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GOD'S FORD ON THE GO
By Luella Marsh Ford

Can You? "Be still and know that I am God" -- Psalm 46:10

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DEDICATION

To my three children,
Eugene Marsh Ford
Lila Mae Bozarth
Shirley Anne Belzer
Who have been a blessing
To me; their mates
And 15 grandchildren
Phyllis Annette Ford
Priscilla Nannette Ford
Eugene Marsh Ford, Jr.
Allen Marsh Ford
Kenneth Eugene Bozarth
Donald Dean Bozarth
Kathleen Luella Bozarth
Jonathon Clay Bozarth
Marvin Gary Belzer
Susan Louise Belzer
Nancy Joanne Belzer
Pamela Jean Belzer
Vicki Gay Belzer
Timothy Kent Belzer
Gregory Scott Belzer

* * * * *

BACK COVER TEXT

Having known Mrs. Luella Ford for over twenty-five years, we have had ample time to find out if her experience with the Lord was real or spurious. We can say her standing with God is uncompromisingly genuine and unswerving and not subject to the change of wind or the opinions of mankind, but what she feels is the desire of her Lord as she sees it in His word.

The experiences as related in this book are real and genuine and true to life and not from fantasy or second hand.

God give us more of such women in this needy world.

V. W. Anglin

Ordained in the Church of the Nazarene in 1920.

In the pastorate of this church 32 years.

* * * * *

FOREWORD

Through the years while I was directing Vacation Bible Schools, helping in revivals, giving public talks, starting new Sunday Schools, I was often asked by pastors, their wives, lay people and evangelists, "Why don't you write your experiences and put them in a book?"

My answer was usually, "If God ever asks me to, I will."

In the fall of 1963 while I was recuperating from a severe siege of pneumonia, God spoke to me about writing. I waited and prayed to be sure. When I knew it was "God's will" I started writing some each day except Sundays for weeks and into months in long hand. For several years then there was a lull-then another period of writing. Then I'd write some more and there would be another lull.

In the summer of 1971 while I was busy in children's work and traveling I knew I had to get the manuscript ready for publication. But how? This all loomed up like a huge mountain. I prayed much about who would do the proofreading, correcting, etc., etc. While I was praying God directed me to ask Lola E. Stout, who has taught school many years, and also to ask my friend Lorene Faulkner Pearl, who has been an efficient office girl. Both consented graciously.

I have taken God's project step by step. I knew the financial part would work out also in God's time and way-with "Be still and know that I am God."

If one person, young or old, will receive help in finding God through reading any part of this book, I want God to receive "all" the glory, because He is surely the One who has been my guide. I am just an instrument of His Grace.

Luella Marsh Ford

* * * * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First to the hundreds of you boys and girls I've enjoyed having in children's services from the Atlantic Coast on the East to the Pacific Coast on the West; from the Gulf of Mexico on the South and those states bordering Canada on the North -- When I was a stranger and sometimes lonely many of you gladdened my heart. Thank you one and all!

Some of you are grown and have your own homes and families, some of you are in Christian Colleges, some of you are now teens and some younger at home. Last, some of you are now in eternity mostly through accidents.

To the many pastors and wives and families and lay people too numerous to name individually who have been so kind through the years.

To Evangelist Fred Suffield, now deceased, and his wife Kitty, who kept in touch with me through the years. He used some of my experiences as illustrations in a number of his sermons.

Shirley my daughter, was saved at age ten years in one of their revival meetings near Tacoma, Washington.

They wrote words and music to many hymns -- two of these that have been of special blessing to me and many others are "God is Still on the Throne" and "Little is Much When God is in it."

To Mother Frater who was a mother in Israel indeed. Weekly meetings in her home every Tuesday were a tremendous source of spiritual guidance and inspiration.

To Evangelist Franklin C. Allee who was my pastor when my children were very young. He and his wife had three girls about the same ages as mine. They had told me any time I felt discouraged to feel free to come to the parsonage. Many times I would get the children and myself ready and go across the city by bus to their home. I always went home encouraged in time to get the evening meal. I hope I didn't cause Bro. and Sis. Allee too much trouble.

To my friends, Jim and Frances Chandler and family where I have had a room for some time. They treat me as one of the family.

To Mrs. Lorene Faulkner Pearl, a busy mother, who has typed the manuscript with Christian commitment and for her very efficient work, her patience to this endeavor.

To Mrs. Lola E. Stout, who has given many hours in preparing the manuscript from the rough draft and proofreading and layout of the book.

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NOTES OF TRIBUTE

Through our working with Mrs. Luella Ford in Mission and Revival Meetings, we came to appreciate her truly as a child of God and a woman of extraordinary abilities. Never aware of her personal problems and burdens, we observed her simple, explicit faith in God. A woman of prayer and obedience, she exercised faith and told the Lord often, "I know YOU can do this . . ."

Her life and example in prayer and fasting has made a lasting impact upon our lives and that of many others. Even as she was traveling on the bus, instead of visiting, she bowed her head and closed her eyes, undaunted by the sharp curves.

Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Tremain
Pastor, Free Methodist Church

* * *

Sister Ford, the author of this volume, is eminently qualified to write a book of this kind. Her devotion to Christ has made her a great blessing to many. She has a sympathetic spirit, an open mind inclined to be tolerant with the flesh, and most important of all, the heart of a soul winner. She loves to help in the great needs of humanity.

These personal experiences of Sister Ford's will interest all types of readers -- young, old, saints, sinners, ministers and laity. Her experiences will help us love the Christ more.

Rev. Willis Clark
Pastor, Brethren Church

* * *

December 13, 1968
Dear Mrs. Ford,

So thrilled to get your good letter, and hear of your continued miracle-living life. Have thought of you so often and wondered how all is going. You ought to write a book, but I doubt if many people would believe it.

You know how we feel about you, I'm sure your life has always been such a blessing. Still think you ought to write a book. Some people, yeah, Christians (?) don't know God answers prayer.

Love, Doe

* * *

Mrs. L. Ford
412 S. 58th St.
Tacoma, Washington

Dear Sister in Christ:

Received your wonderful letter, and I was mighty glad to hear from you. I plan, Lord willing, to go over to Raymond either this Sunday or the next.

It seems a miracle the way the Lord is helping the work there to get started. Of course, I imagine you feel like the old colored fellow did about his garden: it didn't look quite so good as long as the Lord had it by Himself. It seemed to help when you got there. And I do appreciate it. Maybe we can repeat that in several other places.

Please let me know what your plans are, and if you will be available for some other place. It seems more and more that one of the best ways to start a church is to go in and start a Sunday School -- do it through the children. Sometimes that seems to pave the way for a revival and for a church, that we can't accomplish just by going in and putting up a tent and having a revival. I still believe in revivals, of course.

Glad for the way the Lord uses you, and appreciate your devoted life to His kingdom. We will do our best to stand by the people over there, and help them and see them through.

Yours for souls,
B. V. Seals

* * *

Dear Sister Ford:

I have just read "GOD'S FORD ON THE GO" and it is great. Just wonderful! It is the easy interesting reading that makes one want to finish the entire book once it's been opened. And the importance placed on obedience and faith is so needed in this day. I wish I could have read such a book when I was a young Christian.

I was blessed as I read of the many victories and wonderful answers to prayer and yet at the same time I was convicted to trust Him more. I would gladly recommend this to anyone.

Sincerely in Him, Margo L. Acheson
Pastor, Bible Holiness Church

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SISTER FORD

When I'm with Sister Ford

I never do get bored.
Her ways are very cute,
They, everyone do suit.

She's like an Easter Bunny
She buys us candy and calls us "Honey."
Her, we dearly love
'Cause she our problems helps to solve.

Sometimes in the morn
When I feel rather worn,
She comes to get me out of bed
A job I'm sure that she doth dread.

Since she so earnestly tries,
I finally then will arise.
How my head just droops and drops,
Still I think she's tops.

Since she's cheerful all day long,
The students all around her throng.
We are very grateful
That she is not hateful.

All of us students keep rehearsin',
That we think she's a fine person.
So motherly, so Godly too,
A good supervisor through and through.

-- By Rose Mary Nuenswander

* * * * *

EXCERPTS FROM YOUNG PEOPLE

"God bless you and keep you close to Him. May you continue to be the blessing that you have always been."

"Thank you for your prayers. Cal talks about you all the time and wishes you could surprise us and drop into our church."

". . . I learned immediately to appreciate your example of faith and real Godly ingenuity."

"Remember to pray for me. I have a lot of confidence in your prayers."

"I have a car now. It's a white '62 Falcon and you know what I named it? Luella, Ha!"

"Mamma Ford, I miss you so much until I can hardly stand it and so does everybody else. I. B. told me to tell you that she loves you dearly and that she missed you a whole lot. C. B. said she loved and appreciated you and for you to be encouraged in the Lord because He's working out His purpose.

An inscription in a Bible presented by a young friend: "To my Mother in Israel"

* * * * *

HAS THE HOLY GHOST GOT YOU?

"If you love me now," our Lord has said,
you will my words obey.
And we will come, the Father, Son
And dwell with you always."
Have you obeyed so they have come?
Have you to Him been true?
Has the Holy Ghost got you, dear heart,
Has the Holy Ghost got you?

Chorus:

Has the Holy Ghost got you, dear soul,
Has the Holy Ghost got you?
As the Lord was clothed with Gideon
Does He clothe Himself with you?
Do you go where He wants you to go?
Do you do what He says do?
Is it real and is it true, dear heart,
Has the Holy Ghost got you?

Did you consecrate your all to God
'Till the Holy Ghost came in?
Do you have the victory day by day
O'er the world, the flesh and sin?
Does He live and reign within your heart?
Do you His will obey?
Has the Holy Ghost got you, dear heart,
Do you let Him have His way?

Has He cleansed your heart from inbred sin?
Does He have complete control?
Have you consecrated all to Him,
Your body and your soul?
Now He demands we give our all.
Will you do what He says do?

Has He got your silver and your gold?
Has the Holy Ghost got you?

It pays to let Him have His way.
It's best His will to do.
In every conflict, every test,
He'll bring you safely through.
He will make of you a shining light
A witness; humble, true.
Has the Holy Ghost got you, dear heart,
Has the Holy Ghost got you?

Note: The words of this poem were written by Rev. Fred Suffield about 1950. He said I inspired him to write them. He asked me to write music to the words. L. Ford

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Part 1

CLAY IN THE POTTER'S HAND

Early Childhood and Teens

My oldest sister, Lillian, and two older brothers, Wellington and John, were visiting some friends the rainy day I was born on the farm. When they came home, my Dad told them they had a new baby sister who had slid off the rainbow. My mother was happy because now she had two girls and two boys. That didn't last too long, however, because in a year and a half twins came to our house -- a girl and a boy, Viola and Victor. Then another boy, Oliver Roy, was born later making a total of four boys and three girls.

Dad was a successful wheat farmer in the Red River Valley Inkster, North Dakota.

My mother after a short illness at the age of 34 years passed away. This is a shock to any family -- to lose a good mother.

My oldest sister, then only 14 years old, took on the full responsibility of being a little mother to us children. I do not remember what mother looked like. Often I longed for her even until I was 10 or 11 years old. I still hoped she would come back.

My Dad, now a widower with seven children, wondered what to do. Different farmers wanted to adopt us children. Lillian didn't want the family torn apart so lived under a strain.

Dad had to make a choice: 1. He could let the children be adopted out, keep the farm and be a wealthy man. 2. He could sell the farm, keep the children and be a poor man. He chose to sell the farm and keep the children. I am thankful for the choice he made and admire his courage. Let me add, I have heard Dad say it would have been better for him to have died than our mother. A man bereaved of a wife, the mother of his family, doesn't get public sympathy and help. The public attitude usually contends, "He is a man and can pay his way." A woman who loses her mate has it much easier.

The youngest of our family was still a babe and some friends of my Mother and Dad asked if they could adopt him. Dad said they could take care of him, but not adopt him. They wanted to raise him and did. When they passed away, they left most of their property to him.

I, as well as the other children especially the twins, owe much gratitude to our sister, Lillian, who cared for us. With no conveniences she had more responsibility than a 14-year-old should have.

She loved our mother and when Mother was alive, Lillian was her helper. At the young age of 9 years, she baked bread, washed clothes by hand and when the twins were born, she took care of them. I wish to express my gratitude to Lillian in behalf of the rest of the children. Personally, I try to think of her each Mother's Day with some remembrance.

After Dad sold the wheat farm, he with six children went to Economy, Nova Scotia, Canada, which was his birthplace and the home of many relatives. We stayed with Dad's only brother, Uncle Lowell Marsh, until Dad bought an old English Lord's house on a hill overlooking the Bay of Fundy. It was a beautiful location with a maple tree driveway.

I still remember tourists coming to this place especially to go through the round room, where three English stories were pictured on the wall paper. Actually the entire house was intriguing. In the dining room was a very large fireplace that would put to shame the small-sized fireplaces in modern homes today. Two separate sections on the second floor seemed to cast a distinction on the old house. Accidentally locked in one of the bedrooms one day, I became fearfully aware of the huge locks on the bedroom doors. Only by means of a ladder placed outside the window could I get out.

One bedroom window boarded up aroused brother Wellington's curiosity. In the spirit of adventure one day, he included us in on his secret.

"I'm going to take the board off the window," he announced. "Let's see what's inside."

Each of us younger children had a peek as he lifted us up on his shoulders. There I saw a very neatly arranged room -- a table with a glass on it, a bed made up with covers folded back, ready for someone to go to rest.

"Someone died in that bed," informed Wellington rather solemnly. "They left the room tidy, locked the door and boarded up the window."

After everybody had had his turn, Wellington nailed the boards back in place over the window.

After we had lived there quite awhile, my Dad announced to us that he was going to get married and that he was going to bring the lady to see us. Since it was a wintry evening a fire blazed in the beautiful fireplace. Chairs were arranged in front of it. Lillian had us children all spic and span. Finally Dad came in with Minnie Cavanagh. As one would look over a bargain sale, she looked us up and down and then held the twins on her lap.

Soon after this she took on a husband and quite a group of lively children.

Not many months later Dad received a letter from a friend living at Yakima, Washington. "If you want to move west, come with your family and stay at our fruit ranch home until you can find a place to live. There is great opportunity for work. As the children get older they will easily find work." Dad considered it and decided to sell the place in Nova Scotia. Soon we were headed by train from the east coast to the west coast -- to our new residence in the state of Washington. It was a happy day when Lee, our half-brother, was born in Yakima, Washington -- I think we all spoiled him.

My first recollection of attending Sunday School was when I was about 10 years old. John has told me that the last thing he can remember our mother saying before she died was that she wished we children could attend Sunday School regularly. From the time I first started Sunday School, I had a deep desire to learn more about God and the Bible. As a child my attendance was not too regular.

As I grew older my younger sister, Viola, and I would attend evening services at a Baptist Mission. There was a Nazarene Church about two blocks from our home. A group of us young teen-agers would sometimes wait until the church service was on then we would go in and sit on the back bench and make fun of the "amens" that were prevalent and other emotional tactics. Then before we knew it some member would come toward us and we would get out before he got to us. We really didn't know the real meaning of church services.

* * *

My Conversion

Bud Robinson was advertised to be in Yakima, Washington, for a revival by the Nazarene Church. The largest building in town was rented and people from all the churches seemed to be there in large numbers. Many of these joined the Nazarene Church after the meeting closed.

I wasn't saved but did attend a few services and an appetite for God was created in my heart. Sometime later the Nazarenes had a new church building downtown.

When I was in my middle teens a revival meeting was on at the Nazarene Church with Fred Suffield and his wife as part of the Evangelistic Party. I had been asked to go to the revival, but my stepmother was opposed to my attending. I heard there were Sunday afternoon services and I went without her knowing it.

The evangelist spoke on the "Love of God, how God cares for each individual." As the speaker described the characteristics of God, I was in my mind comparing these attributes to those of my earthly Dad, who was to me the best Dad there was, even though he wasn't a Christian. He certainly was a mother and a dad to me personally. If God was anything like my estimation of my Dad, I wanted to know Him.

When the altar call was given, I went to the altar and bowed like about fifty others. I knew I was a sinner. I didn't know how to pray. I don't remember anyone praying with me. I was just a young straggler, who came to the meeting and God called to my heart and I answered the call. God

knew the language of the heart and I left the church that afternoon a changed teenager. Everything looked different: not because things were changed, but I was new inside. Old things passed away and all things were new. A joy I had never known was now mine.

Up until that day, I had hate growing in my heart. My stepmother had told me so many times that she had hated me from the first time she had seen me that night Dad brought her to look us over before they were married.

I never knew when she would say, "Your clothes are in a bundle on your trunk in the tent. Find a place to sleep tonight." She would usually add, "This isn't your home and never has been, so find a place to sleep." Even after I was working, paying board and room at home, I had the same treatment.

My younger sister often said, "Lue, I wish she would leave you alone and pick on me awhile."

A wonderful neighbor, who lived about a block down the street was more of a mother to me. She told me anytime I was put out I could come to her house and stay. This I did a number of times. Mrs. De Vaney's memory is very precious to me. Some asked me why I didn't tell my Dad. I learned through all this not to tell all my troubles even to Dad, who worked hard to make a living for his family.

The main contributing factor to my salvation I owe to the treatment of my stepmother. I needed God's love in my heart and had I known love at home, perhaps I'd been content with home life and not sought God.

Before I was saved I was getting so hard as a teen-ager that it began to worry me. I couldn't shed a tear. I thought, "Is it possible that if my dear Dad would die, I wouldn't be able to shed some tears of grief?"

Here is a sample of what she would say to me, "I hope if you get married, you will marry someone who hasn't a job and if you have children, I hope they will be the meanest children there are."

I remember a time when I was perhaps 14 years old, my Dad made the remark to my stepmother in my hearing, "When the children are grown and married and you may have to live with some of them, Luella will be the one that will take you in and you will want to live with her."

Perhaps 15 years later, when Shirley and I were on a visit to Yakima in the same house, Dad and I were in the kitchen. My stepmother standing in the bedroom said, "You know, Lue, if I ever have to live with any of the families, I'd like to live with you and yours." My Dad didn't say a word, but looked at me as much as to say, "I said that, Lue, when you were a girl."

I do not advocate cruelty to children as a means of getting them to God, but if it took that to get me to God, I am grateful for it.

After I knew I was saved that Sunday afternoon, I had a longing to attend the Nazarene Sunday School and Church. They had something in their services that some other denominations didn't. My stepmother wouldn't allow me to go there because she said they were crazy and insisted I had to attend the formal church where she went.

As a new babe in Christ, with no one to take care of me, I floundered around until I was backslidden. I didn't know the Word then. The Holy Spirit, however, was faithful and my conscience tender, realized something was planted in my heart. I still had a hunger in my heart for God, regardless.

* * *

Sea And Land

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. Ecclesiastes 11:1

Being born at Economy, Nova Scotia, on the Bay of Fundy, my Dad loved the water. At twelve years he went to sea. "Anyone who went to sea in the old sailing vessels had to be a real sailor," were words I often heard from his lips. During his sailing days he visited every country that had a port, but Australia. In his twenties he decided to become a land lubber; went west to that land where the blizzards prevailed in winter -- the land of the Dakotas. He was in the surveying crew that marked the boundary lines between North and South Dakota; and North Dakota and Montana. In his late thirties he married Margaret McArthur, my mother, who was just a teen-ager.

Because Dad was an interesting conversationalist, wherever he went a crowd was usually gathered. As a child I enjoyed hearing his stories of land and sea. I shall relate one of the outstanding incidents.

A boat was bobbing at the dock on the Bay of Fundy near Economy, Nova Scotia. A young lad out for a hike along the beach became entranced that sunny afternoon and climbed into the boat. Stretched out full length, he basked in the sunshine and soon went to sleep. As the tide became stronger the boat loosed from its mooring and was headed out to sea.

Across the inlet stood a man looking out over the great expanse. "What's that I see? Looks like a boat." Hurriedly he hunted up his binoculars, focused them on the bobbing boat. "Someone's in the bottom of that boat," he concluded. Knowing the danger of the sea waters, he hastened into his boat and rowed up close to the straying vessel. With anxiety he wakened the boy, helped him climb into his boat and took him to shore.

About twenty-four years later Dad was cozily sheltered for the night in a sod hut on the open prairies of North Dakota. One of those blasting blizzards was raging without. A knock came at the door -- an elderly man covered with snow and ice asked if he might have protection from the storm. Settled by the fireside the two men soon began to exchange stories. Listening to the whistling storm, the visitor, grateful for Dad's hospitality that really spared his life, recalled how one time 24 years before he had saved a boy's life off the coast of the Bay of Fundy. Dad listened intently as his guest went into the details of the rescue of the sleeping lad.

With a cry of joy my Dad said, "I was that boy!"

Together they rejoiced in this coincidence as they went to rest that stormy night.

* * *

Will You Pray For Your Dad?

Only a few days before my Dad's death, 1935, I was faced with a grim scene in a large kitchen where Dad was sitting on the edge of his bed. He was suffering from heart trouble and preferred the kitchen to the dim bedroom. The room was filled with relatives, neighbors and friends. In my backslidden condition not manifesting any graces of a Christian, I could hardly bear the sight of my Dad's suffering.

In spite of my lack of heavenly contact, the Holy Spirit seemed to be close to my heart. Conscious of the fact that I was really in no spiritual position to pray for my Dad, I felt strangely directed, "Will you pray for your Dad?"

I knelt by my chair (others stood) not caring what those in that kitchen would think. I told God, I know you could heal Dad. If you don't heal him, you can get him ready to die."

When I arose, tears were on my Dad's cheeks.

One relative chided, "Lue, you shouldn't have done that. You made him feel so bad."

I answered, "That is what he needed to do."

From talks I had with Dad previous to this time, I definitely have the assurance I'll see my dear Dad in heaven.

* * * * *

God Said, "All"

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Psalm 23:1

These words were spoken to me audibly, but let me tell you why.

As a teen-ager I had employment at the telephone office in Yakima, Washington. When I received my paycheck, I usually deposited some of it in the bank. "It isn't what you make, but what you save that counts," was a saying I had heard a number of times, especially from my dear Dad.

I finally was married and still kept my job and managed to put some of the wages in the bank.

My husband was out of work and decided to go to the coast to look for employment. He found work in Tacoma, Washington. After a few months the Telephone Company transferred me to the Main Office in that city.

The Christian Missionary Alliance Church was a few blocks from our apartment. I was a frequent attender in spite of the fact that my husband was not interested in church.

In January just one month before our first child, Eugene, was born, I was at a service at the church mentioned. I can't remember what kind of a meeting it was, but I was definitely impressed that I should give my bank account -- not just a certain amount but "ALL" of it -- which was approximately \$550.00 in checking account.

This thought of giving all of my money was startling to me.

I began mentally to analyze and said, "Lord, I'm not a member of this church. I don't even profess everything these folks seem to have. There are others in this church that could give and never miss it." I was bothered, believe me. "Then, what would Fred think? He's not even professing anything. Surely, God wouldn't ask for all!"

I left the church that night rather "sickish" inside, wondering what it was all about. Since my people weren't Christians, to whom could I go? I hardly knew how to pray. Days went by and I couldn't get away from this request.

On February 19, Eugene was born. I wrote a check to pay the hospital bill and the Doctor's fee. This left me a balance of around \$437.50. I didn't feel quite right about paying these bills.

About the first of April I was still concerned about this impression, wondering if it was the devil or God.

Finally, I went to see Brother Stone, the elderly pastor of the church. I asked him if God ever asked for "ALL" of a person's money?

He answered, "Yes, but one needs to be sure it is God speaking."

