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**O HAPPY DAY**  
**By Florence Walling**

The story of  
Jesse and Florence Walling  
As Told To Clara Verner

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**ABOUT THIS DIGITAL PUBLICATION**

On the cover and title-page of this booklet, it is advertised as "The Jesse Walling Story" and as "The Story of Jesse Walling's Climb From Alcoholism To Enthusiastic Service For The Master As Told By His Wife Florence..."

However, after reading the story, I feel that a better title would be "The Florence (Carney) Walling Story," for it was she who was the primary channel through whom God moved to bring about the dramatic spiritual results that are chronicled in this booklet. Had it not been for her great longsuffering and determination to see her husband saved, it seems very possible, if not probable, that he never would have become the zealous Christian he finally became. And, had not been for the apostolic ministry of Florence (Carney) Walling, David Creek Church of the Nazarene would likely never have risen from an obscure meeting place to become the largest rural Church in the world! So, while Florence Walling apparently demurely put herself in the background and her husband in the foreground in the advertisements of the book, I feel that behind Jesus, it is she who should more correctly be set forth as the primary subject of this booklet.

I will conclude this little introduction to the digital publication of this book by saying: judging from the way this booklet begins, one might never imagine when reading the first pages, the marvel and magnitude of the work that Christ would accomplish through first Florence Walling,

and through both Florence and Jesse Walling. The work they accomplished in the West Virginia Hills was truly apostolic in its character and size. -- DVM

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## PREFACE

"If it had not been for my wife, I would be in Hell tonight," Jesse Walling told in testimony at the Montrose Church one night.

Jess was the team-mate of a woman preacher, and no doubt was sometimes kidded about being the "preacher's wife," but his sense of humor never failed him -- first, because he was a truly sanctified Christian, and secondly, because he knew the awful agony he had put her through in their earlier years. He never ceased giving thanks that she held out -- and he never let her down.

So we watch the conflicts unfold against the back-drop of two violently opposing ways of life. Since it was Florence who told the story to me, we'll be seeing it through her eyes most of the time.

"One reason we came west, was because our children had been scattered by the war activities, and it was nice to be near them again."

When someone asked if she felt in the will of the Lord, or was she led to come here, she answered, "Well, I don't say that. I don't feel out of the will of the Lord, but as for His having told us to come here -- no. We were just interested in being near our children; we had to leave our Indian work because of Mr. Walling's health; and this little church at Montrose was an open door. That's all.

"It is also my opportunity to take some work in college, so I'm doing that." This was at the close of my class in what was called "Dumb-bell English." People who felt unqualified in simple English were registered in this class.

Then she told me all about her lack of education. "I went only to the eighth grade in school. There was only a little one-room school house where we lived. Later we moved to town and all the younger children finished high school; and several finished College.

"It is my nature to study. Now that my eyes are well -- I had trachoma once -- and I have a chance, I want to study. My children have always attended my church, and they have been willing to listen for my mistakes in English, and tell me about them after we get home from the services. I have tried very earnestly to take what they tell me." Then she leaned slightly nearer to me, over the desk, and said,

"It is so embarrassing to make mistakes when you are asked to speak before large audiences."

On Tuesday, Mrs. Walling agreed to come to my house for lunch, in order to tell me more of her story. After a brief prayer for guidance, as we knelt before the open fire, we seated ourselves on the divan, and I said, "Now, go way back, and tell me all about your early life; how you lived; where; and what your parents were like."

Then she began. The following is as nearly what she told me as I can reconstruct it.

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## 01 -- PARENTAL BACKGROUNDS

The parents on her mother's side were religious people of the intermittent variety. They believed in genuine conversions, but did not accept the doctrine of Holiness; therefore, lived up and down lives, religiously. Her mother's father was a circuit rider, away from home much of the time. He was held in great respect among the people. His home was better than average; their farm, the type an industrious Dutch family would naturally have.

On the father's side, the grandparents were good moral people. Never religious, but very proud of their good name; and were also held in respect in the community. This group, however, always felt themselves to be slightly superior to all others, and seldom found anyone whom they considered worthy to have married into their family. So, when their son Jonathan, married; even though the reputation was of good degree, the parents did not appreciate the daughter-in-law. All branches of the two families lived on hill-side farms in the same region, the farthest being not more than five miles away.

In a sense, then, the home was divided from the beginning. The mother prayed through in every revival; enjoyed salvation for a season each time; then would become inconsistent in daily living, until she would finally stop professing at all until the next revival.

The father was a man of good moral standing, but entirely uninterested in religion. Into this home came twelve children who lived. Of these, Florence was the second child and oldest girl.

Mr. Carney was of Irish extraction. He was an easy-going sort of man until aroused -- then would fight his weight in wild cats. It was the code of that country to fight over problems, so at one time or another, Florence's father had "whipped" practically every man in that country-side. Mrs. Carney, when low in her religious experience, had a fighting disposition, too. Florence remembers one outstanding fracas.

She was very small, and doesn't know what the argument was over, but one day Grandfather Carney, two sons and two daughters came to the house. When the group arrived, the young people took the initiative. They said harsh things to Florence's mother and father. Mrs. Carney wouldn't take it. She flew into the group and "whipped" them all, one by one -- except the father-in-law. Mrs. Carney mauled each one thoroughly, until each managed to get up and get out.

Some time passed by. Mrs. Carney prayed through again, and was living near the Lord once more, when two lady preachers came into the community, preaching holiness as a second definite work of grace. They held their meeting in the school house, and many of the Carneys attended. Mrs. Carney came to the conclusion, after a few services, if she could give up her snuff, she would be as good as the lady preachers. For days she tried it, but the appetite was too strong. By and by, the burden for a clean heart, and for deliverance from that terrible temper became more than she could bear. She went to the revival meeting one night alone. Florence and her father were at home alone. Suddenly, Mr. Carney woke Florence up saying, "Florence, -- wake up! Just listen to your mammy comin' roun' that mountain!"

In stentorian tones they could hear her saying "GLORY TO GOD!"

For miles they could hear her. Nobody in the valley doubted that something had happened to Virge! She had been sanctified wholly; and it worked! It worked so well that Mr. Carney began to take notice.

A strong character at any time, Virge was now literally aflame. She went to church somewhere every night of the world. If there was no service in the school house, she would promote a cottage prayer-meeting. Having a family of twelve children, and absolutely no income except what they could dig out of that worn-out hill-side, there just weren't enough clothes for all to have what they needed. When winter came, Virge had only an old three-quarter length red sweater to wear. That was nothing to her. She merely wore more clothes, and in zero weather went to her prayermeetings just the same. Walking five miles was nothing either. She usually took Florence with her.

Her life bore fruit at home, too; and it wasn't long until her husband knew that this was the religion that he wanted. As long as she was up and down, he had not been interested. Now, she had something that was real. He wanted it. He obtained it.

Meantime, persecution was increasing in the community. People were taking sides for and against Holiness. Grandfather Carney, the same two sons and daughters who had come once

before, came again. This time the grandfather took the lead. His poor old proud heart was torn to desperation. As he entered the house, he began cursing. He cursed his son, but more, he cursed his daughter-in-law. He had never liked her, but now he hated her. He held her responsible for this religious disgrace that had involved the Carney name.

"You've gone and joined this low-down, Holy Roller outfit, and disgraced us all for life! You've dragged my son into this outfit. You've disgraced the name of Carney, I tell you. I hate you!!"

Florence's father, the one so ready to fight in days gone by, sat with tears streaming down his face, and said not a word. Virge, who, only a few months ago, had knocked down and whaled this same group, now only said, "God, have mercy on him; he knows not what he does."

This only added fuel to the fire. The poor old man cursed again and again. At last, picking up the poker, said, "you've disgraced my family, I tell you. I've a good mind to knock you in the head!"

He took a step toward Virge, waving the poker menacingly, his face livid with anger; and poor little Florence wondered what might happen next. Somewhere in the upheaval, Virge suddenly realized that Holiness was working; that her temper was gone. Such a sudden wave of glory swept her soul, that without thinking, she threw up her hand and shouted, "Glory to God!"

It was like a red flag in front of a bull. The enraged father-in-law was so possessed with wrath that in terrible mockery, he threw up his hand and shouted, "Glory to God!"

Florence paused to comment, "God does not reap over night. Thirty-five years have passed since that day. The branch of the older members of the Carney family that has brought honor to that proud name, is the family so terribly abused that day. The children of the family who chose Holiness are largely well educated. Three are high school teachers. One is head chemist in a large industry. One girl is wife of a leading dentist. All are highly respected citizens, and some are active Christians.

When the day of final reckoning came for the paternal grandfather, his family asked if he wanted some one to pray with him. He could scarcely speak, so they suggested names. This one? that one? -- He shook his head. He tried to form a word. They listened closely. "... Virge . . ." he whispered.

Family pride and bitterness were too deep to bend now, so she was never called -- and it was only years later, they learned the story from an eye-witness.

The great family break-up over Holiness came when Florence was between ten and eleven years of age. Children of large families began working "out" early in those days -- often in the homes of more prosperous relatives.

Florence soon discovered that she was working in two types of homes: those who accepted Holiness, and those who didn't. Realizing something of the price of Holiness, she did her own thinking, even at age eleven.

In her maternal grandfather's home there was no family prayer, though he had been a preacher for years. He was not in favor of Holiness. He was a respectable man.

Then she shifted to another family to work. These people said they received sanctification as a second definite work of grace. She watched. When the morning chores were done, and the man came in to breakfast, he said to his wife,

"Don't you think we have time to read the Word and have prayer?"

Then they read and prayed. At noon, after washing, he would say pleading to his wife, "Don't you think we could take time to pray a little?" Down they would go and pray until their souls were melted and blessed. Then at night, after supper, he would take down the family Bible, read the Scripture, and once again have prayer. The atmosphere of the home was sweet, consistent, sincere.

Again she shifted back to her grandfather's home. The contrast was immediately noticeable. No family worship. Laxness; lightness; lack of deep sincerity. The church services were good; they were often blessed in the singing; the preaching was good; but there was a lack. The consistent, even, deep worship was not there. So Florence decided. Holiness was the only way.

As to disposition, Florence felt she had inherited all the worst characteristics of both parents. In their carnal state, both had been fighters. One proud; the other, stubborn. Even as a child she too was a fighter. In a big family of children there were always things to fight over. Being tiny, what she lacked in strength she made up for in agility. She was a little wild-cat in action.

After her decision that Holiness was right, her young heart became hungry for the experience. On one week-end, she left her "job" at her grandmother's and went home to visit her parents. On Saturday night, she attended the little Holiness service with them, and was beautifully saved. On Sunday night, she visited the altar a second time, and received the same heart cleansing her parents had received. The fight had been taken out of her heart; and all her energies were poured out -- even at eleven -- in service for the Christ.

On Monday morning when she returned to her grandmother's, she approached her grandmother with this petition, "Grandma, I want to have family prayer."

Grandfather was out on his circuit, but grandmother agreed that it was all right to have family prayer that evening. After the meal, she took the family Bible down, and began finding the place. When she looked up, all the aunts and uncles had disappeared. She and Grandmother had worship all alone.

On the next day, grandfather arrived home. Evidently, someone warned him of the new order. Florence, little dreaming of the outcome, thought, "If I get the Bible very soon after we eat, we can have prayer before the others go to bed." The very moment she had swallowed her last bite, she went into the combination living-bedroom, to conduct family worship. She came unexpectedly upon her grandfather, working hastily with his suspenders. He fumbled, so rushed. Nor did he take time to go to the side of the bed to get in -- he jumped over the foot-board! With a hurt little heart, she and her grandmother had worship alone, once more.

It became her habit, from that time on. It didn't matter in what home she spent the night -- for years she never failed to have family prayer.

Time went on. The family eventually left the farm and moved into the town of Dunbar [West Virginia]. All the younger children finished high school there; the older children took jobs, and living conditions improved. Three brothers finished college; all three received a Master's degree at age twenty-seven, in spite of working their way through alone.

They went to the city churches now. There was no Holiness church there. Little by little they cooled off, until they lost the glow. There was no longer anything about them to bring reproach. They became like other people. So much so, indeed, that Florence married an unsaved boy; the son of a drunkard.

"But I don't drink," declared Jesse, when he and Florence were discussing the question. "I have made up my mind that I never want to see any woman suffer the way my mother has."

Florence had been backslidden for two years. She retained many of her Christian principles, but she had lost connection with the warning checks of the Holy Spirit. Even so, there were times when she was not sure she liked Jess.

"Aw, I think I'll quit going with him," she said to some of the girls in their crowd. It was a worldly crowd but decent!

"You're crazy!" they challenged. "Why, he's the cutest boy in our gang. Any of the girls would be glad to have him. Just look at the money he makes! He's not a tight-wad, either. He always shows us a good time. What would our parties be, if Jess didn't furnish the fun!?"

"Aw, he's all right, I guess. He's just homely. When he laughs his mouth gets all over his face."

"That's nothing," they laughed. "Go on and throw him over -- plenty of us would be glad to have him!"

Meantime, Jess and Florence went to church together every Sunday night. During the week, they went to lively parties of the high school variety, though neither was in school. Both worked. Jess boarded with Florence's aunt where it was a natural thing for the young girl to be in and out of the house frequently.

Eventually, the young people did decide they were meant for each other, and set the date for their wedding. She was not yet eighteen, and he was only six months older. His parents lived in Indiana, and had not seen the girl. They wouldn't consent. Florence's people liked Jess, but would not give their consent unless the other parents would. To solve the problem, the young people went over to Charleston, forged papers of consent; went to the home of her uncle who was a minister, and were married.

In spite of the minor chord, it was a happy and thrilling day for the young people. The bride was little and dainty. Only five feet in height, and weighing one hundred and five pounds, dressed attractively in blue with white accessories, carrying a bouquet of dreamy-eyed forget-me-nots, this little girl with the sparkling brown eyes, thinking of their false statements as only so much fun -- looked forward to a long, jolly, interesting time ahead.

They set out immediately for Indiana, to visit the relatives of the groom; this cocky young kid of a husband, proud to put his newly acquired bride on display.

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## 02 -- WAR IS DECLARED

Every bride learns that meeting with the husband's relatives for the first time, is precarious business. Background and environment are different; religion is often different. Customs and ways are never the same. Even her husband is an unknown quantity, in a very definite sense. The husband is on edge. He wants his wife to exhibit herself to the very best advantage among all this group, in whose eyes he is alert to read even the faintest criticism.

