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SIN CITY MIRACLE
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Figuring from internal evidence,
this book was apparently published
in 1984.

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All the many committed missionaries, and their sacrificial supporters, who have labored
and are laboring so faithfully to help spread the Gospel of Christ to the ends of the earth, this
booklet is gratefully dedicated.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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booklet. Special thanks are due to Ruth A. Johnston, Naomi W. Rhodes, and Patricia J. Hill for
invaluable suggestions and many hours of help given in the proofreading and editing.

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FOREWORD

This booklet is the story of how God took a spiritually untaught orphan from the midst of
the evils of a notoriously wicked city and, having redeemed him, called him to preach the glorious

Gospel of Christ in many places around the world. This story attests once again the truth of the power of God's amazing grace to save, and cleanse, and make a life yielded to Him useful in His Kingdom.

This biography is sent forth with a prayer that some inspiration from its pages will bless those who read. We also trust that it may inspire some young people to make an unreserved commitment of their lives to Christ's plan for them -- perhaps in a part of God's great harvest field where the laborers are fewest. Its main purpose is to glorify the God of miracles, who has done so much for us, in whatever way He may be able to use it. Perhaps our great Savior may work yet another miracle and make this far-from-perfect labor of love a blessing to someone, somewhere who needs encouragement.

We have striven for accuracy of presentation, although in certain areas we have had to depend upon memory where there were gaps in our written records. We are grateful to all the impossible-to-name wonderful people whose lives have contributed to our lives and so enriched ours and set the scenes as to make this narrative possible. This is your story as well as ours. Most of all, it is an account of the marvelous redeeming grace and miracle-working power of the true and living God whom we send it forth to glorify.

-- Eunice W. and Lonnie W. Barbee

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1

SIN CITY

For years it was known as "Little Chicago" because of its crime and corruption. Later it was called "Sin City" and its story made into a Hollywood movie entitled "Sin City, U.S.A." It is a dot on the United States map in the state of Alabama, just across the Chattahoochee River from Columbus, Georgia near which Fort Benning, the world's largest infantry training school, is located. This fact contributed its share to the lawless, wicked atmosphere of Phenix City, Alabama at that time.

Often in those days, before the clean-up of later years, the soldiers from Fort Benning took their paychecks across the river to the Phenix City dives of drink, gambling, and other pleasures -- and some never returned! The military police sent out to search for them never found them nor any trace of how they disappeared. It is thought that the Chattahoochee River could tell many tales if it could talk!

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2

ORPHAN FAMILY

In the midst of this situation, in nearby Columbus, lived William and Hattie Barbee and their family of six boys. They were ordinary respected citizens. But one day into this happy family, tragedy struck when the beautiful mother just 30 years of age died of pneumonia. The two youngest boys, twins named Lonnie and Johnnie, were just eighteen months old. This booklet is the story of how Lonnie's life became a miracle of God's amazing grace, the God who is no respecter of persons and is able to save to the uttermost! One never knows what potential lies within an ordinary child's breast, nor what he can become, if that life is directed by an all-wise Heavenly Father.

The father was later married to Clara Herron, and a baby girl, Ruth, entered the picture. About this time, also, the family moved across the river to Phenix City, Alabama. Then one day tragedy struck again! When Lonnie was seven years of age, he vividly remembers sitting on the steps of the family home when news was passed along the street that someone had just died. The black cook turned to him and said, "Honey, could that be your daddy they're talking about?" With a dagger of fear in his little heart, he ran as fast as possible several blocks to the family-owned cafe, where he found his father lying on the floor dead of a heart attack at the age of 38. The stepmother was ill and died soon after. Ruth was reared by her mother's people, and the boys became separated from their sister until later years when they were grown.

Thus the six orphaned boys, ranging in age from seven to 19, were left to fend for themselves in the unwholesome atmosphere of Phenix City during the early part of the twentieth century. Kind friends suggested that the younger children be placed in an orphanage, but the older ones said, "No, we'll stick together." So with no parents to guide them, they "stuck together." Consequently, through the years Lonnie has always felt a special closeness with his family. The older brothers, Edgar and Harry, 19 and 17 years of age, worked to support the family; the 15-year-old brother, Claude, kept house; and the three younger children, Jesse, 11, and the twins, Johnnie and Lonnie, seven, went to school. As the younger children grew older, they helped out with various jobs, and all the brothers learned to cook and keep house. Lonnie worked at various odd jobs, including Postal-Telegraph messenger boy, department store elevator boy, and drugstore delivery boy. Then he became a printer by trade. During this time he read a great deal, which became a significant factor in his education and indirectly proved helpful in his later ministry. The oldest brother, Edgar, eventually married, and his wife, Nannie, came to join them as they all continued to live together in the family home.

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THE DOWNWARD ROAD

In the unwholesome surroundings of Phenix City wickedness and without mature adult supervision, Lonnie, being naturally venturesome, managed to get into more than his share of childhood scrapes. He recalls once having to scamper to the ditch for protection from the policemen's bullets as they chased a fleeing criminal down the street where he and his friends were playing. From his home at night he could sometimes see the burning crosses of the Ku Klux Klan as they held their sinister meetings not far away on Ku Klux Hill.

As Lonnie grew older, enticed by the fleeting "pleasures of sin" and accompanied by the always-available sinful companions, he became entwined deeper and deeper in the quagmire of evil until he was held fast by its chains. He soon became bound by the tobacco habit, drinking and dealing in strong drink, dancing, gambling, stealing, immorality, hoboing, and other vices. These activities placed him in various dangerous situations from which God's mercy extricated him despite the hazards to which he heedlessly subjected himself. Once while hoboing, as he attempted to jump from a moving freight, his foot was caught in the ladder he was descending, causing him to be thrown fearfully close to the grinding wheels of the train. To him this was a vividly frightening experience, but it did not deter his thrill-seeking behavior. On another occasion, a man threw him into the river while he was in a drunken stupor, and he knew nothing of it until the next day. Then there was the night his group instigated a fight in which one of their number was stabbed. Surely, during those days of riotous living, God's merciful hand was protecting him, although at the time he was unaware of it.

Lonnie's hoboing took place during the Great Depression of the 1930's when many, many jobless men were riding the rails from place to place, ostensibly looking for work. Merchandise cars were being broken into, so armed railroad detectives carrying sawed-off shotguns sometimes rode the trains. Once he and his friends were apprehended, searched at gunpoint, warned to stay

away from the rails, and released. They scampered to the bushes and hid until the train began to move again. Then they emerged and caught that same train into the next town. To obtain food, they sometimes followed the milkman as he made his early-morning rounds and stole the products left on the porches for his customers. Other times, they scrounged for food wherever and however they could find it, including begging, working, and joining public bread lines.

However, since God can make the wrath of man to praise Him, Lonnie, as yet wholly unaware of God's purpose for his life, was early being trained to "rough it," survive, and feel at home in varied situations. This capacity enabled him to adapt in a subsequent life of strenuous service in evangelism and missionary travels for more than half a century.

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THE BEGINNING MIRACLE

Lonnie often became disgusted with himself and tried to reform and break the sinful habits he had acquired, but all to no avail. If anyone ever "cared for his soul" or prayed for him with a real spiritual soul burden, he never knew of it. His youth was largely devoid of spiritual training and knowledge of God's Word. He had no family altar nor spiritual praying parents to guide him. At mealtime, however, thanks was returned for the food, and as a child his oldest brother took him to Sunday school and church. But as he grew older, he grew away from this habit and attended only occasionally.

Lonnie vividly remembers being taken once to a religious service where he saw some people with shining faces rejoicing and praising God in such a manner that his childish heart was made hungry for God. However, as no one noticed, and he did not know how to seek God, this feeling passed. But he never forgot that look of joy in the glowing faces he saw that day! If someone had known and led him into an experience of grace at that time, he would have been spared the years of sinful living he experienced later.

On another occasion, while he was still young, God spoke to his heart when little William, his oldest brother's child, died. Having helped to care for William, he was very fond of him and was much saddened by his death. At that time he had a feeling that he wanted to "be good and live right."

When he was only a small boy, someone taught Lonnie to pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep," and when he came home from a night of drunken revelry, or even in a railroad boxcar as he traveled with other hoboes, he could never go to sleep without silently repeating this childhood prayer. So the Holy Spirit faithfully pursued him, speaking in various ways to his sinful heart. And always there was that aching void which nothing seemed to satisfy!

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THE MIRACLE OF GRACE

Thus, at the age of 20, having lived under deep conviction for sin for some time, and pursued by the Spirit of God Who never forgot him, Lonnie found himself one Sunday night an earnest seeker at an altar of prayer in a little Congregational Christian Church not far from his home. It seemed to him that he could see the Savior gazing down into his sinful soul with a look of tender compassion, and he became exceedingly sick of his wicked past. This church was not perfect by any means, but thank God there was still a little Gospel light amidst all the wickedness of Sin City that the darkness had not been able to extinguish! This church, no longer standing, provided the altar where he knelt before Almighty God, repented sincerely, and arose a new creature in Christ Jesus with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" flooding his soul! The power of sinful habits was broken at last, and he left that hallowed spot with the longing in his soul completely satisfied!

His sinful companions said he would last about two weeks before he would be back among them. He soon realized, however, that if he were going with God, he would have to say good-bye to these sinful companions. So he parted company, while most of them went on their hell-bent ways to tragic endings. One of these friends served time in prison for shooting a man; another, a hobbing companion, served time in the Alabama State Penitentiary for killing one man and crippling another for life in the gambling joint he operated; another, a bootlegging crony, died in the state penitentiary, being so incorrigible that he was punished until he expired; another died in the state hospital for the insane, a victim of a social disease. A similar fate could well have awaited Lonnie if he had continued the downward road he had been traveling, but at the age of 20 he responded to the call of God to follow Him and seek a better way. Having lived a very wicked life, there was much back-tracking to be done and much restitution to be made, but as he obeyed, he found God's grace to be all-sufficient. That was more than 52 years ago, and not once has he ignored any light that God has given him.

So enthusiastic was he with his new-found joy and freedom, that the first year after his conversion Lonnie averaged attending religious services somewhere about five nights per week. Wherever he found an opportunity he testified of the great things God had done for his soul. He gradually realized that God was calling him to be a preacher of this glorious Gospel which had so transformed his life. Oh the enduring mercy, the unexcelled love, the boundless grace, and the amazing divine humility that could condescend to stoop, to arrest, and deliver a spiritually-untaught orphan, enmeshed in the evils of a wicked city, and transform him into a clean vessel of light to bear the glad tidings of salvation around the world!

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MIRACULOUS CALL TO THE MINISTRY

Shortly after his conversion, Lonnie joined a little pioneer Wesleyan Methodist Church that had been organized near his home. It was there that he learned the Biblical doctrine of true holiness inwrought by the Spirit in the heart of the believer through the cleansing blood of Jesus

Christ. This little pioneer church did not long survive in the wicked indifferent atmosphere of Phenix City, but God in His infinite wisdom provided this spiritual lighthouse long enough for Lonnie to become an established Christian.

It was this church also that, recognizing the extraordinary evidence of the hand of God upon his life, asked him if he would accept a license to preach and a recommendation to the Alabama Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Thus, he attended his first state conference in October, 1933 at Mentone, Alabama where he was given Conference Preacher's License and was baptized by immersion at a cold outdoor baptismal site atop Lookout Mountain. Of course he had already been witnessing and preaching spontaneously ever since his glorious conversion. This he continued to do in street evangelism, in prisons, in various churches, and wherever opportunity presented itself.

During this time he conducted his first regular revival meeting in the North Highlands Congregational Christian Church of Columbus, Georgia, and the second revival in the large First Church of the Nazarene, also of Columbus, Georgia. The call and hand of God were so evidently upon him from the beginning that the story of his life and ministry has been one of constantly-opening doors to ever-larger fields of labor long before he felt qualified by study or experience for such responsibilities. But since the open doors were God's doing and not his own, he entered trembling but trusting and determined to do his best for God.

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MIRACULOUS DIRECTION

Our tomorrows are the product of all our yesterdays. Whether we recognize it or not, every decision and every act of each day affects in some manner all of one's subsequent life. There are times, however, when a seemingly insignificant decision may change the whole course of one's life, although he may be unaware of it at the time.

At this significant juncture of Lonnie's life, such a decision was made by him. He concluded the scheduled revival at the First Church of the Nazarene on a Sunday night in August, 1934. The meeting had been so successful that he was asked to continue the services for another week. This seemed like a fruitful opportunity, but as he had already promised Sergeant W. H. Corn of Fort Benning, Georgia that he would accompany him to Hortense, Georgia to attend his first camp-meeting, he felt impressed that he should keep his promise.

At this camp-meeting two significant things occurred which were destined to affect the rest of his life and ministry. (1) He met and began courtship with the young lady who was later to become his wife. If they had not met on this occasion, circumstances made it unlikely that they would ever have had such opportunity again. (2) Plans were made and a way provided for him to begin his ministerial training at Central Wesleyan College, Central, South Carolina. Sergeant Corn pledged to pay the first fifty dollars toward his school expense. Lonnie's twin brother promised some help. Also, a couple of revival meetings opened up in South Georgia which provided some extra funds. This made him late entering school but enabled him to register for that fall session.

Accordingly, Lonnie returned to Phenix City, packed his trunk, and was off to pursue his education, directed by God. His chief resource was faith, for such promised help as he received was only temporary. Faith was an absolutely necessary ingredient in those days, for this was during the Great Depression of the 1930's when jobs were mostly unavailable and money very, very scarce. This young generation which has never lived through a great depression (not recession) has no experience by which to comprehend the stark financial terror of those days following the financial crash of 1929. Banks closed their doors; people lost their savings; businesses went bankrupt suddenly; millionaires were made paupers and plunged into debt overnight; suicides were rampant; property was lost by default and sometimes just inability to pay taxes; jobs disappeared; and many heads of families could find no work. There were no welfare checks. no social security, no unemployment insurance, nor many other social services we take for granted today. Charity was purely that -- charity by whoever could and would take pity on someone needy -- but there was not enough to go around!

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MIRACULOUS PROVISIONS

Even a depression of that serious nature, however, was no problem for our God; so He sent His young servant off to school to prepare for the ministry. Lonnie did his own cooking at first to save on expenses; nevertheless, his first provided funds soon dwindled, and he had to resort to his resource of faith in our God, who can provide a way where there is no way, when we obey Him. Through various miscellaneous sources God sent in food, and he managed to stay in school until the Christmas holidays.

Lonnie did not wish to contract a debt which he saw no possibility of paying, so he told school President John Frank Childs that he saw no way he could return to school after the holidays. He hitch-hiked home to Alabama where cash Christmas gifts of seven or eight dollars were given him. Satan suggested that he send for his trunk and give up the idea of returning to school as impossible. However, God said, "Return!" So he did, not knowing where the money was coming from to meet his expenses.

God did not fail him! In fact, God provided a variety of sources of help which Lonnie had no way of foreseeing. A fifty-dollar gift from a sainted widow in Asheville, North Carolina provided immediate temporary relief. Then, Central Wesleyan College decided to set up its own printing shop for printing the school paper and catalogue. Because of his experience as a printer, Lonnie was placed in charge and paid 30 cents an hour. This was double the 15 cents-an-hour wage paid by the school for ordinary unskilled student labor. Later, he was appointed pastor of the Welcome Wesleyan Methodist Church of the North Georgia Conference, which required only a monthly preaching appointment, but it provided a small income. Moreover, as his God-given evangelistic gifts and calling became known, calls began to come in for revival meetings in various churches in South Carolina and Georgia. including some pioneer tent evangelism for the North Georgia Wesleyan Methodist Conference. These calls he was able to fill during the summer vacations and some, with special permission, during school terms.

Most significant of these were two meetings conducted at the First Wesleyan Methodist Church of Whitmire, South Carolina, where the Reverend D. O. Powers was pastor. God gave gracious revivals there, but it was also there that God laid Lonnie's educational financial need on the heart of a little gray-haired saint named Annie Fortner. After discreet inquiries concerning his needs and much prayer, she felt directed by God to send him a monthly donation. She earned ten dollars per month and her board by keeping house and caring for her semi-invalid sister. She sacrificially sent him the whole ten dollars (a significant amount in those depression days) which she received in cash each month until he completed his theological schooling. She adopted him as her son in the Gospel, and a precious relationship was established which lasted until her heavenly homegoing at the age of 80 years.

Thus by various unforeseen means God sent his servant to school during the great depression years of the 1930's and enabled him to graduate debt-free. He even had enough money left over to make a special trip to visit that certain brown-eyed, serious-minded young lady whom he had met at his first camp-meeting, and who had become by this time his fiancée. His love for her had held true through his years away at school. Meanwhile, she had waited in the small town of Ashburn in southwest Georgia nearly 300 miles away. The distance seemed great in those days when few people owned automobiles, and money for train or bus fare was so scarce that travel was generally for rare occasions only. But love has a way of surmounting whatever barriers exist, so their courtship had proceeded chiefly by mail, with only occasional visits during Christmas holidays and summer vacations. But shortly, their lives were destined to travel the rest of the way together!

Lonnie's years spent at Central Wesleyan College were very valuable to his ministry, both spiritually and academically. Excellent training by capable, devout professors in an atmosphere of almost continual revival contributed much to his personal life and subsequent ministry!

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9

BACKGROUND OF THE BRIDE

This serious-minded young lady, Eunice Ellen Williams, was the child of extraordinary parents, both of whom were preachers, so she was nurtured in somewhat unusual circumstances. One could have thought that these dedicated parents had stepped to earth from between the lids of the Bible. Perhaps her story could best be described by use of the first person, as this young lady happened to be this writer.

My mother was a saint who had served her God with a singleness of heart and seriousness of purpose seldom seen today. She was converted at the age of 16 and lived to serve her Lord for nearly eighty years until her home-going near the age of 96. After her conversion she soon became active in the work of the Lord helping in revivals as altar worker, musician, singer, preacher, and home missionary worker until her marriage at the age of 37 to the Reverend J. J. Williams. He was a widower who had been a well-known ordained minister and evangelist of the South Georgia Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. When later my sister and I were born, my mother,

with her characteristic seriousness, dedicated the remainder of her life to making sure that her children were reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and that their feet should be established in the narrow way that leads to life eternal.

My father was nearly 72 when I was born and lived and preached into his 89th year. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have had a father of such age who, being well preserved mentally and physically, was able to spend a great deal of time with my sister and me, imparting to us as we grew up, almost without conscious effort, the mature wisdom of a lifetime. He was a natural-born optimist, enthusiast, philosopher, conversationalist, and leader of men. In the small town in the deep south where we lived, I cannot remember when people, black and white, poor and otherwise, in many situations in life, did not beat a path to our door to discuss their problems, ask advice, get married, or just to enjoy an evening's conversation. Nobody seemed to mind the children being around, so there I sat very seriously listening and absorbing all I could of the mystery of life and its problems.

My Great Grandfather Williams fought in the Revolutionary War, and my grandfather, Ezekiel J. Williams, both a farmer and an ordained minister, settled in southwest Georgia when the Indians still roamed the forests there. My father was born on this frontier in 1847. He helped to clear the new ground and develop and civilize this pioneer country. This was in the days of slavery, but Grandfather opposed and preached against slavery in the deep south plantation country, where such a stand was unpopular, long before the War Between the States. When the war came, however, my father was eventually drafted. He was in Savannah, Georgia, when Sherman's army approached and pursued the Confederate armies across South Carolina as they set out for General Lee's army in Virginia. He often said of his war experience, I went because I had to go; I fought because I had to fight; I made a good soldier, but I hated no man -- neither black man nor "Yankee."

