, what about me?’

“At the end of three months I was staying with a lady who had herself been converted but recently. One night she was telling me some remarkable stories of tragedies and happenings in her family, and that her mother, who had been a wonderful woman, had often been prepared for coming troubles by visions and dreams sent her by God. I retorted, ‘God has nothing to do with dreams. I can prove it. If I have been overstudying when I go to bed, my brain, being overwrought, goes on working, and I dream of my studies. If I eat things which disagree with me, they disturb my digestion, and when I sleep, I dream’; and then I found myself trying to convince her of my theories by telling her that after the ball I suffered from a horrible nightmare, and in spite of myself I dared for the first time to tell another of the dream. While doing so, I looked at her and suddenly came to my senses and wondered what I was doing in making such a confession, as she was looking at me in consternation. To turn off what I saw was coming, I laughed and said, ‘Now God had nothing to do with that dream. That was

continued on page 10

Strong Crying and Tears

Testimony of Louise Robinson Chapman taken from "Africa, O Africa"

Alice is a good, strong preacher. Along with her duties as cook, she has mothered the many children of the station, been chief adviser of the girls in the home, carried a special burden for the old and the sick, helped in revivals, and acted as assistant pastor, without pay, at the Endingeni church. But her greatest talent is her ability to pray and get things from God. I shall never forget how God spoke to my heart one midnight, as I listened to Alice's praying. That prayer, one of the mightiest prayers I have ever heard, was one of the greatest and sweetest experiences of my life in Africa. I was working on night duty with the sick. In a manner that could not be denied, she was calling one by one the names of the unsaved that lived about in that neighborhood, and was begging God to do everything He could to



save them. My heart was tremendously stirred, for I knew God would answer that prayer. I felt as if I had never truly prayed myself. For weeks that lone intercessor had been spending hours every night in prayer. Sometimes she cried out in a loud voice. At other times, when it was quiet in her room, I saw through the window her cot untouched, and stretched on the grass mat on the floor, her open Bible before a little tallow candle, lay Alice, her eyes swollen from weeping, her words turned into groans as she went down into the valley of suffering, seeking the lost. When I asked her one day if she were not afraid her physical strength would fail from so much loss of sleep, she looked at me with a glow of unearthly light on her face, and said, "Daughter of the King, if you only knew: before me is Christ, behind me it is light. If I reach to the right hand or to the left, I find the strength of God. I will stop when God gives me what I ask." Three months passed. One morning at daybreak, a heathen man came and called Alice, telling her that for three months God had been dealing with his soul night and day. On the cement steps before the mission home, he gave his heart to God. The revival began, and in a special meeting that ended in an effort to reach the unsaved, and as a result of that meeting, scores of heathen were born into the kingdom of God. The climax came one morning when Gideon preached from Numbers 21:8, 9, "When he looked, he lived." God came upon that great, dark-skinned congregation as they squatted on the grass covering of the cement floor of the big tabernacle, and twenty-two sought God for the first time in their lives, and found Him. Alice prayed, and the neighborhood was shaken. Alice's worth is above that of all the gold in Johannesburg. ■

An Irish Girl and a Dream continued from page 8 the result of a supper of champagne and lobster and whirling around a ballroom all night.’

“But my friend exclaimed, ‘Oh, child, if anyone has ever had a warning from God, you have; give Him your heart and nothing will ever disturb the peace of mind that He will give you.’ I was not conscious of wanting any such thing, but unlike my usual self, instead of mocking at such

If anyone has
ever had a
warning from
God, you
have!

words, I found myself kneeling and saying, ‘I have never decided for God, but I will tonight.’ Then I realized I knew the devil as a person, as he actually

seemed to come to my side, torturing me by bringing to remembrance all the times I had mocked and scoffed and said I would never love God nor yield my allegiance to Him. At the end of quite a time, a gentler influence seemed to overshadow me and a voice, oh, so different, asked, ‘Child, what do you want?’ ‘To get to God, but I can’t’ for there seemed veritably a great gulf fixed, and I, like Bunyan, with so great a load on me that I could not move. Suddenly close to me was raised the cross with Jesus Christ nailed upon it, and with the crown of thorns upon His brow. Distinctly I saw the wounds and the riven side, and I saw the blood flow. Quickly the words came to me, just as to many a heathen woman I afterwards taught, ‘With My stripes you are healed.’ The vision of the cross disappeared – my burden too – and I arose. My friend greeted me with, ‘Well, what is it to be?’ I said, ‘I have seen Calvary and henceforth He shall be my Lord and my God. What I said would never be, God has brought to pass.’”

