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THE MOUNTAIN SHALL BE THINE
The Autobiography of Lela McConnell

Founder and President of
The Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association
Edited by Edith Vandewarker

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PICTURES WITH THIS PUBLICATION

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Parts I and II edited from
The Pauline Ministry
Faith Victorious
Hitherto and Henceforth
The Power of Prayer Plus Faith
Rewarding Faith Plus Works
by Lela G. McConnell

Part III Forward Under God
by Edith Vandewarker

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BACK COVER TEXT

"Sanctification (heart holiness) is an instantaneous cleansing of the inner nature and infilling with God's Spirit. It is not spurious. It is not in demonstration of any kind. It is simply letting God have control of every area of our being." -- Dr. Lela G. McConnell

"Heart holiness is oneness with God." -- Rev. M. L. Archer

"To be sanctified, consecrate yourself not to some THING, but to God. The ultimate aim of Calvary was to sanctify the believers." -- Rev. C. L. Thompson

"Holiness is godliness -- God-like-ness -- Dr. Karl Paulo

"Holiness is the very image of God stamped in the heart by the Holy Ghost and shining out through the life." -- Dr. Harold Spann

"The Holy Ghost rules only in the heart that wants Him, and only to the extent that He is welcomed." -- Rev. C. L. Thompson

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CONTENTS

[Transcriber Note: In the printed version of this book, each Part of the book had its own chapter numbers, beginning with number I. In this digital version of the book, we have re-numbered the chapters consecutively, from beginning to end, Chapters 1 through 17. This digital version of the book ends with what is Part III, Chapter I, of the printed book, omitting the final six chapters of the printed volume.]

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Preface

Foreword

* * *

Part I -- Beginnings -- 1884-1948

- 01 -- Author's Life and Religious Experience
- 02 -- Called of God
- 03 -- "Lead On, O King Eternal"
- 04 -- The Mountain Shall Be Thine
- 05 -- Early Days -- Tremendous Conflicts
- 06 -- The Pauline Ministry
- 07 -- The Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute
- 08 -- Remarkable Answers to Prayer
- 09 -- Faith Victorious
- 10 -- Full Salvation

* * *

Part II -- Hitherto and Henceforth -- 1949-1962

- 11 -- Hitherto and Henceforth -- 25th Anniversary
- 12 -- The Power of Prayer Plus Faith
- 13 -- Accumulation of Blessings
- 14 -- God's Promises are His Currency
- 15 -- Faithful Co-Workers
- 16 -- Rewarding Faith Plus Works

* * *

Part III -- "Forward Still" -- 1963-1974

- 17 God's Miracle-Working Hand

* * * * *

PREFACE

"To be associated with a God-called Heaven-inspired leader is the highest privilege one may experience as a laborer in this world vineyard." So wrote Mrs. R. L. Swauger as introduction to Lela McConnell's book Hitherto and Henceforth in the Kentucky Mountains.

In her five books

The Pauline Ministry in the Kentucky Mountains -- 1942
Faith Victorious in the Kentucky Mountains -- 1946
Hitherto and Henceforth in the Kentucky Mountains -- 1949

The Power of Prayer Plus Faith -- 1952
Rewarding Faith Plus Works -- 1962

Lela G. McConnell relates many God-given experiences and gracious answers to prayer in the work in Eastern Kentucky as she and her associates endeavored to spread Scriptural holiness. Since her last book was published in 1962, the Lord has continued to give remarkable answers to prayer. My purpose is to preserve, in one volume, in her own words as much as possible

1. Miss McConnell's autobiography
2. The history of the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association
3. Her teachings on full salvation
4. To relate the progress of the KMHA since 1962.

Of necessity, repetition, long testimonies, and some accounts have had to be deleted. As you read, notice the dates of each part.

As Miss McConnell's books have been a blessing to thousands, I trust God can use this abridged and updated account to encourage and bless those who read. If it accomplishes this purpose, I shall be grateful. Any praise belongs to our wonderful Lord.

I have been part of the KMHA, first as a student in the Bible school, then as a full-time worker since 1951. I have learned by experience that living by faith under God-called leadership truly is a privilege and blessing.

I am indebted to many of my co-workers for information and counsel. A special thanks to Rev. and Mrs. Louis Bouck for helpful critiquing; to Mrs. Karl Paulo for typing the manuscript; to Mrs. Ellen Boggs for the artistic cover; to Mr. Charles Riley for preparing the pictures; and to Leroy Detwiler for helpful advice throughout the project.

May our faithful, unchanging God enrich you as you read.

-- Edith Vandewarker

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FOREWORD

In 1949 I came as a student to Mt. Carmel High School. The faithful ministry and living of Dr. Lela McConnell and others caused me to see my need of definite victory. During my junior year the Lord definitely sanctified me wholly.

After graduating from the Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute with God's call to preach and labor in the mountains of Kentucky, I attended Asbury College, from which I received my teaching credentials.

A young lady whom I met at KMBI shared a like calling. We were married in 1958. The following year we became faculty members at Mt. Carmel. I taught in the high school; my wife in the elementary school. After 18 years of teaching, preaching and counseling in the high school, we moved to the campus of KMBI where I served as academic dean.

Thus, I have grown up in the KMHA. I served under Dr. Lela McConnell for 11 years. What a joy to know her and labor under her leadership! She, indeed, was a great woman of prayer and faith, and a constant exponent of entire sanctification as a second work of grace. She was always very optimistic, joyful, and understanding.

Before her homegoing she appointed Dr. Karl Paulo to succeed her as president of the KMHA. He served in that capacity for 11 years. God truly blessed his leadership and the KMHA continued to move forward. When he went home to heaven in 1981, I was asked to succeed him.

The KMHA continues to enjoy the blessing of God as it endeavors to spread scriptural holiness at home and abroad. Our distinctive has been and continues to be the message of true holiness. Through our Mt. Carmel Elementary and High Schools and the Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute, we are training boys and girls and young people for the glory of God. God continues to call these young people to minister both in the Kentucky hills and around the world.

Through our 5000-watt Christian radio and our churches, the holiness message is being proclaimed, revival fires are burning, and souls are being saved and sanctified. To God be the glory!

As you read this book rejoice with us over answers to prayer in the past 64 years. Praise God for His good hand upon this 65th year in the ongoing of this holiness ministry.

J. Eldon Neihof

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PART I -- BEGINNINGS -- 1884-1948

* * *

Chapter 1

LELA G. MCCONNELL'S LIFE AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter" (John 13:7). Jesus spoke these words to His disciples. Often in my life has this promise come to pass. Why did the Lord permit me to be born on a farm? Why did I have to work so hard? Why so poor? Why so few luxuries? Why did I have to rustle for an education? Why so much prevenient grace thrown around me from early childhood? To lay a good foundation for a rugged ministry in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

My precious mother, Rebekah Martha Elizabeth Eshelman, was saved early in life at a Methodist altar. She gave me a good start even before I was born. I am the youngest of seven children: four boys and three girls. Mother told me how the Lord came upon her in a marked way all during my prenatal days. She read her Bible, prayed, sang, and rejoiced in the Lord as never before. No doubt this largely accounts for my deep hunger for God.

In early childhood I would often pray in the attic, in the barn, and in my room alone. Visitors often mentioned my remarkable bent after spiritual things.

Sometimes Mother would get blest. She would walk up and down the church aisle waving her hands, her face filled with the glory of God. I would cry and want Jesus, too.

In 1895 Bro. McComas, pastor of the Methodist church in Honey Brook, Pa., was holding a revival in the country schoolhouse called Poplar Grove. Father got under conviction and raised his hand for prayer. Mother shouted. I can see her yet. God used it to bring great conviction on the unsaved. Father did not like it. The devil was stirred. After we reached home, Father shook his fist in Mother's face and said, "Beckie, if you shout again, I'll never go to the altar."

A few weeks later, revival began in the church in Honey Brook. Conviction fell. Many came to the altar. Frequently, they would spend days seeking the Lord. They confessed their sins and pled for mercy. One man was deeply convicted. When the preacher asked him to come to the altar, he left the church in a rage. Others ran to the altar crying for mercy. These gracious scenes made an indelible impression on my ten-year-old mind and heart.

In this meeting Father was again moved upon. He fell at the altar and sought the Lord desperately for a few nights. The burden became so heavy that one afternoon he came into the house and said, "Beckie, let's pray." Mother prayed; then Father prayed. While Mother was praying the second time, Father jumped up and said, "I've got it. I've got it." He shouted all over our big farm house. The neighbors, we children, and the cattle all knew Henry McConnell had religion. I can hear him singing yet, "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

People talked about salvation on the streets and in their homes. One of the outstanding converts was a fearful drunkard, father of a large family. The powerful change in his life and home brought much glory to Jesus. His testimony was filled with great love to God for saving him from drink.

Many times I missed Sunday school and went into the Class Meeting just to hear Mother, Father, and others testify. In the great Love Feasts, which were held one Sunday morning a month, the people of God had great liberty in praising the Lord. The house was filled. Seldom was there time for all to testify. The leader would direct some grand old song after nearly every testimony. He would exhort the saints to press on. Oh, the precious memories of those days of God's manifest power!

Father was mighty in prayer. In January 1902, when revival was pulling hard, the pastor called on him to pray. God used that prayer to lift the entire service and break the devil's power. The blessing of God was so upon Father that we hardly spoke all the way home. That was the last

time he attended church. In a few days, in his 52nd year, he became very ill. The preacher asked Mother what he could do to help. She said, "Pray that Henry will regain consciousness so he can give one more testimony before his homegoing." About 4 P.M., he rose up in bed and sang so clearly, "I want to go there; I want to go there." All of the children and Mother stood around crying. The glory of God filled the room. Father talked about Jesus and heaven all through the night. The next morning at 7 A.M., his spirit went sweeping through the gates washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

I firmly believe that the Lord sanctified Father 15 hours before he died. Many true Christians, who have never had light on full salvation, are thus made clean on their deathbeds. Some who are so victorious and who eagerly walk in all the light, I believe, have received the blessing some time in their lives and did not know what to call it. I have heard some say the first time they heard sanctification preached, "I received that experience back there," and they relate very clearly just how and when it happened. If folk have backed down on light or fought holiness, it is a different story. God is faithful to all who truly love and obey Him. He will sanctify them just as He takes care of cleansing the Adamic (carnal) nature in children who die under the age of accountability. All are born with the sin nature in them. Praise God for the provision made on Calvary for the taking out of "inbred sin" and thus preparing us to go to heaven where no sin can enter. "who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;" (Ps. 24:3,4). "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God" (Matt. 5:8). "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14).

I knew a dear Presbyterian lady in Bristol, Pa., who had lived a good, consistent Christian life. She came to her deathbed. Her granddaughter told us how fearful she was of death and the judgment. She cried and prayed. Her pastor and other preachers failed to help her. One day as she prayed, the Lord came with great joy and victory. After that she lived a number of weeks, but with no fear. Carnality was gone. Her soul was quiet and restful in the joy of this new victory. The Holy Ghost had come in sanctifying power. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled" (Matt. 5:6).

My childish heart was hungry to know the Lord. Through our family altar, God's rich grace on Father and Mother, and the powerful, blest singing of the saints in our Methodist Class Meetings, the Lord deepened conviction on my heart. Two songs made me want to be a Christian. They were

Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below,
Anywhere without Him dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

and

More about Jesus would I know,
More of His grace to others show;
More of His saving fullness see,

More of His love who died for me.

When I was in the fifth grade, one of my brothers ran away from home. At the family altar the next morning, we children cried while mother prayed so tenderly and powerfully for him. The next day he came humbly walking home. God had heard Mother's prayers.

When I was 13, another revival was held in our church. Miss Amy Plank, who had been my school teacher, spoke to me. She said, "Lela, wouldn't you like to be a Christian?" She led me to the altar. I confessed my sins and prayed for the Lord to forgive me. One fearful lie I had told came before me. I had borrowed my sister's skates. She wanted to take them to high school the next day. I said I had given them to one of the boys to sharpen and would get them tomorrow. The truth was I had hidden them under a fence on my way from school. I planned to use them the next day. I made this right with Mother and my sister, Mabel.

I have never ceased to praise God for the good seeking He held me to. For three days I was repenting and confessing. At last my faith took hold of His promise, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (1 John 1:9). My soul sang, "O, happy day when Jesus washed my sins away." I knew my name was written down in glory. The burden of sin was gone. Oh, the joy of sins forgiven!

The pastor, W. Q. Bennett, assigned me to the Tuesday night Class Meetings when I joined the church. I often walked alone in the dark to attend these. I loved this service better than any other. Truly the words of the Psalmist were mine, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God" (Ps. 42:1).

Town people bought our big spring at the head of the Brandywine and built a reservoir. I often visited, prayed, and talked salvation in their homes. One man tried to argue with me, but when I prayed, he would cry and ask me to come again.

The pastor soon began to call on me to lead in prayer in public meetings. These things gave me courage, helped me grow in grace, bear the cross, and keep blest. The enemy was after me persistently. He tried to discourage me in my zeal for the Lord. I joined the Bible Study class each winter and never missed a meeting, even though many times I had to go alone. I was allowed to take Old Nell, our family horse. I would come home about 9 P.M., and put the horse and buggy away alone in the dark. God was building into me some good timber for my future work.

The four boys were the oldest in our family. After they left home to work, it fell my lot to work with the horses. To roll or harrow a 10-acre field was no small job for a 13-year-old girl. Sometimes the roller would come apart or the spring-tooth harrow would catch on a stump. The Lord often dried my tears and helped me when I prayed.

I rode a horse without saddle or bridle with no fear. The creamery where we took our milk was six miles round trip to Uncle George Emery's place in Cambridge. In warm weather I let the horse have her own gait, while I lay on the seat of the big spring wagon and prayed. The kind men at the creamery lifted the heavy milk cans for me. I appreciated this kindness. These toils on the farm taught me many valuable lessons.

We often attended revival meetings within four or five miles from home. I would hitch the horse to the buggy or sleigh, get Bessie and Mabel, my sisters, and away we would go over snow or ice, smooth or rough roads. I would work around the altar, and pray and testify in the meetings. My love for the Lord and for souls grew richer all the time.

One night when the roads were very icy, we went to Morgantown Methodist Church to a revival. We had to cross a steep, mile-long hill. It was a sheet of ice. I was not a bit afraid. My sisters were sure the horse would fall and upset the sleigh. God took us there and back, and rewarded us for our efforts. All these spiritual exercises were weaving into me courage and faith to help keep me from backsliding. These were good days to my soul. They help me now to tell others the way to establishment in grace. The church folk and preachers were very kind to encourage me. My entire ambition was to live wholeheartedly for the Lord.

Central High School in Honey Brook Township was built largely through the efforts of my mother. My sisters were among the first to enroll. The school was two miles from our home, but I never missed a day except when Father died.

Sometimes the students would say unkind things to me because I would not go their way. The Lord kept me true. I really pitied them. They were so sad and discouraged with life.

Church services filled my horizon; worldly things did not attract me. The Bible says, "...If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John 2:15b). God's divine blessings were in my soul sublimating all earthly desires and wishes.

I firmly believe that to mind religion while young will save us from a thousand snares. God's grace enabled me always to keep in His will. I was set to make a real business of religion. Thus the Lord gave me a bit of seasoning for the hard tasks ahead. When we give up all for Jesus and His kingdom, the rewards are grand, and best of all we glorify Him.

"...for your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33).

At 17, I finished high school and the next year began teaching in a Quaker community in Chester county. Mother, having attended West Chester Normal School and having taught for five years, instructed my sisters and me how to keep order in the schoolroom. One of my pupils, a large boy named Norman, became quite a problem. I said very firmly one day, "Norman, I'll have to whip you good if you don't stop disturbing school." Later he misbehaved. I sent a boy for a switch. I surely did give Norman a good flogging, even though he was much bigger than I. To my sorrow, I got angry. The boy needed the punishment. It settled him ever afterward, but I went to my boarding house with a sad heart. I wept before the Lord and asked His forgiveness for getting angry. He blest me right there. I said, "Oh God, is this the best you can do for me?"

During the winter I visited a friend in Coatesville, Pa. One night we attended a Salvation Army meeting that was full of blessing. I said, "I'm going to the altar." She said, "No, you are not; you are all right." My heart continued to hunger for more of God.

After teaching four years in country schools, I attended Keystone State Normal School in Kutztown, Pa. As the years went on, carnality manifested itself more and more, and the longing of my heart became more intense. I wrote a dear friend asking where I could go to get more religion. She told me of a camp meeting in Delanco, N.J. The teachers' college closed just in time for me to go to camp for the full 10 days.

When I arrived, Dr. G. W. Ridout was preaching from God's Word about Christians who knew Jesus well, yet needed to have the carnal nature cleansed. He spoke about the carnal traits of pride, jealousy, anger, and strife that needed to be taken from our hearts through the cleansing Blood. He quoted such Scriptures as, "Ye are yet carnal." "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," and "And the God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Camp had gone on eight days. I had sought in every service. Some thought I had the blessing, but my heart was not yet satisfied. The Lord was helping me to die out thoroughly. Clara Boyd said, "Sister, put the unknown bundle on the altar."

I said, "Yes, Lord." The last thing was that unknown bundle. I know the Lord saw many things that would need to be fought through as I walked with Him. Thus I could say, "This was in the unknown bundle of my full consecration." This has made it easier to keep saying yes to all the will of God through these years. I came fully to the place where, as John Wesley says, "Faith automatically works when all is on the altar." "...the altar that sanctifieth the gift" (Matt. 23:19). The altar is Jesus; we are the gift.

But I did not get through in that service. Later I was sitting by a tent, discouraged and tempted to leave the camp. The devil was doing his best to defeat me. While reading a little pamphlet called "Heaven or Hell, which?" I cried to the Lord, "O God, I must have the blessing now." Instantly, the Holy Ghost applied the blood of Jesus to my carnal heart and cleansed it, then He came in to abide. Sweet rest and assurance were mine. His glory filled my soul. On July 4, 1904, the work was done. The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, had come. Rom. 6:22 and Gal. 2:20 were mine.

God gave me my highest and best preparation for a pugilistic faith and militant leadership that day when He cleansed my heart from all the carnal traits. The Holy Ghost came in to abide in His fullness. The hindrance to growth in grace was gone and the fruit of the Spirit -- love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness and faith, were mine. Someone has said, "Holiness is religion made easy." I have found it so.

I do not believe I ever had a wilderness experience. The first time I came to Kadesh-Barnea, I made a beeline for Canaan. Only those who back down when they receive light on holiness ever wander in the wilderness. Since July, 1904, I have been living in Canaan.

God's Word was made more real and blessed. I began at once to feed my mind and soul on holiness literature. Someone at the camp gave me *The Daily Holiness Scripture Texts*, by John Thompson and E.I.D. Pepper. This is a book of holiness texts with a comment on each, arranged for systematic study of Bible holiness. As I feasted on this little book year after year, God revealed the glorious truth of full salvation to me more and more in His Word.

I subscribed to the *Christian Standard*, a weekly holiness paper, and joined the holiness movement. This kept me in touch with camps and holiness conventions, and gave me renewed strength. I soon began to realize that holiness was not popular, but that those who had the blessing were happy and victorious. In the camps and conventions found a host of Methodists and others who were enjoying the same experience I had.

One dear lady in our town said, "You think you have all the religion there is." This shocked me. I thought she was such a good Christian. Carnality surely can "act up" sometimes. This all kept me humble and prayerful. God never failed me. He raised up true friends. My only fear was lest I grieve the Holy Ghost out of my heart.

One of my great aunts said, "I'd give the world to have in my heart what you have." We prayed, and God marvelously blest us.

Mother got hungry for the blessing. I took her to the National Park Camp Meeting in New Jersey. She went to the altar as soon as she got there, and the Lord met her in just a few minutes. She said, "I had this blessing once before, but lost it." She enjoyed the sanctifying experience 11 years before God took her to heaven.

To my deep sorrow some of the dear people whom I loved and who had been so good and helpful to me before the Lord sanctified me, now made it hard for me. Not yet 20 years old, and to have the preacher treat me, who had been his "right hand man," so differently. I could not understand it.

God had so thoroughly planted the truth in my heart and head that He held me steady and firm. I could not keep from telling it and praying for others to get the blessing. I prayed much for the Lord to give me wisdom in my zeal for souls. During all this time when the battles were long and hard, God was weaving endurance into my Christian character. I was enabled to delight more and more in the old rugged cross, and determined to make religion the everyday business of my life. I suffered much ridicule for the firmness with which God helped me to stand for holiness; yet I rejoice today in the marvelous things the Lord planted in my soul.

Later, the Lord sent our church a really powerful full-salvation preacher. He fed the people on the living Word that built us up in the most holy faith. God bless the preacher who is a true shepherd of the flock.

Thus enjoying a vital heart experience in saving grace and sanctifying power, I was enabled to trust God with a real tangible faith.

I finished Keystone Normal School in 1909, and was selected as one of four girls to teach in Atlantic City, N.J. I loved the city, the people, and the ocean.

On one occasion I was invited to a teacher's party. They served hard cider. I refused it. They surely made it unpleasant for me, but the joy of the Lord was mine. "wherefore the Lord God of Israel saith,...for them that honour me I will honour" (1 Sam. 2:30).

On another occasion one of my cousins had a party. My sisters and I were invited. After a few innocent games, they set up card tables and began to play. I left the party and went home. My, did they ever treat me unkindly. It had little effect on me. I had honored the Lord. He was building into me a more rugged faith. It is truly marvelous how the Lord will vindicate those who fully and freely honor Him.

* * * * *

Chapter 2 CALLED OF GOD

"Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God... will not fail thee, nor forsake thee" (Deut. 31:6).

God has spoken to me many times. At the age of nine, He gave me a call and a vision: a call to preach and a vision of some day having charge of a large group of Christian workers. For many years I would weep and pray for God to give me courage to tell it. I knew the prejudiced attitude toward women preachers. I would preach to myself while working alone on the farm. Sometimes at the end of a 10-acre field, when I would be raking hay or hoeing corn, I would go to the fence corner, pray and get blest over the rich truths the Lord gave me. Finally, an intense conviction seized me, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel" (1 Cor. 9:16). Only those who have gone through such testings know the battles of women preachers. However, the indescribable rest and assurance of God's will gave me full courage to answer the call. I stood on the promise, "Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength" (Isa. 26:4).

In my fourth year of teaching in Atlantic City, God began to deal with me about giving my whole time to definite Christian work. I faced one of the hardest problems of my life. What about my dear mother? My one sister was teaching away from home. The other was to be married and move to Philadelphia. This meant Mother would be left alone. The responsibility of her comfort weighed much upon me. I had thought she and I could live together, and enjoy spiritual fellowship but God was calling me to Bible school. I must follow His leading.

Finally, I settled it to follow God's good plan. Unusual peace and joy flooded my soul. The day I left to go to Chicago Evangelistic Institute, Mother was weeping. Tenderly she said, "I will not put a straw in your way. Go, and mind the Lord. He will take care of me. I trusted Him fully to work out a plan so she would not have to live alone.

A most remarkable answer to prayer strengthened my faith. The school board of Honey Brook, where we lived, asked my older sister to accept a position to teach there. This meant she would live with Mother.

If we truly want to mind God, He will take care of every perplexing circumstance. "Let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. 4:6).

After I paid the loan for my two years at Keystone Normal School, I had \$29.30 left. This was just enough for my fare to Chicago. I would have to work my way through Bible school. Dear friends whom God had given me often felt led to send money. This strengthened my faith and taught me valuable lessons of trusting the Lord for everything. The folk of Central Church in Atlantic City, and many dear friends in Honey Brook will be rewarded much for their extreme goodness to me. All who helped me have a good share in the souls God has enabled me to win.

I reached CEI in September 1913. I shall never cease to praise God for the years of training I received under Dr. Iva Vennard and her faithful faculty who helped me much. Bro. Joseph H. Smith came twice a year to lecture on the deep things of the Word and the holiness movement. Many times the power of the Holy Ghost fell on our chapel services and in our classrooms.

Bro. George Bennard, author of "The Old Rugged Cross," was very efficient in conducting the School of Missions in downtown Chicago. From him I learned many valuable methods of Christian work. This training while at CEI has been invaluable in all of my ministry. While there I memorized Mrs. Vennard's Heart Purity booklet. What a blessing this has been.

As domestic work I was assigned to iron for the faculty. The laundry was in the dark basement. What a time I had getting victory over this! My third floor room had only one small window. Two young girls, one of whom had no salvation, shared the room. I had just come from the "City by the sea" which was very clean, and the air invigorating. There I had a large room alone, with plenty of good air and sunshine, and a view of the grand old ocean. The enemy surely did tempt me about my present work and surroundings. All this was good for me. I never complained, although at times I suffered intensely. The Lord had already brought me through some hard tests which prepared me well for these battles. I was in God's will, and the devil knew it. The good lessons of faith learned at CEI are rich indeed.

In my senior year I felt led to spend all my time studying rather than working to pay my bills. This mighty step of faith gave me a splendid establishment in believing for temporal things. When I graduated, three doors were open to me. I went to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, where I helped establish a Bible school. For two years I was the principal, then my health failed. While I was in the hospital, a group of the Bible school students came to see me. They sang, "God Will Take Care of You." How those words encouraged me! God gave me the verse in Ps. 144:1, "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." He assured me He still had work for me to do.

With the temperature often 50 degrees below zero, I was compelled to leave Canada. Soon I came home to Honey Brook to see Mother and friends before going to Atlantic City. The Lord so definitely healed my body that I was out of active Christian ministry only nine weeks.

Pastor's assistance work filled my time for the next two years, first for the Central Methodist Church of Atlantic City, then for other pastors in Philadelphia and Bristol. I had to trust God for many things. I needed a watch, an umbrella, and a new Bible. I told no one, but prayed the Lord would lay this on someone's heart. In less than a month, money came so I could buy a lovely Bible, an umbrella, and a watch. I shall never forget the joy of this definite answer to prayer.

For one church I made 1800 calls in six weeks. The pastor urged me to get the job done so he could send a good report to conference. He wanted funds with which to enlarge the church. I was not to take time to pray in the homes. However, this was just after World War I when many hearts were burdened over the loss of sons or fathers, so I often took time to pray. Many dear people were helped and comforted.

The Board of Church Extension gave me the choice of two other jobs. They explained that since these were in a foreign-section of the city, I must be very careful about telling folk about Jesus. My heart sank with grief. I resigned and began holding revival meetings. In evangelism I could be free to preach and teach the true doctrine of sanctification.

In the very first meeting, five women came seeking holiness. The pastor was so angry he would not even kneel to pray with them. He said, "These are my best members." But God softened his heart when he saw the joy and victory that came into their lives. He asked me to hold a meeting in his other church. Unless the pastor is a holiness man, it is very hard to get folk into blessing of a clean heart. However the gracious liberty and unction that the Holy Ghost gave as I preached His Word brought good results.