It was near the latter part of the nineteenth century, when he was in his fortieth year, that his marvelous religious conversion took place at an old-fashioned Methodist tent meeting. This experience produced such a transformation in his life that the news traveled far and wide, as he was well known in that part of the country, and men marveled! He then received the experience of sanctification at a cottage prayer meeting, and subsequently became an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He evangelized and organized churches in many parts of South Georgia, being one of the founders of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of the South Georgia Conference. This was at a time when great holiness revivals were sweeping the country. Sometimes they were accompanied by overt persecution for those who took the holiness way.

We were poor and knew it, but we did not feel deprived. Father had his priorities fixed in order of value: First, spiritual eternal matters -- they will last forever! Second, mental and physical health, the rules of which he practiced religiously. Third, education. We had books, magazines, or newspapers, whatever else we had to do without. Fourth, home ownership. "Be it ever so humble, own it! Don't put your money down a rat hole paying rent." Fifth, whatever other creature comforts one could afford. Number five is where we usually came up lacking. Yes, we were poor, but he left us a legacy worth more than millions of dollars. We knew who we were, where we came from, why we were here, where we were going, and what life was all about. We had all the things that really mattered!

My father believed that the father was the spiritual head of the home and was responsible for the training of his children in the knowledge of the Lord. He literally fulfilled Deuteronomy 6:6-7: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Besides this daily conversation about spiritual things, there was the family altar with Scripture reading and prayer. We were required to quote a memorized Scripture verse at each meal before the blessing was offered, and it was understood that we attended church whenever the church doors opened. As my sister and I were growing up we were privileged to hear some of the greatest holiness preachers of that day.

Having been born into such an atmosphere, it is hardly surprising that my earliest memories are of being under conviction of the Spirit. I grew up wanting to be a Christian like the most spiritual people I knew. Although I tried valiantly to please God from early childhood, I was much older before I learned that my own righteousness availed nothing, came to the end of myself and my own trying, and was able to cast myself upon His mercy and trust in His atonement alone for my salvation. Then I learned that it was His power that could make me what I ought to be -- that He would write His precepts upon my heart and put His Spirit within me and cause me to walk in His statutes!

Thus through my heritage and early years, God was preparing me for the place of service He had planned for my life as the wife of a minister who was to be a pastor, general evangelist, and missionary evangelist. My sister also married a minister, the Reverend Thomas B. Rhodes, who served for many years as a pastor in The Wesleyan Church.

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MIRACLE MARRIAGE

Lonnie finished his school program in May, 1937, completed some evangelistic engagements during the summer, and we were married on September 14, 1937. It was a simple home ceremony standing before the old-fashioned pump organ on which I had learned to play as a child. The room had been beautifully decorated by neighbors and friends among whom I had lived since babyhood. Then they filled the room to witness the ceremony and proudly wish us every future happiness.

I have called our marriage a miracle marriage because it was so evidently brought about by God's providences. Lonnie's decision to keep his promise to attend his first camp-meeting, rather than continue a revival meeting an extra week, was no more providential than the way God provided for me to be at that particular camp-meeting where we met. The great financial depression was on, and my father had decided that we could not afford for the whole family to go to the Hortense, Georgia Camp that year. So at the beginning of camp he went alone on the train, because he could ride on a clergy ticket for half fare. Subsequently, our pastor and his wife decided to go in their car for the second week of camp-meeting and invited our family to go with

them at no cost to us. We surprised my father by arriving at camp on Monday, the same day Lonnie arrived.

As most of the young people I had met before were not Christians, I was neither looking for a boy friend nor interested in contemplating marriage. But here, so unexpectedly, by God's providence, appeared God's choice for me -- dropped straight out of Heaven in front of me it seemed! It was practically love at first sight, or perhaps I should say love at first acquaintance, for we had just one week of camp to get acquainted. I was impressed by many things about Lonnie -- his spirituality, his call to the ministry, but most of all by his overflowing joyous personality. I thought him to be the happiest person I had ever met. If I had searched the world over, I could not have found anyone more ideal for me. Our love held true through the years of separation during his ministerial training. So, deeply in love and assured of God's approval, after our wedding we began together what became an ever-deepening relationship of love and understanding, as we faced life's problems and fulfilled the thrilling plan of service God had for our lives. Throughout all our service for Him, we have always felt the assurance of being in His will.

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THE MIRACLE PASTORATE

After our marriage we made our home temporarily with my mother, as Lonnie was in evangelistic work at that time. My father had passed away by this time, and my sister was away from home teaching school. We went together for revivals at Tifton, Georgia and Conestee, South Carolina. Then, Lonnie went on to Spartanburg, South Carolina for another revival, while I returned home to pack for moving to our first pastorate.

The former pastor, the Reverend D. O. Powers, had passed away after conference, and Lonnie received a call to become the pastor of the First Wesleyan Methodist Church of Whitmire, South Carolina, a small village whose chief industry was a large textile plant. He had previously held two revivals there and was well known by the people. We transferred to the South Carolina Conference, and Lonnie was ordained an Elder the following conference in July, 1938.

We arrived at Whitmire in November, 1937 and found the church in the midst of a glorious state of revival. This revival had begun with a meeting conducted by the late Reverend J. R. George and continued constantly during the regular services, as well as in the revival meetings, for almost two years. We have seen other precious revivals through the years. but in many ways none has ever surpassed the visitation from God that the Whitmire Church received at that time.

I had certainly never seen anything like this before! Although my hometown of Ashburn, Georgia had once been known as the "Holy City" where merchants opened their stores with prayer, and the city fathers would not permit the railroad to put off mail on Sunday; that was before my day. All of my life I had heard wonderful stories of the great revivals that had once swept that part of the country, but by the time I came along, a spiritual drought had covered the land, and only a faithful few were taking the strait and narrow way. Then, when I was suddenly transported from a comparative spiritual desert and set down in the midst of this glowing revival, it almost seemed to

me that I had been transported to Heaven. I shall never forget that first service I attended on that Saturday night in November. I can almost see and hear them yet -- that large choir and congregation singing so joyously glad hallelujahs to the Savior who can ransom lost sinners and lift them from the miry clay and set them free!

The regular weekly services consisted of a Saturday night preaching service. Sunday morning preaching service. Sunday afternoon Sunday school followed by alternating adult and children's missionary meetings, Sunday evening preaching service, Wednesday evening prayer service, Friday evening cottage prayer meeting, Saturday trips by local preachers to various nearby towns for street meetings, ending with an afternoon street meeting on the Main Street of Whitmire -- then back to the church for the regular Saturday night preaching service. The men had a praying ground in the woods, and the main services were preceded by prayer sessions in the church prayer rooms, from whence many often shouted their way to the choir to begin the main services. Most services ended with souls sincerely seeking God at the altar. Sunday school attendance that year averaged 250 in this small village. It was not unusual to bring extra chairs into the sanctuary to accommodate the crowds for various services. Fifty new members were added to the church that first year as a direct result of the revival and new conversions.

Frequent visitation of the physically sick, the sin-sick, and sinners was carried on by the members, as well as the pastor -- not because of any organized visitation program, but because the church members had a healthy Christian concern for each other and for the lost. There were nine local preachers, and many young people received calls to serve God as full-time Christian workers. Some are still serving today, while others after many years of service have already been promoted to Heaven. Others remain faithful to the local churches to this day. One missionary outreach of the church was sponsorship of a pioneer tent meeting at Laurens, South Carolina, which eventually resulted in the organization of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Laurens.

One of the miracle conversions was a notorious alcoholic in his forties who, although under the influence of alcohol, was smitten with conviction late one Saturday night and sent for one of our local preachers, Thomas B. Rhodes, to come and pray with him. He had not attended church for more than 20 years. He was converted that night and was brought to church the next morning, where he was taken to the prayer room and introduced to the pastor. They took him with them on visitation, to the prayer grounds, and on the Saturday preaching excursions. They put him up to testify and eventually to preach. They never gave him time to backslide! He became a true soul-winner and has served God faithfully since that day. He is now ninety years of age. This is only one example of the many souls who were miraculously saved from lives of deep sin, or sanctified, or called for special work to become great blessings in God's Kingdom. The church does not lack for dedicated workers when there is real revival! We have many fond memories of these glorious days of God's visitation and the wonderful people of the Whitmire Church.

We also have many fond memories of frequent gracious visitations of God we enjoyed year after year as we attended our South Carolina Camp-meetings at Greer. The fearless anointed preaching by some of the greatest preachers of that day, the old-fashioned prayer warriors, the victorious shouting saints, the pungent conviction for sin, and the altars filled with seeking souls where shouts of victory were often heard, made Greer one of the "best" camps in the nation.

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12

PRIMARY CALLING -- EVANGELISM

In 1940 Lonnie felt that he should get back to his primary calling of evangelism, so at conference that year he was appointed a General Evangelist of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Since an evangelist must furnish his own place to live, God had provided a lot next to Mother Fortner's home, and we had built a four-room frame house where we lived during the next five years. During our first year at Whitmire my mother, Mother Williams, and sister, Naomi, had come to live with us, so I was not alone at home while Lonnie traveled in evangelism.

It was not feasible for me to travel with him at that time, as it embraced the years of World War II when gasoline and tires were rationed, and travel space on busses, trains, and planes was scarce because of military transportation of soldiers. Lonnie had to stand on crowded busses and trains mile after mile of long journeys when even standing space was at a premium.

He traveled in evangelism during all the years of World War II. Time after time in the large city terminal stations he observed the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of soldiers saying good-bye to mothers, wives, and sweethearts, who were weeping and unashamedly clinging to them. Then as their trains were called, the soldiers had to forcibly remove those loving arms from around their necks and walk away, not knowing whether they would ever return. Multiplied thousands never did! One was made to wonder what the greater parting sorrow may be like on God's great future judgment days! After Pearl Harbor, patriotism ran high, and most wanted to do their part. Enlistment, however, was not just for one year or two, but for the duration of the war, however long that might be. Those were dark days, with victory as yet uncertain, and our soldiers were dying around the world. Our nation had not yet drifted quite so far from God at that time, and many times our national leaders called for special days of prayer.

In June of 1939 Lonnie attended his first General Conference at Fairmount, Indiana, where he was unexpectedly asked to preach at an overflow service in the Youth Tabernacle on a Sunday afternoon. This opportunity, combined with other factors, helped to introduce him to many pastors from over the Wesleyan Methodist Church so that he became rather widely known in a short period of time. God blessed his labors so that calls came in from many states for revivals and camp-meetings, and as he generally received recalls, he soon had a very busy slate which projected far into the future. He reserved little time for rest and was sometimes gone from home for nearly three months at a time. However, God always gave me assurance that Lonnie was in His will, so God gave me a feeling of contentment and always provided for my care while Lonnie was away. It would be impossible to tell of all the wonderful pastors, churches, and revivals that he was privileged to know and experience, but real revivals were more frequent in those days, and many were the precious visitations of God's Spirit which brought forth fruit for God's Kingdom that will last for all eternity.

After five years of such strenuous travels, Lonnie felt the need of rest from traveling, so we served a two-year pastorate at the 2nd Church of Easley, South Carolina. Here we found an

excellent church with spiritual people. We thoroughly enjoyed our two years spent with these dear folks.

Since evangelism has always been Lonnie's first calling, in 1947 we sold home and furniture in order to buy a better car and a travel trailer, which made travel easier for him and made it possible for me to travel with him. For nearly five years the trailer was our only home. Lonnie's field of labor spread to many states and into interdenominational camps and other groups. Most of his work, however, was still with the Wesleyan Methodist Church where through the years he served churches and conference camps in most of the Wesleyan Methodist Conferences. These were fruitful and happy years!

God gave us journeying mercies as we traveled thousands of miles yearly, pulling the large travel trailer over the narrow secondary roads of those years. There were narrow shoulders, steep grades, and hairpin mountain curves, mile after mile, as we crossed the Appalachian Mountains, time and again, since we lived southeast of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We had our share of adventures and travel problems common to those years, such as flat tires and the search for places with room to park for eating and sleeping en route. Often we slept along the highway at a wide place on the shoulder with the suction from the passing traffic shaking the trailer all night long. Sometimes we slept in country churchyards. Other times we found a travel-trailer park along our route. The only superhighway where we traveled in those days was the amazing Pennsylvania Turnpike, which we thoroughly appreciated with its many parking accommodations, tunnels through the mountains, and controlled grades and curves to make greater speed possible and safer.

Many times we traveled over snow and ice in northern states during the winters. The revivals were scheduled and dates set sometimes years in advance, but only once did we fail to meet a schedule on time because of the weather. Once a severe snowstorm hit as we were traveling from Johnstown, Pennsylvania to Marion, Indiana. We wore out a pair of tire chains, ruined a tire, and had to have a wrecker pull us over a mile-long hill near Wheeling, West Virginia. Snow was deep, packed, and frozen on the highways, and the going was literally rough as a plowed field and slow. We passed cars and trucks stranded all along the way; but we kept going, even in sub-zero weather, and after four days and nights en route, we arrived two days late for our appointment at Marion's Nelson Street Church.

These experiences often remind me of God's provisions for our spiritual journey. He allows us to go through spiritual tunnels, which are dark, disagreeable, and without beautiful scenery. Nevertheless, they prove to be the quickest, easiest, and best way for God to get us where He wants us to go, guiding our spiritual progress on our journey to Heaven. He also controls the grades and curves to make maximum progress possible, and He provides rest, refreshment, and refueling stations along the way!

There have been many victories, but all men do not choose to obey God. So some have come, failed to heed God's call, and gone away to meet sudden or tragic endings. Through his years as a minister, Lonnie has often visited at the bedsides of dying people, and he has witnessed the crossing into eternity of many of them. The most unforgettable such occasion occurred on the morning of February 14, 1943, when he sat in the death house of the state penitentiary of South Carolina just a few feet from the electric chair and watched as three lives were snuffed out. This

raised to eight the number of lives hurled into eternity because of the notorious Edgefield County Logue-Timmerman feud.

This feud began when Sue Logue's calf was kicked to death by neighbor Timmerman's mule. She sent her husband, Wallace, to demand payment. He returned with a payment of \$14.00, but Sue was not satisfied and sent him back to collect \$3.00 more. A quarrel and fight ensued in which Mr. Timmerman shot and killed Wallace Logue. Mr. Timmerman was legally acquitted on the grounds of self-defense. Sue and George Logue, her brother-in-law, determined to get vengeance. Sue threatened their nephew, Frank Logue, a young highly respected policeman in Spartanburg, South Carolina, with dire consequences to his wife and mother if he did not within two weeks either kill or hire someone to kill Mr. Timmerman. They gave him \$500.00 with which to hire a killer. Because of fear of his aunt's threats (which he knew were not idle), Frank Logue found a part-time bartender at the Green Gables nightclub near Spartanburg named Clarence Bagwell. After being assured that Timmerman deserved to die and being plied with free whiskey, Bagwell agreed to do the killing. Frank remained hidden in the car while Bagwell went into the crossroads country store and shot Timmerman to death. Then they made a quick get-away.

For a while it seemed the mystery killing would go unsolved. Finally, however, Bagwell, while drinking, showed the money he had earned for the killing to a waitress who felt she must report it to the police. Bagwell was arrested and confessed, involving Frank Logue, who was also then arrested. On his knees in a maximum-security cell in the state penitentiary, Frank Logue confessed his sins, asked God for mercy, and told God he would tell the whole truth about the crime even if it meant his death. His testimony involved Sue and George Logue. However, when the sheriff and his deputy went to the Logue farm to serve their arrest warrants, a gun battle ensued in which the sheriff, his deputy, and a farm hand were killed. Following the trials of Sue, George, and Bagwell, after appeals to the South Carolina and United States Supreme Courts and a plea for executive clemency, their execution was ordered to be carried out and the date set.

Lonnie accompanied Chaplain C. M. Kelly to visit them on death row and offer what spiritual help and comfort could be given. Bagwell, the hired killer, seemed genuinely sorry, freely admitted the sins that led to his downfall, placed his faith in Christ, and seemed unafraid to meet his Maker. Sue and George maintained their innocence to the very end and showed no outward signs of repentance. Bagwell desired Lonnie to be present at his execution. So it came about that the night before the execution Chaplain Kelly and Lonnie entered the death house to offer Christian company to the three condemned prisoners during their last night on earth. Then they observed their deaths the following morning. Bagwell, the last of the three to die, gave a clear testimony of faith just before the current was applied. According to Bagwell's request, Chaplain Kelly conducted his funeral service in the Green Gables nightclub where he had worked. Chaplain Kelly told of Bagwell's conversion and ended by challenging his old drinking buddies to turn to Jesus Christ. Several did make open confession of sins and professions of faith in Christ. Bagwell, who as a child had once attended a holiness Sunday school, was buried in Spartanburg.

An unusual sequel followed when the trial of Frank Logue, the Spartanburg ex-policeman, took place. He was also sentenced to die, just as the others had been, and he found himself in the same death row. But there was a difference! Frank had told the truth to God and man and had been truly converted. He had also later met Christ in a deeper experience that he described as being

filled with the Holy Spirit, and he witnessed boldly to all who came near his prison cell. As he read the well-worn, death-row Bible which had been passed on to him, he discovered John 15:7 which says: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." He decided that God could not lie, and Jesus would not promise more than God could deliver. He secured a piece of chalk from the guard and wrote this promise upon the back wall of his prison cell. Then he told the prison guard, his lawyer, and Chaplain Kelly that he was not going to die. Frank filled his mind and heart with God's Word and memorized Scriptures by the hundreds. He fulfilled his part of abiding in Christ and by faith claimed this promise that God would save him from the electric chair.

As the electrocution date drew nearer, his lawyer told him that there was no use to hope. The supreme court had turned down his plea, and the governor would not even talk to his lawyer on the phone, much less give him an appointment for a clemency plea. The lawyer told him to give up this delusion that he was going to escape the chair, and get ready to die. Frank simply pointed to the Scripture verse and said, "God cannot lie. He will deliver me!" On the Wednesday night just before the set execution date on Friday, the Secretary of the Board of Pardons went down to the prison and talked to Frank for two hours. As he left he said, "I am sorry, but I cannot give you any hope. So far as I know, you will die on Friday."

Frank awoke at 2:00 A.M. on Thursday and began a 22-hour prayer and faith vigil, kneeling on the Bible opened to God's promise of John 15:7. That vigil lasted until 12:00 midnight, when Frank had just seven hours left to live! At that time, it happened! Governor Olin D. Johnston himself came to the death house, stood before Frank's cell, and told him that he had commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. He also said, "You can tell the newsmen that some supernatural power entered into this case." Although the authorities would not give Frank's lawyer an audience, they could not escape the voice of God who would not let the governor nor the pardon board rest until they were moved to fulfill, against all hope, the promise of God's Word to Frank. Frank immediately fell on his knees to thank his God who had been faithful to His Word: then he thanked the governor. He became God's witness in the prison, preached to the prisoners, and won hundreds to Jesus Christ. He was paroled in 1960, returned to his home not far from Spartanburg, where he still resides, and became a powerful witness for God in many area churches.

