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MY SATISFIED QUEST
By Nettie Miller

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FAMILY HISTORY

I was born in Muscogee County, the city of Columbus and the state of Georgia. My mother had laughed at the newcomer across the way, a red-headed boy; but when I knocked on the world's door the doctor said, "It's a girl, and she's red-headed!"

My grandfather was an orphan boy; after the Civil War he was adopted by a Yankee whose name was Miller. Mr. Miller had moved to the South. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were good to him, but he ran away a few years later, and in a short time he became overseer of a large plantation. My grandfather said that he could not remember much about his parents except that his father was Irish. His name was Askew. I have heard it said many times in the family that my grandfather's mother was related to Sidney Lanier.

Grandmother's father, brothers, grandfather and great-grandfather were silversmiths. Grandfather's place of business was located in Covington, Georgia, where he also owned a plantation and many Negro slaves. Grandmother visited her grandfather who lived in Covington, Georgia, before he died thirty-five years ago. He was then one hundred years old, and died a few months after that visit. The old southern gentleman was very tall, and wore long whiskers. The old spinning wheel and many other things that her grandmother had used were still there.

My grandmother's people all live in Columbus, Georgia, and grandfather's family lived in the North. He was an officer in Columbus for a long time; later he became a special agent for the railroad.

I was the third child in a family of six. My father for many years has been connected with the city fire department, and now is the chief. My mother was devoted to her family and made ours a happy home. Her main outside interest was playground work. After her comparatively early death a tree was planted on one of the city playgrounds as a memorial to her.

FIRST REAL PRAYER

The occasion was one Sunday afternoon in my sixth year. My mother, some friends and I were driving in the country. Suddenly a loud knock developed in the motor, soon becoming louder. I looked at the woman who was driving, as she said, "I really wish we hadn't come alone. It is at least ten miles to the nearest filling station, and I am sure it is almost that far to the nearest home." Seeing a look of anxiety on the face of each occupant I too became alarmed. As I sat on the side of the car next to the window I looked up toward heaven. Plainly the words came to me, "Why don't you pray?" but I did not know how to pray. I knew prayers to be prayed when someone was sick or dying, and so on, but none that would fit this emergency. The knock became still louder. In desperation I lifted my eyes heavenward and prayed right out of my childish heart, "Lord, take us home safely." Definitely I was assured that we would reach home without any difficulty, and I turned to the ladies and said, "We're going to get home all right."

"Why, how do you know?" they demanded.

"The Lord said so," I answered; and the Lord was faithful to His promise.

Many times later I looked back to that day and wished that I could feel that way one more time. (Thank the Lord, I have felt that way today.) I did not know then that I could go to the Lord any time of the day or night with my joys and sorrows, and have Him answer to my soul. You may have all that I own, but do not take away from me the privilege of being drawn apart from the world alone with God in prayer.

BEGINNING TO ENTERTAIN THE PUBLIC

One sunny morning my mother was sitting on the lawn and I was playing near her. From a house near by came the strains of a popular song. Almost unconsciously I began to dance in harmony with the music. Mother, after watching me for some moments, called me to her knee.

"Nettie," she said, "I didn't know you could do that."

"I can, though," I answered.

"Where did you learn it?"

"At the picture show."

"Nettie, how would you like to take dancing lessons?"

"Can I, Mamma?"

"Yes. But wouldn't you be afraid to dance before great crowds of people?"

"No, ma'am, and when can I?"

"You will have to study and work hard. Would you do it?"

"Yes, ma'am. And when do I take the dancing lessons?"

"You may start Saturday morning," answered Mother.

Saturday morning came, and I took my first dancing lesson. With it was instilled in me the desire to become a great dancing teacher or one day to have my name in lights on Broadway. To that end I labored faithfully. Before long I began to dance at garden fetes, silver teas, bridge parties -- in fact, social functions of all kinds. Later I found that I enjoyed speaking as well as dancing; and I added the giving of humorous readings to my repertoire in entertaining the public. Soon my time was completely monopolized with appearing on various programs in the afternoons after school and in the evenings as well. I found myself with one objective, that of excelling. Thus early in life I learned to know people and how to deal with crowds.