Shortly after her conversion she gave herself to Christ for His service, and on opening the Bible for guidance one day, she saw on the margin of the Book these words in letters of light: “China, India, Africa.” These prophetic words were to be literally fulfilled. ▣



A Convert Worth Saving

C.T. Studd: Cricketer and Pioneer by Norman Grubb

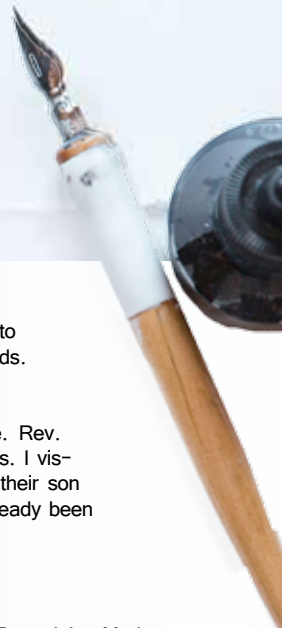
“At the end of an address on the text, ‘He is able to save to the uttermost’ (said C.T.), after the congregation had left, a single Chinaman remained behind, right at the back of the room. When we went to him, he told us we had been talking sheer nonsense. He said, ‘I am a murderer, an adulterer; I have broken all the laws of God and man, again and again. I am also a confirmed opium smoker. He cannot save me.’ We laid before him the wonders of Jesus and His Gospel and His power. The man meant business, and was soundly converted. He said, ‘I must go to the town where I have done all this evil and sin, and in that very place, tell the good tidings.’ He did. He gathered crowds, and was brought before the mandarin, and was ordered 2000 strokes with the bamboo, till his back was one mass of red jelly, and he himself was thought to be dead. He was brought back by some friends, taken to the hospital and nursed by Christian hands, till he was, at last, able to sit up. He then said, ‘I must go back again to _____,’ his own city, ‘and preach this Gospel.’ We strongly dissuaded him, but a short time after he escaped and started preaching in the same place. Once more he was brought before the court. They were ashamed to give him the bamboo again, so sent him to prison. But the prison had small open windows and holes in the wall. Crowds collected, and he preached out of the windows and holes; until, finding he did more preaching inside the prison than out, they set him free, in despair of ever being able to move one so stubborn and staunch. Such men are worth saving.” ▣

Crowds
collected as
he preached
out of the
holes in the
prison walls.

Travel notes with the president



Follow President Martin on Twitter
[@jacobmartingmc](#)



Aug. 07 Penns Creek Camp. Thanks to all who helped clean and put things away for another year!

Aug. 08 GMYC recap meeting. I met up with Karen, a friend of ours who lost her daughter in a car accident.

Aug. 09-11 Funeral and sermon preparation along with working on travel notes.

Aug. 12 Sunbury, funeral of Laura Drumheller. Pastor Ryan Martin and I ministered together to over 150 in the service. We appreciated how we sensed God's help to us and the family.

Aug. 13 Helfenstein for the Installation Service of Rev. Andy Cooley. The church family gave them two very nice lawn chairs, decorated the bulletin board, etc. There were 43 in attendance.

Aug. 14-19 General Board & Missionary Crusaders voted in Rev. Daren Fisher as our Missionary Crusader president. I scheduled a meeting for our General Board and our new Archive Board. I visited John Walter, Jr. at Geisinger Hospital, Harold Knob at Lewisburg Hospital, Rev. Russ Witmer and Herman at their homes.

Aug. 20 Bewick. It was great to be with the Rev. David Wise family and church people.

In the evening, my friend Bill, whom I met fishing, came to hear me preach at our Sunbury church.

Aug. 21-26 I gave a devotional for the staff and faculty at Penn View. Administrative work, PV Welcome Rally with unbelievable fireworks. FL District preparation for our conference.

Aug. 27 Newport. It was exciting to have 53 in the service. Several newer ones are coming to the church. I also went to Hershey Medical Center to visit Rev. Alan Walter.

Aug. 28 Funeral for Justin Aurand. He was an amazing pianist. Please keep his family in your prayers. Rhoda and I met with one of our pastoral families. I also enjoyed playing basketball with the PV guys.

Aug. 29 Sunbury. We gave some venison to Butch and Karen who lost their daughter in a car accident. I visited Herman, again, who is in hospice care.