Florence had been told that Jess's father drank, but now she discovered he had become a staunch Christian. When Jess told her about it, he said, "Two years ago, Dad came in one night and said he had changed. Said things were going to be different at their house. He got the family together, had his Bible and song book on a table; said they were going to have family prayer... He opened the song book and sang, 'Oh, Happy Day'." It was a definite testimony for the father, and Jess grinningly said, "my brother and I just looked at each other and wondered what new kind of whiskey he had been drinking."

But the father had stayed true and was a strong follower of Holiness. Incidentally, this song was the first hymn Jess had ever heard in his life!

A brother-in-law owned a little furnished house which was unoccupied at the moment. This he offered to the new couple, and insisted that they live there for awhile; at least, until the glassmaking season opened again. Jess was a skilled glass blower, and liked his work. Because it was remunerative, he did not like to work at other things between seasons. Therefore, they accepted the loan of the house.

Shortly after moving in, Jess came to his young wife saying, "Jack and I are going over into Ohio for a few hours; we won't be gone long."



The little house was soon in neat order, and the young bride had very little with which to occupy the long wait. The day lengthened. She was a lonely little girl, a long way from home. She wanted her husband, and it was late afternoon. Finally, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she started out to the home of Jack, to see if the boys had yet returned. She heard voices, Jess's animated conversation led the rest. She was accustomed to that -- he was always the life of any group. What she didn't know was that he was bragging about what a nice wife he had married; that he was describing in vivid colors, the perfect disposition she possessed; that he was declaring that no matter the situation, she would be poised and self-controlled. No word reached her, but some uncanny sixth sense told her what they were doing.

Indiana was a "dry" state; Ohio, "wet". The boys had gone after a load of liquor, and together with several others, they were now seated around the dining-table, drinking freely.

Although Florence had been out of touch with the Holy Spirit for two years, the old carnal, hair-trigger, fighting nature had not as yet returned. Nothing had happened before to arouse her. But when she walked in that day -- looked around at that reveling crowd -- realized that her young husband had lied to her; seeing with her own eyes that he did drink; something terrible took possession of her. She gave him one, long, hard look. Conversation stopped in mid-air. Then like a wild-cat, she pounced. She grabbed him by the collar, and shook him with a strength born of fury. With steel-trap jaws, she snapped, "You get out of here, and get out now!"

He got out, all right. They went home, and took stock. It was a day of bitter disillusionment. They had been married two weeks. She found she had a drunkard for a husband; he found he had a tiger for a playmate. The curtain dropped on their happiness -- and did not rise again for many, long, war-filled years. Intermittently, there were times of peace; but these were really only glimpses of sunshine between dark, and still more somber shadows.

A very definite pride, a cloak of defense to cover her shame, kept her from telling one soul, relatives or otherwise, of the tortures suffered all those intervening years. If they found out anything, it was from some other source. Her lips were completely sealed, until they were both definite Christians. She says she would not tell it now, except to show the power of a mighty Christ to redeem; to show the indisputable reality of Holiness. From this time on, whenever Jess drank, Florence resorted to violence. He was not a coward by any means, but knowing that drinking was so completely wrong, the violent receptions would tend to hold him in check for a while. He was just an occasional drinker, in the early years. It was only as time went on, that the habit possessed him completely.

At the end of three months, the glass-factory was open again, so they migrated back to Dunbar, West Virginia. Once there, Florence figured they would step back into their old groove, and the past nightmares would disappear. Sunday morning came.

"Let's go to church this morning, Jess," she suggested happily. "Naw, I'm not a goin'," he replied. "Why not?"

"I don't like to go to church. I'm not a church guy." was his definite ultimatum.

"How does that happen?" Florence puzzled. "You used to go to church with me every Sunday night of the world."

"I just went to be with you," he smiled sheepishly, "I don't have to do that now." So she went to church -- alone.

However, church was not the same any more. She had such bitterness in her heart, that church didn't fit. It wasn't pleasant to go alone; to have people wonder about their marriage, and how it was going. Then in February, little Theone was born. Church faded from the picture.

Theone was a dainty little girl, very tiny and delicate. New responsibilities loomed up. The thought of the baby's future was a desperate one to the young mother with the uncertain husband. Deep within her heart, a vow was born. She whispered it to the fuzzy little head at her breast. "I will never raise a family by a drunkard!"

Such a vow involved health and more bitterness. They moved from place to place, following the glass-making business. They had plenty of money, wore nice clothes, ate good food. They always had friends galore, wherever they went, because Jess was a natural mixer, and generous with his money -- and liquor. At home, it was a quarrel and a fight every time drinking entered the picture and that was increasingly often.

One time Jess came into the house, all the evidences strongly upon him, that he had been out. Florence was eating an apple while at her work. When she saw his condition, she picked up her apple, and threw it with venom, right into his face. Then she got out of his way. He was too drunk to hunt long, so the fight ended for that time. Things went better for a little while. Then, bang, -- it was all over, and war began again. Finally, one day, Jess said,

"I know what will solve our problem. It isn't that we don't love each other; it's just because you hate whiskey so badly, you're unreasonable. You have never accepted my friends. The thing to do is to forget the awful aversion you have for liquor, and be one of the bunch. Treat my buddies like people. Mix with them. Have a good time. Drink a little -- don't get drunk. I don't want that... Just be a good sport. That will solve the whole thing."

"Well," she mused, "I can't go on like this. I've come to the place where it is 'peace at any price' ... I'll try."

For a time, things did seem to go better. They had the gang at their house. Liquor was mixed with cokes and punch. She would take a little. They would play cards and dance -- have a good time. This worked fairly well, until a certain woman joined the group. Every time this person appeared on the scene, Florence would tighten up, and her temper would go into action. Her conduct was never predictable. She herself would not know what would happen next. All at once that devil would rise up within her, and she would start action without fear or favor! No one but Jess knew why this particular woman so antagonized her. The reason was that she had a decent husband and she was stepping out on him. Everyone in the group knew of her delinquency but her husband. Florence's Puritan ideals could not take it. All her life she had been taught, "No Carney of

the name has ever brought disgrace upon the family." Always she had felt it a disgrace even so much as to speak to a woman of low character, much less to hob-nob with one.

She had now let down the bars regarding the drink, -- but she still held fast to her standard of morals, and Jess was glad for her to do it.

Long ago he had gotten used to her unpredictable disposition, and while he didn't like it any more than she liked his whiskey, he had learned to watch the symptoms and get out of the way unless he was drunk enough to fight. In a party, they always managed to get Florence on the back side of a table, or in some place where she couldn't break out without at least a little warning. They knew that something would be bound to pop just as soon as this woman entered. Sometimes Florence would turn the game table over, scattering cards everywhere; sometimes she would suddenly jump up and take the spiked punch and throw it out of the house; sometimes she would order the whole bunch out of her house. The conflict between the standards of her youth and the practices of her maturity almost drove her insane.

Twice, she decided that suicide was the only way out. Five years after the little girl was born, a little boy, Jess, Jr. came into their home. They called him Jack. After the coming of this child, she renewed her vow against rearing a family in a drunkard's home and renewed her diligence. Her health was not so good -- but what did that matter? Life was not worth living. It was all hell -- hell. Once she went to the river.

It was a dark, gloomy night. Nothing had any hope. She could bear it no longer. Something seemed to be pushing her on, on, on. The river was dark, deep, and cold. Steamboats plowed its waters. It would be so simple to jump in -- and to go to sleep forever.

What turned her back, she doesn't know. It may have been the two babies asleep at home. It may have been some early teaching about the hereafter. She doesn't know; but she didn't go all the way to the river. Once she took the iodine bottle from the bathroom, and went into the clothes closet. This time she came closer. She had the bottle turned to her lips, when Jess had a hunch. In he dashed, and grabbed the bottle.

In telling this, she paused to comment, "I didn't realize that I would be only stepping from an earthly hell to an eternal one!"

One of their glass-factory moves, landed them in Anaheim, California. The usual round of drinking parties were here as elsewhere. She had not been to church since she left Dunbar. One afternoon she was out walking with the children, when she passed a tabernacle. The sign above, in large letters, said, "Church of the Nazarene."

For some strange reason, she decided to go in. She had never heard of this church before. She listened to the service. The preaching was the same as she had heard as a child in the country, where the Holiness ladies had come and her mother was sanctified. It appealed to her. When she returned home, she wrote to her mother about this church; told her all the details of the sermon. But that was the end. She did not go anymore. Her life pattern had been cut out for her, and it did not include church.

Somehow, the drinking parties became distasteful again. One night a fellow from the gang came over to their house and said, "Jess, we want you and Florence to go with us tonight. We are just going out to have a good time."

Florence was not in the mood. "I don't want to go," she answered. "Jess can go if he wants to, but I don't want to."

"We don't want Jess without you," he answered. "Come on. We plan to have a really good time tonight."

"I don't want to," she decided, and wouldn't budge. "Stubborn," no doubt she was labeled. Naturally, when Jess was told he was not wanted without his wife, he didn't go either.

Late that night, coming along the railroad track, a fellow well-known to the bunch, heard a noise... His flash-light went on in a trice... What he saw, he told everywhere... and called names. When the Wallings heard the sordid tale, Jess was deeply moved.

"We would have been in that crowd, if it hadn't been for you!" Who knows but that one visit to a church made the difference. A long-neglected Providence had had mercy, and had saved Florence from a hell worse than the one she had known hitherto. It sobered them up for a while, and they didn't go to so many parties. As most lessons do, however, the horror wore off; and they drifted back into the same old rut. Drinking, quarrels, fights, were the regular routine. Every now and then, Jess would be put in jail for rowdy conduct, but someone always got him out the next morning. There were nights when he didn't come home all night -- and Florence didn't sleep.

"If you ever prove untrue to me," she told him more than once, "and I ever find it out, even if it's ten years later, I'll get a divorce. I hate whiskey, but I'll put up with it. Adultery, I'll never forgive."

Prohibition laws were strict in those days. If liquor were found in a house, the wife would be held as accomplice. They were back in Indiana again. Finances were running low. Jess and his brother went into wet territory again, bought up a load of liquor and brought it back to sell. He came to her and said,

"I'm going to sell this liquor, but I won't bring any into the house."

Shortly afterward, however, she found a quart which he had brought in for the bunch. She was furious. She took the bottle and threw it out into the back yard, breaking it. Jess happened to see her do it. He started after her. She ran into the summer kitchen, and slammed the door. He ran to the door and kicked it down. His brother rushed to him, grabbing him just in time. With arms tightly around him, so that Jess could not get loose, Florence pounded him with all her furious might, in every place she could find to hit. His face, head, arms, and shoulders were thoroughly pummeled.

"Don't, Florence," begged the brother, "He's about to get loose, and he'll hurt you." Reason was drowned by wrath, and nothing fazed her.

After he finally broke away, and the fight ended; the main crowd left, and a wealthy man came over. Jess came in and said to her, "I'm going outside and talk to this fellow awhile."

She was exhausted from the spent fury, so she and her baby went to bed. She dropped off to sleep about nine o'clock. At eleven, she was awakened by the brother who had held Jess during the day.

"Florence, Florence," he called softly, "is there any liquor in the house?"

"Not that I know of," she answered, drowsily, trying to brush the fog from her tired brain. "I don't know what he's done since I've been asleep."

"Well, there's none here, then. I know he hasn't brought any more in."

"Why, -- what's the matter?" asked Florence apprehensively, sensing the tenseness of her brother-in-law.

At that moment five policemen entered the house. They had Jess and the wealthy gentleman in tow. Florence began to cry; Theone awakened and began to scream. Baby Jack was too young to know what it was all about, and did not even arouse.

Off to jail the officers took the two men. Florence quickly dried her tears, in order to quiet the nerves of the delicate little girl. Theone screamed on and on for a long, long time.

Early the next morning the wife of the wealthy patron of the night before, came to the house of the Wallings. Unceremoniously, she flung open the door and walked in.

"Where is John Grange?" she demanded belligerently.

Florence was scorched by the implication! Furiously, she blazed out, "He's in jail, if you must know."

The woman was not convinced. She went from room to room, searching in every corner for a delinquent husband. Finally, she swept out of the house, as if entering had degraded her! Before long, however, Jess walked in.

"We were bound over to the Grand Jury," he told her, and Mr. Grange went our bond. "I don't want you to stay for the trial -- it will be a sentence this time, I guess. You and the kids go home. I -- I don't want you disgraced any worse."

Florence was broken-hearted. She looked at their clothes. More money had gone for liquor this time than ever before -- and their clothes were poorer than they had ever been. Not a new thing did they possess, and no money to buy. Home -- like that! Home -- to be shamed before her people

with Theone's little dresses, faded and too small; with Jack's little pants so short they were scarcely more than diapers; home -- with her own clothes shabby and run down; home with her husband facing a sentence to the Pen. Bitterness possessed her soul. If she could only get even with this man who had caused her so much torment!! If she could only find something that would make him suffer as she had suffered. Forgive! Never.

Theone was past five now, and supposed to pay half-fare. There was no money for her. Florence looked at her, considered how small she was, and decided to take the chance.

On the train were two other women with small children who were trying to get by on one fare. One lady gave her child's age as four. The conductor proceeded to ask where the child was born, who the doctor was, and a few other pertinent questions. He went away and the lady relaxed. Then he returned. He had wired back, found the true age of the child, demanded money for a ticket. The lady had not enough money, so the two were put off the train to arrive at their destination any way they could. Florence watched all this, and quaked. Nothing happened. The conductor had formed his own opinion.

One more hurdle was passed. Now she must face her mother and her people in shame. They would not know, and must not know. They should never read in her face the fury of her soul. She must cover it all with a smile.

Within the hour of their arrival, the mother silently slipped out of the house. She returned soon with new clothes for each of the three of them. Mothers have a way of knowing things that are never put into words. Florence was still more humiliated by the act of kindness. To have to accept clothing from her hard-working mother to prevent her mother's being shamed, while her husband played the renegade, was just adding gall to the bitterness. A few days later, in walked Jess.

"Mr. Grange was able to buy us out," he told Florence in the privacy of their own room. "I -- I heard Theone scream all night that first night," he admitted. "I -- I swear I'll never drink again."