I told him about my predicament.

He advised, "You pray about it and I will too. We need to try the spirits."

How was I to know how to try the spirits, when I hardly knew how to pray other than to pray the Lord's Prayer? I left his office at least relieved in the fact that he would pray.

A few more weeks and it was Easter. I went to church and took a check I had written for \$40.00. This would be about the tithe of what I had left in the bank. I felt pretty good in the fact that I was giving that much.

As I walked out the door of the church after the morning service, I handed the check to the pastor.

"Are you sure this is what you should do?" he questioned.

"Yes," was my reply. Still, I knew "ALL" was the must. After this I felt as though the money I had left in the bank was not mine. I just wanted to be sure it was God speaking and not the devil.

Weeks and months rolled by until it was September, ten months after I was first impressed that I should give it all. In the middle of September, I attended a Missionary Convention of the church. During the service one of those in charge told of a Miss Ballard, who was called to China as a missionary. She had her trunks packed and was ready to go, but needed \$200.00 for her fare on the ship. God spoke to me again as I sat by that same post and said, "This is your opportunity and will you give it?" I knew it was God. I answered, "Yes, Lord."

September twenty-third was my birthday. The next day, September twenty-fourth, I went to the bank and drew out every cent. That night, which was Wednesday, I went to the prayer meeting early, so that I could see the pastor, Brother Stone, in his study.

I told him what I had done and that I wanted to give \$200.00 to pay for Miss Ballard's passage to China.

"And what shall we do with the money that's left?" (\$196.00 plus) he asked.

"Put it wherever it is needed," I said.

"How about sending it to Simpson Bible Institute in Seattle?" he suggested.

"That is fine with me." It was settled.

After prayer meeting, I walked home with joy in my heart never known before. Out of the clear seemed an audible voice speaking to me, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." It was so clear and distinct that I turned around to see who said it. No one was in sight. I knew it was God! I feel happily blessed right now as I write.

Now I was going to be tested. I didn't feel led to tell my husband about this. This was between God and me.

In a few weeks my husband said, "There's a Gas Station advertised for sale on the Tacoma-Seattle Highway. I'm going to see it. If I want to buy it, I will want your money for the down payment!"

Was I sick inside! I didn't know God as I know Him now. How the devil jumped on me. Had I made a mistake by giving all the money? Fred had never asked for all my money before.

While he was gone to look at the advertised Gas Station, I prayed the first real prayer I ever prayed in my life. "Lord, I'm so nervous, and I was sure you wanted my bank account and I gave it. Now, Lord, will you take care of this 'Gas Station situation' for me?"

When Fred came home, he said, "Lue, it was a misprint in the paper. It was only the grounds for a Gas Station."

What a thrill in my heart! I've never been a shouter but this would have been a time for it. God seemed so near and real and great and I so very small.

Again several weeks went by and Fred said, "There is a house for sale in a certain locality. I'm going out to see it and if I like it, I will want your money for the down payment."

When he left, I wasn't so nervous. I just said, "Lord, you took care of the 'Gas Station situation', so will you take care of this also?"

Fred came home and said, "Well, Lue, we don't want that place. The house is built up on stilts and water is underneath the house."

How marvelous God works! Never did Fred ask for my money again. About a year and a half later, I felt led to tell him about God's wanting my money. I told him in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Spirit. Fred wasn't happy about it, but I knew I had done what God wanted and so I had a peace and gladness in my heart that only comes from obedience to God.

It wasn't long until he had told my near relatives. This caused some to wonder, "Has Lue lost her mind?" I am sure had I been in their place, I'd have thought the same. The relatives' attitude bothered me some, but the assurance that God was on my side gave me strength and grace to bear the remarks. Never once have I regretted giving all of the money. As years go by I rejoice more.

Miss Ballard stayed on the field in China. After several years, she married a missionary. When China became a closed door for missionaries because of communism, what a blessing it was to know I had minded God as a young mother.

God has never failed me once. He still fulfills to me, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

* * *

Kept The Vow

Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice.... (I Samuel 15:22b)

Never knowing when I would have to look for a place to sleep (even though I was paying board and room at the folks') I accepted Fred Ford's proposal of marriage because I thought then I would at least have a home. We were married while I was backslidden. He had a Catholic background, but was not interested in any church.

Fred had many good qualities and had no bad habits such as smoking, drinking or gambling. he loved the home. He wasn't lazy and was a trustworthy man.

We had three children. Even though I wasn't professing to be a Christian, I did know I had been saved as a teen-ager and wanted the children to grow up in Sunday School and Church. This earnest desire became the focal point of the trouble. Fred said the children could go to a church where they didn't stress salvation. He definitely didn't want them to go to the Nazarene Church.

I wanted them to go to the Nazarene Church. I would attend revival meetings occasionally. I was always tender toward the wooings of the Holy Spirit. I would get right with God, but in a house divided on spiritual lines, I would last about ten days or two weeks. Fred remarked, "It's all right to go to church, but there is no point in being fanatic."

(My advice to those who are not married: if you have been saved but at the present time are in a backslidden state, do not marry. If you do, no doubt God will speak to your heart and your unsaved mate will very likely make it difficult for you. Many have found this to be true.)

Time went on. Even the children, as they became older, found the circumstances of a divided house terrible. Finally, after trying so many times, I gave up in despair. I said, "I'll be a good mother." I even told the Lord, "I'll never go to the altar again." I just couldn't stand. I thought that religion was for others, but not for me. I did remain faithful in reading the Bible and praying.

I decided to join social groups and soon became so busy that God didn't have a chance to talk to me. I was president of the largest Preschool Association in Tacoma, Washington. We were the first Preschool in Tacoma to win National honors and the 3rd in the State of Washington. I also joined the Ladies Auxiliary of the Lodge to which my husband belonged. I was on the Ladies Drill Team and my husband was on the Men's Team. This meant that we were often at social functions and also conventions. I was pianist for the lodge meetings and went to officer's business meetings.

I was first vice-president of the Horace Mann P.T.A. There were six vice-presidents. By virtue of the office of first vice-president I was a candidate for president on the next election.

Many times at different meetings and especially at dances, I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit so close and more than one time seemed to say, "You don't belong here." I felt so bad I wanted to get away.

Not only was I active in these groups, but at the same time I was president of the Nazarene Foreign Missionary Society in Tacoma. This responsibility was the one thing that held me to the church.

I certainly didn't look like a Christian. One time I asked one of the faithful members why they had me as president when they knew I was backslidden. She told me that they knew sometime I would be a Christian and wanted to hold me to church influence.

Well, throwing aside all standards that the Nazarene Church had in those days, I had my red hair cut short and set with permanents. I wore plenty of lipstick, rouge, and other cosmetics and jewelry.

Mrs. O'Neil, a friend of mine, asked me to go to a P.T.A. Convention in the spring of 1937. She said if I would go, she would pay all my expenses including train fare (round trip) banquet and luncheon tickets. She even bought the one pair of hose I had.

Things were arranged at home. Fred not only consented to my going, but was proud of the fact that I was so active in the P.T.A. and Lodge activities. I enjoyed going with him to the social activities of these groups, but the longing for God lingered in my heart always.

Mrs. O'Neil and I left for the state convention and we stayed an extra day. She and I were sitting in the lobby of the hotel, when all of a sudden she put her feet and legs up on the davenport. This action was most unusual for such a refined lady. (Her husband was the Public Utilities Commissioner of Pierce County Washington at that time.) It was only seconds after she had put her legs on the davenport, that I knew why. The Veterans Convention was on in that city also. Some prankster had thrown a lighted package of firecrackers at our feet. She noticed it and didn't have time to warn me. Soon I was aware my hose were full of tiny holes from the sparks.

Mrs. O'Neil said, "What is wrong with you, Lue? I've been watching you and for about six months everything seems to go wrong with you. You live a decent life. You don't smoke or drink and you always are doing good to others. I can't understand. Why did your hose have to be riddled? You have only one pair of hose and I bought them for you. Do you see that lady going up those stairs? She no doubt has several pairs of hose. Why couldn't it have been hers that were destroyed?"

No answer came from me. I knew in my heart that God was trying to get to me, but I wouldn't heed.

Since I stayed to visit some relatives, Mrs. O'Neil returned to Tacoma before I did. I even lost the return stub of my railroad ticket and had to borrow money to get home.

Only a few weeks after this episode, in June 1937, I attended the last service of a revival at the Nazarene Church. When the altar call was given, the evangelist came to me and asked if I didn't feel I should go to the altar. Looking like Jezebel with a hat cocked on the side of my head, I said, "No" from my lips. My heart said, "Yes." There is a difference. God knew I wanted Him, but couldn't live a Christian life in a divided house. I had tried so many times and failed. Anyway, to please the evangelist I went to the altar. I left the altar about the same way as I went.

Six weeks later I was taken to the hospital for an emergency operation. The following week I underwent a major surgery by one of the best if not the best surgeon in Tacoma. At the time he gave me little hope. He didn't wait for an ambulance to take me to the hospital. He said, "It is too urgent. I shall take you in my own car.

While I lay there in the hospital, I had time to think. I prayed in my heart and said, "Lord, if you will let me live, I'll be the best Christian I know how to be, but put a backbone in me spiritually speaking so I'll be able to stand no matter what comes to my life."

God heard this petition and while the doctor performed the operation on my body, God operated on my spiritual spine.

Later, after I was convalescing, two nurses told me I was one in a million that would recover from my condition.

Well, many years have come and gone since then and I am grateful. To the best of my ability I have kept the vow made to God in that hospital.

* * *

When The Fire Fell

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God. (Romans 12:1-2)

I was in the hospital about five weeks and then came home to recuperate. When I was able, I wrote letters of resignation to every organization in which I held an office. I stated that I had found something better and meant to be faithful to God first. In other words I was launching out into the deep with God.

I read all the books I could get (I liked the biographies of the old timers best) and I absorbed and meditated over the same. The books were a tremendous help to me at that time.

One day while I was meditating and happy I was alive and was doing my best to be obedient in every detail, it seemed as though I was on the outside of my body. It seemed to be only an empty shell. As I was looking into this empty vessel, a ball, not too large, the color of burnished gold dropped into it. What peace I had!

"If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work." (II Timothy 2:21)

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." (II Corinthians 4:7)

* * *

Woman's Glory

Judge in yourselves: is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered?

Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him?

But if a woman have long hair, it is a GLORY to her: for her hair is given her for a covering. (I Corinthians 11:13-15)

I would that you read the entire chapter. Note the marginal for "covering" which is "veil."

While I was in the hospital a number of days following major surgery, God seemed to say to me, "How about your hair?" I knew it was God speaking and thought after having my straight red hair cut and permanents, "I can't let it grow." But I had made a vow if God would let me live, I'd be the best Christian I could be. Now, I was getting better. I said, "Lord, I'll let it grow."

I had been faithful in reading the Bible as a backslider and had heard it preached that women should have long hair. I also knew God is reasonable and in several places in the Bible it says, "Come reason together."

I said, "Lord, it can't be wrong to have curly hair because some babies are born with curly hair." I reminded the Lord that I had straight hair. (He already knew this for He even knows the number of hairs on everyone's head. See Matthew 10:30.)

"Lord," I continued, "I'm going to let my hair grow, but I would appreciate a little wave so I can get it up half-way respectable." My hair started to grow. No scissors has cut any part of it. (How about yours?) The Lord gave me some waves and I got it up half-way respectable. I got just what I asked for and had faith for. I was thankful, for before my hair had been straighter than a mule's tail.

* * *

Cosmetics

"...though thou rentest thy face with painting, in vain shalt thou make thyself fair;" (Jeremiah 4:30)

"...and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window." (II Kings 9:30b)

"...for whom thou didst wash thyself, paintedst thy eyes, and deckedst thyself with ornaments." (Ezekiel 23:40b)

I had used cosmetics for sixteen years or more when I got saved in the hospital. I used rouge and lipstick heavily.

God spoke to me about leaving it off my face, so I did leave off the rouge and powder, but being more of a slave to lipstick, I just toned down on that.

This went on for about two years after I was saved. Then one day I was getting ready to go to town. I was about to put on the lipstick when the Holy Spirit said to me, "Leave it all off today." This was a shock more or less to me and I didn't want to go to town. I knew I had to go and also that I must leave off all the lipstick! I said, "Lord, I may meet some friends downtown and I will look terrible. I don't even have a hat to wear to hide my face in case I see someone.

Pride of face was very evident. (There are four kinds of pride: pride of face, pride of race, pride of place, and pride of grace.)

I was obedient and went to town without the lipstick. Anyone who has used lipstick for any length of time knows how I felt. I felt I just wasn't fully dressed.

My minding God in leaving it off was the means of two girls getting saved. From that day to this I have never worn lipstick.

* * *

Founder's Day

I speak as concerning reproach, as though we had been weak. Howbeit whereinsoever any is bold, (I speak foolishly,) I am bold also. (II Corinthians 11:21)

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; (Romans 1:16)

After I resigned offices I had held in the different organizations, my life was watched. I suppose some were wondering if I would continue being a Christian.

In the following February the Horace Mann P.T.A. and the Horace Mann Preschool Association had a combined Founder's Day program. There were several hundred at this meeting held in the evening.

I had been asked to make the favors for the tables. Since the meeting was near Valentine's Day, I made red heart-shaped favors with a scripture verse written on each one.

In the auditorium where the program was held, each past president of each group was introduced and asked to say a few words.

When I was introduced, I told how I had found something that made me happier than anything else I had ever experienced and that I was grateful for being alive; I meant to be true to God.

Later one person told me, "When you spoke, it was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop."

Another said, "I felt like I was in church."

God helped me to grasp the opportunities and I have been grasping ever since.

* * *

Brother Brown

Brother H. D. Brown was a wonderful elderly man when I first saw him. He had been one of the early leaders of the Nazarene Church. For a time he was District Superintendent of the great Northwest, the territory stretching from Chicago through the expansive prairie states of North and South Dakota and Montana to Washington.

In later life his home was in Seattle, Washington, only 38 miles north of Tacoma. Often he would preach for the Nazarene Church in Tacoma when our pastor was gone on Sunday.

On one of these occasions the question came from the platform, "Is there someone in the audience who would take Brother Brown to his home for dinner?"

The lady friend sitting by me whispered, "This time I'm not offering to take him." (She was the one in the church who did more than her share in entertaining visiting preachers and workers.)

God began dealing with me and said, "Raise your hand."

Before too many seconds, I said, "Lord, but you know about Fred. He doesn't want anyone like that coming to our house. I'm afraid to offer. But, Lord, I will if you want me to." I raised my hand in the comfort of the Holy Spirit.

I had strong convictions about doing any extra cooking on Sunday. I had made a pie or cake on Saturday. I always put the roast in the oven before I left for Sunday School. The vegetables I had in kettles and Fred would put them on the stove to cook by 11:30 A.M. Dinner would be ready except for making the gravy.

When we got home from church that Sunday, Fred was waiting for us to come home and was looking out the window. He must have noticed the elderly man getting out of the car. By the time we got in the house, Fred was gone. I was somewhat upset about his absence, but I knew I had done the right thing.

I finished the meal preparations while the girls set the table. Fred was nowhere to be found.

Brother Brown asked me to make him some toast. He said, "I have a certain way to make it. I want you to put a slice of bread in the oven and brown it well. Then take it out and pour hot water over it and put it back in the oven and let the water dry out."

By this time dinner was on the table and still Fred wasn't home.

The afternoon passed. We had supper and again we went to church. Fred was still not at home when the children and I came home from the evening service. We finally retired. Fred came home after midnight. He told me never to have anyone like that for dinner again. I tried to explain, but I didn't ever cause this kind of friction again.

But I was glad I had obeyed God. It was good for the children to have such an elderly Christian of his ability and experience at our home and have him pray.

Fred would allow the children and me to bow our heads to pray inwardly before we ate, but not out loud.

* * *

New Year's Eve

We invited my sister, her husband, and their two children to come to visit us over the New Year Holiday. They arrived the last day of December. I had spent several days preparing for the occasion. I baked a date nut loaf, banana bread, pies and other eatables.

New Year's Eve was our wedding anniversary. At the same time the Open Door Mission was to be open for a watch-night service. With unsaved loved ones and a husband who was not a Christian, what was I to do? I knew it was "God's Will" for me to go to the watch-night service. I had a decision to make. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Then the devil reminded me of the weather. It was so foggy you could "cut it." The people who live in South Tacoma know what I mean. What would you do? God has to be first.

I finally told the folks I had to go to the watch-night service. I told them if they were up when I got back, I would fix a lunch.

Shirley said, "Mother, I'll go with you."

So we started out into the foggy damp night. Got the bus line and finally got to the Mission in South Tacoma. The devil let me know I wouldn't ever be able to talk to my sister about salvation after leaving her at home.

We left soon after the service closed a little after midnight and arrived home about 1 A.M. Everyone was still up and hungry. After a short time I had the table set and we had a nice lunch.

On New Year's Day while I was making the turkey gravy, my sister asked, "What do you mean, Lue, by being born again?"

Happy for the opportunity to explain salvation, I tried to answer her questions while I stirred the gravy.

"Lue," she added, "I've always been good so I'm ready to die. Now, you were always in trouble as a child. The Lord or someone needed to do something for you."

"No matter how good a person is he has to be born again in order to get to heaven," I continued, stirring the gravy. In fact, I think I spent more time on that gravy than on any gravy I ever made before or since. Talking to my sister at that moment was more important than getting the dinner on the table.

The devil is a liar and the author of lies. "... for he is a liar, and the father of it." (John 8:44)

* * *

God's Choice And Mine

Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. (Joshua 24:15a, b)

Nearly three and a half years had gone by since I had been in the hospital. God was near those years and supplied grace when needed in a divided house. By this time Shirley and Lila were saved.

One night in the latter part of February 1941 when the three children were in bed upstairs, and Fred and I had retired for the night, out of the clear my husband asked, "Lue, would you give up Jesus for me?"

My thoughts were in a whirl. I began to think of the times I was miserable before going to the hospital and of my promise to God; how He had allowed me to live and how He had helped me thus far; how I had walked in the light up to now. I had never dreamed I'd have to face something like this. God seemed to flash into my mind, "Be still and know that I am God." (Psalm 46:10) So I didn't answer Fred right away.

Again he asked, "Lue, would you give up Jesus for me?" How could I? What does all this mean? Why should I have to make such a choice? Again Psalm 46:10 flashed to me so brightly. Again I didn't answer.

The third time Fred asked, "Lue, would you give up Jesus for me?" God said to me, "You've had time to think. The choice is up to you." In the best tone of voice I could use, I answered in one word, "No."

He said in a calm voice, "You've made your choice, so I will be leaving." He added, "When I go, I will give you no money."

What would I do? I didn't know God like I do now.

Things began to happen that were upsetting, but I knew God cared and would help. Fred quit making payments on the home we were buying. The Frigidaire and the oil burner payments were stopped. The utilities also weren't paid by him anymore. He went to Lila's piano teacher and had her lessons stopped.

Fred was a good living man. He didn't smoke, gamble, chase around with women, and only occasionally did he take a drink.

Now that I had made the choice, he started going out five nights a week to dances for the most part. This was hard for me to take, but God helped me. Constantly Fred reminded me that he would be leaving. When? I didn't know. But I was praying that somehow God would see fit to save him, For days, it seems, he would say before he left for work, "Lue, you had better look for work." In the evening he would ask, "Did you look for work?"

He would often say, "Lue, you better look for work because when I leave, I am not going to give you any money.

One day he' said, "I'm going to plant a garden for you, so you will at least have fresh vegetables." He was being as kind as he knew how to be under the circumstances. I knew he didn't want to leave; neither could I go back on God.

Day after day, "You had better look for work."

I'd start out, but finally I quit looking when God made it clear to me, "Be still and know that I am God."

Weeks and weeks went by. On Thursday, May 22, he didn't go out. We retired for the night. Then he started talking.

"Lue, you are living in a different world than I am. Things you want to do, I don't want to do. Things I want you don't want."

This was all so true. Only a person in this situation can understand.

Fred went on and I listened not saying anything until he had finished.

"You don't seem to realize," he continued, "that I meant what I said. I am leaving. You better look for work. You can live in this house a year without payments and then you and the kids will be thrown out on the street. You will lose the oil burner and the Frigidaire, too." Then he reminded me, "I have planted the garden as I have every year.

When he finished, I said, "Fred, you are right about our being in different worlds. God spoke to me and I answered the call and am living for Him. Someday God will speak to your heart and you will know it is God and not me or some other human person. It will be up to you as an individual."

Then if ever I stretched my faith, I did when I told him, "I shall not do any secular work. I shall not lose the home, the Frigidaire or the oil burner. If you ever want to come back, the door will be open."

I was still living under a terrific strain; not knowing if and when he was going. I will never forget the Friday evening meal on May 23rd. For years we had eaten the evening meals in our cozy dinette between the kitchen and living room. Both Fred and I wanted the children to grow up with fine table manners and so the evening meal was served with care.

That evening I had fried halibut and it was the prettiest golden brown and each piece held together better than any I had ever fried before. For dessert I had a beautiful thick banana cream pie (not a package mix filling). The meringue was in high peaks. It seemed as though God helped me prepare that meal, because this was our last supper together.

Fred went out that night. The next day being Saturday, May 24th, he didn't work. He broke the news that morning, "This is the day! I am leaving!" In a way the tension ceased a little. I can't explain in words my feeling, but it was mixed emotions, I'll assure you. I helped him to make it as easy as I could -- even to washing his socks.

That evening he said as he left, "Don't leave the night light on because I won't be back, you know."

"Now you'll see if that Lord will do anything for you," was his sarcastic remark.

"He will," I assured him.

Eugene and Lila were at a Sunday School class picnic. Shirley was with me when he left. When he was gone, what a ghastly empty feeling. Shirley started to cry. I shall never forget the sound of that cry. I had never heard a cry like it before or since and neither do I want to.

When an hour or so passed, I had Sister Hawkins, (the mother of Floyd, the hymn writer), and her daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Harrison, come over. I needed prayer. I told them what had happened and asked them not to tell anyone about it. They stayed quite late and again we were alone, the three children and I.

I took the three into conference and told them the choice I had to make between God and their Daddy. Because I made this choice Daddy had gone. I also told them that God wouldn't let me go to work for wages. God had said, "Be still and know that I am God."

"Your Daddy had said that he wouldn't give us any money. So if we just have beans or rice to eat, we shall be thankful to God for them and eat them and tell none of our needs to anyone but God."

I was surely in a corner. I was definitely going to prove the scripture where Jesus says in Matthew 6:28-30, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The children went to bed. I stayed up the rest of the night and played the piano and read the words of the songs. I was too crushed to sing. While I was playing the hymn entitled, "Heaven," the Holy Spirit said to me, "I want you to sing this for church." "But Lord," I said, "I don't even want to go to Sunday School and church. I can't teach that young married class the way I feel." The Lord seemed to say, "If you love me, you can."

In obedience I said, "I'll go and if it's your will, I will ask the pastor if I can sing this song."

At the regular time, as usual, the four of us were off to Sunday School. I taught my class and then before the pastor spoke for church, I stood and said, "I feel that God wants me to sing a song."

He said, "Fine, come and sing."

Thank the Lord in those days the pastors let the Holy Spirit direct. I sang the hymn and knew I had done what God wanted me to do.

After church Lorine Shaw, one of the young married ladies in my class said, "My husband and I have a baked ham and want Fred, you, and the children to come for dinner."

"Fred isn't home," I said.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Did he leave home?" she asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last night."

"You must have something real the way you taught our class this morning."

All I could say was, "If God isn't real then I am in a bad fix."