RELIGIOUS INCLINATIONS

Never do I remember a time when I did not want to be good. Having been taught from early childhood of a purgatory where I must spend more or less time depending upon my good works, I labored assiduously to have some good works to my credit. Often I would arise early in the morning and steal away to the church where on my knees I would repeat conscientiously the prayers I had memorized. It was not, however, merely a fear of purgatory which impelled me, but a genuine heart hunger and thirst after righteousness. Thank the Lord, I no longer fear purgatorial fire because I have met the Holy Ghost fire.

It is true that I was in demand as an entertainer. I do not say this boastfully, for as I look back upon it now, it all looks so shallow and empty. Many times I thought of myself as being similar to a clown who said, "While on the outside I seem happy and without a care in the world, sometimes my heart within me is aching." Yes, I appeared optimistic and carefree, but I was not truly happy. In my heart there was a constant longing for something which I did not possess. Because I did not recognize that this longing was of the spiritual, I tried to satisfy it with the material. Of course this could not be done. Time after time, when facing some new project, I would say to myself, "Now this time I shall be really satisfied," but each time it was the same old story -- a hungry soul still unsatisfied. I will say again what I have said to thousands of people -- popularity does not satisfy; it takes the blood of Jesus Christ applied to the heart in the forgiveness of sins to give one real satisfaction.

MOTHER'S DEATH

When I was twelve years old the first great tragedy came into my life. My mother, without any lingering illness, passed away. As a child I had naturally regarded my mother as the center of my life; her going left a void which must be filled in some way. Accordingly I threw myself into the world of entertainment to try to forget my sorrow.

For several years I worked hard, attending school regularly and appearing on programs in my out-of-school hours. At times I felt such an emptiness and a sense of futility with it all that I would wet my pillow with my tears at night, wondering if this was all there was to life.

FIRST NAZARENE PRAYER MEETING

I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age when a very interesting occurrence took place. I was sitting on our front porch one beautiful summer night, enjoying the soft sounds of the wind in the treetops. The quiet of the evening was broken by the sounds of singing which came from across the street. After listening a few moments, I felt myself drawn as by a magnet to the source of the music. I slipped quietly over to the edge of the lawn, and there I saw a group of people assembled. A man -- of course the minister, but I did not know who he was then -- was standing before a number of persons seated on chairs before him. They were singing, "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago." I listened spellbound as they sang:

"And the record's clear today,
For He washed my sins away
When the old account was settled long ago."

Then they sang, "I Believe the Bible." How I thrilled at the words:

"I believe the Bible; oh, it is divine!
Heaven's golden sunlight on its pages shine;
Lights my way to glory, and I'm surely going through;
I believe the Bible, for 'tis ever true."

I was looking into the faces of the happiest group of people I had ever seen in my life. That was a Nazarene prayer meeting. When the singing ended, the minister said, "Now we shall talk to the Lord."

"Talk to the Lord!" I thought. "Why, that sounds as if they know Him!"

They all knelt down to pray. I did not close my eyes, but opened my mouth instead, as a good woman began to "pull on the horns of the altar." The people laughed and shouted and cried all at the same time. I did not know what it was they had, but I was sure they all had the same thing. Following the prayer came the call for testimonies. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Quickly an old man arose and began to speak quaveringly, "It's been purt' nigh twenty year ago since I knelt down at an old-fashioned mourner's bench at a country schoolhouse and the Lord saved my soul."

The next was a young girl, who said, "It's been only a year and a half since the Lord saved me, but since that time old things have passed away and all things have become new." At this someone shouted, "Glory!" I did not know whether to run or what to do.

I left the prayer meeting and returned home; but that night as I rolled and tumbled on my bed I could see those happy people who seemed to have an unearthly glow upon their faces. I could hear the strains of "I Believe the Bible" and "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago." "Oh, wish I could have what those people have!" I mused. The old enemy said, "Don't you know that if you could have that, someone would have told you before this?" I supposed that was logical and tried to dismiss the matter from my mind.

After this experience, I found myself watching everybody whom I met to see if I could find someone who looked like the people I had seen that night. I had a schoolteacher friend who was also an entertainer. She taught a Sunday school class in a "stiff-necked" church in the city. I silently observed her and decided that although she was a Sunday school teacher she did not have "it." Days went into weeks, and weeks into months, but still my search was unrewarded.

