

# FAITH<sup>AND</sup>VICTORY

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### A Member of the Bride of Christ

The great Redeemer, Christ, the King,  
Sought for Himself a Bride:  
A people who would to Him bring  
True love, and in Him hide.

To cleanse them from their sinful stain  
His blood He freely shed;  
With love and faith o'er sin to reign,  
He is their living Head!

To me, unworthy mortal, low,  
A chance divine is given  
Of His fair Bride a part to know:  
A union born of heaven.

A member of that blood-washed throng,  
From sin and strife set free;  
"With Christ made one" is now my song:  
My soul's Bridegroom is He!

Joined to the Lord, one spirit we;  
Our natures blend in one;  
I would be pure, for so is He,  
And meek as was God's Son.

As He was kind, I would be kind,  
And patient like Him now;  
I want in me that gracious Mind  
That to the cross will bow.

No righteousness but Christ's alone;  
No treasures but His wealth;  
No life but His I'll ever own;  
My healing from His health.

Oh, one with Christ eternally,  
Together, side by side,  
I'll walk with Him and He with me:  
A member of His bride!

—Brother Leslie Busbee

### In My Treasured Thoughts

By Burbridge R. Copeland

In my thoughts of years to come, I see a sunny hillside; it is part of a very large area of land. On the hillside, a number of old tombstones shine brightly in the evening light, and nearby, on a paved pathway, a very old man passes with a small group of children.

The old man points to the markers and says, "Children, do you see these tombstones?" They answer, "Yes, sir."

Then hastily someone says, "They are graves of dead people."

To this the old man says, "No, these are not dead!" He hesitates, leaning slightly on his walking cane, and with the children around about him, he lifts his eyes to the treetops in the distance beyond. Then partially lost in things long past, he repeats in a low tone, which rises in volume as he proceeds, "No, these are not dead; Jesus said, 'Verily, Verily I say unto you, if a man keep my sayings he shall never see death!' For a moment the old man's eyes are lowered to the markers, but swiftly he lifts them to a distant cloud. "They are resting," he says, "resting with Jesus!"

Another child asks, "Sir, did you know them?"

The old man answers, "Indeed I did; it was a long time ago, and I was a very small boy, but I remember them. I could call them by name!" He smiles, then points with his cane, directing their

**Plan now to attend the  
National Camp Meeting at  
Monark Springs, MO—July 16-25.  
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attention away from the large, well-tended cemetery, to other locations in view. "They are the ones who started all this that you see here, back in the final years of the twentieth century."

Moving in the direction of a large, stately building, the old man states, "This beautiful chapel, like some of the other buildings, has been improved on, but they built the first full-sized chapel right on this spot. They built the auditorium and cafeteria. They gave us the library, the elementary and high schools, the farm lands and nursing home."

Pleased with his intensely interested audience, and enjoying recounting the former things, the old man continues as though living all over again the best years of his life. "Of course," he says, "one of the first things they provided for was the huge facility where children are trained up 'in the way they should go.'"

He pauses briefly, then looking in the direction of the tombstones he says, "Before the last of them were laid to rest, they even started the radio and recording studio, built the twin motels for visiting saints, and then left plans for those homes for the elderly over there. They also started the marketplace, and the repair shops which train and employ so many of our young people." Suddenly the old man stops and looks down into the face of the smallest child.

The little boy has been tugging at the old man's sleeve. "What is it son?" the old man asks.

"Sir," the little boy asks, "is it true that the saints never had things like this before you were my age?"

The old man thinks this over for a while, then answers, "Listening to the old folks, it seems there was a time way back when there was no need for such; children could be trained up in the way they should go at home. Parents had the help of the entire community in rearing their children. Most people in many neighborhoods taught their children to be God-fearing, to obey the authorities of the land, to honor women and elderly folk and to respect themselves and others." The old man stops and sits for a brief rest on the steps of the beautiful chapel. As the children gather around he gazes far out to the fertile fields that he loves, but can no longer help to work. He continues, "The public schools back then taught good behavior. Radio, magazines, and the newspapers—out of respect for the general public—upheld in large measure, decency and good morals. There came a time, however, before I was born, when the

world became very corrupt! People lost respect for children, for one another, and for themselves. The government rejected God, children became violent, and after I was born, they killed one another in the streets almost daily. Many people, long before those vicious years, had taken their children out of public school, but gross corruption, violence and indecency, was just about everywhere; yes, it was even in many churches! Many neighborhoods had become unfit for children to grow up, entertain and enjoy themselves in."

"At first, some parents chose to keep their children close and isolated. Many times though, this meant loneliness and inactivity for so many children who had no pleasant countrysides of play; neither did many have the regular childhood chores of former years."

"Desiring happiness and true joy for their children, and not wanting to take away the God-given activeness of youthful years, the saints were hard pressed for an answer to the problem. They were determined, however, not to leave their children to the evil environment of a corrupt world. They chose rather, for the love of God and their own dear children, to make a wonderful sacrifice. They closed their ranks to work in unity to train up their own children together, in the way they should go; that seeing the reality and beauty of Jesus in the saints, and in the example of their children, the world might turn from the darkness of its corruption unto light and the living God."

Suddenly, the elderly patriarch remembers the real reason for this, his enjoyable walk with the children, and quickly lifts himself from his seat, saying, "Let us hasten now. We must have our refreshments before four o'clock. Remember, the cafeteria will close up then."

A little more briskly then, they walk toward the spacious cafeteria, where in my treasured reverie, you can be sure many others are gathered.

Here ends this story of "My Treasured Thoughts," but my fervent hopes, prayers, and aspirations, continue...

It might well be that no little boy of today will ever reach old age. Long before our smallest children are grown, it might be that Jesus will have come. Yet, until that time, is it not our responsibility to "go into all the world and preach the gospel?" 'Til that time, is it not also our responsibility to train up our children "in the way they should go?"

The preceding story certainly is not meant to be a prophecy, except it be in some way of which I am not at all aware. I would much rather state that this is a challenge to us in our day and time, that like as the faithful old pioneers cared enough for God, and the future of their children, to carve out of a jungle wilderness a place for government under God, "Earnestly contending for the faith that was once delivered to the saints," we ought also leave to our posterity, and the global world, some notable evidence that we sought diligently to preserve and perpetuate that way of life for all generations to come.