Such vows meant nothing to Florence. Her mind was made up. She was going to get even, if it killed them all. Life was hell anyway -- it didn't matter. Never a Christmas even, as other families knew it. Only drunken brawls were her lot. Her children were big enough for Christmas trees, stockings full to toys, but liquor was getting it all. She wouldn't disgrace her mother's family, -- she would be decent here; but the minute the glass factory opened again in Anaheim, three thousand miles from home -- she would show him. Once she had held her standards because of childhood and youth teaching. Later she had held out because of her children. Now that was gone. She was through fighting. "The kids will live," she mused bitterly, kids always do. The only thing left is to make Jess pay. I'll make him pay!!!"

A revival meeting was announced in the Methodist church, the church of her family. The evangelist was a Holiness man, and the family was happy. The people of the church were divided about the doctrine. Some were enthusiastic in their acceptance of it; and others fought it.

Florence knew practically all the people; had known them for years. Just as she had in childhood -- she sized them up. The ones who lived nearest to her idea of what a Christian ought to

be, were those who professed sanctification, as a second, definite work of grace. Again, hard and far from God as she was, she found herself thinking on the side of the Holiness group.

For a night or two, she attended the revival only because it was some place to go -- not with any intention whatsoever of getting back to God. All that was past for her. Her one consuming passion was to get back to California and get even with Jess.

A certain couple that had run around with them had ended in tragedy. The fellow had killed his wife and then himself. It might end that way for them -- what did it matter? Religion? No. There was no place in her life for religion.

Conviction seized her. She felt so terrible. She remembered the wonderful experience of Salvation she had known as a child. She remembered what it was like to have Jesus wash away her sins. She went to the altar. The group gathered about her to pray. Some of them she trusted. Others, she felt were just as much in need of prayer as she. Some she felt to be plain hypocrites; some she felt to be inconsistent in their lives, because they had failed to walk into Holiness. All at once the devil within her arose, and she felt her hands convulse and start shoving. She was possessed with a desire to give a sweeping shove to all these inconsistent people tell them they needed to pray for themselves and not for her. Then she remembered she was at church -- not at some drunken party, so she relaxed her hands and remained quiet. But she didn't get saved. She was too angry.

The next night, however, she returned to the altar, and was so thoroughly sick of sin; so utterly exhausted from trying to fight her way through life; that she threw herself at the Master's feet and found forgiveness -- as backsliders always find -- when they come back by the bitter path of repentance. She shouted and shouted.

The next night found her at the altar again, this time seeking the purifying power of the Holy Ghost. When she had finished praying and testified to the victory, she did not shout. Instead she was weak and spent. The crucifixion of the old man; the dying out to self-will; the surrender of hate; the giving over of the get-even disposition; the yielding of resentment toward her husband's way of life; the full and complete submission of her all to God; the destruction of that terrible devil that would rise so suddenly and cause her to do such unpredictable things; all of that house-cleaning by the refining fires of the Holy Spirit, -- consumed the biggest portion of her spirit and she was weak indeed.

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### 03 -- PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE

Whiskey had taken more of their earnings this time than any time in the past. They had to begin at the bottom of everything. They took a little cottage, worse than at any other time they had lived in Anaheim. It was a little place on the outskirts of town, and on the opposite side from where they had lived when she had discovered the "Church of the Nazarene."

Her new-found joy was great and good, but she wanted the fellowship of others. She was not acquainted with any church except the Methodist, the choice of her people; and with the two ladies who had held the Holiness meeting in her childhood. They had said they were Church of God people -- the group who did not believe in organization.

She did not consider the Methodist church, because they were divided upon the doctrine of Holiness. She inquired for a Church of God, but no one seemed to know of such a group. So she did not go to church the first Sunday.

She spent much time in prayer and reading her Bible. Over and over she asked the Lord to lead her to some place of worship, where Holiness would be welcome. Each time she prayed, she saw before her the "Church of the Nazarene, the church that believes in the old time Gospel." But she did not know anything about the Church of the Nazarene. She had never had but one contact with it in her life -- and it was now on the other side of town. She didn't even know how to get there.

One evening Jess didn't come home. She spent "her evening alternately ironing, reading the Bible and praying. She would do one for awhile, and then the other, and then the third.

By and by she heard a noise at the door, and realized that Jess had returned. She did not see him clearly, and for some reason, did not even think that possibly He had been drinking. After a pause of hesitation, her husband said, "I've had something to drink."

"Have you?" she asked absent-mindedly. It still didn't register that this was the old torture lifting its horrid head again. Instead, she was so blessed over what she had been reading in the Bible that she said, "Jess, come here, and see what I've found today. I didn't know the Bible was like this. I used to think it was so dry and uninteresting."

Jess was amazed. He had waited to see just which object she would pick up to throw at him, and just where he might have to dodge. Almost excitedly, he came and bent over the Bible with her. Not that he was interested in the Bible -- he only wanted to keep her mind occupied, so that his condition wouldn't be noticed. He couldn't believe his senses.

"Isn't this wonderful, Jess?" she said earnestly, "This Scripture, for instance. I never did get so much out of it before".

"Mmmm -h. Yes, yes," Jess agreed, and gradually eased himself away and on into his room. He had never seen her like this before. He couldn't fathom it.

On the following Sunday, Florence decided to see if she could find the Church of the Nazarene. To Jess she said, "I would like to go to church today. Every time I pray I see that Church of the Nazarene, -- the church that believes in the whole Gospel." Do you suppose I could get there by this street car?"

"I think you could," he assured her and helped her plan the route. "I'll keep Jack," he volunteered.



Dressing herself in her new clothes, which consisted of the ultra-modern fashion -- knee-length dress, bobbed hair, cut in the style of the Egyptian swirl; and being a very tiny matron, she looked like some young girl of fourteen or fifteen. Theone was dressed attractively and the two set out -- strangers in a far country.

No one shook hands with her at the church. She was ushered into the Junior girls' class. She felt so embarrassed she didn't know what to do. After church she found Theone, and said to herself; "I wish someone would notice me. I know I love the Lord, and I want the fellowship of Christian people so badly."

She passed out the door nearest her, only to discover that the pastor was shaking hands with the people at the other door. She was disappointed, but the sermon had been good; the atmosphere of the service was good; so she went home lifted, even so.

On the following Sunday she determined to go out the other door, so she could be sure to shake hands with the pastor. Maybe he would ask her name and where she lived.

Again they put her in the Junior girls' class. She still said nothing, and still no one greeted her. This time she went out the door where she hoped to speak with the pastor, only to discover that he was at the other door today. Once more she was keenly disappointed.

That week she went to prayer meeting, and testified. Then the people realized that she was not a child but a married woman with a child. They greeted her then, made her welcome, and even gave her the Junior class to teach!

In the meantime, it had been to the family advantage for her to work in the glass-factory. There was a certain type of skilled labor needed sorely, and for which it was almost impossible to keep help. It was near the heat, and almost no one would do it. She didn't mind too much, and the pay was good. She worked hard.

They moved to a duplex, and the lady on the other side kept her children while she worked. A part of the time at the factory she worked with glass knobs and bolts. These were stacked in boxes many boxes high. In this department, too, worked a young man about their age. The work was simple and interesting. They laughed and talked a great deal, and grew quite well acquainted.

Clyde and Jess ran around quite a deal together. The foreman, Joe, made a trio much of the time. Clyde was single; the other two married. Florence no longer went to the parties, so she no longer knew what the fellows did do. All she knew was that in the plant she had fun with them all; and after work hours, Jess's habits were very irregular. That is, it was quite a regular thing that Jess and his buddies went somewhere. There were times, more and more frequently now, when he stayed out all night -- and she didn't sleep a wink -- yet, went right on to work the next day.

There were times when she could take the boxes of knobs and bolts home with her, and do them on piece work rate, thus eliminating the necessity of baby-sitting expense. She grew very well acquainted with her neighbor on the other side of the duplex. The lady was a Nazarene, and

they had much fellowship together, but if this lady discovered that Jess was a delinquent husband, she had to learn it from observation -- never from his wife.

At church she threw herself into every activity, and never missed a regular service. Her washing and ironing she usually did at night. Then she felt led of the Lord to spend three hours a day for Him. Bible reading, prayer, and visiting, one hour each. The first two she found a way to manage. The third was impossible during the week, but decided these she could do on Saturdays and Sundays. She kept accurate record. Thus her life fell into a pattern, and her hours became so full, that the grief caused by her husband was pushed to the back of her mind as far as was possible.

At the plant she began to sense that Clyde was liking her more and more. She realized that it could be serious, but falling in love with another man was not in her thinking whatever; so she treated the whole matter lightly and made a joke of it. Thus, when Clyde said,

"Don't speak to me. You make life miserable for me," she laughed and stacked the boxes high between them -- and didn't speak to him. All in fun, little dreaming of what might happen in the future. Again and again Jess stayed out all night long.

One such morning the lady in the other half of the duplex called gently, "Florence, may I come in?" "Yes," she answered.

The girl came in; saw the pillow wet from a night of weeping; saw the haggard face; and began to talk.

"I listened all night. Jess didn't come in -- I know. How you can stand all this is more than I can understand. How you can have such patience is something beyond me. For years I've heard Holiness preached, but I've never really believed anyone could live it. I've watched other people, and I always thought, 'I just don't know whether they really live it or not.' But now I know that Holiness is real. I've known for months that Jess didn't come home nights. I've known before that you were suffering. But I've never heard one word of complaint, or one word of ill humor. I know that only Holiness could do that -- I'm ready to accept it now."

"You are right. Nothing but Holiness could do it. If you had known me as I used to be -- you would understand."

This was Sunday morning. Jess came in by and by, and Florence had his breakfast ready. Then she and the children went to church. She had had a night-long, heart-broken vigil; but she was on time to teach her Sunday School class. God was first, these days -- and nothing stopped her.

On the street car one night she sat near the motorman. He said, "It must be nice to have a nice wife." She was startled.

"I've been watching several of you for months," he continued. "There are three or four couples of you who go to work together every day with your husbands. Then at night I see two other ladies and you go places without your husbands. You always have your Bible, and I think I

know where you go, and when you will return. The other two -- well, I can't say that for them. I still say it must be wonderful to have a nice wife."

At work Clyde was taking more and more interest, but he always kept a gentleman's place. Florence sensed it, but it still didn't reach her consciousness that he could be serious. She was a married woman, and no other man existed -- no matter how low and mean Jess was.

Then suddenly she noticed a change in Jess. All at once he was not running around with Joe and Clyde any more. A new fellow had come to the plant and the two had become buddies almost instantly. To Florence he was worse than any fellow Jess had ever run with. Someone hinted that this man had a criminal record; but Jess was quite smitten with him. Florence became more and more uneasy. Clyde said nothing, but she sensed that he was aching over her situation.

Then one night, several officers came to her home. One, very courteously stated, "We've come to tell you that Jess is in jail." It was a definite relief to hear it. At least she knew where he was.

"I'm so glad," she said, without thinking of anything but that she could rest for at least a few hours.

The officers looked at each other. They became alert. Then the leader questioned, "What friends does your husband have of late?"

Without hesitation, she told of the new fellow. The leader then asked another question. By this time, Florence was very uneasy.

"Why, has he done something besides just get drunk?" she asked. "We found some stolen goods in the car," was the reply.

"I never knew him to steal," she assured the policeman. "Other fellows who work in glass factories, for instance, keep their wives amply supplied with cut glass; but Jess never did bring home even one piece with a flaw in it, without asking the boss for it... I can't think of Jess stealing."

"May we search the house?" they asked.

"Why, yes" she answered easily.

The men almost hesitated. They were embarrassed, but they went on. They saw several boxes of glass knobs and bolts in one corner, and this aroused their curiosity. She explained about the piece work, and they accepted her word. Finding nothing else suspicious, they asked a few more questions, and went on.

Jess always would resist arrest. He always knew someone on the force who got his liquor where he did, and with oaths and curses, always told it on the fellow. This in turn infuriated the

officer, and at times more roughness would be used than would otherwise have been. So Florence was not surprised that resistance was one of the charges; but stealing -- was something else!

The next morning she went down to the jail. Jess resented her coming.

"Don't you come crying around down here," he said, "the boys will get me out. We don't need you."

She was too disturbed to go to work, so she went to see the pastor of her church, and poured out her troubles. The pastor went to the jail and talked to the two fellows. He came away convinced that they were guilty. Back he came to Florence and told her what he had learned and what he thought.

After the police trial that morning, Florence went again to see what the verdict was. She found that they had been bound over to the Grand Jury, which would be three months away; that unless someone would put up a \$1500 bond, her husband would be in jail until that time; that if he must remain in jail, he would be sent very shortly over to the county jail; from the county jail, they had no hope of his getting release. She learned, too, that for the five charges against him, the sentence would be from two to fifteen years in the penitentiary.

As she turned to leave, she met some of the men from the factory.

"Keep that preacher away from here," one said, "and you stay away too. We'll get Jess out."

She went at once to the pastor and repeated instructions. They stayed away, but began praying. The church prayed. Days passed and Jess did not come home. She learned the other man had been taken on over to the county jail. Jess would surely go soon. She was too grieved to work. She went to the one who had told her they would get Jess out, and asked what was happening. He was evasive. There was nothing he could do. The business was in his mother's name, and she wouldn't sign the papers.

The day grew darker and darker. She came out of the building and started -- she didn't know where. Clyde came up, and ever so kindly offered to take her wherever she wanted to go. Once in the car, he said.

"Florence, why do you try to get him out?? After all he has done to you -- why???" She could say little. All she could do was weep.

"Florence, I ran around with Jess and Joe for a long while. I would not drink, but I got drinks for them. One night Jess handed me a check to use. I took it to the place, started to pay for the whiskey, and saw it was your check, Florence! That was the end for me. I took the check back to Jess and told him the fellow was out of whiskey. I never did run around with them any more, and yet you will try to get him out of jail!"

There's only one ground on which I would ever divorce Jess," she answered, sobbing brokenly. "I don't think he has ever done that."

The fellow sighed. He did not intrude upon her in any familiar manner -- but he grieved.

"Florence, I'm a single man, but Jess and Joe did things I couldn't take. Why don't you let him go, and make a new life for yourself? Why, Florence, why??" I'm crazy about Jackie and Theone is a doll."

"Clyde, I'm not interested in men. If I ever divorced Jess, it would never be to marry anyone else."

"Well, I can see why you feel that way, but I want you to know that all men are not like yours. What are you going to do? How will you manage, if Jess is sent over the road?"