* * *

Leaning Strong On God

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding. (Proverbs 3:5)

On that Saturday night I had enough cash for groceries for about two weeks, about \$15.00. By Monday \$10.00 had been given me. Put with the cash I had, this made a payment (which was past due) on the house.

God laid it on the heart of 2nd Lieutenant Robert Shaw (stationed at Fort Lewis) and his wife Lorine to give us groceries. Six nights a week a large bag of eatables -- not only the necessary items, but some luxuries, such as large packages of Nestles bars was brought to our home. Bob Shaw, as we called him, carried four quarts of milk in a tray made by one of the soldier boys. The four compartment tray had a handle of braided cloth covered with electric wiring. Every day but Sunday four quarts were "delivered" -- never a milk bill.

My husband had furnished one-half gallon of milk a day. Now, God through Bob Shaw furnished a whole gallon of milk every day.

I didn't keep record, but these groceries and milk came regularly all the time Bob was stationed at Fort Lewis. Never did I even look in the paper for bargains, much less go to the grocery store. Someone has said, "God owns all the cattle on the hills, the silver and gold in the hills and all the 'taters' under the hills."

God blessed the ground. The garden Fred had planted before he left produced bountifully. We ate peas; I canned a lot and some fell to the ground. My pantry shelves were loaded in the fall and winter with canned vegetables from the garden. Many jars of jams and fruit were also in the array.

One day in the summer my next door neighbor asked me, "Are your carrots wormy?"

"No, they are very crisp."

Her carrots were only a few feet across the line from mine and hers were all wormy.

"I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground." (Malachi 3:11)

* * *

Relatives

And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life. (Matthew 19:29)

And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. (Matthew 10:36)

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. (Matthew 10:37)

And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. (Matthew 10:38)

In order to put God first, one must definitely put relatives, ambitions, likes and plans on the altar. God is a jealous God.

God deals with the individual and so often one member of a family will be saved and this one lives for God in the face of much ridicule and opposition.

Some of the adjectives used to describe a Christian are "square," "odd ball," "peculiar," "off in the head." Many times the relatives are the ones to cause the most grief. In other words the family feels rather sorry for the one who lives for God. I know what this means. I didn't want to be different, but in order to please God, I just was. When I left off the lipstick and other cosmetics, I was given a long lecture by two of my relatives. I told them if I would put the cosmetics back on, I would lose what I had in my heart.

Another relative asked, "Do you think you are better than the rest of us, just because you are a Christian?"

"No, I don't," was my reply.

"You could have amounted to something if you had left religion alone," was a jibe by another relative.

"Has Luella gone crazy?" another asked.

What would you do? What did you do? What did I do?

I kept the right attitude toward all. I knew they didn't understand.

"Reaction from a Niece and Nephew"

My sister had two children, a boy and a girl, who thought a lot of me. Favorite bedtime stories their mother told were accounts of some of the pranks and ordeals that I used to get into when I was a child. Even if I may not have always been guilty I usually was blamed.

After Fred had left, the niece and nephew had formed their ideas about me. They of course had heard older relatives pass their opinions. I noticed when the girls and I went to visit them about three years after Fred had left that the niece and nephew kept their distance. They had the opinion that the reason Fred had left was because I was crazy.

Before we left my sister told me she heard one of the children remark, "There's nothing wrong with Aunt Luella. She's as funny as she ever was.

Several years later my sister had surgery. Her daughter wanted Aunt Luella to come and stay to help during her mother's convalescence. I went and enjoyed the time.

A recent birthday card from this niece carried this message, "To my favorite aunt."

John, my brother, and Aunt Eva, my mother's sister (both now deceased) stuck by me the closest even though they didn't understand.

"My Brother and Fasting"

About six weeks after Fred left, I was asked by the President of the Pierce County Holiness Association to be pianist for the Camp Meeting to be held in Tacoma.

I was trying to keep my spiritual equilibrium. Crushed inside from the home situation, staying as close to God as I could, I really wasn't in any way wanting to be in the public eye. After praying about it, I knew it was "God's will."

I would walk the half-hour trek from home to the meeting in the morning. Walking home after the afternoon service, I cooked the supper for the three children and me. Then I walked back again to the camp meeting for the evening service.

While I was at the piano one evening, an usher brought a notice to me that my brother was outside and wanted to see me. I told the usher to tell him I would be out to see him as soon as I was through playing for the service.

When I went out to talk to him, he said, "Let's get in the car. I'm taking you to a restaurant to eat with me."

"I'm not eating," I told him, "but I will go with you."

"You have to eat, too," was his firm reply.

I wanted to please my brother, but I knew I had to mind God and fast that night. I felt God's presence very close to me as we drove to town.

He had a certain eating place where he wanted to get a spaghetti dinner. Seated at a table, he ordered the spaghetti dinner for himself and asked what I wanted.

Again I told him, "I'm not eating." This wasn't easy.

Finally, he ordered a fried chicken dinner for me. I insisted that he not order it, but he said, "You have to eat." While we waited for the orders, he said, "We have to have a glass of wine."

Again, I said, "Not for me. I am not drinking and definitely not wine."

The waitress finally brought the two dinners: the spaghetti was placed before my brother; the fried chicken dinner for me. I was hungry and the aroma was tantalizing, but I did not give in to my appetite or to my brother who was trying to be nice to me. I had to mind God, regardless of a relative. (So do you.)

He had devoured his order and then said, "I'll eat yours also." And that he did.

Humanly, I felt terrible about it, but was happy I hadn't yielded to temptation. He had come up from his home in another city in the state to see me after hearing about Fred's being gone.

As he expressed his feelings, he said, "This is terrible for Fred to be away from home. Couldn't you be a Christian and go to the theater and other places he would want to go, once in a while?"

"I could not go to the theater and keep what I have in my heart," was my answer.

That evening he told me that he had sold the tavern business.

In total agreement I said, "I'm glad you did." Then knowing he had made plenty of money in the business, I asked, "Why?"

He thrilled me with the answer, "My conscience was bothering me. I had to get rid of it."

He has been in the antique and museum business for a number of years at Long Beach, Washington. He, Wellington and his wife, Harriet, have been kind to me.

* * *

Who Stood By?

Wilbur Cavanagh, a nephew of my stepmother, was stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington. When he was off duty, he made our home his home. He called me Aunt Lue.

Roy Dodd, a young man from Fort Smith, Arkansas, was stationed at McChord Field. Off duty, he also made our home his home. He called me "Mom." Both of these soldiers were Christians and belonged to the Nazarene Churches in their home cities. My three teen-agers enjoyed having these boys in our home. We had many happy times together and whether we had just peanut butter sandwiches or homemade muffins or a full-course meal, everything was appreciated by them. Both were well aware that God was supplying our food and other needs. Sometimes Wilbur and Roy would be off duty at the same time and be at our home for a meal.

One particular Monday evening we were happy to have Wilbur and Roy for supper and then go with all of us to the mission service in South Tacoma.

After supper we sat around the table to talk awhile. Wilbur spoke up, "I was over at Yakima this weekend to visit relatives." After a pause, he added, "I wasn't going to tell something,

but I think I should. While I was in Yakima, I saw Aunt Min (my stepmother) and she said, 'Wilbur,' as she pointed her finger at me, 'I'm going to ask you a question and I want you to tell me the truth. Is Luella crazy and is that the reason Fred left?' I told her, 'Aunt Min, Lue is not crazy and you should see how God is using her.'"

Roy, who had been listening to Wilbur said, "Mom, if you are crazy, just stay crazy, 'cause I like you the way you are."

The news related by Wilbur hurt me but the kind understanding attitude of these two young men overshadowed the hurt.

Christian young folk like a challenge and if they can find an older person who is really living for God, the example spurs them on.

* * *

A Relative Comes "To See"

The second summer after Fred was gone, my next-door neighbor came over to tell me that she had received a letter from my stepmother saying that she wanted to come over from Yakima, Washington, to see the children and me. Her special request was that she wanted to stay nights at my neighbor's house. She was afraid to stay in Lue's house at night as Lue was crazy.

My stepmother was a member and a regular attendant at a church when at home. It took a lot of grace to listen to the contents of this letter from her to my neighbor. The neighbor asked me if it was all right with me to tell her to come. I said, "Yes." Again I was hurt, but God assured me to keep the right attitude toward all this. I did.

When my stepmother finally arrived, we did all we could for her to enjoy her stay. The children were kind to her, but couldn't fully understand. After supper about 7 P.M. each evening she went to the neighbor's house to stay all night and would be back to our house for breakfast around 7 A.M. This went on for two weeks, then she returned to her home.

Perhaps twelve years later I received a letter from my stepmother. She asked me if I could forgive her for the way she had treated me all my life. "Luella, to think you are the only Christian in the family. Had I been the kind of stepmother I should have been all of your brothers and sisters would be Christians. Lue, it is up to you and me to do our best now for the rest of the family." (Lord, help me not to fail.)

My answer revealed to her that she had been forgiven long ago, for I couldn't have been a Christian and held anything against her. After this we often had prayer together when I visited her. The last time I saw her before she died, I read the 91st Psalm to her and prayed with her.

* * *

God Is My Partner

For thy maker is thine husband. (Isaiah 54:5b)

The money started coming in. It came from Italy, Africa, Germany, South Pacific, Japan and different parts of the United States. Numbers of times have I opened my Bible to read and found a \$10.00, \$5.00, or \$1.00 bill. I have found money in the house or on the ground. It has been given to me directly and many, many times has money come in letters.

I must say here, I did not lose the oil burner or the Frigidaire. The Frigidaire is now being used in my apartment upstairs. It has never needed repairs in all these years. I made the last payment on the house August 3rd, five years after Fred left. That final payment was a happy moment for me.

* * *

Two Things Of Which I Am Afraid

1. self-pity
2. discouragement

If you are discouraged, self-pity is right around the corner. If you have self-pity, you will soon be discouraged. The devil uses these two weapons more than any other, I truly believe, in causing Christians to backslide.

The following Saturday night after Fred left, I attended the Salvation Army meeting. I was surely trying to keep my spiritual equilibrium. The Captain said something in the sermon that has helped me all these years:

Every hour has 60 minutes.
Every minute has 60 seconds.
Every second is an opportunity.

* * *

Neighborhood Reaction

When Fred left -- my, how I wanted to leave with the children and go somewhere, where I wasn't known. God again said, "Be still and know that I am God."

We were dropped like a "hot potato."

One neighbor said, "If Fred comes home, I'll believe in your God."

Another neighbor called me "The Mystery Woman." Another ignored us and to this day passes me on the street without speaking.

God helped me to keep the right attitude toward each of them. I hold no grudges and hope God will help them.

* * *

A Deep Hurt -- God's Grace Is Sufficient

And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. (II Corinthians 12:9)

Previous to Fred's leaving, I had taught the Young Married People's Sunday School Class in the Nazarene Church in Tacoma, Washington, for two and a half years. There were approximately 25 enrolled men and women. God helped me in teaching. Thursday afternoons I was at home studying. If a salesman, a neighbor or anyone came that afternoon, I was not available. I felt I had an obligation to God and that class. I prepared my lesson by prayer, the Bible, the quarterly, a dictionary, and a good commentary.

It was now October -- the evenings were getting longer and quite lonely. One evening the children and I received a call from the Sunday School Superintendent and the Pastor. They hadn't been in the home very long until the Sunday School Superintendent asked me to be the Sunday School pianist since the regular pianist was ill and wouldn't be able to take the responsibility for some time. I hesitated and then in order to be cooperative I said I would until he was able to get someone else.

As soon as I gave him my answer he said, "You can't have two jobs in Sunday School, so you won't be teaching the Young Married People's Class anymore.

This was a shock somewhat. I had my lesson studied for Sunday, but they already had a teacher for the class before they came to see me that evening.

They soon left and one of my children said, "Mom, they owe you an explanation."

"Maybe it isn't God's will for me to teach that class anymore, was my prayerful response.

With the children in bed, I went to prayer and told the Lord I was hurt inwardly. I realized or sensed that the reason they had taken the class away from me was that they felt I was a reproach to the church since Fred went away. God let me know I must keep the right attitude and gave me Romans 12:19.

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

About two years later I saw a good friend of mine from another city, who asked me if I ever found out why they took my class away from me. I answered, "No."

She said, "I heard they did it because they felt you were a reproach to the church since Fred had left you."

I did keep the right attitude.

* * *

Thanksgiving

A Turkey and a Hen

I know all the fowls. (Psalm 50: 11a)

That first fall after Fred had left, I dreaded the Thanksgiving Holiday. We usually had the traditional turkey. Now, what would we have this Thanksgiving? The evenings were so long.

If I remember correctly, on Tuesday evening a basket of food came to us from one of the clubs at high school. Included in this was a roasting hen! A hen is good but it isn't a turkey.

Wednesday evening a turkey and other things were given to us by friends. How happy we four were! We were really thankful to God, especially for the turkey.

With the hen stored in the refrigerator, I proceeded Wednesday evening to prepare the turkey. I made dressing, stuffed the turkey and had it ready for the oven. Perhaps a good dinner for the three children would ease the loneliness some.

During the night God seemed to have awakened me. He reminded me of the family of six who were going to have only a small roast for dinner. He pointed out how he had supplied us with both a hen and a turkey. Then God said, "I want you to give the turkey to the family of six for their dinner."

"Oh no," I thought at first, "Lord, they do have meat. I'll give them the hen. That would give them two kinds of meat. I have the turkey all ready to go into the oven." "Would you give the turkey?" came the pointed question.

"Yes, Lord," I submitted, knowing it would mean a disappointment to the three children. They had been looking forward to a turkey dinner. They were all Christians and had good appetites like all healthy growing children. I asked God to help them to understand and not feel too bad.

On Thanksgiving morning I was up and in the kitchen preparing breakfast. When the first girl came downstairs, I asked her if she would mind if I would give the stuffed turkey to the family of six. "God has talked to me during the night and I promised Him that I would give the turkey away," I explained. Then I added, "I will make dressing and stuff the hen for our dinner."

She said, "Mother, if that is God's will it is all right with me."

As soon as the other girl came downstairs, I told her the same thing. She also agreed that it was all right with her. Now two-thirds of them say it is all right.

When Eugene who definitely had a good appetite came into the picture, he like me, tended to argue. "Mom, can't you give them the hen and they will have two kinds of meat?"

"But, Eugene," I pleaded, "God said to give them the turkey and I told Him I would. I will make dressing for the hen and roast it. We will have all the other things you like for Thanksgiving dinner including the carrot pudding, your favorite dessert."

When he consented, "It's all right with me, too," a little lump welled up in my throat, but God must be first. To get the turkey delivered was the next problem. It would have meant a half hour walk carrying the heavy turkey. I solicited a neighbor to take me on an errand. He cooperated not knowing the purpose.

Back home again, I had the hen cleaned and stuffed and in the oven in short order. I was happy I had obeyed God.

When I saw the lady the next time she told me that her husband had asked, "Where did you get the turkey?"

When I told him, "From Mrs. Ford," he said, "Mrs. Ford doesn't have any money. How could she do it? She must be a real Christian."

While the lady was a Christian, he was not and did not want church folk around when he was home.

* * *

First Christmas After Fred Left

Return kindness for evil

For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee. (Proverbs 25:22)

As a family we had always made so much of the holidays. Christmas with a tree glittering with trimmings as well as other decorations. The 26th -- Shirley's birthday with a party or dinner with cake, New Year's Eve -- our wedding anniversary, then New Year's Day with something special.

This year, the first year for the children and me to be without Fred, the house was nice and clean; shiny from the efforts of the friend from California. The decorations and tree gave a festive air.

I had wondered for several weeks previously, however, what God would surprise us with now. I say "surprise" because He was already supplying our gallon of milk a day six days a week as well as a large sack of groceries each week day.

About two days before Christmas two men came to the kitchen door declaring, "We have some things for you from the 'graveyard shift' (11 PM. to 7 A.M.) of the shipyards."

It seemed like there was no end to what they were bringing. A large turkey and all the trimmings, candy, nuts, staples, etc., etc. I just can't remember everything they brought but it took quite awhile to put the items all away. With the gifts was a lovely card.

We all tried to enjoy the day in spite of Dad's being gone. There was some comfort in the fact that with the little I had, I sent him a gift as well as a gift from the three children. Personally, I was glad when this season was over.

* * * * *

Part 2 SEVEN WONDER YEARS

And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. (I Corinthians 12:28)

For any of the church work -- starting new Sunday Schools, helping in revivals, directing Vacation Bible Schools and other things -- God would not permit me to receive wages. Whenever a church would offer me a check or currency for my labors, I had to mind God and turn the remuneration back.

That first call from out of town and state rather startled me. A pastor had been praying about obtaining someone to help. He wrote that as he prayed all he could see was Sister Ford. Finally, he wrote, "I need someone to knock on doors and to play the piano."

In prayer about his call, I asked God to give me something from His Word to assure me it was His will. When I read verse 28 of the 12th chapter of I Corinthians, the word "HELPS" seemed to stand out in enlarged letters literally shining as gold. The word "helps" in that verse had never left any impression on me before though I had read it many times.

After approximately seven years trusting God and endeavoring to be that "help," I just took it for granted that I would be living this way always.

It was after a crucial test in Boise, Idaho, that the Lord witnessed to me that my years of testing were over and I could accept remuneration for my "help."

I am thrilled even as I relate this incident. Brother Edwards, then pastor of the Boise First Church of the Nazarene, called me to do calling in a revival. At the close of the 10-day revival,

Brother Edwards gave me a check for \$50.00. I gave it back to him. Determined, he said, "You've earned it and you must keep it."

"For a number of years, I have never been able to take money for church work," I explained.

"Just keep it and pray about it some more, he urged.

I did. I thought perhaps I could keep part of it at least. I needed a good pen so I bought one for \$15.00. I felt wrong about using part of the money and shortly gave the remaining \$35.00 back to Brother Edwards.

"I have to give this much back," I contended. "I would like to suggest, however, how the money should be spent."

"Fine," he assented.

"The auditorium of the church," I proceeded, "looks very attractive to anyone entering the church. The carpeted floor, baby grand piano, and drapes are lovely. But like so many churches, the basement where the boys and girls go to classes on Sunday is very drab. I would like you to buy paint and decorate the walls in the basement."

"All right!" he consented. "That's what will be done." How cheerful that basement became!

And would you know that pen never was any good. God's blessing surely was not on it.

After returning the money, I had to leave for Tacoma. I was also having trouble with a broken tooth. But I had only enough money for a ticket to Nampa, Idaho, seventeen miles away. I left on the bus to spend a few days with Shirley and Gordon.

On my way to Nampa the devil or one of his imps seemed to sit on my shoulders taunting me, "You are a fool. You earned that \$50.00 and now you have no money to buy a ticket to Tacoma or to take care of that broken tooth."

Claiming James 4:7, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," I told the devil to leave in the name of Jesus because I was trusting God, regardless.

While I was waiting outside the Idaho Power Company in Nampa for Shirley to take me to her home at lunch-time, I heard my name called. Not knowing many people in Nampa, I paid little heed until I continued to hear someone calling. Turning my eyes in the direction of the call, I saw a lady in a car motioning to me. When I reached the car, I recognized the lady, for she was from one of the Nampa Nazarene churches.

"You do church work most of the time, don't you?" she verified.

"Yes, I do," I affirmed.

"I had been to the Post Office and felt led to drive around the block. When I saw you, God said, 'This is the reason I had you drive around the block.' I have \$10.00 tithe money and I know God wants me to give it to you."

I hesitated taking it, but upon her insistence, I accepted it.

Subsequently, Shirley and I reached her home, where we ate lunch. I spent the afternoon with a lady friend. Upon my return, Gordon, my son-in-law, informed me I had missed a dental appointment. I did get to the dentist the next day.

In a few days I had enough money to buy a ticket to Tacoma, Washington.

In the home of the friends where I stayed in Tacoma was a young daughter, who knew how God supplied my needs. At mail time she was interested in watching me. "Can I sit by you and watch you open your mail?" she whispered. She knew I often received greenbacks in the mail.

With Barbara Courtney by my side, I opened an envelope that contained no letter, no return address on the envelope -- only the postmark, Salt Lake City, Utah, gave any clue of its embarkation. I knew no one in Salt Lake City and up to that time I had never been there. So the \$20.00 greenback inside was truly a mystery of God's care. Another envelope from Phoenix, Arizona, delivered a letter with a \$5.00 bill.

Perhaps a week had passed since I had returned the \$35.00 to the Boise Pastor. Now the Lord had supplied \$35.00 in cash and inspired friends to pay a dental bill.

Soon after this the Lord released me from this test and from then on I have been free to accept whatever the church designated. Never have I stipulated any amount nor have I revealed what another church has given. God has been very good to me.

* * *

The Thrill Of Starting New Sunday Schools

And the Lord said unto the Servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. (Luke 14:23)

This is quite an order, but God will help in the endeavors He wants you to do. Warrenton, Oregon

I often visited my sister, Viola, and her husband, Carl, at Astoria, Oregon. I was there and attending the Nazarene Church for some time. Brother Wesley Crist, who was the pastor of the Nazarene Church at Astoria, Oregon, said he felt that a Sunday School should be started at Warrenton about seven miles from Astoria. He said he felt that I was the one to start it. I told him I wasn't interested and would be leaving town soon.

I had told my nephew and niece, who lived at Long Beach, Washington, I would help them when the new addition to their family was due. I arrived and took care of the two small boys. While I was there a long distance call from Astoria brought the question from Brother Crist, "What about Warrenton, Sister Ford?"

My answer was, "Let me have more time to pray."

After I was through helping at my relatives, I felt I should return to Astoria. I arrived on a Saturday afternoon and I hurried to my sister's and told her, "I hope no one I know saw me get into town. Please, don't let any of the Nazarenes know that I am here."

The next day, being Sunday, I walked to Sunday School. I took my time so that I would be late because I did not want to see Brother Crist. I was still hoping someone else would start the Sunday School at Warrenton, if one was to be started.

As I was within a block of the church, I saw a boy, perhaps nine years old playing at the playgrounds. I went over to him and asked if he went to Sunday School. He said, "No."

"Would you like to go?" I asked.

"Where?"

"At the Nazarene Church, which is just around the corner from here," I informed.

"I'll see," was his enthusiastic reply.

"Could you come next Sunday?" I encouraged.

"Why can't I go today?" he asked.

I said, "Do you want to go looking like that? Your hair's not combed, there are holes in the knees of your pants, and mud is on your shoes."

He shook his shoulders and answered, "Why not?"

Well, there was nothing to do but take him along.

We were late as I had planned to be. We had to pass a Young Married People's Class to take him to the furnace room where his age group met. The folks looked at me and then the boy as much as to say, "Where did she find him?"

I told the teacher of the Boys' class I had a new student for him. (Let me say that this boy came to church that night all dressed up. He became a regular Sunday School attendant.) After I left the boy in his class, I sat in the Adult class.

The pastor didn't see me until he was on the platform for the church service. During the announcements, he said, "The new Sunday School at Warrenton will start next Sunday which is Easter." He didn't announce who would be in charge. I was still hoping he had someone else so I could feel clear in leaving Astoria.

As I shook hands with Brother Crist at the close of the service I remarked, "So you are starting a Sunday School at Warrenton. Who is going to superintend the work?"

"You are, Sister Ford," he replied with serenity.

"I told the Lord I would do it if he had no one else," was my testimony.

That week I spent many hours walkin', knockin', and talkin', inviting people to the new Sunday School. God helped me find some prospects. Nearly thirty attended that Easter Sunday. We met in a building that had parties during the week. That meant after the Saturday night party, we had to sweep up a mess on Sunday morning before we arranged the chairs and other essentials for Sunday School.