I am confident that the answer given in this story above is of God. It came in the early 60's—perhaps 1960 or 1961. I was in a major mid-western city, convinced by the gospel truth, that I ought to find my place in the body of Christ.

Briefly I will touch on a few things here, because the narrative is overlong. I am convinced that as a result of seeking and praying, my thoughts became focused on children. I took note that nobody seemed to see

the difference in "Train up a child" (Pro. 22:6.) and "Thou shalt teach them." (Deut. 6:4, 7.)

Being a veteran of World War II, I knew well the difference between teaching and training, because we, in the military, received an abundance of both. We were lectured in and out of classrooms, but perhaps most of our time was spent actually going through the motions (training) that the lecturers so carefully explained.

Everyone knows that little children love to play. Playing, to a child, is just about life itself, and in childhood it is not just pleasure; rather I would say that God has made the necessity of play a pleasure. So children enjoy this method of building their bodies, characters, etc. I saw clearly, it was a wonderful time and opportunity to train and develop the good inward qualities of children and to nullify or safeguard against the bad.

This burden was heavy on my heart as I wrote a group of men in an effort to secure a building, saying, "Somebody has got to do something for these children; it is as though we

have abandoned them."

I faced pastors individually, and a group of pastors, pleading for our own training facilities and for our own school system. God had opened my eyes, and I saw the common sense of the practical things of older generations that we have cast aside as amusing old fogysm.

One other thing I clearly saw, was that children have far more influence over one another than any group of adults. This realization led me to train children for leadership roles; each leader was to serve under adult supervision, having an assistant leader and several trainees. Such leaders were to teach their trainees exactly what they themselves had been taught—to be leaders of others.

Raw material for leadership roles would come through Church of God Sunday schools, or through neighborhood children's Bible

classes, conducted by saints who have the leading and guiding in their own communities.

Training for older boys and girls would continue in supervised, group evangelistic activity and in special classes that pre-

pare young people for religious, married and business life.

To teach our children rightly is beautiful obedience to God! Is it not also true, that He who commanded them to teach, also commanded them to train?

As a people, being cautious (as we should be) about new things, we were very slow to turn to church-run schools. Thank the Lord, we do have a few now, but shall we, the head and not the tail, come last to grasp the full advantage of proper training? Not that training should be taken out of the hands of parents, but rather we should supplement and support Christian training, which is what the old church neighborhood schools and the neighbors used to do.

My prayer for children is for a supervised, cultivated, well-tended environment to channel minds in the right direction, and prepare the heart to be easily entreated and converted to the love of Christ; this, for the preparation of a valiant young army to go forth and fight the good fight of faith in the fields.

*"Playing, to a child, is just about life itself, and in childhood it is not just pleasure; rather I would say that God has made the necessity of play a pleasure."*

## FAITH AND VICTORY

### 16 PAGE HOLINESS MONTHLY



This non-sectarian paper is edited and published in the interest of the universal CHURCH OF GOD each month (except August of each year, and we omit an issue that month to attend camp meetings), by Wayne Murphey, and other consecrated workers at the FAITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, OK 73044 (USPS 184-660).

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Notice to subscribers: Whenever you move or change your address, please write us at once, giving your old and new address, and include your zip code number. The post office now charges 35¢ to notify us of each change of address.

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES



Single copy, one year .....\$1.00  
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This publication teaches salvation from all sin, sanctification for believers, unity and oneness for which Jesus prayed as recorded in John 17:21, and manifested by the apostles and believers after Pentecost. By God's grace we teach, preach, and practice the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ-the same gospel that Peter, John, and Paul preached, taught, and practiced, including divine healing for the body. James 5:14-15.

Its motto: I have faith in God. Its object: The glory of God and the salvation of men; the restoration and promulgation of the whole truth to the people in this "evening time" as it was in the morning Church of the first century; the unification of all true believers in one body by the love of God. Its standard: separation from the sinful world and entire devotion to the service and will of God. Its characteristics: No discipline but the Bible, no bond of union but the love of God, and no test of fellowship but the indwelling Spirit of Christ.

Through the Free Literature Fund thousands of gospel tracts are published and sent out free of charge as the Lord supplies. Cooperation of our readers is solicited, and will be appreciated in any way as the Bible and the Holy Spirit teach you to do or stir your heart. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Read Ex. 25:2; I Chron. 29:9; II Cor. 9:7; and Luke 6:38.

Freewill offerings sent in to the work will be thankfully received as from the Lord. Checks and money orders should be made payable to Faith Publishing House. All donations are tax deductible.

A separate Missionary Fund is maintained in order to relay missionary funds from our readers to the support of home and foreign missionaries and evangelists.

In order to comply with the Oklahoma laws as a non-profit religious work, the Faith Publishing House is incorporated thereunder.

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P. O. Box 518, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, OK 73044  
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## Editorials

Summer is fully upon us, and has seemed to come so quickly. A number of the summer meetings are already written in the ledgers of time and we are pressed to catch the opportunity of the moments as they pass. The heat of summer is a time of languidness, and in a spiritual and more broad perspective, we can see the torpid effects of oppression the humid blanket of sin has upon many lives. Yet this is a time when our ardor should be peaked to active godly living. Christians are standing out more and more from among the accepted normalcy of the world, and we are in a position to make an impression upon those around us.

Several days ago I was writing a card of congratulations to someone. I take comfort to think that at some particular time, everyone experiences the dilemma I, with consternation, found myself in; that is when the mind and hand seem to be temporarily out of sync. "White-out" was the item of the moment. In our service for God, we cannot, even if just temporarily, be out of sync with Him, for others are closely observing our lives.

The apostle Paul wrote the Corinthian church, "Ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God;" II Cor. 3:3. An epistle is a letter written for the good of someone else. Our lives are letters, written on by the hand of God, through which others glimpse an expression of His love, power and grace.

To make mistakes on the congratulations card was significant because it was a specially manufactured surface that could not easily be replaced. Mistakes on ordinary writing paper would not have been so critical. The epistle that we are writing on is a special surface prepared by God. It isn't on the stony table of a heart in sin, but on a fleshly heart made new. We must be careful not to mar the beauty of the heart God creates within us.

What is the use of a letter if it can't be read or understood? Some people are careless in their penmanship, to the point that they are the only ones who can derive any good from what they write. It is possible to live such a careless life, that even though the person in question seems to be revelling in the satisfaction of it, everyone else is scratching their heads, wondering what the meaning of all the activity might be.