"I'll have to get a job and work. I will not go back there -- where they refused to help him. I'll just have to carry on." There was a long silence.

"Where do you want to go now?"

"I'll go back to the pastor. They said keep him away, and I did. They let me down. Now I'll go back and see if the church can help get him out. He will have to be out soon, if at all."

"Very well, I'll drive you there. If you ever need a friend, will you call me?"

"I appreciate your generosity, Clyde; but you must never come to my home."

The pastor was not home, -- but he did come to see her that evening. He learned the new state of affairs, and said he would call a meeting of the church board and see what they could do. He went away, and she went to prayer. Oh, the agony of those awful days and nights. Great headlines in the paper. Theone refused to go to school. Suffering, suffering. Then talk. She met a friend one day who said,

"Why, Florence, are you actually trying to get Jess out? Why I heard you had another man on the string, and that you were glad to get rid of Jess. They said you even told the police you were glad."

Misunderstanding. Exaggeration. The paper soon had it that Jess and the new fellow were leaders of some big gang. Talk. Shame. Heartbreak. Florence lived on her knees, but even so, she felt that the sun would never shine for her again.

Her neighbor came over and whispered, "Honey, Clyde came to me yesterday, and wanted to know if you had food. He made me promise that if you ever needed anything I'd let him know."

Florence's heart ached. It had been so long since any man had cared about her needs. One day she was looking at the paper, hunting a job. All at once a peculiar ad drew her attention. It read:

Wanted: a young widow to keep house for a bachelor. Serve light lunches. No objection to one or two small children.

Her heart contracted. "Margery," she said to her friend, "that ad was put in for me. It is Clyde."

But the Holy Spirit was faithful. He gave her strength to say she would rather starve than put herself in a compromised position. Some way God would provide. The night was dark indeed.

The next morning the rain poured. Gloomy sky; little food; disgrace hung so heavily. It was Sunday.

She couldn't live through the day, without going to church, but she wouldn't go in time to teach her precious class. She could not take her disgrace to them!

After the morning service was over, her most troublesome little pupil came to her, put her arms about her waist, and said, "Why didn't you come to Sunday School?" "Honey, I can't teach your class any more." "Why couldn't you? We want you to."

"But dear, the mothers would all feel terrible to have a prisoner's wife teaching their children."

"Nobody blames you. We want you to come!"

That afternoon, when the hour seemed the blackest, a group from the church brought a pounding. Tears poured down her cheeks. The pastor told her they had discussed her plight in their board meeting and said they couldn't see any way to raise the bond money. Several had been willing to sign papers, but none of them had clear property. All had mortgages.

A man and his wife came to her saying, "We are getting old. We have just \$1500 saved up. We have a mortgage due in three months, and this is to pay off the mortgage, and give us our home for our last days. We have faith in you. If you think it is all right, we'll put up our \$1500 and take the risk of losing it."

"No, no. Oh, no! I could never think of letting you do that," she protested vehemently. "I don't think Jess would jump the bond; but I didn't think he would do this. No! I can't let you take the risk."

Only two or three days remained. Then it was Theone's birthday. Florence always kept her tears in check around the babies. This morning, she mustered up a smile and cheerful chatter for the little girl who was having breakfast without her daddy. Theone looked up and said, "Mother, I think I'll die today if Daddy doesn't get out."

"We must pray," the mother answered.

Theone's little face grew pale, and her body limp. Swallowing a wrenching sob, Florence put the little girl on the bed, and watched her little life ebb away. She, too, believed the child would die that day -- if something didn't happen.

Out on a farm, early that morning a man was milking his cows and praying as he milked. He felt very close to the Lord that morning. A voice said to him, "Jess Walling must get out of jail today."

This gentleman had many tasks laid out for himself to do that day, but he laid them all aside, and started promptly to visit the pastor.

"Brother," he said, "the Lord told me this morning that Jess Walling must get out of jail today."

"Well, -- we've all been trying to figure out what to do. We see no hope at all," answered the pastor in deep earnestness.

"I know you have," responded the farmer, "but the Lord said he must get out, so there must be some way we have overlooked. There's a bonding company in Long Beach. We haven't tried that."

They got into a car, went by for another brother in the church who had been deeply interested. Then the three drove to Long Beach. There they borrowed from the bank \$200 on personal notes, with which to purchase a bond from the bonding company. This was the price of the favor of the bonding company for standing good for the \$1500 necessary for the bond.

About noon the three men reached the jail, and shortly afterward, brought Jess home. Sight of him brought life back to the little girl -- enough that is, to keep her from dying that day.

Jess was overwhelmed. To the church he was a stranger. Yet the church it was who helped him in his need. His own friends had vanished from the picture.

"I don't know how I can ever pay you fellows," he faltered.

"We don't want any pay," they answered. "When we see you saved and winning souls for

Be it said to Jess's everlasting credit, he paid the \$200 before it was time for the trial by Grand Jury. If he did get sent over the road, that would at least be in the clean.

The trial came up in due time, and it was decided that there was not enough evidence against Jess himself to convince him. The other man had a criminal record, and did not get off so easily.

Tragedy had stalked a little nearer to Jess Walling this time, yet he didn't get saved. "I'll do better," he vowed -- and held for awhile. But the end was not yet.

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#### 04 -- GLIMPSING GOD'S WILL

Florence's sky was not blue, but at least the darkest clouds had passed over, and she could have some semblance of normal living. Spiritual things held the center of her interest, and she was growing in grace. Her Bible was more precious to her each day, and she faithfully kept to the routine of praying one hour per day.

Shortly after she was saved and praying for Jess, she remembered his statement that he was not afraid of hell, of death, of God. He had no desire for heaven. Then it came to her, "God is able of these stones to raise up seed to Abraham." She rose from her knees believing God could change his heart of stone. It became a promise to her.

One day in the current situation, a burden settled down upon her and she began to ask God the meaning of it. As she prayed, the face of an Indian came before, and these words were said to her, "There are Indians in Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico who will die without the Gospel, unless someone goes to them."

The impression was so vivid that she ceased praying and thought about it for awhile. Then she said, "There's nothing I can do about it." So she dismissed it from her mind. A few days later, the same thing came to her again. This time she thought, "Theone can be a missionary to the Indians. I'll see to it that she gets a good education, and then she can be a missionary to the Indians." She even sought out Theone and presented the matter to the little girl. She said, "Theone, when you grow up wouldn't you be willing to be a missionary to the Indians, and tell them about Jesus?"

"Sure I would, Mother," the child answered, and went on about her playing. The mother put the thought away, and turned to other things. On another occasion, while in prayer, the same vision and words came to her again.

"I'm not educated," she said. "I have a drunken husband and two children; there's nothing I can do." So again she sought out the little girl and said, "You're sure you'll go some day and be a missionary to the Indians and tell them about Jesus?"

"Sure, I'll go," answered the little girl, child-fashion, and scarcely interrupted her play.

A revival came to the church, and was proving difficult. Her heart was heavy this particular evening, and she couldn't understand why. She really wanted to go to the altar to pray, but she knew she was not backslidden, so hesitated. The service closed. A number were standing about talking. There were problems in the church, and these were being discussed. All the while the burden upon Florence's heart grew heavier and heavier. It was so heavy, that she scarcely



heard what the others were saying. All at once she felt smothered... "Oh, let's pray!" she almost screamed out.

The others thought she wanted to pray about the problems of the church and followed her to the altar. She led out in prayer.

"Oh, Lord," she prayed, "whatever is wrong, show me. If I've done something wrong, show me."

At once she felt herself leaning over a deep pit. The voice of the previous visions came to her again, saying much the same things. "Why stand ye idly by, for the fields are white unto harvest. There will be Indians lost unless somebody tells them about God." And this time she forgot inabilities and handicaps, and said, "I'll go!"

Then she shouted all over the church saying, "I don't know how -- all I know is, that I'll go!"

The next day the pastor and the evangelist called upon her. (This was not the pastor who had helped so faithfully during the imprisonment of Jess.) They meant to help her. They were very sincere. They assured her that the Lord didn't call women to preach; especially married women. They were very sure it was a delusion of the devil. She should consider it that way and forget it.

She did not feel hurt at the preachers. She did not feel sour or discouraged. She was not even disturbed.

"I'm just as sure of this as I am of my religion. If I have to doubt this, then I won't even know that I'm sanctified."

"But, Sister," they insisted, "consider your situation. Your husband is not even a Christian. You have two small children. How could you be a missionary to the Indians?"

"I believe that all my family will be in God's service some day," she answered back, the words coming out of her mouth as she spoke. It had not even occurred to her in this fashion before.

Perhaps they thought she was not only deluded, but cracked in the head besides; for they gave her up as hopeless, and let her work it out for herself the best way she could.

True enough, she did think she would go immediately, and she didn't. But one thing she did do -- she put the matter into God's hands and left it up to Him. Not once did she doubt the call. Someday, she would be a missionary to the Indians. Some day her family would all be in God's service. Florence had always told Jess her religious experiences, and she told him about this newest one. Indeed, her face was shining so when she got home from church, she couldn't have hidden it, had she tried. Very wistfully, he said, "I hope if you are ever a missionary to the Indians, I can be one with you."

Time went on. They had a car now, and were moving back to West Virginia. Knowing they would be passing through Indian country, Jess said,

"I'm almost afraid to start with you."

Silently she prayed, "Lord if this is Thy time for us to do missionary work, let us break down in a place where there are Indians, and just don't let us get out."

They traveled across Arizona without mishap. They traveled on into New Mexico. They drove into a certain large town. All the time, she was saying, "Lord, if this is Thy time, let us break down in a town where there are Indians."

They had hardly driven into town when they did have a breakdown. While Jess saw to the repairs, Florence walked the streets. She had never seen so many Indians in her life. She looked and looked. Indians everywhere. Indians short and Indians tall; Indians large and Indians small; Indians old and Indians young; Indians, Indians, Indians. Florence prayed again and again, "Lord, if this is Thy time, don't let us get out."

They were there over night, but the next day the car was fixed and they were on their way again.

"This must not be God's time," she sighed, as she reluctantly climbed into the car. As they drove slowly along, one Indian girl looked up at them and smiled. Florence put her hand out the window toward the girl and said, "Good-bye, little brown sister. Someday I'm coming back and tell you the story of Jesus."

Their journey this time took them to the northern part of West Virginia. There was no church there. Her only help was the daily reading of the Word, and her daily devotions. During her devotions one morning, all at once something said to her, "Go out into the garden and pick raspberries."

"That's silly," she said to herself, "the raspberries were picked late yesterday afternoon. There won't be any this morning."

She brushed the thought away, and went on with her devotions. The impression came again, this time with more insistence. "Go pick raspberries."

This time she got up, took a cup and went into the garden. She stood there looking all about and said, "Just as I thought. Not a raspberry in sight."

Then it occurred to her to push on out farther into the garden. Because of the heavy rains in West Virginia, weeds and vegetation grow rapidly. She pushed back some sticks and brush, and down underneath was a great cluster of beautiful, bright, red berries. The voice said to her again, "This is your mission in life. Get the souls that others overlook."

It was a precious experience and seems to have been exactly what they have done all these years.

In spite of the mountain peak experiences which came to her occasionally, life seemed far from rosy to her. Jess was drinking heavily again, and making life very, very miserable once more.

She needed to work, so she took over a hotel to run. She did the cooking, and had a good business. It was nearing Christmas time, and oh, how she did wish for one Christmas for her children that was like other people's Christmas. Her heart ached for one real Christmas dinner; for a tree with lights; for lovely toys. How her heart bled for her children, who could never know anything but the smell of whiskey on Christmas day.

So to the end that she might earn some extra money, she baked forty pies in one day. At ten cents a cut, she would have enough for a nice Christmas for her children. She was so tired. Her kitchen was spotless, so she took a nap before the evening meal. She dropped off to sleep immediately. Just how long she lay there, she didn't know, but she was awakened by a great hubbub of noise and hilarity. Jumping quickly to her feet, she ran to the lobby of the hotel.

Jess was there, drunk, and in charge of the festivities. The lobby was full of people dancing. They were having a great whoopee, and liquor was flowing. As each couple finished their dance and left the hotel, Jess gave them a pie! There were only four or five left.

It seemed that all the imps in and out of hell were turned loose on her that time. She felt the old, old hate welling up within her. The ugly old demon frightened her, and she did not take time to go anywhere. The people had scattered, the minute she had entered. Only one or two couples remained.

Regardless of their presence, she fell on her knees right there in the lobby and prayed at the top of her voice. She thought it would kill her dead to give up her pies, but to give up her religion was worse than death. She had to have help. No human could stand such provocation alone. On and on she prayed. Desperation was greater than any other consideration. By and by, she reached the throne of God. Peace flooded her soul, and hate took its leave. Once again the battle of eternity was fought, and Christ won! Her children didn't have Christmas, but they did have a Christly mother.

On one occasion, Jess made five gallons of Dandelion wine. It seemed that this kind made him worse than any other type. After he had used only a quart, he was so unbearable to have around; it seemed beyond her power to endure it. She looked at him and said, "How much have you taken thus far?" "One quart."

"Only one quart," she mused despairingly, "only one quart. There are five gallons. How can I ever stand it until the five gallons are gone."

Since she had been saved, she had never touched his liquor. Neither before nor after. If he emptied a bottle and threw it in the floor, she left it there, until he decided to pick it up. If he fell asleep from liquor, she left him wherever he lay. She had to live in it, but she didn't feel obligated

to clean up after him. When he sobered up, he would clean everything up and put the house in order, without saying a word. She had never risked throwing away his liquor, lest he hit her, and she be tempted to fight again.

This time she faced that ordeal of weeks of unbearable torture while the five gallons of dandelion wine were being consumed. She didn't see any way out. She said to herself, "I'm going to risk it." So, when he wasn't looking, she picked up the five-gallon churn and dashed it out the back door. She knew he would never show himself in public, so she ran around the house on to the front porch which would be in plain sight of the neighbors. He did not see her at first and in lieu of having her to hit, he began breaking up dishes. He picked up a chair and threw it through the window, breaking glass and window frame. He threw dishes through the glass part of the back door, and broke up everything he could pick up. Then he discovered her. He came to the front door, and tried to reach her from within. She backed back, just out of his reach, but stayed in sight of the neighbors. After awhile, she thought it safe, and came inside. She sat down on the arm of a chair, when he stepped up and knocked her down on the floor. She began to pray.