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In January, 1952 Lonnie conducted his first tour to the Holy Land, embracing London, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Syria, Jordan and Israel. This of course was an educational and inspirational experience only about four years after the historic miraculous rebirth of the nation of Israel. They were able to visit Damascus, supposedly the world's oldest continuously inhabited city. They attended a Sunday service at a mission in the Amman, Jordan area. Near the old city of Jerusalem, then under Arab control, Lonnie was able to secure government permission, with a military escort, to tour and take pictures of Arab Refugee Camps which were usually off-limits to tourists. Those living in crowded tents and poverty there had chosen to flee their homes during the war and establishment of the government of Israel in 1948. Jerusalem was then divided by a strip of

no-man's-land barbed-wire entanglements through which the tour group had to walk to reach the Israeli part of the city and the holy places in Israeli territory. Jewish immigrants were arriving almost daily, being temporarily housed in immigrant camps, and the government was working feverishly, pushing back the desert sands to make the desert fruitful. Rapid development of their small homeland was taking place, fulfilling Bible prophecy!

But the most rewarding part was yet to come, when at London on the return trip Lonnie and the Reverend K. W. Johnston left the group and flew into West Germany. There they conducted a month of evangelistic services in several cities as an outreach project of the Wesleyan Methodist Youth Department. This was only seven years after World War II, and poverty and despair still covered the land, together with an evident spiritual hunger! One campaign was in Hertzhausen, a small village of about 500 people, where attendance reached about 400 during very cold winter weather. Services were also conducted in Koblenz, Weinheim, Norviedt, and Hammelbach with excellent response. The final week was spent in Cologne, a large city that had been 90 percent destroyed by the war. Seven years later, it was still a skeleton city of bombed-out buildings with only five percent having been rebuilt. Bodies were still being discovered as rubble was cleared. The campaign was held in the Methodist Chapel, one of the few buildings that had been rebuilt.

At the final service a man named Walter Lux was gloriously converted and in giving his testimony told his story. During the war he had lost his home and family, and recently he had lost his job and his health. Feeling that he had no reason to live, that Sunday evening he was on his way to the river Rhine to drown himself when he came across a poster advertising the meeting in the Methodist Chapel. The poster contained in large letters the words: "Christus ist die Antwort!" (Christ is the Answer!) These words attracted his attention and gave him a ray of hope; so he went nearer, read the directions, and came instead to the meeting where he found Christ and was saved from a suicide's death! In fact, suicides were so prevalent at that time in Germany that the government prohibited their publication lest the despair that covered the land should be made worse.

Brother Johnston and Lonnie felt that the month spent in Germany was very worthwhile, as many souls received definite help, and many sincerely sought for holiness of heart. It is always a joy to minister the life-giving Word to hearts that are hungry. They were graciously entertained in the German homes, and some of the German Christians wept unashamedly with genuine love as they said good-bye.

Lonnie has since conducted three other tours to Israel -- in 1968, 1972, and 1978. The latter was a combined Missionary Holy Land tour with the people being able to observe missionary work personally. The preachers also had the privilege of preaching through interpreters in various mission churches in the large crowded city of Cairo. One of the tours included Nicosia and Lebanon -- a beautiful country and capital city. Beirut, where the group stayed in the Phoenicia Hotel, one of the most beautiful ever, before the awful devastation of the recent wars. In Israel of course they saw the usual historic and Biblical sites now familiar to so many people who have made this trip in this day of frequent travel. They were most impressed with the scenes at the empty garden tomb and the services there. This thrill, however, does not compare with the scenes of the living Savior at work on the mission fields of the world, transforming souls from heathen darkness into radiant Christians whose lives show forth the power of the risen living Christ! On

the return trip of the 1972 tour, the plane on which they were scheduled to leave Tel Aviv was hijacked before it reached Tel Aviv. They were very grateful for having narrowly missed a hijacking experience!

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14

FINAL PASTORAL YEARS

In September, 1951 we had been married for fourteen years and had no children. We had sometimes talked of adopting a child. So in December, 1951 Lonnie and I found ourselves sitting in the office of a well-known institution for children awaiting our first glimpse of a little six-year-old boy named Benny. The events which led to that moment had been swift and altogether unplanned. For only a few days before, when we came home for Christmas, my sister jubilantly announced, "I've found the very child for you. He looks just like Lonnie!"

Although we had sometimes talked of adopting a child, at that time we were not particularly looking for a child to adopt as our evangelistic work required a great deal of traveling and rendered our manner of living unsuitable for minors -- at least according to the adoption agencies. Nevertheless, my sister talked so enthusiastically about Benny that we decided to get him for the Christmas vacation. Thus, we found ourselves sitting in the office eagerly awaiting his appearance.

Presently, in he came -- a tiny mite of a boy dressed in green corduroys with matching shirt and jacket; a bit shy, but thrilled, for to be dressed up and sent to the office for a trip was a rare and exciting occasion. Then with a sweetly innocent look and a trusting manner, he walked over to us -- and walked right into our hearts! The rest happened swiftly. The memory is with us yet, although that was 33 years ago -- the eager eyes trying to drink in everything at once in the big outside world, the numerous trips to the toy stores, the first "real" Christmas morning, the anxious questioning as I tucked him in bed:

"When am I going back to the building (at the institution)?"

"When do you want to go back?" I replied, thinking he might be lonely for the other children.

"I don't want to go back!"

Who could deny such a helpless plea from one who had never known the love of a father or mother? And so it came about that we instigated the proper proceedings for adoption and began to make the required adjustments. In January Lonnie made his Holy Land -- Germany tour and in March, 1952 we moved to a pioneer pastorate at North Charleston, South Carolina. The church building had been built by the help of the South Carolina Conference, but there was no parsonage. So we moved into quarters in the rear of the church building prepared for the pastor, but built for use as Sunday School rooms later. When school was out Benny came to live with us, and after a year the adoption was approved according to state regulations.

Also, it was at Charleston that I was able to carry out my dream of going to college to prepare to be a teacher, a profession for which I seem to have been born as well as "called." The last year of our two-and-a-half year pastorate there, I did my first year of college work at the College of Charleston, the oldest city college in the United States. This was an enjoyable year, and our pastorate of the North Charleston Church, with the nearby Community Church, remains in our memory as pleasant and profitable.

Our next pastorate was also a pioneer work, as a second church had been previously organized at Whitmire, South Carolina, and we were called to pastor the Clinton Road Wesleyan Methodist Church in 1954. They were worshipping in the conference owned portable tabernacle and had no parsonage. We built a small four-room home near Mother Fortner's home and enjoyed being near her again, as well as many others we already knew.

The three years spent there were years of inspiration, revival, growth, and the building of an adequate church building, much of which was done literally by the pastor and much volunteer help. Many outstanding and inspirational memories of this period revolve around the work of the Sunday School Home Department. During the week several teams went out visiting the sick and teaching the Sunday School lesson on a regular basis in homes where there was prolonged illness. In many of the homes were people who had lived wicked lives and had not been to church in years. A number of these people were saved. Some came to church and gave glowing testimonies, and others died shouting the victory. One team of two ladies was composed of a member of the church, who could not drive, and her unsaved friend, who went to drive the automobile for her. The unsaved friend naturally went into the homes with the teaching member. This soon led to the salvation of the unsaved friend, who has been a faithful Christian ever since. Some people in their seventies and eighties were gloriously converted. Even one man in his nineties, an infidel, who at first resisted all efforts by the team -- even turning his face to the wall when they came to visit -- was marvelously changed. He became eager to listen and eventually came to church! The results of the dedicated efforts of these wonderful soul-winning teams proved that persistent love can usually win the hardest of hearts.

While residing at Whitmire, I completed my B.S. Degree in Elementary Education at Newberry Lutheran College, Newberry, South Carolina and taught school one year. After three wonderful years there, we were unexpectedly transferred at conference time in 1957 to the First Wesleyan Methodist Church of Spartanburg, South Carolina. It was with saddened hearts that we said good-bye to the dear Whitmire people many of whom we had known and loved so long.

Our eight-year pastorate at Spartanburg was the longest of our ministry, and it is here that we have resided longer than any other place, nearly 28 years at this writing. We have always felt contented living wherever God has led us, but now after so many years, Spartanburg really does seem like home. Here we were privileged to pastor some of God's choicest saints and carry on the "Voice of Faith" radio program established many years before by the former pastor, the Reverend K. W. Johnston. We have since been pastored by some of God's choice ministers, and as laymen we have enjoyed the wonderful fellowship of the Spartanburg people.

It was in Spartanburg that Lonnie conducted the most unusual funeral of his ministry. He has helped with funerals of all ages, including a newborn babe, a ten-year-old child, teenagers killed in tragic accidents, young mothers whom death had taken away from their children, a double funeral of father and daughter who both died of natural causes within a few hours, many middle-aged people, as well as the aged and very aged. There have been both saints and sinners. Some precious saints had died victoriously; other souls had died tragically or unprepared.

This most unusual funeral took place at the Spartanburg County Welfare Home from whence a hundred-year-old saint of God made her departure for Heaven. The nurse who talked with Lonnie in making the arrangements said, "She was a Christian; she was a shouting Christian!" She had no relatives who mourned her passing. The casket was very plain with only one small wreath of flowers to adorn the service. Convicts from the county prison were her pallbearers. They bore her body only a short distance to the county burial ground. Yet she did not go unmourned, for attending her funeral service were many of the inmates and working personnel among whom she had spent her last days on earth. Tears filled their eyes! They were going to miss her -- miss her shouting and her shining Christian light in this place that at best had very little cheer. What a confirmation of the truth of the 92nd Psalm which declares that the "righteous shall flourish . . . they shall still bring forth fruit in old age!"

Shortly after we moved to Spartanburg, Mother Fortner's last sister passed away, and Mother Fortner was free to come to make her home with us. She was a marvel of sacrificial sainthood; her self-sacrificing spirit was always active in her daily life. She was one of the most unselfish persons we have ever known. She denied herself, but always wanted you to have the best! She never wasted. She would carefully save all left-over food, which she warmed over and placed on the table along with the freshly-cooked food. But she ate the leftovers and insisted that we eat the fresh food! We had to watch her carefully to make sure she got a balanced diet. Her burden was always for missionary work and especially the supporting of native students and native pastors.

She was a great help in our home, as she had always been when we lived near her. This gave me freedom to teach, carry the pastor's wife's load of church work, work on my M. A. Degree at Furman University, as well as be a mother to Benny. Mother Fortner was a mother to us, a friend, a confidant, and a counselor. She was just as dear as my own sainted Mother Williams.

God gave us six wonderful years with her in our home before taking her to Heaven at the age of eighty. She was stricken with a major stroke and hospitalized for about ten days. During this time, with the help of my sister and the wonderful church people, we were able to stay by her side constantly, night and day, until she passed away. Her closest relatives, cousins, came to visit her in the hospital, and remarked thankfully about our care for her. Lonnie replied that she had done so much for us, we would not wish to do otherwise. The cousin replied, "We know, but so many times, people forget." We shall never forget! Her tombstone bears the motto of the way her life was lived: "God first, others second, self last." Neither will God forget!

For on that great rewarding day before the Judgment Seat of Christ, when the name of L. W. Barbee is called to receive whatever reward may be accorded him, Mrs. Annie Fortner's name will also be called! And who knows but that she may receive the lion's share of whatever reward

his ministry may merit, because in her quiet self-sacrificing way her contribution was so great! As far as I am aware, Mother Fortner never traveled outside the state of South Carolina; yet, although she has been in Heaven for more than 20 years, the Gospel is still being preached in many places around the world because of her life of self-denial.

We transferred to Spartanburg unexpectedly in the middle of the summer, yet God provided a teaching position for me nearby in the growing Elementary School of Boiling Springs. It was an ideal teaching situation in a religious community of wonderful people, where I was permitted to let my Christian light shine as occasion arose, and where I taught for 23 and a half enjoyable years. The wonderful school personnel, parents, and children will always have a warm place in my heart!

Benny graduated from Boiling Springs High School, attended Central Wesleyan College for a year, and worked for several photographic companies. He became an excellent photographer and eventually became a professional photographer in business for himself.

During his pastorates, Lonnie did much evangelistic work, also, and after eight years of pastoring at Spartanburg, he felt led to go back into full-time evangelism again. This meant a significant cut in salary, but he felt it was time for him to get back to his primary calling, where he has continued to serve in ever-widening fields since 1965. My teaching, which was a joy as well as a "calling," enabled him to survive the financial crises evangelists faced during the years when inflation presented so many problems which penalized evangelism. I traveled with him for more than a year in 1966-67, but returned to teaching, traveling only during some summers, until my retirement in 1982. I have since enjoyed the privilege of traveling with him on a regular basis.

During the many years since Mother Fortner's death, and later my own mother's illness and death, when I have been alone or needed help while Lonnie traveled so far away in general and missionary evangelism, the wonderful Spartanburg people have been very supportive. Our neighbors, the Ben Toney Family, became like real family to us. Many happy hours have been spent with them that otherwise would have been very lonely. Others have faithfully stood by in so many ways. I cannot name them all, including the wonderful church people and other friends and neighbors, but God has recorded it all, and He will reward each one for every kindness shown His servants!

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15

THE MIRACLE OF EXPANDED FIELDS OF SERVICE

When Lonnie, a lonely, sin-sick penitent, knelt on that memorable Sunday night in November, 1932 at the altar of prayer in that little Beulah Christian Church in Phenix City, Alabama and surrendered his life to Christ, little did he realize, nor could he have properly comprehended at that time, the amazing plan God had for his life! Step by step he was led from giving his testimony, to conducting prayer meetings, to street preaching and jail services, to full revival meetings in his home area and in South Georgia during those first two years after his

conversion. Then followed Bible School, a student pastorate, pioneer tent evangelism, and numbers of revivals in South Carolina and Georgia.

After our marriage in 1937 came the Whitmire, South Carolina, miracle-revival pastorate, which was followed by five years of World War II Evangelism, working in churches or camp-meetings in most of the Wesleyan Methodist Conferences in the U. S. A. A brief rest from travel during the two-year pastorate at Ariel Church, Easley, South Carolina was succeeded by another five years of evangelism, with calls coming from interdenominational camps and other denominations as well as the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Next came the first missionary evangelism in West Germany in 1952, followed by the two pioneer pastorates of North Charleston, South Carolina and the Clinton Road Church of Whitmire. Then the Spartanburg Church pastorate completed his pastoral work in 1965, when he reentered the evangelistic field with expanding opportunities in many areas. Finally, as the late Reverend J. M. Hames once said that having blessed L. W. Barbee through the years in revival work throughout much of our nation, God then picked him up and "flung him around the world" in His service!

The field of missionary evangelism has proved fruitful and the most rewarding part of Lonnie's entire ministry. It began, as already stated, with the Wesleyan Youth Outreach revivals in West Germany. Altogether he has preached or evangelized for a number of different missionary organizations. He has traveled on five continents, besides many islands of the sea, traveled in 42 foreign countries, preached in 18 different countries, and proclaimed the Gospel through interpreters in 15 languages, having circled the globe and crossed and recrossed the Atlantic and Pacific oceans time and time again.

Whatever good has been accomplished through Lonnie's long and varied ministry of more than 52 years has been due entirely to the gracious help and faithful work of the Holy Spirit! Lonnie has been only an unworthy servant, surprised that God should have allowed him such privilege and blessing in serving Him. We have been amazed at God's providences, but thrilled by the assurance of laboring in His will.

Lonnie's ministry has been largely characterized by a balanced presentation of Biblical truth, accompanied by a wholesome inspirational anointing of the Holy Spirit. This was coupled with the serious, solemn warnings necessary for conviction of the Spirit, together with preaching of Christian standards of life and conduct in proportion as they are emphasized in God's Word. There has always been that prayerful dependence upon God, who is ever faithful to those whom He calls! His ministry has also been marked by a genuine compassion for souls which has seemed to get through to many people, from children to the elderly, and even effectively pierced the barrier of interpretation into foreign languages so that the natives felt the inspiration, conviction, and compassion of his genuine concern.

God also endowed Lonnie with a venturesome spirit and the ability to adapt to varied and oft-changing circumstances, He has traveled in many conveyances, including commercial airline propeller planes, commercial jets, private planes, Missionary Aviation Fellowship planes, cargo planes, helicopters, native taxis and busses and trains, jeeps, land rovers, mule cart, rickshaws, and on camels. He has traveled very rough roads, up narrow frightening mountain roads, forded rivers, crossed deserts, and climbed a mountain. He has stayed in some of the world's finest hotels,

crude national hotels, mud huts with mud floors, and in a wealthy manufacturer's palace. He has slept on floors and in various kinds of beds, sometimes with undesirable company -- mites, mosquitoes, bedbugs! He has most often been graciously entertained in the homes of missionaries and has also partaken of the hospitality of natives in many lands, including a leprosarium. It follows that he has eaten various types of native foods most of which were very enjoyable. Inevitably, he has met with many primitive and unhealthy conditions, but he has had few illnesses, and they have not proved serious. There have been a few narrow escapes from travel hazards and potentially dangerous foreign political situations, but God's protecting hand has so far kept him from any serious dilemmas and accidents through more than a million miles of travel. He has traveled approximately 432,500 miles by air, 43,000 miles by trains and busses, 602,500 miles by auto and travel trailer, making a total of approximately 1,078,000 miles in God's service.

Lonnie has labored among 35 different denominational groups besides numerous interdenominational camps and churches, and eight foreign missionary organizations. Besides his six pastorates, he has conducted more than 460 American revivals and conventions, 107 camp-meetings, 75 foreign revivals, conventions, camps and special meetings, besides hundreds of missionary rallies and special services in the U.S.A. He has also conducted meetings among the Cuban refugees in Florida and the American Indians in the west. By approximate estimate, he has preached more than 10,000 times.

He has never kept count of the total number of seekers at his altars, as only God can determine how many people and what other influences had a part in winning each soul that was helped. Sometimes he has labored sowing Gospel seed, and others have reaped the harvest, Many, many times, however, he has been privileged to help reap the harvest of the persistent labors of others, who had faithfully cleared the new ground, sown the Gospel seed, watered it with their tears, and cultivated it carefully!

One of these unforgettable reaping times was the winter revival of God's Bible School in January, 1964. From the beginning the spiritual tide was so high, there seemed to be clear evidence that it was God's time to visit His people. There were five services in which no preaching was needed, while wave after wave of the Shekinah glory and deep conviction swept over the student body resulting in overflowing altars. At noon one day revival fires broke out in the cafeteria line and spread to the dining room. The people forgot their serving and their eating, while everyone feasted on manna from Heaven, and hungry souls made an altar service right there in the dining room. This unusual manifestation lasted for two hours or more. For years afterward, Lonnie met young people in various places who remembered the spiritual feast of that revival, or who got definite help at that time, or received a call to full-time Christian work. God, Himself, is keeping the records straight and will certainly grant to each laborer, whatever his task, both at home and abroad. the proper reward.

Lonnie has the greatest respect and appreciation for the sacrificial ministry of God's faithful missionaries and choice native workers whom he has met on mission fields around the world. Some fields he has visited only once, such as West Germany in 1952; Jamaica in 1976, where he conducted one revival; also Haiti, where he preached and had opportunity to observe the pitiful poverty of that unfortunate island. One scene he described so vividly that I can visualize its horror -- people sleeping side by side on the streets of Port-au-Prince with large wharf rats

crawling over them! Many people of the world are born, live, and die on the streets with no place to call home. On his around-the-world trip in 1972 he had the privilege of visiting the Wesleyan work in the Philippines at Manila with the Turners, and after traveling over some of the most dangerous mountain roads ever, conducted a revival at the Rosales Bible School. He also made a brief visit to the Immanuel-Wesleyan cooperative work with the Johnsons in Tokyo, Japan. Then in 1976 he had the privilege of conducting a revival at the Sheng-te Christian College in Chung-li, Taiwan, where the Peltons were serving at that time. In 1977, the year it snowed in Florida and the Bahamas, he preached in the winter camp-meeting of the Bahama Holy Mission work at Nassau. These visits were all enjoyable and, we trust, fruitful.