It is vital that people get the right message from our lives, and the easier the better. A well-formed life, free of clutter from careless living, is essential.

Conversely, it is possible to have such a flowing, exact and ornamental penmanship, that to the reader, the content is secondary. The daily acts of a godly life are more important than a facade of self-righteous religion.

A letter written to impress the reader really ought to be free of blots. The blot is probably the first thing others will notice. "White-out" might be acceptable in temporal matters, but in spiritual matters, even if we cover our blunders by apologies, they make such an impression that they are many times remembered, which should cause a carefulness in us. An encouraging thought is that in the sight of God, the blood of Christ can completely remove the stain.

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In keeping with our usual practice, we will not be printing an August edition of the *Faith and Victory*. This will allow a break in our work pace so the workers can attend the Monark Springs Camp Meeting. The shop will be kept open during its normal hours so that mail orders can be processed and other business carried on.

Lord willing, we will have the book store on the Monark Springs Campgrounds in operation during the National Camp Meeting. Sis. Janie Woodruff, and others of the Print Shop family will staff it.

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We thank everyone for your interest in the work here, and appreciate all the responses we get from sending out the gospel. We will look forward to receiving your continued correspondence over the next several months. Until we can bring you a September *Faith and Victory*, we pray you will enjoy the peace and joy that having the Spirit of God in your life will bring.

—Wayne Murphey

### Prayer Requests

CA—Remember Sis. Doris Pihaylic's daughter, Brenda Allen, in your prayers.

WV—"I took sick the first of December, 1992, and have been sick with my chest all these months. Please pray for me."

—Melba Powell

LA—"Pray for some requests we have."

—N. P. Futch

MO—"Please pray for me; I'm not well, and pray for my granddaughter. She has had cancer and isn't well. Also pray for Doug Brown. He has terminal cancer."

—Grace Smith

IL—"Please remember me in special urgent prayer. Jo Anne Terrell, my only child, needs salvation; Shirley and Maria Setaccioli, my saved God-daughter and her child, also need prayer and God's divine guidance regarding a business matter."

—Mrs. Johnnie Terrell

SC—"Remember me in prayer; also my family."

—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

IN—"I am 79 and undergoing some vision impairment. I will appreciate your prayers for this affliction."

—David Hughs, Sr.

OH—"Pray for Lonna Maupin who has cancer."

—Juanita Blankenship

OR—"I ask that all the saints there continue to remember my afflictions to the Lord."

—Sis. Grace Jones



### Used Evening Light Songbooks for Sale

Sis. Sadie Stamm has 20 *Evening Light Songs*, in good condition, which she would like to sell for \$5.00 each. You may get more information by writing her: 715 S. Washington St., West Union, OH 45693, or call: (513) 544-5466.



### Camp Meetings '93



Fresno, CA—July 2-11

National (Monark Springs, MO)—July 16-25

Ensenada, Mexico—Aug. 1-8

Bakersfield, CA—Aug. 6-15

Boley, OK—Aug. 22-29

California State at Pacoima, CA—Aug. 27-Sept. 5



### Meeting Reports and Notices

#### FRESNO, CA, CAMP MEETING

The Fresno camp meeting will convene July 2-11. The schedule of the meeting is as follows: 7:30 p.m. service Friday and Saturday nights; three services Sunday; 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. services throughout the week and three services the last Saturday and Sunday.

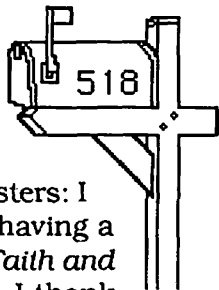
Christian love, —Sis. Gladys Foster

If you can't come, please pray. We need every

help and blessing that God has for us here. For further information you may contact: Bro. Emanuel Gracey at (316) 778-1848, or Bro. Paul Phillips at (316) 721-9557. The church address is 1701 N. Ash, Wichita, KS, 67214, Ph. (316) 267-9582.



## FROM THE MAILBOX



WV—Dear Brothers and Sisters: I am trying to write again after having a stroke in October, 1990. The *Faith and Victory* means so much to me. I thank God for it, also all the workers there.

Please remember me in prayer. I am in a wheelchair. I cannot walk; my spine hurts so badly where I had cancer in 1988....

A sister in Christ, —Queen Luzader



LA—Dear Loved Ones: "Praise the Lord!" I'm so thankful to have Jesus in my life and experience His know-how power.

Life in Shreveport, LA, has been a challenge. However, as the song says, "Jesus can solve every problem, the tangles of life He can undo. There is nothing too hard for Jesus..."

Last year I took a hard fall which crippled me for several months. As a waitress, I depend on my hands and feet. Jesus carried me for weeks, enabling me to not miss any days or nights of work.

Before my fall, I lost my job at Shoney's three different times. With the Lord's help, my Christian friends and E.E.O.C., (Equal Employment Opportunity Commission) my job was returned to me with back pay and restored seniority. This was a miracle!

I appreciate the strength Jesus gives me each day to work two jobs. Life as a single parent is possible for me because of my Saviour, Jesus.

We love you all and miss being in the camp meetings. Nevertheless, one of these days we will all be in a glorious meeting that will never end; a meeting we won't have to miss because of work or sickness. I covet your prayers.

Yours because of Christ,

—Catherine Bhramayana and girls



OK—Dear Bro. Wayne: I'm so thankful for this wonderful plan of salvation; also for the

wonderful camp meeting He gave us. I am thankful for the strength He gave me that I could attend as much as I did. I feel I owe Him many thanks for all the many blessings He bestows upon me. He is a wonderful Savior.

I have a prayer request. My sister, Lula Huston, who is 93 years old, had an accident. She lives on the fifth floor of a high-rise. She came downstairs on the elevator. When she was getting on, the door closed and hit her and knocked her down. She was rushed to the hospital and x-rays were taken. She had no broken bones, but is suffering with her shoulder and hip. She can't seem to walk at all....

Love and prayers, —Sister Emma Dilley



KY—Dear workers at the Print Shop: I thank our Lord for people like you. This world is getting in such a shape that we have to lean on each other for support.

There are so many that don't even want the name of God mentioned. What sorrow they will see if they don't repent. I wouldn't want to lay my head on my pillow at night if I didn't have my Lord to go to.