"Lord Jesus, you saved me and sanctified me and took the fight out, and now I expect you to take my part." Like lightning, the Lord answered.

A pain struck his abdomen, and he began to scream. "I'm dying, and it's your fault. I'm dying, and it's your fault."

He fell in the floor. He became limp and helpless. He turned pale and kept on screaming. She thought he was dying. She picked him up and carried him to the bed. Then she began to pray for him. He prayed, too; only much of the time he was so confused by the liquor, he really didn't know what he was saying.

"I'd rather die and go to hell, than to confess to you," he would cry out in his pain and agony. "I've been untrue to you, but I'd rather die than confess it." He was really praying more to Florence than to God. Over and over he would say those things. "I've been untrue to you, but I'd rather die and go to hell, than to confess it to you."

It amused her, even in that black hour, to realize that he was confessing the inmost secrets of his soul, and not quite knowing that he was. The Lord was punishing him far more thoroughly than she could have possibly done, had she taken things into her own hand. At last he fell asleep.

She gathered up a bit of food, took the two children and went into the orchard to eat a bite of supper. There were no dishes left, so they used make-shift plates. Theone was a nervous wreck. Always delicate, her nerves were torn to pieces over such scenes. Jack was always hurt, but his nerves were stronger.

The next morning she cared for her children and went on to work. When she came home, all the debris was cleared away, and the house in good order. Another storm had passed.

A little streak of sunshine came into her life one day when she had a letter from her mother. Florence was thrilled through and through, when she read it. Jess was there, and she said,

"Jess, I'm going home. The Church of the Nazarene has come to Charleston! The Church of the Nazarene has come to Charleston! The minister under whom I was saved and sanctified, has been put out of the Methodist church because of his stand on Holiness, and he is there. He has joined the Church of the Nazarene. I'm going home."

Jess considered. They had no money, but he knew that if he didn't provide a way, she would take those babies and walk! So his mind began working. This was Saturday morning. He could wire her brother to come up after them, and they would move down to Dunbar. He outlined his plan. She accepted it, and in less than a week was home. Home, where the Nazarene church was; where she could hear the Gospel; where her poor starved soul could be fed; where she could have fellowship with someone besides a drunken husband. It was a lift indeed.

It was a new lease on life. She and her mother drove the ten miles to Charleston for every service possible. The distance was so great, however, that it seemed wise to begin a work in their own town of Dunbar. When she was eleven, she had known she was called to preach. Now the urge came in renewed force. The church in Charleston granted her a local preacher's license, and she used it in starting the church in Dunbar. She and her mother gathered people about them and started a Sunday School. At first they had services only in the afternoons, and still went to Charleston for the major services. Eventually their group was strong enough to be organized into a church, and they called a pastor. The pastor did not seem to get under the burden of the work much, so as usual, Florence picked up the load and carried it. Having a church to attend was much too important to quibble over who did what to make it go!

Reading the Bible, praying, and visiting were her daily diet. The little church grew. Revival time came. They called an evangelist, his wife, and a singer. No one was willing to keep the workers. Florence begged not to be required to keep them. She did not want to explain that her home might erupt at any moment with disgrace and disgusting happenings. She thought surely they would understand without her talking. But no one did. The opening service closed. The pastor left the evangelist and wife standing there with no place to go -- so Florence took them home with her.

She and Jess slept on the children's narrow bed, and gave them their room. Liquor smell was everywhere, but she made no comment. The Depression was on, and Jess had work only two days a week, at best. No one thought to help her with food. It was up to Florence to provide in some way. One of her Sunday School boys worked in a restaurant which closed about ten p.m. If she got there before he closed, she could get two sandwiches and he would stand good for the pay. These she took home for the guests to eat after the service was over. During the night Jess would say, "They can't stay here. I tell you they can't stay. We can't feed them, even if we wanted to!"

The next night when the evangelist and wife left for church, Florence would make excuse and stay behind for a bit. As soon as they were out of ear shot, she would coax Jess to let the preachers stay one more night.

"Please don't insult them, Jess. Please don't say anything to them. Let them stay one more night, and I'll try so hard to find a place tomorrow." At last he would consent, and then she would arrive late to church. In order to get the two sandwiches she must have to feed her guests after

church, she would have to get to the restaurant before it closed. Therefore, she left before the altar service was finished. The pastor scolded her for being late, and her mother said,

"You certainly don't have much burden for this meeting, Florence. You are late to every service, and you leave before the altar service is over. I surely don't understand you."

Pride kept her mouth closed. She had to bear her troubles, but she didn't have to talk about them! So the meeting was exceedingly difficult, and not too much was accomplished. Misunderstanding prevailed.

Time went on. One afternoon a local event was to take place and Jess planned to go. Florence was going to church. He said, "Let me take Jack with me. You never trust me with him. Let me take him."

Florence considered. Surely Jess would not drink with the little boy along. If he wanted to take Jack, perhaps that meant that he would not touch the liquor. So she consented. She and Theone took the car and went to church. When she returned late in the afternoon, she found Jack in the middle of the bed, awake, alone, and with evidence of much crying. Upon inquiry, Jack said, "I cried myself to sleep mummy."

"Where is Daddy? What happened?"

Then Jack told. His father and some other man picked up two women who were known to be the worst women in all that country and came there to the house to drink liquor and talk. They discussed some family misfortunes, criticizing hurtfully. "And they talked dirty, Mamma. I do not know what all they said, but they talked dirty. Then they borrowed a neighbor's car and all went off somewhere, and made me stay here. So I cried myself to sleep."

"All right, kids" she said with set lips. "Get in the car and let's go find him!"

They drove all over -- every place she could think of that he might be. The farther they drove, the more she felt resentment, outrage, and hate welling up in her heart. Then she knew she had to turn back. She didn't dare go any farther. So she said to the children with a sign of surrender, "Let's go back home and get ready to go to church."

They reached the church and were met at the door by one of the officials. "The preacher was called away only a few minutes ago, and he left word for you to preach tonight."

Off in a corner somewhere, she threw her troubles down at the Master's feet, and found grace to go into the pulpit. The Lord blessed her and she preached with unction and fervor. She noticed her brother and wife in the congregation -- noticed that her brother cried all through the sermon. She couldn't understand.

After the crowd scattered, the brother said to her, "How can you do it, Florence??? We know all about this afternoon. How could you have gone through all that strain and then come right on and preach like you did?"

"God had to help me that time -- I could never have done it alone!" she answered.

"You don't have to take this. You have had enough. God doesn't require this. What will you do?" They talked and planned. "I'll get a room tomorrow. I'll find a job."

The next morning before her husband went to work, she told him her decision. "God doesn't require this of me, Jess. My children can't be brought up in this kind of environment. It has been terrible that you have mixed with women at any time; but to bring them into my house; to talk so in front of my children -- no, God doesn't require it. When you come home at noon I won't be here."

He sat with bowed head. "I suppose it won't make any difference if I tell you that I didn't do anything out of the way."

"No," she answered, "it won't make any difference. Just the fact you brought those women here, before my children -- that's enough. I'm through, Jess."

He considered for awhile longer. Then he said, "It isn't fair to make you and the kids hunt a room. I'll leave. Have my clothes ready when I come home at noon, -- I'll leave."

He went on to work. She washed, ironed, mended and packed. When he came home at noon, he looked her over -- said, "You still think I ought to go?"

"Sure," she answered. "Your suit case is ready."

He paused. The silence grew. Finally, "Couldn't you forgive me one more time?"

"There's no use, Jess. I've already forgiven you seventy times seven. I don't think I'm required to go any farther."

Then he coaxed and plead. He cried and begged; promised and vowed. You know the answer before I write it. She gave in.

The episode sobered him for awhile, as all their great crises had done. He realized that there would be an end eventually, even to Florence.

Another revival meeting began at their church. It was a bigger, stronger church now. Florence didn't undertake to keep the workers on nothing flat. On the very first Sunday of the meeting, Jess said,

"I don't want you to ask me to go to this revival. If I want to go, I will; if I don't, I won't: and all you could say wouldn't change me. Every time a meeting comes along, you begin begging from the first service all the way through to the last, and I don't like it."

"Very well," she said, with finality in her voice and heart, "if that is the way you feel about it, I will never ask you again as long as I live."

Service after service passed by and he did not come. She sighed hopelessly, but she kept her promise. The burden for him was fast leaving her soul. Then one night he came. He had a pal with him. Both of them went to the altar, and strangely enough, she felt the most effort should be spent on the pal. He was a stranger to the church world, and would find it difficult to pray through to victory; while Jess had heard her pray too many hundreds of times not to know what it was all about. The new fellow prayed through first. He was beautifully saved. Jess still tarried.

Jess was seeing two tires (as I heard him express it, himself) rolling down that altar bench right at him! When he finally gained the consent of his mind to pay for those -- to the factory where he had worked for so long in Anaheim -- he found victory. Naturally, everyone expected Florence to tear up the church with her shouting; but for some perverse reason, she had no inclination to shout. She had gotten to the end of herself, and felt no part in it.

The following night, he returned for sanctification. He said as he came, "I want all God has for me. I'll never make it in the world alone." So, he plowed through to a definite experience of Holiness.

The sun came up once more in that home. It had been out for thirteen years. But Jess was a very weak Christian. He had been in sin so deep and so long -- he was like a nail that has been bent so many times there is no temper left in it. Florence had to stand by him every inch of the way, for a whole year.

"Florence," a neighbor said to her one day, "you never do cross Jess about anything. Why don't you cross him some time, and see if he really has the blessing!"

"Look here," Florence answered with vigor, "Jess Walling is going to Heaven if I have to carry him there in my arms."

It was almost like that, over and over again, too. One day he came in saying, "I've given up. I can't make it. I bought a pack of cigarettes awhile ago, and smoked one. I can't hold out."

Theone began to scream. Jack cried and sobbed. Florence fell on her knees and began to pray like a house afire! He fell down on his knees and began to pray, too. By and by, he surrendered.

"Go throw the cigarettes away, kids," he told the children, here goes again."

The one year was as nerve-wrecking, and as taxing to the soul and patience, as the terrible drinking years had been; because of the constant care she had to take for him; for the anxiety and caution in his behalf; for the hours and hours she spent in prayer for him.

"Some people are just born stronger than others -- I was just that kind," she said in commenting on the story to me. "It was not hard for me to pray often and much -- but it was for him. I just had to do so much of his praying for him -- until he could get strong enough to do his own."



At this point I interrupted. "Sister Walling, I'd like to ask one question. It may be only curiosity, and you need not answer if you think best. It certainly need not go into this record..." She signaled for me to go ahead.

"Are you and Bro. Walling happy now?"

A lovely smile played over her face, and she answered without a second's hesitation.

"Oh, yes! I guess there never was a question about our loving each other -- when liquor wasn't in the picture. Yes, we are as happy as can be; and I can truthfully say he carries his full part of the load in our work. In fact, I think he really carries a little more than his share. He always tries to take the hardest places for me."

In all the churches where the Wallings served, Florence was in the pulpit, true -- but Jess was by the door, with his great congenial smile, a hearty hand-shake and an open song book. It was said,

"Sister Walling showed us our sins, but Jess showed us how to have a good time going to Heaven."

His ability to mix -- that which was such a curse during his drinking days -- was a tremendous asset to the church. He never met a stranger, whether white or Indian. His generosity shared his home, his food, and his testimony of what God had done for him.

Now and then, Sister Walling would think she should do this or that, that he did not approve -- and she would go ahead; but most of the time their thinking ran right along together as a great team.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 05 -- SOME THROUGH THE WATERS

Immediately after Jess and the young man with him, were so wonderfully saved, Jess made a decision. His soul was just as eager to work for the Lord now, as it had been to work for the devil. Only he was not called to preach; he would have to work at the thing he knew best. "Therefore," he reasoned, "if we build Nazarene churches all over West Virginia, I'll have to make more money than I have been."

He knew of an abandoned glass factory in Teays Valley. Florence worked in the factory, too. They hired others to help. Their capital was small, their market limited, so they labored under a very heavy strain. Night and day the men gave themselves to the task of making the factory go.

There was no Church of the Nazarene in that community, and these workers were all feeling the drain on their spiritual reserves. Regardless the motive, no one can stay out of church long without knowing the difference. Jess was even more precariously situated than Florence, for he had been a Christian for only a few months. He was under the grind of responsibility of trying to

make a business prosper at the time when large businesses were going broke. His time of Bible reading and prayer were reduced to less than minimum. Florence grew very, very uneasy. From day to day she wondered if Jess would make it. One day she grew desperate.

Not far away was a little depot settlement. She had seen a church building, about a mile off the main highway, so she started down the railroad track. Reaching the group of houses, she knocked on a door that looked inviting, and inquired. She learned that the church was Methodist; that they had service on Sunday mornings; that their pastor had a circuit, and reached them once per month in the afternoon; that their audiences numbered anywhere from six to a dozen. With all this, it was still a church, and that was what she and Jess and his friend must have.

On the following Sunday morning they arrived in time for Sunday School. It soon came out that Florence was "a preacher, but had never preached much." The people were so starved for preaching, they were willing to have help from anyone. So she preached for them that morning. One person came to the altar and prayed through to victory. The people were pleased. They asked her to preach both morning and evening of the next Sunday. Four people made professions that time. Then some requested, "Will you please hold us a revival? We haven't had a revival in this community for twenty years." They discussed and urged.

"I am a Nazarene," she cautioned, "I think it would be best for you to ask your pastor first." They promised they would. Later they told her the arrangement was satisfactory; so the meeting began.

For a number of months the disease of Trachoma had been working on her eyes. Not even the doctors knew how and where she had gotten it. Her eyes burned and hurt a great deal. They were inflamed and irritated. She couldn't read very much, and was so busy with both factory and home work, that she had to do most of her praying as she worked.

The only background of study she had was those years of one hour per day of reading, and one hour per day of prayer she had put in when first converted. During those five years, she had read the Bible through four times, besides the many portions read for devotions. It was largely on these reserves that she drew for her messages in this revival. From night to night, she felt that the end had come. Each time she thought,

"I've preached all I know; there's nothing left for another sermon."

Then through desperate praying, the Spirit would illuminate another passage of Scripture and give her another message. From night to night people were getting saved and sanctified. Holiness was her chief theme.