The Lord gave many marked answers to prayer in my evangelistic years (1919-22). I was enabled, through faith, to claim victory for souls to be saved and sanctified in each revival. To win souls takes great faith -- much greater than for finances or material things. The enemy will fight harder and hinder more when it comes to helping folks get to God.

Three pastors sought to be sanctified during these years of evangelism. One had been my pastor at the time I was sanctified. He fought holiness and me then. Now he was hungry for the blessing.

Often in my evangelistic work I met opposition to the truth of holiness, yet the Lord sealed the messages to the satisfaction of many precious souls. He helped me not to lower the standard, and kept me from compromising. In the early days of my ministry, opposition was hard to understand. Often I cried with the Psalmist, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise" (Ps. 57:7). My purpose was fixed, so God helped me to hold steady.

The Bible is full of holiness, and all the Protestant old-line churches have the doctrine in their disciplines. In fact, two-thirds of the Word is written to Christians showing our need of holiness, how to get the blessing, promises making provision for it, and how to keep it. The Bible

doctrine of entire sanctification, as taught by John Wesley, has always encountered opposition. Thank God, He has always raised up valiant advocates to restate and defend the doctrine against all who fight it. When we enjoy the blessing and preach messages that revolve around the fact of a full, free, and present salvation, we are bound to have definite results. Folk will be fully delivered from sin, its guilt, its power, and its presence within. They will become established in holiness. Oh, how great are the privileges of believers! William Carvosso, the great class leader of England, said, "As holiness is neglected, the work declines; as it is stressed, the work revives."

A dear saint in Bristol, Pa., with a few in her church, asked me to lead a meeting in her home for the promotion of holiness. I very gladly consented. The meetings were well attended, and the blessing of the Lord was mightily upon them. Many folk found blessing and help. Soon some were sanctified. The pastor of this lady's church was opposed to holiness. He reported the meetings to the bishop. I was asked to appear before three preachers and the bishop. When asked to relate about the holiness meetings, I told how the Lord was using the services, and that the Holy Ghost was upon the meetings. The case was dismissed. We went on with the holiness meetings for three years until I felt led to go to Asbury College in Kentucky.

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Chapter 3 "LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL"

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye" (Ps. 32:8).

Why did God put the urge on me to go to Asbury College, in Wilmore, Ky. when He was richly blessing my ministry in the evangelistic field? I didn't understand it. My friends couldn't understand it either, but God knew. He was bringing me into direct contact with the circumstances which directed me to my life's work.

God gives to everyone of His children those things that will best suit him for his work. Thus I firmly believe He led me to Asbury. The enemy tried to defeat me, but the settled peace and knowledge that I was doing God's will were indescribable. I was enrolled as a junior, even though I could have finished in one year.

Soon students were asking me to join various organizations. Among others, I joined the Mountain Missionary Society. This was founded by Claude Mingledorff in 1915. Its purpose, to take the gospel to the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. Each Christmas vacation and sometimes in the summer, young men of the society would hold revivals in the mountains. Something about this work attracted me. I never missed a meeting. The more I heard about the need, the more burden came upon me for the needy people living far back in the hill country. A very marked blessing fell as I prayed for them.

Before coming to Asbury I had arranged to hold five revivals the next summer. However, a very urgent call came from the Free Methodist Mission in Breathitt County, Ky. They said there was no money in it and that I could face some hard things.

I could not get away from this appeal. It was the challenge I needed. I cancelled three of the scheduled meetings and started for Eastern Kentucky to spend eight and a half weeks in revivals.

At once I fell in love with the work. Crowds of hungry-hearted people attended the meetings. These fine large families who lived along the creeks and remote hollows, worked hard farming the steep hillsides, but were happy to come to the meeting at night.

For the first three nights I preached full salvation with much liberty and blessing. The missionaries said, "We feel you are on the wrong track. No one here is ready for holiness. We must get people saved first."

I was new, so I went to preaching on sin and repentance. The meetings began to lose power and conviction. I said, "I must mind God and preach so these dear people will know how God delivers from all sin." I did, and the Holy Ghost honored it. This gave them courage from the Word to know God could fix them up. The break soon came. Souls fell at the altar. Twenty-three sought the Lord. Most of them were clear conversions and over half of these were sanctified later in the revival. This was the first awakening in the history of this community.

This was a most blessed and remarkable initiation for me. While many souls truly prayed through, the devil was powerfully stirred. Some folk openly fought the meeting. I remember one night when they rocked the building. Stones came through the windows; some cracked the weather boards. Guns were fired so it was like war outside. My soul was blest and calm. There was a window back of the pulpit. I thought surely I'll get shot while preaching and go to heaven. God gave me great courage. He was getting me ready fast for my future ministry. The sweet assurance of His care swept over me again and again during the unusual experiences of that summer. I endeavored to plant holiness in the rural sections of Breathitt County.

Some scenes I shall never forget. One man, father of fourteen children, was saved and seeking to be sanctified. Finally he said, "The Lord has shown me I must go make things right with my brother-in-law. I haven't spoken to him in nine years." He walked 20 miles to make this restitution. Coming directly into the Sunday service, he started for the altar. Half way up the aisle, God met him in a gracious way. He preached, exhorted, and shouted all over the house. Among other things he said, "Miss McConnell, they have called us 'Bloody Breathitt', but it's sin that has done it all."

This is the first time I had heard the term "Bloody Breathitt." I answered, "Only through the power of the Gospel coming into hearts, will it ever be changed." The Lord used this victory to bring more conviction on others and to bless all the converts. Some folks were shouting. It was a glorious day.

We visited much in the homes, prayed, and talked salvation. One day a lady said, "Missionary, I'm a fearful woman. I cut blood out of my children and beat up my husband when he comes home drunk."

"Jesus came to take all that out of your heart," I told her. "He can sanctify your temper so all hatred will be gone. He can help you be sweet and kind."

"I want it," she said. That night she began seeking God.

I said, "Sister, you can't get what I told you about, until you have your sins forgiven."

She became an earnest seeker. While she was serving dinner one day, the Lord came in forgiving power. She ran out in the yard, shouting His praises. Soon she sought to be sanctified. What a monument of grace she became and enjoyed freedom from all ill-will, bad tempers, and strife! This is the old-time religion, friends, and it works everywhere.

The missionaries gave me \$8.50 for those eight and a half weeks of preaching, making long journeys on horseback or on foot, and calling in many homes. My soul was fully repaid. I hastened on to hold two meetings in Indiana and Michigan. Here the offerings were excellent. This made it possible for me to return to Asbury College for my senior year. God vindicated His Word. He did the exceeding, abundantly above all. This strengthened me for the battles ahead.

As chaplain of the Senior Class, I often asked folk to pray for God to call some of the seniors to the mountains of Kentucky. This needy home field was less than 100 miles east of Wilmore. Finally, one of them said, "Miss McConnell, we feel it is almost a joke for you to be making this request. We feel God is calling you." I admitted He had been talking to me about it.

When I entered Asbury, I had no other thought but that I would continue my evangelistic work all over the United States. After a struggle of about six weeks I said, "Yes, Lord, I'll go." The power of God flooded my willing heart assuring me that I was His chosen vessel. Indescribable joy and peace swept over my soul. He was calling me to take the message of holiness to the precious people in the rural sections of the mountains. When I testified to it, God bore witness to people in Asbury that He was unmistakably calling me to this work. I was to give my life in full-time service for Him in Eastern Kentucky. This was February 1924. Immediately I had visions of churches and schools in the far back sections of the mountains. I said, "So this is what the Lord has been preparing me for all the years of my life."

I came in the strength of the Lord to this long-neglected home mission field, on June 1, 1924.

When tremendous conflicts and hardships came, as they always do to test our faith, I could say, "The Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might,...have not I sent thee" (Judg. 6:14)?

On my fortieth birthday, June 1, 1924, Dr. Henry Clay Morrison, then President of Asbury College, handed me my diploma and said, "I give this diploma to the General of the Kentucky Mountains."

Like Caleb, "Forty years old was I when the Lord sent me.. to espy out the land.... Surely the land whereon thy feet have trodden shall be thine inheritance.. because thou hast wholly followed the Lord" (Josh. 14:7, 9).

From this time on, I became God's handmaiden for a definite work. We speak of this one or that one as the founder of some work, but the person is only a servant of Him who is the Founder of all. "He that built all things is God." Like Abraham, when God called, I obeyed and went forth by faith to be a sojourner in the Kentucky Mountains.

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Chapter 4 THE MOUNTAIN SHALL BE THINE -- 1925-42

Faith, in its earliest stages, is seldom if ever unaccompanied by tremendous conflicts. Through pain and sorrow, God kept laying the foundation of the Kentucky Mountain work deep in the heart of its founder. Since I was to be the leader of an army of workers, I must learn as a pioneer, through suffering and hardships, to inspire others. But hardships are only steppingstones to greater things for God. I can see now that He was preparing me for an unfaltering faith ministry. I would a million times rather be where God wants me in a hard field with no pay, than to be where God doesn't want me with good pay. To be supremely happy, satisfied, and contented, have enough to eat, enough to wear, and a comfortable place to sleep is life in abundance.

Thank God I had very little of the world's goods around me as a child. I'm glad I grew up on a farm where I was compelled to work hard. Such early surroundings helped build the power of perseverance and good character in me. Now with the sure promises of the Almighty, immutable God, I went forth.

On June 1, 1924, Miss Mary Vandiver (later Mrs. R. L. Swauger) came with me to the mountains. She, a student at Asbury College, was also definitely called of God. We boarded the L.& N. train in Nicholasville and came to Breathitt County. Miss Irma Cook (later Mrs. F. W. Noble) soon joined us. Miss Elizabeth O'Connor, superintendent of the Oakdale Free Methodist mission, kindly let us make her home our headquarters.

We were given a new Bilhorn portable organ and \$75.00. With this money I bought a horse and saddle. Beauty was the most sure-footed horse I ever rode. Mary Vandiver, the organist; Irma Cook, the song leader; and I, the preacher, went from place to place holding revival meetings in the little schoolhouses. The Lord honored our ministry with saved and sanctified souls. We loved the people; they were very friendly to us.

Up the steep hillsides, over the long winding trails, through creek-bed roads, we travelled. Beauty carried all the baggage and the organ while the organist, song leader, and preacher walked. We had plenty of experience in surmounting difficulties.

God had here a great open-hearted people who had long been waiting to hear His truth. For six generations both Church and State had passed them by.

Along the 5,000 creeks and hollows of Eastern Kentucky, 500,662 Anglo-Saxon people live. Their ancestors have occupied these hills for nearly two centuries. These open-hearted,

homeloving people are quick, active, mentally alert, with deep emotions, which are easily stirred. This makes their hatreds intense, and accounts for the feuds of the early days.

In 1924 a Breathitt County lawyer told me, "One fourth of the children between ages seven and thirteen do not attend school. Either their parents do not care, or they do not have money for adequate clothing or books. Their lot is constant toil."

A lawyer in Magoffin county said, "There are 5000 children with no high school advantages." I knew that many of these lived in rural areas far from the high school in the county seat town. Since roads were very few in 1924 and most travel was done by foot or horseback, many of these young people finished the local grade school then went to work on the family farm. This was a great burden.

The gracious liberty in preaching and around the altar where men and women were praying through, encouraged us to press on. The last meeting of the summer of 1924 was held on White Oak Creek. We stayed in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Haddox. Many years before, a Methodist preacher had come through this area. Through his ministry, Mrs. J. G. Lawson and Mrs. Tom Haddox had been made hungry for salvation, and were soon converted. In our White Oak meeting Mrs. Haddox heard, for the first time, preaching on sanctification. She related how the Lord had given her this good experience after her sins were forgiven. She had lived a sanctified life for 10 years before she ever heard what to call it.

Others were also hungry for the blessing. One Sunday, after I had preached on full salvation, Mrs. Sam Noble came to the front. She was clapping her hands and saying, "If there is anything more, I want it." Later in our campmeeting she said, "I'll have it or die. There will be nothing between my soul and the Saviour." God powerfully met her before she reached the altar.

During the summer revivals (1924) it became known that we wanted to build a boarding school and church in one of the communities. Many of the mountain people in various sections offered land, lumber and labor. We prayed much about the location. After several meetings near the Lawson graveyard on Mill Creek, we felt this was God's choice of location. In this far out-of-the-way spot, in the extreme northwest section of Breathitt County, the people had been deprived of church and high school opportunities.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lawson kindly donated 12 acres of land on a delightful hilltop overlooking the North Fork of the Kentucky River. It was two miles west of the mouth of Frozen Creek, on the opposite side of the river from the horse and wagon trail and the Ohio and Kentucky railroad. The little O. & K train played an important part in the early days of our work.

We set a day to clear the land. Thirty-one people came to help. Snakes ran from their hiding places as small trees, brush, and sumac were cut. The work went very well. An evening marshmallow roast ended a good day of work and fellowship.

Dr. F. H. Larabee and Mr. C. A. Lovejoy, of Asbury College, and many of the neighborhood folk came for the dedication of the campus. The blessing of the Lord was richly upon us. We have never doubted nor regretted His leading as to the location.

During this time we were having prayer in Mrs. Haddox's home. Before we were off our knees Dr. Larabee said, "Miss McConnell, I have a name for your school. Call it Mt. Carmel." As God answered Elijah on his Mt. Carmel, so every step of this work has been born and directed through prayer.

In September Miss Mary Vandiver returned to Asbury, Miss Irma Cook to the Pacific coast, and I was left alone in the mountains. My faithful horse, Beauty, took me for revival meetings in various communities. Mrs. Jessie Cundiff, a precious Christian lady in Jackson, made a room in her home available to me. Often after I paid \$10 per month rent, I had little money left for food. Many nights I went to bed hungry, but I didn't let anyone know my needs. I trusted God.

The Lord let my faith be tested to the limit that first hard winter. Not only was I alone and often hungry, but my room was near the ground. Water stood under the house most of the winter. I couldn't keep warm. The devil said, "All this cold and dampness will bring back your kidney trouble."

Finally, one night I told the Lord, "I'm here until I die: if I starve or if I freeze." That broke the devil's power. I heard him go just like a strong wind. The enemy had tried to defeat me, but God saw I meant business. I have never been tormented like that through the years since.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.

-- Martin Luther

Soon someone sent me an old canvas piano cover. This was truly a God-send. Laid between the thin mattress and springs, it helped to keep out the cold. Soon money came. I was able to pay my room rent and get my meals in a restaurant.

The 1924 Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Maysville. On the train as I travelled to the conference, my heart was burdened over the great need of the mountain people. A doctor in Jackson had told me there were 3,000 creeks in Eastern Kentucky still without Sunday schools or churches. The doctor said, "Miss McConnell, there is an average of one a week killed on the creek where I was reared." A lawyer confirmed that this was also true in other communities. I know this condition could only exist where they had not had the Gospel of Christ. I cried unto the Lord for a ministry of love and divine power to make inroads into the enemy's territory.

The devil sorely tempted me to discouragement as I rode along that morning. Here was the big task of holding revival meetings, and the burden of beginning of a new church and school. I felt so alone. Who would help me? I took my Bible and turned to Joshua chapter 17. It is my custom to read some portion of the Old Testament and some of the New Testament in my daily devotions. As I read in Joshua, God came with rich courage. He spoke to me from His Word, "But the mountain

shall be thine; for it is a wood, and thou shalt cut it down: and the outgoings of it shall be thine: for thou shalt drive out the Canaanites, though they have iron chariots, and though they be strong" (Josh. 17:18).

As I read, new joy, hope, and courage came over me. My soul was lifted. The strength of this good promise has never left me. It was a rich token of God's call. The task and vision of God's plan overwhelms me yet, but this promise has often been a mighty bulwark to my faith. I attended the Methodist church in Jackson and a Thursday evening prayer meeting conducted by the good ladies of the town. These contacts helped me get acquainted and gave me an outlet for my already overburdened heart. My soul fed on the Word through those long weary winter days. I would often pray by the hour until waves of glory flooded my soul.

Often during the winter I visited the Lawson neighborhood to discuss building plans with the people. Early in March 1925 the contract was let for the foundation of the first building of Mt. Carmel Church and School. On March 10th, while people stood around, some of them weeping for joy, I dug the first shovelful of earth. God's own seal of blessing was richly upon us that day.

Soon men came to build the foundation and basement walls. We paid them \$1500 in full. God had sent the money in direct answer to prayer.

The first money given for the new church and school was \$.50 from a dear little mountain girl. She had worked long and hard picking up coal that had fallen from the freight cars as they puffed up the mountain near her home. My heart was touched when she gave that money for our school.

In June 1925 seven young men from Asbury College came to erect the building. Mr. Raymond Swauger, a well-trained, very capable man, was chief carpenter and overseer. He had as his helpers Hugh Townley, Fred Martin, Henry Wheeler, Eddie Linder, and Hayden Camp. They came from Lexington to Elkatawa by train. The Lawson boys met them with teams and wagons to haul their tents, bedding, tools, and food.

The young men loved the work and were powerfully blest as they built, prayed, and sang. In the evenings they held services in the little schoolhouses within three or four miles of the campus. This was an entirely new experience for them. I have met these men at different times since. They invariably tell me with deep gratitude how God used that summer to enrich their spiritual lives.

For the story of the building of the high school, I have asked R. L. Swauger to write. He tells us

"In the spring of 1925, just after Asbury College commencement, seven young men left the campus and wended their way to the scene of their labors for the summer, the place later known as 'Baby Asbury.' It was located on a high hill above the North Fork of the Kentucky River, two miles below the mouth of Frozen Creek.

"The seven young men were to erect the Administration Building. They established a camp, pitched an army squad tent for living quarters, erected a temporary shed which served as kitchen and dining hall, and laid down a schedule. The order of the day was: rising bell, 4 A.M.; breakfast, 4:30; followed by family prayers and devotions; work began at 5:30; dinner at 11:30; with supper at 5:30 P.M.

"The neighbors across the river tell of hearing songs of praise and voices of prayer. Each boy had a chosen spot in the nearby woods for holding his own 'secret' devotions.

"All building material was shipped on the O. & K train from Jackson to Frozen Creek. Here was a small siding where the carloads of building supplies were stopped. The building site was two miles from Frozen Creek, but the actual hauling distance was four miles. The team and wagon had to go a mile farther down river to a ford, then come up on this side. During the entire summer, the work of hauling was held up only two days because of a flooded river. The Lord favored the work with dry weather. In the years previous and those which followed, rain often made the river unfordable. Since the weather was so ideal, the boys were able to make splendid progress with the work. To the Lord we give glory and praise.

"The frame building was 67x43 feet with a full basement. Since the men had a mind to work, they were able also to build the front part of the boys' dorm during the summer. One of the men who helped said he never saw things go together better, or with fewer mistakes. God surely was aiding the carpenters. No accident of any account was suffered during the entire period. 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' 'No harm shall come nigh thee.' These promises became personal to each of the young men.

"In due time the building was under roof, ready for lath and plaster. Who could do this work? Six brothers, all lathers came, and did a good job. A man from Jackson did the plastering. Thank God for these answers to prayer.

"In connection with the hauling of the plaster here is an item of interest. A carload of plaster had been placed in our little train house at Frozen Creek. The next morning eight teams and wagons were ready to begin hauling it. The weather was cloudy, but not raining. We advised the drivers to go, but to load up only if the weather was favorable. Wet plaster would be just so much lost plaster. Shortly after the teams started, the clouds lifted and the sun shone brightly. The wagons were loaded. All was well until one of those quick, hard showers came up. What about the plaster? The drivers were somewhere on that four-mile trip between the train stop and Mt. Carmel. Was the plaster ruined? Within an hour all teams came in with their loads as dry as could be. The wagons were unloaded and were just leaving the campus when another downpour came. But where were they during the first shower? All eight wagons had found shelter in our neighbor's barn across the river. That was Divine timing. God is never too late or too early. Such a remarkable event didn't 'just happen.' This work and all the materials belonged to the Lord. He was taking care of it as we trusted Him for it.

"All the boys enjoyed the summer's work. It was truly a time when 'Here the atmosphere is pleasant.' Often the strains of 'Amazing Grace' or 'This is Like Heaven to Me' could be heard, but the favorite song was 'He's a Wonderful Saviour to Me.' It was sung with deep feeling because it

was true in each life. God's presence was on the place. His help was evident in so many ways, and His blessing was rich in the lives of the young men. They could well say with Nehemiah, 'So builded we the.. building.'"

Mountain folk from War Creek, Mill Creek, White Oak, Vancleve, Canyon Falls, and Glory Creek had helped with the construction. The building was finished and dedicated Sept. 8, 1925. Dr. H.C. Morrison and others from Asbury College, and a host of local people attended the dedication held during our first camp meeting.

Almost the first question our visitors ask is, "why did you build so far back in the hills? Why on the opposite side of the river from the only outlet to the highway?" That is easily answered. There was no highway, or even gravel road, in this section when we came to the mountains.

Another reason for this location is that God heard the prayers of Mrs. J. G. Lawson and others, for a school to be located in this community. Mrs. Lawson told me, "I'm the mother of 14 children. I have 10 living. The youngest is four years old. I have prayed for 25 years for God to give us a church and school. I have often walked in our yard in the night praying for God to help us and bring us the Gospel." while these folk were praying, God was preparing a little farm girl in Pennsylvania to be the answer to their prayers.

Mrs. Lawson lived only one year to enjoy the answer to her prayers. She testified a short time before her death that she felt Mt. Carmel stood as a memorial to her prayers, a fruitage of her heart's desires. It was beautiful and fitting that her funeral should be the first conducted in the Mt. Carmel chapel.

The first Mt. Carmel Camp Meeting (1925) was held under a brush arbor on the campus hillside. A day or two before camp, Old Beauty, my faithful horse, and I brought a sack of dynamite through safely. The men needed it to blast big rocks out of the trail. The creeks were all dried up. Even the Kentucky River was fordable by car, so six cars came on the campus that day. Mr. Swauger and his crew built a temporary footbridge across the river. A big barrel of ice water was made for the many who walked long distances. Dr. H.C. Morrison came as camp preacher. Our hearts were melted before the Lord as the Holy Ghost moved on souls and brought many through to victory.

School opened the following week with a fine enrollment of mountain young people. Many day students walked two, three, or even four miles. Our dormitories were also full. A finer group could not be found. However, they were not used to dorm rules. We had many discipline problems that first year.

Three boys got drunk. They broke up some furniture in their building. One dear boy who had been drinking and smoking since early childhood gave us much trouble. But God got hold of him, saved and cleaned him up. Boys who were slaves to cigarettes found complete deliverance as they yielded to Jesus.

Many outstanding victories were won during the two revivals that year. We majored on full salvation. The Holy Ghost took charge of the services so that scores were sanctified wholly and some were called to preach.

On one occasion a number of students planned to attend a party two miles from the school. We forbade their going. They said, "We are going." These parties meant dancing and drinking. We told them no one was going to hold them on the campus, but if they went, not one of them need come back. We prayed and fully trusted God. Not one of the students left the campus.

Miss Martha Archer taught the seventh and eighth grades. She was so afraid she would lose her salvation if she spoke with authority. The students were becoming very unruly. One of them threatened her with a knife. I said, "Martha, you surely will backslide unless you handle these situations with a commanding voice.,, She did, and God used it to take care of the situation. A few bad boys can upset things, especially when they think they are a law unto themselves.

Those were days of mighty soul travail. The Holy Ghost held us steady and patient. God gave powerful victories over the devil's plans to defeat the school. God had sent us here. He stood by us marvelously.

Crowds of men and women attended the regular night services and the twice-a-year revival meetings. They came from far and near. We could hear the horses as they came galloping over the trails. Almost all the young men carried guns. While folk prayed through at the altar and shouts of victory filled the house, you could hear guns crack and see fire in every direction as the boys rode off through the night. The front terrace of Mt. Carmel had hundreds of bullets in it.

We were very grieved when young men who were not students tried to make friends with the boarding school girls. The parents sent their girls to us for an education. We worked hard to handle this problem. A boy with a gun and partly drunk can be very unreasonable.

One of our day school girls told us of a plot the boys were planning. They decided to shoot up the place one night.

"Oh, no they won't," I said. "We are under divine appointment. This is God's place."

The faculty went to their knees. The Lord assured us He would take care of the situation. That evening service began. Dozens of young men, with guns on their hips, and moonshine on their breath, filed into the chapel. All was calm. God gave the preacher unusual liberty. The young men listened. They never knew why they were so restrained from carrying out their plot. We knew. God was there taking charge of the whole situation. This was true many times in those early days of tremendous conflict with the devil.

After finishing our schools, one young man testified, "I was born on Devil's Creek in Wolfe County, Ky. Of a family of 15, none were Christians. I didn't know much of God's great plan of salvation, but I knew I was a sinner and headed for eternal torment.

"When I arrived at Mt. Carmel, I saw students and faculty living for the Lord and enjoying it. I finished the school year with a hungry heart, received my eighth grade diploma, and went home for the summer.

"Mother was stricken with rheumatism. One night I feared she would die. I promised the Lord if He would spare her life, I would give Him mine. "In the fall revival at Mt. Carmel I was the first seeker. When I met conditions, God filled my soul with unspeakable joy. Two days later, just as definitely as the Lord had saved me, He sanctified my heart and the Holy Spirit came in to abide.

"When I went home for a short visit my older brother, Willie, was converted. Soon Mother and others of the family found the Lord.

"I graduated from the Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute in 1934, then went out preaching, holding revivals, and helping to build churches, and parsonages, in the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association. My prayer is, 'Lord, let me burn out for Thee winning souls here in my own native hills.' "

A Mt. Carmel girl wrote, "It is because the faithful Christians at Mt. Carmel High School prayed for me that Jesus came into my heart. He transformed my life from unhappiness to joy, from fear to perfect love, from turmoil to perfect peace, and from death to eternal life. I praise Him because He still lives and answers prayer."

Another mountain boy testified, "Soon after I was saved I began to realize that I needed something more. One of the boys did something I didn't like. The old spirit of anger boiled up within me. I knew a Christian shouldn't be like that. I asked God to sanctify me. The Holy Ghost came and burned out that 'root of bitterness.' Now God has saved and sanctified me and called me to preach."

These are only three of the many lovely young people the Lord sent to us in the early days. Not only did they receive a well-rounded education, but many learned to walk with Jesus, live by faith, and pray in the needed clothing, shoes, and even postage stamps.

The influence of the school is felt in every phase of life throughout Eastern Kentucky.

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Chapter 5

EARLY DAYS -- TREMENDOUS CONFLICTS -- 1925-1948

"For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries" (1 Cor. 16:9).

Our faith linked to God's love and power makes everything in the promises of God possible.

While all the foregoing battles and victories were upon us, we also had many other difficult problems. A \$25,000 debt for materials for the first building, and the school running expenses had to be met. People asked how we, almost strangers in the area, unknown except through Asbury College, could get so much credit. The only solution I can give is "God was in it and our faith never wavered." We simply stated our needs. The lumber company and other business firms in Jackson let us have all we needed. We never asked for money or supplies. We fully trusted the Lord.