I requested prayer for my great grandson and myself, and thank the good Lord, we are both much better. That proves what prayer and faith can do.

God bless you all, —Wilma Horsley



CA—Dear saints: I greet you all on this beautiful day, in Jesus' name. I am so grateful to the dear Lord for showing me the way.

Things in California sure are evil. There is so much violence going on. I am happy to be standing on God's promises. He has answered many prayers in our behalf.

I want to thank all the saints who helped me pray about our son who was driving a truck and was in some danger. I prayed so often. One day I had a call from him. He said that in about a week he would be working closer to his home, driving a logging truck. Not only was the job closer, but he makes better wages. He was so thrilled. He said to me, "Mamma, I wonder why I got that job?" I told him I had been praying for him to get closer to home, and the Lord answered. He said, "I believe that." God is so great to us. Without Him we could do nothing. I don't understand how people make it here on the earth without our dear Savior.

With all our love and prayers,

—Sis. Lois Underwood

MI—Dear Bro. Wayne and workers: Greetings in the name of Jesus. May the Lord bless each and every one of you richly who are in His precious work....

The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." Prov. 18:10. We surely need a strong tower today the way everything is going. We know these are the last days which we are living in. The coming of the Lord is drawing nigh, and how good it is to know we have Jesus as our refuge and strength.

I have a prayer request. I would like you to remember the lady who lives with me. She is in the hospital with a very bad, swollen leg; with a bad infection. She has been, and still is, suffering with much pain.

I haven't been feeling well. Pray the Lord will touch my body. He always has taken care of me, and I know He won't let me down.

Well, I pray you are all well and happy in the Lord. May the good Lord watch over all of you and always keep you in His loving care.

My love and prayers, —Sis. Olive Gettersen

Ok—Dear saints everywhere: No one will ever be able to persuade me that the day of miracles is past. I am here today because of the power of God over death and the grave. Many of you were aware of my illness in early May of this year. I was having severe gall bladder problems. On April 18th I had an attack. For more than two weeks I was unable to eat enough to sustain the strength I needed to care for my family. When I would try to eat, an attack would follow, causing me to exist on mainly jello and some juices. On May 5th, I had been feeling well for a few days and felt maybe I could eat a bit. That night I felt quite uncomfortable. I stayed by the couch that night, praying the Lord to remove this and not allow a full and painful attack.

"He knoweth the way that I take..." How thankful I am that He knew. Many times it is best that we don't know what is ahead of us. As I look back, I don't know if I could have made it, knowing the pain and suffering I was to endure.

After three nights and two-and-a-half days of continuous pain, I was so weary and felt I couldn't handle any more. The Lord saw my need and I fell into unconsciousness. This happened several different times, and during this time I could commune with the Lord, hear what was said in close proximity to my head, and had no pain whatsoever. Even though I knew my family was trying to communicate with me, I

could not respond, but I was completely relaxed and restful in body. Oh, it was wonderful to be free from pain, even if for a few minutes. When I awoke again, the suffering was still great.

The Lord saw fit to spare me to my family. I thank the saints for their prayers, calls and cards. It was truly a blessing to know so many were concerned and interceding in my behalf. I desire your continued prayers.

—Colleen Probst

CT—I have been truly blessed in studies from the booklet, "Unraveling Revelation," by A. Q. Bridwell, and "Revelation Explained" by F. G. Smith. I would encourage all to read and study these books for the deep meat of the Word. It truly lifts the spirit within to look for Jesus Christ's soon return to take us to glory with Him.

I was having Bible studies at my home with a friend who was ill, my mother, who is 85 years old, and my faithful wife, who helps me very much. My friend went to be with Jesus in January. We stopped our studies temporarily; but I am praying to start them up again soon. I covet your prayers. We don't have a Church of God to attend in this area, but I know God will keep us close to Him as we obey His Word, and keep ourselves from the world and its influence. We are living in the closing period of the last days before our Lord comes, and must keep watching for His soon return.

May God continue to bless you as you continue in His work of feeding others with His pure Word of truth.

Your brother in Jesus Christ, —Tom Stoliker

IN—Dear Bro. Wayne Murphey: My husband and I were married 49 years and 5 months when he passed away. I want to give my testimony of how I was able to care for him while he was sick.

In 1986 my husband became very sick, so he went to the hospital for tests. That is when they told him he had bone cancer. For four years he did real well, but on December 24, 1992, he fell in the bathroom. I had to get help to get him in the bedroom. God gave me strength to care for him. He didn't want to go to the nursing home, and I didn't want him to go. I wanted him with me however long it would take. He lived only three months. He passed away on March 24, 1993. The saints here in Indianapolis held me up before the Lord.



May God bless all of you at the Print Shop. I do pray for you. —Sis. John Johnson  
— — — — —

KS—Dear Bro. Wayne and co-workers: I am so sorry to hear about the damage to the Church of God property and other property also caused by the flood at Guthrie. We thank the Lord that the Print Shop was spared.

Thanks again for your prayers. Jack has made some progress in his small business and at times feels better. About two years ago, while working in construction work, he fell 32 feet from a two-story roof, injuring his back and tearing his left ribs loose from the sternum. He also injured his collar bone and received other injuries. He is now trying to start a business in small appliances as he can no longer do heavy work. We thank God that he lived through the fall. We are trusting the Lord to help him prosper in the business.

Jack's father needs much prayer. He has come a long way, but he has not completely broken the habit of alcohol and tobacco. He has had a battle with this for many years. I still trust the dear Lord to completely heal him, and help him overcome the habits. I believe the Lord will gently draw Leo to Himself and save his precious soul. He and I have been separated many years because of alcohol. I do so hope and pray that we will soon be restored to each other as husband and wife should be. Leo is a dear person, and hardly the same as he was even a year ago. He has made much progress.

Also pray for my dear sister, Vesta, who has heart trouble, and cancer in her neck bone. My brother, David Dickerson, also has a very bad heart condition.

Thanks again. Love and prayers,  
—Naomi Dickerson Hiebert  
— — — — —

TN—I enjoy the magazine, *Faith and Victory*, and look forward to getting it each month. It is a great inspiration and uplift.

My husband has been very ill for over eight years. It is just the two of us here. We are both in our 70's and my health isn't good. I just pray the Lord will see fit to give added strength, both physically and spiritually, as He has done these past years. Please put us on your prayer list. We are both Christians and love the Lord.