Some people would be inclined to imagine that, because I was thrown with the world and was worldly, I partook of all the vicious habits of the world. I want to say to the glory of God that I have never smoked a cigarette nor tasted a drop of alcoholic liquor, nor ever been kissed by a boy. I told this story once in a certain city in Florida, and at the close of the service I noticed a little boy and his mother lingering after the rest had left. As I stood by the altar to shake hands with them, the little boy looked up at his mother and said, "Can I, Mother?" and she said, "Yes." He beckoned to me and as I stooped down he kissed me on the cheek and said laughingly, "She can't say it any more, can she, Mamma?" I still am of the opinion that the Lord can keep a young person clean; and highly disapprove of the so-called petting which is so prevalent these days.

AT THE RADIO STATION

For some time I had been giving readings over the radio. One day after I had finished my broadcast I started to leave the studio. As I was opening the door I could tell someone from the outside was trying to come in, and I stepped aside. Two young women entered the studio. They looked like angels to me. Shall I tell you how they looked? They had some hair on their heads -- I didn't, but had a bunch of corkscrews instead; they did not have on any war paint -- I was all rouged and lipsticked. As I looked at them I said to myself, "I'd give anything if I could look like they do."

The announcer came to the microphone and said, "We have two young ladies with us today, and they are going to sing for us." What do you suppose they sang? -- "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago!"

"Long ago, I settled it all;

And the record's clear today,
For He washed my sins away
When the old account was settled long ago."

Tears streamed down their cheeks and their faces glowed with joy.

I said to myself, "They have 'it' too!" and I made up my mind that I was going to find out what it was and how they got it. When their program was ended I motioned for them to come out of the studio into an office near by.

"Er-uh-I-er-uh," I stuttered, "I enjoyed your singing."

"We are glad you did," they responded, and immediately asked to what church I belonged. I told them, and they said that was interesting. "We are holding a revival meeting in Phenix City, Alabama," said one of them. (Phenix City is a town just across the Chattahoochee River from my home, Columbus, Georgia.)

"Holding a what?" I asked.

"A revival," was the answer.

"Yes'm," I answered.

"She's doing the preaching," said one of them, indicating the other, "and I'm doing the singing."

"She's doing the what?"

They told me again, and again I replied, "Yes'm."

"We'd like to have you come to see us some time. Could you come?"

"You set the time. I'll be right there."

"What about three-thirty tomorrow afternoon?"

"I'll be there," was my positive reply.

The next day I asked my father if I might go over to Phenix City to talk with two women who had something I did not have.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I don't know," I answered, "but it is sticking out all over them."

I told my schoolteacher friend if she would drive me over there I would find out what it was they had and come back and tell her. She brought me to the foot of the hill and remained in the car while I climbed the hill. The evangelists were glad to see me, but the time was taken up with my answering questions about the ceremonies of my church, and I had an engagement to fill and could stay no longer. That for which I went I did not get, but I have never been sorry I made the trip, for as I walked down the steps I stopped and looked again at those godly women and said in my heart, "I am going to get what they have if it takes my life." Somehow I felt assured that some time, somewhere, I too would have what they possessed. I told my friend that I did not find out that time but to give me a little more time and I would.

MINE AT LAST

As time went on I did not lose sight of my objective. A few months after my trip to Phenix City, one night my friend and I were riding about a block and a half from my home. Looking up at a building which had formerly been a candy kitchen, I saw a large white sign with red letters on it, reading:

"REVIVAL 7:30. Everybody Welcome"

"Stop! Whoa! Wait a minute!" I almost screamed.

"What's the matter, Nettie? Did I hit something?" She stopped the car with a jerk.

"They're having a revival in there!" I exclaimed.

After she had somewhat composed herself, she answered, "Well, that's all right. Let them have it."

"But you don't understand," I said. "That's a revival meeting, and I'm going."

"Oh," she said, "I think they are sitting on plank seats. I'm not so sure the nicest people go there," she added.

"I am nice," I replied, "and I am going." I got out of the car, and she followed me into the building.