We shall deal with the other countries, many of which Lonnie visited many times, on a geographical basis, giving only a few highlights of God's wonderful working in these ripened harvest fields. I shall have him tell you personally of his experiences in Egypt, Ethiopia, Sudan, India, South Korea, Central America, Bolivia, and Brazil, as I have never accompanied him on his foreign trips. Being a very poor traveler, and of uncertain health, I have always felt it best to remain at home, although I have followed his journeys so closely and listened so carefully to his reports, that I almost feel that I have been there with him. Since he can tell you of these experiences best, however, I am happy to delegate this portion of the story to him.

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16

MIRACLES IN THE LAND OF EGYPT

It has been my privilege to visit the land of Egypt eleven times over a period of 32 years. My first visits, in 1952 and 1968, were with tour groups in Cairo. In 1970 when I first went to Egypt for an Evangelistic Faith Missions Convention, I was already familiar with the nearby historical and Biblical sites, as well as the curious mixture of ancient and modern civilization existing together in crowded Cairo. In the streets, near its high-rise hotels and office buildings, numerous autos and crowded busses mingle with donkey carts, laden camels, bicycles, and pedestrians. Here eastern and western cultures meet. Western dress is seen, but frequently the traditional flowing robes and turbans are worn. The pyramids and the picturesque Nile River are unforgettable. They, together with the five-to-ten-mile wide, thousand-mile long, irrigated fertile valley, remind one of Egypt's ancient history as the cradle of one of the world's oldest civilizations. It is the land where the whole nation of Israelites and even Jesus, Himself, as a child, were once refugees!

Today Egypt, which is 96 percent desert, has a population of more than 47 million. Most of the people are crowded in villages along the Nile River and in the capital city of Cairo with its 14 million population. Egypt is 95 percent Muslim and five percent Christian, chiefly the nominally Christian Coptic Church. The whole country contains less than a dozen Evangelical missionaries! Cairo is a city of a thousand beautiful mosques from which the call to prayer rings out five times daily. I have often seen these followers of Islam spread out their prayer rugs and, facing toward Mecca, loyally carry out their prayer ritual. Yet, I have not once seen a look of peace, or joy, or forgiveness written on any face! Cairo is also the site of 13 universities, including a Muslim university where missionaries are being trained and sent out over the world. Reportedly, more

money is being spent by Islam on missionary work than by all other religions combined. They now claim one billion adherents worldwide, It is illegal to try to convert a Muslim, but missionary work is permitted among other groups. At times it has been illegal for an Egyptian to keep a foreigner in his home, and travel of foreigners inside the country has been restricted much of the time.

It was in this very difficult field that Evangelistic Faith Missions was begun in 1905 by the Reverend Lewis and Viola Glenn, and their sacrificial, devout co-laborers, who felt called of God to go out by faith to take the Gospel to this ancient land. They endured fierce trials, sacrifices, suffering, and illnesses, including plague and cholera. On one occasion fanatical mobs stoned Brother Glenn, leaving him unconscious on the ground. During those early years, death claimed the lives of nine, including two of the Glenn children. How they learned the language, searched for suitable locations, gained the confidence of the people, and finally establishing a growing, solid work is a marvelous story of faith, commitment and dedication of a sort seldom seen today! It was in Egypt that Victor Glenn was born, who in later years continued the leadership of EFM when Brother Lewis Glenn was promoted to Heaven.

In September, 1970 I arrived in Cairo on a 747 jet many hours behind schedule at two o'clock in the morning. However, God's faithful servant and resident missionary, Guy Troyer, was right there waiting for me. The Troyer family had gone to Egypt as missionaries in 1956, and I was graciously entertained in their home on most of the occasions when I was in Egypt for missionary conventions. After three hours sleep, the Pastors' Retreat began with the writer preaching twice a day to the pastors, who had come from various parts of Egypt, and the third time in the evening in the various churches in Cairo. The churches were crowded with people who gave serious and prayerful attention to the messages from God's Word. The Holy Spirit was faithful as God's presence was realized in service after service, and many received special help from God. The Hafziyya Church, begun in 1969 in a rented chapel, was so crowded that it was impossible for seekers to kneel, so they were asked to pray where they were. What a joy to have the privilege of sharing Gospel truth when people are so receptive!

Although this church was only about two years old when I returned for other conventions in February and September, 1971, the attendance had increased dramatically, most of the members having been converted under the ministry of Pastor Saied Ibrahim. The small chapel would seat comfortably only about 150, but it was packed with about 300. People were sitting in the aisle, the altar area, and so many on the platform that I hardly had standing room while preaching. I was conscious of children pressing against me, almost sitting on my feet, and when we prayed I did not have room to kneel. What a refreshing change from so many churches in America which have so many empty pews!

God miraculously helped this expanding church to secure property in Medan, Victoria, Cairo, and they began to pray for a permit to build. After thirteen months of continual faith and prayer, the permit was finally granted and signed by President Sadat, himself. This was a miracle indeed, for it is next to impossible to get a permit to build a Christian church in this Muslim country! They built a tabernacle church that seated 500, although 1,000 people were packed in for the first service. They are now building a more permanent structure on this site. Another miracle enabled the church to secure an adjoining lot where an educational center is in operation, from

nursery school through many adult training programs that pay for themselves and provide much-needed social services, such as medical help and assistance for poor families . This church has had services every night since its beginning, and at present 18 services are held each week. Special revival campaigns often last five to seven weeks with souls continually being saved .

Political relationships between the United States and Egypt have varied greatly during the years of my visits. In September, 1972 I was not permitted to stay in Cairo by government officials, who refused me a visa because they saw by my passport that I had been to Israel. Accordingly, I was placed under house arrest, where I was under guard for 33 hours, after which they escorted me to a plane and then returned my passport. I proceeded to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, where I conducted special services at the EFM Church there instead of helping in the Cairo convention with Missionary Mark Budensiek, as planned.

In 1973 the political situation was tense, and no resident missionary was in Egypt at the time. However, the convention was held near Alexandria on the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. God's blessing was manifest in these meetings, also, and many souls received definite help. The ministers returned to their churches with renewed inspiration. It was on this occasion that I left Cairo just two weeks prior to the Yom Kippur War with Israel!

On my next visit, in 1975, I was accompanied by the Reverend Joe Vernon of Alabama, who helped with the preaching and was well received by the Egyptian brethren. By 1976, the political climate had improved and the restrictions on foreigners' travel within the country had been eased so that we were able to hold the convention in Girga, Upper Egypt. There we were among the villages where many EFM churches are located. Much of the work of the early missionaries was done in this area. It was a privilege to preach with Brother Leonard Sankey at this time. We found the attendance, interest, spiritual tone, and response encouraging. We were also permitted to visit the work in Suez.

In 1984 EFM Director, Juddie Peyton, and I conducted the Pastors' Retreat in Cairo with two services per day for the ministers and each of us preaching in different churches in the evening services. The attendance and spiritual tone was excellent. Encouraging progress is being made under the dynamic leadership of National Chairman Saied Ibrahim.

The 80 years of EFM missionary labor in the land of the pyramids has paid great dividends, justifying all the suffering and sacrifice of the many committed missionaries of the past. God has certainly blessed the work of the Troyers, Irene Maurer, and others in recent years, along with the dedicated, capable pastors and faithful people, young and old, who have often borne persecution to be true of God. EFM now has a strong national church that is spiritual, growing, and carrying on outreach programs with a vision that is resulting in new churches being established. In 1970, at the time of my first convention visit, EFM had only three churches in Cairo. Now there are eight, with others in the process of developing. Through the years, work has been carried on through the Bible School, local churches, the Arabic radio broadcast, literature, intense visitation, personal work, evangelistic campaigns in the churches, and national conventions. We praise God for the true holiness witness He has raised up in the Muslim land of Egypt. Miracles are still possible where truly consecrated vessels can be found to serve, and dependable supporters in the homeland stand by faithfully!

Brother Victor Glenn, assisted by his wife, Jennie, and sister, Beatrice, together with the EFM Interdenominational Board, directed the work of Evangelistic Faith Missions for about 41 years from the time of his father's death in 1941. During his administration of faith and vision the work was extended from Egypt to Eritrea, Ethiopia, Sudan, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, South Korea, Alaska, Bolivia, and Brazil. In 1953 a fruitful radio ministry was begun which spread to 22 American states and a number of foreign stations. These stations blanketed much of the globe, with broadcasts in English, Spanish, Arabic, Russian, and Korean, besides the two mission-owned stations in Honduras. There are millions of potential listeners from whom many reports of its effectiveness have been received. The message of true holiness is being beamed into many lands where no missionary is allowed. Brother Victor Glenn resigned in 1982 because of serious health problems, and he passed away April 9, 1984.

The work of Evangelistic Faith Missions is now directed by the Rev. Juddie Peyton and the EFM Interdenominational Board elected by the EFM Officers, the Missionaries, and the National Chairmen from each of the fields. God has been faithful to provide many sacrificial supporters and has miraculously helped during times of problems and crises. The high caliber of the work and native Christians has been due to the careful selection of qualified, consecrated missionaries from various denominations, who have served with self-denying, conscientious devotion. They have endeavored not only to spread the Gospel, but to establish spiritual churches with national leadership trained in Biblical doctrines and standards of life. These miracles have all been made possible by the generous supporters and prayer warriors in the homeland, as well as their noble native counterparts, who have stood by so faithfully through these 80 years of EFM world evangelization! Their bread cast upon the waters has accomplished incredible results, which continue to multiply and lay up for them incalculable treasures in Heaven. Thus, the miracle of the shared Gospel of Christ, begun so long ago in the land of Egypt, has now reached around the world and is directed from the World Headquarters of Evangelistic Faith Missions, P.O. Box 609, Bedford, Indiana 47421, U.S.A.

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17

THE TRIUMPHANT SUFFERING CHURCH OF ETHIOPIA

Eritrea, a small African country bordering the southern part of the Red Sea, became a part of Ethiopia in 1952. It is now the northern-most province of Ethiopia -- a name familiar in ancient history, being one of the oldest independent nations of the world. Ethiopia is a largely mountainous country of some 32 million population made up of a number of ethnic groups, languages, and religions. A large percentage are Muslims, but the Coptic Church was the state religion during the reign of the monarch, Haile Selassie. He was deposed by Communistic militarists on September 12, 1974. Ethiopia has a very low per capita income of \$140.00, about 38 cents per day, and its life expectancy of 37 to 40 years is the lowest in the world.

From 1970-1976 I made seven trips to this country during a period of growing problems for the Ethiopian Christians. Conditions have since worsened to very distressing proportions! I

know of no better way to describe them than the title I have given this chapter -- "The Triumphant Suffering Church."

Hidden away in the small country of Eritrea God saw some souls destined to become some of the truest saints ever produced by God's grace on any mission field. The vision and specific call to Eritrea came to Miss Mary Boyer in Ashland, Pennsylvania so clearly that in 1950 Evangelistic Faith Missions decided to send her, together with her early coworkers, to pioneer this field which God saw was ripe for harvest. When I first visited Eritrea for a convention in 1970 at Decamere, there was already a thriving, spiritual, developed church making progress under God's signal blessings. The EFM Headquarters Compound, the high school, the Bible School, the orphanage and day school, and the literature ministry center were located at Decamere. There were also many established churches and schools in various places throughout the country. From Eritrea the work spread to other parts of Ethiopia, including the capital city of Addis Ababa, and even to Jinka, Gemu Gofa in the primitive southern area not far from the border of Kenya. All of this was accomplished in a miraculously few short years in the comparative history of missions.

I was privileged to minister in five different conventions in Eritrea. The people came in from various other places to Decamere for these services, but most of all God was there! At these Decamere Conventions I have seen, time after time, some of the greatest visitations of the Spirit I have ever experienced anywhere with singing, praising, reception of the Word, earnest seeking, and victory!

The winter convention of 1971 is a good example. It was on the first Sunday evening. Several songs had been sung and several testimonies had been given -- then it happened! There was a gracious outpouring of the Spirit, like a dam breaking loose releasing a flood that swept everything in its path! Evangelists, missionaries, pastors, teachers, and others were on their feet shouting, praying, weeping, exhorting! In just a few seconds the altar and front seats were filled with earnest seekers. On Tuesday evening it happened again. As the congregation was singing, "There is Power in the Blood," God blessed in an unusual way, and the altar and front seats were filled again with hungry souls kneeling and praying. Those were times when preaching was not needed -- times when it was confirmed anew that it is God's presence that makes the difference, and that it is prayer, faith, and obedience that brings His presence! The last thing I heard at night before going to sleep, and the first thing upon awaking in the morning, was people praying in the chapel nearby. Some of the services were characterized by a spirit of brokenness and weeping as missionaries, pastors, teachers, and workers humbled themselves before God and became burdened for lost souls. On another occasion I recall a similar flood-tide of the Spirit as the blind singer, Ghermai, sang with unforgettable depth of feeling about Christ's death on Calvary. The altar and front seats were lined several deep as souls were moved to seek the Lord.

I have many precious memories of fellowship with the dedicated, committed missionaries (Mary Boyer, Faith Hemmeter, and the Adams, Armour, Mark Budensiek, Robbins, Sanders, and Smith families), as well as with the many intelligent, devoted, sacrificial national pastors and workers too numerous to list by name here. They braved many dangers to take part in the development of this unique mighty marching army for God in Ethiopia. They have courageously stood the test in the furnace of affliction and through various fires of persecution. Different tribes and classes have been reached -- the rich, the poor, the educated, the illiterate, orphans,

servicemen, and pagans. From these God has called out many staunch saints of integrity, dedication, and faithfulness who will stand tall when those who have suffered much for Jesus' sake are rewarded!

The Eritreans have suffered greatly from the ravages of war which for more than two decades has existed between Eritrean Liberation Freedom Fighters, seeking Eritrean independence, and the Ethiopian government forces. The people were endangered from both sides and some mission property was destroyed.

Then there was the severe persecution of the Evangelicals by the Coptic Church throughout Ethiopia. Young people were often threatened, beaten, disowned, and cast out of their homes. Some had their Bibles torn to pieces, some were arrested for giving out tracts, many Evangelicals were imprisoned in filthy vermin-infested prisons, and some churches were closed.

As all the world now knows, Ethiopia has also been plagued since 1972 by droughts which have caused the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Ethiopians. This situation, which has been critical in some areas for years, has now become extreme with many facing mass starvation before even sufficient temporary relief can be obtained.

Then the Communistic, militaristic coup, which took place on September 12, 1974 was accompanied by mass arrests, and an estimated 10,000 were executed. In 1975 I was in the capital city of Addis Ababa and witnessed the first anniversary celebration of the Communistic takeover of Ethiopia. Thousands marched in the streets carrying Communist banners, and Marxist literature was everywhere. All of this portended even more difficult days ahead for the Ethiopian Church.

The Faith Mission Church in Addis Ababa was organized in the home of Menghistab Christos, a consecrated layman employed for many years as a purchasing agent for the Ethiopian Airlines. The church grew, so larger quarters were rented, and eventually they acquired their own chapel. I preached there in 1972, 1975, and 1976. Just four days prior to my arrival in Addis Ababa for a convention in 1972, some 500 Evangelicals had been imprisoned. There was much tension and fear. We conducted the services, however, which were an encouragement to the people there. God protected us from harassment for the time, although shortly afterward the church was closed by Coptics in places of authority. It remained closed for a year and a half, but it was permitted to reopen and operated for a considerable time after the Communist takeover of the government.

As the war in Eritrea intensified, the missionaries had to be evacuated. The Adams family remained the longest, under very dangerous conditions during which Brother Adams was imprisoned for a time, but they were ultimately safely evacuated. In time, as the Communistic forces consolidated their control, more pressure was put upon the churches. Most churches have been closed; property has been confiscated; Christians have been harassed, imprisoned, and some martyred. Yet they have valiantly found ways to worship, witness, and let their light shine. The orphanage and some schools have so far been permitted to operate.

Brother Menghistab from the Addis Ababa Church was imprisoned for seven months. While he was being interrogated, he had opportunity to give his testimony for Christ. God helped

him in such a manner that the three other interrogators in the same room stopped their work to listen. Later, all four came to him privately to ask more about his encounter with Christ, and all four were converted. With the help of his wife, who risked her life also, he was able to smuggle 60 New Testaments into the prison, and many prisoners were converted. Eventually, he was released, and God opened the way for him and his family to come to this country.

Many thousands of Eritreans have had to flee for their lives, risking the hardships and dangers of hiding by day and secretly walking by night many miles to the border of Sudan. There they have had to suffer the privations of the overcrowded refugee camps for various periods of time. Wherever the Eritrean Christians have gone they have spread the Gospel. They have found many hungry hearts in the refugee camps, in the country of Sudan, and in other countries where they have gone -- Arabia, Italy, West Germany, Holland, England, and the United States.

In 1975 a great door of opportunity was opened in southern Ethiopia at Jinka, Gemu Gofa, a county-seat town of about 6,000 with an estimated population in the surrounding area of 20,000, representing several tribes. Some are very primitive; costumes and many customs are primitive. Some still fight with poison-tipped arrows; some still make their homes in caves. Daniel, a serviceman converted at Massawa, Eritrea was concerned about his people in this area and asked the Mission to open a work there. This became possible when the missionaries were forced to leave Eritrea because of the increased intensity of the war in that area. After proper investigation and arrangements were made, National Pastor Mesfun, and Missionaries Boyer and Hemmeter were sent. The missionaries had preceded us only three weeks when Brother Joe Vernon, Brother Robbins, and I left Addis on an old worn-out DC-3 Ethiopian-Airline cargo plane for Jinka. It was a very noisy, uncomfortable trip with four stops en route on dirt and grass landing strips among the mountains.

Although the government was at that time already under military rule, the local officials were friendly, granting permission for use of the city hall for the services. The people were very friendly and open to the reception of the Gospel message. Some had never heard this message before, yet at the invitation they rushed forward immediately to seek the true and living God. The attendance and altar response was so great that the officials became afraid that they would be in trouble with the higher authorities for permitting use of their building. We transferred to the school building, but we were allowed to return to the municipal hall to complete the revival.

Land was donated by the officials there in an excellent location beside the main path used by several tribes to come and go from the marketplace. Soon after this revival, construction was begun on buildings for living quarters, chapel, and school. In 1976 our second revival in Jinka was characterized by good attendance, encouraging response, and the very real presence of the Lord. On the third night 35 people stayed to pray. God helped the missionaries and national pastor in their labors among these pagan tribes, many of whom had never before heard the Gospel of Christ. There is much spiritual darkness, and many heathen rites and practices exist. However, God was faithful, and eventually some were established enough for the first baptismal service in which seven were baptized.

The missionaries knew that because of the gradually worsening political situation they would have only a short time to labor there, so they sent for thousands of Gospel portions in the

language of the people. They gave them out to those who could read, and also to many who could not read, as they passed the mission on their way back to their villages from the marketplace. They were told to keep the Gospel portions and ask any visitor who could read to read it to them. Eventually the missionaries and the national pastor had to leave. They left reluctantly but with assurance that they had done all they could in reaching those souls in the allotted time. Some had been saved, sanctified, and baptized, but they were still burdened for the many yet unreached ones.