Some of our creditors were getting worried. One was in such distress he threatened to sue us. We held on to God, sometimes fasting for days. I had read *The Life of George Muller* -- the great orphanage man of faith of Bristol, England. I felt the Lord wanted us to use a similar plan.

Money was coming to us in greater sums, and thus God kept us encouraged. As money came we divided it among the creditors. I often went to see them and explained everything. This gave them a greater chance to see the working of the Lord and to know that He was truly with us. We were the talk of the country. Folks in Jackson knew every time a note came due, and they waited to see how God would answer this time.

One time the faculty and I fasted and prayed for 10 days. God came so near. The entire campus was pervaded with the power of the Holy Ghost. I shall never forget it. We were praying for \$1,800 to pay a note. The Lord did exceeding abundantly above. When the day came we had \$2,700 with which to pay the \$1,800 note. Many times folk in the bank would ask, "How do you do it?" We would tell them the Lord did it all. In four and one-half years we were able to clear the entire \$25,000 debt in direct answer to prayer. In the meantime we also kept our running expenses paid. "...as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee" (Josh. 1:5). Many other promises were constantly vindicated in our behalf.

In the early days we contracted with two men to drill a water well. We were to pay them \$2.00 per foot. The total bill of \$142.00 was to be paid in three months. It took several weeks to do the drilling with mule power. We had paid all but \$19.00 by the end of the three months. About 10 days later a deputy sheriff appeared in the Mt. Carmel office with a summons for Miss Lela G. McConnell. I had never been arrested. Immediately I could see myself behind bars in the county jail. The deputy explained that we owed the well drillers \$19.00. We were aware of that. We didn't have it. Our mail comes over the mountain on muleback. I talked with the sheriff until the mail came. There was no money in the mail and none in the bank. I left the sheriff and slipped away to pray. My heart was broken with grief, but soon the Lord quieted my fears. Asbury College had sent each of the teachers and me \$5.00 for Christmas, so I called the faculty together. Each one willingly contributed until I had \$19.00. Then the deputy said, "You owe me \$2.50 for coming over here to get this." We took up another collection from the Christmas gift money. The man seemed happy as he walked away with his \$21.50.

We agreed in prayer that God would handle a certain moonshiner. An officer soon came and raided the place. The moonshiner thought I had reported him. He threatened to shoot me. I said, "If he does, I'll be in heaven the next minute." I went to his home and visited and prayed with the family. They invited me to stay for supper. We have been good friends ever since.

There were no high school graduates at Mt. Carmel's first commencement, but 12 graduated from the eighth grade. The chapel was crowded. All the students took part. Near the close of the program I was asked to take charge. I felt led to tell the folk about the deputy coming for the money. I told how it grieved me. I said, "No, I didn't once feel like burning the well driller's house, or poisoning his stock, or killing him. We would gladly let any of his 11 children come to Mt. Carmel School. There wasn't the slightest revenge in my heart toward him." Then I said, "Friends, the Lord has sanctified me wholly and taken out all the ill will, grudge, and strife, and caused me to love people who do us wrong." I went on to tell them, "The Lord has established Mt. Carmel here in your midst so you, too, can know the deliverance full salvation brings." The atmosphere was like revival meeting with the Lord so near. All over the chapel men and women were weeping. After the benediction three big men dressed in overalls, rushed up to me and said, "Is the man who sent the deputy after you here?" I was very thankful he was NOT there.

Mt. Carmel became known far and wide through the students' reports of our kind, yet firm discipline. Sanctified teachers with warm hearts and well-trained heads will turn out excellent young people. We were running not just an "A grade" high school, but one where hungry-hearted young people could find God and truly become established in His will and plan for their lives.

All of the parents were favorable toward the level of education of our school, but some opposed us when the Gospel of full salvation got hold of their young people. The testimonies and lives of the students who found Jesus as Saviour was a rebuke to sin. The devil was furious. One father said he would like to drive us out of the country at the point of a gun. Today, however, he is a good friend.

By the end of the third year of Mt. Carmel, holiness of heart and life was already being enjoyed by a host of young people. The mountain preacher who opposed us was often the subject of our prayers. We feared his influence on our students who were so beautifully sanctified. When the young people became more firmly established, they were able to pray, preach and live so they helped him to see the Light.

One dear man, who could not read, but knew Jesus so well, always brought blessing when he tried to preach. He loved to have the missionaries come to read and explain the Bible to him.

In the fall of 1926 our debts were many and folk were pressing us for money. The National Association of Local Preachers, of which I am a member, met in Washington, D.C. I had often attended these conventions and knew that many of the members were big business men with lots of money. This year they gave me a half hour to talk about the mountain work. The devil said, "Now is your chance to ask this group for \$15,000." Well, to the hurt of my soul I did, but God stepped in and defeated the enemy's plan. The folk gave me only \$2.50. I have praised God ever since. If they had given a lot of money, the lovely plan of God for our whole trust to be in Him would have been upset. We would have gotten into all kinds of difficulties. On the train coming home I was praying. The Lord opened my eyes to it all. From the beginning we felt the Lord wanted us to trust Him fully in this interdenominational holiness work of faith. I resolved by God's grace that we would follow His plan. That night when I told the faculty, the y all felt the same. The blessing of the Lord melted our souls afresh as we drove down one more stake for God and true holiness.

Temptations to compromise along financial lines will come upon us so subtly unless we keep well prayed up. Our faith was often tested, we felt, to the breaking point, but rich growth in grace came constantly as we held firm under the guiding and comforting hand of our Heavenly Father.

I found it very easy to trust God for my own needs, but it was an entirely different proposition to have faith for large food bills, gas wells, cars, new churches, parsonages and new dormitories that cost tens of thousands of dollars.

My sister wrote that one of our cousins was very ill and could not recover. I said to the faculty, "Let's pray that God will lay it on her heart to give us \$500 for the spread of holiness here in the mountains." As we prayed the Lord assured us He would attend to it. We left it in His hands. She lived about six weeks.

The following summer I saw her nurse. She said, "Your cousin, a few weeks before she died, talked about you a lot. She even had us get a lawyer to change her will and give you \$500 above all the other cousins. She was so happy over it, and when that was off her mind she rested better.

No doubt God had a double purpose in all this. He helped her spiritually by investing in our vital soul-saving work, and He strengthened our faith. My check was \$1362.45. I bought a dress for \$4.00; and a much needed pair of shoes for \$3.00. All the rest was given to the work of the Lord, and I felt powerfully blest.

Some folk criticized me. They said, "what will happen if you get sick, and what are you going to do when you get old?"

I said, "The Lord has all of that planned for me if I obey Him fully and keep in the center of His will." "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Ps. 84:11). This rich promise had often been vindicated in my behalf. I thank God that He has seen me through two hospital experiences and kept me clothed through these eighteen years of labor in the mountains. I handle all the money that comes in, and could be free to use it for my personal needs, but I have never been tempted to do it. I live like all the workers. They are full of devotion and sacrifice so the Lord may be magnified in the mountains. My faith, no doubt, would fail if I spent money unnecessarily on myself. Furthermore, how could I pray money out of other people's bank accounts if I had one of my own?

When I said yes to God's call, at once I had visions of churches and schools dotted all through the mountains. I prayed for the Lord to call others to help fulfill this vision. Miss Mary Vandiver was the first to feel God's leadings. With much emotion she testified, "God has called me to the Kentucky Mountains."

I was overjoyed to know she would be here working with me. She came with me that first summer, but went back to college in the fall. She returned in June 1925, and so is one of the pioneers. When God led her to take a business course in college, she didn't realize He was getting her ready to be the secretary of this holiness center. The Lord has endowed her with much wisdom.

She is talented in art, and in both vocal and instrumental music. Her versatility, talents, and spiritual life have been a great asset to the Association.

Later, she became Mrs. R. L. Swauger. Living with her husband in the boys' dorm, she cared for the boys as kindly as a mother. Her wise and gentle counsel has often helped younger members of the Association. She is greatly loved and respected.

Rev. Martha Archer tells of her call to the Kentucky hills.

"In 1925, by way of Asbury College, the Spirit led me to the mountains. In the first Mt. Carmel school revival, through a gracious and heavenly visitation, the question came, 'Will you stay in the mountains the rest of your days?' My heart responded with a glad 'Amen' to the will of God. Although that call was severely tested, Thank God, His love in my heart triumphed.

"Now after 20 years in the hills, I can testify to being supremely happy, endeavoring with the body of God's sanctified co-workers to spread Scriptural holiness in the Kentucky Mountains."

Early in the spring of 1926, Raymond L. Swauger came from Asbury College to take pictures for our first high school year book, "The Mountain Echo." During the few days he was with us the Lord dealt with him. While in prayer, the Lord gave great assurance that he, R. L. Swauger, was to burn out his life for the salvation of souls in this great home mission field. God had fitted him so well for this work. He had studied engineering and draftsmanship in Gettysburg College and in the University of Pennsylvania. Now he was finishing his training in a holiness college. Mr. Swauger's faithful, godly ministry in teaching, counselling young people, and in building churches, parsonages, schools, and bridges, has been invaluable to the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association. It has been done through Holy Ghost wisdom and for God's glory. He was the first man called into the work. Now (1942) we have a splendid group of men who are also just as definitely called and fitted for the work. One by one God has laid His hand upon men and women for life service in the KMHA.

In the fall of 1926, Miss Genelle Day also came into the work by divine appointment. She was with us for the summer as pastor on Morgue Creek. We prayed much during campmeeting for one more experienced teacher. Miss Day testified that the Lord had called her. There was great rejoicing as God put His seal upon it. Her capability as a teacher, and her powers of discipline through close walking with God, have been a means of getting many students well established in the Canaan Land experience.

The fall of 1926 found us living in Psalm forty-six. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Be still, and know that I am God.... (Ps. 46:1, 7, & 10). The enemy often came in like a flood, but the spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against him.

In spite of all the battles, we moved forward with holy fire burning in our souls. A divine call was upon us, and even though the task was difficult, our talents few, and we were hidden back in the mountains without fame or money, we loved the people and our job. We kept claiming the promise, "The mountain shall be thine." Now, (1942) we have a host of young people, filled with

the Holy Ghost, with a real call of God upon them, and a burning passion for the lost. Seeing them walk with God is reward.

Through these pioneer days we have had some of the nearest approaches to God that any of us had ever experienced.

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Chapter 6 THE PAULINE MINISTRY -- OUTSTATIONS -- 1925-42

"As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. So they being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed...And...they preached the word of God" (Acts 13:2, 4, 5).

The enemy surely would rout us if we tried to work out the Pauline ministry without the sanctifying power Paul had. As the Holy Ghost directed Paul's ministry, so we trusted Him for wisdom, strength, and guidance in our work.

Calls began coming for church services in other sections of the mountains. During the summers, we began services in rural schoolhouses. Generous-hearted people loaned little houses in which our pastors could live. We furnished these simply with cots, tables, small oil stoves, and a few cooking utensils and dishes. After each June conference it was amusing to see the pastors, appointed to the various stations, as they assembled their goods.

The history of each station is rich in adventure, faith and blessing, patient toil, brave endurance, sore trials and seeming defeat, and yet victory. The major ministry of each station is the salvation of souls and sanctification of believers. The pastors sow amidst tears and reap in joy.

Our pastors in these places are two women or a man and his wife. They are consecrated, full of sacrifice, and devoted to the needs of the people. Hence their success.

Each consecutive summer as we hold meetings in the same communities we see richer and more permanent results. People are becoming indoctrinated in the Gospel of full salvation. Students and faculty from various holiness Bible schools and colleges come to help in the summer pastorates.

In 1925 we began 12 preaching points. The next three years we were able to add more until there were 17. It was heartbreaking to the pastors, and to the people to close the Sunday school and church services for the winter. This left the converts without a shepherd. We prayed for God to send pastors who could stay all year. In 1927-28 we were able to keep nine stations open. This was the beginning of our permanent station work.

The best people are always interested in getting a work for God established firmly in their area. Brother H. L. Henry and his wife lived at Index. In the early days of our work, they gave an acre of good land in a fine location for a church and parsonage. Soon they sought and found the

Lord. Bro. Henry said he had failed God years before when he was a student at Berea College. God had called him to preach. He told us, "I have paid dearly for my failure." He got back to the Lord and has been a strong preacher of full salvation ever since.

In 1934 Bro. L. O. Florence, of Wilmore, Ky., came to hold revival meetings in our schools and at the Index church. Of this Index meeting he wrote, "The Lord came on us in great power. He gave us 21 souls saved and 17 sanctified."

This good revival is a monument to Bro. and Sis. Myers, the pastors at that time. They had laid a good foundation. Nearly every convert is still (1942) holding true, carrying on family altar and helping in the church with their good testimonies and prayers.

A Macedonian call had been coming to us from people in Lee County. After much prayer we felt led to send two ladies to begin a station there.

They went to get a little house ready. Early the next morning Mrs. Swauger and I, with three high school boys, started in the old Dodge. We were pulling a trailer filled with furnishings. We got along nicely for the first 48 miles, then came to a narrow place in the hillside trail. Rain had just fallen making the steep incline very slippery. With the help of chains and boys we tried to make it. Impossible. Some men nearby came to help us to the top of the hill. They told us it was impossible to go on. "The road is too slick," they said, "and the hills are too steep and long."

As we rested on the porch of Mrs. Angel's home we asked, "How far is it to the missionaries' house?"

She put her hands on her hips, looked off in the direction of the house and said, "Law, honey, it's way the tether side of yander." We found that it was six very rough miles.

The Angels secured a mule from one man and a wagon and mule from another, loaded half the things we had brought, and took us on to the parsonage. The ladies were waiting for the stove and for tin with which to patch the roof. The next day the Angel boys brought the rest of the furniture. This became a fine pastorate. Many people found the Lord.

I asked the pastors not to give an altar call for the first three months. The people needed to be taught first. Finally, one Sunday morning they asked if anyone wanted to be saved. Instantly, three mothers came to the front of the little schoolhouse. In a short time two of them knew God's forgiveness. The other prayed through later. One said she had prayed long before daylight for the Lord to withhold rain so she could come to church. If it had rained, her husband would not have let her walk, carrying the baby, four miles over the mountain. She wanted so much to come. This was the first opportunity she had to find the Lord.

Our pastors often proved God's keeping power in times of distress. We have learned that it is possible to take the spoiling of our goods joyfully. Two of our young men were robbed of all their best clothing. At another station the girls were relieved of their fountain pens and other valuables. These were taken from the parsonage while they were conducting Sunday school in the schoolhouse down the creek.

Misses Madge Carter, Pearl Humphrey (later Mrs. James Keysor), and Mary Paulo had charge of the church at Lee City. Their faith and untiring labors eternity alone will reveal. They say, "To hear the Christians pray and testify is enough to repay us for the years we have been working in this tiny settlement far back in Wolfe County, along the headwaters of the Red River." The ladies were conducting services at their second charge when a young man came into the schoolhouse smoking. One kind gentleman, a deputy sheriff, spoke to the young man, asking him to quit smoking in the building. At once the boy drew a pistol. Miss Carter jumped between them and said, "Don't shoot this man. He is a friend and here to protect us. If you must shoot, shoot me. I'm ready to die. The sheriff isn't." The boy went out, and they went on with the service.

Presently he came in again, walked up to the sheriff and said, "Now I am going to kill you." This time the ladies dropped on their knees. Miss Carter cried out, "O Lord, take charge of this situation." By this time people were running out the door and jumping out the windows. But God surely answered prayer. While five shots were fired, no one was hurt except a slight wound on the arm of the boy. That ended the service for the day. The next Sunday services were as usual. The sheriff and his family lived near the church. A while later he sought and found the Lord precious to his soul. He tells how the Lord forgave him and later took carnality out of his heart. He rejoices in deliverance from the power of sin.

People at Lee City kept asking us to start a grade school there. This we did in 1935. It has been a means of training a host of children not only in books, but in spiritual truths that will follow them all through life. This ministry has been very rewarding.

Later one graduate wrote (in part), "I have been privileged to attend a Christian school ever since I started. In the little Mission school at Lee City you could always feel the blessing of the Lord.

"He has dealt with me ever since I can remember. He saved me when I was seven. I well remember getting down at the altar and confessing my sins. I didn't know very much about salvation, but I knew we had to be saved and sanctified before we could go to heaven. I surely didn't want to be left behind.

"After my conversion, Mother got under conviction. I prayed and prayed for her. One day the Lord came to her heart with sweet assurance. That was a big answer for a seven-year-old child. I praise the Lord for it.

"After grade school, the Lord led me to Mt. Carmel High School. There He sanctified me, and has supplied my every need."

In one of our stations, before the church was built, we were holding a revival. Boys backed a mule up beside the schoolhouse and made it kick. Others were throwing rocks on the roof and at the sides of the building. The preacher, Miss Mattie White, had to stop preaching, but the Holy Ghost carried on the service. One of our timid sanctified men got blest and shouted. The blessing spilled over on others. Five people went to the altar to pray through.

It is rich to see God work. He helps us hold on and never beat a retreat or leave the field to the bondage of the devil. "And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. And the disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost" (Acts 13:49, 52).

A few years ago while one of our boys was conducting a revival, a man nearby was trying to break up the meeting by selling moonshine to the boys who attended. Things became very serious. But prayer was made. God overruled. The devil's power was broken and ten people sought the Lord. The moonshiner cried out for mercy and asked the evangelist to pray for him.

One of the mountain preachers who lived in that area was brought under deep conviction. He testified that he had really known the Lord a few years before, but had backslidden and was living in deep sin. He said the Lord had shown him in this revival that folk do backslide, get far from God, and are finally lost. He confessed his need and sought the Lord. God was faithful to His promise, "...Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 3:7).

This community was known for much disorder. One night when a man was preaching, boys were disturbing. They threw a dead polecat in through the window. The preacher threw it out; they kept pitching it in. Finally, the preacher threw it in the stove. That surely made bad matters worse.

Not only are there hardships to face in the pastorates, and some amusing things, there are times of great blessing. One pastor relates the following.

"What a blessing it is when one finds some old sanctified saints, who, in spite of age and feebleness, still have the joy of the Lord in their hearts! In an isolated place not far from our parsonage is an example. The woman's experience of holiness is bright and clear. She enjoys telling how she got the blessing. She says she didn't often get to town, but one day while there she listened to two holiness preachers telling how persistent they had been in seeking the sanctifying experience. So, for many nights she arose from bed, knelt, and prayed that she, too, might be sanctified. One night, after what seemed another fruitless effort, she went back to bed. Just then the Holy Ghost came. Her suppressionist husband was asleep. After a futile attempt to remain quiet, she awoke him to tell him of the blessing she had received. He was so impressed that he, too, prayed through.

"He has gone on to glory now. Some of these days she will join him. Doubtless they will rejoice together about the night when God satisfied their hearts."

In order to give the reader a more tangible idea of the kind of work done by our pastors, I will give some quotes from them. (These have been abridged. Ed.)

One pastor recently wrote, "The Lord never failed us. The food supply sometimes was low, but our needs were supplied."

Another said, "We are not in missionary work to make a living. We wanted to help people.. find God."

From a remote station our pastor gave this account.

"A Macedonian call came from another community, four miles distant. We were already carrying on four to six services weekly, as well as building, painting, fencing, and gardening. But we felt we must answer this call. We began a Sunday School in the afternoon. One needed strong faith and legs to make the trip. The path and creek bed were steep and rough. In winter the creek was full. I learned to jump, scramble, and keep my footing like a mountain goat. Just getting from our station to that community was a problem.

"To this community the Gospel was new. One young mother had been converted before we started going there. Now conviction came mightily on her husband. Finally, one night he came running to the altar and soon prayed through. He hurried home to throw away cheap magazines, and get rid of his pistol. We gave him a Bible. Later, when we visited in the home the Bible looked like it had had plenty of use."

A young lady pastor proved God's promises. Living by faith was a real challenge and blessing. She said, "I had such peace in obeying God and staying in His will that I'd rather starve than lose that peace by disobedience.

"I recall an instance when our flour can was empty. I read of someone who sang the doxology in the empty flour barrel. God sent them flour. I thought it might work for us, and it did.

"I count it by far the greatest joy to have witnessed answered prayer for the salvation of the souls of our children, young people and adults.

"It has been proved numberless times that God honors a definite holiness ministry. In our revivals where holiness is stressed constantly and strongly, believers get sanctified, sinners fall under conviction, and the saints are edified.

"Recently the Lord gave us a real revival in one of our children's meetings in the local school. The teacher was appreciative of our work and cooperated well. All during the service I was conscious of the special blessing of the Lord.

"Conviction was on the children. I hesitated to give an altar call in the public school. When I asked for hands for prayer, many were raised. I dismissed with prayer. The teacher came to the front and exhorted the children to give their hearts to Jesus. She was finally overcome by tears, so I gave an altar call. All except one girl responded, and prayed until victory came to their hearts. The blessed part is that after several months we still hear these children are praying and loving the Lord. Most of them live too far away to come to our Sunday school which is held in an old schoolhouse. Our parsonage and land on which our church is to be built is much nearer to them. We are zealous to have our church built soon.

In a short time the prayers of these faithful pastors and community people were answered. The lovely Consolation church became a reality. Even though it was war time, carpenters from other states willingly left good jobs to help us. Material for the building came just as it was needed. Much to our surprise, someone even sent a washing machine to launder the builders' clothes.

One of the pastors tells about the first revival in the new church. "In our first revival, souls were getting light on sanctification. The attendance was large and people were attentive. A crowd of boys, prompted by the enemy to break up the meeting, marched around the church. They were intending to shoot out the lights. Through a friend this was made known to us. In our Saturday morning prayer meeting, the Lord assured us we would not be longer molested.

"That evening I was informed that two gang leaders had been stricken with sickness. We were sorry about that, but grateful for victory over opposition. The meeting closed with several good victories.

"In the beginning of this station a man and his wife were sanctified. This couple was living good sanctified lives, but lacked power to testify and break from the opinions of the world. When the Holy Ghost came, their hearts were cleansed of the man-fearing spirit and filled with perfect love. God gave them boldness to stand persecution. They readily gave up all dealing with tobacco crops. Since then their mountain farm always has a big crop of strawberries, potatoes, and corn. God is prospering them. They now testify that their tithe to the Lord is more than the income their tobacco crop used to bring. Their free and fearless stand for righteous living brought revival. Others were saved, reclaimed or sanctified. Even some who had strong prejudices against the experience of heart holiness were freed from their unbelief and filled with the Holy Ghost. (These dear friends continued to rejoice in the Lord and be a blessing to others until He took them to their heavenly home. Ed.)

One of our circuit rider pastors adds her notes of praise.

"In a broad valley opening on the middle fork of the Kentucky River, a little church and parsonage have stood for nine years. They are a symbol in the community of the power and purity of the gospel we preach.

"For four years I have been privileged to labor here under the direction of the Holy Spirit. As I look back over these years and see the victories won, I marvel at the wonderful grace God has given. His unfailing Word, with inspired hymns and gospel songs, has served well to keep me climbing over difficult places.

"We were led to press beyond to hold children's meetings on another creek. A Sunday school was started; then preaching services. Then came revival with real victories. Our heart's desire was realized when workers were sent. We saw it become a permanent station: one more lighthouse where souls can find Jesus.

"From early childhood, I had an ambition to be a faith missionary. I have found the life far more inspirational than depending on a salary. God's checks are infinitely more reliable than man's. He has proved Himself an abundant provider. I never dreamed I would have a fine horse, to carry me over the mountains and through the deep mud, but God gave her to me, thus making our long trips so much easier.

"The quiet grandeur of the tree-covered hills charms me. Something of their steadfastness has entered into my soul. Far from the maddening crowd, we follow in the steps of Jesus seeking the lost sheep." (Miss Eunice Kirk, who spent years walking or riding over the hills to tell others of Jesus, is now living in the KMHA retirement home. She is still giving of herself in loving service to others. Ed.)

Each Spring when I visit colleges to make an appeal for workers, I state clearly that there will be no salary, and there may be many hardships and privations. "No one should come," I tell them, "who has financial obligations to their schools." However, one young woman, finishing her junior year at Asbury College, came to me crying and said, "I feel God wants me in the mountains this summer, but I owe \$100 to the college, and I don't have money for bus fare."

I tried to reason with her. We prayed together and were richly blessed. I said, "Margaret, you come on, and trust the Lord for your needs."

There were 15 ready to leave the next day. There was Margaret, weeping for joy because she knew she was following the Lord's leading, but still she had no money for bus fare. Finally, a lady who did not know the problem, slipped \$10 into Margaret's hand. Through the crowd, Margaret got my attention, smiled and nodded.

Her ministry that summer was very fruitful. And God supplied her needs. She paid her share of the expenses in the station, and had \$30 when she went back to college. Soon after she enrolled for her senior year, the business manager told her someone had sent \$100 to be applied to a worthy student's bill. It had been given to her. Again her faith was lifted.

After finishing college, Miss Margaret Thompson spent seven years in the KMHA before going to answer her missionary call to Africa where she spent many years in faithful missionary service.

After working here in Eastern Kentucky for six years, and seeing the work spread from Mt. Carmel Church and School to include outstations in seven counties, we felt the time had come to incorporate the work. This was done in February 1931 under the name of the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association, with Mt. Carmel as its headquarters. While the workers were more concerned about the spiritual life of the KMHA than about the machinery, it is well-organized and carried on systematically. We have an executive committee and a board of 21 trustees. We have no paid field agents. The workers and the converts constitute the KMHA, which is Wesleyan Arminian (not charismatic) in doctrine.

We thank God that from the very beginning of the KMHA, He has enabled us to hold to this truth of sanctification as a second work of grace wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost. To be settled in a definite experience of two works of grace and to have a divine call and a knowledge of the Word of God, makes a strong stalwart soldier of the Cross. This person will bear soul burdens and keep the spiritual ministry above all other duties and labors. The spiritual life will unfold and mature by communion with God through His Word and private devotions. "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 3:18).

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Chapter 7

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN BIBLE INSTITUTE -- 1931-1949

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth" (2 Tim. 2:15).

Young people, called of God, felt the need for further training. The Lord, in answer to intense burden and prayer, established our Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute in 1931.

Property, located at Vancleve, was donated through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Pelfrey. This large, well-built building had been the commissary of a coal mining company. We spent \$1250 to remodel it for school purposes. This provided a fine dormitory, class rooms, a large chapel, a dining room and kitchen. Later a men's dorm was built at the cost of \$3500.

Miss Martha Archer, when asked to begin the Bible Institute, felt very inadequate. Later she wrote: "In 1931, after the prayerful decision of the executive committee, a Bible School was planned. It fell my lot to be the one to take on this new burden. The knowledge of my utter inexperience nearly crushed me, but God came to my rescue with this mighty promise, 'The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way' (Ps. 25:9). I prayed, 'Lord, if you will furnish the grace, I'll try to furnish the meekness.