Yours in Christ, —The Vicks  
— — — — —

OH—Dear Bro. Murphey and workers at the Lord's Print Shop: Greetings to you in the

precious name of Jesus. I thank the Lord that I am still saved and encouraged to press the battle on.

I really appreciate and thank the Lord for how He blessed and protected the Print Shop from severe damage. I really enjoy the *Faith and Victory* and *Beautiful Way* papers, and all the literature that you send out. I also enjoy the precious Word of God which is food for our souls.

Bro. Fuller and his family are doing pretty well, thank the Lord. He still has a battle from time to time, but the Lord has blessed him to be able to preach on Sunday mornings. I thank the Lord for our pastor and all of God's true ministers. I appreciate how they cry aloud and spare not. We really need the Word of God to show us ourselves. May God find me daily applying the Word of God that I hear and read to my life.

Please continue to pray for me, the congregation here, my children, and all of my loved ones. I am praying for you and appreciate and thank the Lord for you all.

With much love, —Sis. Janice Shaw  
— — — — —

Turkey—Dear Bro. and Sis. Murphey: Greetings in the name of our soon-coming King, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

We appreciated you taking time to write to us all the way in Turkey. Yes, the gospel is truly being taught in all nations. We left Georgia in August, 1992, to come to this foreign land. My husband is in the Air Force and so we ended up at Incirlik, Air Base, Turkey. We miss the saints in Georgia, but we have come to know many more through your newspaper. We thank God for the *Faith and Victory* paper, as well as faith and victory in our lives. We have church services in our home and have been blessed to share the gospel truth. The Lord is in control and to Him we give our life, love and desires.

The enemy has been trying to afflict us, but we march on. We are encouraged by the testimonies of the saints far and wide: U. S., India, Philippines, etc.

Do keep us in your prayers. The love of God compels us to pray for those we don't even know in the *Faith and Victory*. Pray for the remnant of the Church of God. A great earthquake is about to shake the Church, and only those anchored in the truth are going to remain standing. Pray for us. Saints, let us pray for each other.

—Bro. Paul and Sis. Merlene Scott

OH—Dear Brothers and Sisters at the *Faith and Victory*: Thank you for a publication that advocates holiness and a closer walk and fellowship with God. The Lord is opening our eyes to the need for a closer walk with Him, and the *Faith and Victory* has reinforced it. I am glad I ordered subscriptions for some of my friends.

God bless you in your work for Him.

In Christian love, —Mrs. Norm (Carol) Miller

LA—Dear Bro. Wayne: Greetings to you and everyone on this lovely day that the Lord has made. We are thankful that we can rejoice and be glad in it. We are glad to still be saved and encouraged in the Lord. He is so good to us all. We have no complaints. Surely we love Him with all our hearts.

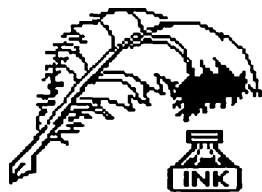
We sold our house last month. We are staying at our daughter Judith's home until our apartment can be built, joining the home of our daughter, Nell Davis.

The move and selling of our place has been real hard on us both, but we are adjusting and the Lord is blessing. We are so grateful for His strength and grace. Our children were so supportive and helpful to us through it all. We are so thankful for our family who love us and are concerned about our happiness and welfare.

May the Lord continue to bless you and the workers there at the Print Shop. May God bless all.

—Max and Lula Williamson

## LETTERS FROM THE MISSION FIELDS



### From India...

May 18, 1993—Dear Bro. Wayne Murphey and dear brothers and sisters in America: Greetings to all you dear ones again in the sweetest name of Jesus Christ. May God bless each saint who has prayed and supported the needs of the Church of God in South India....

The rainy season has already started here, and the monsoon starts by June.

We had an all-day service last week at Trichur. It was a time of sweet fellowship of the

saints from different places. Two sisters were baptized, and over 50 saints participated in the ordinance service.

Please continue to pray for us as we do for you.

Yours in Him, —Bro. John Varghese

### From Mexico...

June 21, 1993—I greet you in the precious and holy name of our Savior, Jesus Christ, hoping that you are in good health, with all those around you, and full of love, serving the King of kings. This is my desire and prayer.

I write this letter with much love, thanking God for the rich blessings He has showered on us, and especially over the work here. This month we had two that were saved, and others that are consecrating their lives to God. It is wonderful to be able to see the power of God working in people's lives.

We thank the Lord for what He has done for one of the sisters here. She has been living for the Lord for nine years. For all these years she has been praying for her family, and now the Lord has started answering her prayers. One of her sons got saved and is encouraged to live for the Lord. Also, two of her daughters-in-law got saved, and one of her daughters, and another daughter-in-law is coming to our church services now. I feel that the Lord is going to reach them too. I would like to ask you to pray for this situation, and also for the other saints here. God has been working in marvelous ways. He has been so merciful and good to us. I think of the test that God had for Abraham. He was willing to give his son even though he was part of him. It wasn't that he didn't love his son, but to him it was more important to obey God. And since the Lord saw that he was willing to give everything, He blessed him in a marvelous way. It is the same way with us. If we are willing to give everything for the Lord, He will bless us for it.

We would like to invite all those who would like to, to come for the camp meeting here in Ensenada which will take place the first week in August. There will be interpreters. We now have in our congregation a brother who is bilingual, and he is consecrated to the Lord.

I appreciate each one that has called and written to encourage me, and also I want to thank you for your prayers. I also want to thank you for your prayers concerning the registration of the chapel building of God. We want you to

know that your time and offerings are not in vain. We can see the hand of God working.

Your brother in Christ, —Mayarino Escobar

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## IN MEMORIAM

**Jennetta Newton** suddenly passed away Wednesday night, June 2, 1993, with a heart attack at the age of 48 years, 11 months.

She was a faithful sister who loved people. She could comfort and console the children and babies, showing much love and patience to each one. All the children in our congregation loved and respected her also. She was very dependable to babysit whenever called. She was also used by the Lord to keep in touch with many of the elderly ones. She called several everyday, visiting with each one. She was a loving wife and mother, always putting others first, sacrificing her desires and wants for those of others.