Aug. 30-31 Middleburg. Rev. John Zechman and I went to the attorney's office for the closing of the house that our conference bought in Penns Creek. I feel blessed to have many sermons from my former pastor growing up, Rev. Dallas Ford. I was reading and studying a few of them.

Sept. 01 Danville. Pastors Rev. Nathan Yohe, Rev. Robert Goodrich, and I went to look at a property and discuss God's work. They also took Rev. Jeremy Fuller and I out for some great pizza. Bro. Fuller and I also went to PV to meet with the appointed committee who oversee guiding our Campus Master Plan.

Sept. 02 FL District preparations.

Sept. 03 Danville. The pastoral team is working well with the people. There were 40 in attendance. Rhoda and I also visited Rev. Bill Herrick in the Geisinger hospital. We went to Sunbury in the evening to help surprise Rev. Ryan Martin and Rev. Nathan Black. The Sunbury church family wanted to give them both something to show support in their changing of their roles.

Sept. 04-11 Rhoda and I flew to Florida for our GMC Florida Rally and Conference. Rev. Aaron Meriwether, Rev. Steve Miller, and I spoke, and McIntires and Christners sang. We had great services and unity in our board meeting. I also preached at Seffner, Orlando, and Kissimmee.

Sept. 12 Wesley Cressman family, missionaries to Spain, came to our home to visit with family and friends. Around 34 were present.

Sept. 13-16 I visited the PV revival meeting twice. Rev. Keith Ledford preached a good message on holiness. I visited Bro. and Sis. Henry Aurand who recently lost their son unexpectedly. Many of us know Sis. Aurand has already been facing battles with ALS.

Sept. 17 PV school picnic day.

Sept. 18 Bloersville. It was great to be with the Rev. John Mark Fisher family again. I appreciated the new air conditioner system.



JACOB MARTIN

Sue West from MI.

Sept. 25 Penns Creek Camp board meeting and played basketball with PV guys in the evening.

Sept. 26-28 Administrative work, met with one of our ministers, and sermon preparation.

Sept. 29 Rhoda and I attended Kyle and Jessica (Hunter) Markle's beautiful wedding.

Sept. 30 Archery hunting with my son, Chad. I saw one doe.

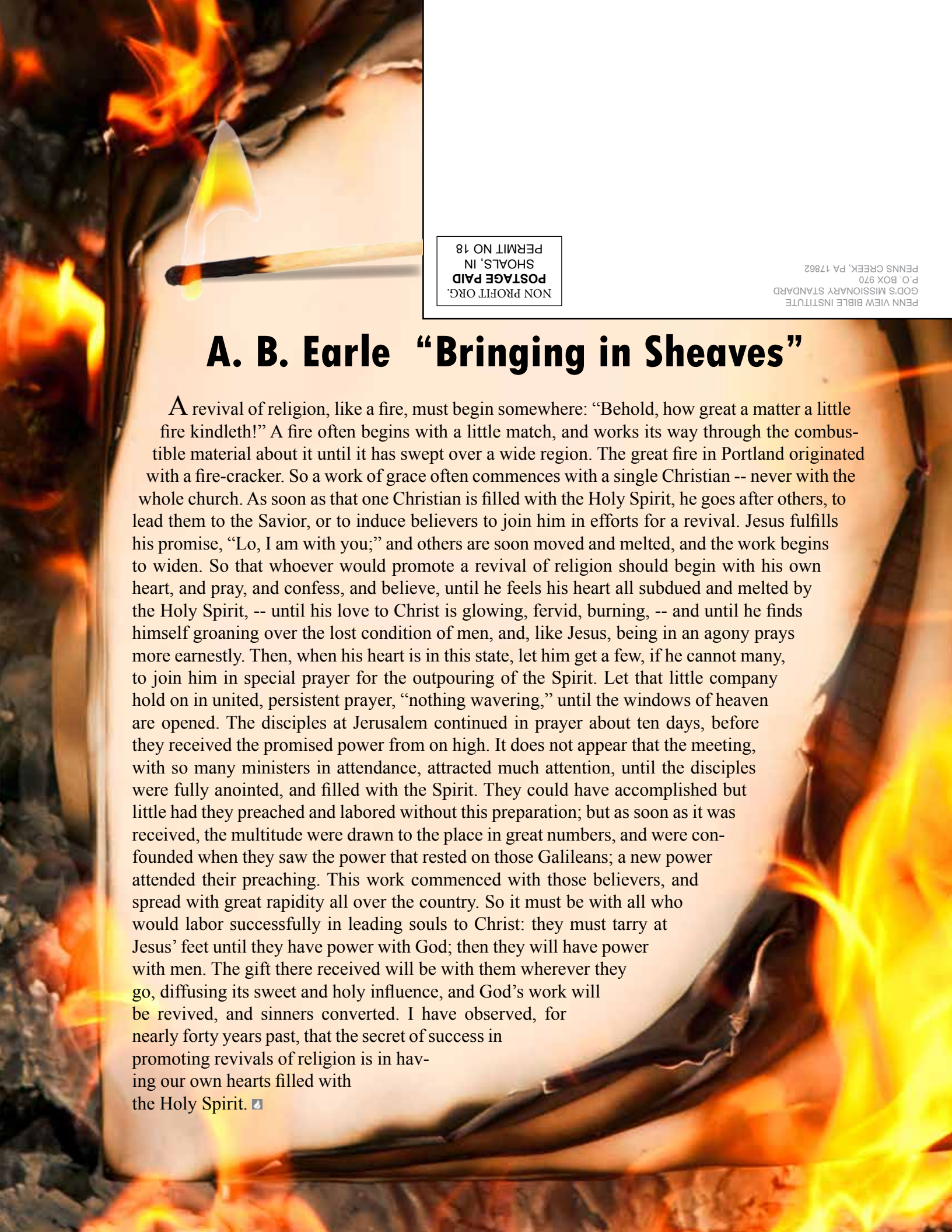
Oct. 01 Mountain Road for Harvest Home services. I was excited to help honor the pastoral team, Rev. Allen Stump family and Rev. and Mrs. Barry Mason. The church had a beautiful display of food.