I heard my first real gospel sermon that night. The preacher was not very dignified. He had his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, but he preached the truth. I listened intently to every word he uttered. In the course of the message he said, "How many of you have looked into the faces of others and said, 'If I could just have what they have, I would be the happiest person in the world?'" (I said to myself, "Somebody must have told him about me.") He went on, "If you will confess your sins and forsake them, the Lord will come in and old things will pass away and all things will become new. The things you used to love you will now hate." In his conclusion he gave an invitation for everyone who wanted to become a new creature in Christ Jesus to come and give him his hand while the congregation sang. Let me pause here to say that I do not advocate getting salvation by shaking anybody's hand, for you could shake hands with every preacher in the United

States and still not be converted; you could have your name on every church book in the country, but until your name was written in the Lamb's book of life all that would be of no avail. But I was so hungry that just as soon as I learned in his message that I was to repent I began to do so, and when the invitation was given I was so thoroughly ready to meet conditions that there was nothing further for me to do. As I gave the preacher my hand I gave God my heart. That for which I had been seeking was mine at last. My schoolteacher friend came right behind me, and she too became a new creature.

That night I was afraid to go to sleep for fear the joy would be gone the next day; but the next morning it was better than ever.

FIRST TOUR

I have made many tours since I have been a Christian, but the first one I made right after my conversion. I started out in the morning ringing doorbells and knocking on doors. When people came to the door I testified to them. They said, "Nettie, you never looked like this before." I answered, "I never felt like this before." From house to house, up one street and down another, I went, finding that the more I told it the better it became. At last I came to a certain house. The enemy said, "It wouldn't do any good to go in there. She's satisfied, and it hasn't been but a little while since she saw you in a bathing suit at the swimming pool, saying some crazy stuff over the radio, and she would know nothing had happened to you so quickly as that." Still I wanted to tell her. I walked past her house one time, then again, and a third time. Then the Lord said, "Tell it." His voice was as a "burning fire in my bones." I walked up to the door and rang the doorbell. Mrs. P. hastily came.

"Nettie," she said, "I never saw you look like this before."

"I've never felt like this before."

"What in the world is the matter with you?"

I told her I had been to the little place which used to be a candy kitchen and the Lord had done something for my soul. She said she had been watching me a long time and remembered the first time she saw me dance. I told her I never had been satisfied before, but now I was. Then she began to cry, saying she would like to have it too. I said I wished she could get it too, but really I did not know how to tell her to get it. Soon she was bawling, and I did not know what to do with her. I knew it was soon time for her husband to come home, and I was afraid he would wonder what I had done to his wife; so saying, "You ask Him and maybe He'll do it for you too," I "scoted" on home. Later the telephone rang and someone said, "Nettie, I know what you are talking about. After you left I was so miserable that I didn't know what to do. I wept all over the house and then went to the door and called Mrs. L. from down the street. I had made fun of her and called her an old holiness crank." (This lady was a Nazarene.) "'Come here and pray for me,' I called. She came running, saying, 'I've been praying for you ever since you have been living here.' We went into the living room and I knelt down and prayed and now, Nettie, I believe I have what you have." I grasped that old telephone harder and began to swing it round and round, shouting, "I

wouldn't take a hundred dollars for it!" Later her husband was converted. It pays to serve Jesus, it pays every day, it pays every step of the way.

A DYING WOMAN

One night at prayer meeting I testified, "I will go wherever He wants me to go, do whatever He wants me to do, and say whatever He wants me to say." No sooner had I come home from the church than the doorbell rang. Being summoned, I came and found a woman wishing to see me.

"Miss Miller," she said, "there is a woman dying around on Front Avenue. The doctors have said she won't last through the night. Someone said maybe prayer would help. Then we wondered who could pray. I heard you were a Christian now. Is that right?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"Would you come around and pray for her?"

Remembering the words, "I'll go where you want me to go," I consented.

On the way I learned that the woman was dying of poisoning, and that she was a sinful woman. The thought gripped me, "If she dies tonight, she will certainly go to hell." Since being converted myself I have never been able to feel calm about people's dying and being lost forever. We walked down a dark street until we came to a poor hovel, opened the door and entered. People were standing around the walls and sitting on the floor. On the right side lay a woman in a bed. In my life I have seen very few people who were actually dying, but there was no doubt in my mind that this woman was right on the brink of eternity. Her eyes were glassy and set. She was gasping for breath. I did not speak to anyone but fell on my knees and began to pray. It seemed that from the glory world a visible rope was let down and as I prayed for the Lord to save her before she passed away I began to pull on my rope of faith. I pulled harder as I said, "Lord, I believe you can," and a little harder still as I said, "Lord, I believe you will"; then with one last effort, "Lord, I believe you do." Everything in the room was still. One might have heard a pin drop. The woman's eyes began to lower, her lips to move. Suddenly her face lighted up. She did not need to tell me that the work was done; I knew it.