After Mr. R. L. Swauger and his crew renovated the building, Miss Archer, and two students, Mattie White and Nola Back, began the gigantic task of cleaning. Miss Archer recalls, "Half of the first floor of this 22-room 'white elephant' of a building had been cleaned and we had Sunday School there through the last six summers. Now, when the girls and I went to second floor to begin cleaning rooms for a kitchen and living quarters, our hearts sank. What a mess. Where should we begin? We sank to our knees and prayed for help. Heaven opened and flooded our souls with divine courage, joy, victory, and strength. As we worked we were sustained by God's promises. One precious verse God had blessed to me earlier, and has become my life verse helped us, '...for it is not ye...but the Holy Ghost' (Mark 13:11).

"From the small beginning of just two buildings, two students, and two instructors, (Miss McConnell walked the four miles from Mt. Carmel two days a week to help with the teaching), we began a two-year course in Bible and related subjects.

"The entire object of the school is to help young people who are called of God, to get rooted and grounded in holiness, and prepared to make exceptionally fine Christian workers."

After the first semester of Bible school others were added to the faculty and student body. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Myers, who had been pastoring at Index, joined the faculty. Others volunteered their services. These were all college graduates; some with M. A. degrees, yet no one received a salary. All worked faithfully for God and holiness.

How the devil fought in those early days, but God gave gracious victories! Miss Archer tells of one trial that turned to blessing. "We cooked on a little oil stove and used coal oil lamps. Fall was coming. We had to have heat for our buildings. A well driller was contacted to come to clean out an old gas well. He came with very little equipment and no faith in God. He worked a while, then told us there wasn't any gas left in the well. We prayed. God assured us we would get gas. The driller worked a while longer, then quit. Mr. Swauger begged him to let the bailer down one more time. Suddenly there was an explosion. The pressure blew all the remaining debris out of the well. We had gas. The atheistic driller said, 'I don't know if there is a God or not, but somebody is surely answering those people's prayers.' Later he became ill. He called for the Bible school men to come to pray with him. He was gloriously saved."

In 1938, God led us to increase the Bible school from two to three years of study. Here young people learn not only the theory of preaching and pastoral work, but also practical experience in these ministries. Each student has practical training on the weekends in our out-station pastorates. This is a great means of grace to their heads and hearts.

Mr. R. L. Swauger and the men had built a strong swinging bridge across the river. It was 50 feet above the river bed and 350 feet long. It was carried by four three-quarter-inch cables stretched over high pillars on either side of the river. The cables are anchored to dead men, big logs buried under ground at each end of the bridge. The bridge has a four-foot wide floor which is laid on 2 x 4's laid lengthwise of the bridge and fastened to steel cables by number nine wire. There is a strong wire fence strung on each side to keep anyone from falling off.

On February 5, 1939, a big snow followed by heavy rains caused the river to rise. Backwater from Frozen Creek came into our Bible school buildings two miles up the creek. We moved everything to the third floor in the main building. The men's dorm was almost all under water. These inevitable floods are constantly found in the mountains where the tiny, narrow, deep valleys can't take care of the water. We were used to the floods, but this time our bridge at Mt. Carmel was in danger. At 11 P.M. some of the students checked the river. They reported it was still rising and that the water was within three feet of the bridge floor.

We committed the situation to the Lord and retired for the night. At 2 A.M., I heard a fearful crash. It was moonlight. I ran down to see. Our bridge was gone. As I walked up the trail alone, the Lord comforted my heart and assured me He would take care of it all. Every swinging bridge for sixty miles up the river was washed away. The W.P.A. sent word that money had been appropriated for them to rebuild every bridge. We did not wait for them. The neighbors and our men and boys rallied so beautifully. In six weeks our bridge was all replaced better and stronger than ever. All the other bridges were out for nearly two years.

We had lived through seven floods at the Bible school. We were used to floods in which the waters BACKED UP the creeks from the Kentucky River. Never had a flood come from the other direction.

About 4 A.M., July 5, 1939, a cloudburst on Frozen Creek caused a 20-foot wall of water to come raging down the narrow valley. It swept everything in its path. Forty-four houses, sixty

barns, numerous trees, cattle, and rocks, were picked up, carried away, and dashed to pieces. Fifty-two people lost their lives in less than three hours.

Both of our Bible school buildings were washed down the creek with the sixteen occupants in them. Nine were drowned. Bro. Horace Myers had been with us 10 years. He and his wife had given efficient, tender service. Mr. Myers and their three children, Titus, aged six and a half, Philip, aged five; and Lela Grace, aged six months, all went to heaven early that morning.

Elsie Booth had been with us four years. She knew Jesus well and was called to work here in her own native hills. After the building fell apart, she was seen floating on the water, singing the Doxology. Her precious little body was found about 25 miles away. Her beautiful life and testimony had made an impression wherever she went.

Christine Holman, who had come to enroll in the Bible school, and three visitors of the Myers family were also drowned. All of them knew Jesus well and thus had an abundant entrance into heaven.

Seven of the 16 who were in the buildings got out at various distances along the creek and river. Mrs. Myers was washed down the creek and UP the river for about three miles. A man heard her cries and rescued her. Late in the day she walked to Mt. Carmel expecting to see Mr. Myers and their children, but by late afternoon all hope was gone. In this time of such great loss and suffering, Mrs. Myers was comforted and sustained by the mighty grace of God.

Miss Archer gives the following account of the days following the flood: "As the bodies were brought in, coffins were made and we had burial services. God was so near; heaven was all over the place. We were covered with a cloud of glory, even in the midst of such suffering. We could almost feel the angels' wings as they moved among us. This manifestation of God's presence was a great comfort to dear Mrs. Myers."

(The following is an abridged account in which one of the Bible school teachers tells of God's comforting grace while in the waters of the flood. Ed.)

"On July 4, we worked until noon, then took the afternoon for our holiday. Two nieces of Mr. Myers, and their friend, had come on the afternoon bus. They joined us for a picnic supper and social time. Just before dark great streaks of lightning rent the sky.

"About 3 A.M. I was awakened by pouring rain. I closed the windows and went back to bed. An hour later I was suddenly awakened by a loud crash and the sound of rushing water. Our large three-story building had been hit by a nearby house. The crash had knocked our building off its foundation. I ran to call the girls, but found the door jammed. The Lord was holding my hand, I am sure. With a second jerk the door came open. The girls were in the hallway praying.

"Our gas lights were out. The south side of the building was slanting so water was almost to the second floor. I grabbed my flashlight. The girls and I went to the attic.

"Water kept coming higher. When it reached the attic floor, the girls began to climb out the window. Before I could follow, the window slammed shut, then the whole building fell apart. Elsie and Christine had disappeared. Lorene and I caught a part of the building to use as a raft. We were going very fast toward the river. When we hit a snag our raft broke into two pieces, so Lorene and I were separated.

"The river was just ahead. There was no earthly hope for us. A great rushing torrent of water, dashing against the opposite river bank, was splashing 100 feet or more into the air. The next thing I knew I was under the water facing eternity. My heart rested in Jesus, my only hope. Then I was on top again, grabbed a piece of board, and travelled down the river about eight miles. Mr. Bob Griffith, risking his boat and his life, fought his way through the debris to get me out. He took me to his sister, Mrs. Dora Lockard, where I was well cared for. They were so kind. Because of high water, I could not get to Mt. Carmel that day. My mind was still in a daze over all that happened during these long, uncertain morning hours, but the Lord brought comfort to me in the words of a song

He is mine, mine,
Blessed be His name.

"I was very conscious that it was the Lord who had brought me through. My life is His wholly and forever."

Although this teacher had no way of knowing it at that time, and was much concerned about the girls, God was caring for them. He had taken Elsie and Christine to their eternal home. Lorene was washed down the river to the foot of the Mt. Carmel campus where she caught a willow branch and pulled herself out. She landed there about 4:30 A.M. and was the first to alert the Mt. Carmel folk of the tragedy.

Not only did the Bible Institute staff, students and visitors suffer in the flood, but other residents of the Vancleve community lost family members, homes, and property. While the Red Cross could not help us rebuild because we were an institution, our hearts rejoiced to know how well they cared for our dear neighbors who had lost so much. We prayed much for the Lord to help and comfort these people, especially those whose families had been broken up.

Dear friends in Jackson were the first to offer help. They have stood by us in many hard places through these years. God bless and reward them for their many kindnesses.

Many folk from various areas and states came to comfort and help us. We had just finished paying for the remodeling of the large administration building and the new men's dormitory. Now we must begin again to prove the depths of God's love and care. This rugged way of faith is truly a strengthening and deepening process in the things of God. Through all these problems our faith kept sure and steadfast. We understood better the suffering of Calvary.

Several folks offered us land for the new Bible school. We accepted the very kind offer of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fletcher, and his sister, Laura. The beautiful three-acre site, located on a hill

overlooking the river, is just one mile from the KMHA headquarters. It is far above the danger of flood waters.

God touched hearts over this nation and around the world to send money. Men came to help from various sections of the mountains and from other states.

The entire cost of rebuilding was over \$32,000. We praise God for all the volunteer help that kept the cost this low. We give thanks, too, that in less than three years, in answer to prayer, God has cleared the entire debt. On the door of each room is a brass plate bearing the name of kind friends who donated money for the furnishings. God enabled us to have the largest building completed enough to begin school Oct. 20th, three and a half months after the flood.

The second building contains a beautiful chapel with the men's dormitory above it. We dedicated the chapel in memory of Mr. Myers, who had given so graciously of himself in the work of the Lord.

God had given Mrs. Myers special comfort after the loss of her husband, three children, and two nieces. In October she was again on the teaching staff. Her godly life and motherly tenderness has been a blessing to many through the years.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Morrison have stood by us so graciously. At the time of the flood they gave space in the Pentecostal Herald to let friends know of our sorrow and rebuilding. They sent a gift and he wrote, "I want to put my old shoulder under your heavy burdens." We thank God for Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, and for their understanding and vital interest from the beginning of this holiness work of faith.

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Chapter 8 REMARKABLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER

"Be careful (anxious) for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:6-7).

We are often up against the inevitable, but the Lord stands by us. Through the years we have been enabled to prove the faithfulness of the Covenant-keeping God. He supplies every need in answer to prayer. To be able to trust God fully for everything does not come to us overnight. We must learn to have the faith that asks from an entirely unselfish motive. It is rich how the Lord keeps our minds and hearts peaceful in Him in a work of faith.

In the early days of this work there came a very urgent SOS call from one of our out-station pastors. One lady had acute appendicitis. Would we come to take her to a doctor? Three of us walked four miles to an old Model T Ford. Mr. Myers was our chauffeur. After getting some ice at the county seat town, we hastened on through the creeks and mud. We came to a very steep hill. After several attempts to drive up it, two of us walked to the top of the hill. There we perfectly

agreed in prayer, claiming the promise, "...if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 18:19). Bro. Myers tried again, and up the hill the old Ford came. We thanked God and went on. I know God put His great hand back of that old car and pushed it up the hill. We were four hours traveling 20 miles.

The Lord had worked at the other end of the line. Our patient was much improved. Neighbors had applied home remedies, which the Lord used to give much relief. Mountain people are very versatile. Necessity has been the mother of invention.

At the Hollow Rock camp meeting in 1926, Mrs. Elliot heard of our need for a spring wagon. She gave money for it and a set of harness. The wagon was shipped to Frozen Creek. Men were scarce in those days, so Mrs. Swauger, Miss Archer, and I started after it. The ladies carried the harness across the swinging bridge. I tried to lead Beauty across, but she would not go. I led her down to the river. It was high from recent rains. I climbed on Beauty's back and we swam across in about 20 feet of water. One of the neighbor men said, "God takes care of babies and fools."

After we crossed Shoal Branch near the Frozen Creek siding, my horse had to climb up a steep, narrow place along the river. The earth gave way. Beauty slid down the bank. Mary and Martha prayed, "Lord, help Miss McConnell's horse." I held to the horse's mane and saddle. Beauty struggled up the bank, and we went on thanking the Lord for another deliverance.

We assembled the wagon, greased the wheels, and started back. It never occurred to us that Beauty had never before been in shafts. She knew nothing about pulling a wagon. We finally got her started. We had piled baggage from our freight house into the wagon. Even with the three of us, the load was not heavy, but about every 10 yards Beauty stopped. Mary and Martha jumped out. I whipped Beauty with the lines. Poor thing. She was so frightened, she finally reared straight up. I thought she would fall back on me. After a few of these spells, we decided we could not break her at this stage of her life. After we tied the baggage on her back, it was pitch dark. Rain had swollen all the creeks, so we waded almost waist deep across White Oak. We made it to Mr. Noble's barn, across the river from Mt. Carmel. There, after feeding Beauty, and assuring her we would never again try to make her pull a wagon, we left her for the night.

Beauty continued to be a good saddle horse. Many times two of us rode her. One time we put a steamer trunk, a tub, a baby organ, and other smaller things on her. She never balked a bit. She gave faithful service for many years.

During the second winter at the school we encountered the worst problem. Young men came to our meetings with liquor on their breath. They would run in and out of the service to get another drink. One boy even dared to take a drink in the back seat of our church. Things were getting pretty bad. We could not understand it. We prayed, fasted, and pled with the Lord to help us. The shooting of pistols and drinking on the campus troubled us more and more. After a hard service one night, the crowd was dismissed. I stepped outside where most of the young men were. As I stood on the front steps, the power of God came upon me. The Holy Ghost enabled me to

speak with authority. I told them, "The devil's power must be broken. The Lord will control our services from this time forth. Drinking and shooting on this campus must stop."

One of the dear ladies who lived nearby, tried to pull me inside saying, "You don't know these boys. They will shoot you."

I had no fear; God was upon me. I went on exhorting them. One man nearest me said, "I have a gun. Do you want to see it?"

I said, "No, not necessarily." That was the only remark made by the entire group. God used this encounter. From that time things were different; these young people began to respect the place. The power of the old-time religion in their hearts is the only remedy for these dear young men.

One Sunday night when the church was full, I said, "Boys, not one of your guns can pick Miss McConnell off. She is immortal until God sees fit to take her home." I pled with them to give their hearts to God and let Him clean them up inside and out. We assured them we had come to help them if they would only let us.

One night a great host of boys came quietly into the service during the preaching. They were so orderly it occurred to me that something was wrong. All of a sudden a tremendous blast shook the building. No one stirred, not even the young men who had come in about three minutes before. I soon registered their names in my mind, as the preacher finished the service. When the crowd left the campus, we went to investigate. About 20 feet from the building, the earth was torn up by the dynamite blast. No damage was done.

The neighbors said, "You must go to law about this or we won't stand by you any longer. This is dangerous." We did. God used this to subdue the entire crowd. Later, the boys came back and were friendly and good. Several years later, one of the smaller boys whom we did not indict because he was so young, wrote to confess that he was in on the dynamite case. He asked forgiveness. He was seeking God.

In May 1926, some teachers and I attended Asbury College commencement. It had rained hard for three days while we were gone, causing the river to rise far out of its banks. Our first large swinging bridge had cost us much. We began to pray for the Lord to spare it.

When we reached Jackson, the fearful destruction caused by the high waters horrified us. Houses were washed away. Many people were homeless and sick. Several miles of the O. & K. Railroad, which connected with the L. & N. and ran out our way, was entirely washed out. What were we to do? We had many suitcases. It was 12 miles across country to Mt. Carmel. We couldn't walk it before dark. We walked a mile along the railroad until we were near the river. There we stopped and prayed. Soon a log raft came floating down the very high river. We hailed the men and asked to ride. The steep, muddy river bank was dangerous, but by holding to tree roots and small brush, and wading mud to our knees, we made it to the edge of the water. The men had difficulty getting the raft close enough so we could jump on. With all of us and our luggage aboard, the journey down the river began. Singing old hymns, and thanking God for His great love and care made the miles pass quickly.

We told the men we had prayed for God to save our swinging bridge. They said, "Of course it's gone. We have come 50 miles today. Every swinging bridge is gone; even the big traffic bridge at Haddix."

Just at sunset we rounded the last curve. There, swinging majestically across the river, was our bridge, clearly seen against the western sky. We cried, laughed, and sang the Doxology. This made a deep impression on the raftsmen.

Our Mt. Carmel men helped tie up the raft. The raftsmen, who had been so kind to us, spent the night on our campus before going on down the river to sell their logs.

We were opening a work in Magoffin County. People arranged for me to speak in the courthouse in Salyersville on a Saturday afternoon. A fine, interested crowd attended. Saturday evening and Sunday morning services at Burning Fork were blessed with three seekers. My dear friends, Alma and Fanny Prater, took me to their home for Saturday night and Sunday dinner. I started back over the hot, dusty, 15-mile trail to Caney. There I would catch the train to go home. Rarely did I travel alone, but this time it was unavoidable. The enemy sorely tormented my tired body and mind, and the fat, lazy horse was a trial. The devil said, "Nobody cares. You don't even have enough money to bury you."

I cried, prayed and struggled for some time, and tried to get the old horse to hurry along. Finally, I called out, "Mr. Devil, I belong to Jesus, and He will see me through." Instantly the promise came, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness" (Isa. 41:10). My tears dried, and I rode the rest of the journey with the comfort of the Holy Ghost filling my soul. I came into Caney, thanked the man for the use of his horse, then ran down the railroad through the dark to the hotel in Cannel City, where I stayed all night. The next morning, I took the early train to Frozen Creek, and walked the two miles to Mt. Carmel. Many of our teachers and pastors could relate similar experiences. Travel was difficult in those early days, but their courage and faith have never failed through dangers seen and unseen.

We were often up against the inevitable, then the mighty hand of God would lead us through. These were gracious times. Luther's battle hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God" has often been our encouragement, especially the words

"We will not fear; for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us."

It is said that an eagle always goes into the teeth of the storm. If it goes with the storm, the wind will get under its feathers. It will lose control and be dashed to pieces. God has enabled us to face many storms. We are not here for money, ease, worldly fame, or comfort, but for souls. While the enemy would try to defeat us, we know the Lord is stronger than the devil, and with God on our side we go forward. Those pioneer days, filled with rich memories of the Lord's blessing upon the preaching of full salvation, were crowned with many souls.

God has called many of us to labor for Him here for life. We work as hard as we can; we have enough to eat, enough to wear and a place to sleep. What more is life than this? Our rewards in spiritual blessings and souls far outweigh temporal things. God has fulfilled His promises to us. This is a great encouragement to our faith as we continue to carry on His work here.

A number of years before our school was built, an oil company had leased land and were prospecting for oil through Breathitt County. When we built Mt. Carmel we were given a well that the oil company had drilled. They did not find oil, but at nearly 1500 feet there was a good flow of gas. The folk in the neighborhood did not want it, so the oil-well men filled the hole with iron tools, stones, and saplings to prevent the gas from escaping. They did not succeed. There was a constant flow of gas. We harnessed it and piped it to the campus.

After the school grew larger, we needed more gas. We decided to have the well cleaned. Mr. Guy Meabon, a good sanctified man from Huntington, W. Va., volunteered to clean it for us. He has given us much valuable help with our gas wells.

Mr. Meabon and our men had a great deal of trouble getting through the things used to plug the well. They worked for three days and often into the night. The tools and line would get hung, or the line would break. They were making very little progress. Mr. Meabon, Mrs. Swauger, and I had a time of prayer, then they went to work again. The man working the engine said, "The line must be broken again. There doesn't seem to be any load on it." Then out of the top of the well an iron tool appeared. It came up slowly, but without strain on the line. The tool weighed about two tons. No doubt the Lord, instead of the line, was lifting that heavy tool. A great shout of praise to God ascended. Once more our faithful God saw our helplessness and distress and did the impossible for us. We praised God from the bottom of our hearts and gave Him all the glory. I believe the Lord loves to have us prove Him.

Sometimes special burdens for students come upon us. One of the faculty members held on to God for the soul of a rebellious young man. Finally, he fell at his seat and cried for mercy until God came and forgave his sins.

Miss Day was overwhelmed in soul agony for a senior student. The girl rushed to the altar and prayed through. On Commencement Day, after she had given her oration, she gave her testimony. Her father and the audience wept as she told in detail of the Lord's dealings with her. Our mountain young people bear soul burdens in a remarkable way. A well established senior girl was under the burden for another student who had trifled with God. This student professed to get saved a number of times. She would rush to the altar in our revivals. In a few minutes she would get up, testify that the Lord had forgiven her sins, but there was no evidence of it in her life. Finally, one of the faculty dealt with her about it. She did not like it. The senior girl continued crying to the Lord for the salvation of the girl who was trifling. The unsaved girl came running to the office one day, fell on her knees and begged us to pray for her. This time there was real repentance. She confessed her sins, made restitution and continued seeking until God came with real victory. Oh, the glory and blessing that she received from the Lord. In the same revival she sought for a clean heart. The Lord sanctified her. For years her life and testimony have been most precious. The Lord had not put that soul burden on the senior girl to mock her. She held on to God, and the Holy Ghost answered her prayer.

When I started out to live by faith, some folks told me I would starve. Others said very discouraging things. But God has proven faithful. Through these 22 years, the Lord has taken such good care of me. He has blest me with excellent health, and has raised up friends all over the nation. My soul is refreshed in this Canaan Land warfare. As the burdens and responsibilities pile up, the Lord has taught me to cast all my care upon Him, take my burdens to Him, and leave them there.

He continues to provide for me as I get older. The faculty got it on their hearts to ask the Lord to provide a place where I could live separate from the dormitory. They felt the time had come, when for the sake of the Association, with so many more responsibilities, I needed to conserve my strength. I tried to discourage them, but they continued to pray. A very kind friend sent \$1,000 designated for Miss McConnell's Cottage. When the secretary wrote to thank him, she wrote, "Mr. Swauger and I have closely estimated the cost of a little home for Miss McConnell. It will cost \$1800. Your gift has contributed greatly to this." This kind friend soon sent another check for \$800, and a note saying, "Let me know your needs." We appreciated his kindness, but we rarely tell of our needs.

After the foundation for my cottage was built, the flash flood took our Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute. We stopped work on my house to rebuild KMBI. I wanted to ask the donor to let me use the cottage money for the many immediate needs. The faculty said, "No!" My nice, comfortable cottage was finished in 1940.

Our main concern is for the salvation of souls. A young man, a junior in our high school, had rejected God many times. One night he had a vision of dropping into hell. In a service soon after this, without an altar call, he came running to the altar. He confessed his sins. God came so near. All the students were weeping. The young man stood up and confessed to the faculty and student body how he had sinned against God and the school. His intelligent, Scriptural seeking was soon rewarded. God spoke peace to his troubled soul. While in the army he writes that the Lord is in his heart in saving grace and sanctifying power. He has found God's grace sufficient. He said, "The men and officers respect my religion." Thus our rewards pile up year after year.

I must relate another remarkable answer to prayer for the salvation of a soul.

It was nearly midnight. We had prayed many times. The church crowd had all gone home, but this one lone seeker would not give up. He said he had recently planned to kill a man in the Chenowee tunnel, but now he wanted God. We held on in faith. He would cry and pray as only a 19-year-old boy could do. We noticed he kept his hand under his coat. All of a sudden he raised up and said, "I can't give her up! I can't give her up!" We thought it was a young woman he was struggling over. Finally, he drew his arm from under his coat. In his hand was a 38 Smith-Wesson. He laid it on the altar. The Lord came near, bringing mighty lift to our hearts. The young man said, "I'll have to give that up, too." It was his tobacco. After a few more minutes of praying he stood up and said, "The Lord saves me." He didn't need to tell us. The light of heaven was in his face, and joy was felt by all. No case is too hard for the Lord.

Along with the rich spiritual blessings, the Lord has given us material blessings as He sees we merit them, and answered prayer in times of desperate need.

Fire! Help! January 1945, 10 A.M., while school was in session, we looked toward the boys' dorm. Smoke poured from every window and from under the roof. Boys and men teachers rushed to gather fire extinguishers. The girls and ladies followed with water in whatever vessels they could find. "Don't wait for the electric pump or the cistern," we told them, "dip water from the fish pond." Some formed a water brigade while others carried the furniture from the building. All worked with marvelous poise. I went to the office to pray. Only God could stop such a fearful blaze. What started the fire? A senior boy was drying his overalls on a line above a gas heater. The line broke. The clothes caught fire, burned a hole through the floor into the room below, and part of the lower hallway.

In 30 minutes the fire was extinguished. God had answered our heart cries. The faculty and staff came to the office for a season of PRAISE. All through the day the students and adults thanked the Lord for the quick, definite answer to prayer which spared our building.

We are grateful when the Lord makes a way of lightening our work. During the first years, there was no road to the Mt. Carmel campus. In answer to prayer the county made one. But to get things from the road across the river and up the hill to the campus was a problem. For 18 years we carried everything -- tons of goods, lumber, and other supplies -- across the swinging bridge, then up the "Blue Bird Trail" to the school. Finally we made a little truck which could be backed down to the river. We would carry things across the bridge and load them on the truck for the trip up the hill. This helped.

One day Mr. Swauger conceived the idea of stretching a three-quarter inch cable from the campus over the river to the road. On this cable, 100 feet in the air, he fitted a large carrier on pulleys. An engine on the campus pulls the carrier by a small cable which winds up on a cylinder. This is surely a God-send when we need to carry pianos, furniture, cow feed, etc. from the road to the top of the campus hill.

Another wonderful improvement is the water system which Mr. Swauger, Mr. Paulo, and the boys installed. It consists of two deep wells, a water tower and tank, bathrooms and showers. After 21 years with no modern conveniences, this system causes us humbly to thank God. This also affords fire protection, for which we are very grateful.

God's faithfulness is grand. It grows on us year after year. It is good to have the wheels of faith unclogged, so that you can pray your way out of each trial and dilemma. An all-conquering faith laughs at impossibilities and cries, "It shall be done."

* * * * *

Chapter 9
FAITH VICTORIOUS

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Ps. 91:1).

Where love exists, secret communion will be sought under the greatest difficulties. Love out of a pure heart gives us a compassionate love for humanity. This love manifested in giving our lives, as it were, a "living sacrifice" in His service for souls, proves our faith in Jesus. "He who loves God most, loves humanity most."

Praise, joy and love strengthen faith. One great characteristic of our workers and Christians in the KMHA is praise. Rich seasons of rejoicing are heard in testimony meetings and revival services. Often in private devotions joy and praise flood their souls so they are enabled to go forth in faith to meet the battles and hardships of the day. "The joy of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. 8:10).

To encourage and bless our hearts the Lord sends many visitors all through the years. They come from all parts of this country and many foreign lands with their messages of power and blessing. The richness of God's Word interpreted to our hearts enables us to keep faithfully laboring in spite of war, strikes, rationing, and global turmoil. Continual praise through giving thanks for everything has been the bulwark of our faith.

In 1940, I was so pleased to have my sister, Mrs. F. J. Reeser, and friends from Honey Brook, Pa., come to visit us. These dear ones of my childhood days are very near to my heart. They, with many others in my home town, have supported me all through the years. It was in the Honey Brook Methodist Church that I found the Lord in Jan., 1898.