I was in the community for several weeks. Some adults said they would like preaching. They asked if I preached. I said, "No, but I can contact Brother Crist."

Brother Crist in turn contacted the District Superintendent Brother McGraw, who arranged for a speaker to come on Sundays.

Six Sundays later on Mother's Day and my last Sunday, there were 67 in Sunday School.

Brother McGraw organized a Nazarene Church the following August.

* * *

Raymond, Washington

When I arrived back in Tacoma, Washington, late in September after a busy, full summer directing Vacation Bible Schools, I was told that Brother Laurence, the pastor of the Nazarene Church at Hoquiam, Washington, had been trying to contact me by long distance telephone. I was to call him when I returned to Tacoma.

With the telephone connection made, Bro. Laurence informed me, 'I have felt led to contact you and see if you will start a Sunday School at Raymond, Washington, thirty miles south of Hoquiam. There is a Nazarene couple with two small children who have been driving back and forth from Raymond to Hoquiam twice each Sunday. They don't want to drive that much over the crooked highway during winter months.'

Before the telephone connections were shut off, I had promised to pray about it and let him know if it was God's will for me.

Within a few days I called Brother Laurence. I had prayed through and knew it was God's will.

On Wednesday, October 20, I was to be in prayer meeting in Hoquiam. I would stay all night with Brother and Sister Laurence and then on Thursday, they would take me to Raymond.

So again I was packing my suitcase, boarding a bus, and launching on a new adventure with Christ.

Brother Laurence had been preaching Sunday afternoons in a Lutheran Church in this coastal city of Raymond, Washington, with a population between 4,000 and 5,000. The Adventists rented the church and held their services on Saturday and the Lutherans held their services on Sunday morning.

When Brother Laurence suggested that I could have Sunday School in this church on Sunday afternoon, something within me withdrew. Three denominations meeting in the same building in the community where several other churches were already active -- the locality was not conducive to starting a new Sunday School.

During a drive to South Bend, three miles south of the church, we observed many empty buildings. Brother Laurence suggested we at least look at the Sunday School rooms in the Lutheran Church.

As we drove back that direction I couldn't believe that it was the place to start the Nazarene Sunday School. I prayed mentally and said, "Lord, if it isn't your will for a Sunday School to be started in that church building, don't let Brother Laurence get the door unlocked."

We three went to the door. Brother Laurence tried and tried to unlock the door. "What's wrong with this key? I've unlocked this door a number of times with this key."

I didn't tell him but I knew God had answered prayer.

Getting back into the car, he said, "There is another district called Riverdale. To get to the home where we are to have dinner, we drive through it."

As we crossed a long bridge, I observed hundreds of houses to the west. "This is the locality, Brother Laurence."

He was quick to respond, "You will find no buildings for rent. If there are any empty buildings, they will have 'For Sale' signs."

"If God wants a Sunday School, there will be at least one building for rent," I said. "One is all we need."

Cooperating with my contention, he said, "I will drive slowly and you keep your eyes open and look for empty buildings." We saw a number. He would drive around the block and sure enough 'For Sale' would stare us in the face. We kept on looking and it was the same story.

"There's another empty building," I called as we came to Cedar Street. One more drive around the block. What a thrill to see "FOR RENT" on the sign.

Obtaining the telephone number, Brother Laurence soon made contact with the owner, an elderly man. After learning why we wanted the building, he told Brother Lawrence, "That building has been empty since March. I have had several opportunities to rent it, but for some reason I couldn't. Just today I was walking through Riverdale vicinity and I said to myself, 'Why doesn't someone start a Sunday School? There is no church or Sunday School in this district. You can have it for \$30.00 a month!'"

The young Nazarene couple lived within a few blocks of this building and I was to stay with them.

The couple offered to buy Kemtone and paint the walls. "If you do, I'll let you have two weeks free rent," said the owner. I baby-sat while the young folks painted and put up drapes to the long windows.

Since the old building had been a boarding house, a large, long room made an excellent auditorium. Three rooms and a kitchen became Sunday School classrooms. It was easy to make the front of the building look like a church entrance.

Now that we had a building, I started writing long-hand notices announcing a new Nazarene Sunday School on Cedar Street. Friday noon I stood on the sidewalk near the school nearby and gave out these invitations to the boys and girls going home and back from lunch. I wrote more and gave them out as they left school in the afternoon. Then I walked, knocked, and talked from door to door.

The walls were painted on Friday night. I called a Lodge and asked to borrow chairs until we could get some of our own. I called Brother Laurence and asked for an organ or piano and mottoes with scripture verses. On Saturday a reed organ and some mottoes arrived. We put a vase of flowers on the organ. A huge box with a slanted board on top and covered with heavy meat-wrapping paper served as a pulpit.

Lois Morley painted a board black then printed in large white letters: NAZARENE SUNDAY SCHOOL 9:45 A.M. This was nailed to the front of the building and we were ready for the first session.

Entering the building the next morning, we thanked the Lord for the little sanctuary graced with the scripture mottoes, supplied with chairs, Sunday School papers, quarterlies, and crayons.

What a thrill as we waited to see who and how many would come that first Sunday, October 24! Twenty-seven or eight were there that Sunday. We also had preaching services both morning and evening arranged by Brother Laurence.

I knew that I would be there four Sundays, but no longer. On the fourth Sunday, 68 were in Sunday School.

Brother Laurence informed the District Superintendent, B. V. Seals, about the work at Raymond. In November, Rev. Seals organized the Nazarene Church, the first one in Pacific County, Washington.

At the Young People's Camp the following summer, Raymond Church had the most representatives.

* * *

Klamath Falls, Oregon
Second Church of the Nazarene

The pastor at Klamath Falls Nazarene Church wrote that he wanted me to start a Sunday School at Klamath Falls in another district. After praying for some time I knew it was God's will. I also knew I would be there just four weeks or four Sundays.

Shortly after I arrived at the home of Wesley Crist, the pastor, they took me around to different sections of the city. Finally, we felt that a locality between Klamath Falls and Eugene, Oregon, about four miles from the city was the place to start the Sunday School.

One of my duties was to find a building empty. This meant that I walked up one street and down another until I found a small house on a corner. Arrangements were made for the renting of this house by Brother Crist.

In the rather small living room with light green walls we placed a long wooden cross at one end. Over round pieces of wood about one and a half feet long and ten inches thick, we laid wide planks to make seating space. The planks were covered with heavy meat wrapping paper. A reed organ was provided for music.

Now to go walkin', knockin', and talkin' from door to door to find those who did not attend Sunday School anywhere.

We had nearly 30 the first Sunday. On the second Sunday attendance was in the 40's and on the third in the 60's. Young and old came from different directions on the fourth Sunday. In the thrill of the occasion, I put out an S.O.S. call, "Slide over some. Crowding together on the crude benches with an overflow of smaller ones on the organ bench were 97 people.

This was a thrilling Sunday to me. We had six classes. Two classes were held out-of-doors because there was not enough room inside. God surely helped us in this endeavor. We were thankful the weather was warm enough to have classes outside.

One man and his wife from Brother Crist's Church said they felt led to come and help in the new Sunday School. A lady in the neighborhood taught a class and I used some help for two smaller classes from those present. I also taught a class.

The District Superintendent organized a church within a few months.

* * *

Sumner, Washington

Between Tacoma and Seattle in a beautiful valley of many berry farms with Mount Rainier towering in the distance lies the city of Sumner with a population of about 5,000. In the spring one stands in awe when he views acre after acre of colorful tulips, various varieties of Narcissus and daffodils spreading sunshine. Surely no human could put on such a display. Human hands planted and transplanted the bulbs early the previous fall, but only God could cause them to bloom in such exquisite beauty.

One fall the Pacific Northwest District of the Church of the Nazarene rented a large building, called an evangelist and four musicians and singers and me to spear-head the work.

I stayed with Brother and Sister Fred Stockton, who lived in Sumner and would be pastoring the work after the meeting closed. I enjoyed their friendship and appreciated their hospitality. I did the walkin', knockin', and talkin'. Once again God helped me to find good contacts for the Sunday School and the evening services.

After the special meeting closed, property was bought, a church organized, and a new church building was erected. Brother Stockton spent many hours on the building until it was completed.

One family touched by this revival meeting, comes to my attention as I think of this experience. I had known the young mother when she was a small girl. She and her husband and four children lived in this city. While she had come from a Nazarene home, the family was not attending Sunday School regularly.

She and the children came to the special services and after she got back to God at the altar, they started coming to Sunday School and church after the meeting closed. Her husband resented this and like in so many divided homes the mother and children quit coming. We really felt bad and tried to keep the children in Sunday School, but to no avail. We kept praying for them, hoping somehow God would get to him.

Later they moved about 20 miles out on the Mount Rainier Highway. He was an electrician and worked in Tacoma. One night when he came into the house, his wife asked, "What has happened to you? You look so different."

On my way home from Tacoma God dealt with me. I know it was God. He convicted me of sin. I called on God and I got saved in the car."

It was about five years after the revival that I received a letter from the lady giving me this good news.

Now the family must start to Sunday School and Church. But where? They decided to drive about 30 miles to the Nazarene Church at Auburn, Washington, where her folks attended. Soon they felt they should find a closer church. After asking directions from God, they knew that they must go to the church at Sumner -- the very church that he had opposed so badly.

She said, "We are happy and drive the 20 miles each way on Sunday morning and back in the evening." They are where God wants them. The two girls, now teen-agers, are active in that age group. She and her husband are doing what they can to push the cause of Christ in Sumner.

God knoweth how! God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Praises to Him!

* * *

A Challenge In Evangelism

Brother Brammer, owner of the Open Door Mission in South Tacoma, was getting older. He and his wife had moved twenty miles away. Unable to drive in except for Sunday afternoon meetings, he asked me if I would like to have services at the Mission two or three nights a week.

After much prayer, I felt I should have charge of the Monday evening services. Humanly speaking most of us would say, "Why not Saturday night since that is the devil's night and more people would be passing the Mission?" But the more I prayed, I knew it was God's will to sponsor the Monday night services.

Not a preacher, I sought God's help in slating spiritual speakers. Under God's leadership, I acquired a speaker for each Monday night of the month.

Brother Brammer furnished the fuel for the wood burner. My only expense was to pay some on the electricity bill. I kept the mission clean and warm.

Most of those in regular attendance were young people from the four Holiness churches -- Nazarene, Free Methodist, Friends, and (Indiana) Church of God. Several older folk who knew how to pray and were wonderful altar workers were faithful.

Obtaining a permit from the Police Department we held street meetings. Young folk used their talents for the Lord by playing their instruments and singing to the accompaniment of a folding organ. I was happy my own three children were in this group of helpers. At the first service Eugene read Deuteronomy 8.

This was during World War II so numbers of soldiers would pass as we sang and testified on the street. Some stopped to listen and later came to the service inside the Mission. God blessed these Monday evening services. Many knelt at the altar for spiritual help.

After about two and a half years, I was frightened as God began talking to me about having a revival meeting. I prayed and the more I prayed, the more I felt it was God's will. Sure that God wanted a revival meeting, I asked God whom he wanted as the evangelist.

He made it plain that I should write to Evangelist V. W. Anglin, who was at that time in meetings in the Middle West. In the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, I wrote him.

After telling him about the Monday evening services with a congregation mostly of young folks, I told him I couldn't promise him a cent for his ministry or even a place for him to stay. Really I couldn't say that anyone would come to hear him. What an order!

Well, I mailed the letter and waited for an answer. When it did arrive, Brother Anglin granted his willingness to pray about it. Several weeks later he wrote of his readiness to come to the Mission under the circumstances for God was leading. A third letter substantiated a starting date -- January 2.

Only a lay person, I was now faced with responsibilities never before experienced. Needless to say I was nervous, but knew it was God's will. So I set out doing one thing at a time. Getting 500 cards printed to advertise the meeting was the first task. The piano was tuned. God supplied the \$10.00 to cover the cost of printing and tuning. A lady friend helped me clean the Mission. With it spic and span and plenty of wood for the heater, now we must find a place for Brother Anglin to stay.

For him to stay at my house was out. "Abstain from all appearance of evil." I Thess. 5:22. The Lord identified an elderly Christian woman, whose interest in the Monday evening services was constant, and led her to offer, "I'd like to do something for the special meeting. I have a room upstairs at my home. I'll feed him and it won't cost you a cent, Sister Ford!"

So Brother Anglin enjoyed the "prophet's chamber" and wonderful food. He testified he had never been treated better. She had treated him as a son.

Services were held every night of the week and on Sunday afternoon. Crowds increased until by the last Sunday afternoon we borrowed chairs from a nearby undertaking parlor.

The evangelist's offering was the biggest he had received in any of the meetings that fall and winter. All I can say is, "It pays to mind God!"

* * *

A Second Revival Sponsored

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. (Romans 8:1)

At the close of a revival at Coquille, Oregon, with Brother and Sister Stearley as the Evangelists, I remained to be in charge of the Easter program. During this interim at prayer one day, God impressed me to have another meeting at the Open Door Mission in Tacoma.

The process of obtaining permission to use the building and the agreement of the Stearleys to take the meeting meant waiting on the Lord. I was convinced that God wanted the Stearleys as the evangelists. Sister Stearley did the preaching and Brother Stearley did personal work.

I approached them about coming; made it clear that there was no place for them to stay, no assurance of any certain amount of salary -- not even a promise that anyone would come to hear them. These circumstances did not bother them, for they felt as I did -- if God was in it, all these details would work out.

My efforts to get in contact with Brother Brammer through a lady friend proved futile, so after several weeks God led me to go to see Brother Brammer. Asking leave of the pastor to make a hurried trip to Tacoma, I set out in earnest to obtain the building. I'm sure the pastor and his wife wanted to know why I was going, but I had learned the lesson long ago to tell nothing when doing God's will until necessary. I assured them I would be on hand for the next practice with the children on Tuesday. I left for Tacoma Friday evening and was back on Tuesday morning.

God supplied my transportation somehow and I was able to see Brother Brammer Sunday afternoon. He was highly in accord with my request to have the building for another meeting. He had newly remodeled and painted the auditorium. At the back he had a small apartment, fortunately, still unoccupied. Though an elderly lady had rented it and planned to move in soon, he offered it as a place for the evangelists. He felt the lady would be glad to cooperate. He also promised to provide food for the evangelists.

Elated but moving cautiously in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, I returned to Coquille, Oregon, as planned and soon contacted Sister Stearley who by this time had prayed through and felt it was God's will to have the meeting. The date was set for the latter part of May.

One day after Easter, Sister Stearley joined me at the parsonage and we called on a family who lived quite a distance out in the country. Sister Stearley stayed longer than I did.

By the time I had walked to the highway it was raining very hard. I found shelter in a truck parked by the folks whom we had visited. Their lane was so muddy it was impassable.

In the truck cab I prayed, "Lord, I'm of like passions as Elijah, who prayed there would be no rain for three years and six months and there was no rain. Again he prayed for rain and it rained."

Concerned about getting back to town without an umbrella? Yes -- but also burdened about the meeting in Tacoma, I made an urgent request. if it is your will to have this meeting, will you stop the rain until I get to the parsonage?"

Soon after I was out of the truck and walking, the rain stopped. The sun began to shine and there was no rain for at least two days.

My heart was rejoicing in the witness of God's dealing. The Stearleys set the date -- the meeting was to start on a Wednesday.

Arriving in Tacoma a few days ahead of the Stearleys, I had advertising cards printed, the piano tuned, and the mission cleaned. With the help of a lady friend we prepared the little apartment in the mission.

The meeting started as planned with good crowds. Many Nazarenes who had been visiting other churches started to attend. God was certainly blessing the services.

After the meeting had gone on for a week, one of the men came to me and asked, "Do you mind if the District Superintendent of the Nazarene Church would make a visit at these services?"

"I would have to talk to Sister Stearley," I said. I'll let you know."

Then he added, "By now you can see that a number of us Nazarenes would like another Church of the Nazarene in our city. The idea of a city the size of Tacoma with one Nazarene Church!"

I didn't and couldn't understand what God was trying to do. All I was doing was trying to mind Him the best I could. Mrs. Stearley's response to the request was, I'm not a very good preacher and would rather Brother B. V. Seals didn't come, but if it is God's will, it is all right with me."

On the second Friday night of the meeting District Superintendent Seals and the District Home Mission Chairman came to the revival. A wonderful spirit prevailed in the service that night.

Brother Seals greeted me after the service, "What have you been doing, Sister Ford?"

I related God's dealing at Coquille and laying on my heart to have the Stearleys come for the meeting.

Further he commented, "This has been a wonderful night. Are all the services like this one?"

"Yes, they are," I gladly testified.

From the District Home Mission Chairman came the remark, "The Spirit in this service is thrilling. I haven't been in a service such as this in 15 years.

Before dismissal that night Brother Seals asked the congregation how many would be interested in starting another Nazarene Church in Tacoma. With a show of 20 hands, he was moved to call for a return on a given night after the close of the revival meeting for organization.

The Stearleys were grateful for everything done for them; the apartment and the food was appreciated. They received a good offering. As in the first revival we had to borrow chairs from the undertaking parlor on the last Sunday.

In June the Second Church of the Nazarene was organized at the Open Door Mission in South Tacoma. The Stearleys were asked to be in the organization meeting and were unanimously favored to be the first pastors. They were willing to come as pastors at \$100.00 a month.

Upon recommendation of District Superintendent Seals, however, a graduate that June of Northwest Nazarene College, was put in as the first pastor. (As good as he was, I still believe the Stearleys should have been the first pastors.) The first pastor received \$50.00 a week and a nice parsonage rented by the congregation.

Brother Brammer permitted the Second Church of the Nazarene to have services in the Mission with no rental charge from June to October when the church purchased their own property.

Merl Johnson filled in as pastor until the appointed pastor, Brother E. Smith, arrived to take up his duties.

Several years later the first property was sold and the Second Nazarene Church group bought property south of Tacoma now called Lakewood Church of the Nazarene.

* * *

Interesting Notes And Happenings

A Petition Against the Sunday School in Riverdale

After our first Sunday School session, Brother Morey attended the City Council Meeting as a member on Monday evening. On Tuesday evening as he handed me the City News he said, "You're in trouble." There in the newspaper on the front page was the story of complaints against the new Nazarene Sunday School starting in the Riverdale District. Since the mayor was out of town the matter would not be acted upon until the following Monday evening meeting.

I called Brother Laurence, who suggested that I call the city attorney. On Wednesday morning I called the attorney.

"Are you another one complaining about the Nazarene Sunday School?" he asked.

"No, I am the one who is causing the complaints," was my reply.

"You are doing nothing wrong. There is no law in the United States that can stop you from having that Sunday School in a residential section," he informed me. "Furthermore, I wish you would find out what is wrong with that lady."

Happy with this information I went ahead with plans for a Halloween party Friday evening. I invited all the boys and girls and their parents in the neighborhood. We decorated the basement of the house where I was staying. At the bakery when I told the manager about the party and asked for a reduction, he gave it to me on a purchase of doughnuts. A lady who had an apple tree, donated a box of apples. We had apple cider and coffee for drinks. Games were planned and favors with a scripture verse on each were made.

Out of curiosity some adults came because of the item in the newspaper. In all we had 84 at the party.

We didn't have enough chairs and benches so Ted went to a farm and brought back some bales of hay for seats.

I heard a man say, There is a lady with a petition going from door to door trying to get signers to stop the Sunday School. I told her, I was glad a Sunday School was started for we surely needed one in this community'."

Asked why she wanted the Sunday School closed, she said, "I am a Catholic and I don't appreciate that lady (me) inviting my child to Sunday School."

Another Catholic lady was asked what I said when I went to her door. She said, "She asked if I had any children not in Sunday School. If I did she would like to have them attend the Nazarene Sunday School."

* * *

"Even the Fish"

One day when I was out contacting people for the Sunday School, I was attracted to a large group of boys and girls over a bank. When I reached the group, I saw not one or a dozen, but scores of salmon battling their way upstream. The water was so shallow that the children could reach into the water and get a fish. This was the first time I had ever seen anything like this. Some of the salmon were large and badly bruised from striking rocks in the stream.

"Who gave these fish the sense and direction to come from the Pacific Ocean twenty to thirty miles away to get back to the place they hatched?" I questioned.

All I can say, "Just GOD!"

* * *

"Coming or Going?"

Walking down the street one day, I heard children's voices calling, "Hi! Falcon."

Amazed, I stopped, "Why are you calling me Falcon?" I asked.

"You're a 'Ford', aren't you?" was the clever reply.

"Yes," I agreed.

"Well, Falcon is the name of a Ford."

Falcons were new then so I asked, "What do they look like?"

"You can't tell whether they are coming or going," chirped a little fellow.

"Keep calling me Falcon," I laughed.

* * *

"A Thorn in the Flesh"

Many people think everything should run smoothly if you are in "God's Will." I haven't found it so. There are hurdles to get over. It's always a battle, but God gives the victory.

Before I had left Hoquiam, Washington, October 20, I had infection in one eye. I was in considerable pain and the redness of the eye made me look terrible. The devil tried to tell me I wouldn't be able to get anything done in starting the Sunday School. Regardless, I had to go.

At night I was in greater misery because when I closed my eye it hurt worse than when it was open during the day. It wasn't long until both eyes were badly infected.

At the end of four weeks in Raymond, I packed my suitcases and left for Tacoma. Immediately upon arrival, I made an appointment with an eye specialist.

"What have you been doing?" asked the doctor. "How long have you had this infection?"

"I have been working with boys and girls all summer. I have had this about six weeks," I explained.

"You have picked up a germ from some child," was his diagnosis.

The treatments were very painful, but after three office calls I was on the mend.

* * *

"Burnt Offering"

One of the men who attended the Monday evening services quite frequently was a Raleigh's Products salesman. In his sales, he often had orders for cosmetics. He got under conviction. One Monday evening he testified that he couldn't sell cosmetics anymore.

"I have an object lesson," he announced as he arranged items of his cosmetic supply on the top of the brown wood stove. As he stood back to evaluate that row of shiny objects that appeared like a dozen toy soldiers, he continued, "I do have money invested in these products, but God has told me to destroy all the cosmetic products I have on hand." With that commitment, he opened the door of the stove and threw every lipstick into the fire. What a shout in the camp as the flames devoured his "offering." Glory crowned the Mercy Seat and great victory prevailed in the service that night. "To obey is better than sacrifice."

* * *

"Snatched from False Doctrine"

On that hot August Wednesday I was a little late for prayer meeting at the Tacoma, Washington, Church of the Nazarene. As I entered the auditorium, I noticed a young man, who had never been to our church before. He was sitting alone at the far end of a bench. The thought came to me that if I would sit near the other end of the bench, he might not feel so strange.

The pastor gave a message on False Doctrines." He named the modern tongues movement as one of them. During testimony time, I stood up and said, "I am thankful we have a pastor who isn't afraid to name these dangers out in the open." I don't remember all I said, but as soon as I was through, this young man stood up and said, I'm thankful for this woman's testimony." Then intimated that he was confused.

As soon as the service was over, I spoke to him and he expressed his desire to talk with me. I suggested that we go outside. During conversation I asked him where he had been attending services. He named a church where the speaking in tongues was the practice.

"How do you feel when you are in the Services?" I asked.

"I'm all right while in the service, but when I get to my room, I sense my room is full of strange beings."

"How did you like our service tonight?" I further quizzed.

"Fine, and it was so different than the other place I have been attending with a relative." His home was in another city. He indicated plans to enroll in the other Church's college.