It was July and hot. The house was small, and on an ungraded road. Yet, the house was packed each night, with as many standing on the outside looking in, as there were inside. People came from as far as twenty miles to attend the revival. There were forty professions.

At the close of the meeting, many of the new converts wanted her to organize a Church of the Nazarene! This had never entered her mind. She was only a local preacher; she did not know

anything about organizing churches. All that concerned her was the desperate need of her own family for the Gospel of Holiness preached regularly! She said,

"Oh, you can make it all right. Just join this church."

When telling this, she paused and laughed.

"We didn't know any better. The steward of that church and I took in twenty-five new members!"

Another thing that was done toward the end of the meeting, was the taking of an offering for her. That was something else she had not thought of. She had worked by day at the factory. Carrying such a heavy load of work; straining under the continuous burden of the meeting; praying over handicaps; and agonizing over souls, altogether had taken fifteen pounds of her weight; but money had not entered her thought. So when someone suggested, she demurred. However, these grateful people, limited in resources though they were, took up an offering of twenty dollars and presented it to her.

The pastor of the church came to the revival once. After it was over, he looked her up at the factory, and discussed the matter of the offering with her.

"I understand they took an offering for you; that they gave you ten dollars?" he commented.

"Yes," she answered, "it was more than that. It was about twenty dollars."

"Some of those who gave," he informed her, "understood that I was to have half of it."

Florence was startled. "Well..." she answered slowly, "I didn't want them to take an offering. I was not thinking of money. But they did take it; they said I deserved it; they did not say one word about you... I don't think I owe it to you!"

This pastor had been fading out in his ministry for sometime, so that the members had been begging for a new pastor. When they went to the Conference this year, the Presiding Elder said, "Why should you want a new pastor? Just look at the gain you've had this year! Twenty-five new members. You're doing fine."

Incidentally, the Sunday School Superintendent of that church was first saved and sanctified in that revival. Several other members have held steadfast and true both to the church and to the doctrine of Holiness, as accepted in that meeting.

The people, so enlivened, began to take an interest in their church property. It was a run-down, dilapidated old building. Now they saw it, and made amends. They put a new roof on, and painted it.

The members of another church of this same pastor's circuit heard of the great doings over at Scott's Depot, and sent a delegation to ask Mrs. Walling if she would hold a meeting for them.

They, too, had not had a revival for twenty years. Their pleas were urgent. Florence however, did not feel so sure of the pastor, and hesitated. The people urged again and again, so she finally accepted the call.

These people took a very different attitude toward Holiness, from the first group. They wanted the crowds; they wanted the big meeting; they wanted the success; they wanted the new members; but they did not want what caused all these things to come about. A few accepted the doctrine, but the leaders of the community turned it down. Some even opposed it.

Among those who came face to face with Light, and turned it down, was a well-to-do rancher. His wife received the blessing, but the rancher drew back. His son came to the altar, also, but eventually decided the price was too great. The daughter came to the altar, was converted, but felt that Holiness was too much!

Not too long after the revival closed, the rancher was taken very ill. For days before his passing, he said again and again, "Can't some of you fan my feet? They are already in the flames of hell."

Time passed by -- perhaps a few years. One night the son was killed instantly, while walking down the rail-road track in an intoxicated condition. At the funeral, his sister, who had gone the ways of sin, fell across his casket, screaming,

"I know you've gone to hell. Your life has proved it; -- and I'll meet you there!"

In the meantime, the factory was losing money. The men did not have enough capital to make it pay. Then Jess had an opportunity to sell his interest to a man who had more capital, and did so. When he came to tell Florence of the opportunity, she said, "Go ahead, if you think best; but I'll never be satisfied to leave here until there's a Church of the Nazarene in Teay's Valley."

When the sale was consummated, however, they returned to the little home they still maintained in Dunbar. Here Jess set up a small factory in his own garage. The Depression was settling deeper and deeper. People were buying nothing they absolutely did not have to have; so the business, even on a smaller scale did not prosper.

It was at this time that the little church at Davis Creek became available to Florence. The pastor of the Dunbar church was a man. His wife was a preacher, also, and a very attractive woman. The Davis Creek people wanted her for their pastor. They knew they could not pay enough for a real pastor, so they thought they could pay her transportation, and her chief support would come through her husband and the Dunbar church.

This appealed to the lady, and she accepted. But the difficulties were many. The distance was long. Traveling arrangements were not easy. She had many duties in her husband's church. Altogether, it was a bit too much; so she presented the name of Mrs. Florence Walling to the people for consideration. There was no one else, so they accepted her.

Florence's eyes had grown steadily worse, so that now she could not look at anyone directly in the face. Her eyes could not bear the light, so she kept them down most of the time. The disease had loosened the lids, so that they were not under good control. When she did look up, it was through the narrowest of slits! Imagine then, her appearance under such conditions.

On some group occasion, she was asked to speak. Some of the Davis Creek members attended the Convention. One man said to his wife,

"See that woman over there? She's our new pastor."

Neither of these people were making a profession of Salvation, but both attended regularly. The wife looked at Sister Walling. She looked at her poor eyes. She looked at the shabby clothes; returned her gaze to the eyes. Then in deep earnestness, she said, "That woman! She'll never be my pastor!"

"Oh," said her husband, "you wait until you hear her speak. She looks better in the pulpit than out of it."

Another lady went home and cried all day. Yet, they had no choice. Fortunately, the little pastor knew nothing of these things for a long, long time.

The salary was five dollars a week. "If they had asked me to take it without salary, I would have done so," she commented, "It was such a privilege to me to get to preach. Five dollars a week seemed stupendous."

In the meantime, she had been asked to come once again to the Scott's Depot area and hold another revival. This time they had to drive back and forth from Dunbar. This time, too, the offering was taken systematically -- each evening. The money from night to night was used to buy gasoline for the next trip. Sometimes the offering was not sufficient. Once they left home with the tank registering empty. By the time the altar service was closed, the filling station was closed. They started home, but the gas finally gave out. They found a place that would let them have a quart of kerosene. They used this, and with sparks flying out the exhaust every turn of the wheel, they made it on home.

Their tires were very bad. One time they were on the way out to this revival, when they became stuck in a mud-hole. They got out and pushed, and pushed. The strain on the feeble tires was too much, and one went flat. They had no jack, so they had to go out into the field and gather stones with which to jack up the car, and get the tire off!

"You see," argued Jess, "the Lord doesn't want you to come out here. If He did, you wouldn't have such a hard time."

But souls were being saved every night. A third revival, held in that same community, that time in a school house, resulted in the organization of a Church of the Nazarene in that community. This was not realized until some months later -- and others did the organizing -- but the members came out of the four revivals the Wallings had held in that section of the country.

Back at the Davis Creek church she was having her struggles. The transportation was anything but comfortable. When she first took the Davis Creek Church, they had no car. The only other means of getting there, was to walk for quite a distance, wade a creek, get a street car which took her to within five miles of the church. From there she walked the five miles on to the church.

One of the first Sundays, she was trying to find a way out. It was pouring down rain. She didn't see how she was going to make it. Yet, she must go. It would never do to miss. Then she remembered that a cousin of hers had a stripped down Ford. Depression had hit him, too, and he seldom had money for gas. She had fifty cents. She figured that if she gave him the fifty cents, he'd be glad to take her out there, just to have some place to go in his car. The trade was made. The car had no top, but that didn't hinder them.

Down the road they went, like two drowned chickens, in an open car with the rain pouring down in great bucketfuls. Along the road, at least one family saw them and laughed. What a spectacle they made. The man said, "Of all things. A woman out in this rain, in an open car."

Then when he and his wife stepped into the Davis Creek church that morning, he found that she was his pastor! His jaw fell open. This amazing woman that would go out into the rain like that, was his pastor. These were those all-important first impressions!

This new pastor did not hear any of these details, until years later, but she did discover only too soon, that people did not receive her any too well.

"I've never liked to do pastoral calling," she confided in me one day, "but I know a church can never be built without it; so I've always forced myself to do it."

She did her pastoral visiting for the Davis Creek Church -- in those beginning days -- on Saturdays. Early in the morning she would start out. Ride the street car as far as possible; walk the rest of the way; visit the scattered families, walking as much as twenty miles in a day. No one thought to offer her food. She returned home for the night, then on the morrow, repeat the trip. She stayed all day on Sundays, and again the people seldom thought to invite her to eat with them. So she fasted many times, -- not because she wanted to fast, but because it was the best thing to do! (As another pioneer expressed it.)

Jess was not interested! Another plan for making glass was presented to him. A business man, observing his little home factory, suggested moving it to St. Albans to a larger building. His proposition was that if Jess would furnish the equipment, he would furnish the money, and they would share the profits.

St. Albans was about half-way between Dunbar and Teay's Valley, and actually no farther from Davis Creek, but it seemed farther. The church group protested vigorously.

"You'll never get here from there," they said.

But to St. Albans they moved. The plan was for Florence to work in the factory, too. The business man, and another friend whom he took in with him to help furnish the money, offered to pay the Wallings' grocery bill; to pay Florence wages, and Jess's wages would accumulate in the business. So they started in.

There was one advantage in living in the new place. It was not so far to the street car. She did not have to wade the creek to get there. Otherwise, the problem was the same. She carried on her work just as she had been doing -- visiting on Saturdays, and preaching on Sundays. During all the months of this arrangement, she missed not one Sunday.

At first, she took the children with her on Sundays, but when winter came it was simply too much to ask them to walk that long distance. So for many months Florence went alone.

"The worst part of all, was the long walk at night. I've always been a coward," she grinned. "The dark has always scared me. One place I had to cross a railroad track. There was a light underneath, and it was so dark on top. Once I decided to go underneath. I got almost down there, then saw just how easy it would be for someone to be hiding in the shadows -- so I ran back up and ran all the way across. After that, I always went across the top, and usually ran!"

In the meantime, the glass factory was becoming a heavier and a heavier burden. The Depression was a time when banks closed because of failure; when businesses of many years' standing faded out; so it was no wonder at all that these men could not make a success of their venture. They finally decided to give it up entirely. Now the little Davis Creek Church came out with a suggestion. "Move out here," they said, "you can live on the five dollars a week instead of using it up on transportation. We will raise your salary enough to rent a six dollar per month house."

It was a bitter thing for Jess to face. "His wife had always worked, but never before had he moved to her job. She had always moved to his, but they moved out to Davis Creek. The house that could be had for six dollars a month, even in the Depression, was shabby, indeed. They had by much scrimping and managing, kept their home in Dunbar, -- but this was a way to eat. Nevertheless, to live in this awful, weather-beaten, leaky, shabby, unpainted, two-room shack was a deep trial. If she were ever with an evangelist, or a friend, she would not tell them where she lived; nor would she get out of the car, if they were driving near. Those were hard days!

Nevertheless, out of this lowly beginning, came the church that was later to be advertised by syndicated articles as the largest rural church in the world. From this necessity, there came into Jess's heart a love for the work of the church. Always it had been his disposition to be "in the middle of things," so now it was natural for him to get acquainted with the parishioners of this little church, and to fit himself into their activities. Until driven to it by the press of circumstances, he could not become interested in his wife's notion of preaching. Now -- well, it was different. At last, the prophecy which came out of her mouth one evening several years before in Anaheim, was beginning to come true. She had said, "I believe that some day God will use our whole family in His service!"

It was before the close of that first year, that they moved out to the church. During that year, there were many troublesome problems. The group was small. The community unfriendly. Florence found a welcome nowhere she went to call. The members were discouraged. Florence practically lived on her knees.

The lady in the church who had the largest family came to her one day and said, "I think I owe it to my children to take them to a larger church. They aren't satisfied here."

"I suggest that you pray much about it," Florence urged. "If the Lord is leading you to a larger church, by all means go; -- but please make it a matter of prayer."

A few weeks later the lady and her family left. The group was smaller than ever. Then one day, a Mr. Courtright, the man who had the most income, the only one who tithed, and who was the strongest support, came to her saying, "I'm on the note for the church. Our crowd is smaller all the time, instead of larger. If I've got to sit here and finally have to pay for this church, I'm leaving."

Without lifting her voice, this woman pastor, stood looking him in the face.

"You are nothing but a low-down coward," she said to him, "You knew the condition of this church before you called me as pastor. You are the only support we have to depend upon. If you run away, you are anything but a man God can use!"

On the next Sunday morning, she preached on Jonah! Mr. Courtright stayed put! Little by little the tide began to turn. The Sunday School began to show an increase. Now and then someone would get saved. They were able to make the payments on the building. Eventually, they were able to take in eleven members.

In her calling, now and then someone would hand her fifty cents. This she turned over to the church treasurer. A man who raised potatoes for the market, brought them cull potatoes to eat. They accepted them gratefully. The confidence of the people began to mount. It seems that a previous pastor would not turn in the fifty cent pieces, and refused to use the cull potatoes. He had said, "My family likes to eat good potatoes the same as yours does!"

So it was noised abroad that this pastor was different. It built a spirit of confidence and cooperation. The year was drawing to a close. Soon Assembly time would be there. The district budget was \$11.00 behind. Eleven dollars was a tremendous amount for that group. She prayed much over it. One morning she arose at five o'clock, very much disturbed over the eleven dollars. She began to pray. The Lord spoke to her saying, "Don't worry about the eleven dollars. One man will pay that off."

Now she thought it was the Lord speaking, but she was still as human as the rest of us. She looked over her crowd, mentally, and decided, "There's not a man in that crowd that has eleven dollars." But when she tried to pray again, she had nothing but a burden. Over and over she would try to figure out which man had the eleven dollars. Finally, she gave it up, and went to church. When she was making the announcements, she said, "We are eleven dollars behind in our budget. If



we get any further behind, we never will be able to raise it. Now, I'm not going to the Assembly, if we don't have our budget paid.

"This morning at five, I was praying over this eleven dollars. I thought the Lord told me not to worry, that one man was going to pay that eleven dollars. I'm not going to mention it again. If the Lord has told anyone here to pay that eleven dollars, I'm sure you will pay it."

After church, one of the very poorest members came up and said, "I'm the one that's supposed to pay that eleven dollars," and he paid it.

It was during the second year that she decided they must have a revival. That was their only hope of growing. They must have a big evangelist, too, she thought. She approached one of our leading men, whose home was in Kentucky, not too far from West Virginia. He laughed. She was not daunted. He said, "I tell you, Sister. I have a lot of expense. I'd have to have -- say, \$100.00 before I could come."