This church also sent another missionary. Miss Bessie Seldomridge (now Mrs. Karl Paulo) came to us in Sept. 1932. The definite testimonies of some of our converts attracted her. She is a graduate of Honey Brook High School and Pierces' Business College in Philadelphia. She graduated from KMBI in 1934. God called her to spend her life here in the mountains. Later she met Karl Paulo, an alumnus of KMBI. Both graduated from Asbury College in 1940. In June of that year their beautiful wedding was solemnized in our Mt. Carmel chapel. Now (1942) Mr. & Mrs. Paulo are members of the Mt. Carmel High School faculty. She is my secretary.

A few years after our schools were established, some students felt called of God to go to other lands in missionary work. We felt we must encourage them. At our Christmas conference in 1932, Miss Alice Day, who was teaching at Mt. Carmel before going to Africa, suggested we organize a missionary prayer band. We all felt this was God's leadings. She organized the band in connection with the National Holiness Missionary Society, which later became World Gospel Mission.

Soon the outstations organized prayer bands. They meet regularly to learn of burdens and to pray definitely for needs around the world. The Christians learn to carry the burden for souls beyond the seas.

Praying and giving go hand in hand. The faith with which these people have pledged seemingly impossible amounts, only to reach their goal and increase the pledge for the next year, is

marvelous to behold. This money is given sacrificially out of deep gratitude for the message of full salvation. Many of these sanctified men and women are leaders in their communities in advancing the cause of missions. As a result, some of their sons and daughters have heard the call to go.

The president of the Kentucky Prayer bands said, "A secret of power and blessing in the KMHA is that throughout every phase of the work there is a great concern for spreading Scriptural holiness around the world as well as at home.

"Young men and women from our holiness Bible schools and colleges find the home mission field of the KMHA an invaluable training ground for preparation before going to the foreign field. Lessons in praying through obstacles, in living by faith, and in holding on until victory comes are most valuable to any missionary candidate.

"Praise God for the great part the KMHA is having in spreading Scriptural holiness over this poor needy world."

Beloved, these vital interests connect us up with many countries and give us world outreach. Many missionaries speak in our chapel services and visit our outstations. We feel God has wonderfully favored this holiness center. Missionary day at our camp meeting is always a great feast to our souls. Our outstation people make plans away ahead so they can be here for Missionary Day. One man walked 16 miles to attend.

There is a charm and grandeur about this gospel that surmounts all difficulties and knows no barriers. We praise the Lord that He has given us a share in making it known. Not only shall the mountains be thine, but also some trophies around the world. Souls are the same everywhere. A world vision brings us into the presence of God so that we want to proclaim to dying men everywhere the thunderings of Sinai, the joys of Calvary, and the comforts of Pentecost.

One day a neighbor lady sent a note to us by one of her sons. The note read, "Do you want to buy our farm? We are moving. I need treatment."

We felt led to go talk with them about the farm at a reasonable price. The farmer wanted \$8000 for 100 acres, most of which was hillside land. We did not even consider it at that price.

Later he sent for us. We didn't go. We had discussed it from every angle and felt the Lord wanted us to buy it, but not at the price they were asking. Finally they sent for us saying we could have it for the \$4500 we had offered.

A lawyer said, "Wait awhile, Miss McConnell. You will get it for \$2000 less. The man is so deeply in debt he will soon be sold out at a sheriff sale."

We said, "No sir, we do not do business that way. We will pay whatever the place is worth."

I asked the bank president if he would loan us the money to buy Mr. S_____ 's farm.

He answered, "Yes, indeed."

I put my name to a note and said, "Mr. T_____, we will pay this back in a year.

He said, "I know you will."

God sent money through kind friends all over the country. The note was paid in less than a year. We took possession of the farm July 3, 1942, with Forest Cox and Marvin Wheeler, KMBI students, as the farmers. While the land is poor, yet it affords pasture for our Jersey cows, and helps with garden vegetables. Also, it is helping young people get an education by working on the farm to help pay their school expenses.

After a beautiful wedding in the KMBI chapel on Aug. 26, 1944, Forest and Sarah (Phillips) Cox went to live in the big farm house, and have managed the farm through the years since that time.

Some dear people near Findlay, Ohio had been helping us by giving truck loads of wonderful things. This encouraged our hearts. I know the Lord rewards them. One day while some of them were visiting us we had prayer about the leadings of the Lord concerning one of the families. I said, "Our land is poor, and we are trusting the Lord to give us some good farm land somewhere outside of the mountains." At once this dear brother and his good sanctified aunt got blessed. It was very evident the Lord was leading. God sealed it then and there, that rather than coming here to work, they should farm their rich land in Ohio for us. Bro. Alvin Saltzman went home to tell his father about it. The kind father said, "Alvin, you may have 40 acres of the best land I have to farm for them."

Others in that area joined in sending us many truck loads of meat, vegetables, potatoes, corn, hay, and other supplies through the past years. They have a good share in the blessings of this soul-saving, holiness center, both with their material gifts and their faithful prayer support.

Nothing we can do has so vast an influence as prayer. There is nothing too minute to claim God's notice, nor is it possible to overestimate the value of prayer. God's honor is as much involved in answering prayers indicted by His Spirit today as it was in Bible times. God has raised up a great host of prayer partners and friends who support our work. This, beloved, is a mighty factor toward claiming the fulfillment of Josh. 17:18. Your rewards, Dear Helpers, are piling up both there where you are and in heaven.

(I'm sure you will enjoy excerpts from testimonies of two precious ladies, who with others, prayed Mt. Carmel into this community. These are taken from Miss McConnell's book, Faith Victorious. Ed.)

Mrs. Blanche Haddox testifies: "I am so glad to give my testimony because of the heart-felt facts about the matter. From the dawn of my life, I wanted to be a true child of God. I certainly didn't want a maybe-so, guess-so case. I wanted (salvation) in reality, in all its fullness. Thank God, I did get it that way.

"When I was 11, I joined the church and was baptized. ..that was the best I knew to do then.

"After I married...I questioned...if I was truly saved...was I all God wanted me to be, living with an unsaved husband, and having three little innocent children in my care? Oh, if I should fail to.. help them find God... .A tract 'Are you converted?' troubled me for I knew I was not. I had no heart change, no joy, no testimony.

"I started praying and trusting God to regenerate my heart.. .I had no help except the Holy Spirit, but I kept praying and reading God's Word almost day and night. One day He gave me the promise: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you' (Matt. 7:7). I continued to do so, until one night about 11. He really did come in. Bless His dear name. He lifted the awful burden of sin off my heart and gave me such peace and joy. My heart was regenerated. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"It was not long until I saw I had another need. I noticed things in my acts and deeds that.. .were not Christlike; He was not pleased with my conduct, and my temper would rise now and then in spite of all I could do. I never heard.. .nor read of a second blessing, but I began to.. .ask God to deliver me from the ugly things I could see in my life. Someone told me to stop seeking or I would lose my mind, for I was a good woman, living a good life. But I believed God could and would meet my soul's need. Bless His dear precious Name, one day about 10 A.M., after I had a good season of prayer, He surely met my soul in a marvelous way. Waves of peace and joy flooded my soul. I knew of a truth the work was done. Although I didn't know what to call it... I got a second blessing from the Lord and there was greater power and blessing than I could describe.

"Not until...I heard our dear Miss McConnell testify to it, did I know to call it sanctification. I said to myself as she explained the way of holiness, 'that's just what I have got!' I do praise and thank God for the witness of it in my own heart. It is blessed to know that anyone can have it that wants it. Amen! Praise His name forever."

(Mrs. Haddox's powerful testimony and holy life had great influence in the White Oak community and on others she met until the Lord took her to heaven in her 86th year. Ed.)

(Another stalwart for God and holiness, whom we also mentioned earlier, was Mrs. Sam Noble. She lived across the river from the campus and often sent eggs, butter, and milk to the young men who built the first Mt. Carmel buildings. Here are quotes from her testimony. Ed.)

"I first joined a church and was baptized, but that did not satisfy. Then...I heard Miss McConnell preach holiness. I said, 'that is what my heart longs for.'

"After Mt. Carmel was built I was sick and went off for treatment. Still I was not well.

"I went to camp meeting on Sunday morning. My children asked me.. if I was going to church that night. I said, 'Yes,.. I'm going to the altar, and I mean to stay there until I get what the Lord has for me.'

"That night I came across the swinging bridge, and up the hill alone in the dark. A song they had sung in the morning kept ringing in my soul, 'Nothing between my soul and my Saviour.' I sat near the aisle and waited patiently for the altar call. I got up and started to the altar. I lifted my hands and said, 'There isn't going to be anything between my soul and the Saviour,' and praise the Lord the blessing fell. On the way to the altar the Lord sanctified me.

"These 18 years since the Lord sanctified me, Mt. Carmel has been a great blessing. I have many trials. Sometimes I fall short, but God knows my heart. I have no desire to do anything to displease Him. I love Him with all my heart."

(Mrs. Noble lived to be 103 years of age still shouting and shining for Jesus. Ed.)

God's faithfulness is grand. It grows on us year after year. Every time a new step is taken the Lord renews His covenant which He gave me in Oct., 1924 when I needed it most. "But the mountain shall be thine; for it is a wood, and thou shalt cut it down: and the outgoings of it shall be thine: for thou shalt drive out the Canaanites, though they have iron chariots, and though they be strong" (Josh. 17:18).

From that day to this the Holy Ghost has often quickened it to our hearts. He never gave this, so vitally and tangibly indicted by the Holy Ghost, to mock us. No, beloved, He fully intended to fulfill it if we keep our part of the covenant.

The promise is being fulfilled through our churches and schools as men, women, and young people find the Lord and rejoice in the rich things of Canaan. However, the Lord saw the time was ripe for a quicker way to reach folk living in the 30 mountain counties of Eastern Kentucky.

About two years ago (1946) the Lord laid it on the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Boyington of Salem, Oregon, Mrs. Wilfred Fisher's parents, to give us \$15,000 toward a broadcasting station. We prayed about it for months, until the Lord gave the "green light." At once we began to plan; our application and the necessary information were sent to FCC. While we waited, we prayed, "Lord, Thy will be done."

Soon the answer came from FCC. Yes, we were licensed to erect a broadcasting station with the call letters WMTC -- Winning Men To Christ. This, of course, is our whole purpose. As soon as our name was published in the broadcasting magazine, young men began to apply for radio engineer jobs. I said, "Are you sanctified? Will you live by faith like all the rest of us?" You may be sure they did not answer. We kept praying for the Lord to send us the right engineers. He did. Mr. and Mrs. Mardo Picazo and Mr. Herbert Headrick came. These engineers have been a great help to us. Their godly lives and efficient service have been invaluable.

Mr. Wilfred Fisher, the appointed manager, and the two engineers, with student help, remodeled an old log house, laid the ground wires, the telephone system, the electrical wiring, and all other necessary things. An Indiana firm put up the 340 foot tower. This was the only hired help, so the total cost of the 1000-watt station was only about \$22,000.

WMTC, the voice of the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association, at 730 kilocycles on your dial, went on the air July 23, 1948. The entire dedication service was broadcast by remote control from Myers Memorial Chapel on the KMBI campus. Friends from many counties and some other states joined us for the dedication service. God's seal of rich blessing was upon the project. Again He assured us of His leadership in this new undertaking for His glory.

WMTC went on the air eight hours on week days and from 12 P.M. to 2 P.M. on Sundays. These 50 hours of educational, agricultural, musical and spiritual programs are a mighty asset to our listening audience. In our coverage we are reaching over one million people with the Voice of the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association. Ours is not a commercial broadcast, but God supplies for the added financial burden.

Many letters come to the radio station. Here are brief quotes from a few.

"The spiritual help I get from WMTC keeps me pressing on and looking up."

"I am seeking God. He is surely using your Bible teaching to help me come closer to Him as I listen and pray by my radio."

"I am just an old farmer and don't know much, but I am sure that Jesus Christ came to save us from our sins and is able to keep us from sinning. Please preach on this next Sunday. I will be listening."

"I am a backslider. I've been hearing you alls good talks about Jesus.. ..I would like to be saved. Please have a special prayer for me on Monday. I will be listening."

"I have been sick three years and not able to go to church. Praise the Lord, I had a wonderful service in my home yesterday as I listened to WMTC."

"I heard you the first day you were on the air. I am a blind, crippled girl. I love the Lord. I have been saved for 12 years. My mother writes this for me. May God bless you all. I like to hear you sing, 'Rock of Ages'."

"This is just to say that we as a Christian family can never tell you how much the clean and perfectly delightful programs over your station mean to us. It is such a relief to be able to set the dial and not have to run and change it every little bit because of some objectionable program. May the Lord richly bless you."

This article from a Methodist pastor states (in part): "One of the latest developments bringing untold blessing to a large section of the mountain region is the radio work of station WMTC, owned and operated by the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association. It is providing the highest type program, sending out to a large section of the country daily evangelistic messages, gospel singing, and other beneficial broadcasting. This has already been a means of bringing many to seek God and His will. A transformed home of my own church membership is one instance of such influence."

You say, "Do the people in the far-back communities have radios?"

Yes, at this time (1948) three-fourths of the people do have battery or electric radios. A few years ago they did not. God's clock always strikes at the right time. Jesus is coming soon. These precious people are having a chance to hear the gospel message before He comes again.

We are hidden away in the hills where God delights to answer prayer. The aroma of answered prayer is constantly with us. We find no other explanation to our faith but that God is and that "...he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Heb. 11:6). Our lives have been enriched. Each new extremity has been a fresh opportunity to prove the inexhaustible resources of God. He has been more than equal to every emergency. Like Paul, we too can say, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord" (Phil. 3:8).

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Chapter 10 FULL SALVATION

(In this chapter you will find some of Miss McConnell's teachings to Christians and Christian workers. It is impossible in a volume this size to retain many of the items of advice she gave. I have tried to keep her teachings on full salvation. Ed.)

The multiplied good promises in God's Word are all for us if we will meet the conditions. The Lord often permits our faith to be tested in order to deepen us in the divine walk and warfare.

Nowhere does He promise us an easy time. Our all-wise God knew just how to arrange things in order that we may enjoy to the fullest the rich spiritual benefits of Calvary and thus be fitted to help others. The highest, deepest, and grandest things that come to us on earth are the spiritual values. While we do not pay in temporal values to secure salvation, yet there is a price to pay in a far deeper sense. The Christians who are supremely happy and enjoying salvation have paid the price in making their wrongs right and their crooked places straight by confessing their sins. Then by faith they can say, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5:1). This peace with God has no substitute. All our sins are under His blood. Praise God!

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Having driven this stake down, then go on into the Canaan Land experience of holiness. This too, beloved, has a price which is told us in Rom. 12:1 & 2. We must present ourselves to the Lord completely and willingly. It is laying all on the altar. Jesus is the altar. We pray Frances R. Havergal's consecration hymn -- "Take my life, my moments, my hands, my feet, my voice, my silver, my intellect, my love, my self." We then say "...prove what is that good, and acceptable, and

perfect will of God." The blood of Jesus cleanses out all carnality. Our heart is clean. We know the double cure.

Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:7).

As long as we keep these two stakes driven down we are in position to grow in grace and so fulfill God's plan for our lives. We will constantly be a constructive force for good and the advancement of God's glorious kingdom. We will be laying up treasures in Heaven.

In spite of the fact that, since Adam's fall, we have had nearly 6000 years of infirmity piled upon us, the love of the world is all gone. "...If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John 2:15). James says we are to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. When the Lord cleanses our hearts, we have victory over the flesh (the Greek word for flesh means carnality). Before we are saved or sanctified, the works of the flesh are manifested as listed in Gal. 5:19-21. After the Lord saves, then sanctifies us, we have the fruit of the Spirit as listed in Gal. 5:22, 23.

Now the only foe a sanctified person has to contend with is the devil. Our sins and our inward foe (carnality) are gone, but the devil will be after us until our dying day. He works to hinder God's children by working through unsaved people, evil spirits, demons, his imps, and directly through himself. We have all these arrayed against us. The devil is mighty, but we have a mightier One on our side, for Jesus is almighty. "...We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us" (Rom. 8:37).

The Christian's job is to let the Lord handle the devil. So many dear people try to reason with the devil. He can out-reason you. Learn quickly to defeat him by turning the problem over to Jesus. When your peace of mind is disturbed, you may be sure the enemy is suggesting things to you. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass" (Ps. 37:5). Another rich promise is: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee" (Isa. 26:3). These are actual facts, beloved, and they work. Let the Lord fight your battles. Have faith in God and His word. Anxiety is not faith. If testings come, and they do to all of us, just pray and do whatever God tells you to do, then commit the matter entirely to the Lord. He loves to have us trust Him fully.

Another good way to drive the devil away is to repeat the name of Jesus. The enemy can't stand Jesus' name or His blood. Many times in my early Christian life I defeated the devil in this way. "...Resist the devil and he will flee from you" (Jas. 4:7).

I find many people who have not learned to distinguish between the voice of Jesus and the voice of the devil. The enemy's voice is cruel, nagging, unkind, accusing, driving and harsh. Jesus' voice is tender, kind, never accusing or harsh. If you are motivated by a spirit that rushes you into things, it is the enemy. If you love God's Word and love souls, yet a voice is suggesting you are

backslidden, you may be sure it is the devil. If you are backslidden, the devil will let you think you are getting along fine. He loves to let you hide behind a false profession by doing lots of good works and performance of devotions. However, if you are really backslidden, the Lord will put His finger on the sins and tenderly woo you back to Himself.

If you have grieved the Lord, He will show you that, too, so you can make it right. Brother Bud Robinson tells of one time he grieved the Lord. He said, "The little bird stopped singing in my soul." He had spoken sharply to the ticket agent while rushing to get a train. He said, "I had no peace in my heart until I ran back, and asked the man to forgive me. At once the little bird started singing again in my soul." We cannot go on grieving the Lord and expect to keep saved.

Sins are willful transgressions of God's law. If we deliberately and willfully disobey God or break His commands, of course we backslide. Sin brings guilt. God is very patient with us. He does not stand over us with a club. On the other hand, we cannot trifle with God or His dealing with us.

God cannot abide in our hearts in Holy Ghost sanctifying power unless we are willing to face opposition and bear reproach. Very many, I fear, grieve God here and begin to lose out. All up and down the land I meet people who once knew the Lord in sanctifying power, but now are powerless, and their ministry is empty and frail. It puts spiritual fiber into us to live, preach, and testify to holiness when there is opposition. To testify definitely to the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost in our hearts helps to make us overcomers. This is what makes our work in the hills of Kentucky so interesting and our workers grow in grace. We major on holiness in heart and life.

Holiness, with reference to a heart experience in a second work of grace, is mentioned in the Bible about 1500 times. Since the Lord majors on it, shouldn't we? The dear people to whom we minister need to know about the wonderful things of full salvation that they, too, may enjoy.

Dr. Paul S. Rees says, "A holiness preacher is one who gets people into the experience." There is always unusual liberty and blessing attached to a definite holiness ministry. There is no drudgery about it. The rich outpourings of the Holy Ghost are refreshing. Holiness never splits a church. It is the lack of it that does. Carnality is the thing that causes dissension and friction.

The Lord has helped us in the KMHA through these 22 years with our army of workers. He has enabled us to hold to a good, clean, wholesome standard so that folk love the work and are supremely happy in it.

(From a letter which Miss McConnell wrote to headquarters while she was out in deputation, we quote.)

"...Let us hold all our precious workers to a high standard. ..Let us honor the Holy Ghost in all things, and He will add dignity, depth, and power to our workers and the work that will tell mightily for souls and the Kingdom of God."

(In her book, *The Pauline Ministry*, she mentioned the letter quoted above, then made the following comments.) I would emphasize two points,

1. That we hold our pastors and teachers to a standard that is sane, sensible and Scriptural.
2. That we hold steady as Christian workers amidst hard financial pulls and not compromise. With the finances for the work we have nothing to do, but with God we have everything to do.

The problems of the Christian's life are summed up in three phases: spiritual, temporal and social. Be open and downright honest in public and private in holiness of heart and life and God's work will succeed. Permit no compromise between profession and practice.

With our helpers in the KMHA coming from so many states and denominations, the work could not have been maintained except for the Holy Ghost sanctifying power in each heart and life. To be well oiled by the Holy Ghost takes out the things that hinder the smooth running of any organization. Our workers do not reserve anything from God. Their last ounce of strength is used for the promotion of the work of salvation, whether in revivals, visitation, teaching, building, pastoral work, or whatever it may be. They live in the spirit of holiness with hearts ablaze with the fire of the Holy Ghost. This faithful, competent group of sanctified men and women have made the KMHA what it is. Their Pauline ministry is rich, permanent, and far reaching. Many times I feel I am the least among them. They do the work. I just follow along, do a little guiding now and then, and help when some hard problem is to be settled.

Unless the Lord had founded and continued the KMHA, Lela G. McConnell and her corps of co-workers would have failed. Giving ourselves unreservedly to the preaching and teaching of the full gospel, has been the secret of our success.

If ever the time comes when the KMHA gradually loses its burning zeal for holiness of heart and life, the strenuous, practical, self-sacrificing toil, the simple faith and willingness to be poor, it will become miserable and useless. Also if clamoring for leadership and the desire to become popular and big, take the place of tender love for each other, our downfall will soon come.

In our work of faith through these 22 years of holiness ministry, we have striven to keep all misunderstanding and hindering attitudes cleared up. This, beloved, is a great asset to spiritual unity and harmony. We let nothing fester. The early church and early Methodists used this same method.

Let us endeavor to keep removed all hindrances to faith and the workings of the Holy Ghost, both individually and as a body of Christians. In this we keep the streams of divine grace surging through our souls. Any grieving of the Lord among the saints, whether in the home, the church, the school, or in other religious activities ought to be looked after at once so the work of God be not retarded. Souls are at stake. Revival fires cannot burn. Christians cannot become established, young people will not hear God's call, where there is the grieving of the Lord through misunderstanding and wrong attitudes.

Barriers are a great hindrance to personal or united faith. If there is the least barrier between you and any of God's people, there is a very real cause for it. Either you have sinned or grieved God. It is only sin that separates us from God and from His people. God is ever faithful to show us just what we have done to cause a barrier. If we have grieved God by actions or words, or resisting His will, we need to make it right. Whatever caused the Holy Ghost to be grieved, the Spirit is faithful to reveal to us. Sin is a willful transgression of God's laws. One who wilfully sins must confess it, and get back to God.

Another great hindrance to faith and growth in grace is that many mistake infirmities for sins. Our mental and physical limitations, since Adam's fall, are indeed infirmities over which we have no control. An infirmity only becomes sin when we detect our error or fault, and choose to continue in it. No condemnation can exist until we see our fault, are capable of correcting it, but fail to do so. As long as the will is not involved in a wrong choice, there can be no blame worthiness. A holy heart, detecting its error, will admit the error, and abandon it. The error does not produce condemnation, but humiliation and regret.

Infirmities are unavoidable. Sins are voluntary. No power on earth can make us sin against our will. However, with 6000 years of infirmities upon us since Adam's fall, let us not excuse ourselves from known duty on account of them, and thus encourage self-indulgence. This can only have one end-weakness, a weak ministry and perhaps, backsliding. We are commanded, in spite of all our infirmities, to "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might" (Eph. 6:10).

The enemy will hinder us in our prayer life more than in any other one thing. He will let us read the Bible rather than pray. Prayer is the Christian's safeguard. Prayer accomplishes more than reading or works. The enemy will make us feel we are too busy to pray. In no other phase of Christian warfare is he so insistent. He knows that prayer is the secret of the Christian's power and understanding of the Word.

When disinclined to pray, of course it is Satan. This temptation is to be resisted. We must pray whether we feel like it or not. The devil is present always, but thank God He who is stronger than the enemy, is with us all the time. "Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them, because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 John 4:4).

Sometimes the enemy will set siege as he did to Job, but as Job did, we also can keep true to the Lord, and come out more than conquerors.

One hindrance to faith, especially of young Christians, is getting their eyes on older Christians who have walked with the Lord a long time and are more mature. Heart purity is not maturity. Only after we are sanctified can we grow in grace. Perfect love to God fills the sanctified soul, but the perfection of maturity is impossible in this life.

John Wesley says, "To major on anything but more love to the Lord, after we are over in Canaan, is out of divine order and savors of fanaticism."

The Cross has robbed Satan of his power. He is a defeated foe. On Calvary, Christ triumphed over the power of darkness. Now, as Christians, we have but to enter into His victory

by faith. We do not need to fight Satan, but hold over him the accomplished triumph of the Cross. Let us live in Ephesians 6 and obey God's commands to "Be strong," "Put on the whole armor of God," "Wrestle," "Stand," "Withstand," "Overcome," "Praying.. .with all perseverance."

Praise, joy, and love strengthen faith. Through 22 years in this holiness center, great volumes of praise have been voiced through our annual camp meeting, missionary conventions, conferences, and commencements. It is through these gatherings that the increase of the work is so manifest. God is enabling us to keep faithfully laboring on. Continual praise through giving of thanks for everything has been the bulwark of our faith.

Often folk need to catch up in their praise for the Lord to release His power upon them. In our revival at Mt. Carmel High School we felt the Lord leading us to much praise before the revival began. The evangelist, one of our out-station pastors, faithfully preached the Word.

We had been burdened for some of the students, and had prayed much for them. Now was the time to praise God for those who were walking with Jesus. Our praises so richly released Holy Ghost power and joy upon faculty and students, that the Lord had full opportunity to bless all who were on blessing ground. God answers prayer through praise as well as through burdens. As a result, many souls prayed through.

It was indeed a glorious meeting. Some of the Christian young people said, "I feel so blessed all the time." They wondered why they had so little burden, but praise had brought unusual Holy Ghost liberty. In the boys' and girls' prayer meetings each evening, we heard shouts and praises. God was mightily upon the campus.

Many times we need to rejoice and praise the Lord. The joy that flows over on others surely does put them under conviction. They become hungry for salvation. Joy and praise are a mighty asset to one's faith. "...for the joy of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. 8:10).

From the first summer of our stations and revival campaigns until the present time revival fires have been burning. The Lord has enabled us to reap a great harvest of souls, and help many believers into the experience of heart holiness. In the early days, one of our high school boys was holding a revival in one of the Eastern Kentucky coal camps. Mr. C. L. Thompson, who had been saved several years earlier, was wonderfully sanctified. He is now one of our KMHA evangelists. God is using his definite holiness preaching to win souls here in the Hills.

Eternity alone will reveal what my faithful Spirit-filled co-laborers have accomplished for God and holiness in Eastern Kentucky. They carry on so nobly year after year, trusting God for all things. Where our workers walk, weep, pray, and minister, the dear people are made to feel their love and to sense God's presence. Their unselfish, sacrificial lives are winning the precious mountain people to Jesus and thus fulfilling the promise, "The mountain shall be thine."