Someone began to pull on my skirt. I looked and saw a horribly emaciated old woman, crippled and deformed.

"I don't have that," she told me pathetically. "Would you pray for me too?"

"Certainly," I answered. Before I had time to begin, others inquired if I would pray for them also. In that room, without a carpet on the floor or picture on the walls, the glory of God came down.

Again I looked at the woman who a few moments before had been dying, and I saw by the lines on her face that she was suffering intensely.

"I believe the Lord can touch your body," I said -- though I had never heard of His doing such a thing. "He has saved you; certainly He can do anything. Do you believe that?"

Weakly she answered, "He has made me feel so good already that I believe He can."

"Now you pray as I pray," I directed, and she obeyed. Again from the heavens came my rope of faith to which I clung firmly. "Lord, you saved her, and now I believe you can heal her body and let her sleep tonight. Lord, I believe you will. I believe you do." About that time she began to manifest signs of returning strength. She yawned, asked to be propped up, and soon she was sitting up and talking happily. I left soon after. The next day I returned and found that she was up and had testified definitely that the Lord could touch the soul and the body too. So far as I know, she is still living and well. Glory! There is no case too hard for God. Regardless of the troubles that harass us, spiritual or physical, there is a Remedy that never fails. However far off we may have been pulled by sin, we can be drawn nigh unto Him by His blood.

THE CHICKEN HOUSE REVIVAL

One day my younger brother said to me, "Say, Nettie, where did you say you went to get what you got?"

"Over to the candy kitchen, where they were having a revival meeting," I replied. Very plainly the words came to me, "Why not have a revival meeting here?" "Say Jack," I exclaimed, "let's have a revival meeting at our house."

"Can we?" he wondered.

"Yes," I answered. "Of course we can."

"All right. You can have my chicken house." (He had a clubhouse which was quite spacious; at that time it was being occupied by a pet chicken.) "What time do revival meetings start?"

"They start at seven-thirty."

"All right. I'll have all the children in the neighborhood here by that time."

At twenty-five minutes after seven I went out into the back yard and found it crowded with youngsters. We crawled into the chicken house, but there were so many of us that we had to crawl out again. Under the stars, near the chicken house, the revival began. I knew that the first thing to be done at a revival was to sing, but I did not know any spiritual songs, except part of "I Believe the Bible" and "The Old Account Was Settled." I saw a little boy in the crowd who had sung in the neighborhood and over the radio, and I asked him if he would lead the singing. "Sure I'll lead it for you," he said. Coming forward, he announced, "We will sing, 'Give Me Oil in My Lamp'." They lustily joined in this chorus. Then turning to me he said, "Shall we sing another one?"

"Yes," I replied, "they sing two before they pray."

This time they sang, "The Old Time Religion." It sounded like a good revival meeting to me. Soon it was time for me to preach. I did not even have a Bible, but the Lord said, "You have something you never had before, haven't you?"

"Yes, Lord," I answered.

"Then tell them about it."

I began to tell them how that, ever since I was a little child, even younger than some of them were, the Lord had dealt with my heart. Always I had wanted something to satisfy me, and never had found it until Jesus saved my soul. Some of them wept, saying, "I want that too; I have always wanted to be good." Seeing that they all seemed to want it, I said, "Everybody who wants what I have, crawl into the chicken house." The chicken house was filled to capacity, leaving no room for me to beat them on the back; but as I listened I decided that they did not need to be encouraged, for I heard floating out on the air statements like these: "Lord, I'm sorry I done it!" "I'll tell Mamma I did it!" "Forgive me, Lord, and I'll never do it any more." In a few moments someone said, "Whoo-ee! Get over farther. I feel good." Then they began to hatch. One by one bright faces appeared from the chicken house.