Five years passed with no word from anyone in that area. Then the national pastor was miraculously helped to return for a visit. The people were surprised that he had gotten through to Jinka and realized that God surely must have sent him. He was able to preach to those who gathered. Some were there from an illiterate tribe. The pastor inquired about the Gospel portions. He was told that the Communists sent in teachers and forced everyone, young and old, to learn to read. Now they were reading the Gospels for themselves, as they had kept them hidden in their homes. So God is still working in many ways in Ethiopia despite the Communist government.

The precious Christians that remain in Ethiopia today need our prayers and support as they suffer for their faith. They are determined to be faithful to Christ and continue to worship, witness, and shine for Jesus in whatever ways are possible in the midst of varying difficult circumstances. As Christ came down to walk with the three Hebrew children in Nebuchadnezzar's day, just so He is walking with faithful servants in Ethiopia today in their furnace of persecution. The true Gospel light that has been planted in Ethiopia will never be extinguished. The gates of Hell will never prevail against God's true church!

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18

REFUGEE WORK IN SUDAN

Since the Communistic militaristic takeover of the Ethiopian government in 1974 many thousands of Ethiopians have had to flee for their lives. The Eritreans generally have fled to the Sudan, a Muslim country whose sympathies have been allied with Egypt and the United States against Ethiopia and Libya. The Republic of the Sudan, under military control, is the largest, but also one of the poorest of African countries. It has a population of about 20 million, and the per capita income is only about \$370 per year. Much of its land is desert, and the climate is very hot. Located south of Egypt and northwest of Ethiopia, it is 72 percent Muslim, 23 percent animist, and four percent Christian. The Sudan has had to plead for outside help in caring for this flood of refugees, which through the years has risen to hundreds of thousands in numbers of camps in desert areas along its southeastern border. A door of opportunity was opened to Evangelistic Faith Missions, along with other agencies, to help with this tremendous need. Permission was granted for work there with no strings attached. Although Sudan is a Muslim country, the Christians are permitted to worship and evangelize in various ways. Since many of these refugees were Christians from Faith Mission churches in Eritrea, there were ample native workers available to administer the relief and training programs with efficiency and integrity.

My first visit to Sudan was a seventeen-day trip with Brother Ghebremichael in 1980 to complete the administrative details with government officials in Khartoum and to visit the El

Ghirba Refugee Camp. In Khartoum we purchased a four-wheel drive vehicle for use in the refugee work. This was to be delivered to us in Gedaref, so we rode an ancient public bus some 200 miles across the desert. En route we suffered a two-hour breakdown, and later the bus driver lost control at a high rate of speed, left the highway, and plunged down the road embankment. A large truck came along and gave us a lift the rest of the way into Gedaref. There we picked up the Land Rover and proceeded another hour's drive to the El Ghirba Refugee Camp where the Faith Mission work was being carried on in temporary quarters on an emergency basis. We had to spend the night in a very poor native hotel with no screens and no mosquito nets. So we suffered greatly from mosquito bites. After completion of our visit we returned to Khartoum in the Land Rover.

My second trip, in 1984, with EFM Director, Juddie Peyton, was more bearable, since we crossed the desert in the mission van, although the extreme heat was unavoidable on the 400-mile round trip through desert country. On this trip we came across an unusually large herd of several hundred camels. Breeding of camels is one of the industries of the Sudan. We observed the completed EFM Mission Compound with its housing for native workers and the various relief programs ably administered by Brother Bereket, former superintendent of Faith Mission Orphanage in Eritrea. It was a thrill to hear the 225 Kindergarten children singing of Jesus' love and watch as they received their one good meal for the day. The nutrition center also gives special attention to children and adults who need special care because of extreme malnutrition and illness. Other training programs for adults in skills to enable them to become self-supporting are carried on. We spent the night at the Faith Mission Compound and returned to Khartoum the next day. We were thankful that the desert sandstorm, which passed through Khartoum after our return, did not overtake us on the desert.

Meanwhile, the Gospel is being given out. Much spiritual hunger has been manifested among the refugees. Many tracts, Bible portions, and cassette recordings of sermons and songs have been distributed. Services have been possible at times in many places where churches have permitted use of their facilities for well-attended meetings near the refugee camps. Regular work is carried on in Khartoum where many refugees live. Services are conducted in both the Tigrinya and Amharic languages. The acquisition of a van for use by the national chairman greatly facilitates contacts with groups in widely scattered areas of Khartoum where public transportation is unavailable .

The plight of the refugees is extremely heartbreaking. As some are helped and are fortunate enough to get through the various red-tape processes to be admitted to some country who will accept them, others continue to come. They arrive after having suffered the ravages of war and famine in Ethiopia and having survived the perilous escape journey. Leaving their homes and belongings, they make the dangerous trek of many miles and many days, hiding by day and walking by night. Many are mothers with small children. Some are children whose parents have been killed. They arrive exhausted and suffering from malnutrition and many illnesses. Adjustment to the sweltering heat of the desert is very difficult for those accustomed to the highlands of Eritrea. Many, of course, have died in the process when help has not been available in time. It is not only a joy to help relieve such suffering, but a Christian and Biblical imperative that we do so.

The whole of Africa, the world's second largest continent, has millions of refugees and displaced persons caused by the various wars and droughts which this continent has suffered in

recent years. There has already been much suffering and death, and millions more are at risk of death from starvation. Yet Africa is rapidly turning to Christianity.

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19

THE VAST HARVEST FIELDS OF INDIA

It has been my privilege to preach the Gospel in the needy mission fields of India on four different occasions. India's more than 745 million people make up about 15 percent of the world's population. Only China has a larger population. It is predicted that eventually India will replace China as the world's most populous country. India contains nearly as many people as the continents of Africa and South America combined. Everywhere one looks there are people, people, people! It is one thing which India has in abundance. There is a high population density, and it is one of the poorest nations of the world with a per capita income of only \$240.00 per year, less than 66 cents per day. Starvation, malnutrition, and the accompanying illnesses, are very common occurrences. While walking in the great cities, I have sometimes had to be careful to avoid stepping on the homeless poor, sick, and beggars.

Some modern progress has been made, but the population growth tends to offset the progress. The outmoded caste system still has socially disastrous effects. India has also suffered great damage at various times from natural disasters such as floods, tidal waves, and repeated droughts. When funds are limited and the needs are so overwhelming, the missionary is faced with the dilemma of deciding who shall be helped and who shall be left to starve or die from lack of medication. There is a diverse population made up of 22 states. Some 200 different languages are spoken of which 14 are officially recognized. The main ones include English, Hindi and Gujarati. India is about 83 percent Hindu. 11 percent Muslim, three percent Christian, and two percent Sikh. No new resident missionary visas have been granted for many years. So missionary work must be carried on by the longtime resident missionaries and the native Christians. India is by far the most difficult field I have ever visited, although reception to Christianity and persecution of Christians varies greatly in various states.

I first visited India in 1972 when I held a revival at the Rajnandgaon Wesleyan Church in central India where veteran Missionary Rebecca Bibbee and Nurse Leonette White labor with sacrificial devotion. There is now a thriving school, the local church, and the leprosarium where lepers are both housed and treated. I preached in the local church in the evenings and at the leprosarium in the mornings. The lepers have their own chapel. My able interpreter, Brother Lal, was a wonderful Christian brother who came to Rajnandgaon many years ago as a leper. He was a high caste Hindu, but God saved him and healed him of his dread disease years before modern treatments were available. He was so grateful that he dedicated his life to working at the leprosarium.

Attending the local church revival services in the evening was a very interesting native, Dr. Abraham, a successful and highly competent surgeon. He is very wealthy; yet he attended the services driving a beat-up jeep and dressed in a peasant's gown. When asked why he did not drive

a better car and dress better, he replied. "Why should I? My people cannot wear better clothes." He spends a great deal of his income in programs to help the poor among the Indian people.

I returned in 1973 and again in 1974 for revivals at Rajnandgaon. In 1974 I also preached at the Wesleyan Pastors' Conference in Pardi, Gujarat State, in the western part of India some 125 miles north of Bombay. It was a joy to labor with Brother Justin and the other brethren who carry on the work with dedication in that area.

In 1974, and again in 1976, I preached in the Rajamundry area near the southwestern coast of India. In 1974, during just five services, 50 Hindus sought the Lord and professed salvation. Many of these asked for Christian baptism, which in India is very significant as a public break with Hinduism and stand for Christianity. I was able to baptize some of these before having to leave. I also preached at a leper colony near Rajamundry.

My preaching itinerary in 1976 in this area was filled with some new and interesting experiences. The first service was at 5:30 P.M. in a village nearby where a group of Hindus had become believers. Yet, because of feared persecution, they were keeping their faith from becoming known to the general public. My interpreter referred to them as "secret disciples." The service was well attended, and one could tell by the way they sang and responded to the truth that this "underground church" had a love for and devotion to Christ. We then went on about twenty miles to the next village for a service at 7:30 P.M. It was a very primitive Hindu village of mud huts with straw roofs on narrow streets. But this service was very different. These people were not "secret disciples" but just the opposite. Entering the village, we were met by the little band of Christians. According to their custom they welcomed me with several garlands of flowers, which they placed around my neck. Then there began a very noisy march to the place of service with the pastor in the lead. As they marched they shouted in unison, "Hallelujah! Thank God for Jesus Christ and the Missionary who has come to our village!" Then one of the men shot a skyrocket into the air that exploded with a loud bang and bright, colorful lights. On and on went the march down the narrow streets with skyrockets exploding and the Christians continually shouting, "Hallelujah! Thank God for Jesus Christ and for the missionary who has come to our village!" By the time we reached the place where the service was to be held a large crowd had gathered to hear the Gospel message. God blessed as I preached and great conviction gripped the hearts of the hearers. At the close of the service about 35 people knelt and sought the Lord. Let us thank God for those who are bold enough to shout the praises of our God in India, but let us pray also for the more timid ones that they may be strengthened by His Spirit .

Again I preached to the lepers in this area of India and after the service helped serve the rice for their physical hunger. After traveling in many countries and seeing a multitude of people in nearly all walks of life, I am convinced that the poor lepers are the most pitiful people in all the world. Their lot in life is that of a living death. My first experience of preaching to them was unforgettable. Their sad look of utter hopelessness so overwhelmed me that after I had given them the Gospel message, I sat down and wept uncontrollably. I have since preached to them on many occasions in different parts of India and have found them to be very receptive to the Gospel. It was a thrill to be able to give to people of this living death the message of everlasting life!

The lepers are an unwanted and unloved people. Whether low caste or high caste. when one becomes a leper he becomes an outcast. It is a devastatingly lonely disease! Millions of them roam the roads of India trying to beg enough food to stay alive. Leprosy, mankind's oldest known disease, can now be arrested by modern medicines if treated early enough. There are 15 million lepers in the world, mostly in earth's tropical areas, but only 25 percent are receiving treatment. Lack of funds and dedicated workers dooms the other 75 percent and propagates this loathsome disease! Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the cause lies deeper than that. Could it be the lack of compassionate concern on the part of the world's more affluent Christians?

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SOUTH KOREA -- THE LAND OF MIRACLES

The story of Christianity in the land of Korea has been somewhat unique in the history of world missions. Christianity came relatively late to this heathen land compared to China, India, and other parts of Asia and Africa where missionaries had been working for many prior years. It was in 1885 when the first two lone missionaries waded ashore bringing Bibles to this Hermit Kingdom. In 1895, the first ordained Protestant missionary arrived in Seoul. Others followed who introduced fundamental Christianity, established seminaries with high educational standards, and held numerous Bible conferences. They emphasized the study of God's Word and soul-winning as essentials of the Christian faith. The Korean Church, however, was not educated into a belief in Christianity, but was born in the midst of revival fires that swept the nation in the early part of the twentieth century. This thrilling story is recorded by Jonathan Goforth in his book, *When the Spirit's Fire Swept Korea*. These factors produced an indigenous church which exhibited a zeal for evangelization of its own people still felt in Korea today. The early Korean Christians became, not just names upon a church roll, but as one missionary expressed it, they became deep-rooted "go-to-church, read-your-Bible, pray-every-day," sacrificial-giving Christians. They possessed a first-century martyr spirit and realized that the church makes the most progress on its knees!

Politically, these freedom-loving people suffered many years of oppression by foreign powers. The Japanese imprisoned, tortured, and martyred many Christians who refused to bow at their idolatrous shrines. Whole Christian congregations were machine-gunned and buried in mass graves, while pastors were singled out for special persecution and death. Being a small nation, unable to throw off the yoke of foreign oppressors, they had no recourse but by way of the throne of God. They prayed for deliverance, but also that their Christian martyrs should suffer joyfully and be faithful to the end.

They escaped the Japanese yoke at the end of World War II only to be faced with the worse enemy of Communist aggression which ravaged the nation, martyred many of its remaining Christians, and left the land divided at the 38th parallel. The north is now hopelessly dominated by one of the most rigid Communistic governments in the world. Many enemy oppressors, both Japanese and Communist, were converted to Christianity through the example and witness of faithful persecuted Christians. Thousands of Communistic Chinese and North Korean prisoners of war were evangelized by Christian chaplains in the POW Camps. In direct answer to prayer,

27,000 war prisoners were liberated in South Korea after the Korean conflict rather than being repatriated to their Communistic homelands.

The largely agricultural Republic of South Korea was left impoverished from the ravages of war and was faced with the overwhelming task of absorbing the more than three million North Korean refugees who had fled to the south. Seventy percent of Koreans now live in the Republic of South Korea. This small country, about the size of the state of Indiana, with a population of some 42 million, contains one of the world's highest population densities, 973 per square mile. This is much higher than India or Japan. Yet its intelligent, industrious, ingenious people through 20 years of spectacular economic growth have advanced in a single generation from one of the world's poorest nations to almost full industrialization with a per capita income of \$1680.

The traditional religions of Buddhism and Confucianism still hold the majority of the people. Yet the growth of Christianity has been somewhat spectacular among Asian nations. The famous well-attended dawn prayer meetings are held daily, often in unheated buildings, in practically every church in South Korea, regardless of denomination. They were born of desperate faith during very troubled times and have continued to this day. In 1955 three percent of its then 30 million people were Christian. Today, only 30 years later, the proportion of Protestant Christians has risen to 10.8 percent of the now 42 million population. South Korea has been a flourishing fruitful field for Christianity.

It has been my privilege to evangelize in South Korea on nine different occasions from 1972-1983. A few years previously, some Korean ministers, who desired to know more about the deeper experience and life of heart holiness, requested help from America. In response, Dr. and Mrs. Dale Yocum spent a number of years there teaching in the seminaries, preaching in various churches, preparing literature, and helping in many ways to establish the people in the doctrine and experience of sanctification. During my first visit, in 1972 for "Holiness Emphasis Week," I preached on the theme of holiness every morning in the chapel services in the seminary and each evening in a large church in Seoul. We experienced a gracious moving of the Holy Spirit among the students, teachers, pastors, and others. Many earnest seekers received definite help and gave glowing testimonies. God gave the Yocums a great influence in that land. During their tenure, I spent 20 weeks over a period of three years in evangelistic work in various churches in the Seoul area and throughout South Korea, including the cities of Taegu, Pusan, Chon-ju, and Kwang-ju. Heart hunger was everywhere, together with excellent attendance, open reception of the truth, and altars overflowing with earnest seekers. I have many memories of wonderful times of fellowship spent in the home of the Yocums and in the services during those early years in Korea.

When I first went to evangelize there many people still remembered the poverty, hunger, suffering, death, and Communistic persecution of the Korean War of 1950-1953. One of these was Pastor Lee, whom I met, and in whose church I preached. He was imprisoned and sentenced to be shot because when the Communists demanded use of his church building, he refused to relinquish it. He offered them his home but said, "You cannot have my church. It would be wrong for me to give you my church. It is where we worship God, and it belongs to Him!" They took his home. Later they came the second time to demand his church. He still refused, so they arrested him. He shouted encouragement to the Christians along the way as the Communists escorted him through the streets to prison. Eventually, he was sentenced to be shot. With others he was on the way to the

place of execution in the middle of the night when out of the darkness a messenger came (from whence no one knows) with official papers ordering his release'. The Communist guard did not understand, but he released Pastor Lee to escape under cover of the darkness. He looked around to thank the messenger, but he had vanished. No one ever found out how his release came about, but many Koreans believed that God sent His "angel" to deliver His servant as He had once delivered Peter. I do not know who this so-called "angel" was, but certainly we can safely conclude that God in some manner miraculously provided Pastor Lee's release. It is no surprise that God would work a miracle for one so devoted that he would give up his own home but would not surrender God's dedicated church building to the anti-God forces of Communism. even if it meant prison and death!

In those early days I also met Elder Moon, Hyung Chong who carried a burden for the thousands of rural villages which have no Christian church. He once offered to sell one of his eyes to obtain money for building a village church. The surgeon refused to remove it, and God supplied the money in another way. Elder Moon organized and built a number of churches in these rural villages. The same spirit of concern, dedication, and sacrifice remains among many in Korea today.

In 1973 I preached on one occasion at the Sam Chin Po Church in the Seoul area. My attention was drawn to an elderly man who was giving keen attention. His attitude and appearance seemed to speak of deep sincere devotion to God. He was a medical doctor who had been a Christian for 50 years. Later, I inquired about him and learned of his sacrificial concept and practice of Christian stewardship. The church there was building a nice parsonage, and the doctor was paying half the cost. I asked about the doctor's own home and was told that he lived in an old house badly in need of repair. We walked past the doctor's office and clinic. It was obviously badly in need of repair also. They said he intended to remodel his own home and clinic when they got the parsonage paid for. He gave 80 percent of his income to God's cause. What a contrast to so many American Christians who resolve to give more to the church and missions. after they have refurbished their own homes, or finished paying for a car, boat, vacation, or other things for self. This is only one of the many instances of sacrificial giving often found among the Korean Christians.

One of the highlights of my trips to Korea was the 1973 convention on a mountain near Seoul. More than 150 pastors, seminary students, and others had gathered from various churches for a week of special meetings with intensive preaching, worshipping, and praying for spiritual renewal at the Mountain Prayer House. After going as far as we could by taxi, we walked through several rice paddies, and finally climbed a long route up a steep, narrow, rocky path to the conference facilities on the mountain top. From the very first service it was evident that God was with us to bless His people. There was confession, weeping, praying, and rejoicing as many testified that their prayers had been answered. Cold hearts were revived; professionalism was swept away; complete consecration to God was made definite! Returning to their homes, they spread the revival fires by their testimonies and changed lives. Often, after the revival on the mountain, I met people in the various churches who testified that back there on the mountain God met their definite need for a transforming practical experience of heart cleansing and a victorious life!

One of those who received definite help was Father Kim, Duk Bong, 85, who had accompanied his son, Pastor Kim, Yong Yun to the Mountain Prayer Conference for the purpose of seeking the blessing of sanctification. In his youth he had been a wealthy Confucianist in North Korea, but he was forced to flee in poverty to the south in 1946 when the Communists came to power. He suffered through the years of the Korean conflict largely dependent for security on his son, who had become a Christian and active witness, and eventually became a pastor. In 1962 Father Kim was finally converted to Christianity through his son's influence. In 1973 on the mountain he sought and received the grace of sanctification and lived a life of victory for several years. Then at an advanced age he was promoted to Heaven where I am sure, as he stands in the presence of our Holy God, he is glad he made his consecration complete there at the Mountain Prayer Conference near Seoul at the age of 85.