"We can manage it," she answered. The God who had provided the eleven dollars, could provide the hundred!! The evangelist promised to come.

She called her church board together, and they discussed ways and means. Each one promised to raise five dollars. The Wallings, to give five dollars, would be giving a whole week's salary; but she figured by using two-day old bread, which sold three loaves for a dime, and by doing without certain other things, that over a period of two or three weeks, they could save the five dollars.

One day Jess borrowed a certain truck to pick up some hauling.

He kept it over night. On the next morning he said to Florence, "The joke's on Bert. I found his wallet."

They looked at the wallet carefully, "This isn't Bert's wallet, she said with assurance. "If he had lost five dollars, he would have missed it before now." There was no name or other identification about the wallet. It contained five dollars and no more. It could easily have been dropped by some one sitting in the truck at the night service.

They waited, but no one spoke of losing money. So they accepted it as just another time of provision from the Lord. They had their money for the revival, without having to suffer to get it. Incidentally, the evangelist was paid more than the \$100.00 for the meeting.

The meeting was really good. Many people were saved and sanctified. The membership was increased by ten or twelve members, of which were three heads of families. And, they took a love offering for the pastor!

This was the turning of the tide for the little church. The probation period was passed. The community accepted the Wallings, and the church. A spirit of good will prevailed. Everywhere she went now, she found a friendly reception.

People began asking for her pastoral services. She would tramp those hills for miles in every direction. One day one of the men said,

"Sister Walling, I wish you would go over to Mud Suck (a small community) to see Mrs. Brown. She has been sick all winter. I just think if you'd go over there and pray with her, she would get well."

It was several miles around by the road. Sister Walling decided to take a short cut through the woods. It was at the break of Spring. There was still ice in the corners, and dark places. She came to the creek. On the rock cliffs were still icicles. There was no foot-log. So -- she did the only thing there was to do. She pulled off her shoes and stockings, waded through the icy water, dried her feet the best she could with her handkerchief, replaced her shoes and stockings, and went on.

Walking in damp shoes was not pleasant, but she had cut off two miles. She reached the woman's house; visited her; had prayer; and trekked the long way back by the road. Still several miles from home, she was completely exhausted. She stopped in a house where she knew the people and said, "I can't go another step. Just look at my shoes, they have entirely walked off my feet. I'm worn out. "My feet are blistered. If you can't take me home, I'll just stay the night. I simply can't walk another step."

They took her home in their car. The lady whom she had visited, did get well. More than that, she and her family began coming to church.

One morning she left home very early to make her calls. She walked seven or more miles through the woods, to a settlement of people who had never come to church. She went to the farthest outpost first, planning to work the other homes, on the way back.

She walked into the yard only to hear cursing. The husband and wife were having a family row. Curses were flying from both people. She said to herself, "I can't go in here."

Then she espied, sitting on the back step, a forlorn young boy fifteen or sixteen. He looked just like she used to feel when she was a child and things had gone wrong at her home. This boy was a part of this upheaval; had to listen to it, and yet was helpless to do anything about it. Her heart was pierced. Instead of leaving, she felt, "I must get in here. I must!"

She went to the front door and began knocking. She pounded and pounded. They were making so much noise they could not hear her. She knocked louder. By and by, everything became suddenly quiet. They had heard her. The minute the door was opened, she walked in. She did not wait for preliminaries. She began, "You need God. He is the only One that can help you. You'll never make it without Him. I know. My husband and I were ungodly once. We fought and quarreled, but God helped us. You'll have to have Him to get by!"

"You're right, lady," the man finally said. The wife remained silent, but listened. She had prayer with them and left. She didn't see the boy any more.

Several weeks later a boy from that home was shot in a drunken brawl. A brother was involved, and another boy in the community was killed. They never did know just how it happened, but the brother was sent to the penitentiary for killing the other boy. Mrs. Walling went to the funeral. She passed by the casket and tried to determine whether or not, it was the boy she saw on the back step that day. She never did know; but the question in her mind all the time was, "Did I get there in time? Did I get there in time?"

In commenting, she said, "There are homes like that all over our country -- if only those who profess to be Christians would get there in time!! We could evangelize this whole country in one generation if those who say they are Christians would work at the job."

After leaving this house, she went to another and another. At one place a landscape gardener lived. His was the nicest home in the community. During the visit, he told of some fellow living in the woods somewhere, who was off mentally. His wife and children had left him, and he had become a hermit. He had built a house of logs, putting glass jars between the logs instead of having windows. He lived alone and was always suspicious of every one.. Now he would decide that this one was responsible for his family having left; and again, he would decide it was someone else.

It was just a story to Mrs. Walling, though exciting. She left this house and went to another. Then she must hurry, it was growing late. She had to go through a wooded section, several miles to reach home, and this was prayer-meeting night. They were all strangers, and no one had invited her to eat that day. She was hungry as well. Looking at the lowering sun, she made haste to leave.

She walked for some time through the woods, following a new path, when all at once, she became conscious of a man chopping wood. She looked up. He was not more than ten feet away. She looked again and there was the log house with the glass jars instead of windows. She was literally frightened stiff. She tried to pray, but was too frightened. This demented man stood gazing at her, with an ax in his hand. If she turned to go back, he most surely could catch her. To run would be only to invite attack. To pass him, was almost more than she could face. Yet, it was the only thing to do. Building up her courage to the highest point possible, she went forward.

"How do you do?" she murmured.

"How do?" he answered. She passed by. Then her back was to him. Instinct told her to run -- to fly! Common sense told her to walk! She walked. By sheer force of will, she walked! Once she felt utterly impelled to look back. He was still standing there, ax in hand, gazing at her. Fortunately she reached a little knoll, went down on the other side, and was thus out of sight. Then she started running. She ran practically every step of the remainder of that distance.

"Through dangers, toils, and cares," many have had to come -- she particularly so; but the landscape gardener and his family began coming to church. Several other people from that community came. The poor man who had brooded himself to insanity, was finally placed in an institution.

In the meantime, Jess found a job in a meat packing house in the vicinity of the church. They bought a car. There was one fellow on the job that interested Jess very much. He would come home saying,

"Pete's such a free fellow. I surely would like to see him get saved."

Another time he said, "It would be awful for a fellow like Pete to go to hell, wouldn't it?" On another day, he came home saying,

"There just wouldn't be any other place for a fellow like Pete McGregor to go, but to hell, would there?"

Florence didn't know this Pete McGregor, but because Jess was so interested, she began to pray for him. Finally, she had occasion to have him pointed out to her.

One day, Florence had been out calling in the car, and now came by the packing plant to pick up Jess. It was lightning and rain threatened. As she waited, she prayed. This was not an open top car. Suddenly, she saw Pete McGregor come out of a garage. At once she remembered Jess's concern. "Oh, Lord," she prayed, "Let something happen to wake up Pete McGregor."

In commenting on this story, she said, "Little did I realize that the Lord would answer so quickly. Right while we were sitting there, the lightning struck his home. The chimney was knocked off and his wife was knocked down. She was unconscious for some time. Just as she was going into unconsciousness, she heard a voice say, "Now, will you serve the Lord?"

They were not converted for some time, but they came to church regularly. They are now sanctified and active in the church. He is Treasurer of the church, and has been for a long time. Another man working with Jess, and his whole family were brought into the church. These two families were the first sheaves Jess had to lay at the Master's feet.

It was thus that the Davis Creek Church grew!

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## 06 -- A CUP OF RASPBERRIES

Way back in the "holler" about five miles as the crow flies, but around the trails and winding, rickety roads, about eight or nine miles, lived the Moonshiner. The hills came to sharp peaks on two sides, joining in the apex of a triangle behind him -- leaving the only approach for a prohibition officer out in front.

This was quite capably guarded by his wiry old wife, clad in overalls, smoking a cob pipe, and quick on the trigger of her well-oiled shot gun. It was her policy to shoot first, and ask questions afterward.

In spite of stern protection, however, seven times he had been arrested and taken to jail. Once he had served a prison term in the state prison of Atlanta, Georgia.

In one of the revivals held at Davis Creek, several of his best customers had been converted -- which made a big difference in his business. More than that, he just didn't see his friends any more. 'He dassn't come out of the holler hisself -- he mought git arrested.' So the old couple stayed well hidden in the wild fastness of the West Virginia hills. They reared their only son up there, almost as a wild animal.

One Sunday afternoon several of these former customers began thinking once more of the Moonshiner.

"Poor old feller," they reasoned among themselves, "Just think how much better life is for us, since we've been saved and sanctified. How lonely that old couple must be -- and that lone boy."

"Why not let's go up there and give him a prayer-meeting," someone suggested. Then they hunted up Jess. He liked the idea and agreed to go with them.

They piled into a pick-up truck and started out. The road was rough and narrow, rocky and almost impassable. Once they came to a muddy place, and all had to get out and push the truck through. But they finally made it to the Moonshiner's cabin.

So astonished was the old fellow at this unheard of kindness, that a chord long dormant, responded again. Memories of better days flooded him. His grandfather had been the first pioneer Methodist circuit rider ever to come to that hill country. Indeed, it was for this fine old Methodist preacher that the Davis Creek had been named.

Other memories stirred, and the Moonshiner remembered sermons he had heard, songs he had sung -- and prayers. His poor old heart broke all to pieces and he was saved powerfully and wonderfully in that Sunday afternoon meeting.

The very next morning he came out of the "holler" and went up to the coal mine and got a job. On the following Sunday he came to church; the first time in years! He wore patched overalls but they were clean. His carriage was straight, lean and strong. Six-feet-two he stood, crowned with snow white hair.

Sister Walling, realizing that their church was now large and had in it many well dressed, prosperous people, hastened to the old Moonshiner to make him welcome.

"I want you to know," she said, "that you are just as welcome as if you wore the best suit made; and we want you to be just as free in the service as if you had made the biggest contribution there."

He accepted her welcome in the spirit with which it was given. His soul would get blessed, and he would walk the floor, waving his hands -- blue eyes shining with the glory of God as only a redeemed soul can know it.

His wife and son came out of the "holler" also. The young son, tall and stalwart, like his father, but with no background but the wilds, had less polish. It came natural to acquire it, though, and a year or so later, he sang in the young people's quartet while people turned to ask one another, "Who is that handsome young giant?"

"Why, he's the Moonshiner's boy -- that nobody cared about!!" The old Moonshiner became eager for some of his neighbors to be saved. The Wallings, and faithful co-workers, got an old ragged tent and pitched it way back up in the woods near the land owned by "the Meanest Man in the Country." He had not distilled liquor, but he had been mean to all his neighbors. Nobody was allowed to cross his land, and he was always snarling at someone.

The first night of the meeting he came only to the edge of the woods. The second night, he came out into the clearing. The third night, he came into the tent and found his way to the altar. There were those who didn't like Mrs. Walling's preaching. "Why not?" some of the workers asked.

"She preaches against terbaccer," they objected.

But in spite of objections, several were reached in the revival. However, the Moonshiner was not satisfied. He was only challenged.

"I'll cut the brush and build you a brush arbor, if you'll only come farther back up in the hills and help some more of my neighbors," he offered.

The Wallings accepted the plan. The old man cut his toe, while chopping the timber. He was rushed to the hospital and reached there in time. His foot was crippled, but he didn't miss a service.

Later, when another revival was on at Davis Creek, this old man walked back and forth to all the services. Occasionally, someone took him home, but he totaled 117 miles of walking for that one revival. He was the man nobody thought worth bothering about once upon a time.

One day this old man was on the street in town when he chanced to see the prohibition officer. He did not hide this time. Instead, he walked up to the officer holding out his arm. He said, "Do you recognize me, Officer?"

"Yes, I know you," the officer replied. Then the old man held up his wrist and said, "See this wrist?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Well," continued the old Moonshiner, "seven times you locked the handcuff on that wrist, officer -- but you'll never lock it again. I've met the Man of Galilee, and He has the handcuff on me now. You took me to Atlanta, Georgia once -- but I have a ticket now to the New Jerusalem!"

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## RALLY DAYS

"So many people think our rally days are easy," Mrs. Walling explained, "but we began planning months ahead." Then she told the plan which follows.

They would discover a community which had no church or Sunday School. They would either get a tent or build a brush arbor, and hold a meeting, paying their own expenses and providing their own transportation. A number of people would get saved and sanctified. Then she would send out one of the workers from the main church to hold prayer-meetings and hold the group together. On Sundays, the bus would go out and bring these people in to the Sunday School and church. Three and four places would be worked in the same manner.

It was their policy to break their own record each year. When the church was small, they strove for so long to have as many as 200 on Rally Day. They felt they had really achieved something when they met that goal. Each year they increased their goal and always exceeded it. Finally, their goal was 750. This time they topped 1,000. Eventually, they set their goal at 1,500. Their man with the adding machine on top of a car across the street, counted 1,760.

As in previous years, they had "dug out" some groups in various places. From one of these on Rally Day, their buses brought 100 people. From another 130 came, furnishing their own transportation; 117 from another place. Following this rally day two of these groups were organized into a church and today has an average attendance of 200.

There were a number of people from near-by churches who wished to attend this Rally Day. They went to their own churches for Sunday School and at eleven o'clock, came to the Davis Creek First Church -- there is a Second Church there now. It was agreed that it would not be fair to count the people who were already attending church, so when eleven o'clock came and the great crowds began to pour in from the surrounding churches, the man with the adding machine stopped counting. He had reached the 1,760 before eleven o'clock.

It was after the goal of 1,000 was met that the story was written, and syndicated throughout the United States. It happened this way.

A family of Peales -- one eventually became a member of their family -- lived very near a certain mortician and the two families. were very good friends. They visited together; ate together; and drank together. Then, the Peales attended a revival at Davis Creek and many of the family were saved and sanctified. It made a change so vital in their lives that their mortician friends were quite shocked that their drinking companions were not with them in that way any more. Rally Day came and the Peales invited their friends to attend with them.

A few days later the mortician had an over-night guest, a reporter. In casual conversation the reporter asked, "Do you have any news? Do you know anything that would make a good story?"

Fresh on his mind was the mortician's visit to the Davis Creek Church of the Nazarene. Something clicked, and he said,

"I've never seen anything like that church. You ought to write that up."

The reporter investigated immediately. Mrs. Walling was coming out of her house, ready to make calls. She felt hurried, and didn't exactly like to be detained by this stranger. He approached by asking,

"May I take your picture?"