We love the pioneer missionary work. On and on we go, carrying the good news into new places. We have no fear but that the Lord will provide for us all down through our tomorrow.

Resting and believing, let us onward press,

Resting on Himself, "the Lord our Righteousness"!
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King!

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PART II -- HITHERTO AND HENCEFORTH -- 1949-1962

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Chapter 11 "HITHERTO AND HENCEFORTH" 1949-1962

"Then Samuel.. called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (I Sam. 7:12).

"Let Israel hope in the Lord from henceforth and for ever" (Ps. 131:3).

"Through 25 years our never-failing God has kept His promises to those whom He has called into the advanced lines of this faith work. It is fitting therefore, to exclaim, 'Hitherto the Lord has helped us.' Since our Father promises, 'The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day,' may we not also say, 'Henceforth, He will be with us?' " Mrs. Mary V. Swauger wrote these words in June 1949, as she reviewed 25 years of God's faithful leadership.

The silver anniversary of the KMHA brings us to the place where the trails of the past converge and the paths of the future begin. Over the long mountain and forest trails, beside the winding streams, by night and day, in summer's heat and winter's cold, we have walked or ridden horseback to bring the message of heart-felt salvation to the people of a rugged country. We, the prophets of the long trails, have no other motives but to preach Christ and Him crucified.

The foundations of the KMHA were laid with much prayer, many tears, and with joy and praise to the Lord. He has bade us build churches and schools, and train youth, for the ministry of spreading Scriptural holiness at home and abroad. Under the leadership of the Holy Ghost the Association has expanded and grown. The secret of any success God has given is we have endeavored to major on the Bible truth of full salvation in heart, life, and ministry. We find that "God's callings are His enablings." Our workers go to their posts as teachers, pastors, or helpers, not in self-confidence, but in a divinely-wrought experience and ministry.

Wonder, praise, and gratitude fill our hearts as we realize that precious people of the mountains are walking in the freedom and liberty of full salvation. And now, after 25 years, hundreds of graduates from our schools are found in all walks of life. They have come to us from 20 mountain counties of Eastern Kentucky and from other states. Many who have gone on to college are today in various types of Christian work spreading Scriptural holiness.

One teacher wrote about our schools and their outgoings. (We share part of her account. Ed.)

"It is amazing how far-reaching is the obedience of one soul. Sick of conditions in the worldly school, a young man from Harlan County, came as a student. It was not long until he found the Lord as his Saviour, and by following the Spirit's leadings he was soon brought into the sanctifying grace of God. As a result of his obedience, his two brothers walked in his footsteps. Today two of the three are fulfilling calls to the Kentucky Mountains and the third is preparing to answer his call to Japan." (After several years as a missionary in Japan he is now (1989) pastoring in Ohio. The other two are in Kentucky, one as pastor, the younger as music instructor at KMBI. Ed.)

The teacher continues, "It is not unusual to hear girls praying in the classrooms or attic. Some of the most precious victories have been theirs as they spread their burdens before the Lord. Calls have been settled and prayers for loved ones answered.

"Two girls met in a dorm room to pray for unsaved loved ones. The burden increased. Others joined them and prayed through the supper hour. Their voices could be heard in the nearby dining room. Conversation lapsed. Appetites lagged. After supper two unsaved girls went to the prayer meeting. In a short time they were crying to God for their souls' needs. The Holy Spirit's presence was so manifested. As the girls prayed through to saving grace, the room lighted with God's glory. Shouts of victory arose from overflowing hearts. That was the beginning of a gracious revival in which many found God in the cleansing of carnality from their hearts.

"Often we are encouraged by the testimonies and letters of those who have gotten settled in God's will. They are full of victory and blessing and grateful that we were true to their souls. Some who have failed, write letters of regret that they missed this opportunity.

"The Lord has given us many revivals through these years with many victories. To Him be all the glory for the host of young people who are now ministering throughout the hills and around the world."

All of our revivals, both in the schools and in the pastorates, come as workers and converts give themselves in fasting and prayer. We find it harder to pray down a revival than to pray in money. In the KMHA, we send word all over the Association asking for prayer for a scheduled meeting. Thus a volume of prayer ascends, asking God to handle all the tactics of the devil, and send an outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the services. Folk who are hungry are reached in each meeting. In the pastorates we rarely have a great number to pray through in one meeting, but God is giving splendid hand-picked fruit. There are seekers between revivals. Thank God for every touch of His favor upon us.

The battle against holiness is always raging. Fearlessly we go on preaching God's Word. Our converts, one by one, see the light and come through into this marvelous "second rest." Their sanctified hearts and lives convince their neighbors and kinsmen of the realities of salvation full and free.

In one pastorate, a man, seventy-five years old, who had often sought the Lord said, "I can't get saved; I'm too ignorant." We assured him that he could. Miss Archer, the evangelist, and Miss Violet Person, the singer, conducted a revival on his creek. He gave up his sins, humbly asked his wife to forgive him for his unkindness, and dug down until he struck the Rock. He got rid of his tobacco. The Lord met him in saving power. His wife helped him consecrate until all was on the altar. The fire fell and sanctified him wholly. It is lives like these that convince their neighbors and kinsmen of the realities of salvation full and free.

Beloved, these rewards make up for all else. Our group of co-laborers with God are supremely happy. It does not take a salary to make folk enjoy life. Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10). It is this more abundant life of full salvation that gives gracious power and victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Many changes have come since we began in 1924. From the small beginning, with only a church and a high school, the work spread out along the creeks and hillsides. In a few years churches replaced the neighborhood schoolhouse in which we had held our services. The little trails have been made into roads in many areas; small bridges now span streams making rural areas more accessible. At first, when entering a new area, our pastors were sometimes greeted with rocks thrown at the schoolhouses. Bullets shot through the walls or floors, and boys running in and out disturbed the services. After a good revival when some folks found the Lord, things began to change. The Lord's rich blessing on our pastors melts hearts in these long-neglected places.

Our early outstations were opened along the O. & K railroad which ran from near Jackson to Cannel City. This little railroad helped us much. Each year, the good men who owned it gave me a pass. As I rode up and down the line distributing bread and other provisions to our pastors, the crew would stop anywhere to accommodate me. They carried our household furnishing for the stations free of charge. We often thanked the Lord for the kind-hearted men of the O. & K.

They were kind to others, too. The story is told of one hot summer day when a mother with a crying baby got on the train. Inquiry brought out the fact that the milk the mother had prepared for the journey from Ohio had soured during the long, hot day. The hungry baby would have none of it. While the crew took extra time in their preparations at the Jackson switch, Mr. Charlie White, conductor, ran down the track a mile to his farm. He milked his cow and was waiting to swing aboard when the train slowed near his home. He displayed a baby bottle of milk, fresh and warm from his Jersey cow. Happy quietness for baby, mother, and the other passengers.

One very cold December night, two ladies from Asbury College were in route on the O. & K. train from Jackson to Index, Ky, to conduct revival meetings. The fire in the little stove in their compartment had gone out, so they were very cold. When the brakeman came through calling the stations, he said, "The next station is Frozen." The young ladies readily believed it to be a fact.

Two conferences a year are held for our pastors, teachers, and staff. They meet for two days of fellowship and help. The workers' reports tell of fulfilled prayer promises and the joy of doing God's will. Appointments are made. The profits gained from the conference studies are discussed. While all of our workers are well-trained, yet to refresh our minds and hearts, we plan a prescribed course of study for each six months. We have two Bible themes (often an in-depth

study of a book of the Bible), one book on missions, and one holiness book, either doctrinal or biographical. These times of praise and refreshing are augmented with rich messages from some seasoned evangelist who comes to encourage us in this holy warfare.

It was an outstanding event when the Lord gave us Joshua 17:18. He has fulfilled His promise. Schools, churches, Sunday schools, camp meetings, missionary conventions, and conferences are all claiming the mountains for God. Step by step the Lord has helped us to follow Him and claim this promise.

And while we work for the Lord here on the field, He has raised up a host of friends around the world who pray and give their support. Food, clothing, money and gifts have all been contributed. The dear people here in the mountains have done their share by giving land on which to build churches and parsonages. Many times the community people where we build, give lumber and help with the labor. Our hearts are always overjoyed when the burden of these material gifts is put upon the local people.

And best of all, our precious converts are helping to claim the promise by their lives and prayers. It is through them that the gospel message grips the people and convicts them of their need of salvation. The creeks, branches, hollows, and ridges are transformed by the loyal converts. " 'Tis the Old Time Religion" that makes the change. What a glorious change it always is!

A group of men were gathered on the porch of a little country store. One said, "This country is different."

Another agreed, "Yes, not so much 'fittin.' "

A third one added, "Not so much killin.' "

Still another said, "Oh, them missionaries."

Yes, it was missionaries who brought the gospel message, but it was the Lord who changed the hearts and lives of people. The gospel is "...the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. 1:16). "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5:17).

Twenty-five years have passed. We launch prayerfully into this new epoch in the history of the KMHA with fresh illumination of the sacred Word, and with increased unction to perform the God-given, God-appointed task of spreading Scriptural holiness through the hills. The special blessing of the Lord has rested upon us as we have chosen to keep Him first in every activity. Keeping Him pre-eminent has been effective in tearing down Satan's strongholds, building Christian character, and developing body, mind, and soul. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us through these years.

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THE POWER OF PRAYER PLUS FAITH

Why do we say, "The power of prayer PLUS faith?" No one can have faith unless he prays. No one can get his prayers through unless he has faith. True believing as you pray brings the answers.

Sometime ago the Holy Ghost quickened this good promise to my heart. "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. 21:22). The SHALL means the Lord is very imperative about it. He answers every prayer that is in divine order. An all-wise God knows just how to deal with us so we will have a good part in getting our prayers through. The Lord does not just shower His blessings upon us. He has a method: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing..." It is the believing faith prayer of which God takes account. When we put our wills into it, then God knows we mean business and all heaven lends a listening ear to our cries.

The enemy never wants us to get things from God. We have him to fight, but "...greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world" (I John 4:4).

I was asked to speak at a holiness campmeeting. The president announced that all the offering would be given to the two speakers from foreign missions. As I sat on the platform while folk were pledging and giving, I prayed, "Jesus, don't let me cry, but do take care of our interests in Kentucky." As the people visited around with me around the camp ground the next two days, many slipped money into my hand. In direct answer to prayer, (we never ask people for money) God gave me more than the one, and almost as much as the other missionaries received. God knows how to touch hearts and fight our battles if we will keep in divine order and let Him work out His will and good pleasure.

Let us take God at His word. I often wonder why dear Christian people let the devil take so much of their time. They let him run them in circles as they surmise and imagine things that disturb their peace. As long as you permit the devil to disturb your spiritual life, he is pleased, and you are incapacitated to trust the Lord and get your prayers through. The enemy will pierce you through with his miserable suggestions of what others are thinking about you when often there is no truth in it.

A great deal of nervousness and sickness is caused by the enemy's working on our minds and bodies. Worry is of the devil. Perfect trust puts an end to worry. Did you know that worry is the enemy of heart purity? It dishonors God; it prevents believing prayer. Why worry over things you cannot help? Just look to the Lord for help. We can joyously and constantly roll all our care upon Him. He cares. Holiness of heart will enable us to trust fully the Lord in the hard places. Trust is not lazy indifference but busy activity of heart and will. Do you nourish your faith in God's word and prayer daily? If so, you are able to rest in His great love and care. You need not fret or worry. Jesus loves to carry our burdens, and honor those who honor Him. He is concerned about all that concerns us.

I praise God daily that He has kept me in His will ever since His saving and sanctifying grace filled my soul. It was then so much easier quickly to obey God. "I delight to do thy will, O my God" (Ps. 40:8).

The will of God is the supreme rule of duty in this glorious walk and warfare. Praise God for His great love and care which is so manifest when we keep in divine order. There can be no places of duty too dangerous. When God's strong arm sustains us, what have we to dread? Our trust is in the "Everlasting Arms." When duty calls us to places of danger or hardships why should we fear to face the foe? We labor to save souls, and build up God's glorious kingdom. We have the assurance that He who says, "Go" also says, "I am with you always."

I know I came into this world divinely commissioned for this work of faith -- this soul-saving work in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. Any measure of success that God has given can be summed up in the words of Jesus, "It is not ye, ..but the Holy Ghost."

Any honors that have been bestowed upon me can be attributed to two things " -- to my faithful co-workers, and to the fact that I have striven to be true to Bible Holiness in doctrine and experience.

Dr. Z. T. Johnson, President of Asbury College, invited me to the 1947 commencement to receive an honorary LHD (L.H.D.) degree. He wrote (edited) "...The Doctor of Humane Letters is a degree granted to a person who is considered to have made an outstanding contribution to the welfare of human beings socially, educationally, and religiously."

An excerpt from a bulletin of the Asbury College commencement, June, 1947, follows.

"Miss McConnell was the first woman in the history of Asbury College to be given an honorary degree. The applause of the audience upon the presentation of this diploma showed that it was a popular choice on the part of the Faculty and Board of Trustees in honoring one of the most distinguished graduates."

The Jackson Times of Breathitt County, Ky. published a long article about the degree and the history of the KMHA under the headlines, "Honorary Degree Is Conferred On Mount Carmel's Miss McConnell." This blessed my heart very much. The appreciation of the people among whom we labor is a great boost to our faith. God bless them everyone. They are my people!

Prayer is the chain which draws the soul to God. It is like the hook which pulls the boat to shore, although the shore itself is immovable. God is now as in the days of old, showing Himself to be a God who hears prayer.

"Prayer," says Jeremy Taylor, "can obtain everything; can open the windows of heaven and shut the gates of hell; can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel 'till he leaves a blessing; can open the treasures of rain and soften the iron ribs of rocks 'till they melt into a flowing river; can arrest the sun in his course, and send the winds upon their errands."

It isn't possible to over-estimate the value of prayer. It is efficacious. It has power with God. Earnest faith and prayer, with an eye single to God's glory alone, from a sanctified heart, avails much for right preaching.

Very early in our work we learned to depend fully upon the Lord. We prayed in our private devotions and in our prayer meetings, as if we expected God to answer. We felt it was wrong to doubt God or His great promises. "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart" (Ps. 37:4). We surely have delighted in the Lord through our many praise meetings and prayer seasons, with our souls in tune with the divine will of God. Thus we are enabled to unite our hearts in prayer and faith to carry on year after year in this work of "Prayer Plus Faith."

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Chapter 13 ACCUMULATIONS OF BLESSINGS

Jesus said, "If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it" (John 14:14).

Nothing is too good or too great for the Father to give us for His Son's sake. Jesus is the pledge of all we need or that infinite love can bestow. It is the accumulation of prayer plus faith that brings God so near and causes Him to hear and answer our heart cries. We need to trust God in all things both temporal and spiritual.

Sometimes when we pray God sees the emergency and answers at once. At other times, especially along spiritual lines, He works slowly. It is just like a black man said about the doctrine of election, "Jesus has a vote, the devil has a vote, and I have a vote, but my vote decided the election So it is when it comes to salvation. The will of the one prayed for is to be reckoned with. Jesus is willing, we are willing, but the soul for whom we are praying must become willing.

A man and his wife began to read the Bible. He said, "You can't read half as good as your sister."

The wife closed the Bible, saying, "I will never read for you again the longest day I live."

That made him so angry he cut her name out of the family Bible. This brought a fearful, long-lasting barrier in the home.

He sought God many times in our church and camp meetings, but his life and testimony did not ring true.

Finally, during a revival, he confessed what he had done, then knelt by his wife and asked, "Sari, can you ever forgive me?"

She said, "I sure can, Johnnie."

God came in waves of blessing. The man asked our pastor to put her name in the family Bible again. He wrote it on a paper and pasted it where it had been cut from years before. Oh, how different was life in that home. All of the community knew a great change had come in Uncle Johnnie's life.

Amidst the many spiritual blessings there are some very hard things that test our faith. But when God through the Holy Ghost blesses a promise to our hearts we can stand on it forever. It is ours. So we were standing on this good promise, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. 21:22).

Our fifth swinging bridge, made of wood, was rotting down. Mr. Swauger and his crew had begun a new bridge, to be made of steel and concrete, beside the old one. Anchors and one approach were in place when the Feb., 1951 flood did much damage to the old bridge, making crossing perilous. Work on the new bridge must now be top priority.

In 1951 all steel was "frozen." We knew it was nearly impossible to get the steel needed for the bridge. We had written various companies, but the answers were not encouraging. We prayed, reminding God this was His work. One day a letter came from the American Bridge Company stating that the steel would be shipped f.o.b. Jackson, Ky., without charge. \$3,300 worth of prefabricated steel! We wept for joy and thanked God and this good company. (This 350-foot bridge, 50 feet above the river bed, made of steel and concrete, with a white oak floor, has served the KMHA and community people well through the past 35 years.) This, however, is a walking bridge. We needed a means of getting vehicles to the campus. Mr. Swauger drew up plans for a low bridge over which cars and trucks could travel whenever the river was low. Mr. Swauger went to the State Highway Department in Frankfort for help with materials or money. They said, "That will be a private bridge. We cannot help."

While in Michigan, I received Mr. Swauger's letter. I answered, "Pay no attention to the state. God is bigger than any state. He will pay for it."

The cost was over \$7500. The Lord paid for it in a few months. The public used it all the time, traveling across our campus between our boys' dorms. This was dangerous. We prayed. Then went to the highway department. Finally, convinced that a public road was needed, the state built a fine gravel road at the foot of our campus.

The Gospel has made inroads all through the mountains. Communities, creeks, and homes have been changed through the power of the old rugged cross.

In May 1951, the judge of a certain county said, "The Circuit Court meets twice a year. This is the first time in 132 years that we have not had a murder case on the docket in this county."

Why did the circuit judge say to me, "Your work has done more to change our mountain country than the law has done for the past 200 years?" Here is the answer.

One man in Lee County who used to ride horseback through a community to take his "turn of corn" to the mill, told us he often heard cursing, fighting and shooting along the creek. He said,

"Now, since you have had two revivals there, all I ever hear is singing, 'Amazing Grace that saved a wretch like me' or 'Jesus, Lover of My soul.' If you had done nothing more than change that community, it is worth all your prayers, tears, and labors.

I say, "To God be all the glory."

A young man from an adjoining county came to our high school. He had a fearful temper which became a real trial in the dorm. Our professors said we could not have this 17-year-old high school junior back in the fall unless he would sign an agreement, "If I don't keep the rules of Mt. Carmel High School, I expel myself." He signed it and came back very purposeful, but his temper got the better of him. "I can't make it," he said.

We begged him to give his heart to God. He did. He made many things right at school, at home, and to his praying mother. In a few days the Lord forgave his sins. He sought Lord to sanctify him, and came through to glorious victory by confessing his nasty temper and other carnal traits. God called him to preach. He finished Mt. Carmel and KMBI and has since been in pastoral work and evangelism. He was the evangelist for our Mt. Carmel High School revival in 1961. He is a powerful preacher of the Word.

Sometimes folk say, "It is marvelous what Mt. Carmel or KMBI has done for this young woman or young man."

I say, "No, it is not Mt. Carmel or KMBI, it is wholly the Lord, Who, in His mighty power to save and cleanse from all sin, makes the person a new creature in Christ Jesus."

"The Lord gave us a good convocation. The evangelist gave splendid messages. They reached the hearts of the students." So Miss Martha Archer, principal of KMBI, wrote of an unusual outpouring of blessing in Feb., 1952. She continued: "We had a glorious Sabbath. God is surely helping us all on to new territory in Canaan. The climax was reached around the supper table. It was simply heavenly. We shouted, laughed and cried for joy. One after another praised God for new victories.

"Two girls' trios went out today to Consolation, Index, and Amyx. At Amyx the opening part of the night service was so rich and blessed that Bro. Thompson didn't get to preach until after 8 P.M. The Christians praised the Lord, shouted, and rejoiced.

"At Consolation the girls were blessed as they sang. The preacher had a shouting spell. There was a big crowd, so the unsaved surely got some truth and saw the blessing of God upon the place."

An exceedingly rich outpouring of the Holy Ghost came upon the Mt. Carmel High School campus in Mar. 1952. It began with the young people's service on Sunday morning; then upon the afternoon home missionary meeting, and finally in the evening around the supper tables. The young people testified to their calls and God's blessing in their lives. The Lord came upon them in such a marvelous way that many who were unsaved or unsanctified ran over to the chapel and fell at the altar seeking the Lord. Oh, what a scene!

The faculty were lifted under the anointing power of the heavenly atmosphere. With the glory of heaven on the Christian students' faces one gets a real vision of what Heaven will be like. One of the professors testified that he had such a battle giving up teaching in public school with a good salary. With great spiritual blessing, he said amidst shouts and waves of glory, "And this is what God gives me." Such scenes and seasons of refreshing far outweigh the temporal blessings.

These are just little peeps into some of the rich blessings that have accumulated through the power of prayer plus faith in our KMHA. Little did I realize when God gave me, in my teen years, the vision of some day having charge of a number of folk doing Christian work and winning souls, that He would fulfill that vision in such a marvelous way. Our 125 helpers carry on for God and holiness. God intends to fulfill His promises to us, friends, if we keep true and humble and in divine order.

This work has been a hard, rugged road from the beginning but "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8:31).

Some one published about our work in the Oct. 1960, Guideposts. (It was evidently copied from a Jackson Times article). "No millionaire endowed the work, no public funds have supported it, yet in its hour of need there have flowed to its coffers the necessary funds to educate its students. Those who teach and work there draw no salaries. They rely on faith that their needs will be provided, and they are."

Yes, God takes care of our needs and gives humorous incidents along the way. Here is a paragraph from Mrs. Swauger's letter when I was away. "Everybody well. We have opened a Select Boarding House for pigs on the north end of the barn. A nice fence encloses a small lot with a creep-door into a comfortable box stall. Board and room at reasonable rates is provided for four 100-pound pigs. They eat crumbs left from the tables, which before were wasted, since the chickens do not care for refuse." While this is laughable, it proves a good point of salvaging waste material.

Our radio station, owned and operated by the KMHA, is run by faith. It is marvelous the way the Lord pays the bills. We trust the Lord to lay it on hearts to send the needed funds, thus others who help have a share in the rewards.

How do we know that people are listening? Did we pay \$2,500 for a survey? No, we didn't need to. A man from Louisville, wanting to advertise Snowbuddy flour, came to the country stores and wholesale houses. He inquired, "What is your favorite radio station?"

Everywhere he went folk said, "We listen to WMTC."

He asked, "Where is that? I never heard of it." He was directed to our station at Vancleve. He commented, "These people can get Louisville, Cincinnati, and other large stations, but they listen to yours all day." We got the ad and praised God for this good encouragement.

A gentleman in Hazard, Ky. called to put an ad for milk on our station. Mr. Fisher went to see him. The music he suggested as introduction to the ad was jazz. Mr. Fisher said, "I'm sorry, but we can't use this." He started to walk out.

The man said, "That's strange. You don't want an ad for good milk?"

Mr. Fisher assured him it wasn't the milk, it was the music to which he objected. He suggested a different type of ad.

"That's far better," the man agreed. "Take the ad." We keep our radio clean and dignified.

I have stood in front of the "mike" over 600 times since July, 1948. My soul has been filled with gratitude to God for the privilege of thus getting the message of salvation to "my people" of the Kentucky mountains. The burden of this became so heavy. I knew we could never build the thousands of churches needed along the neglected creeks of Eastern Kentucky.

We are especially grateful for letters reporting God's blessing on the broadcasts. People are finding the Lord in saving and sanctifying power.

This letter from Marie Davis, a precious Christian in the Tallega community mentions the pastorate, the mission school, and the radio. (Edited)

"Words fail me when I try to tell what a blessing the Tallega Community Church has been. Before our church was established, I knew Jesus as my Saviour. My heart cried out for something more.

"Our first revival was held by Miss Archer. She preached holiness of heart, the sanctified life. I put my all on the altar, then the Holy Spirit filled my soul with sweet peace. I felt so clean inside. All the sin nature was gone. I praise God for full salvation that saves, keeps and satisfies.

"God called me to be a reaper in His harvest field. Three years ago, He put a heavy burden on my heart for a mission school here. I told Rev. and Mrs. Wheeler. Mrs. Wheeler wrote Miss McConnell. She sent her approval and her prayers for the Lord's blessing on the work.

"Miss Kirk was our teacher the first year.

A basement with two rooms was built under the church. These were to be used for Sunday school rooms and for the mission school classrooms. After the first year, Jesus asked me to be one of the teachers. Miss Henrietta Griffith was the other. Our enrollment reached 50. We praise God for the victory many students found during our school revival. (Many children received excellent spiritual and educational training during the mission school's 14 years of operation. Ed.)

"The WMTC radio station is a great blessing to our community. I get many a blessing and encouragement over WMTC. I praise God for the message of full salvation going into homes of many hungry hearted people here in my Ky. Mountains."

The educational phase of our broadcasts is very much appreciated by the school people in the various counties. The account that follows was written by our Breathitt County superintendent, Mrs. Marie R. Turner. (Abridged for this volume. Ed.)

"As superintendent of Breathitt County schools for the past 18 years, I have been somewhat a close observer of the work of Lela G. McConnell. I have realized there is nothing more important in her life than spreading the Gospel and training youth in wisdom and virtue.

"It is not only a rare privilege but an uplifting, spiritual experience to feel the magnetism of so conscientious, earnest, understanding and faith-abiding personality as you find in Miss McConnell. Her work as a minister and an educator has brought hope, courage, and a true desire for a richer, fuller, and more complete life to hundreds of boys and girls.

"We often marvel at her ability to administer with such efficiency and enthusiasm the many widespread, true-to-life, religious and educational programs. She and her workers have been shining examples of true Christianity.

"Miss McConnell is insatiable unless rendering efficient and personal service for the call for which she is so rightfully suited -- spreading the Gospel Word to her fellowmen.

"One morning, as often before, I sat opposite this radio-active person -- flabbergasted not only at her faith and vitality, but at the vigorousness and diamond sparkle of her eyes as she said, 'It will be for the glory of His Kingdom.' You could almost feel the magnetic current flowing from this person who was radiating at the thought of what a radio station could do for the ministry.

"As I listened, I thought what a beautiful dream. Could it ever materialize? Impossible!

"A radio station for Mt. Carmel was certainly a big undertaking, but Lela G. McConnell had faith and, today, Breathitt and adjoining counties boast of a wonderful, powerful, and marvelous broadcasting station.

"The radio innovation has meant long hours of hard work, but the reward of a vast listening audience has doubled and tripled in value. The programs have proven to be a blessing to many a shut-in as well as educational and recreational to old and young. They have been a nutrient to wholesome home life. WMTC is not only a wonderful mechanism for spreading the Gospel, but it is a most valuable tool to supplementing the services of the public school staff as well as increasing the effectiveness of the school curriculum.