In September, 1974 I was privileged to be at the Shi Heung Conference where, besides the business sessions, the audience was packed and the services were characterized by much spiritual interest in prayer and the ministry of the Word. God's presence was graciously manifest and produced honest heart responses on the part of the hearers. One aged pastor from Cheju Island off the south coast came to the conference because he had heard of the depth of the work taking place. The open confessions of need followed by earnest prayer and clear testimonies of real victory contributed to the rising tide of God's working there.

The Phil Estes family ministered for a while in South Korea teaching and preaching. It happened that I made only one brief stop there en route in my travels in 1976 during their tenure.

Later, I returned four times during 1980-1983. In 1980 there was no resident missionary. It was challenging, however, to labor with our Korean brethren again after an interval of several years. It was refreshing to find the work progressing under the able leadership of National Chairman Choi, Sung Kyun. The Spirit of God moved with tremendous conviction in many of the services and more than 500 sought the Lord for definite experiences. It was also encouraging to see those who had received spiritual help in some of the services in past years continuing the fight of faith for the salvation of the lost. During this three-week visit my itinerary was arranged by Brother Choi and involved evangelistic services in a number of churches, an ordination service, and a speaking engagement at a girls' high school of 5,600 students. Private education is big business there, as government schools only provide for education through the sixth grade. The people, however, prize education highly and will sacrifice greatly to educate their children, to attend university and seminary themselves, and also to pioneer and build Christian churches.

Another of the very active Korean leaders was Pastor Kim, Yong Yun, who is one of the most radiant witnesses for Christ that I have met anywhere. Besides his work as a pastor, he is constantly doing personal witnessing and distributing Christian Literature in a very winsome manner wherever he goes. He has translated and published much literature, both classical and more recent works, on the doctrine and life of entire sanctification. He has visited more than 20 seminaries in Seoul where students were eager to buy the books. There has been a ready sale in many places, as these books have provided a much-needed message.

I returned to Korea in 1981 and was privileged to work with the newly-appointed missionaries, David and Lillian Budensiek. Though having arrived only three months previously,

they were ministering like veteran missionaries in the work of teaching in the Bible School and evangelizing in the churches. Of the many meetings I have held in Korea, I believe there was never a previous time when we had more help of the Spirit in the services. Time and again the Holy Spirit came with powerful conviction and gave us many seeking souls. One of the very earnest seekers in the Life Line Church was a retired Colonel of the Korean Air Force, Colonel Haw Dong. It was heart-warming to witness his earnest seeking and his eventual glowing victory. He immediately began to testify to his Buddhist family and became very concerned for their salvation. He remained true and has since received a call to preach. In 1983, more than two years later, when I returned for another visit, Brother Haw Doug's wife consented to come to the service with him to the Life Line Church. She came forward for prayer in the first Christian service she ever attended!

In 1982 Evangelistic Faith Missions Director, Juddie Peyton, and I visited Korea together on my eighth tour of service among these beloved people. We observed the progress of the building of the new Life Line Church and Bible School on a strategic site overlooking the lovely Han River Valley with the beautiful mountains in the distance. It is located near heavily populated areas and a number of schools and universities. We call this the miracle church, for God worked so miraculously in supplying the needs for its construction. Brother Choi has a very good influence and many friends. This was a tremendous advantage in securing donated labor and lowest possible prices for materials. Brother Choi and his father worked very hard on the construction. Brother Choi also first mortgaged and later sold his own home so the construction could continue. The building was nearing completion when we were there.

We conducted evangelistic services in several of the churches. The people enjoyed Brother Peyton's ministry in sermon and song. Services were held at Pastor Kim's Rock Holiness Church, Pastor Park's Suh Seoul Church, and Pastor Sohn's Wal Long Church, 20 miles north of Seoul near the DMZ. We took part in the ground-breaking ceremonies for Pastor Pae's new church at Bucheon, a village about halfway between Seoul and the seaport of Inchon. The concluding services were held in the Life Line Church. These churches were pioneered and born through much sacrifice, prayer, faith, and labor on the part of these devoted pastors, who are much concerned about getting out the Gospel message of true holiness to their fellow Koreans.

God met with us throughout the services and there was the usual excellent attendance. altar response, praying and victory! Many who are being reached are students, teachers, and other professional people. We left with pleasant memories of the wonderful fellowship in the services and also in the home of Missionaries David and Lillian Budensiek and in the homes of a number of the gracious Korean people. We found the progress and outlook for the work there very encouraging.

In the fall of 1983 I returned to Korea for the ninth time and celebrated My 71st birthday while there. At the time of my first trip in 1972 the population of Seoul was six million. Today Seoul is a city of ten million and ranks among the largest cities of the world. As I sat on a street corner of this busy city watching the multitudes as they hurried by, all on their way to eternity. I was very thankful that there were dedicated missionaries and national pastors there who were busy pointing them to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

On this ninth visit I preached in five of the churches. The seal of the Spirit was wonderfully present and a great number earnestly sought God for pardon or purity. The first services were with Pastor Kim at the Rock Holiness Church. One lady gave a glowing testimony of sanctification, but she was receiving opposition from her husband. She taped the message and took it home to her husband. He was convicted and began to pray and later testified to victory. The second night quite a number of college-age young people remained to ask questions and continued praying all night.

At the Wal Long Church, only about seven miles south of the North Korean border in a Buddhist village, I preached to record crowds. The church was packed right up to the pulpit, and the altar-call response was truly remarkable. This is a recently-organized church which is the result of the dedicated efforts of Pastor Sohn, Min Soo, who prayed, fasted and labored until the longed-for breakthrough came. An unusually fast growth occurred during that year. A nice parsonage was built and the land paid for on which to build a new church.

The first Sunday morning service was at the Suh Seoul Church with Pastor Park. They plan to move to a larger building soon. I also preached in the lovely new church building in Bucheon with good attendance and many responding to the invitation. This church was opened in a rented building while I was in Korea in May, 1981. The new church building was made possible by faith and the sacrificial efforts of Pastor Pae, Chang Sup and his family. Brother Pae sold his home and used the money, together with what the congregation could raise, to build the church. He also obtained the refund of the key money from the rented building where they had been worshipping. He moved his wife and family of five children and the worship services into tents beside the new building site. In September, 1982 the ground-breaking ceremony took place near the two tents. The builders ran behind schedule, so the church continued to worship in the tent, despite the freezing weather, until Christmas, when the basement was completed. Brother Pae and his family continued to live in their tent most of the winter. Nights got down to five degrees above zero, but they did not complain. They now have an apartment in the church basement. One can only admire these godly Korean people with their determined sacrifice and faithful endeavors for Christ!

The closing services of our 1983 evangelistic campaign were held at the completed beautiful new Life Line Church where National Chairman Choi, Sung Kyun is pastor. The building has a basement and three stories with construction such that two more stories can be added later when needed. It houses the basement heating plant. Brother Choi's apartment office space, the bookstore, the Bible School area and library, and the Life Line Church. The last Sunday morning was the climax when many were in tears, and the altar area and the entire center aisle were filled with weeping souls all the way to the back of the sanctuary. Truly God met with us in this land of spiritually-hungry people, and we praise Him!

Brother Choi was the Spirit-anointed interpreter for the entire campaign in all the churches. His special gift in this area contributed greatly to the success of the meetings. All of the churches under the leadership of the Budensiaks and the dedicated pastors were busy throwing out the "Life Line" to the lost in the "Land of the Morning Calm". After having preached many, many evangelistic messages in this land, in a number of different denominations, and over a period of several years, I do not recall a single invitation when people did not respond. Also, the amazing dedication, sacrificial giving, and self-denying devotion of the Korean Christians are a constant

inspiration. Among the mission fields where I have labored, I think there is not one with greater potential than South Korea.

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GOD'S WONDROUS WORKING IN CENTRAL AMERICA

From 1969 through 1983 I have been privileged to visit Central American mission fields on eight occasions, embracing the countries of Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras. This work dates from the labors of the Reverend and Mrs. Dennis Reiff in Guatemala, beginning about 1947. In 1959, it came under the direction of Evangelistic Faith Missions. The headquarters and Bible School were located at Jalapa, Guatemala. The work was extended into El Salvador in 1964 with a center in Santa Ana. In 1968 work was opened in San Pedro Sula, Honduras. From the original centers many other churches have been established and the work expanded in many ways.

These countries have been traditionally Spanish in culture and Roman Catholic in religion, but in recent years many people have become very receptive to the true Gospel with a real hunger for salvation, although they must sometimes face opposition and persecution. A small percent of the people are of Spanish descent; some are Indian; a few are black; but most are of mixed ancestry.

The topography is marked chiefly by volcanic mountain ranges some of which are occasionally active. There are also plateaus and valleys of sufficient altitude to provide a spring-like climate to a large portion of these tropical countries. There are coastal lowlands, with fine harbors, but they are very hot and humid. The Caribbean side receives up to 200 inches of rainfall annually.

Guatemala is the most populous and one of the larger Central American countries. El Salvador is the smallest. Honduras is the second largest Central American country. but it is also among the poorest in the Western Hemisphere. There is some industry, but these countries are chiefly agricultural with large plantations of coffee, bananas, and cotton. Other products are sugar cane, cattle, minerals, and timber. There are large mahogany forests and other rare and valuable woods. Outside the principle cities, road conditions are generally poor, making travel rough, slow, and sometimes hazardous or impossible.

I was in Guatemala once when a volcano within sight of Guatemala City became active. We could observe the awesome eruption of the red-hot molten rock and the glowing river of lava flowing down the mountain side. Besides volcanoes, these countries are subject to earthquakes, hurricanes, and tornadoes. The roughest air trip I have ever made, in more than 400,000 miles of air travel, was when our commercial jet flew through a tornado en route to Guatemala in 1983. We arrived to find that this tornado had done much havoc in Guatemala City and had destroyed one of the Faith Mission churches in Guatemala. The earthquake of 1976 in Guatemala caused approximately 25,000 deaths and tremendous property destruction. About a million people were left homeless. The Bible School at Jalapa and a large number of Faith Mission churches were destroyed and had to be rebuilt. About 60 homes were also built and given to homeless families.

Hurricane Fifi in 1974 in Honduras, with its tremendous floods, caused more than 8,000 deaths and vast devastation of crops and property. Many thousands were left homeless. Thanksgiving for the miraculous preservation of the lives of the Evangelistic Faith Missionaries and most native Christians during these disasters was very fervent.

During these trying times Evangelistic Faith Missions and its missionaries and native leaders were there. With heroic efforts they obtained and administered relief supplies saving many lives. They also labored valiantly in the rebuilding process. After the destruction of Hurricane Fifi, the Emanuel Colony of 78 homes and a church was built in El Progreso. The deeds were eventually turned over to the 78 needy families. Most of them are now Christians. This is also one of Faith Mission's best-attended churches in Honduras.

El Salvador has suffered and still suffers a different type and more prolonged disaster of political upheavals. Loss of life, property destruction, and kidnapping, have occurred in parts of Guatemala also. The national chairman and family in Santa Ana, El Salvador, have received serious life threats, and the Christians there are in constant danger. Yet God has helped them to make progress. They certainly need our prayers in a special way as they carry on under crucial conditions during critical times.

Through the years the training of native pastors has been given due emphasis. Many of the present capable leaders of the Central American work have been graduates of the Bible Institute in Jalapa, Guatemala, with excellent training and a vision to evangelize their own people. Honduras has a practical Bible Institute program at San Pedro Sula where their pastors can come for a week's intensive training each month to complete their prescribed courses. Some churches have started other churches in surrounding areas and sent out preachers from their congregations. Literature distribution and special work with the children, youth, and women are other means through which the Gospel is being spread in Central America.

The establishment of a Maternity Clinic in a remote mountain section at San Luis, Honduras has provided an opportunity for spreading the Gospel, as well as relieving suffering and saving lives. It is operated by missionary nurses assisted by native nurses and aides. A plane stands by for evacuation of emergency cases to the city. There is also an outpatient emergency center -- a much-needed service. Much help in establishment of this clinic was given by Dr. Phillip Foshee of Clanton, Alabama U.S.A., who has donated many months of medical services to Honduras through the years. Outreach ministries also extend the influence of the medical clinic. The nurses administer vaccination programs in nearby villages and extension health services in the church day-care centers.

Besides the regular Evangelistic Faith Missions overseas broadcasts on many stations around the world, two mission owned stations with constant religious programming have been established at San Luis and San Pedro Sula, Honduras. This medium has proved an effective means of reaching many who otherwise would be unreachable. Most native families are poor, but although they may live under very primitive conditions, most have small battery radios and are avid listeners. The response is excellent, and many; have been converted through the radio work. A special radio pastor in San Luis does follow-up work and visitation. New churches are expected to be one result.

The work in these Central American countries has been pioneered and developed by dedicated and efficient missionaries with whom I have had wonderful Christian fellowship through the years. Resident missionaries on these fields when I have ministered there on various occasions include the Dennis Reiffs, the Glen Reiffs, the Cokers, the Links, the Heights, the Gellermans, the Sankeys, Marjorie Fletcher, Helen Leigh, the Schwanz Family, the Merton Rundells, the Rusty Rundells, Keren Fleming, the Moores, and the Stephen Budensiaks.

I have been able to observe the progress of the work over a period of 15 years since my first trip in 1909 when I preached in a convention in Honduras. I was then joined by Brother Victor Glen and Brother Griffeth for a convention in Guatemala. I have since been privileged to labor there on many occasions in general convention, revivals, pastors' retreats, and a youth convention. Time and again during these successive visits, there have been gracious times of spiritual refreshing, heartwarming, inspiration, and salvation because of God's Spirit. There has usually been excellent attendance and good rapport with the audiences through the various able interpreters. The response has been gratifying. many people have often had to walk great distance to get to the service, sometimes even wading rivers, and exposing themselves to various dangers in order to attend.

My longest stay was six weeks in 1974, when I was accompanied by Brother and Sister Ward Adams. Brother Adams' singing was Spirit-anointed and added much to the services. Services were held in Progreso, Armenta, Juan Lindo, and San Pedro Sula, Honduras; Jalapa and Mazatenango, Guatemala; and Santa Ana, El Salvador. There were many victories. Through later years it has been a joy to return for a number of conventions. One of my most recent trips, in March, 1982, was for the Youth Convention in Mongas, Guatemala which reached a peak attendance of about 600 and demonstrated great potential among the youth and young pastors in Central America. I returned in July, 1983 for a convention in San Pedro Sula, Honduras which was as usual a time of rich fellowship and inspiration. Then followed a Pastor's Retreat in Guatemala City where national pastors of three holiness groups came together for this convention: The Evangelical Faith Mission group, the Bible Covenant Mission, and Brother Trotzke's Emmanuel Mission group. There was an attendance of about 50 national pastors and leaders, and there were some gracious times of spiritual meltings, humility, and revival.

Presently, the Central American work is making progress on all fronts. It is reported that Guatemala is now 20 percent Evangelical, up from about five percent in the 1950's. A spirit of revival is prevailing, and with the faithful ministry of the spiritually alert and enthusiastic missionaries and national workers, the Central American work is expanding. It is a real thrill to witness the working of God among these hungry hearts where the harvest fields are truly ripe.

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It was in December, 1977 that Doris Warren began work under Evangelistic Faith Missions in Bolivia, South America. I have visited the pioneer work there on two occasions, in 1981 and again in 1984.

Bolivia, the land of the ancient Aymara Indians in the geographical center of South America, contains the ruins of what may have been the oldest civilization in the western hemisphere. Since the Andes Mountains come to their widest range here, almost 80 percent of the people live in the mountains and the antiplano (high plains) on the very roof of the world where exists one of earth's highest inhabitable regions. La Paz, its largest city of more than 900,000 population, at 12,000 feet, is the highest capital city in the world. On the antiplano, overlooking the city at 13,404 feet, is the world's highest commercial airport, whose runway must be seven miles long because of the thin atmosphere at such altitude. On the western edge of Bolivia lies Lake Titicaca, at 13,500 feet, earth's highest navigable lake. Surrounding and in the distance one can see the constantly snowcapped Andes mountain peaks, some of which reach up to more than 20,000 feet. Steep, rough, narrow roads cling to the mountain sides from whence breathtaking vistas of beautiful scenery appear. In contrast, the eastern section contains lowland plains, grazing lands, rain forests, and jungles of the Amazon basin.

Bolivia has the largest Indian population of any South American country with estimates ranging as high as 70 percent Indian, 25 percent mixed ancestry, and five percent Spanish. Politically, Bolivia is a republic, but it has been plagued by frequent revolutions. For centuries the natives have worked in the mines, and mining is still the chief industry. About 50 percent of the people are engaged in agriculture. Most farming is done by the Indians on the cold, dry, windswept highland plateaus. The chief crops are corn, barley, and potatoes, but other crops, pigs, and sheep are also raised. Llamas are used as farm animals and produce wool for the Indians. They are poor but industrious people.

When I first visited the EFM pioneer mission there in 1981, the Klassen Family, Faith Hemmeter, and Aymara Pastor Manuel Paco were very busy doing excellent work in pioneering this needy and ripe mission field. I was met at the La Paz airport and spent a challenging and enjoyable three weeks with the missionaries in Bolivia. After three days of becoming somewhat acclimated to the high altitude, I began preaching twice daily. I preached to both the middle-class Spanish group in the village of Basque de Bolognia near La Paz, and to an Aymara Indian congregation on the altiplano. A spirit of revival was evident among the Aymaras. One church building was in process of being built at that time. Out of their poverty the Indians gave to purchase the land, made their own adobe brick, and were building the church. Great opportunities for establishing Gospel churches and for future expansion among these grateful and spiritually-hungry people were apparent.

The rarefied atmosphere of the extreme altitude is a distinct handicap for newcomers. By the third week, my body had built up an oxygen debt which had to be relieved by use of a supplementary oxygen tank. This situation also presents a problem for the resident missionaries, who never become as completely acclimatized as the natives and must guard against overexertion.

On my second visit, in 1984, I accompanied EFM Director, Juddie Peyton, for a tour of the Bolivian field. Missionaries on the field at that time were the McNear Family, and Irene Maurer,

with Pastor Manuel Paco still working faithfully as National Chairman of the Aymara Indian work. Much progress was evident. The Aymara Indians were overwhelmed with gratitude that the Director of EFM would visit them, and representatives from five congregations were present to greet us. Brother Peyton's singing and preaching was followed by a fruitful altar service. Three of the Indian congregations have now built their churches at the villages of Chacoma, Collana, and Jocopampa. This they have done out of their poverty by sacrificial giving of their means and labor. At present the Aymara per capita income is only about \$93.00 per year (less than 26 cents per day), while at the same time Bolivia is plagued with runaway inflation which causes much hardship. Because of the recent droughts, some food aid has been given to the people in need. Some souls have been saved as a result of this program.

Good attendance generally prevails and people are being saved as they are given the light of the Gospel. If you could see their shining faces and hear their joyful praises, you would certainly agree that nothing is quite so thrilling or satisfying as having a part in carrying out the Great Commission of our Lord. The outlook for the Aymara pioneer work is very encouraging. We also preached, and Brother Peyton sang to the Spanish congregation at Basque de Bologna. The Holy Spirit gave anointing, and the response was gratifying, with many souls seeking help from God.

On our return trip we stopped over in Manaus for a weekend visit with the Haynes family and their work in Brazil. Brazil is almost as large as the United States and covers nearly half the continent of South America. It has its beautiful cities, mountains, and plateaus, but the vast Amazon valley with its dense equatorial forest is one of Brazil's chief features. This valley contains 25 percent of earth's forests and is the world's largest remaining natural zoo. The Amazon River with its 1,100 tributaries is the largest river system in the world. Exploration of this region is fraught with dangers from man-eating piranha fish, crocodiles, and giant anaconda snakes. Forty to fifty miles wide in some places, the Amazon is navigable for ocean steamers some 2,300 miles to Iquitos, Peru.