As I looked at him I noted a peculiar expression in his eyes. Rather boldly I said, "By the look in your eyes if you continue going to that other church, you will be going to an asylum instead of to college."

"Do I look that bad?" he asked excitedly.

Then I extended an invitation to come to my church the rest of the time he was to be in the city. I suggested that he write to a Nazarene College. I told him about the closest college at Nampa, Idaho.

When I said "Goodnight," I had no assurance that I would ever see him again. I did know, however, that God had helped me while I talked to this young man.

On the following Sunday evening as Lila, Shirley and I were going down the outside stairway leading to the basement room where the Young People's Services were held, we noticed a young man at the door. We spoke and the young man followed us into the auditorium and sat down by me. Then I thought, "Can this be the young man I talked to Wednesday evening after prayer meeting?" It was he! His facial expression was so changed, I didn't recognize him. Lila and Shirley agreed.

He enrolled at Northwest Nazarene College that September. He graduated and later married a student at the school. I was told she was one of the most spiritual girls at the college at that time.

They have a lovely family and are active in a Nazarene Church in the Midwest.

When I would visit Lila, my daughter, whose husband Don, was a student at N.N.C., this young man was also there. He often came to see me and expressed his appreciation for what I had done for him. I hear from him and his family each Christmas.

* * *

"I Was A Teacher"

Stunned by a request from the president of a Bible College to take his Theology class for a week while he was away in a meeting, I began to plead like Moses, "I can't do it. I'm not a teacher -- neither have I gone to college. I know nothing about your book."

"That doesn't matter," he affirmed. I want you to tell answers to prayer and other experiences you've had. It will be Practical Theology'."

That I could do. So I found myself sitting at his desk. After taking the roll, I talked for forty-five minutes each day. It was thrilling to me.

There were about forty in the class, but my audience was enlarged by other students who slipped in to listen.

Upon his return the president asked how they liked their teacher last week.

The answer came in one word, "GREAT."

* * *

"Seamstress Supplied"

After a number of years the church group of Warrenton, Oregon, united with the Nazarene Church a distance of seven miles away. I am grateful to Amanda Maxwell, a faithful worker from the very beginning of the work in Warrenton.

She is a professional seamstress. Through the years she has made many dresses and blouses, etc., for me. It's never a surprise to get a letter from her saying, "Ford, if you will send me some material, I'll make you some dresses." She especially makes dresses for me to wear during my summer work with the children.

She has been a real friend to me.

* * *

Stayed In States

Through the years:

I've been asked by a Missionary at Cape Verde Islands, to come and direct a Vacation Bible School. God said "No."

Was asked by District Superintendent J. Bhujbul to come and help in India. God said "No."

Was contacted to come and help in a new work in Alaska. God said "No."

God has kept me here in the States even though I carried an airline pass. Nevertheless, it pays to mind God and go where He wants me to go.

* * *

Part 3 TESTS OF FAITH

No Lights, No Heat, And Sickness

God left him to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart. (II Chronicles 32:31)

On the afternoon of September 23 (I remember this day because it was my birthday) about 4:00 P.M., Shirley looked out the window and said, "Mother, there is a man up on the light pole. I believe he is turning off the electricity."

Yes, no lights! The light bill was past due a couple of months or more and there was no money to pay!

There was nothing to do but wait on God, because He was my partner. Since God wouldn't allow me to work at secular work for wages, I knew God would supply after testing me awhile. You ask, "Did you worry?" No, I did not. In order to learn lessons we must be tested and be obedient.

What did the three children and I do? Fret, complain, or stew? No, we got the lamp out of hiding, washed it and used it during this testing time. By lamplight the three would study. Some evenings we put it on the piano and Eugene with the violin and I at the piano enjoyed a little music.

One evening when Roy Dodd (a Nazarene boy from Fort Smith, Arkansas, who was stationed at McChord and made our home his home when off duty) was at our house and he, Lila, and Shirley sang hymns to the music of the piano and violin, Roy made the remark, "You know, I'm enjoying this time of singing by the piano in the light of the lamp. This must have been the way it was 50 years ago.

As far as we know, no one knew we had no electric lights except Eugene, Lila, Shirley, Roy, Wilbur and me. We always kept our problems confined to the home.

Weeks passed. Still no electric lights and no money to pay the back bill.

In October one of the children said, "Mother, the young folks of the church are planning a progressive dinner and have our home down for the first course! Mother, what can we do? We have no lights!"

"Give me time to pray, I answered. "Something will work out." God assured me with the promise, "Be still and know that I am God." (Psalm 46:10)

I prayed and God gave me an idea which worked. During the war we heard so much about blackouts in downtown Tacoma, since Tacoma was a coastal city and a short distance from Fort Lewis and McChord Field. The streetlight bulbs were dark and gave a grayish hue to the streets at night. Advertising signs were compelled to be off or very dim at times. All this gave me an idea for the progressive dinner problem.

"Call it 'Blackout Course'," I suggested to the children.

They agreed it was a good idea.

A sign was made and put on the outside: "Knock 3 Times And Walk In, This Is A Blackout Course."

When all the young folks arrived and there were quite a number, we had them come around the table in our dinette. On the wall back of the table was a sign appropriate for the occasion. At each end of the white covered table was a lighted candle.

After prayer the guests partook of this first course, tomato juice and salted crackers. The young folks soon left for the second course at another home and acclaimed this blackout a clever idea, none the wiser that we had no electric lights!

* * *

A Wedding, Please

One day in November a Nazarene friend came to request the use of my home for her daughter's wedding. Her daughter, Loretta, was to be married to a young man of the church and would like to have the wedding at my home. Before the mother left, plans for the wedding in my house were under way without her learning about the need of electricity. Later the date was set -- the day after Thanksgiving at 5:00 in the afternoon.

About this time our oil-burning heater refused to give out heat. I knew I had oil, but I had no money to pay a man to see what was the trouble with the heater. Because of no heat in the front part of the house for a week or so, I became sick with a bad cold.

November twenty-third! Still no lights! No heat! Sickness! A wedding announced to be in my home! November 25th just a few days away! God continued to assure me to "Be still and know that I am God."

Eugene stayed home from school on this twenty-third day of November. He was studying at the dining room table and I was lying on the daveno. Abruptly he stopped studying and said, "You know, Mother, we are in a bad fix! We have no lights, no heat from the oil heater and you're sick. I stayed home to keep wood in the kitchen stove to try to keep some heat at least in the back part of the house."

The kitchen was too far from the living room to help the heating of the living room. I didn't sympathize with Eugene. As I recall I made no comment to even accede that what he said was true. God again said, "Be still and know."

Later, about 1:00 o'clock that afternoon Eugene said, "Mom, I'm going downtown to the Light Company and see if I can't get them to turn on the lights." Soon after he left, a young married man, Jim Reynolds, from the Nazarene Church, who repaired stoves said, "I heard you were having trouble with your oil heater. I came to see if I can help you out." He found that water was in the oil tank. After draining the water off, he lit the oil stove and we soon had heat! How wonderful it was!

About 4:00 o'clock that afternoon Shirley again noticed a man up on the light pole and excitedly called, "Mother, I believe we are going to have lights again."

Just exactly two months to the day, the lights had been turned off -- September 23 to November 23.

I guess Eugene must have talked the Light Company officials into giving us lights," I explained. Anyway, Lila and Shirley turned on every light in the house, upstairs and down, including the pantry light.

About 6:00 o'clock when Eugene came home he exclaimed, "Mother, was it ever wonderful to see the house all lit up as I came up the street!"

"It was wonderful of you to go to the Light Company and get them to turn them on."

"But," he said, "Mom, I didn't . . . I got cold feet and couldn't go into the office." Then he noticed the house was warm. "And we have heat!"

I could explain how we had heat, but we still didn't know what happened to cause the electricity to be turned on.

The wedding took place on the afternoon after Thanksgiving as planned. I was still sick and in bed in the front bedroom just off the living room. The wedding gifts were put on a table in the bedroom so I could see them. I heard the wedding music and the ceremony, but I didn't see it. (This was the second of five weddings performed in my home after Fred left. There were six wedding receptions.)

All of the guests were gone, but Lee and Bethel Harrison. I asked them to come to my bedside. I knew Brother Harrison had a certain degree of the gift of healing. I felt led to ask Lee to pray for me. He did. I certainly appreciated the prayer, but as they were going out the door, I said, "Lee, would you come back and pray again. I don't feel the first prayer got anywhere. I have been checked to ask you to come back and put your hand on my forehead and pray again."

This time he prayed a shorter prayer and it seemed to be a more humble prayer. Anyway, God gave me a promise, "I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord." Psalm 118: 17. From then on I mended. Praise the Lord!

Two months of testing with no lights. In a few days lights, heat, a wedding, and the healing touch. God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

Are you willing to be a channel for Him to work through?

* * *

No Food

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.
(Psalm 50:12)

When Shirley was in high school, we faced a test with only salt, pepper, soda and spices in the cupboard. What can you make out of such items to satisfy the appetite? Did Shirley and I complain? No. She walked to school with an empty stomach and returned seeing no sign of anything for three days. Yet we knew God would supply.

We had friends who lived several miles from us, who had seven children. The mother didn't like to bake. Many times I have been at their home and one of the children would ask me to bake a pie, a cake, or cookies. I don't believe I ever disappointed them unless I didn't have time to stay.

On about the fourth day of this test -- waiting on God for food -- I felt led to walk to the friends just mentioned. I was weak, of course, but walked because there was no bus fare.

Since all of the children were in school but one, the two-year-old greeted me, "Ford, cake." I knew what he meant. So I proceeded to put ingredients together (not a package cake). It was a chocolate layer cake, with chocolate frosting. Then I put chopped walnuts on top of the frosting. As I was baking the cake, I thought, if I could just have a piece of cake to take home to Shirley." Had these folks known our predicament, they would gladly have given the cake and other items of food. No one knew but God, Shirley and I.

I left soon after the cake was completed, for I needed about an hour to walk home and I wanted to be there before Shirley got home from school.

Weary when I arrived, I trudged up to the door where I noticed a package about two and a half feet long and a foot wide and a foot deep. Hurriedly, I took it into the house. To my surprise, when I opened it, I saw not a handful, but many freshly dried prunes and lots of WALNUTS!

These had come from a family in Salem, Oregon. They have a walnut and prune orchard.

Shirley and I were grateful for this well balanced menu ordered by our Heavenly Father. God knows and cares for His own.

"Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Matthew 10:31)

* * *

Little And Big

... my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.
(Phil. 4:19)

While I was visiting with Lila and Donald at Vetville when Donald was a student at Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho, I needed a stamp. It was necessary for me to write a

letter. I wrote the letter, but had neither stamp nor the three cents needed to buy one. As I always did I didn't tell my need to anyone but God. In a little while the wife of another student at N.N.C., Maggie Melville, came to Lila's home and asked for me. Very bluntly she said, 'Ford, God told me to bring you a 3 cent stamp! Do you need one?'

"Yes," was my meek admission. The letter was soon on its way.

In 1972 God can supply an eight-cent stamp as easily as He did a three-cent stamp in the '40s if you need one and have faith.

* * *

A Coat

Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? (Matthew 6:30)

After my husband left, I went to all the Holiness Services to get help to keep on top spiritually. I attended services at the Salvation Army every Saturday night unless I was providentially hindered.

An older couple who were active Salvationists and very spiritual folks attended these evening services also. One evening after one of these meetings, this Sister in Christ told me that God had been talking to her about giving me some tithe money to buy me a coat. She said she had prayed about it much and couldn't get away from it. Then she pointedly asked, "Have you been praying for a coat?"

"Well," I said, "I have been hoping for one, but I couldn't take tithe money for that or anything."

"You pray about it," she urged. "I'll pray some more."

I did pray and I certainly didn't want to take tithe money.

In a week or so I saw her again and she said she had been praying much and still felt she had to give the money to me to buy a new coat.

"Have you been praying?" she asked.

"Yes," I readily admitted.

"What do you think?" she pressed.

"After diligently praying I know it is all right."

She gave me the tithe money which amounted to \$20.00. I did not rush right downtown, but waited. Some days later I knew this is the day to get the coat.

After taking \$2.00 out of the \$20.00 as my tithe, I had \$18.00 left to buy a coat. I thought to myself, "Where, oh where can I find a coat for \$18.00 during the war when everything is so high priced?" I did know that if God was in this, there would be at least one coat in Tacoma for \$18.00 or less somewhere. Now, it was up to me to find it.

Seems to me I went to every dry goods store in the city; bargain sections, annexes, etc. Finally, I found one my size for \$16.50. It fit fine, but I didn't take it as I thought perhaps I could find another somewhere. Then too, the thought came to me, "Lord, shall I just wait until I get some more inoney?" God's answer was, "No."

I looked some more, but couldn't find another under \$18.00. So I went back to the store where I had located the coat priced \$16.50. When I tried it on again, I knew this was it.

The colors were ideal for my light auburn hair; a brown tweed with tiny red flecks. The more I wore this princess style coat, the better I liked it. Only \$16.50! I had \$1.50 left to spend on other needs.

My sister-in-law, who lived in another city, bought the same kind of coat -- the very same tweed. When I told her how much I paid for mine, she was surprised, for hers had cost much more. The difference? But God!

* * *

City Bus Fare -- 20 Cents

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. (Psalm 103:14)

I felt I should go see a friend, who lived quite a distance from me in another section of Tacoma.

I prayed, "Lord, I am tired, and I don't mind walking over there, but if I could have bus fare to come back."

After getting there and staying awhile, we had prayer and I had to leave.

Ruth said, "On the kitchen table is some food for you to take home."

"What about the quarter on top of the things?" I asked.

I felt you needed bus fare to get home."

Praises to God!

* * *

"Little Is Much When God Is In It"

One day it was necessary to buy an item at the Drug Store. It would take all the change I had. Near home on the way back, I found the same amount of money in the street I had spent for the item.

* * *

Need Of Fuel

He made him Lord of his house, and ruler of all his substance. (Psalm 105:21)

We had a wood and coal range in the kitchen. Finally, there was no wood or coal. Did I complain? No. For a time Eugene was even relieved of one daily chore, filling the wood box.

We did, however, scrape up chips and they became scarce. I remember one day I took some bags and walked along the railroad track about half a mile or more from our house. I picked up some small pieces of boards and scraps of wood for fuel to cook food.

One day a truckload of wood was in front of my house. The driver of the truck came to the door and asked, "Where do you want this wood dumped?"

"I haven't ordered any wood," I informed.

"This is the right address," he said. "Are you Mrs. Ford?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Well, I'm in a hurry," said the driver. "Someone has ordered it. Where do you want it dumped?"

I directed him to the garage near the alley. He proceeded and filled the garage with lots of wood for Eugene to fill the wood box.

Another time I went out on my back porch. There to my surprise were not only one sack of coal, but enough large sacks of coal to last us a long time. No bill ever came for the wood or the coal.

Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. (Matthew 6:32)

* * *

Greyhound Fare

Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels. (Mark 8:38)

A pastor in southern Oregon wrote and asked me to come to help in a revival. He knew I would pray and if it was "God's will" I would go; if not I wouldn't. I finally prayed through and it was "His will" for me to go.

God supplied enough for me to get there, but I needed the fare back when the meeting would be over. Did I worry? No. I knew that the Lord would provide.

I left Tacoma on the Greyhound Bus. I arrived at Portland, Oregon, in the evening and had to change to another bus that left around midnight. Finally, the call was given: "Bus loading on Lane 1 for San Francisco." I got on, hoping I'd have a double seat so I could have a chance to lie down and sleep. It was an all-night trip. As I sat there I noticed a suitcase as I looked out the window. In quite large letters it had the name "Minnie Marsh." Marsh had been my maiden last name and Minnie Marsh was my stepmother's name. I knew she wasn't traveling, but I'd like to meet this other Minnie Marsh.

By the time the bus was loaded, a lady was sitting by me, so I had to try to get rest regardless of no double seat. Neither she nor I talked during the night. At 7:00 a.m. we had a breakfast stop at Coos Bay, Oregon. My partner as well as all other passengers got off to eat. I got off to clean up and then returned to the bus to read the Bible. When the passengers returned, I was still reading my Bible. My seat partner of the night noticed me reading the Bible. It wasn't too long before she opened up a conversation.

"Where are you going?" she quizzed.

I told her. "Do you live there?" she continued.

"No, I don't," I replied.

"Are you going to visit friends?" she asked.

"I am going to help in a revival," I answered.

"In what church?" she further quizzed.

"The Nazarene Church," I said.

"Well," she said, "I live near Eureka, California. I often attend the Nazarene Church in the winter since it is closer than my own church. I am a nurse in a hospital in Eureka." There was silence for awhile. "Something tells me I should give you this." She handed me a \$5.00 bill. Already God was supplying part of the return fare back before I was even at the appointed place.

Then she asked me for my name and address and added, "I would like to write you sometime. I will give you my address and if you are ever in Eureka, I want you to come to see me."

Her name was "Minnie Marsh." I told her about my maiden last name being Marsh. I asked where her husband was from. She said, "Eastern Canada." My Dad was also from Eastern Canada-Nova Scotia. About this time our conversation was interrupted for the bus stopped to let me off. So I said Goodbye to my new friend, Minnie Marsh.

The following Christmas came and I received a nice card with \$10.00. Easter came with another card and \$10.00. Twice a year for a number of years I received two cards always with \$10.00 from Minnie Marsh; until one day when her daughter wrote that her mother had passed away.

Are you ashamed to read the Bible in public? Are you? Are you ashamed to carry your Bible? If so, better get more of God.

* * *

Room Supplied

Is anything too hard for the Lord? (Genesis 18:14)

It was January, 1963. New students were enrolling for the second semester at the Bible School where I was Dean of Women and Dorm Supervisor.

A young man from Boise, Idaho, was one of those new students. I had known him since he was a young child. One day while he was talking to me, he told how he had helped his Dad remodel their house in Boise. "While I was working on the house, Dad told me to build a room on the house for Sister Ford."

Rather shocked I said, "Oh no, I don't need a room!"

As Sarah laughed within herself as recorded in Genesis 11:12 I too was inclined to laugh within myself. Yet at the same time I thought, "What is this all about?" But I soon dismissed it all and finished out the semester, and accepted the assignment for the next year at the Bible School.

In June I went to Westlake, Louisiana, to help in a church for six weeks.

My daughter, Shirley, and her husband and family were living in Texas where my son-in-law was pastor of a Nazarene Church. Shirley wrote and asked if I could stop on the way back north and help them pack their belongings in preparation for a move to northern Idaho. Shirley had been very sick and was not able to help with the packing.

Needless to say, I knew it was God's will to stop and help what I could. Finally, we were on our way. Gordon, my son-in-law, drove the large truck, while Shirley drove the station wagon. I helped with the younger children.

It was quite a trip. We arrived at a city in South Dakota where Gordon's brother and family lived. His brother pastored a Nazarene Church there. The next day we headed for Larimore, North Dakota, where Gordon's father was pastor of a Nazarene Church. Shirley, still not well, was hospitalized. As soon as she was able, we were on our way across the states of North Dakota and Montana and finally arrived at the new charge in northern Idaho.

It wasn't a very pleasant arrival. The parsonage hadn't been lived in for some time. The very damp house wasn't clean. In two of the rooms the floors had rotted through.

Shirley not being able to do too much, I tried to help all I could. I took the kitchen on as my assignment. I spent four or five hours cleaning the range.

Gordon hadn't unloaded the truck because he was hoping they could find a better place to live. Having to sleep on the floor in this damp house after having spent the summer in the hot climates of Louisiana, Texas, and the Dakotas, I soon was down with a cold.

This was in late August and I was to be at the Bible School in September. I had to go to Tacoma, Washington, first to take care of some things. There I started running a temperature. I had been to the doctor, but was getting no better. When I returned to see the doctor I asked him if I had pneumonia.

"You are on the verge of it," he diagnosed.

After counsel, he gave permission for me to go as far as Boise if I went by plane.

I called a young woman who was as a daughter to me.

"What is wrong?" she asked at the other end. "You sound terrible."

After I told her my predicament, she offered, "You had better get to Boise so I can take care of you. If you can fly, we will pay the difference from the train fare." (I paid the difference later.)

I was met at the airport and brought directly to "the room that had been built sometime before for me! I did have pneumonia and was in bed five weeks. My young friend took care of me.

I prayed much about returning to the Bible School and finally knew it wasn't God's will for me to go back. I have kept busy with children's services in different places. I have enjoyed this comfortable room as my headquarters now over five years.

* * *

Twin Rocks

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. (Isaiah 55:8, 9)

Just to hear the name "Twin Rocks" brings back happy memories to my three and hundreds of young folk who have attended the Oregon Washington Pacific Young People's Institute each August.

Hoping to attend the coming August, I prayed that God's will for me to go would be indicated and that transportation would be provided. Almost at the last minute a long distance call from a young person from a Nazarene Church in a city about 10 miles away was received. A carload of young people was ready to go, but needed a chaperone. Would I go with this mixed group of young people? "If you don't go with us," was the plea, "we won't be able to go.

A wide-open door opened by God. I asked enthusiastically, "When do we leave?"

"Early Monday morning and can you be ready, Sister Ford?"

"Yes, I am practically ready now," I reported.

"It won't cost you a cent," were the final arrangements.

Early Monday a carload of happy, lively young folks stopped for me. Soon the suitcase and I were in the car. What a joyful trip!

One of the young men in the group was sanctified and later called to preach. Several months later he was drafted into the army and sent to Germany.

When the following August came, I was again hoping I could go to Twin Rocks with my children. Again waiting on God to supply the way. Just how this time? On the Saturday preceding the Monday for departure for Twin Rocks, I received a letter from the young man stationed in Germany. He said he felt led to write. Knowing it was about time for the Institute, he enclosed a money order to pay my bus fare to Twin Rocks.

* * *

A Friend And Helper

A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly. (Proverbs 18:24)

Soon after the three children and I were left alone my impulse was to go somewhere with the three and start anew -- just get away from Tacoma, the people and all. God said, "Be still and know that I am God."

The house interior was in need of papering and painting. God seemed to be pushing me to get it done. I certainly was in no mood to do it. I did, however, get some paint and painted the

woodwork in the three rooms upstairs. The downstairs needed papering. Because of some remodeling my husband had done before he left, the dining room was in special need of attention.

There was a lady friend who was a first-class paperhanger. God let me know she was the one to paper my house. "But, Lord," I said, "she is living and working in California now." This was in June and God told me to "Be still and know that I am God."

Several months later, perhaps in September or October, the Foreign Missionary Society of the Nazarene Church was to meet at my home for a covered dish luncheon and business meeting.

Among the ladies in attendance was my lady paperhanger.

She and an older woman with married children had come to Tacoma to visit relatives. When she knocked at the door with her sister-in-law, God reminded me that He had brought her to paper my walls.

When we were all seated in the dining room for our lunch, my friend from California was facing the side of the dining room that was needing the wallpaper most. Perusing the situation she said, "Sister Ford, you need this room papered, and God has spoken to me to do it." Of course, I already knew she was to do it.

"I'm not going back with you," she informed her sister-in-law, "I'm staying here at Sister Ford's to paper."

With the paper on hand, it didn't take long to get started the next day. I wanted to help her, but she said, "No, God has told me to do it. You just pray for me, Sister Ford. This is sacred to me." When the last strip of paper was smoothed to a finish, not only was the dining room in new attire, but also the living room and bedroom -- all beautifully done.

Appraising the accomplishment, she said, "I think I should paint the woodwork."

"I don't have the money to buy the paint, so we will have to pray. If it is God's will for it to be painted, He will supply."

Together we stopped what we were doing, knelt down to pray and left the petition with God.