"Oh, -- I guess so," she hesitated, thinking of no reasonable objection. He snapped the picture. Then he asked for some statistics. She gave him a few, but was in a hurry, so said absent-mindedly, "The secretary has all the information you would want, I'm sure, so just go to him," and she went on her way.

Afterward, when the newspaper write-up came out, telling that her church was the largest rural church in the world, she was embarrassed. Clippings were sent to her from other papers, and she was grateful that they gave honor to the Lord, but the whole publicity embarrassed her -- and she made no attempt to keep the clippings! It still seems a mystery to her that their work should attract attention.

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"The biggest contest we ever had," commented Sr. Walling, as a group of us sat about the dining table, "went wild. We had to stop it."

"I never saw anything like it," Brother Walling added, laughing. "So many points were given for having prayer with people. They just went everywhere! They would go into a hospital, and go from bed to bed. Say a few words and then, 'We'd like to have prayer with you,' bow their heads, one would say a few words -- and the other counted!!" They both laughed as they sat musing over memories. Then Brother Walling continued, "On the street they'd ask anybody -- and then forget who they asked! They asked one fellow three times. The third time the fellow let out an oath and said, 'How many times you gonna ask me?'"

"We had a time, all right," Sister Walling took up the story. "The groups on one side would slip out without letting anyone on the other side know. We've had people wade mud above their boot-tops; and we've had people read the short Psalms over and over -- to get more points for their side. Oh, we had to stop it! They forgot all about sincerity -- they merely went after points."

"Why, yes," Brother Walling added, "they went into the jail; said a few words to the inmates; said a few words of prayer -- and counted."



"Oh, we had to stop it," his wife added, "but even so, good came of it. It was just afterward that our last great revival broke out.

One Sunday night the Lord broke in upon us and the altar was filled with seekers. One lady began to shout. One lady in the rear screamed, "I don't want to be lost!" and fell on her knees where she was and began to pray. Others followed. The entire rear of the building, several seats deep, was turned into an altar.

Repeatedly Sister Walling had told her board that she would never hold another revival for the Davis Creek Church.

"I've preached so long," she insisted, "I can hardly bear to hear myself preach; and I just know they are worn out with hearing me" -- "and they knew my life story by heart," chuckled her husband.

She ignored this -- "But," she continued, "when the church was turned into an altar service that night, I began to feel inside me that I'd have to start a revival. About that time one of the board members came up saying,

"Sister Walling, I think you are going to have to hold our revival."

"Yes -- I think I'm going to have to."

So she announced services only until Wednesday night. But the tide was still on, so they announced services for only a few days at a time -- thinking that just as soon as the tide went out, they would quit, but the meeting continued four full weeks. There were more than one hundred professions, and thirty-five new members."

Very soon after all this the Indian work opened, and they went into it. That story is high-lighted in the 1971-72 missionary reading book titled, "Our Original Citizens."

This story being finished, I took the opportunity to ask, "About how many calls have you made here, do you think? In the four or five months you've been here in Montrose?" She turned to her husband, musingly, "Oh, I guess about a thousand. Don't you think, Jess?"

"I don't know -- I made eight yesterday."

"Two today," I added, for I had been with them on those calls, "these were besides bringing two or three car loads of people to church, and entertaining guests for dinner."

"We worked the whole La Canada community, of 350 homes," his wife suggested. To which he laughed.

"You mean, I did twenty-six houses, while you did three!" Then he explained. They parked their car at one end of the street. Each took one side of the street, The plan was to call at every

house, inviting the people to church and Sunday School. They would keep going until they met, and then go back to the car.

"I went all down my row," he said, and didn't see her; so started down her row. I found her at the third house from where she had started."

Naturally we enjoyed the joke. "But," she added softly, "I had prayer with the woman in the third house."

"It was the same way the day the Superintendent and I went out," Jess continued, grinning, "I did twenty-five, while he did five. Next time I'm going out by myself!" Then, as if defending himself, he added,

"I said all there was to say each time, too!"

"The funny part was, "Sister Walling contributed, "we worked the entire community but one row of houses, -- and the only Nazarene family in that whole community lived in that row!"

Their Sunday School bus circles that community each morning, now, and more and more pupils are coming. The enrollment went high, before they finished their work there and went back to the Indians, but she left feeling, "We haven't really done any work yet!"

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## 07 -- AFTER THE DAY IS THROUGH

Jesse Walling, Born Jan. 21, 1900  
Died June 3, 1971

When Brother Walling had his first stroke four and one-half years ago, his mind remained clear. Only two words could he say "yeah," and "no".

If a car drew up to their curb and he recognized his friends, that big smile would cover his face; he'd throw out his right arm, make a fist and start yelling, "Yeah, yeah, yeah!"

It was both pathetic and glorious. So marvelous that he recognized and welcomed people; yet, break your heart that he was so limited. For the next three years, he went with Florence to the Indian churches -- he usually drew the line against big churches and enjoyed the fellowship of his Indian friends and fellow Christians.

Then in September, 1970, he had a second stroke; became completely helpless; and even his "yeah" and "no" were gone. Florence was never sure he recognized her or could understand -- but she talked to him as if he did. In all of her care of him, she would carry on a stream of conversation with him, telling all the family news, and discussing spiritual things with him, that she thought would comfort him.

He was in and out of the hospital many times during those eight months, but Florence became convinced that she could do more for him at home than the over-worked nurses could in the hospital; so she brought him home one more time. As he grew weaker, though, she called the doctor and asked, "Do you think I should bring him back to the hospital? Is there something there you could do better for him than I can here?"

"No, -- not a thing. You are doing fine right there."

In telling me about it, she broke down and cried, "I didn't want him to go back to the hospital, but I knew I had to do what was best."

On the morning of June 3, he seemed different. His face had a glow. She said to him, "You look different this morning. Is it because you are about to leave this old sin-sick world? Is it because you are about to go where your poor body won't be crippled any more? -- where your dear voice can praise the Lord again?"

A great smile broke over his face -- the first smile in a long while. All day she hovered over him -- sending others to do errands -- never leaving him herself. She felt she should call the doctor. The secretary said, "I'll give the doctor your message. He is so busy today -- he'll come when he can."

At noon she called the doctor's office again. "Could the doctor come during his lunch hour? I feel he must come today."

"The doctor won't have any lunch hour today -- he is so busy," the secretary answered. "I'll give him your message -- he'll come as soon as he can."

"At five in the afternoon she called again, "I think the doctor must come today."

"I'll tell him -- he'll come as soon as he can."

Jack's wife, Fran, came over after school and stayed awhile. It was 9:30 or so when the doctor finally arrived. He commented,

"Well, he seems close, but you never can tell." He went away. All her family members had been helpful from time to time. The daughter, Theone, often came over from Blythe, after a week of teaching, to help her mother on week-ends. Jack and Fran, who lived near-by, were on the alert constantly to do what they could. Grandchildren helped, too. But by and large, Florence felt this was her job, and she prayed daily for strength to carry on. She knew the others all had their responsibilities. This alone was her task. Frequently she assured them that she wouldn't be hysterical -- but this time she changed her mind.

Shortly after the doctor and Fran had gone, she called Jack, "I think you'd better sleep over here tonight." "Yes, I'm coming -- Fran was just telling me."

When Jack arrived -- a few minutes after ten -- she said, "you have to work tomorrow. You go to bed -- but I'm going to sit right here tonight."

So with a jacket across her shoulders and a light blanket about her ankles, she put her hands under the cover -- one on his crippled hand and one on his chest and talked to him. She talked to him about Heaven, about the wonderful Christ, -- on and on. Then she closed her eyes and said, "God, you didn't require even Your Son to suffer too long. He died before the others on the cross did. Could you spare Jess? You won't let him suffer too much, will You?"

She opened her eyes and looked at Jess, and then said, "Jack, I think you'd better come." Jack came.

"I think he is going," she said. He agreed. Then Jess lifted his chest, bulged his cheeks, and gave one big puff of breath -- and was gone.

While Jack made the proper telephone calls, Sister Walling still sat by the bed whispering, "Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Father. Thank You; thank You; -- an hour long requiem of thanksgiving to the One who had taken him all the way into Paradise.

Amen,  
Clara Verner

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## 08 -- THE FUNERAL MESSAGE

(I was asked to prepare a written copy of the funeral message I used at Pasadena, Calif. for the funeral service of Jess Walling. Below in brief is the message as I remember it from my brief notes.)

### THE CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD DEATH

Scripture -- I Corinthians 15:19-23  
Revelation 14:13

Driving from our district assembly back to Phoenix the other day I heard a song on the radio with words that went like this, "Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die." Not only do we not want to die, but most of us attempt to shut the thought of death from our minds. We do not like to think of our own death, or of the death of one of our loved ones.

But, death is real. We cannot avoid it. However, as Christians our feeling toward death is far different from that of an unbeliever. To the unbeliever, death brings fear. But to the Christian, Jesus the Son of God came to deliver us from the fear of death. To the unbeliever death brings sorrow, but to the born again Christian sorrow is overcome by the hope of the resurrection.

As Christians may we take a look at the scripture read today, to see what we can learn about this experience we call death.

First we note from I Corinthians 15:21 and 22 that death came by man. Sometimes we make the mistake of blaming God for death. This is not right. Death came as a result of sin. Adam and Eve were warned of the result of their disobedience. Still they disobeyed. They exercised their power of choice, and as a result death came upon all man. God was not to blame. Death came by Adam. As part of Adam's race, we too suffer the penalty of death.

The second observation is that death came upon Christ, the Son of God. He had done no wrong. But he took upon himself human limitations and man's penalty for sin. There was a purpose in it all. I Cor. 15:3 tells us, "Christ died for our sins." We had done wrong. He died for us. So we sing, "Jesus Paid it all, all to Him I owe. Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow."

Thirdly, this scripture tells us Christ is risen from the dead. v. 20. Everyone thought Calvary was the end of it all. The Jews thought so. The Roman soldiers did. Even the disciples gave up all hope. But following good Friday came -- Easter Sunday and the angels announced, "He is not here, He is risen." Today he lives. He is seated at the right hand of the Father. But he also lives within our hearts.

The fourth wonderful thought is that we too will be resurrected. v. 21 & 22. When we look back to Adam we see the ugly shadow of death. When we look forward to Christ we see the hope of resurrection. So for the Christian death is not a defeat, but a glorious victory.

The final thought from our verse in Revelation is that our work as Christians will live on. All the evidence of Christian victory is not limited to our experiences in heaven. We can see the evidence in our world today. Jess Walling is gone, but his work lives on. Today there are many of our Indian people present from the state of California. His work lives on here. In Arizona his work lives on in the lives of Clarence and Helen Liston at Sells, in the lives of Dallas and Helen Cooper at Kaibito, and in the lives of Charlie and Jeannie Billy at Chilchinbito. We see results of his work in New Mexico at Twin Butte, and at Albuquerque in the life of Curtis Morgan our District NYPS president. In Oklahoma his work follows through the ministry of Paul and Elsie Soto, and through Julian Gunn, our assistant District Superintendent. Personally I know many problems will come to me from time to time. When they do, I'll remember a slim white-haired fellow, with a grin on his face and a twinkle in his eye as he says, "The main thing is, don't get discouraged."

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09 -- ABOUT JESS WALLING -- by Pastor Earl G. Lee

It was my privilege to attend the funeral of Mr. Jess Walling. As a pastor, I had only known him as a very ill man who was blessed by the love of a very devoted wife. There at the funeral it was very enlightening and also very blessed to hear of the life of this man who had given himself for other people. I was impressed by the song that seemed to capture the service as it was sung by Mrs. Reynolds and it was "O Happy Day." This marked the turning point in Brother Walling's life

soon after his father found the Lord. I was impressed by the number of people this man had influenced; name after name and town after town was cited by the speaker, Rev. Pearson. Churches have been influenced, individuals have been influenced and now are pastors and strong laymen carrying on in the work of the church. And so, now as he takes his place among those who have been blessed with God's presence, we stand aside in amazement as to what God has been able to do. I was impressed by the Indian people and their love for Mr. Walling. I was impressed by the work of his hands in establishing homes, building churches and doing what he could.

So now, it was my sense of obligation and pleasure to thank God for laymen such as this whose lives have been given over to God, totally, and I praise Him for the privilege of having this time to look into this life through the eyes of others.

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## 10 -- BACK COVER TEXT

Speaking of golden anniversaries reminds me of two friends of ours who celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary two years ago. Last month we visited them. We had hardly stopped the car in their driveway when Florence opened the door and greeted us with, "Come in! Come in!" She turned back into the house and said, "Jess, look who's here!" Jess was in a wheelchair due to a stroke he had suffered. Florence was having trouble of various kinds, but never did either voice a complaint.

Time passed quickly. Soon it was noon. We started to leave, for I didn't want to make extra work for Florence. But she said, "It would be a pleasure for us to have you eat with us. I'll not go to any trouble." I thought of the many times she had said the same words to us and to other friends who had stopped by. Always we were welcome at her table. Always there was food for everyone.

As she was wheeling Jess into the kitchen, I stood watching them. I could hardly keep back the tears, for I could remember when they were both healthy and working hard for the Lord. Now there they were, no longer able to be in the active work. Florence bumped the wheelchair into the door. She looked back at me and said laughingly, "We used to be a pretty good team, but I told Jess that the two of us hardly make up an old plug, now! But it could be much worse. Every morning and several times during the day I say, "Thank You, Lord. We're still together and we're getting along fine."

What memories they have! Just great! They never had a set of Haviland china or crystal. They never had a sterling silver table service. Nor did they ever live in a pretentious house, exquisitely furnished. No, they lived better than that! Their home always had friendliness and encouragement for all who needed it. There was always a bed for the unexpected guest, always meals for the hungry. When you left their home you received a lift in more ways than one. They've been "Dad" and "Mother" to many young people, some of whom are in the ministry today. They raised their own children to serve the Lord and, as a result, their children and grandchildren are active in the Lord's work today.

As we were sitting at the table, we reminisced. The conclusion of our chat was: "God has never failed us. He has supplied all of our needs. He is supplying them now and He will in the future. Our lives are in His hands, so there is nothing to be discouraged about."

What a great way to enter into the "sunset years"! Really, they are the "sunrise years," for we are looking "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Amen and amen!

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THE END