About 1,000 miles upstream and nine miles up the Rio Negro is located the large city of Manaus. population near 300,000, which has the world's largest floating port, built to allow for a 30 to 40 foot rise or fall of the river. Manaus serves as a collection point for rubber, Brazil nuts, lumber, and cocoa fruits. The people of Brazil are an amalgamation of Caucasion, Indian, Negro, and Asian racial elements. Portugese is the official language. Many of the Indians today inhabit the Amazon valley. Not far from the equator, the climate is characterized by heavy rainfall, unbearable heat, and high humidity in which many insects and tropical diseases flourish. Many people, especially children, die from tuberculosis. hepatitis, diarrhea. parasites and various types of fevers. The Haynes lost one child because of tuberculosis.

Brother Peyton and I flew from Bolivia on the evening of September 27 and arrived at Manaus a little past midnight. Before we got through customs we saw Brother and Sister Lynn Haynes with children Amy, Andrea, and Angela waiting for us. On Saturday we crossed the several-miles-wide Negro River by ferry, drove as far as possible by bus, then walked down a jungle path for some distance to see a new church and the parsonage that was being built in the interior jungle area for the native pastor. God is helping the work there to make progress.

On Saturday night and Sunday Brother Peyton and I preached in the churches in Manaus. God certainly gave a wonderful visitation of His Spirit in just a few services. Although this was our first trip to Manaus, it was an unforgettable experience, for God came in unusual revival blessing. There was special help in the preaching, open reception of the truth, ready response at altar services, and a genuine spirit of prayer among the seekers that was very blessed! Such an occurrence indicates to me that there has preceded such times of reaping much faithful labor and successful sowing of God's Word. We were just privileged to help in some of the reaping. I am always reminded that while one may sow and another reap, it is God who gives the increase. We are workers together with Him, but "it is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Zechariah 4:6. God is certainly blessing the Haynes family as they minister sacrificially in Brazil. We had precious fellowship also in the Haynes home which we shall not soon forget.

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23

CONCLUSION

The previous chapter concluded Lonnie's account of his labors and travels in missionary evangelism at the time of this writing. Through these experiences he has noted that everywhere one looks around this globe called Earth one finds the same vastness of the whitened harvest fields and the same appalling shortage of workers and funds, while we in the American church world send only about four percent of our religious dollars and six percent of our ministers to serve the 90 percent who make up these vast needy harvest fields. Yet, it is on these overseas fields that some of the most thrilling action of the Christian church is taking place today! They appear to be multiplying several times faster than the parent churches in America. Revival is in evidence in most places where Lonnie has been, while real spiritual hunger exists almost everywhere. How shall we be able to answer the Lord of the harvest, when we of the American church world have spent so much of God's tithes and offerings on our own church projects and so little in carrying out the Great Commission?

It seems fitting that such a booklet as this should have a proper conclusion. But such a conclusion to Lonnie's life story cannot yet be written, for at this writing, he is still active in general and missionary evangelism. Although he is now 72 years of age, he seems to have been blest with a generous share of good health and energy, so it may be that he has a few years yet in which to serve God's Kingdom on earth. One does not know when he shall hear the summons, "It is enough; come up higher!"

We are nearing the climax of our earthly lives and look toward the eternal sunrise, but in writing this booklet, we have been forced to take a detailed look back over our earthly pathways. We have written mostly of the triumphs; yet, as members of the human race and Christians in an imperfect world, we have faced heartaches and sorrows of many types. There have been rivers that seemed uncrossable, mountains that appeared frighteningly steep, valleys and tunnels that seemed as if they would never end, serious physical illnesses the outcome of which we could not foresee, loss of loved ones and friends who have preceded us to eternity, and other numerous and nameless difficulties.

As we contemplate these trials and triumphs, our hearts are overflowing with gratitude to our God who makes "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." This purpose, the Bible tells us, is that we might "be conformed to the image of His Son." So often we have felt our own inadequacy. But God can make the wrath of man to praise Him. He even took the very worst that Satan could do, the crucifixion of the Son of God, and turned it into redemption for Adam's fallen race! He causeth also our light afflictions to work for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

We know, moreover, that one day soon, after the morning of the first resurrection, we shall stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ, there to give account of our stewardship of "the manifold grace of God." When our works have all been tried by fire, and by His grace we have heard Him say, "Well done"; after we have cast our crowns at Jesus' feet and crowned Him Lord of all; then, what a thrill it will be to meet again all those from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, whose lives have touched ours through a lifetime of being workers together with Him. Human language cannot describe the ecstasy complete we shall experience together forevermore! Hallelujah!

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SPECIAL SECTION

POEMS AND ARTICLES FOR USE AS PROGRAM MATERIAL

By Eunice W. Barbee

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1
THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

The poet once wished for a "wonderful place"
Called the Land of Beginning Again
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor selfish grief

Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat at the door,
And never put on again.

Despair not! For there is a wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor selfish grief
Can be dropped, like a shabby old coal at the door
And never put on again.

Where, but oh where, is this wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again?
It's a wonderful place called the Land of Grace!
The entrance is Faith's open door
Made by Calvary's Lamb who all sins and griefs bore
For you and for me and all men!

In this wonderful place in the Land of Grace
Where is more than beginning again!
There's new life, a new song, a new name, and no wrong.
For His blood cleanses freely from sin.
While His presence complete in close fellowship sweet
Keeps us spotless and free from all stain!

But that's not the best of this wonderful place
Called the land of Beginning Again.
For it leads by this Grace to a far better place
Where earth's sorrows forever are o'er.
And there is no night and the Lamb is the Light
In His presence forevermore!

* * * * *

2

"WHEN SAW WE THEE?"

"Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee? Then shall He answer them. saying. Verily I say unto you. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to Me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." Matthew 25:44-46.

Have I passed Him by and not seen Him?
How could I pass Him by and not see Him?
Beside earth's weary roadsides,
Hungry, thirsty, homeless,
Naked, sick, in prison,

With none to help or pity.

It seems I've heard from somewhere
That "the least of these" have been there
But have I really seen them?
Yes, I have read about them
In Mission magazines,
The public press, or elsewhere.
But have I really seen them?

They're very hungry for earthly bread,
Hungrier still for the Bread of life:
Thirsty where drought has parched the dry earth,
Thirstier still for pure Water of Life
Some strangers with no earthly home,
Refugees, living, dying as they roam.
But strangers more to the Home of the Soul.

They're naked, ragged, suffering, cold,
Never having heard there's a Robe for the Soul;
Sick with no balm, no physician, no nurse,
Sin-sick even more from Satan's curse;
In prisons crowded with evil men,
But chained even more by their fetters of sin,
And know not there's One who can free from them.

I've heard the missionaries tell
How we should save them from their hell.
I've even seen pictures, a few of them,
But have I really, really seen them?
They're always there, now more than before,
Earth's teeming billions, and everyday more!
But have I really, really seen them?

Lord, one day soon, I shall see Thee
On Thy throne of glory seated,
All nations standing there before Thee!
Will it be revealed that I have seen Thee?
Yea, and ministered unto Thee?
Or will I hear. "Depart, ye cursed,"
Because I didn't really see Thee?"

* * * * *

Dear Lord, how can we ask again?
Thy faithful donors have stood by
Through all these many years. Can I
Ask them to give again -- again?

They have stood by through sunny days,
Through cloudy, rainy, stormy days,
O'er desert sands, through jungles deep,
O'er mountains that were very steep!

Through persecution's fire and flood
To send the Word of Thy shed blood!
Dear Lord, how faithful they have been!
Oh, must we ask again -- again?

Behold! An angel standing by
Recording names -- each sacrifice!
I asked in fear, lest I should sin,
"Oh, must we keep giving again and again?"

"Oh, no," said the angel with eyes piercing me,
"Just give till the Master stops giving to thee!"
Suppose He stopped giving to me and to thee!
Where, yes, where, oh where would we be?

* * * * *

4

I'LL GIVE THEE MORE!

"Bye and bye,"
The singer sang; the message rang
And pierced its way down in my soul --
It's there to stay till life is o'er!
The song rang on and thus did say:

"Bye and bye,
When I look on His face,
Beautiful face, thorn-shattered face;
Bye and bye, when I look on His face.
I'll wish I had given Him more!"

Oh, my Lord!
I can not wait! 'Twill be too late
When I shall look into Thy face

Now, oh now -- not bye and bye --
I'll give Thee more 'til life is o'er!

Forgive, Oh Lord!
I cannot now roll back the date
The past is gone -- that is too late!
The "more" I should have given before
It could not wait -- now it's too late!

But oh, dear Lord,
There is still today! And then there's every day
Of all the other days my earthly life shall stay.
I'll give thee more, oh, so much more,
Than I have given before -- 'til life is o'er!

* * * * *

5

I'LL BE TO BLAME

If I should tightly clutch my little hoarded earthly store
And fail to send God's messengers to near and distant shores
With news of Thy redeeming love from sin, death, Hell, and shame,
The only Name through which release from sin can be proclaimed!
They'll fail to hear -- but I, (be this my shame) I'll be to blame!

If I should share so little of my paltry store of gold,
And thus withhold from all the millions who are yet untold,
That they should never hear even once of Christ the crucified
Because I failed to take my cross, nor let self be denied!
I'll face them at the Judgment Bar -- but then shall blame be mine!

Oh Lord, I bow in gratitude that someone brought to me
The Gospel news that, though I might the chief of sinners be,
I could be saved from sin's dark night of fear and deep despair!
But millions never yet have heard! May I now freely share,
That I may meet on the golden streets some souls because I cared!

* * * * *

6

FORGIVE ME WHEN I WHINE

O Lord, sometimes the way seems long,
The rocks so rough, the path so steep,
This task should be just for the strong!

Can I such strenuous vigil keep?
Said He, "The way to earth was long,
The journey rough to conquer wrong.
I spared no pain to banish sin,
I gave My life that you might live!
O God, forgive me when I whine,
O Friend of Sinners, Thou art mine!

O Lord, I've served Thee faithfully --
Here are the sheaves of golden grain!
But sometimes friends have been untrue
Through disappointments, sorrow, pain.
"I sorrowed more than tongue can tell
To save thy life, thy soul from Hell!
And, yes, my friends did all forsake,
I was denied -- by a kiss betrayed!"
O God forgive me when I whine,
Thou truest of Friends, lo, Thou art mine!

My body's sick, my spirit's sore,
My strength is gone -- so weak am I!
I cannot bear these pains much more,
Much less this nagging questions, "Why?"
Said He, "I suffered agony,
Gethsemane, and Calvary,
And even once did question why,
So you can see, I sympathize!"
O God forgive me when I whine,
O Great physician, Thou art mine!

But Lord, you see I'm facing death!
The valley's dark, the river wide
I greatly dread life's parting breath,
I'm glad that Thou art by my side!
Said He, "I trod death's pathway grim,
I took his sting away from him
The grave can never hurt thee now,
I've given thee My resurrection power!"
O God, forgive me when I whine,
Death is conquered! All Heaven is mine!

* * * * *

Though born of godly parents rare,
Yet, bent toward sin, I was soon aware
Of my guilty span from God afar.
Of Heaven, and Hell, the Judgment Bar!
For taught God's Word in church and home
From babyhood how well I'd known!
Yet, member of a fallen race,
I sought Him from lost Eden's place.
In dark despondency I cried,
"Why was I born? Oh, that I'd died!"
The bondage, fear, midnight despair.
Sank me deep in mire and left me there!

The blackness overwhelmed my soul!
"There's no way out!" cried Satan bold.
I prayed, "Oh, God, if You are there,
Why don't You hear my faltering prayer.
And let me know there's hope for me.
Though I the chief of sinners be?"
His Spirit said, "I've always called!
You cannot save yourself at all.
Oh, do not doubt, but look above
And trust the Lamb of God's true love.
He stands by waiting patiently
To lift you out and set you free!"

Then tremblingly, I looked above
And glimpsed Christ's never-failing love.
I dared to trust my soul to Him.
Who bled and suffered for all men.
Respecter of persons? No, not He!
He suffered, died, and arose for me!
Oh how shall I His praise begin?
For then the light of love shone in.
And up and up He lifted me,
Then came inside to dwell in me!
The darkness, doubt, guilt, and despair
Soon fled before His presence there!

Hope, light, peace, joy, and rest He gave.
New life in Christ, the Truth, the Way.
Pure water to my thirsty soul --
With floods sometimes that overflowed!
True Bread of Life, Good Shepherd, Friend;
Of all His benefits -- no end!
Then life was spent in serving here,

As day by day and year by year,
He led me in plain paths serene
Through deserts and through pastures green,
Through tunnels, rivers, valleys deep,
And back again to mountaintops steep.

But ever up the shining way
That shineth more and more. Yes, yea.
Until we reach that perfect day!
That perfect day in a perfect place
My Savior's now gone to prepare
For all His ransomed purified heirs
From Adam's lost and fallen race.
Now, one by one, each well-loved face
Has left for that blest heavenly shore.
Till on the other side are more
Than remain with me to serve below,
As older here on earth I grow.

Each time I've dried my falling tears
And bravely returned to serve out my years.
I'll finish the work He has given me,
My earthly course run faithfully.
But I'll finally come to the river wide
That time from eternity divides!
Perhaps I'll pause, ere my body dies,
My spirit ready to take to the skies,
For Heaven's gates to be thrust aside
To give mine eyes a brief foresight,
As my soul makes its final flight
To that wondrous land of eternal light!

For as I stem death's chilling tide,
My Lord will be right by my side!
And as we pass the water's roar
Before we reach the other shore,
This mortal frame will fall aside,
And gates of pearl will open wide!
With earthly loved ones gathered round,
My blood-washed soul, thus Heaven bound,
Glad hallelujahs then shall sing
To Heaven's Lamb, the King of Kings,
For all His dazzling beauty bright
Will there burst full upon my sight!

What joy complete to reach this place,

At last to look upon His face,
And with no mortal veil between
Forever view this heavenly scene!
Yes, safe at last whence love did shine.
All human languages combined
Cannot such wondrous praises swell;
Such joy replete no tongue can tell!
Where all is light, life, love, and joy.
No tempter, sorrow, naught to annoy.
Just praise and worship and adore
The Lamb of God forevermore!

* * * * *

8

YET FOUR MONTHS UNTO HARVEST?

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you . . . the fields . . . are white already to harvest." John 4:35. In other words, don't postpone this matter of soul-harvesting. Don't say, "They're not ready yet to receive Christ." Begin the process of harvesting now, for the fields are "white already".

The souls are there already!

Perhaps they're at my own fireside, among my other relatives, down the street, on my job, in my church, in my city, or just a few hours away on the other side of the world! Some have been there, already ripe, waiting a long, long time; but they can wait only so long before the season of their harvest will be over, and they will perish forever. Another harvest may follow in its season, but today's harvest will be gone forever!

No one will ever be saved tomorrow, for today is the day of salvation. In II Corinthians 6:2 we read: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Notice that not just today, but now, this moment, is the accepted time. No one will ever be saved until the matter is brought down to this present moment. Neither you, nor I, nor they have any promise of next year, next month, next week, tomorrow, or even the next moment! We have only this moment to do our work of soul-harvesting.

So we must hasten!

Get busy this moment -- praying, witnessing, giving, going, harvesting! Can we afford to let today's harvest be lost, while we postpone the harvesting by our good intentions to do something tomorrow?

What shall I answer the Lord of the harvest on that soon coming great day of reckoning?

* * * * *

SOULS CHARGED TO MY ACCOUNT

A soldier in World War I, named Wilbur, lay in a hospital dying. The red lantern signifying that he was expected to expire during the night had already been placed at his bed. Sometime past midnight it seemed to Wilbur that his soul departed his body which he could see still lying on its cot while he went out to meet his Maker. As he arrived at the river that separates time from eternity, he looked across and saw the beautiful sights beyond, and there at the brink of the river stood Jesus.

"Wilbur, are you ready to come?" asked Jesus.

"Yes, Lord, I'm ready to come," he replied.

"Wilbur, are you willing to come?" Jesus inquired.

"Yes, Lord, I'm willing to come," was the eager response.

"But, Wilbur, are you willing to come and leave all those souls unsaved that I have charged to your account?"

This time Wilbur weighed the question thoughtfully, then he said, No, Lord, I'll go back and do my best to bring them."

The next morning when the doctor made his rounds and came upon Wilbur lying on his cot, with astonished surprise he exclaimed, "Wilbur, you still here?" Wilbur lived to become a minister of the Gospel of Christ. How often he must have felt the weight of those particular souls charged to his account!

Wilbur is not the only one who has had souls charged to his account. In fact, all Christians including you and me, have certain souls charged to our account, for we are "stewards of the manifold grace of God;" I Peter 4:10. And never forget that stewards are called to give account at the proper accounting time. Each person has his own share, and you and I will be called to account individually for our own task.

I cannot feel that the Master left out any soul when He apportioned the responsibilities. There are nearly five billion souls on this planet at this writing, and they have all been charged to somebody's account, for He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." II Peter 3:9.

Who is charged to your account and to my account? Peculiarly our families, children, grandchildren, etc.. plus those within the sphere of our personal influence in neighborhood, church, or job.

But that is not all! Have we forgotten the lost millions living today who have never heard the name of Jesus or have never heard sufficiently to enable them to make an intelligent decision? They are personally charged to the account of this generation of Christians. How staggering the number, how tremendous the weight (for souls are heavy) charged to each of us personally! If I cannot go into that part of God's great harvest field where the laborers are fewest, I had better be about the business of sending someone in my place -- supporting, interceding, travailing -- for soon, very soon, I shall have to give account of my stewardship of "the manifold grace of God" and the souls that are charged to my account!

* * * * *

10

UNTOLD MILLIONS STILL UNTOLD

No other generation in history has ever had as many lost people living at one time as this generation. It is amazing but true, according to E. L. Bynum in the Spartanburg Herald Journal: "One-half of all people born since the beginning of recorded history, that lived to the age of five, are alive today." This is due to the population explosion of recent years. In 1750, world population was less than three-fourths of a billion. In 1850, it had increased to only 1.1 billion. In 1950, earth's population was only two and a half billion. By 1975, just 25 years later, the number had jumped to four billion! In 1984, it reached 4.8 billion. World population continues to increase daily, so that it will soon be nearing five billion, with six billion in sight for the year 2000 -- just 15 years away!

The tragic part is we are told that more than half of these souls have never heard the name of Christ and are beyond the reach of existing churches and missions. It is estimated that only about one in 30 of earth's population increase is reached with the Gospel each year. Therefore, the ratio of Christians is dropping yearly. Today about eight percent of the world's population are professed Protestant Christians. This figure may drop to two percent by the year 2000. unless our missionary evangelization programs are tremendously increased.

Not only is the spiritual picture very bleak, but there are other problems. Most of these people go to bed hungry every night! Millions have no home except the streets, where they are born, live, and die! The vast majority have never seen a doctor and never will, while a large percentage of the children of the world never go to school.

Such facts and figures are stupendous, tremendous. distressing, depressing! So what are we to do? Blur our vision with our tears, bury our faces in despair, and surrender to the forces of sin, Hell, and darkness? By no means! Jesus gave us the Bread of Life that we might be fed, but also that we might feed the hungry multitudes. On the occasion of the feeding of the 5,000, Jesus said to His disciples, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat!" Matthew 4:16. The 12 disciples were only one-fourth of one percent of that tremendous crowd. Yet Jesus said, "They don't have to go away; you can feed them!" So Jesus is saying to us today, "Bring me your all, be it little or much; let Me bless it, and break it, and pass it back to you to give out to the hungry multitudes. Then you will see the miracle!"