In the days following mothers were inquiring, "What in the world is the matter with my child? He doesn't fuss around the house any more. Even asks if he might help with the chores. When I asked him, the reply was, 'I got it at the chicken house.'" Some of those children even led prayer meetings around in the community, with souls finding God.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

As time went on my salvation got better and better, for I told it daily to those whom I met, black and white, rich and poor, educated and illiterate. However, to my surprise one day I found that something did not get salvation when I got it, for I "got mad" all over. I did not mean to; honestly, I was sorry immediately. I went out in the back yard and prayed earnestly, fearful lest I had lost all that I had. The Lord assured me that there was something else for me. I ceased praying and believed that I had not lost everything but really had something coming to me. A few days later, at the Church of the Nazarene, I heard a sermon on "The Clay in the Potter's Hands." In the course of the message the preacher said, "How many of you know that the Lord has saved you but since that time you have got mad, discovering something still there causing you trouble?" (I thought, "Someone has told him about me.") He went on to say, "If you have been converted, there is something else for you. Present yourself to the Lord as the clay in the potter's hands, saying 'I will go where you want me to go, do what you want me to do, be what you want me to be,' and place everything on the altar (God is the altar), and the altar sanctifies the gift." The Lord quickly convinced me that this was exactly what I needed. That old carnality, the root of evil had to be removed. I saw Him as the great Physician and myself as the patient, with the root of evil as the cancer. The Physician put me on His operating table and began to cut. One by one He removed my little vanities and worldly ambitions; one by one I gave them up, even to the last. When the last "Yes" was said, the cancer came out, roots and all. Glory! From that time on, I have never been

bothered with it any more. How grateful I am that I do not have to suppress it, but know that it has been eradicated! I do not have to "sit on the lid" and be afraid of an explosion. It works! It works! I never say that the operation does not hurt, for it does, but it certainly feels good when it quits hurting.

HOW I BECAME ONE OF THEM

Never shall I forget the day when the Nazarene preacher brought a message from the Manual of the Church of the Nazarene. "Are you converted? Do you believe in holiness? You have heard our standards. We don't smoke, don't chew, don't attend the movies, card parties, and so forth. Are these standards too high for you? If not, the Lord needs new recruits. Would you like to enlist with this number in this section of the city to fight the battle for holiness here in the Church of the Nazarene?"

They tell me I became deathly pale. It was not that the standards were too high for me. I heard the Lord saying, "My child, I want you to help fight in this battle. Will you do it?" The devil gripped my shoulders and reminded me of the great price I would have to pay if I did such a thing, but again the voice of the Lord came: "Think what I have done for you; and I'll go with you all the way." I said, "Lord, if you will go with me, I will go." I stepped out and gave the preacher my hand; and that is how I became one of them. I am a Nazarene from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet. I love the doctrines of the Church of the Nazarene, and will preach them if I have to stand on a soap-box on a street corner to do it. It's real. It works.

CALL TO PREACH

I was finishing some work in speech and working in an office. One day as I typed I heard these words: "This is not thy work." I looked around me but saw no one. I resumed my typing; again I heard, "This is not thy work." I thought I must be ill. I went into the lounge for a drink of water, came back and continued my typing. The same thing happened for several days in succession. One afternoon I answered the telephone. The president of the Business Men's Evangelistic Club asked me if I would speak at a cottage prayer meeting. I consented to do so. I can see the room now, and the interested looks as I told what the Lord had done for me. In the middle of my testimony I heard the same voice, but this time it was saying, "This is thy work." I felt as if I wanted to tell it and never stop. At the close of the service an old man said, "Little lady, could a ninety-year-old man have that too?" I assured him that he could. A newly married couple said, "We would like to have a Christian home." A young man also expressed his desire to live for Christ. I asked them to kneel and we prayed. Shouts of victory were the result. You talk about a thrill! The pleasures of the world do not in any way measure up to the joy and satisfaction one feels when seeing souls meet the Christ of Calvary. The next day at the office I heard the same words, "This is not thy work." Daily it was the same thing, until I could not sleep at night. One day I decided to leave town for a much-needed vacation. I went to Macon, Georgia. I had not been there very long when the telephone rang, and the pastor of a church of a well-known denomination said, "Miss Miller, I heard you were in town. Would you preach for me Sunday night?"