About 5:00 o'clock that afternoon there on the dining room table was a \$5.00 bill! "Did you put this bill on the table?" I asked.

"No, I don't even have my purse with me. When I came to Missionary Meeting, several days ago, I didn't bring it with me. I haven't been out of the house since."

Well, we both were happy and thanked God for supplying the \$5.00. We bought the paint and she painted the woodwork in the three rooms. To this day I do not know who put the money on the table.

There was enough paint left over for the woodwork in the kitchen.

"Do you have anything we could put on the kitchen walls?" she inquired.

"Yes, I do have some oilcloth that was purchased about a year ago.

I've got to put it on also," was her determined decision.

She did allow me to help with the ceiling because the material was quite heavy. Her assignment was finished when the paint was on the kitchen woodwork.

Shortly after she returned to her sister-in-law, she received an urgent long distance call from California to come home. All I can say is "God is great!"

* * *

A Watch

My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.
(Philippians 4:19)

There were a number of things we would liked to have had, but we were learning to be content with such as we had.

When I was traveling doing church work, directing Vacation Bible Schools, many times the need for a watch was prevalent. Often no one in the group would have a watch. At times it proved rather inconvenient.

God doesn't always do things in a hurry.

While helping in a revival, I called on a young mother, who was sick in bed when I arrived. I volunteered to bake the family a banana bread. By the time it was in the oven, I started washing the dishes.

"Sister Ford," she called, "have you been praying for a watch?"

"Not exactly," was my stuttering answer. Just 'sorta' hinting to God I'd like to have one, about like your child would hint for a cookie and not come right out and ask for one. Or maybe they would hint about a dress in the store window; or a teen-ager saying a bright red car would look better in the garage than the black one.

"Well," the young mother said, "you see that new small watch on the window sill?"

"Yes," I noted.

"My husband bought that watch for me to wear while my other one is in for repairs. As soon as I get the other one back, the one on the window sill is yours!"

Knowing this young Christian mother did not have a Christian husband, I asked "What about your husband? Does he know about this?"

"We both want you to have it," she insisted. Her husband was a good man; kind and thoughtful.

On the last night of the revival this lady came to me just before the service, startled me by dropping the tiny beautiful watch with a narrow black band into my hand.

I was happy and thankful to God and them. This watch finally wore out after about 15 years. Then, again no watch for a year or so, but God supplied another one through another couple.

* * *

City Bus Fare

.. for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. (Matthew 6:32)

While I was visiting my son and family in Kansas City, Missouri, I received a letter from a friend in Tacoma concerning a serviceman who was in the Letterman's Hospital in San Francisco. This young soldier boy had been stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, prior to his being sent to Korea. He had been wounded there and now was recuperating at the hospital in San Francisco. Having seen him a number of times at some friends' home in Tacoma before he was sent overseas, I knew him.

My friend had suggested that if I could arrange to stop in San Francisco, perhaps I could go see him. This I wanted to do. I began praying for small change for city bus fare. If it was God's will for me to see the young man, I had to have it.

Arriving in San Francisco around 9 o'clock p.m., I boarded the city bus that would take me to friends where I was to stay for the night. I was sitting on the front seat by an older lady.

Since it was dark, I couldn't read the street signs, so I asked this lady how far it was to Hight Street.

"It is the street just before I get off," she offered kindly. "You must be a stranger here," she continued.

"Yes, I am," was my plaintive answer.

"Are you visiting relatives?" she quizzed in interest.

"No," I replied. Then I related the purpose of my mission to visit a serviceman in the hospital.

"This is a coincidence. I happen to be president of an organization here in San Francisco who visits the soldiers in Letterman's Hospital. We find out if they have relatives here or not. If they do not we find out what they would like to have. If their request is within reason, our organization will get it for them. Does your friend have any relatives in San Francisco?"

I told her I didn't know. Then she instructed me to find out and if he didn't, to call her. She gave me her name and telephone number.

"Ill see that his wish is granted," she affirmed.

Soon she announced that my street was at hand, rang the bell and then I started for the door.

"Wait a minute," she called, "take this as I feel I should give it to you.

A \$1.00 bill -- just what I had asked for -- small change.

I went to the hospital the next day.

Finding the right ward, I opened the two huge swinging doors to become the victim of scrutiny of every boy in the ward. Everyone was looking for a relative or someone he knew.

"Mrs. Ford," shouted the young man almost jumping out of bed, "what are you doing here?"

"I came to see you," I assured. Then I told him about Mrs. Courtney's writing me and asking me to stop if I flew to San Francisco.

He was about overcome, for I was the first person he knew who had come to see him.

I related the experience I had with the lady on the bus. Learning that he had no relatives in San Francisco, I asked him what he would like to have this organization do for him.

"I'd like to have a home baked apple pie," he ordered, with his mouth watering.

When I got back to the place where I was staying, I called the lady and gave her the information with emphasis on a home baked apple pie.

My young friend got his wish.

Once again I was happy to see the hand of God work.

* * *

Sailor Boy Pierce

Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. (Luke 6:38a)

Often when I went to town I would stop at the Salvation Army to see the office girl and rest awhile. It was a day in January; dismal, foggy and misty, that is common during the winter months. I had stopped to see the office girl.

Many come to the Salvation Army during this time of year for help. While I was resting in the office this day during World War II, a young man dressed in a sailor's uniform came to the window. He was in trouble because he had missed his boat that morning. He had been out the night before and now was asking for enough money to buy a bus ticket so he could leave that afternoon for the California city where the ship would dock. If he left that afternoon he could get to the California city before the ship arrived.

The office girl listened intently, but she had to tell him she couldn't give him money without quite a bit of red tape. She suggested that he go to the Red Cross. He said he had been there and the process there would also take time. Then she suggested the U.S.O. He had been there and the story was the same.

About that time the janitor of the Salvation Army passed the office and this frantic sailor boy asked him if he could loan him enough money for the bus fare. The janitor said he did not have any money with him.

The office girl again suggested that he go back to the U.S.O. and have them call the Red Cross. So he left disheartened.

When he was gone the office girl said to me, "A lot of folks come here asking for aid. Somehow I wish, personally, that I could have helped him, but I just didn't have the money."

As I sat there, God was dealing with me. I felt perhaps I should help him. But like so many I tried to stifle the suggestion. So I told the office girl I'd better leave and get on the bus and go home.

I stood on the corner of 13th and Pacific Avenue waiting for the city bus. Just across the street was the U.S.O. where hundreds of servicemen and women received hospitality during the war. As I stood there waiting, the Holy Spirit said, "I want you to go to the U.S.O. and offer that young sailor boy some money.

"Lord, you know that I need this \$30.00 I received in the mail this morning to pay bills," I began to argue. "You know you won't let me work out for wages.

"Didn't I put it in the heart of the person to send you the check?" reminded the Lord.

"Yes, Lord," I acknowledged as I was reminded of Eugene, my boy, away from home in the service. The Lord seemed to say, "What if Eugene was in such a predicament? Wouldn't you appreciate someone helping him?"

I answered, "Yes, Lord," and crossed the street and descended the side steps into the U.S.O. Sure enough, there stood the sailor boy, who didn't look a day over 16 years. I went over to him at the counter and asked him if the lady was making a call for him.

"Yes, she is," he replied.

I was in the Salvation Army office and overheard your appeal to the office girl. Tell the lady to cancel the call to the Red Cross. If you will come with me, I will get a check cashed that was sent to me and give you what you need. I am a Christian and will have to keep \$3.00 of the \$30.00 for tithes. You may have what you want of the remaining \$27.00."

"Is this lady going to help you?" asked the lady behind the counter.

"Yes," he answered.

"Don't ever forget this because this doesn't happen every day," advised the lady.

The young sailor and I left the U.S.O. together, walked up the street where I cashed the check. There was a thrill in my heart to be able to help this boy. I didn't ask him where he'd been the night before or scold him for missing the boat. That wasn't my business. My part was to mind God.

With the cash in hand, I asked, "How much do you want of the \$27.00?"

"Would you give me \$20.00?" he meekly asked.

"Yes," I said, thinking I would gladly have given him the \$27.00.

He was grateful; took my name and address and promised he would pay it back. He gave his name as Pierce and home Louisiana. I have never heard from him but that doesn't matter. I have wondered if he was killed in the war. If he is alive, I hope God will allow me to meet him again to let him know how God supplied. He has been on my daily prayer list all these years.

About ten days after this I attended the Mission prayer meeting in South Tacoma. A lady friend, who wasn't too regular in attendance, was there that Thursday. The following Thursday I attended and she was there again. After the meeting she said, "Sister Ford, here is something for you. I don't think I put enough in the envelope, so would you come over next Monday and I'll give you the rest."

"If I am still in town, I will be over," I agreed.

On Monday I went to her home and she gave me \$15.00 more, which made a total of \$25.00. Already God was giving back to me. In fact, \$5.00 more than I had given to the sailor boy. Every month for at least 20 months I received \$10.00 in a letter from her. In all approximately a total of \$225.00 came back to me for the \$20.00 I gave Sailor Boy Pierce.

* * *

An Elderly Couple In Massachusetts

The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him. (II Chronicles 16:9)

One Thursday afternoon while attending the prayer meeting at the Open Door Mission in South Tacoma, one of the ladies said she had received a letter from an elderly couple in Massachusetts. These friends of hers had no living children. Their one son had been killed in South America. Out of their limited pension check they were unable to keep up the taxes on their home. They had been notified that unless they paid the \$180.00 due, they would lose their home on a certain date. They were Nazarenes. She was a Christian, but he was backslidden to the extent that he was smoking. We prayed about this need.

Each Thursday afternoon we prayed for this situation. At one of these prayer meetings God began to deal with me. Something should be done about this need. My heart was open, but I wanted to be sure it was God suggesting this to me. I didn't say anything about this to anyone. I couldn't get away from this impression, even at home. I continued to pray and after several days, I felt I should add fasting which meant no water or food. The Lord knew my heart and if it was God's will, I would do what I could.

On Thursday at prayer meeting I was quite weak but no one knew I was fasting. The group again prayed for this elderly couple's need. Before I left the prayer meeting, I told the group in that prayer room that God had laid it on my heart to do something about gathering in funds for this couple. The ladies knowing my situation -- my choice between the Lord and my husband, my dependence on God for finances, no secular work for wages just seemed to look at one another. After a brief pause, one of the ladies spoke up, "Sister Ford, you gather in what you can and what you lack, I will make it up."

This was thrilling to me. I continued to fast and pray. Each morning I would ask God where He wanted me to go and make this need known. I had a place in my large purse, I called my "Old Folks' Fund." If someone gave me a greenback, I didn't check the value before I would put it in this place in my purse. If I received a silver piece, I could tell whether it was a dollar or a fifty cent piece by the feel of it.

I had quite an order from the Lord. I believe it was Monday that I was directed to go to a home of a couple. I had to take a city bus, then transfer to another bus and go to the end of the line. Then I had to walk quite a distance through a swamp area infested with mosquitoes. I finally arrived at my destination. I told them why I was there.

"No wonder we had to leave the shoe store and hurry home without shoes," was their amazed response. During the war shoes were rationed and so one had to stand in line. They were standing in line for shoes when the Holy Spirit impressed them to hurry home. Well, it is wonderful how God works at both ends of the line. Needless to say, I received a greenback from that home.

This was about the ninth day without liquid or food. You ask, "How could you do it?" "But God!"

Tuesday, Wednesday, and now Thursday -- I was very weak, but knew I had to attend the prayer meeting again that afternoon. I had no bus token so had to walk. It took approximately 40 minutes each way when I walked. I was tempted to take 25 cents of the money I had in my "Old Folks' Fund," but I didn't yield. I did tell the Lord how weak and tired I was and would appreciate it if He would supply me with city bus fare home. I knew I would be weaker by the time prayer service was over.

On my way to South Tacoma, I felt led to stop at Sister Lush's home and tell her about this need of the elderly couple. She gave me a silver dollar and then said, "If you send one of the girls over this evening, I am sure my daughter, Margie, would like to give something."

I said, "All right." But as I went out the front door, the Holy Spirit said to me, "She hath done what she could."

Not knowing how long I would be gathering money for this I was surprised when God let me know right then my little part was done.

I finally arrived at the Mission and then went to the prayer room. I asked the lady who was responsible for making this need known in the first place, to come out into the auditorium and help me count the money. This was one of the greatest thrills of my life. There were greenbacks, checks, and silver. When we finished counting, how much do you think we had? I had been happy over the fact that the lady had promised that whatever I lacked she would supply to make the \$180.00.

But praises be to God? He knoweth how to work if He can find someone through whom to work. (Will you be a channel for a need?) Exactly to the cent I had \$180.00 -- no more and no less! What if I had taken the 25 cents for the bus fare?

Joyfully, I made the news known to the rest of the ladies at the prayer meeting. What rejoicing that afternoon. The lady who promised to make up the lack said she would give \$5.00 to make \$185.00 to be sent. "They have to get to town to pay the taxes and to buy something to eat," she explained.

The money was sent with an explanation of how God used a person without means, who depended solely on God to supply her needs for herself and her three children.

How I would have liked to have been a little mouse about the house when this elderly couple received this letter and the \$185.00!

A letter of response finally arrived. The couple was so grateful when the money arrived that they knelt in prayer in their kitchen and gave thanks to God. The elderly man got back to God that morning. I will certainly look this couple up when I get to Heaven and let them know personally what a wonderful time I had getting the money.

After the prayer meeting, the lady who was to send the money to the old folks in Massachusetts, walked with me to the bus stop at South 54th and South Tacoma, only a block from the Mission. We talked for a while, but I didn't let on that I didn't have bus fare or that I planned to walk. I was waiting for her to go on and be out of sight before I began my 40-minute trek. But she suddenly stopped short and said, "I feel I should give you this for bus fare." She handed me 50 cents. How wonderful it looked to me! I rode the bus home and then broke the 13-day fast. How grateful I was for nourishment!

Sometime later an elderly Nazarene, upon hearing of the incident told me, "Sister Ford, I heard over the National Religious Broadcast Program how God reached from the Atlantic Ocean across the United States to a lady in Tacoma, Washington, on the Pacific Coast to answer the prayer of the elderly couple who needed \$180.00 for back taxes."

Well, we worship a Great God, who knows and cares for His children.

* * *

Minding The Checks Of The Spirit

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. (Romans 8:11)

After giving a president of a Young People's group a date to speak in his church, I felt led to postpone the appointment to the following Sunday. I didn't like to give such short notice, but felt it better to obey God than man.

On the Saturday before I spoke to this group of Young People, I was moved to call the mother-in-law of a young man whom God had laid on my heart some time before. I had known the young man since he was a teen-ager seeking the Lord's will. He felt the call to preach and shortly after his marriage, he and his bride went to Bible School in another state.

It so happened that while he was attending this Bible School, I was Dormitory Supervisor. God put this young couple on my heart. From time to time I had tried to be faithful in doing what I could to encourage them.

Shortly after he was graduated in May 1962, this young couple obeyed God's call to help in home mission work in North Dakota. During the time there the young man was sanctified and God called him and his wife to pastor a small group in Ohio. Theirs was a spiritual folk; however, finances were most limited.

As I talked with the mother-in-law on the telephone, I learned that the young couple was trusting God in the face of grave financial needs.

"I'll be praying for them especially," I said as I hung up the receiver.

After I gave the talk God had laid on my heart that Sunday night, the president said, "The offering we take will go to Sister Ford."

I readily knew I couldn't accept the offering, but like a flash, my young preacher and his wife came to my mind. I stood and explained a little about their circumstances. "If you want to give an offering, I would like for it to go to these young servants of the Lord." I left the church that night happy with a check of \$47.50.

The next day I wrote the young couple explaining all that had transpired -- even to the long distance call to the young woman's mother. Enclosing the check, I mailed the letter. (I would like to have been a mouse when the letter arrived.)

In about a week came a letter from them. The young preacher had been job hunting on Friday and came home with no success. He had told his wife, "I can't help but feel that God will take care of us and work out everything to His glory if we hold steady."

"The next morning, Saturday, your letter came, Sister Ford, and there was rejoicing in the camp. God has abundantly supplied what we needed so desperately."

Now I could see why I had to postpone the speaking engagement. May all the glory be to God! Again, I say it pays to mind God.

* * *

Money But No Bacon

When my first grandchild was due to arrive at Nampa, Idaho, where Don, my son-in-law, was a freshman at Northwest Nazarene College, I told Brother and Sister Anglin that I would like two weeks off. Lila was hoping Shirley would be able to join me.

On November 6 the news came. Soon Shirley and I were packing suitcases and ready to leave.

The fact that the little church building needed a new roof must have been bearing heavily upon Brother Anglin, for when we left, he said, "Bring back \$25.00 for shingles and I will put them on the church building." Then he added in a more jovial manner, "Bring home some bacon!"

"What an order!" I thought.

I don't remember how God supplied our bus fares, but He did.

While in Nampa, I became acquainted with a wonderful lady and we became close friends. She invited me to come to her home on a certain day when they had a prayer meeting. At the prayer meeting when requests for prayer were given, God reminded me of the request for \$25.00 for shingles.

After the prayer meeting, my new friend, Sister Vail, called me aside, "While we were praying about that roof, God spoke to me. He reminded me that my son, Elmore, who is now in Germany, had sent me some tithing money. He told me in a letter to put it where I felt I should. Here it is -- \$25.00 for that roof."

Needless to say, Brother Anglin was thrilled with the money for the roof. If I remember rightly, he asked jokingly, "Where's the bacon?"

* * *

Miraculous Protection By God At Carrington, North Dakota

I had arrived on Saturday and was scheduled to start a Vacation Bible School the following Monday.

Because a Golden Wedding Anniversary was being celebrated, the home where I was to stay during the week was too full for another guest, so I was temporarily at a home just across the street from the Nazarene Church.

Since I do not attend festivities of that type on Sundays and being a stranger, I decided to spend the afternoon in the church. The August heat had not yet penetrated the building.

After playing the piano for a while I went to the basement where it was even cooler. While I was in the basement, I thought I heard dripping water. Sometime later I decided to go upstairs. On the way I started to flick on the light switch. But with the very movement of my hand there seemed to be a warning word, "DON'T."

About 7:00 p.m., time for the young people to be coming for their service the pastor, Rev. C. Don Reynolds, came into the church. He went to the basement, then hurried back to the auditorium and excitedly asked, "How long have you been in this church, Sister Ford?"

"I've been in here for a number of hours," I informed.

"There is a leak in the gas pipe and the basement is full of gas. He immediately called the Fire Department. They soon were at the church. They said one little flicker of a spark would have blown up the church and me!

At the evening service held at the parsonage, I praised God for protecting my life.

* * *

A Treat Supplied

I was tired and decided I would stay close to the parsonage for a couple of days. A sudden hunger for an orange hit me. "It would be wonderful to have an orange," I thought. But no luxuries of that type! "If I could have just 'one'," I thought, and hinted to God my desire.

Later that day the pastor and his wife, Brother and Sister V. Anglin said they were going to make a seventeen-mile trip to Coos Bay.

On their way home they met the Captain of the Salvation Army.

The Captain relayed the news that a U. S. Army plane from California had come to supply food for folks that had gone down in a plane in a nearby woods. With their mission completed, they gave the surplus to the Salvation Army Captain to dispose of as he saw fit.

"Would you like some items, Brother Anglin?" asked the Captain.

Brother Anglin accepted the gift most gratefully.

To my wonderful surprise, a whole crate of the most luscious looking oranges was in the assortment. They tasted as good as they looked! For a number of days we at the parsonage ate oranges.

* * * * *

Part 4

MOM AND HER THREE

Eugene's Healing

The prayer of faith shall save the sick. (James 5.15)

While the three children and I were staying with the Guy Simmons family in the country, all of the children -- my three and two of the household -- came down with the measles at the same time, practically.

Eugene's suffering was prolonged by a painful earache for three days and nights.

One evening while he was still in bed in a room off the living room, the family altar was expanded by the presence of a minister and grandparents who lived across the street. Fifteen of us enjoyed the reading of scripture and knelt in prayer.

At the close of the prayer, Eugene, then six years old, called me into his room. "Mother," he lamented, "They didn't pray about my earache."

"Do you want someone to come and pray with you?" I asked.

"Yes," he earnestly replied.

A few of us gathered by his bedside as the visiting preacher prayed. God answered prayer. The earache ceased instantly. Eugene has never had that trouble since and to this day gives God the glory.

* * *

When Eugene Was Saved

Eugene was first saved when he was eight years old. I shall always regret that I wasn't a Christian at that time. Of course, I was very little help to my boy. (Parents take heed!) He didn't stay true to God.

On attending a revival meeting in a small Nazarene Church in Puyallup, Washington, Eugene, at seventeen, again gave his heart to God.

A number were at the altar praying. I was not near Eugene but praying for someone else, when I heard the lady who was praying with Eugene say, "You asked God to forgive you and you believe He does?"

Eugene said, "Yes."

"You can get up then," advised the lady.

I went right over to Eugene and asked him, "Are you satisfied?"

"No, I'm not," he admitted.

"Get right down and get to praying some more," I urged.

After praying for two or three minutes, he jumped up and exclaimed, "Glory to God, I'm saved!"

(Lord, help us not to hurry a seeker through. He will know when he has paid the price.)

At the last service of this revival Eugene was at the altar again, for sanctification. He prayed until he jumped up and said in his own way, "Boy, oh, boy! A wave of cleanness went through me and through this building."

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast." (Ephesians 2:8, 9)

* * *

Backslidden

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters. (Isaiah 38:20a)

When Eugene was fourteen years old, he decided to quit Sunday School. So he didn't attend for about a year. By this time I had been saved and I was concerned about this decision of his. I prayed much about it and wondered what I could do about it.

One Sunday morning, missionaries on furlough from Peru, Ira and Lucille Taylor, were at our church to speak. I was impressed to ask one of them after the service if they had a student in Bible School in Peru who needed financial help. They told me about Hermon, a 17-year-old boy, who would have to quit Bible School if he didn't get some financial help.

I told them about Eugene and his quitting Sunday School. Eugene had a paper route and bought most of his clothes with money he earned, but he also spent a lot on himself for ice cream, pop, etc. I told them that I would ask him if he would like to help this Indian boy in Peru.

They gave me the proper instructions on how to send the money in case Eugene should decide to take such a project.

When the day came that I asked Eugene if he would like to help this boy, he said, "Yes, Mom, I'd like to do that."

So in due time I sent a foreign money order to Peru.

Eugene received a letter from Peru telling how happy Hermon Perales was because he could continue in school. He felt the money had dropped out of the sky into his lap. Every few months I would send another money order.

I wrote to Hermon to tell him about Eugene's not going to Sunday School and asked him to pray for Eugene. It wasn't too long until Eugene was back in Sunday School. Hermon called Eugene his tutor. The day came when Hermon graduated from Bible School with highest honors.

* * *

Tithing

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. (Malachi 3:8)

I was concerned in the fact that Eugene wouldn't tithe his money. When I asked why he didn't, he said he couldn't see where it was necessary. He was now in his teens. Lila and Shirley tithed. Why didn't he?

One day while I was praying, I asked God what was the reason that Eugene couldn't see that tithing was right. God seemed to point His finger at me and said, "You are at fault."

That was a shock to me and I pleaded, "Lord, why am I at fault?"

If you will recall the chapter, "The Lord is my Shepherd" or refer to it, you, the reader, will understand what I mean when the Lord reminded me of my bank account. He had asked for "all." I had given Him what was left after I had paid the Doctor bill and the Hospital bill when Eugene was born. This was a total of \$112.50. God reminded me, "I asked for all."

Seeing the light, I vowed, "Lord, I'll pay back the amount I used."