Oct. 02 Missionary Crusaders board meeting. Bro. Daren Fisher and board are planning and working hard to engage our young people in God's work and help them spiritually.

Oct. 03-07 Sermon preparation for a revival meeting in Ohio. I was privileged to be involved in a baptismal service with the Sunbury Church. There were eight baptized, including my friend Bill, whom I met at the river several months ago.

Oct. 08 Lebanon. The church honored the pastoral team and then had a special meal together. In both settings the church people kept sharing different ways the pastoral team had been a blessing to them. They did a beautiful job of decorating also.

Oct. 09 General board meeting. Exciting news—Calvary Community Church in Summerfield, Florida, has joined us. We welcome them to our Conference!



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A. B. Earle "Bringing in Sheaves"

A revival of religion, like a fire, must begin somewhere: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" A fire often begins with a little match, and works its way through the combustible material about it until it has swept over a wide region. The great fire in Portland originated with a fire-cracker. So a work of grace often commences with a single Christian -- never with the whole church. As soon as that one Christian is filled with the Holy Spirit, he goes after others, to lead them to the Savior, or to induce believers to join him in efforts for a revival. Jesus fulfills his promise, "Lo, I am with you;" and others are soon moved and melted, and the work begins to widen. So that whoever would promote a revival of religion should begin with his own heart, and pray, and confess, and believe, until he feels his heart all subdued and melted by the Holy Spirit, -- until his love to Christ is glowing, fervid, burning, -- and until he finds himself groaning over the lost condition of men, and, like Jesus, being in an agony prays more earnestly. Then, when his heart is in this state, let him get a few, if he cannot many, to join him in special prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit. Let that little company hold on in united, persistent prayer, "nothing wavering," until the windows of heaven are opened. The disciples at Jerusalem continued in prayer about ten days, before they received the promised power from on high. It does not appear that the meeting, with so many ministers in attendance, attracted much attention, until the disciples were fully anointed, and filled with the Spirit. They could have accomplished but little had they preached and labored without this preparation; but as soon as it was received, the multitude were drawn to the place in great numbers, and were confounded when they saw the power that rested on those Galileans; a new power attended their preaching. This work commenced with those believers, and spread with great rapidity all over the country. So it must be with all who would labor successfully in leading souls to Christ: they must tarry at Jesus' feet until they have power with God; then they will have power with men. The gift there received will be with them wherever they go, diffusing its sweet and holy influence, and God's work will be revived, and sinners converted. I have observed, for nearly forty years past, that the secret of success in promoting revivals of religion is in having our own hearts filled with the Holy Spirit. ▣