When he said that, chill bumps broke out all over me. I meant to tell him "No," but "Yes" slipped right out of my mouth.

"Thank you. I am in a big hurry, but will be looking forward to Sunday night."

Slowly I hung up the receiver, saying to myself, "Why in the world did I do that? I could never preach."

I went out into the flower garden to pray. The Lord said, "I will go with you all the way." I knew that every time He had promised to go with me He had kept His promise.

Sunday night came, and as the people entered the auditorium and I sat on the platform looking at them I thought, "I've danced before bigger crowds, read before larger crowds, but I am supposed to preach to these people." Again I begged the Lord to let me do something else -- perhaps give an evening of readings -- but He would not excuse me, reminding me again that He was with me and would hold my right hand. I took His text and I am sure my sermon was neither homiletical nor hermeneutical, but I was in perfect bliss telling the story. I heard again the same voice, "This is thy work." While I spoke to the people, I talked with the Lord. "Lord, if you mean that this is what I am to do, let people get here tonight what I have in my heart." Yes, I put out a fleece. At the close of the service, when the altar call was made, people came and filled the altar; then I saw a second group coming, and I began to beg the Lord to make them stop. My fleece was soaking wet!

I went back to Columbus. The next afternoon I went to the parsonage. The woman pastor said, "Little lady, you might as well say 'Yes' to the Lord."

"What do you mean?" I demanded. (I had not told a soul what I was going through.)

She went on, "You might as well tell the Lord you will do what He wants you to do."

"What do you know about it?"

"The Lord talks on both ends of the line sometimes," was her reply.

I began to feel that truly I could not stand this much longer; so I got down on my knees in the study. For hours I moaned and groaned, begged and pleaded with the Lord to let me work and send somebody else to carry the gospel message. The burden became heavier and heavier, and my cries louder and louder. Finally I almost screamed, "I can't! I can't!" He said, "I know you can't, but I can, and I will go with you all the way." "Lord," said I, "if you will go with me, I will go," and then He blessed my soul. The burden was lifted. The Master of Galilee and Gethsemane stepped out on the storm-tossed waters of my soul and spoke his "Peace, be still." The waves had found in Him a hiding place and the tempest a covert, and there was a great calm. I may never be able to preach, but I thank the Lord for the privilege of seeing one soul kneel at an altar of prayer and go away rejoicing.

TREVECCA NAZARENE COLLEGE

A call to preach means a call to prepare to preach. I knew that I must go away to college. Many colleges and universities were suggested. Someone told me of Trevecca Nazarene College in Nashville, Tennessee, where the professors with high scholastic degrees were saved and sanctified, and before each class would bow their heads and invoke God's blessings upon that recitation period. Ofttimes students would pray through in the classrooms and shouts of victory could be heard. The Lord made it clear that Trevecca was the school for me. I made preparations and left home.

When I arrived on the beautiful hilltop overlooking the great city of Nashville, I could hear floating out on the afternoon breeze the sound of prayers from boys and girls in the dormitories, grateful because they had found God's will for themselves. Trevecca was all that I had dreamed it would be, and more. Before the English, the Greek, the history, the mathematics classes, prayers like this were offered: "Lord, illumine the minds and hearts of these students that they might comprehend for the glory of God." If a person could not learn in such an environment he might as well give up trying. I worked faithfully at the task of assimilating the knowledge presented to me. Each week-end I preached in or around Nashville and in the summers I held meetings. At the end of the four years I received my Bachelor of Theology degree. At this time it was my pleasure to have my family attend graduation. Sunday morning was the baccalaureate service, and that afternoon the theological program, after which Brother Wise, pastor of Nashville First Church, asked me to bring the evening message. The Lord blessed with souls for His glory.

After my father had reached home he wrote me his impressions of the college, which he summed up as follows: "Trevecca is a wonderful place. I believe she will grow and grow until she becomes as a great light beckoning young people from all over the country to follow the path to a Christian education." I might say here that now my baby sister is in Trevecca, preparing for the evangelistic field.

Since my graduation, with the exception of some time spent at Peabody College, I have been actively engaged in evangelistic work. The Lord has definitely called me to this field and I expect to devote my life to it.

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THE END