During the period of time I did church work without remuneration, I knew it would take time to pay back what I had used. I started keeping record of small amounts I could lay aside and give back to God. Finally, after a long time, it seems to me now, I had paid back the \$112.50. To let the devil know I meant business I kept record and gave back \$150.00 for the \$112.50 taken.

To you who have a position and have a regular income, \$150 may not mean much. But when you have nothing except what God supplies, there is a thrill in watching God work.

When I gave the last dollar, I had the assurance that Eugene would see the light and would tithe.

Several years had passed since he had told me he couldn't see tithing. He was now a pilot in the U. S. Army. Home on furlough one night soon after he had gone to his room and was in bed, he called for me to come upstairs and tuck him in. We often had talks when I tucked him in as he called it.

This night I felt led to ask him about tithing. "Just recently, Mom," he testified, "I have seen the light on tithing and that it is necessary. I am now tithing."

(Parents, ask yourselves, are you at fault for some prayers not being answered?)

* * *

God Speaks Through the Violin

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. (Romans 8:1)

My Dad loved violin music and long before he was married, while he was sailing the seven seas, he purchased a violin in Italy. He learned to play it without a teacher's instruction. While we children would be entertaining ourselves, Dad would often take the violin off the shelf and play the songs he knew by memory.

By the time we had three children, Dad, on a visit at our house said, "If you will give Eugene violin lessons and he likes playing the violin, I will give my violin to him."

At the age of eight or nine years Eugene expressed his desire to take violin lessons. We bought him a half-size instrument and arranged for lessons.

He played in the grade school, junior high and senior high school orchestras. He had second place in the senior high school orchestra. By this time he was using his grandfather's violin.

At the age of seventeen when he got back to God, he felt he should organize a Christian orchestra. He sent to the Nazarene Publishing House in Kansas City, Missouri, for orchestration books and soon had ten members in his orchestra. They played for their own amusement and also for different churches.

At a special service for the Salvation Army he was to play a solo. As his accompanist, I had practiced a certain hymn with him. Because of a large crowd at the service, Eugene was sitting on one side of the auditorium and I on the other. As the service progressed, God spoke to me, "The hymn you and Eugene have practiced isn't the one I want played."

A little concerned, I started turning the pages quickly in the book we had brought with us. I asked the Lord to show me which hymn He wanted played. I knew they would soon ask for the special number. As I turned the pages, my eyes fell on the song, "The Name of Jesus," a rather old hymn. I knew this was the one God wanted us to play.

Finally, the announcement was made that Eugene Ford would play a violin solo.

When we met at the piano, I whispered, "God wants you to play this one instead of the one we practiced."

"All right, Mom," Eugene consented.

In the center section of seats sat a man perhaps in his fifties, who was deeply under conviction. As soon as Eugene finished playing, this man got up and walked to the altar. A number who knew how to pray gathered around him to pray for him. He got victory with God and then went back to his place in the audience.

Later during testimonies, this man testified that he had been an officer in the Salvation Army, but had been backslidden for some time and had quit the Salvation Army. "God has been dealing with me, but I wouldn't give in. I was most miserable with conviction in this meeting. When that boy played the hymn that had been my favorite when I was an officer, I just had to make my way to an altar of prayer."

To you who have talent to sing or play instruments, or even to speak before a group, never do so without praying and asking God to help you to know what He wants done. It pays to mind the checks of the Spirit.

* * *

Standing in the Gap

"But watch thou in all things . . ." (II Timothy 4:8a)

Too many parents can see the sins in other folks' children, but not in their own flesh and blood. I have always prayed, "Lord, help me in this respect, for God is no respecter of persons."

If a parent is a Christian and his offspring doesn't pay the price to be saved, he will end up in hell like the child of the drunkard, who doesn't pay the price. (Lord, help us parents!)

The Lord helping me I kept a pretty close eye on what my children did, where they went and with whom they went. Just because a person goes regularly to church doesn't convince me he is fit company. One must be saved and sanctified and live a life in harmony with his testimony.

One Sunday night all three of my children, then teen-agers, and I went to Young People's service as usual. Eugene came to me after service and said, "I'm not staying for church; I'm going home."

I sensed that he had something on his mind. (If a parent lives close enough to God, his inner discernment will detect something is wrong. Be thankful for it.) I answered Eugene, "Well, then I'm going home, too."

So we both went to the busline, got on, and arrived home before 8:00 o'clock. I knew he was anxious to do something else. So soon he announced, "Mother, I'm going downtown."

With persistence I said, "I'm going also, if you go."

So we walked to another busline and were soon on our way to town. Hardly a word was spoken between us until we arrived at 13th and Pacific Avenue. Then Eugene said, "Mother, this is the street where you can get off to go to the Salvation Army meeting." After a pause he added, "I'm going to get off at 9th and Pacific because I want to see a certain show at the Roxy Theater."

"I'm also going to get off at 9th and Pacific," was my determined reply. I knew the devil was tempting him to go to that theater. God was helping me to stand in the gap for my boy.

Together we stood on that corner and talked for about ten minutes. He insisted he must see that show. I asked him if he was saved. He answered, "Yes." I answered, "So am I." I asked him if he was sanctified. He said, "Yes." I affirmed, "So am I. So if you can go to the theater, so can I."

Almost horrified he said, "Oh, no! Mother, you can't." With a sudden determination he said, "It's just four blocks down to the Salvation Army. They are having a big service there tonight."

"I know they are," I concurred, "but if you go to the show I'm going also!"

Beginning to break, Eugene pleaded, "Mother, you have been on a three-day fast and I know you are weak. If I went to the Roxy Theater and let you walk to the Salvation Army alone, you might fall down from weakness and get hurt. I'd never get over it." He didn't realize that if he went I intended to go with him and sit by him with my eyes closed as I prayed for him.

"Well," he relented, I'll go to the service at the Salvation Army. Tomorrow night I can go to the show. The same play will be on."

I made no comment, but I knew the big battle was being fought right then.

On Monday I prayed that God would help him not to want to go. Monday evening he said, "Mother, I don't want to go to the show!"

Thank the Lord. He helped me stand in the gap as a parent.

* * *

Boats Instead of Bombs

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. (Proverbs 3:5, 6)

Sitting on the porch gazing up at the sky, Eugene was entranced by the purring of the commercial airliners even when he was a young teen-ager. "You know, Mother," he said one day, "I will be flying one of those."

At the time I can't recall making any comment. After my first ride over Yakima in one of those freight cars used during World War I, however, I decided that flying was not for my boy. Since then, of course, I have changed my mind and like to fly in the 707 jets.

The time came when thousands of boys were being drafted into the service of their country. Before he was out of high school, Eugene said, "Mother, I'm going to enlist so I can choose the branch of service I am interested in -- the Air Corps." He did enlist, but he was sent to Denver, Colorado, and put into the Medical Corps. He didn't like that. His mind was made up to get into cadet flying.

Since he wasn't old enough, he sent papers for me to sign. After praying and fasting, I felt I couldn't sign the papers. As much as I wanted to please Eugene, I had to be obedient to God.

So I mailed the papers back to Eugene unsigned. He returned the papers again with the plea, "I could go through a lot of red tape and become a cadet without your signature, but I want your name on the paper."

Well, now what should I do? Again I prayed and fasted. This time I felt clear in signing the papers and did. I've wondered why I couldn't have signed the first time; all I know is that it pays to mind God.

Eugene spent much time and effort in his cadet training, looking forward to the day he would get his "Wings" as a pilot of a bomber plane.

After he received his "Wings" as a B-17 pilot, I prayed some more. I told the Lord that I was doing His work and didn't want my boy dropping bombs and killing innocent children and those in hospitals. I prayed, "Lord, if Eugene is going to fly planes, is there something he can do besides dropping bombs?"

He, along with other boys, was in line getting ready to fly to the South Pacific battle area. The officer in charge called, "Eugene Ford, stand out of line."

He then was assigned to six more weeks of training in air rescue.

He came home on furlough before the six-week training started. How happy I was when he told me he would be dropping boats instead of bombs; going on errands of mercy instead of killing!

Needless to say he was disappointed; and finally he told me not to mention how I felt about it. So it was a closed subject between mom and son, but not between God and me.

Folks would often ask, "Aren't you concerned about Eugene's flying?"

In confidence and trust I could reply, "Yes, but every time I am tempted to worry about him three promises from the Scripture flash through my mind and the concern is gone."

I leaned on the following wonderful promises during the war while Eugene was flying:

The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him and delivereth them. (Psalm 34:7)

...and His banner over me was love. (Song of Solomon 2:4b)

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. (Deuteronomy 33:27)

When Eugene came back from overseas, he was happy he had been placed in the 13th Air Force 2nd Air Rescue Squadron.

I praise God for bringing him home without a scratch.

* * *

Dark Skies and Rain

There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it. (I Corinthians 10:13)

On a return mission to Manila, Philippines, Eugene faced grave danger with a crew on board in black rain over the South Pacific. Because of mountains on the mainland of undetermined altitude, he tended to stay over the ocean in the darkness. Flying southward, he hoped to get out of the rain. He searched for the clear sky. Aware also that the fuel supply was running low and pressed by the jeopardy to the lives of all on board, he turned northward ever watchful of the western horizon for a glimpse of cloudless sky.

Suddenly after what seemed an eternity, as though God had pushed the rain aside, a spot of blue about the size of a man's hand appeared in the dark black curtain -- the clear sky. Quickly as he could, he turned the plane and was guided safely to the Manila Base by that small opening.

God will make a way to escape if we do not yield to temptation.

* * *

A Shining Star

Eugene and I have always enjoyed the panorama of the stars on the curtain of night. One evening when he was a boy, we went for a walk. The sky was especially beautiful and as we gazed heavenward, we noted some stars were bright, some very bright and a few were quite dim.

I remarked to Eugene, "These stars remind me of Christians."

He agreed and readily complimented, "Mom, you are like the brightest one."

I hope I have lived up to this eulogy.

* * *

The Old Rugged Cross

The Sunday before Eugene left for the army in World War II, he was asked to play a violin solo. He was a Christian and he played the hymn that has been voted as the best loved hymn, "The Old Rugged Cross." Before he played it through the second time, he said, "The last stanza is my testimony as I go to the army. Read the words as I play."

"To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me someday to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share."

He became First Lieutenant in the Air Corps as a pilot. After completing his last mission, flying over Manila, the day the Philippines were given their independence, he came back to the States.

I was disappointed in that he wasn't as ardent in his service to God as when he left. He married Dorothy Kilbourn of Tacoma, Washington. They have four children.

He was a pilot for Trans World Airlines for about ten years. This position gave me the privilege to fly on a pass. He is now in his own business in California. The family is active in church in Fairfax, California.

* * *

Lila Converted

Ye must be born again. (John 3:7)

Lila was always tender toward the things of God. When she was fourteen years old, a revival meeting was on at the Tacoma Nazarene Church. Under strong conviction she hurried to the altar one night, also the second night and the third night and finally got saved.

God showed her she would have to make restitutions. One was to a restaurant on the Tacoma-Seattle Highway. She had been there to eat one evening with friends and took one of their menu folders. A friend took her and offered to go in and tell the owner, but Lila insisted she had to do it. She told the owner what she had done and he said, "Just give me twenty-five cents for it." She did and left with a clear conscience because she had minded God.

* * *

An Eye Opener

One evening as Lila, Shirley and I were walking home from church, Lila said, "You know, Mother, no one at church seems to encourage me to continue to be a Christian."

This struck a note. I wondered if I was doing all I could to encourage her and other young folk also. Lord, help us each one to be an encouragement to new babes in Christ, especially.

* * *

Christian Apparel

The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment: for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God. (Deuteronomy 22:5)

Lila had been visiting my relatives in Yakima, Washington. After several weeks, she came home with a gift of blue slacks and jacket. The slacks outfit was decent looking compared to what the girls and women are parading around in now.

I certainly felt bad about these slacks, but I didn't say anything to Lila at that time. I also appreciated the generosity of my people in giving her a gift. No doubt like many others, they didn't realize what the scripture says about such apparel.

The time came when Lila put the slacks outfit in with some clothes soon to be washed. I did the washing, but laid the slacks aside.

Sometime later Lila asked, "Didn't you wash my slacks?"

I answered kindly, "I know I didn't and your mother doesn't intend to have anything to do with them."

"Why?" she asked, puzzled.

"Because the Bible says that type of garment is an abomination unto the Lord."

"Where does it say that?" was her query.

"In Deuteronomy 22:5," I directed.

Since Lila was a Christian, there was no need for further questions. Because she wanted to be what the Bible required, she never wore them again. Neither did she give them to someone else to wear. Too many folks get light on something and walk in it themselves, but are partakers in helping others to sin by donating an item to someone else. If God gives light, one must be obedient regardless of others' opinions or the concern about the waste of money.

* * *

Dance Problem

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need. (Hebrews 4:16)

When Lila was thirteen years old and in Junior High School, the gym teacher was instructing students in dancing. Lila told the teacher, "I am a Christian and do not want to learn to dance."

Young person with this problem, do you come out and say when the question about dancing comes up, "I am a Christian and do not dance"? Or are you a little fearful and say, "My church doesn't believe in it so I don't dance"?

But the teacher was adamant, and issued the ultimatum, "You have to dance."

Lila came home from school with her problem. I didn't say much, but while in prayer about this situation, I asked the Lord what I should do about this. I knew if my child were falling over a precipice, I would do everything in my power to save her from the danger. One of the most, if not the most, damning things being taught in public schools is the dance. One reason so many girls in their teens give birth to illegitimate babies is the dance craze.

Now, what was my part as a parent to help her? I sought God for guidance. Soon, I was on my way to the principal's office at the Junior High.

As I made clear to the principal the purpose of my call, I told him how my daughter had told the gym teacher that she was a Christian and did not want to learn how to dance. The teacher had not respected Lila's conviction and was insisting that she would have to dance.

He informed me that it was compulsory for students to take dancing. He also advised me to go to the Central School Office in Tacoma.

"If need be, I'll go to Olympia to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction," I firmly replied. Then I testified, "I used to play the piano for dances and know there is wrong in them. Since I have become a Christian, I have quit all the dances. I have a neighbor who is not a Christian, but when her girl reaches Junior High she will not be taking dancing because the mother of the girl met her own ruination by learning to dance in the basement of a school."

After some discussion, the principal suggested that I go talk to the gym teacher.

This I did immediately. One look at her was cause enough for me to be more determined to have Lila protected from her influence. When I introduced myself and set forth the purpose of my coming, she impertinently expounded, "Mrs. Ford, I am teaching these boys and girls the modern way of living. When I was in college, my roommate from a higher bracket of society, (I wonder) and I went nude in our room. Now, what would you do if you were invited to a party of a mixed group where they take off all their clothes?"

"I'd take my coat and be gone!" I answered in righteous indignation. (Hardly ever wear a hat so couldn't say, "hat.")

"I'd like to show you the shower room." As I followed her, she explained, "There used to be curtains on the shower stalls; I have had them taken down." (Is it any wonder the word modesty is a thing of the past?)

By the time I left the school, I felt that I had been through the third degree twice. The devil pounced on me too and tried to inject, "No use." I resisted him, but knew the battle wasn't won yet.

In a few days I asked Lila about the dancing situation.

She said, "The teacher told me that my mother would cool off, 'and you, Lila, are taking dancing.'"

Needless to say perhaps, but Lila's mother didn't cool off. In a few days I marched back to the Junior High and to the principal's office again.

"I am here for the same reason I called on you before," I informed him.

"Did you see the gym teacher?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

Then I related the tirade about teaching the modern way of life, about going nude in the room at college and about the mixed crowd at a party taking off their clothes. I also told how she told Lila she had to take dancing. (He knew I hadn't cooled off whether I had told him that or not.)

He talked to me some more, but I held my ground. He told me he had played some for dances and couldn't see any wrong in it, etc., etc.

Finally after talking awhile he said, "Mrs. Ford, out of 1300 students, you are the only parent brave enough to come and talk to me like you have. Lila is excused from dancing!!!"

I expressed my thanks and appreciation, then told him in a year and a half, I'd probably be back to see him as another daughter would be attending Junior High.

In a year and a half Shirley did start to that Junior High. One day I asked her about the dance situation.

"Mother," she said, "the gym teacher asked me if I had a sister named Lila. I told her, 'Yes'. The teacher said, 'You are excused from dancing class.'"

Parents, you do your part and God will do His.

Note: I asked Mother Frater (who was the greatest spiritual help to me) to pray that God would deal with Lila's gym teacher. She didn't teach in that school the following year.

* * *

Graduation

As a parent, I had looked forward to the day Lila would be graduated from High School. Now that her Big Day was near at hand, naturally I was wondering about how the modest formal dress and shoes would be provided. Again God reminded, "Be still and know that I am God." My prayer at this time was, "Lord, if you do not want Lila to be in the graduating exercises, would you please put it in her heart to be willing to withdraw on her own. That is if I am unable to get her the clothes."

A few days later Lila volunteered, "Mother, it doesn't matter whether I'm in the graduation exercises or not; I'll get my diploma and that is all that counts."

On the Sunday before graduation day, I was in Sunday School as usual. A young couple sat by me. Just for information, the young woman asked, "Have you bought Lila's graduation dress yet?"

"Not yet," I answered.

"We don't owe any bills and we want to get a gift for Lila. We would like to buy a dress for her," she stated with a twinkle. "Can you and Lila go to town, with my husband and me on Tuesday?"

"I'd rather not go, but you can ask Lila," was my thankful response.

So on Tuesday Lila came home from town with a beautiful modest yellow voile dress. I was surely grateful in my heart to God. My prayer continued, "Lord, now she needs shoes." Again, "Be still and know that I am God," came to me.

Wednesday night I wasn't able to attend prayer meeting. Lila returned from the service excitedly, "Mother, one of the girls at church handed me this \$10.00 bill and said, 'This is to buy shoes!'"

A pair of white shoes purchased the next morning completed the outfit for the evening event. Completed, did I say? Well, it was sufficient perhaps, but that afternoon a lavender orchid was wired to Lila from a friend in Texas.

Later a duplication almost occurred when her Dad called her to learn the color of her dress, for he wanted to get her a corsage. She told her Dad that she already had one. God hadn't allowed her Dad or me to have a part in her outfit.

Since the graduates could have only two tickets each to give to relatives or friends, I suggested that Lila give one to her Daddy and the other to Shirley.

Lila's dark eyes and brown hair set off the lovely yellow dress, complimented by the lavender orchid. As she and Shirley left for the graduation, I was happy to 'see Lila in the clothes God had supplied.

* * *

The Place of Intercession

Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well. (II Kings 4:26)

I heard Evangelist Fred Suffield preach on the subject "Is it well with thee, is it well with thy child, is it well with thy husband?"

We spent many summers or some weeks each year at my folks who owned a small hotel at Long Beach, Washington. Lila enjoyed the ocean and beach with her cousins. One evening the teen-age cousins were going to the theater. Lila was a Christian and didn't want to go, but the temptation was too strong so she yielded and went with the rest.

While she was gone, I prayed that the Lord would make her very miserable. When she came back, she told me, "Mother, I'm sorry I went. I was so miserable."

Thank the Lord for His faithfulness. How much are you willing to obey the Spirit? "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Years later when Lila's family were grown, she wrote to me:

"We think of you often, Mom. So many times I think of you and the wonderful heritage you gave us when you gave us Christian training. We know it was a heavy load you were carrying after Dad left. Just wished I had been mature enough to help you more. But again I say 'Thank you' for your patience, love and understanding with me."

* * *

A Soldier Pays His Vows

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not. (Jeremiah 33:3)

While he was in World War II, Don promised God that if he got back to the States alive, he would give his heart to God. Soon after his return he was in a revival meeting at the Open Door Mission where Evangelist V. W. Anglin was preaching. Since the Mission was on the main highway between downtown Tacoma and Fort Lewis, cars were speeding past the mission and would often backfire. Twice while in the service, Don who was extremely nervous, dove to the floor as the blasts occurred. He was under heavy conviction during the service.

He left the service to spend the night at his brother's home. In conversation Lauren asked Don, "What would you rather have than anything else in the world?"

"God," said Don.

"You can have Him tonight," said Lauren, and the two brothers knelt in earnest prayer.

Don took a partial package of cigarettes and threw them in the coal heater. He made some vows to God and about 2:00 a.m. he knew the joy of sins forgiven.

Several months after this God showed him a restitution he had to make. He was fearful, for there was the possibility that he would be put in jail. While he had been stationed at an army base in California, he and another soldier had stolen a car.

After he and Lila talked about his problem, they came to me one evening.

Don confessed, "God wants me to write to the Chief of Police and make it right. But I am afraid I may have to go to jail."

"What if you do have to go to jail?" I counseled. "Your conscience would be clear and you might be able to help someone else in jail."

After we prayed, I told him that God can work miracles.

He wrote the letter, then got cold feet and destroyed it. He wrote another letter and had Lila mail it because he was so nervous about it all.

Waiting for an answer from the Chief of Police meant days he really suffered. Finally the answer came and he hurriedly let Lila and me know what the contents were: "As far as the Police Department is concerned your slate is clear. We will, however, contact the owner and if he wants to press charges, you will have to suffer the consequences."

To have a clear slate with the Police encouraged Don's faith in God. So he waited for the car owner's reaction. Finally, the good news came, "All is clear."

You might know there were praises in our camp.

* * *

Healing

Who healeth all thy diseases. (Psalm 103:3b)

Lila was engaged to Donald Bozarth, a World War II machine gunner. She met him after he had returned to the states from the South Pacific. He came home a victim of malaria fever. He was nothing but skin and bones with that awful orange color caused by medicine. He was sent to several hospitals for treatment of the disease. The doctors finally told him that he would live a few years and then die as he was in bad condition.

I surely didn't want my girl to marry a sickly man. One August Monday night after the Mission service in South Tacoma, I felt led to ask Chester Tremaine, the young Free Methodist preacher who was speaking that evening, and his wife Dixie to go with me to Donald's folks and to pray for Donald.

Neither Lila nor Donald went to the service that evening because Don was coming down with another attack of malaria when he was hardly over the previous siege.

Chester, Dixie and I arrived. I asked Donald if he'd like to have prayer in behalf of his sickness.

"Yes, I would," was his earnest answer.

Chester prayed a simple, humble prayer and Don was instantly healed. It is now a number of years since that took place and he has never had a sign of malaria since then. Don gives God the glory.

* * *

Wedding Plans and the Wedding Day

"What do you wish me to do for your wedding, Lila?" I asked as Lila began to talk about her wedding.

"I would like you to help with the preparation for the reception," she replied.

"Where do you plan to have the reception?"

"In the basement of the church," she stated without any reservations.

"Well," I pronounced, "your Mother is out in helping then."

"That's where others have theirs," she reacted. "What's wrong with having it in the church basement?"

"The Bible says, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer.' Maybe others can, but I cannot. My convictions are against having the reception in the church basement."

"Where can we have the reception?" she asked, a bit desperate, for she and I realized we didn't have the money to rent a building and there would be quite a crowd.

I suggested that we have it at our house with just the wedding party and relatives. She agreed to this and all was settled. (This was one of six wedding receptions at our home.)

On the wedding day I asked her, "Did you tell your Dad where the reception is to be?"

"No," she said demurely, "I was afraid to tell him for fear he wouldn't come. I thought maybe you would tell him."

Since I hadn't seen my husband for a long, long time, I was even hesitant in going to the wedding under the circumstances.

I arrived about 15 minutes before the ceremony. I went directly to the basement where I faced my husband.

"Do you know where the reception is to be?" I asked.

"I suppose here in the basement or at the parsonage," he responded.