"The advantages we dreamed of were remote and meager in comparison to what the actual value has been. The educational programs have paid high dividends both in elementary and adult education. The religious programs have reached far and wide, and in my judgment, will go a long way in raising the morals of our future citizenry. Long after the magnetic personality of Miss McConnell has ceased to render personal service, her work through WMTC will live in the hearts of the people of Eastern Kentucky."

I was much burdened over our building program. We needed churches, parsonages, and garages in our outstations. More dormitories were needed for our two boarding schools, and a barn was needed at our farm. I talked to the Lord about it. I knew building materials were much more expensive since World War II. One night the Lord wakened me and said, "Go ahead and build. Don't you know I am four times richer since lumber is four times higher?" I thanked the Lord and went to sleep.

We made plans to begin building. Since then, 14 buildings have been built and two enlarged. They are all debt-free. Nearly two-thirds of the cost of building is the labor. Since all labor is done by our staff and students we can build much more than if we had to hire builders. For instance, one of our \$65,000 buildings cost only \$27,000.

Our new chapel (which the faculty have named the McConnell Memorial Auditorium), is now being built. This 72' by 108' building will cost about \$60,000. It has an auditorium on the lower level. A fine chapel on the first floor will seat over 500. It is not hard to trust God for money needed for these buildings, for we want them only for the establishing of hearts in true holiness.

A new science building here at the high school gives us four large class rooms on the first and lower levels, with two apartments on second floor. These have been long needed.

Our latest project is an auditorium at the Bible Institute. Begun in the summer of 1961, it was ready for graduation exercises for the class of 1962. We thank God for this long-awaited vision to come true. To God be all the glory!

It is grand to trust a bountiful heavenly Father and have Him supply our every need, whether it is a new church or parsonage, a dormitory, or car, food bills, or individual needs.

Never do we cease to praise God for every financial burden lifted through these years of trusting Him. We have many praise meetings in our churches, schools, conventions, and campmeetings. You know the word "Praise" is mentioned in the Bible 50 times more than the word "Prayer." Let us catch up on our praising. "Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord" (Ps. 150: 2, 6).

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim;
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

* * * * *

Chapter 14 GOD'S PROMISES ARE HIS CURRENCY

There are 8,810 promises in the Bible. Six of them were given by the devil to Jesus. Don't pay any attention to them. All others are ours. God's promises are the currency of the Kingdom. The reason we are so poor is that we handle so few of them.

Success in Christian life and work depends on our standing on the Word of God at every turn of the road. "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success" (Josh. 1:8).

Faith begins when and where our resources end. Let us never take the supernatural out of religion. The experience of holiness gives the believer wonderful illumination on the Word of God and divine things.

The precious Holy Ghost, who indited the Word, often quickens a verse to my heart. One day, when I needed it most, He said, "And there ye shall eat before the Lord your God, and ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand unto, ye and your households, wherein the Lord thy God hath blessed thee" (Deut. 12:7).

God has spoken to me many times. I was in the Baptist Hospital in Louisville in 1959 for a cataract operation. A wonderful sanctified doctor, Dr. Kenneth Hutcherson, took such good care of me. I appreciate the kindness of both Dr. and Mrs. Hutcherson. The operation (earlier) on my left eye was a picnic, but on the right eye was just the opposite. I just could not lie still. Our nurse and the doctor scolded me. Mrs. Swauger cared for me in the day time. I said, "Let's pray." While she prayed, the Lord swept over me and touched every tired nerve. I rested perfectly from that time on. It was all so grand; I shall never forget it. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Before this surgery, with only one eye operated on, my eyes would not coordinate. This was a fearful strain on my nerves. I was so grateful when my good doctor said I could be fitted for glasses. My faith took hold of the Lord to supply the needed money for these very expensive lenses.

Soon a gentleman wrote to one of our teachers saying, "I heard Miss McConnell had the second cataract surgery. Now she will need glasses. Here is \$100."

I rejoiced in the goodness of God and kindness of this dear brother. When the optician fitted my new glasses, he said, "That will be \$96.50." I hastened to tell him just how God had supplied the money. He was touched and said, "I never heard of anything like that before."

God promises us divine help in every time of need. "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth" (Ps. 121:1, 2).

Often the enemy will cheat us out of a rugged faith ministry by filling our minds with accusations and tormenting things. He is pleased to steal as much of our peace of mind as we allow him to. He will try to run us around all the time if we will permit him to do so. Here is the cure. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee" (Isa. 26:3).

Local option has made our work in the Ky. mountains much easier. Of the 120 counties in Kentucky, 96 were dry in 1957. Breathitt county citizens went to the polls in June 1946, to vote our county open or closed to legal liquor. Almost every legal voter (men and women) made their way to the polls. The "drys" had labored hard and prayed much for that day. At the War Creek precinct there were more votes than for any county, state, or national election. Mr. R. L. Swauger was asked to be one of the election officers. He opened the polls with prayer, asking the Lord to make it an honest election.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union ladies in Jackson sat up all night to watch the ballot boxes. When the votes were counted the "drys" had a 740 vote majority.

The "wets" planned to contest the election on the ground that people had prayed and intimidated the voters. Much prayer ascended for God to overrule. He heard and answered.

In 1957 a big brewery man visited all business places in Jackson. He asked, "Don't you want to vote again on the liquor issue?"

All but two of the business men said, "No, our jail is practically empty. Before Local Option, the jail was overflowing most of the time.

The brewery man said, "I'll be back later. Can't do anything now."

At Christmas time, the ladies in Jackson have taken dinner to all the prisoners. Since Local Option, they have not taken one Christmas dinner to the jail. It's empty. Praise God!

Faith is the key that unlocks Heaven and moves the arm of God. Yes, faith will command the resources of Heaven.

The most important work of the KMHA is the vital spiritual labor to help souls find the Lord in saving and sanctifying power. The soul is the most important part of us.

Everything on earth is on the road to the junk pile but the immortal soul. Thus our entire ministry in every phase of our labors is for the soul needs of the people to whom we minister. We live by faith for the definite spiritual needs as well as the material. Here is a sample of the many hand-picked fruits in our pastorates, as told by Dorothy Spencer and Carrie Hancock.

"One of the outstanding answers to prayer in our pastorates was the conversion of an elderly man who lived far up a hollow. From our first contact, he showed a genuine hunger for salvation. He gave unusual attention to the Scripture and wept when we prayed. On one occasion, when Psalm 27 was read, he said, 'Lady, would you read that Psalm to me again?'

"He said he was confessing and praying, but not getting the victory.

"One morning when we went to see him, he said, 'Let's come to the end of seeking today.' He fell to his knees and began to cry for mercy. Finally, his faith took hold of God's pardoning grace.

"His health failed rapidly. He became confined to a wheelchair, then to his bed. We were burdened over his continued use of tobacco. One day when we had read the Word to him, he said, 'Now ladies, I want you to pray for me; and I wonder if you think there is anything I could do to get closer to the Lord. I don't want anything between my soul and God. I want my mind and heart to be clean.'

"Again we told him of the cleansing Blood that would cleanse and sanctify. We asked, 'Do you think it would please the Lord for you to stop using tobacco?'

He said, 'I don't know, ladies, but I will take that up with the Lord tonight.'

"Two weeks later when we visited him, there was no smell of tobacco in the room. He said, 'Praise the Lord, ladies, I laid the old stuff aside that night and haven't wanted it again.' He had used tobacco since he was a small boy. What a wonderful deliverance! There was a new note of victory in his testimony. The doubts and fears were gone. His heart was cleansed and satisfied.

"In a short time he became very ill and was moved to the hospital. His testimony was clear and his countenance radiant. Later, while being taken by ambulance to a nursing home, he went to his Eternal Home. Both saints and sinners sensed the aroma of Heaven at his funeral."

If we build a church, a parsonage, a dormitory, a bridge, or a road, we pray, "O God, help us. Give us strength, plans, and money for this project, all for the glory of God, as a means to win souls, and finally land them in Canaan here then on to Heaven." As we endeavor to "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness..." we know that all the other things will be added to us. Over two million dollars have been sent us in direct answer to prayer.

Recently Mr. Swauger came to the office. He said, "If we had \$500 to pay cash for the flooring we need, we could save \$50." Now we could have gone to our bank and borrowed money, but we said, "Let's pray and trust God."

In just a few days a dear friend wrote, "You came before me day and night. Here is \$500. Do you need it?" "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." (Isa. 65:24.)

During the last 12 years, God has led us to pray for people to remember us in their wills. Thus they can continue to have part in this soul-saving ministry even after they have gone on to their eternal reward.

Since the second year of Mt. Carmel High School, we have been led of the Lord to have no boy and girl dates or cases on each other. The first two years three little couples ran off and got married. The parents were upset and blamed us for permitting it. I said, "By the grace of God, it will never happen again." The boys and girls live perfectly normal lives. They go to classes together, eat together; and play together in the social hour, all under faculty supervision.

Miss Elma Reed, head of the music department, gives an account of our Jan. 1962 revival. She tells how the devil, through some subtle influence, tried to get many students to ignore our God-given rule on the boy and girl question, but how the Lord overruled.

"After Christmas vacation in 1961, we began to feel the need of the Lord's special dealings with our high school students. We had great hopes that the second semester revival would bring the searching, convicting power of the Holy Ghost in such a way that there would be a great uncovering of sins and carnality.

"The Lord was faithful to hear and answer prayer, and much good was accomplished. However, we were not satisfied. We felt the depth of the need had not been searched out and met.

"It wasn't long after the close of the special services, until we began to sense an undercurrent of rebellion. This was centered around our rule of no boy-girl affairs among our high school students. Through more than 35 years, God has honored us for holding to this line in order to help our young people to become established in holiness.

"We had dealt with two students, urging them to let the Lord search their hearts. We longed for deliverance for them from the lust of the flesh, which is so deeply seated in carnality. Not being willing to admit their need, they had chosen to leave school. Through their misrepresentations, we soon became aware of a great undercurrent of rebellion. We needed the help of the Lord.

"There was a gracious group of boys and girls who did not enter into either the talk or the bad attitudes. Many of their hearts were grieved and burdened.

"We realized the Lord was our only hope. Words were futile. Miss McConnell was not at home so we couldn't depend upon her leadership. We were shut up unto God. We began to fast and pray as we searched the Scriptures for promises, and exerted our Throne rights by pleading the Blood of Jesus.

"Dr. H. M. Couchenour came for five days of meetings the last week of February. Every message was Spirit-inspired and directed. From day to day conviction deepened. During the week confessions were being made publicly and privately as to the need of forgiveness and cleansing. Many confessions were made concerning wrong attitudes and underhanded breaking of rules.

"As light was walked in, more light was given, until the Holy Ghost was able to bring deliverance.

"Although we had been experiencing mercy drops, on Saturday night the first real shower of blessing fell. Boys and girls streamed forward to the altar. As confessions were made, hearts

were humbled, Satan was defeated, and God was mightily glorified. The whole atmosphere of the campus was changed.

"In the last service, on Sunday afternoon, the moment the altar call was given, the whole front section of the boys' side surged forward. The altar on the girls' side was also quickly filled. There was good liberty in praying, and soon a gracious number had found the Lord in forgiveness of sins, or in His sanctifying power.

"There was unusual liberty in the praise service that evening. Many rejoiced in new found victory; others gave thanks for God's faithfulness in answering prayer.

"Because of the glowing testimonies and sweet aroma of the Spirit's presence, other hearts were made exceedingly hungry. One girl, who had been struggling with doubts, sought out our nurse for prayer help. As they prayed, the Lord witnessed that her heart was clean. She came back to the dorm, shouting and rejoicing. The Holy Ghost blessed others. Soon many were shouting God's praises. Others prayed through. For nearly two hours, a great volume of praise and prayer ascended as sweet incense unto the Lord.

"Our hearts continue to rejoice in the glorious manifestations of the Holy Ghost which changed the atmosphere of the whole campus, and brought deliverance to those who had been deceived by the enemy. Our faithful God had proven Himself 'mighty to save and strong to deliver.'"

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Chapter 15 FAITHFUL CO-WORKERS

"For we are laborers together with God:..." (1 Cor. 3:9).

(In part I of this volume I have included brief testimonies of the pioneers and some early converts of the KMHA. I think you will enjoy hearing from other workers. These are taken from Dr. McConnell's books *The Power of Prayer Plus Faith* and *Rewarding Faith Plus Works*. Lack of space precludes giving testimonies from all Miss McConnell included. Many have served faithfully for years in the KMHA. Some have gone to be with the Lord; some are retired; others moved on to other places of services; some continue their work here. We thank God for each one, and for the contribution of each to the ministry of the KMHA. Ed.)

Mrs. Carl Faulkner

"I always wanted to be good. At an early age I was saved and had the joy of the Lord in my heart.

"In June 1933, I felt I should come to Kentucky to work. At the Mt. Carmel camp meeting, the Lord sanctified me. For several years I worked in one of the stations, then came to help at Mt. Carmel.

"After Carl Faulkner and I were married, May 27,1942, we went to the pastorate. . .I rejoice that the Lord called me to work with this holiness group and am thankful we have a Gospel to preach that delivers from all sin."

(Carl and Sophie are (1988) retired, living in an efficiency apartment at Mt. Carmel. Ed.)

Rev. Madge Carter

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice" (John 10:4). This is the promise God gave me 23 years ago when He led me to the Kentucky Mountains. With great peace and joy He flooded my soul as I set out to obey His voice. I started for Kentucky with my purse full of money and I leaned on my own supply until it was exhausted. Then.... I began to learn to live by faith.

"One day, when searching my trunk for something, I found the motto, 'My God shall supply all your need.' It has hung on our dining room wall ever since,.. .and I have learned that God can supply much more than food. He supplies every need.

"When God put it on my heart to stay in the mountains, He gave me Isa. 41:10. This promise looked so big, I knew God could do anything and everything. In answer to prayer He has given my co-worker and me precious souls for His Kingdom.

"We needed a parsonage. A piece of land had been donated. There was \$3.65 in the parsonage fund. We began to pray. In less than a year a nice parsonage was built and paid for.

"Our Sunday school outgrew the little church that had been loaned to us. Also, our mission schoolhouse was about to fall down. God burdened our hearts for a new one. We had \$16.00 toward it. After much prayer, we were able to get a carpenter to begin building. Many times the work stopped. While waiting, we learned lessons in patience. Finally, in about two years the lovely church with two Sunday school rooms that could be used for the mission school was completed. It was dedicated debt free on May 13, 1951.

"Truly God does 'make all grace abound toward us,' and I can say with the song writer

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home."

(Madge Carter labored faithfully in the pastorates for many years until illness forced her to retire. She went to be with the Lord January 15, 1976 from the KMHA retirement cottage. Ed.)

Rev. Mary Paulo

"After I finished Asbury College, the Lord began talking to me about the Kentucky Mountain work. The words kept ringing in my soul, 'Won't you come and help us?' Friends opposed. This terrific battle raged until God spoke to me.. saying, 'Why are you listening to others and not to Me?' Immediately I said, 'Lord, I'll go if everyone turns against me. Thy will is my choice forever.' Oh, the glory that filled my soul!

"I was deeply impressed with the Spirit-filled, hard-working, sacrificing workers of the KMHA and how well they worked together.

"My co-worker and I have found preaching along the creeks and in the homes a great ministry. We have walked hundreds of miles, but we feel well repaid. Everywhere folks welcomed us, and many a burden lifted as we prayed. In one home, five found the Lord and witnessed to definite victory of saving and sanctifying power. In another home a precious mother burst into tears as we entered the door. Soon she was shouting the praises of God for deliverance from sin.

"Work with the children and young people has brought satisfying results. Because they have found God early, many changes have come in the homes and community. Already some are filling God's places for their lives."

(Mary Paulo, now retired, is living at Mt. Carmel, 1988 Ed.)

Miss Mary Powell

"I praise God for His holy people who so lived and testified to the experience of entire sanctification that my heart hungered for it. Soon after coming to the mountains, I realized that the workers had something I didn't have. After much seeking and making restitution, God wonderfully forgave my sins. Three days later He sanctified me wholly.

"Since arriving at Mt. Carmel in Sept., 1933, I have taught in the grade school, worked in the pastorates, and later I taught in the Lee City Mission school.

"Children who have come to us with little or no knowledge of spiritual things,. . .have been converted and some have been sanctified. To God be all the glory.

"I find no place so satisfying as the will of God. The precious Holy Ghost gives joy unspeakable. He supplies all our needs."

(Mary Powell is retired, living in the KMHA retirement home at Mt. Carmel. Ed.)

Rev. Leona Spencer

"Mt. Carmel High School was only a few miles up the river from our farm. I praise God for getting me to a good holiness school where I could learn about Jesus and experience His will worked out in my heart and life.

"When the fall revival began, I found Jesus. How good it was to have the sin business settled! I was plenty ignorant about Bible doctrine, but my sins were gone, and I was happy.

"After living in this Christian atmosphere for about a year, I began to see clearly what it would mean to go all out for God. I had a growing conviction that I ought to preach holiness to my own mountain people, but I knew women preachers were anything but popular. God definitely let me know He wanted me to preach His Word in the Kentucky Hills. I am happy and blessed because I have not allowed the world, myself, or the devil to keep me from saying an everlasting 'yes' to God's whole will. Since that day God's will has been sought and included in every plan I have made. That yes in my heart and love for His will keeps me anchored in Him.

"In 1937 I graduated from Mt. Carmel and went to KMBI. Because of illness I did not finish until 1951. While I had to lie in bed, God's grace was sufficient, and His love to me was wonderful. Now He has given me a place to work for Him, and I mean to be true. Praise God for the blood that covers my soul right now."

(After living for the Lord and preaching heart holiness for years, Leona went to be with the Lord in 1982. Ed.)

Rev. Violet Person

"I praise God for the privilege of being in the very center of His will! One night in 1937 in Los Angeles, Ca., while earnestly praying for God's guidance, He told me He wanted me in Miss McConnell's work in Kentucky. He assured me I would be called there without my doing anything about it. A few days later a special delivery airmail letter came from Miss McConnell. She asked me to come immediately to fill a vacancy on the Mt. Carmel faculty. The Lord assured me He would go with me, and supply all the strength and grace I needed. How gloriously He has met every need!

"My work has included teaching, pastoring, and evangelistic work. Then in 1948 I joined the radio staff as program director. I have enjoyed every bit of it. Being in God's will makes any kind of work a delight.

"During my second year, the Lord let me in on a vision He had long before revealed to Miss McConnell and the older workers, It was the vision of holy fire spreading through the hills. All through the years this has prompted prayer and labor. And now God has given Radio WMTC to help in this great work of evangelism. We have two definite burdens in connection with the radio work: First, that listeners shall pray through and get to God in their homes. Second, to help lay a foundation for gracious sweeping revivals in the hills. For this we pray constantly, and believe to see the answer."

(Miss Person is now retired (1988) living in an efficiency apartment at Mt. Carmel. Her teaching, evangelistic song leading, and "Morning Meditations" radio broadcasts have been a blessing to many. Ed.)

Rev. Irene Baird

"In Aug. 1937, I turned my face toward Kentucky to become a worker in the KMHA never once doubting that God had led me. Never have I considered exchanging the joy, peace, and satisfaction I find in the center of God's will for anything else. I count it an honor, a special privilege, to be part of this holiness work tucked away in the hills, but known around the world.

"I united with the Methodist church when 10 years old, growing up as a nominal Christian. I was active in every phase of church work, paid my tithe, and kept the 'Quiet Hour' daily. These things did not satisfy. Under the ministry of a godly pastor I heard of heart-felt salvation. He also preached sanctification. My hungry heart cried out for something real. God faithfully revealed the un-Christ-likeness of my heart, love of praise, jealousy, pride, and evil temper.

"Finally, yielding myself to Him unreservedly, I found a deep sense of perfect peace, soul rest, and heart cleanness. The Holy Spirit in sanctifying power burned out carnality and filled my heart.

"I answered the call to preach, and the Spirit quickened to me, 'Lift up a standard among the people' (Isa. 62:10). This challenged me to live and preach holiness of heart and life.

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad" (Ps. 126:3).

(Miss Irene Baird, with her sweet Georgia accent and her godly, happy life, was a blessing to all until the Lord called her Home, Mar. 7, 1972. Ed.)

Miss Mabel Smith

"I thank God for His good hand upon my life. I early became a church member, then a church worker, but I had no satisfying experience of salvation. But the Lord saw my hungry heart, and when I was almost 20, He moved a sanctified woman into our community. Through her life, teachings, and prayers, I was brought to the Lord in saving and sanctifying power. Then began a truly happy Christian life.

"How delighted I was when God called me into His ministry. I was advised to write Miss McConnell. This I did. When I came to the mountains, I was thrilled with the beautiful hills, the creeks, and the friendly, hungry-hearted people. Helping with services in the Jetts Creek schoolhouse and others nearby, were never-forgotten joys, especially since we traveled to them on horseback. The greatest delights came when we saw the Lord melt hearts, then save and sanctify those to whom we ministered. In answer to persistent, believing prayer, we have some gracious outpourings of His Spirit in revival power among our dear people.

"Our greatest desire is for more precious souls for His Kingdom, and we are believing Him to bring them in."

(Miss Smith is living in the KMHA retirement home. At 95 years of age, she is a happy, rejoicing Christian. Ed.)

Rev. Dorothy Spencer

"At Fincastle, Lee County, Ky., a baby girl was named Dorothy, which means 'gift of God.' I am deeply grateful for my parents. They were strong of character and had high moral standards.

"In the summer of 1936, three workers from Mt. Carmel came to our community. My heart was hungry for salvation. I soon got saved.

"I went to Mt. Carmel to finish my high school. Here the Lord took out carnality and gave me a clean heart. I graduated from KMBI and have been in station since that time. The joy of the Lord has been my strength as I have obeyed Him and preached the full gospel message. God's everlasting arms have been full of strength to hold me up, to supply all my needs, and give me courage to conquer every foe in the midst of the battle.

(Dorothy is now retired. She and her sister, Maxilene, live near WMTC. Ed.)

Rev. and Mrs. Harold Davis

"After much prayer we felt definitely led of God to move to Mt. Carmel," so Mr. Davis wrote. "Full obedience may seem rugged, but it is always glorious. To be 'workers together with Christ' and His servants in preparing youth for Christian service is not a sacrifice but an opportunity.

"The Lord opened the way for our two oldest daughters to come to Mt. Carmel High School. On a visit to the school, while I was descending the old Bluebird Trail, the vivid question faced me. 'Would you be willing to invest the rest of your life here?' I answered, 'Yes, if it be Thy will.' While serving the Methodist Church in Clintwood, Va., we began to wait upon the Lord for definite guidance.

"When Mrs. Davis visited our girls in 1953, Miss McConnell invited us to come to Mt. Carmel and KMBI to teach and serve. The Lord sealed this invitation to our hearts and worked out all the problems involved in moving. The Methodist Bishop Roy H. Short, gave me a special appointment as instructor at KMBI. We moved to Mt. Carmel, June 10, 1954. Mrs. Davis joined the Mt. Carmel teaching staff, and our four daughters were students.

"Prayer has been the greatest reality of my life. We have been on the Divine payroll and needs have been met from unexpected sources. God is both personal and 'purseonal' to us. Surely our God is great, a mighty Saviour and Sanctifier, and deserves our adoring love and praise forever."

(Rev. and Mrs. Davis are retired, but still carry on a fruitful prayer ministry. Mr. Davis continues his radio ministry. Ed.)

I praise God for every one of my co-laborers, for their dependence upon God, their self-sacrificing ministry, their interest in others and in my personal welfare. They have been upheld by the Hand of the Omnipotent which they grasp in faith. It is impossible here to tell of all

of the triumphs of our labors. The history of the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association is in a small measure a veritable fulfillment of the Acts of the Apostles, proving that Jesus is the same, yesterday, today, and forever in this Holy Ghost dispensation.

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Chapter 16 REWARDING FAITH PLUS WORKS

"Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works. But wilt thou know,... faith without works is dead? ...and by works was faith made perfect" (James 2:18, 20, 22).

God's Word fits so well into our life and ministry. The rewards of our faith are multiplied by the labor of love all through our Christian life.

We have endeavored to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness by faith plus works, and thus the KMHA has been rewarded with souls and material blessings since the very beginning of this home mission work. Our faithful God is "a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

When I said "yes" to God's divine call in my room at Asbury College in 1924, God gave me a vision of churches and schools in Eastern Kentucky. After we had been here two years, the Lord renewed that vision. We saw little fires lighted all through the mountains. They are now burning brightly, and our faith takes hold more deeply and firmly each year for a mountain-wide revival before Jesus comes.

Yes, faith brings rewards. God's Word tells us faith gives a "crown of life," "eternal life," "mansions in the Father's house," "strength," "victory," "a white robe," and a "seat on a throne."

Thank God, faith enables us "to stand," "to overcome," "to obtain a good report," "to hope," "to rejoice," "to have confidence," and "to be one with Christ."

One of our dear co-laborers who fulfilled her "work of faith and labor of love" is now claiming her heavenly reward. Mrs. Ida Strieker Weber of the KMBI staff had been with us 18 years. Her life of prayer and faith from a sanctified heart was a blessing to all. It was Mar. 1, 1959, while eating breakfast with the faculty and students in our dining room, she heard the call. Suddenly she went "sweeping through gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb." She had well earned her four crowns that are promised to the people of God -- "a crown of rejoicing," "a crown of life," "a crown of righteousness," and a "crown of glory."

Her funeral service was filled with the warmth of Calvary and fragrance of God's presence. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints" (Ps. 116:15). John Wesley said, "God's people die well."

I will now give you a condensed account of our Presiding Elder's report of a year of REWARDING FAITH PLUS WORKS in our KMHA.

"In considering the 'miracle-hitherto' of this work, the Spirit spoke saying, 'It is a desperate demonstration of the spirit of sacrifice (yet for the joy, we never felt it was a sacrifice) for the spread of scriptural holiness over these mountains.' Not only was it over these hills but the glorious 'outgoings' have reached around the world. The KMHA had to be an interdenominational work of faith, for the burden was too heavy for any one denomination to carry with its foreign missionary program.

"God had spoken. Our beloved leader, Miss McConnell, obeyed. Others of us followed as our 'heavenly calls' came. The quickened Word upheld us. '...as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee' (Josh. 1:5). '...for it is not ye,...but the Holy Ghost' (Mark 13:11).

God's callings were His enablings. We can triumphantly see how God caused us to blaze a trail in the pioneer days, to hold the 'fort' against the inevitable: and to lift high the banner of holiness.

"Consequently through these 38 years the work has been wonderfully blessed. Many thousands of blood-washed, Spirit-baptized saints have been raised out of these hills to walk in garments of white. Numbers of these are now rejoicing in their heavenly rewards.

"During these years this vine of God's own planting has truly grown. We are convinced that 'when holiness is constantly, explicitly, and strongly preached, the whole work of the Lord moves forward.' To God be all the glory."