She leaves behind, her husband, James Newton; two sons, Mike and Wayne Newton; one daughter, Dee Ann Newton; her mother, Verba Holdt, and mother-in-law, Elsie Newton; all of Springfield; two brothers, Glen and Donnie Holdt; four sisters, Lois Asbury of Chicago, IL, Wanda Dykes of Marshfield, MO, Alta Scroggins and Carolyn Hinton, both of Springfield, MO; many nieces and nephews and friends.

Funeral services were conducted by Bro. James Bell, with Sis. Dena Porter assisting. Burial was at Oak Grove Cemetery, north of Norwood, MO.

We would like to thank all the saints for their prayers and support during the sudden passing of my mother.

We want to thank everyone for their cards, letters, and food given to us.

We still need your prayers, as this was very sudden. No one knew of her having any chest pains until the day before her passing.

—Dee Ann Newton and family

### IN MEMORY OF SIS. JENNETTA NEWTON

The Lord paid us a visit,  
To choose a flower for His bouquet.  
He looked around for one who was perfect,  
And chose our dear loving Sis. Jennett.

He came without warning to claim her.  
Our hearts He all left in shock.

It was so hard to let go of her;  
Taking one from our little flock.

She was quiet, but busy working,  
As she filled the place God had for her.  
Taking care of babies and children,  
Whom she loved and they all loved her.

The elderly were not forsaken.  
She called many every day  
To see how each one was doing  
And listen to what they had to say.

We'll miss you dear Sis. Jennett,  
But know you're in a better place  
With Jesus and all of His children  
For you to love and embrace.

—Dena Porter

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**Raymond Johnson**, son of William and Ida Johnson, was one of 15 children. He was born in Boley, OK, October 25, 1918, and went to be with Jesus on April 23, 1993, at the age of 74.

He was raised in Boley and attended school there. He was drafted into the armed services and served two years in the U. S. Army. After his discharge from the army, he went back to Oklahoma and lived there for awhile. He then moved to Wichita, KS, in 1951 and met and married Juanita Andrews in July, 1952. They were blessed with five children.

At the age of 21, Raymond gave his heart to the Lord, thereby being born into the Church of God. He loved God and the truth and dedicated his life to God's service, which was a span of more than 50 years. He was called to the ministry about 35 years ago and truly enjoyed telling about God and His Church and the glory of salvation. He also served as deacon in the Church for many years, and he was faithful to God until his crossing over to the glory land.

He was a good and faithful husband, and a father who loved and cared for his children, and taught them about God. He was a kind and gentle man who was loved and respected by many people. He was preceded in death by his parents, four sisters and three brothers.

He leaves to cherish his memory, his faithful wife, Juanita; three daughters, Theresa Berry of Wichita, KS, Joy of Lancaster, CA, and Sherry of Dallas, TX; two sons, Kevin of Arkansas City, KS, and Tommy of Wichita, KS; nine grandchildren; six brothers, Mansfield and Jewell of Oakland, CA, Menser, Willie, Leo and A. C., all from Oklahoma, and one sister, Lucille Fran-

cisco of Rialto, CA; as well as many nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends.

Funeral services were conducted by Bro. Charles Chandler, with interment in the Old Mission Cemetery, Wichita, KS.

### ----- Note of Thanks

The family of Tina Skaggs wishes to convey a special heart-felt "Thanks" to all the dear saints for their many encouraging letters, cards, flowers, gifts, prayers and true Christian love. We felt the effect of those prayers and love. They were our greatest source of help in this time of need. May God richly bless each one of you.

### TO ALL PARENTS

"I'll lend you, for a little while, a child of mine,"  
He said,

"For you to love the while she lives and mourn  
for when she's dead.

It may be six or seven years or twenty-two or  
three,

But will you, till I call her back, take care of her  
for me?

She'll bring her charms to gladden you, and  
shall her stay be brief

You'll have her lovely memories as solace for  
your grief."

"I cannot promise she will stay, since all from  
earth return,

But there are lessons taught down there I want  
this child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over in my search for  
teachers true

And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I  
have selected you.

Now will you give her all your love, nor think the  
labor vain,

Nor hate me when I come to call to take her back  
again?"

I fancied that I heard them say: "Dear Lord, thy  
will be done!

For all the joy thy child shall bring, the risk of  
grief will run.

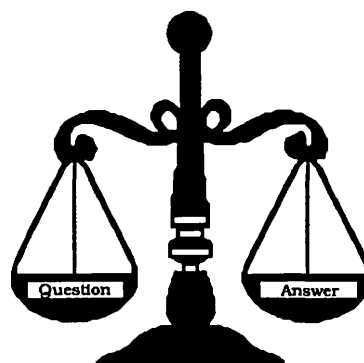
We'll shelter her with tenderness, we'll love her  
while we may,

And for the happiness we've known forever  
grateful stay.

But shall the angels call for her much sooner  
than we've planned

We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to  
understand."

## Where's the Balance?



By Wayne Murphey

**Question:** Why could people in Bible times receive inspiration to write a book for the Bible, and people nowadays can't be divinely inspired to write another book for the Bible?

**Answer:** There are two points to be considered in answering this question. First, there is no need for another book in the Bible. Under the inspiration of God, the Apostle Paul wrote to Timothy, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." II Timothy 3:16-17. II Timothy contains the last recorded words of the Apostle Paul and was written between A. D. 65 and 67. Much instruction had been passed to man from God by this time, and Paul told Timothy there was enough to guide him in life, no matter what type of information was needed. People have lived for God down through the ages and found the Bible adequate, in conjunction with the Spirit of God to interpret it, to make it to heaven. We have access to the very same enlightenment, and we can make a success of our Christian race as well.

The second point that should be considered is that it is possible for people today to speak and write as the oracles of God. The question that naturally follows is: How do we know if someone is speaking or writing under the inspiration of God? A very basic litmus test is that the Word and Spirit will agree. It doesn't matter how wise or pious something may sound, if the Word of God does not plainly substantiate it, it is not inspired of God. Other questions you might submit a questionable line of thought to are: Is it pure and sincere in its aim and will it bring any ulterior benefit to the one promoting it, for people to embrace it? Does it lift up Christ and

does it have a gentle drawing power that makes you want to be more like Him? If you are being forthright in serving God, what kind of taste does the thought in question leave in your mouth? Is it one of inspiration or does it leave you feeling flat and drained from wrestling with it? D. L. Moody once said, "I know the Bible is inspired because it inspires me."