"No," I informed, "it is to be at our house. Will you come?"

"Oh sure, I'll be there."

Arriving at our place, he was really surprised to see the house all newly papered and the woodwork painted throughout the house. God had even supplied means to have the davenport covered.

Fred was a perfect host for the evening and seemed to enjoy being there after a number of years being away. We were happy he was there.

Born to this union, Lila and Donald, are three sons and one daughter.

Donald attended and graduated from Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho. He has taught school in Idaho and is now teaching in California.

Kenneth, their oldest son, once told me, "I didn't realize I was raised in a home of love until I was away and saw how others live."

They are presently active in a Nazarene Church in California.

* * *

A Battle for a Soul

For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray for you. . . .
(Colossians 1:9a)

I was visiting Lila and Donald when they lived in Vetville at Northwest Nazarene College. Donald was in his second or third year. I noticed and God revealed to me that he was not where he ought to be spiritually. I was concerned enough that when God asked me to fast, I did.

An earnest prayer will give the devil a black eye. Fasting will really put him on the run. I had been on many three-day fasts, but this was different. Don needed help from God and he was running away from God.

It isn't easy to fast in someone else's home, especially when that home is small. The weather was hot and that makes fasting harder. Three days went by without food or water. Four

days, five -- by this time God had asked, "Would you be willing to fast 10 days for Don?" I said, "Yes."

A revival meeting was on at the College. Donald had made the remark to someone that he wouldn't go to the altar because his mother-in-law was fasting. All I was doing was trying to be obedient to God and faithful to Don's soul.

The last Sunday of the revival was my tenth day without food or water. Needless to say, I was weak and nauseated. This was the night Don went to the altar and ploughed through.

God forbid that I should take any glory, but I do know God works through human instrumentality.

* * * * *

Shirley Saved

Under the ministry of Evangelist Fred Suffield at a revival in a country church near Tacoma, Shirley was saved at the age of ten.

While I was praying at the altar with some of the number of seekers, I happened to see Shirley sitting on a front bench crying. I knew God was dealing with her. She testifies that she was saved that night. Praise His Name!

She is now married to Gordon Beizar, a graduate of Northwest Nazarene College and Nazarene Seminary at Kansas City, Missouri. He has pastored churches in North Dakota, Texas, and Idaho. At present he is pastoring in Washington.

They have seven children who are being brought up around the family altar. A son and a daughter are now enrolled at Northwest Nazarene College.

* * *

Little Black Purse

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. (Proverbs 3:5, 6)

Brother V. W. Anglin, pastor of the small mission work at Coquille, Oregon, felt led to ask me to come and help in another revival there. After praying, I knew it was God's will.

Now, I had to find a Christian home where Shirley could stay for the two weeks I would be gone. I sought God's advice and help on Monday morning in prayer. While waiting on God I was impressed to go see some friends, Brother and Sister Joe Chess. I walked to their home and related my request, "I feel that God would have me to leave Shirley with you while I am working in the revival at Coquille. I will pay you for her board and room.

Elated, they told me, "Just this morning at family altar, we asked God what we could do for Sister Ford and Shirley. This is it! We will keep Shirley and won't accept any money for keeping her."

All I can say is, "God works at both ends and everything dovetails into place." That Monday evening we took Shirley's clothes and books to the Chesses who lived close enough to the school so that Shirley could save bus fare.

With my suitcase packed, I was ready to leave on the Tuesday afternoon bus in order to arrive at Coquille for the first service. But, I had no money for the bus fare (\$8.85). I had no prospects of any money coming in, but I knew God would supply.

Using my own thoughts, I planned to attend the Pierce County Holiness Association meeting at the Salvation Army that morning. I would be only two blocks from the bus depot. Perhaps somehow God would supply the transportation through someone at the meeting.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." (Isaiah 55:8, 9)

But God directed me to the bus depot. "Buy your ticket first and then go to the meeting." Obediently, I went to the bus depot. In the ladies room, I prayed mentally, "Lord, I am here at the bus depot and have no money to buy the ticket."

"Look in your little black purse inside your big purse," were further directions from God.

Imagine my surprise when I found \$10.00, a greenback, in the little black purse. But this was my tithe purse. I was a bit puzzled for a moment. True there had been times I had received \$100.00 in a complete sum, and \$10.00 was then placed in the tithe purse. But such had not been the case recently. Besides I was certain that no tithe was in the purse for I always placed the tithe in proper channels as I received it.

God assured me as I looked at the \$10 that I was to buy the one-way ticket. After receiving the change, I placed \$1.00 in the little black purse as tithe. With the fifteen cents I bought salted peanuts or popcorn to nibble on as I traveled.

Elated how God had supplied, but in a quandary how that money had got in my little black purse, I went to the Salvation Army to the Holiness Association meeting.

"I have something new right off God's press," I testified during testimony time. I related the events concerning finding a place for Shirley to stay and my personal need and how God had supplied.

Spontaneously, an elderly retired Methodist preacher exhorted, "This is what is wrong with us today. We don't have faith in God. We need that simple faith and trust in God that Sister Ford has just expressed."

I boarded the bus that afternoon and arrived on schedule time.

My work was unto God and for seven years God tested me. I could not accept any remuneration for my services. God supplied the return fare and at the close of the revival, I returned to Tacoma. I was happy to see Shirley, who to this day says she is glad she had stayed at the home of Joe and Emma Chess.

For a couple of years I was still no wiser how that \$10.00 got into my little black tithe purse. After telling the experience at a church service one evening, Mrs. Bozarth, mother of my son-in-law, asked me, "Did you ever find out who put that \$10.00 in your purse?"

"No, but I wish I knew," I replied.

"Well," she confided, "when you were at my house one day, you left the room and your big purse was on the buffet. My daughter, Delta (whose husband was in Germany at the time), seeing the purse said, 'You know, Mother, I have this \$10.00 and I feel led to put it in Sister Ford's purse.' So she opened up your big purse and seeing the little black purse put the money in it. She didn't know it was your tithe purse."

Was I ever happy to know how the \$10.00 got in the little black purse.

* * *

God, Shirley and I

If God be for us, who can be against us? (Romans 8:31)

When Shirley was taking sewing at Lincoln High School in Tacoma, Washington, she came home one day with an assignment calling for material for a suit. There was no money so we made our request known to God in prayer.

In a few days I received \$10.00. Withholding \$1.00 tithe, I gave Shirley \$9.00 for the material for the suit.

Trudging from store to store shopping for material, Shirley found only one piece of material for the price of \$9.00. She came home disappointed and without the material for she didn't like the piece she had found. "Do you suppose God would send in some more money?" she pressed.

After a moment's thought, I counseled, "No, I believe that \$9.00 is all God will supply for the material. So you better go back to town and get it."

Reluctantly, but obediently, she purchased the material. At first sight of the material, I didn't like it either, but I didn't tell her my opinion. Prayerfully I said, "That is the material God supplied. God's blessing is on it. The suit will turn out all right."

In due time the suit was completed. One day Shirley burst into the house excitedly announcing, "Mother, what do you know? My suit was chosen the best from the sewing class. It is on display in the showcase in the hall where the several thousand students view it every day."

Naturally, I had praise in my heart to God. The suit always looked nice on Shirley. She even learned to like the material and the color. The words of Sister Fred Suffield's song, "Little is much when God is in it," were proven true one more time.

* * *

Cooperation

Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice. (I Samuel 15:22)

"Have thine own way, Lord,
Have thine own way
Mold me and make me after thy will."

Shirley was about to complete her Junior year in High School in Tacoma, Washington. For eleven years of her life she had formed friendships with classmates since her first year in school. Just as she was anticipating her Senior year, I was faced with a challenge from the Lord through Brother Anglin at Coquille, Oregon. This time he was requesting Shirley's time as well as mine for the whole year.

He stipulated my duties would include keeping the slivery church floors clean, being the pianist, building up the Sunday School which would mean a lot of "walkin', knockin', and talkin'" from door to door.

"There will be no salary," he stated. (His salary was the Sunday morning offering ranging from \$3.00 to \$6.00.) "We can offer nothing fancy, but will furnish board and room for you and Shirley. Shirley can have noon lunch at the parsonage as the high school is only a block from the parsonage. There are no young folk in the church."

As most parents would, I thought about Shirley. Would it be the thing to do to take her away from her lifetime friends to a strange community for her Senior year? What effect would a life in home mission work without Christian friends her age have on Shirley? Well, what would you like to decide for your teen-ager?

All these questions as well as others bore upon me as I waited before God for the witness. I still had not revealed the problem to Shirley. I came to the place where I could pray, "Not my will but thine be done." Regardless of children, relatives, friends and even church folks not understanding, each must mind God as an individual.

After pushing aside everything, even my own desires, and still praying, "Not my will but thine be done," I finally knew it was God's will to take up stakes and go.

Now, to approach Shirley with the challenging assignment from God. In May I told her about Coquille. I presented all the bad points that might affect her.

So sweetly she spoke, "Mother, if that is God's will for us, it's all right with me."

Those were joyous words to my ears. If we were to be there a year, I didn't want to be there six months and then decide to do something.

As I prayerfully made plans for our departure, I felt strongly impressed to take Vacation Bible School material with me. Frightened to a certain extent, for heretofore I had only helped in a Bible School in a church near our home, the more I prayed and thought about it the more certain I became that God was leading. So it was that when Shirley and I boarded the Greyhound Bus, we had Vacation Bible School material along with the suitcases.

Soon after we had been made comfortable by the kind efforts of Brother and Sister Anglin, I approached Brother Anglin about having a Vacation Bible School.

"Fine, fine!" he exclaimed. "Do anything you feel led to do to get children in Sunday School."

By the way, I didn't tell him I knew nothing about directing a school. He might have hesitated -- Oh me!

With the pastor's consent and the material on hand, I set up plans that mid June would be my first Vacation Bible School. I had purchased the book, "The Blood Line" and had some plans for handcraft and choruses. I also had three dependable teachers to assist me.

There were only about twelve regular attendants in the Sunday School. We wanted to build up Sunday School attendance. So the only thing to do was to go out and find boys and girls. That we did. We found a number of children who were not attending Sunday School.

Among the children found was little five-year-old Eleanora. I had met her mother when I was calling for previous work in the community. When I stopped to ask if Eleanora could come to the Vacation Bible School, she was negative, for she felt that Eleanora was too young to go alone. When I offered to have my girl come to get her and to take her home at noon, she gave consent.

Little Eleanora enjoyed the Bible School and started coming to Sunday School regularly. Soon two younger sisters joined her and later her parents were saved and became active in the Nazarene Church. Eleanora's Daddy was the church treasurer for a number of years. After graduation from high school, Eleanora attended Cascade College in Portland, Oregon, and married a Christian young man.

Other new families of this group later became regular attendants in Sunday School.

A program and display of handcraft climaxed the wonderful days with the boys and girls. We closed out with an enrollment of 56. God had helped in every way to supply the needs of the school. Shirley enjoyed teaching the Juniors and they enjoyed her.

That year proved to be a great year in the Lord. Shirley made the adjustment well and testified that it had been a good year in her school life. She has happy memories and appreciation for the year spent in the Coquille High School.

Before we made our departure, we conducted another Vacation Bible School.

* * *

Lipstick?

Shirley had been leading the singing for the church services in the Coquille Church of the Nazarene, pastored by Rev. V. W. Anglin.

One day Brother Anglin called me into conference. "You know," he enlightened, "I have strong convictions and no one works in my church unless he is on top spiritually. Even though you and Shirley are doing good work, things have to be done right."

I agreed, not knowing what his purpose was.

"Now, you know," he continued, "we appreciate Shirley and her leading singing and singing solos. But getting to the point, I want to know -- does she use lipstick? Her lips are so red," he added. "If she uses lipstick, she can't lead singing in this church."

Appreciating his stand, I was most happy to inform him that she did not use lipstick. Her lips had always been quite red since she was a baby. I was glad he had brought up the subject so that everything was in the clear.

* * *

Trip to Long Beach, Washington

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose. (Romans 8:28)

By the time Shirley had completed one year at Northwest Nazarene College, she returned to Tacoma, too sick to go to work as she had planned. In August, recuperating from illness, she began to feel that a stay at Long Beach with Aunt Eva would help her gain her strength. I knew that a visit at Long Beach would be a tonic for her, but felt checked in writing to ask for the privilege.

Aunt Eva owned the Rainbow Cottages which were rented to tourists during the summer.

One day soon after Shirley's wish had been made known, I was praying. I told God if there was someone or some church needing help, I was willing to go to help.

In just a few days came a long distance call from Long Beach, Washington. It was my sister, Lillian, from Vancouver, Canada, who was visiting Aunt Eva.

"Aunt Eva is sick," she began, "and needs help with the cottage work. I have to get back to my own family. Could you, Lue, come and help Aunt Eva?"

"Yes, I'll come," I answered readily. Then I mentioned Shirley's condition.

"Just a minute," interrupted Lillian as she related to Aunt Eva the facts concerning Shirley. "Aunt Eva says, 'Bring Shirley along as the beach will do her good.'"

Thrilled, Shirley and I hurriedly packed our suitcases and were on our way.

Lillian, who had waited until our arrival, was curious. "Lue," she said, "I want to ask you a question. How come you answered, 'yes' right away when I asked you to come to help Aunt Eva? Always you've said that you must pray about what you did and where you went."

"This time I had prayed first and asked God to have someone call if he needed help. As soon as I heard your request, I knew it was God's will so answered, 'yes'."

Needless to say, I was very busy. Shirley began gaining weight and strength. Soon she was looking like her old self again and Aunt Eva was on the mend, also.

* * *

No Finances for Second Year at N.N.C. -- God Cares

Restored to health, Shirley was able to fulfill her promise to a college friend to be bridesmaid at her wedding in Yakima, Washington. Because of her summer illness, however, she was not able to return to college that fall. After our return to Tacoma from the wedding, Shirley was anxiously wanting to find work. Aunt Eva was expecting me to return to Long Beach to help a while longer.

Merl and Alvina Johnson, Christian friends, were living downstairs in my house. They offered to board Shirley, who had a room upstairs, while I was gone.

Preparing to leave that Friday night I encouraged Shirley that I knew God would give her work. Alvina and Merl felt the same way. It was hard to leave that night for Shirley was somewhat broken up and sobbed, "Mother, I don't like to see you go. You have no home and are always doing for others." But I knew it was God's will for me to go and help Aunt Eva.

In the first letter from Shirley, she was able to report she was working in the Loan Department at the Puget Sound National Bank and that she liked the work. She worked through the year and was able to return to Northwest Nazarene College the following September.

* * *

Driver's License

At the close of her second year of college, Shirley was again looking for a job.

Mr. and Mrs. Westerlund were friends of ours in Astoria, Oregon. Mr. Westerlund was in charge of hiring help at a fish cannery. He called us in Nampa, Idaho, and offered work to Shirley in the cannery.

In a few days, Shirley and I were on a Greyhound Bus headed for the beautiful city of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia. But lo, when we arrived, no work was available because of a strike in the fishing business.

Brother and Sister Gregory rented a one-room apartment to us. Compact and cozy, it overlooked the great Columbia where large steamer ships from foreign countries pass by. We were grateful to the Gregory's for taking us in and waiting for payment of rent until Shirley gained employment.

With 10 cents between Shirley and me and the food supply low, there was no need to get up early -- no work and little food to prepare.

On Saturday evening Shirley expressed that she wasn't going to Sunday School and Church because it was too far to walk. It would take about 40 minutes each way.

"I plan to walk, Shirley. I think you should also," I urged. But she insisted it was too far. Much concerned, I asked God to do something about it.

About 8:00 P.M. that evening, Sister Gregory came and asked, "Shirley, do you drive a car?"

Meekly Shirley acknowledged, "A little. I have an Idaho license." (That didn't mean much as all one had to do in those days in Idaho was to go to the Police Station, answer a few questions, pay \$2.00 and he received the license.)

"My husband is sick," Sister Gregory explained. "He will be unable to drive the station wagon. There are children we pick up for the services he conducts at the church about ten miles away. Since he is not able to take care of the services (he was the pastor) will you, Mrs. Ford, give a talk? And Shirley, will you drive the station wagon?"

In spite of misgivings about Shirley's driving, Mrs. Gregory and I were passengers the next morning. I knew Shirley knew little about driving so I prayed all the way. How happy I was as the Lord protected when we picked up children and arrived for Sunday School safely.

God blessed as I talked on "faith" -- my own faith being tested on finances.

We were thankful for a safe return home

With no reason to get up early the next morning, we stayed in bed late. About 10:00 a.m. a knock at the door announced a visit from Mrs. Gregory. Entering at our bid, she brought in some things to eat -- vegetables and milk. Getting up and appraising the gift of food, we found a \$5.00 bill under the milk bottle. It looked good to us. I knew, however, I had to return the \$5.00 to Sister Gregory. It was not easy to convince her that I could accept the food, but not the money. "God told me to give it back to you, so I have to obey. God will supply another somehow."

In the mail a few days later I received a \$5.00 bill in a letter. I rejoiced as I let her know God had supplied. God knoweth how to do all things well. Praise His Name!

* * *

Fantastic Christmas 1967

When circumstances deprive one of the privilege of family gatherings at Christmas time or any other time, for twenty-one years, one becomes immune to the thought of ever being together again. Such was my case, although I longed to be with my three on special occasions.

In September while I was working on a mosaic picture for Eugene, I wondered how I could get it to him when it was completed. In October of 1967 while I was praying I felt I should have Christmas with my three and their families. The very thought of that was beyond words. I let it pass from my mind. Each time I would have personal devotions, this would come to my attention. This was an impossibility as far as I was concerned -- the way I live. Perhaps it could be worked out at one of the children's homes -- one lived in Washington and two were in different cities in California.

But that thought soon vanished when it was made quite plain that I should invite all three families to Boise. I tried to explain to God my predicament. It would be impossible to have them come to me! God knew how I'd lived these many years. He knew all about my predicament. He specializes in impossibilities.

"Got any rivers you think are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
God specializes in things thought impossible
For He can do what no other power can do."

Needless to say I certainly had mixed emotions. It would be wonderful, but I wanted to be sure. The mountain looked so big. I tried to forget about it, but every time I prayed, it was there! Finally about the first week in November, 1967, I knew it was God's will to invite them.

In order to get the three invitations that were most appropriate, I had to buy a whole package. The outside of the invitation wasn't too attractive, but it had a picture of several cars on a road with heads of boys and girls protruding out the windows. It said, "Come to our house." This I changed to, "Come to my abode." Inside the invitations I filled in: "Where" -- Boise, Idaho; for Christmas Holidays; signed Mom Ford.

I sealed the envelopes, addressed one to each family, put a stamp on each envelope and put all of them in the mailbox. When I dropped them in the box, I did it in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Spirit.

After the invitations were on their way, I was almost hoping none would accept. Not that I didn't want them to come, but every way I looked at this it all seemed so very impossible. If they all came there would be twenty-one of them.

Since I just had a room where could I put so many? What could I feed so many? Where could I put them to sleep? God knoweth how! I hadn't mentioned to anyone my problem before I mailed the invitations.

Proverbs 3:6 says, "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." I was praying after I mailed the invitations and said, "Lord, I need a place to put them. What can I do?"

One evening I felt led to let the Reynolds know what I had done. Then I asked if I could use the three-room basement apartment. It had never been rented out. It was furnished even with a washing machine. Mr. Reynolds said I could use it. It took me quite a number of hours to get cobwebs off the walls and ceiling and get it livable. Soon news got out what I had done. Other friends said I could sleep some of them in their homes if they came.

Eugene was the first to answer the invitation personally. His wife usually does the letter writing. He said "I could count on the Fords."

Lila wrote and said when they first read the invitation they thought I was joking. Then after reading it several times they knew I was serious. She said they would come if they could arrange to get a different car. (God worked in a wonderful way for them to get a good car.)

Shirley's answer came, saying they would come on Christmas Day. Now, what can I feed twenty-one? God really was doing things. It was thrilling to see how God was working. God supplied 70 pounds of potatoes, nearly a full box of apples, 20-pound turkey, a 10-pound ham, and all kinds of canned goods, groceries and much more. Kenneth, my grandson, who was a music major student at Northwest Nazarene College, came when the college Christmas vacation started. So he was happy to see how God was supplying.

Even a new electric sweeper was loaned to me as well as bedding and cooking utensils. One young couple went to the hills to get three Christmas trees -- one for her mother, one for themselves, and a beautiful bushy 10-foot tree for me. With some Christmas money sent to me I bought lights and other trimmings for the tree as well as other incidentals. An artificial fireplace was soon decorated with fifteen stockings -- one for each grandchild's name on each.

Christmas cards received from relatives and friends were taped to the bedroom door, on one wall of the living room and some on the frame of a long mirror.

Before any of the families had arrived, I had baked different kinds of cookies by the hundreds, made two popcorn cakes, popcorn balls, pies, nut breads, and last but not least a large steamed carrot pudding which had always been a "must" at our house when my three were growing up.

Mr. Reynolds, a mechanic, said to me one day, if you can afford to give me \$20.00 to buy a 1957 car, another mechanic, Jim Chandler and I will fix it up.

The car looked terrible, but after praying I felt I should get it. After several hours the mechanics had the car ready for me. Equipped with a heater, a radio, seat covers and good tires it was ready for my chauffeur Kenneth. It certainly was a blessing at that time. Later \$20.00 was given to me, so the car didn't cost me anything.

With everything in readiness, Kenneth and I waited for the three families to arrive. I am sure no home in America had more of a Christmas atmosphere than that apartment. At about 6:00 p.m. December 23rd Lila, Don, Kathleen and Jonathan arrived. Don, Jr. couldn't come because of a job. A fried chicken dinner was waiting for them. I had baked a birthday cake for Don, my son-in-law. Lila's large brown eyes sparkled when I opened the door. After a moment she said, "It's so Christmasy in here, Mom."

Sunday evening was the Christmas program at the Mission where I had been working with boys and girls. Kenneth sang "The Holy City" accompanied by his sister, Kathleen.

After the program we went to the airport to welcome Eugene, Dorothy, Phyllis, Priscilla, Eugene Jr. and Allen who had flown from San Francisco. Christmas Day Shirley, Gordon, Marvin, Susan, Nancy, Pamela, Vicki, Timothy and Greg arrived.

After turkey dinner, we opened presents that were around and under the tree.

To celebrate Shirley's birthday, December 26, and Dorothy, my daughter-in-law's birthday, December 31, we planned a noon meal at the King's Table, a large smorgasbord restaurant in Boise. When I called for reservations, the reservation girl said, "A party of 25 has just canceled." When we entered, the manager told me, Well let you use the Gold Room. We do charge for the use of this room, but you can have it 'FREE'!" It was a beautiful room. It was a great time for the fourteen grandchildren.

I could say much more, but I believe Eugene described all this best the morning he was slicing ham for breakfast. Just he and I were in the kitchen preparing food when he said, "Mom, this is all 'fantastic'." I told my three I didn't want them to forget how God supplied after their Dad left. God is the same yesterday, today and forever. Christmas 1967 will be long remembered by all twenty-one. It was a real highlight in my life.

All twenty-one slept under the same roof. The Reynolds let us use two bedrooms upstairs. Five grandsons slept in sleeping bags on the apartment living room floor. I borrowed two rollaway beds. I turned my room into a Girl's Dormitory. Four granddaughters were in my room with me. One night I fell over suitcases and shoes. More fun!

I had lots of food left after the families left for their homes. I put on three dinners for families who had been good to me through the years. I also had a luncheon for around ten guests. I say all this to let you know God knoweth how to do things in a big way.

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THE END