We cannot, of course, control what other professed Christians may do, but each of us can do his best to try to save all the souls of this generation that are charged to his own account. We dare not fail them, or Christ, or our own souls!

* * * * *

11

HE THAT HATH EYES TO SEE, LET HIM SEE!

Years ago we stopped the car on a South Carolina roadside near a large wheat field to watch the fascinating picture of the harvesting. Never before, nor since, have I seen men working so diligently, so furiously, to save all the harvest possible! The machinery was being operated at top capacity. There were no idle hands, but every man moved certainly at top speed performing his special task. The horses, scarce needing the whip of the desperate driver, and quite as if they understood the urgency, were running with all their might, pulling the wagon heavily loaded with grain just harvested, trying desperately to reach the safe storage shelter to unload and return for more ere it should be too late.

We stood and watched amazed while, noticing us not at all, this crew worked with such total concentration, such haste, such refusal to be distracted! What a magnificent sight! The reason was not hard to determine, for in the southwestern sky we could see the angry gathering clouds, the fast-darkening sky, the fierce storm brewing and hastening ever nearer by the moment! It did not wait, but soon broke upon us, driving us to the car for refuge, and forcing the dedicated reapers to seek shelter, leaving much of their harvest ungathered to be damaged or destroyed by the storm.

Now I stand by the roadside of the world's whitened harvest fields. Jesus said, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields." John 4:35. He that hath eyes to see, let him lift them yea, he that hath eyes to see, let him look -- really look he that hath eyes to see, let him see -- really perceive!

I see the world's ripened spiritual harvest fields that represent a tremendous investment! The original investment in acquiring the land, the clearing of the new ground, the yearly preparation of the soil, wealth for the seed and fertilizer, long months and years of tending the growth, all of which represent bright hopes for the future and all eternity, all wrapped up in those magnificent fields now ripe for harvest!

I see, also, the reapers -- the dedicated missionaries, the committed native preachers and other Christian workers toiling early and late, suffering privations, illnesses, persecutions, even martyrdom, while ever opposed by the powers of darkness. Wherever one looks around this globe called Earth, there is always the same vastness of the ripened harvest fields with the laborers so few! Only nine percent of the world's population is served by 94 percent of the ministers, while the other 91 percent of earth's vast multitudes are ministered to by only six percent of the ministers! No wonder Jesus said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Matthew 9:38.

Finally, I see the blackening sky, the ominous clouds, the fierce-gathering storm, the darkening night. There are no moments to lose, absolutely none to spare! Surely we must work

faithfully, even while the night of our lives and our world is darkening, redeeming each moment until the final night falls when our opportunities for harvesting will be forever o'er.

* * * * *

12

WHAT KIND OF SOWER AM I?

The Bible has a great deal to say about sowing and reaping: the unavoidable fact, the when, the where, the how, and the result of our sowing . . . "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Galatians 6:7. As Christians, we are commanded to sow the seed of the Word of God; yea. to go into "all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" Mark 16:15.

WE ARE NOT TO WAIT FOR FAVORABLE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Ecclesiastes 11:4 says, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." The perfect time will never come. I cannot afford to wait for more favorable circumstances. Our precious persecuted saints in Ethiopia and the Sudan have continued sowing amidst unfavorable circumstances of war, hunger, and Communistic oppression, but they are reaping harvests!

WE ARE NOT TO WAIT FOR PERFECT SOIL.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." Isaiah 32:20. Do I sow at every opportunity, both promising and unpromising, or do I wait for an apparently favorable place? The sower in the Parable of the Sower, given by Jesus in Matthew, Mark, and Luke sowed the whole field. Some soil was shallow with stony bedrock underneath; some soil contained thorn seeds, some soil was two or three times more fertile than other soil, but these differences were not immediately apparent to the sower. He could not tell from the surface view, so he must sow the whole field. And despite the difficulties that beset his labor, he reaped a good harvest, for he eventually found the good soil! "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." II Corinthians 9:6. Remember the field is the world -- every creature!

WE ARE TO SOW WITH HEARTFELT COMPASSION.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psalm 126:5,6. I am convinced that herein lies the secret of the success of the many wonderful missionaries and native workers who have served with such fruitfulness in years past and still serve thus today on the mission fields of the world.

WE ARE TO KEEP ON SOWING

Consider Jesus' Parable of the Sower from the standpoint of the sower. "Behold, a sower went forth to sow." Matthew 13:3. This sower was skilled in the art of sowing (by the broadcast method) so that the seed was evenly distributed with the proper amount to produce the best yield.

He also had the proper seed (the Word of God). And he "went forth to sow." He was busy, hard at work, actively sowing. But he met with some discouraging situations!

First, some seed fell by the wayside, and the birds of the air devoured it. He might have said. "It does no good; the birds just get the seed." He might have become discouraged and quit sowing. Or, he might have tried to chase the birds away, even killed a few: but one can never kill all the birds, and inevitably they will return. In either case he would have ceased sowing. which was really his main job. But this sower did neither. He just kept on sowing!

Then, some seed fell on stony ground. These at first believed and received the Word with joy, but in time of temptation and persecution they became offended and withered away. By this time, the sower might have concluded that if the birds didn't get the seed, the plants just withered, so his work was only in vain. But he kept on sowing!

Next, some seed fell among thorns (cares, riches, pleasure), which grew up along with the good plants and choked them, so that they became unfruitful. If the sower had given up the task then, all of his sowing would have been to no avail. But he just kept on sowing!

Finally, some seed fell on good ground and brought forth abundantly, and his work was amply rewarded, because he kept on sowing! There is no stopping place in this task of taking the Word to every creature. "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Galatians 6:9.

* * * * *

13

FIRST OF ALL, PRAYERS!

"I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions . . . be made for all men: . . . For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savior; Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth," I Timothy 2:1,3,4.

A very effective 20th-Century apostle to India tells of an elderly lady who said to him on one occasion as he was leaving this country, "You go to India and preach, I will be your prayer intercessor, and we shall share the rewards!" This prayer warrior understood God's scriptural plan. Just as it is commanded, "Go ye," so God's Word teaches, "Pray ye" to the Lord of the harvest! I Samuel 30:24 says, "as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff. . . ." The rule of God's Kingdom is that "both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together" John 4:36.

The prayer of faith that rightly claims the promises of God's Word is one of the strongest weapons God has given us to overcome Satan's power! All the world's greatest missionaries, whether famous or unsung, have been men and women of unusual vision, commitment, faith, and prayer, who were usually supported by importunate, intercessory prayer warriors behind the scenes or in the homeland.

Some praying must be of the patient, importunate, "I-refuse-to-be-denied" variety like Jacob's desperate all-night vigil at Jabbok, or Elijah's prayer for rain while on his face before God on Mount Carmel. Other tunes, the "pray-as-you-work" plan of the brief, but desperate, even confident, prayer pattern may be effective, as Elijah's prayer for the fire to fall on the altar on the day of the great test on Mount Carmel. The prayer of Jesus at Lazarus' tomb, though brief, was powerfully effective. The penitent thief on the cross prayed only a few sincere words, but they were accompanied by an amazing faith. The thief believed that Jesus was a Divine King with a Kingdom at a time when the world had rejected Him, and He hung seemingly helpless on a Roman cross! The words of Jesus' Gethsemane prayer were few, but repeated, and supercharged with an unbearable weight of sorrow -- but angels strengthened Him. Thus, the greatest battle that was ever fought against Satan -- for the world's redemption on Calvary -- was first fought and won by the intense praying of our Savior in Gethsemane!

The Bible is full of promises waiting to be claimed by men and women of faith and concern who will dare to plant their feet upon this "promised land of His Word." I John 5:14-15 says that "if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." The phrase, "according to his will," is not meant for a limitation, or an excuse for unanswered prayer, but for a challenge to us to claim all the promises of His will as given in His Word! Who can claim to have exhausted even a small portion of these Biblical promises that He has already given as His will for us and for His Kingdom on earth?

One gracious promise that thrills me is given by Isaiah in chapter 58. The condition in verses 6 and 7 read: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? . . . Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him?" These among other conditions, qualify us for His gracious promise in verse 9: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am." What more could one desire?

When Dr. Baechus of Hamilton College was told that he had no more than half an hour to live, he replied, "Then take me out of bed and place me on my knees. Let me spend that time in calling upon God for the salvation of the world!" To our missionaries and the entire mission work, may we say in the words of Samuel, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." I Samuel 12:23.

* * * * *

We are exhorted in Scripture that "first of all . . . prayers . . . be made for all men . . . to be saved." I Timothy 2:1-4. "But how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" Romans 10:14. It follows that the second most desperate need for carrying out the great commission is for salvation for all men to all the world! We are told that more than half the world has never heard the name of Jesus; yet only little more than two missionaries per million people are working among the totally unreached. There are more

than 3,000 languages in the world, besides several thousand lesser dialects. The complete Bible has been published in considerably less than 300 languages, the New Testament in about 400, and at least one complete book in approximately 1600 other languages. This leaves several hundred languages and thousands of dialects without any portion of Scripture translation available!

Where are missionaries today who are the counterparts of the early pioneer missionaries who literally sacrifices their all -- comforts of homeland, loved ones, physical health, buried their children on foreign soil, and then laid down their own lives also, to open continents, translate the Scripture, and spread the gospel to the perishing world of their day? Can we do less today in this age of fast transportation, quick communication, and fortification against many diseases and stand uncondemned at the judgment? I think not, for the very call to discipleship involves forsaking all -- houses, land, family, yea, and our own lives also, or we cannot even be a disciple of Christ. A martyr spirit is a basic requirement of discipleship, not to mention the consecration and commitment of entire sanctification!

A famous missionary of the past was called of God to take the Gospel to islands inhabited by cannibals. His friends tried to dissuade him, saying he would only be eaten by the cannibals as had the others who had attempted the task before him He replied, "In just a few years, we shall all be eaten by worms, so if I am eaten by cannibals a few years ahead of time, what difference will it make?" He obeyed God and was successful!

Gilmour of Mongolia said. "Even on the low ground of common sense I seem to be called to be a missionary. For is the Kingdom of Heaven not a great harvest field? Then I thought it only reasonable to seek the work where the work was most abundant and the workers were fewest." An unknown dedicated poet wrote these words:

I heard His call "Come, follow,
That was all
My gold grew dim,
My soul went after Him,
I rose and followed;
That was all.
Who would not follow,
If they heard Him call?

* * * * *

15 COMMITTED SUPPORTERS

The story is told of two brothers who both felt called to be missionaries. But as they contemplated their future, one said to the other, "We shall have to have support from somewhere. You go to the mission field; I will stay at home and operate the family business. One-half of all I make, I will send to you; and when you return, you shall own half of the business." And that is what they did! Perhaps there are some American families who could, by a little sacrifice, support a whole missionary family. How wonderful to have one's own special representatives at work daily

spreading the Gospel light in your stead! But if you cannot do so much, some might find it thrilling to support your very own single missionary, or native pastor, or Bible woman, realizing that your monthly sacrifice would be daily rescuing the perishing!

Of course, our combined offerings support many other necessary expenses such as transportation, language study, buildings, supplies, literature, radio expense, medical aid, special projects, etc. But there is simply no way missionary work can be carried on without devoted, committed supporters! "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" Romans 10:14-15. We need committed prayer warriors; we must have committed messengers; but it is just as necessary that we have committed supporters!

Paul said, "Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." I Corinthians 4:2. It is because of the faithfulness of so many dependable supporters down through the years that concerned missionary organizations have been able to send the transforming Gospel message by committed messengers over the years to millions of souls in darkness. God is noting those who are still standing by so faithfully. Your sacrifices are accomplishing great things, as God's blessing is on the various fields around the world today. Remember Jesus said, "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." John 4:36. God is keeping the records straight, and will reward each one according to the faithfulness shown month by month and year by year!

"Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where giving is o'er;
Give as you would to the Master,
If you met His loving look;
Give as you would of your substance,
If His hand the offering took."
-- Anonymous

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16 THE ROAD THE MARTYRS TROD

Years ago, before modern improved artificial limbs were available, a one-legged man applied to a mission board to go as a missionary. The board asked, "Why do you, a one-legged man, wish to go as a missionary?" He replied, "Because the two-legged men won't go." The board said, "Suppose the Communists should attempt to take over the territory where you are serving, you couldn't run very well." The man responded, "I'm not planning on running." The board persisted, "But if the Communists should take over, your handicap would make it more difficult for us to get you out and bring you back." He answered, "I'm not planning on coming back!" He was well-endowed with the martyr spirit of true discipleship!

The twentieth century has produced more martyrs to grace the Christian arena than all previous history combined. Doubtless this has been due to the takeover of so much of our world by Communism. Yet, after 67 years of Communistic rule in Russia, they have been unable to stamp out Christianity . Despite their persecution, imprisonment, and martyrdom of Christians, an active underground evangelistic church is still operative!

At this writing the Ethiopian Christians are suffering under this scourge of Communistic persecution. Some, after enduring the ravages of war, the dangers of escape, and the suffering of the refugee camps, are spreading the Gospel as they go out to various parts of the world. Others, who have been unable to escape, or have chosen to remain have been subjected to persecution, suffered imprisonment, and some have even been martyred. They have also had the multiple afflictions of drought, shortages, war, and inflation. Yet they have been true to Christ and bravely continue to worship and witness effectively, in whatever ways are possible, under this regime where no resident missionaries are allowed. These people will stand tall when the persecuted for Jesus sake, those who have hazarded their lives for the Gospel, and the martyrs of all ages are crowned! The pioneer missionary, C. T. Studd, wrote:

With what joyful feet you shall run up the street
That leads to the throne of God.
If you've given your all for Christ and walked
The road that the martyrs trod

These Ethiopian Christians who have shown such martyr spirits, desperately need our prayers and support at this time! If we are not privileged to demonstrate our commitment by "walking the road that the martyrs trod," could we not demonstrate our Christian compassion by sharing our material blessings with those who, in the midst of such difficult circumstance, are still witnessing for Christ at the peril of their lives? If we cannot do so small a thing as this, how can we hope to possess the haste martyr spirit of true discipleship?

* * * * *

17

GIVE ACCOUNT OF THY STEWARDSHIP

All of life is a stewardship of the time, strength, abilities, earthly goods, and potential for development that God has bestowed on each of us at birth. This truth applies to both saint and sinner, for "all souls are mine" saith the Lord in Ezekial 18:4. But it applies doubly to the saint for Paul says, "Know ye not that . . . ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." I Corinthians 6:19-20. This earthly life is short, and with its completion, our stewardship probation will end. Soon -- in a few days, or months, or at the most a few year -- this life will be o'er. Then each of us shall hear the Master say, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." Luke 16:2.

What will I answer Him? What can I say when He asks for an accounting of the time, strength, and talents spent for His Kingdom compared with that spent for myself? And what about the material wealth He has allowed to pass through my hands? Have I used it as God has directed,

or have I lavished most of it on myself? It is not to my church, my fellow Christians, nor to any other human agency that I shall have to give account of my stewardship! But to our Lord Jesus Christ, who "though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." II Corinthians 8:9.

In II Corinthians, Chapter 8, Paul tells us of some Macedonian Christians who had a proper understanding of stewardship. Paul says that "in a great trial of affliction" they gave out of 'their deep poverty" motivated by "the abundance of their joy" and "the riches of their liberality" (verse 2) for "beyond their power they were willing of themselves" (verse 3) because they "first gave their own selves to the Lord." Verse 5. Paul spoke of such sacrificial giving as "proof of your love." Verse 24. May we ask ourselves now, how much "proof of our love." will be there when we are called to give an account of our stewardship?

An unknown poet expressed the question thus:

Because I tightly clutched my little earthly store,
Nor sent Thy messengers to some far distant shore,
Is there a soul who died because of me
Forever shut away from Heaven and Thee?

* * * * *

18

IS GOD ANGRY?

In Exodus 3:4 we are told that it was "when the Lord saw that he (Moses) turned aside to see. God called unto him out of the midst" of the burning bush to go to Egypt and lead Israel out of their oppressive bondage. If the burning bush had not attracted Moses to "turn aside to see," God could scarcely have called to him out of the bush.

Divine calls to service still come today out of God's burning bushes of supernatural manifestations. Men are not called when and where there is no supernatural manifestation of God's presence! Are our holiness churches, schools, and family altars continual burning bushes of the Divine presence today? If so, there should be no shortage of "called" special workers. The widespread dearth of dedicated laborers in God's harvest fields today is directly due to lack of revival fires among those who are called by His name.

We as individuals also are responsible to be sure that we take time to "turn aside to see" and hear what God has planned for our lives, lest we miss the task and purpose for which we were born! It seems evident that Moses was born for the particular assignment of leading Israel out of bondage. By God's providences, he was peculiarly trained for this task by being educated in all the learning of the Egyptians in Pharaoh's palace; yet because of the influence of his godly parents, he chose to suffer affliction with the people of God. Because of Moses' premature attempt to begin his work, he was forced to flee for his life to the Sinai desert where God continued his training, while he tended sheep, by acquainting him with the very territory through which he was later to lead God's people.

Despite this background and the amazing burning bush experience with God's clear call, Moses was exceedingly reluctant to accept this responsibility! Perhaps his earlier premature failure had made him doubtful of success. Or perhaps he had become settled in his occupation of keeping sheep and did not wish to change at that late date since he was then about 80 years of age! Whatever the reason, he made five excuses begging God to free him from this call!

First, Moses said to God, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" Exodus 3:11 But God replied, "Certainly I will be with thee . . . I have sent thee;" Exodus 3:12.

Then Moses questioned, "When I come unto the Children of Israel and say unto them the God of your fathers hath sent me: . . . they shall say . . . What is his name?" And God said, "Thou shalt say unto the children of Israel . . . I AM hath sent me" Exodus 3:14.

But Moses objected. "Behold, they will not believe me:" Exodus 4:1. This time the Lord gave him three miracles by which he could establish his credentials.

Moses, however, was still reluctant He said. "O my Lord. I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken . . . I am slow of speech." But God answered, "Who made man's mouth? . . . Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say," Exodus 4:10, 11,12.

God would accept none of his excuses, so finally Moses just tried to beg off. "O my Lord send I pray thee by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send." Exodus 4:13. In other words, he said, "Lord, please send anyone else but me!" Then God got angry! "And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses!" Exodus 4:14.

Could it be that God's anger for our failure to produce and send forth more workers into His vineyard is part of the reason that revival, as we desire to see it in America, tarries? Yes, and will it tarry until we repent of our lack of concern for the need of laborers in God's world-wide whitened harvest fields'?

Eventually, Moses went and was used and blessed of God as few other men have been blessed! All you who read, please be sure that you "turn aside to see" and hear and heed God's call and purpose for your life, lest you be the earthly and eternal loser!

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19

HAD MOSES FAILED TO GO

"Had Moses failed to go,
Had God granted his prayer,
There would have been
For him no leadership to win,
No pillared fire, no magic rod,

No wonders in the Land of Zin."

No parting of the sea,
No water from the Rock!
There would have been
No manna daily fresh from Heaven,
No Sinai's God, no shining face
From forty days and nights with Him.

No hiding in the rock
God's glory passing by!
There would have been
No Canaan's view from Nebo's top
With heavenly hosts his grave to keep
Just forty years of desert watching sheep!"

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THE END