As Christians we must beware, because there are many things in the world that are purported to be of God that are not. I read of one man of God who gave a warning to preachers to the effect that they should not slaughter the Word of God and call upon the congregation to attend the funeral. The enemy of our souls is working hard, and his trademarks are confusion and destruction. They are the very opposite of the inspired Word of God, for it brings unity and life, as will all things prompted by God.

If something doesn't meet this criteria, then stand back and let an amount of time pass. Time has a great way of proving something true or false. If it is from God, it will stand the test of time. If not, it will cause wholesale confusion and eventually fall by the wayside, and in many cases even a short amount of time will show what is behind something.

In closing, let me state that there is a vast linkage from heaven to earth whereby God pours out His holy unction upon mankind. The prophet Joel said, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Acts 2:17. This is a wonderful prophecy which we can be beneficiaries of today.



## **The Lies of This World**

By Myra Moaning

Have you heard the terms "pro-life" and "pro-choice?" Have you ever heard people discuss this issue? Even the words used in the discussion are purposely used to manipulate or control the way you think. This is simply one of the ways Satan uses to lead you to believe more of the lies of this world.

The opposite of life is not choice—it is death. In Deuteronomy 30:19, Moses stated what God had asked him to tell the children of Israel. He said, "I call heaven and earth to record this day

against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."

Our young people are being told by individuals on the radio, on T. V., in books, in magazines and in the public schools, that unborn children are not really humans until they reach a certain stage in development. Some say they become humans when they are born. Others say it happens when they are developed enough to live in this world on their own, even though they may not be born for several more weeks or months. Still others say an unborn child is a child as soon as all their body parts have formed, which happens much earlier than most parents realize. However, if for the answer to this question we look into the Word of God, we can read in Jeremiah 1:5 where God spoke to Jeremiah and said, "Before I formed thee...and before thou camest forth out of the womb...I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." This shows us clearly that the unformed child is not a "potential" human being, but a human being with potential from the moment of conception.

When scientists and doctors, with their increasingly sophisticated tools and instruments, are able to see and observe things they had never been able to watch in the past, they come to conclusions that prove the Word of God is true. They "discover" things that were there, in the Bible, all this time.

The ultrasound machine is a machine that allows people to observe the movements and positions of unborn children. One day, Dr. Bernard Nathanson, in Lake County, IN, watched as a film was made of an abortion in process, using the ultrasound machine.

The little girl was peacefully sucking her thumb. Her heart was beating at a normal rate of around 120 beats per minute. When the abortionist's instrument touched in close proximity, her heartbeat increased. As the instrument came near her, she thrashed wildly around attempting to escape the thing that was invading her world.

The tiny child had no choice in the decisions allowing her life to be ended. She was dismembered as those in the room watched. At one point, she threw back her head and opened her mouth wide, in an action described by Dr. Nathanson as a silent scream.

The onlookers watched as the outline of the forceps found her head and crushed it so it

could be suctioned. It is said that when the abortionist saw the film, he left the clinic and never returned.

Abortionists are paid well. In some clinics the procedures are scheduled carefully and the doctor can move quickly from room to room, and earn \$600 or more per hour.

The Word of God has already let us know that the love of money is the root of all evil. The abortion issue is one case that verifies this scripture as being true.

Many argue that women should have the right to decide if they wish to bring a child into this world. They do not wish for the young lady to be told that the life within is not simply a mass of tissue, a clump of cells.

I personally cannot imagine that abortionist walking into his house, taking his wife by the hand, looking into her face and saying, "Honey, I know I'm home early today—but—honey, I just saw a clump of cells scream."

Don't, dear ones, believe the lies of this world.



## It Can Be Worse

By Connie Sorrell

While the apostle Paul was a guarded prisoner at Rome, he wrote a letter to the Church of God at Philippi. In Philippians 4:11, we read, "Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

This is a declarative statement, not interrogative with a question mark. Neither did he add an "if only" after the word "content." However, it is easy to make our contentment conditional by adding, "If only God would answer prayer the way I am expecting Him to do."

There have been times when I have found myself adding an "if only" to this scripture. Just a few months ago, I heard myself saying, "Lord, I would be content, if only the roof wouldn't leak." Then through a recent experience, I learned a valuable lesson.

At first, the leak in the entrance hall was an aggravating drip, drip, drip. Now no one likes to fix a roof in the rain, but once it quit raining, we somehow forgot about it until it rained again. Suddenly, the drips became a stream filling a bucket. That's when the rainy, stormy weather came, like as in the days of Noah. For several

weeks, rain was continually in the forecast. Creeks and rivers swelled. Ponds and lakes spilled over.

My husband, Dwane, and I were visiting my parents when we realized flood water was rising up to an aunt and uncle's house which is located across the alley from my parents' house. In a panic, Aunt Waneta called, "It's going to flood my house! What should we do?"

Dwane and Dad rushed around the block to help set things higher in the garage. From our uphill view, Mother and I watched as the rushing water from upstream met with the rising water of Bird Creek. Red, muddy water swirled around a row of evergreen cedars, gas meters, and chain link fences. It rose higher, lapping over their patio and into their garage. Still the sky was pouring down rain.

"It's going to flood her kitchen and dining room!" I exclaimed. "I'm going over to help them set things higher."

When I arrived, four inches of water were already in her kitchen. We quickly took everything out of the two lower cabinet shelves and stacked things on the counter top. Most of her dry goods and small appliances were salvaged, but inside her refrigerator, cabbage, apples, and other vegetables were already bobbing in dirty water before we could save them. Muddy water gurgled in her air conditioner vents and rippled around her wooden table and chairs.

The men were stacking furniture and rescuing pictures, guns, business papers and valuable books. I restacked her linen closet, putting things higher; however, her big blankets and comforters on the bottom shelf were already saturated. Some things were already floating in the ever rising water. Their waterbed was an island with clothes piled on it. My dad waded into the bedroom.

"Get a change of clothes and let's get out," he told my aunt. "The water is close to the electric sockets. I'll go throw the breakers, but it is still dangerous in this water during the storm."

In knee deep water, I stumbled to the entrance hall where the water current swayed the front door. A little frog swam by, carried into their house by the current. Dwane was by my side and helped me wade to shore—a nearby section of the street.