Nineteen thousand feet up, forty-five thousand miles around, and down everywhere. This became a reality for Miss Martha Archer and me in 1954.

We were in our KMBI alumni banquet. Dr. Kenneth Hutcherson, the guest speaker said, "We have been feeling for some time that Miss McConnell should take a trip to the mission fields." This was a great, but blessed surprise to me. I wept for joy. Dr. Hutcherson, his dear wife, and other friends raised the funds, and supplied every need to make the journey possible. Praise God for each one who had a part in the rich, profitable, spiritual ministry the Lord gave Miss Archer and me.

The Bible Land Tours was planning a Christmas Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. We joined the 65 travelers, who left Idlewild airport on Dec. 3, on the TWA enroute to Paris, then over the majestic, snow-capped Alps to Switzerland and on to Rome.

(The ladies had many interesting experiences. Here are a few. Ed.)

At customs, officials usually search every 10th piece of baggage. There they were all lined up. Lo, and behold, mine was the 10th. The official opened it. I said, "Oh, Mister, don't disturb it."

He said, "What is in that small package?"

I answered, "That is my spare tire (teeth). Oh, Mister, don't take it." He laughed and closed the lid.

Our hearts were torn with grief as we viewed the ruins of the Colosseum where 100,000 Christians were killed by lions because of their trust in the true and living God.

The aroma of the divine power pervaded the dark room where Paul was held prisoner. The epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon were written here.

I was asked to have devotions on Mars Hill in Athens on the very spot where Paul preached his sermon recorded in Acts 17. He preached about the altar "to the unknown God." The Lord gave me a holiness message from that chapter. The Holy Ghost blessed. Some said, "Amen" while others shouted or wept. One dear man said, "Well, this is the first time in my life I ever ran across emotional religion."

As we traveled up and down the Holy Land we saw and felt the atmosphere of the sacred Bible places. What joy and blessing filled our hearts as we walked where Jesus walked! Oh, the sacred, hallowed paths, roads, and streets. The aroma of the divine presence will never be forgotten. These are the experiences that make a trip abroad most worthwhile.

On Christmas Eve we rode to the Shepherd's Field. There under a starlit sky, hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world joined in singing, each group in its own language, "O, Come Let Us Adore Him." We wept with joy as we were reminded of the life of Jesus.

What a sacred privilege to walk over the Via Dolorosa that Jesus trod on the way to Golgotha! Tears came to our eyes as we stood by the open tomb. One traveler looked into the tomb and asked, "Where are Jesus' bones?"

Mr. Samuel Mattar, keeper of the garden said, "The tomb is empty, but the Throne is filled." Our souls thrilled with joy and praise to Jesus our crucified, but resurrected Christ.

I shall never cease to thank God for the deepening of the joys of redeeming grace that I experienced while traveling through the land of my Saviour.

"The mountains shall be thine. . .and the outgoings of it shall be thine" (Josh. 17:18). The Holy Ghost quickened these words to my heart in October 1924, while riding on a train between Winchester and Ashland, Ky. Now Miss Archer and I were really on our way to see the "outgoings" -- our very own missionaries -- in several foreign lands.

We left the Bible Land Tour friends at the airport and boarded a plane for Nairobi, Kenya, Africa. We would also visit Urundi (now Burundi), Africa, India, and Japan.

Our whole burden on this tour was not so much to reach the unsaved, but to encourage and strengthen the missionaries and national workers. What a welcome we received in each place!

What a delight the meetings with the missionaries and nationals brought to our hearts! We tried to comfort and help them by using experiences in our own ministry in Kentucky. God blessed and used our efforts. To Him be all the glory.

We were blessed to see God was using the missionaries who had gone out from the KMHA. We visited Alice Day, Gertrude Shryock, and Carl and Mary Waggoner in Kenya, Africa; George and Dorothy Thomas in Urundi, Africa; and Esther Faulkner in South India. We did not get to North India to see Edith Morgan or Frances Major, and our trip to Japan was cancelled due to political unrest.

On our way back across the Pacific, we saw Manila and Corregidor. We stopped on the island of Guam, and refueled on little Wake Island. In Honolulu we saw American flags waving everywhere.

Finally we dropped down through the clouds and saw the lights of San Francisco, our own beloved America. We had enjoyed our travels. Now it was good to be headed home again.

We had been around the world. We saw its beauty, its poverty, its heartache. We also saw what God can do through the power of the Holy Ghost and the blood of Jesus. Oh, the change in men and women when the Lord lights up their hearts and faces! Christianity is the only religion that makes folks into new creatures. We praise God continually for these four months of travel for the entire purpose of spreading scriptural holiness.

When God sees the time is ripe for us to receive a few rewards for our faith, He sends them along to encourage us in this holiness ministry. Through the years, articles have been published in many daily and weekly newspapers and religious periodicals, telling of what God has wrought in this faith work. Now the Religious News Press has taken it up, and I personally thank God. It means bringing more glory to Jesus, our blessed Saviour, who suffered without the gate to sanctify us.

Recently, the Associated Press has written up the way in which this good news of salvation has worked in the KMHA. As a result, since May 1962 I have received many letters and newspaper clippings from various states and foreign countries. I thank God that the press has honored the Lord in these articles.

One of the many letters I received was from the Governor of Kentucky, Honorable Bert Combs. It was dated May 8, 1962.

"Dear Dr. McConnell:

"The newspaper write-up on Radio Station WMTC was most revealing of the work that is being carried on at the mission school and Bible Institute. I try to keep myself informed on what is going on throughout the Commonwealth and will add that anything which furthers the education of our young people I heartily endorse.

"Let me wish you and your staff continued success in the fine work which you are doing for the folk of the Kentucky Mountain region. There is evidence of your understanding, foresight and judgment which are splendid tributes to your devoted service throughout so many years.

"May God bless you and your efforts, and grant you many more years to observe the fruits of your labor."

Sincerely,
Bert Combs

Mr. J. Phil Smith, President of the First National Bank in Jackson, Ky. contributed these words of appreciation.

"It has been my pleasure to have known Dr. Lela McConnell for the past 14 years. As her banker and as a Christian, I have been vitally interested in the wonderful work she and her co-laborers are doing among our people. I have often said that if all my customers were like Dr. McConnell, I would have no worries.

"I have always been amazed at Dr. McConnell's resourcefulness. I can, and will, loan her the limit of the bank with the knowledge that it will be repaid within a short time. Her notes have never gone past due and her checking account is always in order. Her faith in God and His people is a constant inspiration to me.

"The mountains of Eastern Kentucky have been blessed by Miss McConnell's work. It has been a great experience and a real privilege to have been her banker and her friend. I can truthfully say I have never refused Dr. McConnell anything, as I know that, with her remarkable foresight and faith, she is requesting what is in reason and rightfully hers to carry on God's work."

I can't close this, no doubt my last book, on our holiness labors, without thanking God for the many souls He has given. This, beloved, is our supreme delight to see men, women, and young people made new creatures in Christ Jesus. And then to help them find the Lord in His marvelous sanctifying power. This prepares them for life or death. This is the crowning point of our labors.

Yes, the central theme in our preaching is the glorious truth of complete deliverance from all sin through the cleansing blood of Christ. We find it is not only a privilege, but a necessity.

As time goes on, the saints of God are feeling more and more that "time is running out," as Paul Rees says. Thus souls are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Praise God, all who are truly regenerated and are living above sin may find the sanctifying cleansing through the blood of Jesus. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach" (Heb.13:12, 13).

The first chapter of Leviticus tells us how to obtain the blessing of holiness. Believers who are already born again Christians whose sins have been confessed and forsaken are the ones who

are "an offering without blemish." These can make a willing, complete, and voluntary offering of themselves to God so that the fire of the Holy Ghost can consume the sacrifice.

A WILLING OFFERING -- This glorious experience that fits us for life or for death is only given to those who are a perfectly willing sacrifice. God has never changed His method of giving anyone a clean heart. One must be willing to bear the reproach, willing to testify to this gracious experience, willing to preach it, willing to confess his carnal traits so the Lord can smite them. This glorious truth fills the major part of the entire Bible.

A COMPLETE OFFERING -- "He shall offer it of his own voluntary will" (Lev. 1:3). This is an individual matter. Often you hear someone praying thus, "Lord, we pray for Thee to sanctify us, instead of praying, "Lord, I pray for Thee to sanctify me." Make it a very personal matter so that God knows your desire and heart cry. "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13).

No one ever failed to receive this wonderful heart cleansing through the blood of Jesus if sought with no ulterior motive, but for the glory of God. This is an instantaneous work of grace.

My dear reader, your inner nature from which littleness, pride, and anger have sprung may be purified. You may then have a display of power and know how to prevail in prayer. God is able to straighten you out and deliver you from all pettishness, jealousies, and pride, and give you a pure heart and a victorious life.

Like the Apostle Paul, "I live by the faith of the Son of God."

Pray for us as we keep on "girdling the globe" with salvation, reaping a harvest of souls. I remain yours in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost with all their divine attributes.

Lela G. McConnell

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PART III -- "FORWARD STILL" -- 1963-1974

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Chapter 17
GOD'S MIRACLE-WORKING HAND
By Edith Vandewarker

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad" (Ps. 126:3).

"I have been so blessed reading Miss McConnell's books," a friend said. "I recently read Rewarding Faith Plus Works printed in 1962. Is more information about the KMHA available?"

"Have you read Rev. Louis Bouck's book, To God Be The Glory?" I asked. "It was written in 1981 for the 50th anniversary of KMBI. Our book store still has a few copies."

"Yes, I read and really enjoyed it. But someone should record the history of the KMHA in these years since 1962. Don't you think so?"

"God has done much for the KMHA in the past 25 years that should be recorded for His glory," I agreed. "The work has branched out in so many phases, where would one begin?"

"Where Miss McConnell left off," came the answer.

"Volumes could be written," I exclaimed. "How could we tell of souls saved in our churches and schools, young people finding God's will; miracles of physical healing, thousands of dollars prayed in to pay the bills; new buildings, new trucks and busses, a new two-lane bridge, younger workers replacing those who have retired, the list could go on and on. We couldn't tell all of that in one book."

"True," said our friend, "just tell all you can of the many miracles God has worked in behalf of the KMHA."

Miracles! That describes the KMHA from its beginning to this present day. Is it not a miracle that God called a well-trained teacher and preacher from Pennsylvania to Kentucky to give her life for the salvation of souls here? Aren't miracles involved in bringing students and staff from all over the United States and other countries to this association hidden away in the hills? What but God's miracle working hand could give friends world-wide and supply the material needed for the many phases of this holiness center? Can any power, other than the Holy Spirit, give peace and harmony among so many people of different backgrounds, temperaments, and often over-lapping responsibilities?

Miss McConnell continued at the helm of the KMHA through the 1960's. She enjoyed her cottage for several years, until climbing the hill to the office became too tiring. Pernicious anemia in her later years limited her strength, so changes were needed.

The school office, which had been on the second floor of the Administration building, was moved down to new office rooms. Adjoining this a lovely apartment was made for Miss McConnell. Since she liked to be in the main stream of things, this pleased her much. She could be in the office, go rest a while, and return to the office as desired. Visitors often joined her in her apartment for a chat and prayer.

Anemia made frequent hospitalization necessary. Soon many doctors, nurses, and staff at Central Baptist Hospital in Lexington, Ky. became acquainted with the "sweet little lady from the mountains." She was a blessing and encouragement to many.

One Christmas Day she was hospitalized on the same floor as the maternity department and nursery. She wanted to go for a walk. Henrietta News walked with her to the nursery window. The

new babies were tucked into red and white and/or green and white Christmas stockings. How Miss McConnell enjoyed that! Several trips were made that day to see the "blessed little babies."

In later years Miss McConnell had a very devoted friend, who often visited her. As Miss News cared for Miss McConnell, her little dog, Slippers, came along. Slippers loved Miss McConnell. She spent many hours, especially in the evening, sitting beside her in the big recliner while Miss McConnell read aloud. "I'm reading Jeremiah to my dog," she said, "and she understands it, too." During the reading, Slippers sat very still. When Miss McConnell said, "Amen," the dog would jump down. It was time to play.

Often when Miss McConnell's meals were brought, she would cut things in half saying, "This is mine; this is yours, Slippers." We learned to increase the portions so she could have the pleasure of feeding "my little dog." Slippers was very protective of her friend, and real company for her through the evening hours.

Miss McConnell's Scotch-Irish wit and humorous antics were a joy to many. Miss News tells two of many incidents.

"In 1969 I had the privilege of accompanying Miss McConnell to Florida for deputation services. One day we had extra time before the church service, so we went to Cypress Gardens. She didn't want to go through the gardens, so she said, 'You go on with the others, Henrietta, I'll sit here on the bench and watch my purse.'

"When I came back, here was Miss McConnell sound asleep, her purse with a large sum of money, on the bench beside her where anyone could have stolen it. When I wakened her she made a grab for her purse saying, 'I didn't go to sleep, did I?'

Many times she had to go to the hospital for blood transfusions. The doctor had her on a strict diet, but on the way home from these hospital trips she would say, 'Henrietta, stop at Jerry's and get me a hamburger with lots of onions and some French fries.' I would remonstrate, but she always won. Maybe those hamburgers helped her energy level. After each blood transfusion and hamburger, she felt energetic, ready to go on another deputation tour."

Mrs. Mary Vandiver Swauger, another pioneer of the KMHA, gave 38 years of faithful service. Listen as two younger workers are talking about her.

"I remember when I first came on the campus in 1945," Doris said. "Mrs. Swauger's friendly smile and ready wit surely made me feel more comfortable."

"I think we have all appreciated her concern for us," Mary answered. "She is busy as secretary for the growing KMHA, but she always has time to listen and give wise counsel to those of us who need help."

"She's a good artist, too. Don't you like the snow scenes she did for the alcove of the dining room?"

"Yes, they are nice." Mary agreed. "Now that she isn't able to get around well, she has a definite prayer ministry. She tells Mr. Swauger, 'Don't worry about me, Raymond. You go on about your work. I'll be all right.'"

"I stopped by to see her yesterday," Doris said. "She had her Bible on her lap, and her little dog by her feet. She said she had been praying for all of us, for the KMHA pastors, and the people out in the surrounding counties. She carries a real burden for the salvation of the mountain people."

"I really appreciate her prayers in my behalf," Mary replied. "I need wisdom and help every day."

"Have you ever gone to Jackson with her?" Doris asked, "My, how the people love and respect her. She has friends all over town."

"Oh, that's someone calling for Mr. Swauger. I wonder if Mrs. Swauger is needing help. Let's go see."

Feb. 2, 1963, Mrs. Swauger had a stroke. Through the next several days she was unable to speak, but her mind was alert. As those with her spoke of the Lord and heaven, her shining face and strong 'MMM-hm' affirmed her love and faith in Jesus.

God came so near on Feb. 10th as the angels took the spirit of this precious lady to heaven. Time for her had ended, but eternity, with all the beauty and joys of being with Jesus, had just begun.

Revival meetings and times of Holy Ghost outpouring are always welcomed in the KMHA. From an article written soon after a time of refreshing in 1966, I quote the following.

"A divine revelation through a Spirit-wrought revival is the greatest gift we can receive in this day of terrible apostasy. Just such a visitation from God was simultaneously poured out upon Mt. Carmel High School and KMBI. This came in answer to definite prevailing prayer. God honored the 50 prayer cells at the Bible school and the early morning prayer meetings at Mt. Carmel.

"Suddenly it came in an overwhelming visitation to Miss McConnell. She had been carrying a deep soul burden for the young people. She longed for them to be established in holiness of heart and life. Also the financial burden of various phases of the work weighed heavily on her heart.

"On the night of Dec. 15, she became ill. We found her in great distress. Soon, however, she opened her eyes. With a radiant smile she cried, "O, Jesus, Thou art so near, so real, oh, the glory." In an ecstasy of delight, she laughed, rejoiced, and shouted the praises of God. The room was filled with glory. This revelation of Jesus surpassed anything she had previously known. The Lord was blessing His own precious servant and her Holy Ghost ministry.

"Soon both schools were shaken with the Spirit's presence. As Mt. Carmel students who had reasoned against rules and discipline, rushed to the altar. Some were saved, others sanctified. This continued through the week.

"In the Dec. 17th chapel service at the Bible school, without an invitation, needy students surged to the altar. Mighty praying, confessing, making restitution and dying to carnality revealed the deep heart hunger. Soon crystal-clear victories and joyous testimonies prevailed.

"This victorious seeking and finding lasted for three days. Many shallow professions were blasted by the Spirit's power. Now that these students were crucified with Christ, calls which had been abandoned for selfish desires, are joyfully acknowledged.

"The atmosphere of the two campuses has been charged with power and glory. Truly Heaven came down our souls to greet,
While glory crowned the mercy seat.

"The faculty and staff of the two schools are praising God for His faithfulness to this holiness center."

Miss Genelle Day came to Eastern Kentucky in 1926 to answer God's call to full time Christian service. She began her ministry by helping in the pastoral work in KMHA churches.

Campmeeting time came. During camp God spoke saying, "I want you at Mt. Carmel." As teacher of Bible and Latin, school librarian, dining room hostess, and monitor of the girls' dorm she had a full schedule.

Her prayerful concern and wise counsel helped many students find victory in Jesus. Her chapel messages were a blessing. She often urged the students, "When the devil comes knocking at the door of your heart, you ask Jesus to go to the door. He can put the devil to flight."

After 40 years of dedicated service to God and young people, Miss Day was ushered into God's presence Feb. 23, 1967.

Dr. McConnell, no longer able to carry on her militant leadership, nominated Rev. Karl Paulo to succeed her as president of the KMHA. The executive committee, and later the members of the conference confirmed this appointment. For 46 years she had led the work, and carried the burdens. Her life had been totally wrapped up in this holiness ministry. She continued in an advisory capacity until April, 1970.

Tuesday, April 7, 1970, was one of the most beautiful days of the spring. Through the previous night and morning hours, it became evident that this would probably be coronation day for our dear Miss McConnell. How blessed and privileged we had been to have such a godly and true holiness leader for so many years! Now she was soon to go to her eternal home.

Realizing that her end was near, those who had been with her through the night, called others to come. School was dismissed after lunch. Faculty, staff, and many KMHA workers, her "children," as she called us, gathered in her apartment and adjoining offices. There was no need for special supervision of the Mt. Carmel students. They waited in their dorms or on the porches in quiet reverence for the lady they dearly loved. A holy hush pervaded the campus.

We, who were with Miss McConnell, will never forget the rich blessing, the weight of glory, and the unusual presence of the Lord that permeated the rooms. She practically took charge of her own coronation. As we sang hymns she requested, and we expressed our appreciation for her influence on our lives; she prayed for each of us. Some of the families brought their children. Miss McConnell tenderly laid her hand on each head and prayed for her "babies."

She prayed especially for Mr. Paulo as he faced the responsibilities of leadership of the KMHA. She prayed, "Lord, let Karl be marvelously anointed for the work ahead... .marvelously appropriate God's wisdom and grace for God and holiness.

Three burdens still weighed on her heart. She asked Mr. Swauger to pray about the Local Option to be voted on in Breathitt County on April 11th. Four days later God answered with a more-than-conqueror's victory of 3460 votes against legalized liquor to 336 for it. A graduate who lives near Mt. Carmel said he had planned to vote for the wets, but just couldn't cast his vote against Miss McConnell. Of the 120 counties in Kentucky three-fourths do not permit legalized liquor. We are glad Beautiful Breathitt County is one of them.

After prayer for the election, Miss McConnell said, "Now, Martha, you pray for revival in all of Appalachia." Our hearts were lifted as Miss Archer recalled the God-given vision and promise of a wide-spreading revival throughout this area.

Miss McConnell prayed briefly with great faith and thanksgiving, for the building projects at hand. These included a large office and studio building for our radio station; the Long Shoal church; and a cottage to be built for the comfort, rest, and reward of our older workers. She was much concerned that these who had given their lives in this labor of love and work of faith be properly cared for in their later days. After prayer, she asked us to sing the "Doxology -- Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

In the last moments before she fell asleep, we were all thrilled by her wit and humor. One time she surveyed the room filled with association members and said, "Jesus, look at this sight. Here these people are gathered around waiting for me to die. What are you going to do about it? You had better come and take me home."

Among her last words were these: "This is a great scene, isn't it? A great scene -- a lovely scene. It's wonderful, Jesus.. how wonderful! I can't get over it.

"God is going to send money to pay all the debts and keep the work going. I got that promise.

"Goodbye, I'm going to heaven! I say it's far-reaching, this holiness ministry, isn't it? It's FAR-REACHING. It reaches straight to the glory world.

"I have no pain, no burden, no fear. .O Jesus, isn't this wonderful? My end is come and my soul is filled with glory. The gates are opening! I'm coming, Jesus."

She fell asleep for about an hour then spoke to a few others who had come. At 4:45 P.M. her tired heart, which had been poured out for God in a loving, sacrificial, holiness ministry, stopped. Her blood-washed spirit went home to glory. For only about five minutes was she unaware of her surroundings as she made the crossing from earth to heaven. We highly treasure her Holy Ghost-anointed counsel, courage, and faith, and her inspiring words to us during her last hours.

Later, one of the KMHA family said, "As I knelt by her, she prayed for me that last time. I felt I knew a little of how Jacob's sons felt as their father prayed his last prayer of blessing for them. In those moments, I promised the Lord anew to be as faithful as possible to the message of Scriptural holiness." This had been the life message of Miss McConnell. Many of us felt the same deep desire to be true to the full salvation message.

A quiet reverence hovered over the campus through the next several days. Although we were aware of our great loss, we were very conscious that her Lord had not left us. He would continue to minister the comfort, help, and guidance we needed.

Friday, April 10th was another beautiful spring day. At 2 P.M. about 800 people crowded into McConnell Auditorium on the Mt. Carmel campus. Others listened to the public address system in the school gym or by radio. Throughout the service God's presence and blessing were graciously felt. Along with many praises to God for His blessings upon the KMHA through the past 46 years, there were eulogies to the little lady who had been used of God to bring the KMHA into being.

Dr. J. Kenneth Hutcherson, oculist of Louisville, KY had cared for Miss McConnell's eyes since 1936. He spoke of her in these words, "She was a towering, strong, powerful temple of the Holy Ghost. She believed in miracles and many were wrought in her ministry and life... One of the greatest privileges in my medical career was to be one of her doctors. How joyous she was in the Lord! She was a benediction to all she came in contact with. She always exalted second blessing holiness. If she were here she would say, 'Carry on! Carry on!'"

Dr. Dennis Kinlaw, president of Asbury College, gave a warm tribute to her godly life. "Asbury College has had many distinguished alumni," he said. "There has never been anyone better known, more highly respected and more dearly loved by the Asbury College family than Dr. Lela G. McConnell. She quickly won her way into the hearts of young people. There was no generation gap with her. Because of her genuineness and reality, students warmed and responded to her. The reasons for this were evident. She brought to them first hand the joy of a clean heart and the privilege to have a clean heart. This was uppermost. She demonstrated the joy of a venturesome faith. She had the joy of a great love for people, and the joy of an eternal hope."

Rev. Karl Paulo said, (among other things) "2 Tim. 4:7, 9 is the valedictory of a holy life. Surely Miss McConnell down to the end 'fought a good fight' for God, holiness, and souls. She 'finished the course' of God's will and plan for her life regardless of the cost. She 'kept the faith.' Every outflow of her life was to give Biblical emphasis to the truth and experience of entire sanctification. She will be missed by many thousands the world over."

A beautiful tribute was given by Seldon Short, a Breathitt Countian trained in the KMHA schools. He said, "Though never a mother, she was a mother to thousands. Not trained in the arts of war, this General of the Kentucky Mountains led many an assault against the enemy of souls.

"Not financially endowed of this world, she piled up riches in heaven. Losing her life, she found it in the thousands who rise up and call her blessed.

"Like Abraham, she staggered not at the promise of God but went forth unto the land of His bidding claiming with Joshua, 'The mountain shall be thine.'

"Loving and living the experience of a clean heart, her chief delight was spreading scriptural holiness over these lands.

"She loved the drunkard, but was strong in her denunciation of the demon rum.

"God gave her a ready pen, and she set down the victories that have blessed thousands.

"Full of Irish good humor, mighty in prayer, fearless for the right, Lela G. McConnell took her place in the ranks of God's chosen ones. Victorious to the end, God and His angels gave her a triumphal entry into eternal rest on that April afternoon."

In the obituary, Miss Martha Archer stated, "Under her Joshua-like leadership, over 100 workers have joined with her. Eighty-two buildings have been built, including churches, schools, the radio station, and farm. She has written five books telling the history of God's answers to prayer in the hills of Kentucky during these 46 years of interdenominational holiness work of faith. We can triumphantly say she 'wholly followed the Lord.' She was one of the generals of the greatest army in the world, yet a tender loving mother to us all.

"Even through much suffering she joyfully finished her course, she fought a good fight, she kept the faith. And on that glorious coronation day, April 7, 1970, as heaven was bending low, she said, 'The gates are opening. I'm coming, Jesus!' and joined the Church Triumphant!"

Dr. George R. Warner, for many years president of World Gospel Mission, prayed the closing prayer. Part of it was "Our Father, we have met here ... not to mourn but to rejoice in the life and ministry and the marvelous manifestation of Thy power through Thine handmaiden whom Thou has called to her heavenly home. Lord, may the prayer of each of us be 'let our last end be like hers.' We thank Thee that through the years she has served Thee with unswerving loyalty and a faith that never failed. We pray Thou wilt bless...this great work which has been started by Thee through Miss McConnell. May it not only continue but grow. May its influence and effectiveness be far reaching, even around the world."

It took over an hour for the large congregation of nearly 1000 to file past the casket before it was taken to the little Lawson Cemetery adjoining Mt. Carmel campus. She was buried near Mr. Myers, the Myers children, and Mrs. Mary Vandiver Swauger, her co-worker for so many years.

Eulogies and memorials poured in from friends around the world. Many wrote of their love and gratitude for her godly life and definite holiness message.

In 1974, the KMHA's golden anniversary year, the Jackson Times published articles about the KMHA. In the May 23rd issue, Mrs. Marie Turner, Breathitt County Superintendent of Schools and a good friend of Dr. McConnell, wrote (in part) "Lela McConnell dared to live by faith. She always had a warm and challenging affirmation of God's power. She was one person whose prayers were intimate conversations with her Lord, and she talked over her problems with Him regardless of where she was.

"Lela McConnell had a great influence not only on Breathitt County, but on far away places. To know her was to love her. I shall always be thankful for my close association with her. She was so understanding, broadminded, reasonable, and a true Christian in every respect."

Truly God has fulfilled His promise given to Miss McConnell in 1925, "The mountain shall be thine,.. and the outgoings shall be thine." Thousands have been saved and sanctified in the Kentucky hills. More than 400 Christian workers to 28 foreign countries and all across the United States are among the promised outgoings. To God be all the glory!

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THE END