Neighbors were sympathetic. Some had been busy rescuing a 95 year-old lady in a wheelchair whose house was also flooded. Then Aunt Waneta appeared at her front door.

"My cedar chest is getting all wet," she cried. "It has my wedding gown and Daniel's baby keepsakes in it!" Dwane rushed back through the rain and flood to carry, on his shoulder, her dripping cedar chest.

My heart ached as we left her new brick house surrounded by cold, muddy water. Later, water marks on the wall measured the flood to be two feet in the house, and two and a half feet in the garage. Their nice 1990 Buick had water above the seats. They are still finding valuable things that the water damaged.

At my home again, I sat down in my dry living room and looked at the bucket in my entrance hall. So what that the ceiling was dripping and the floor was a little wet.

"Lord," I said, "I have **learned**, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content—even with a leaky ceiling."

Suddenly I heard strange noises on the roof. It was still drizzling outside, but this noise was not rain. A ladder was propped against the porch, and up above Dwane was busy patching the roof.



## The Glory of the Lord

By Janet McMurrin

What does the glory of the Lord look like? I ran across a verse last year that described the glory of the Lord as a rainbow, so I've researched the subject to prove the idea.

The verse I read was Ezekiel 1:28, "As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord...." It was such a beautiful picture I had to share it. A rainbow is light separated into many colors. The encyclopedia says that in Europe some languages describe a rainbow as "the bridge of the Holy Spirit" and "the girdle of God." We know God is light, so His glory could look like light diffused into a rainbow.

Rainbows began as God's promise never to destroy the earth by flood again. Genesis 9:16 says "And the bow shall be in the cloud..." Many times the Bible mentions the glory of the Lord appearing in a cloud. In Numbers 16:42, the congregation looked toward the tabernacle and the cloud covered it, and the glory of the Lord appeared. The glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord when a cloud appeared in I Kings 8:10-11 and also as told in II Chronicles 5:14.

Sometimes fire is described as the glory of the Lord. When Moses went up on Mount Sinai in Exodus 24, a cloud covered the mountain and the glory of the Lord was like a devouring fire on top of the mountain to the children of Israel. The glory that covered the tabernacle in day was as a cloud and at night as a fire. Twice the glory of the Lord appeared and fire came down upon the altar. (Leviticus 9:23-24 and II Chronicles 7:1-3.) Revelations 10:1 talks about an angel coming down from heaven clothed with a cloud and a rainbow on his head, a face as the sun, and feet as pillars of fire.

Although the glory of the Lord is not a rainbow, a rainbow is a picture of the glory of the Lord. Revelations 4:3 says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne." Since I first read that verse in Ezekiel, rainbows have been extra special to me. I hope when you see a rainbow now you will not only remember God's promise, but also see the picture of the glory of the Lord. A rainbow is one of God's most beautiful creations, and I believe there will be rainbows in Heaven too.

(The above article was taken from, *The Lamp of Youth*, a newsletter for young people, published by Faith Publishing House and edited by Raleah Campbell and Elizabeth Lara. Subscriptions to this bimonthly paper are free for the asking.)



## "Blessed are they which have not seen, and yet have believed."

By Sis. Fern Stubblefield

"But we trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." (Luke 24:21a.) These were the words of two of Jesus' disciples as they were walking to Emmaus on that Resurrection Day. Their hearts were sad and they were troubled as they walked and talked of all the things which had happened. Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them. "But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him." (v. 16.) Jesus inquired about their communication together and their sadness. Then they poured out their hearts to Him, not knowing that it was the risen Saviour they were conversing with. They told him of how the chief priests and rulers had delivered Jesus to be condemned to death and crucified Him. "But we trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel."

Jesus had told his disciples that He would

suffer many things of the elders and chief priests, and be killed and raised again the third day. (Matt. 16:21.) He had disclosed to them at the last supper that they would weep and lament, but the world would rejoice, and that their sorrow would be turned into joy. He gave them the promise, "And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." (John 16:20-22.) Then that very morning after Jesus had risen from the dead, the angels had told the women who had come early to the sepulchre, "He is not here, but is risen: remember how He spake unto you when He was yet in Galilee, Saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again." Luke 24:6-7. In spite of these testimonies to this resurrection, their faith had not taken hold and they were sad.

"Then He said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them...the things concerning himself." (Luke 24:25-27.) As Jesus talked and opened up the scriptures to them, their hearts burned within them.

Upon reaching their destination, they constrained Him to abide with them. As He took bread, blessed and brake it and gave unto them, their eyes were opened and they knew Him. Oh, what a change took place! Their faith took hold and they knew without a doubt that Jesus was risen from the dead. It was with great joy that they returned to Jerusalem and told the eleven of what things were done in the way and of how He was known of them in the breaking of bread.

We were not blessed to have been there and have not seen with our eyes the risen Saviour; but we can be among them of whom Jesus spoke, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." John 20:29b.



In order to be able to withstand every trial, it is necessary that we keep devotional at all times. We never know how many snares there are in the path before us as we enter each new day, but if we first of all be sure to take in a good supply of grace in our secret and family prayer, and other devotions, we shall have strength for every emergency of the day. —J. W. B.



**Excerpts Taken From  
July, 1943 Faith and Victory**

"I recently had an experience that did me much good. Over a year and a half ago I ordered around three thousand tracts from you and we went from house to house until we had left the tract *Art Thou Prepared for Eternity* in every home. We saw no results from our labors until June 1, 1943.

"When walking down the street, I met an elderly lady and a young man. We exchanged greetings, then they stopped and looked at me. They asked if I was one who went around giving out tracts about two years ago. I told them that I was and asked if they enjoyed reading them. They said that at first they laid the two tracts away and didn't read them until spring, when they were cleaning house and came across them. The young man read them and got saved, then wanted his mother to read them. When she did, she realized she was lost and in need of a Savior even though she had always lived a good life. She got saved. They tried to find the ones who gave them the tracts but could not find anyone who knew anything about us. It is wonderful the way the Lord worked it out. We had a real good time in the Lord right on the street."

—Gerrit Joostberns

"Gossip is one of the cardinal sins. It is not a single act, like murder, which stops one life and falls back to punish the offender; it is the breath of the Devil, soiling every ear it touches. It is the most deadly of poisons. It blights many lives; it smites the innocent with the guilty."

—Selected