

*Guided by*  
**THE UNSEEN HAND**



**MURPHY ALLEN**



# **Guided By The Unseen Hand**

**By  
Murphy Allen**



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## **A Tribute to My Wife**

I do not feel it would be fair to write this book without giving a tribute to my dear wife. She has certainly been a help-meet down through the years. She has stood by me, been faithful to look after the home, and has been a good homemaker. While the children were in school she was not able to travel with me. When I went out in evangelistic work, she faithfully “tarried by the stuff.” I am sure she endured many things that I did not know about, and I do appreciate her faithfulness. There was never a time that she stood between me and the work of the Lord. She has always been willing for me to do my duty. She would tell me, “Stay as long as the Lord wants you to stay, then hurry home!” I do trust that all of the ministers’ wives have been that faithful to them. I trust they never stand in the way of their husband’s ministry and in his obeying the Lord, and filling his place in the work of God. Now may God bless my dear wife and keep her faithful unto the end.

—Murphy Allen

## **Preface**

We have felt led of the Lord to endeavor to write of some of our experiences in the forty-four years of our ministry. These are just some highlights, as we did not keep a diary. We send this out hoping it may prove a blessing to all who read it. We take no praise or glory to ourselves; all praise and honor belong to God. We surely appreciate the saints who have stood with us in their prayers, financial support, and words of encouragement. Thanks go to those who have made it possible to edit and publish this book. We do not know what we have accomplished, so we leave the results with God.

Yours in Him,

—Murphy and Natalie Allen July, 1982

## Table of Contents

| Chapter   | Page |
|---|------|
| Years of Childhood.....                         | 1    |
| My Teen Age Years.....                          | 7    |
| A New Step in Life .....                        | 11   |
| Beginning Years of Our Ministry .....           | 17   |
| Full Time In the Ministry .....                 | 20   |
| Our Years at Mansfield, Mo .....                | 31   |
| In the Master's Service at Carterville, Mo..... | 52   |
| A New Field of Labor.....                       | 60   |
| In God's Work at Springfield, Mo.....           | 70   |
| Sermon—Earnestly Contend for the Faith          |      |
| Once Delivered to the Saints .....              | 76   |

## **Chapter I**

### **Years of Childhood**

On a cold January 17, 1915, I, Murphy Allen, was born to Roscoe Samuel and Carrie (Thompson) Allen. They were living near Norwood, Mo., in Wright County. I was the sixth child of the family, having three brothers and two sisters, as follows: Perry, Egbert, Mayme, Lawrence, and Amy. Little did this precious family realize how soon the Lord would reach down and take the mother away, leaving the father to care for and rear this family.

When I was only eleven months old, my mother was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage, and was soon taken from us to be with the Lord. She was known to be a praying woman, often slipping to the cornfield to have secret prayer, and getting very happy and shouting while out there alone. We feel she lived to all she understood.

After my mother passed away, an uncle, Robert Allen, and his wife, Nettie, took me to their home where I lived for approximately thirteen or fourteen years. I have always wondered about and longed to know what a real mother's love would have been like. However, my Aunt Nettie loved and mothered me, and did the best she could for me in the times they lived in, which were not easy times. Those of you who have been fortunate enough to have your own mother



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

and her love, cannot comprehend the depths of the loneliness in the heart of a motherless child. Uncle Robert and Aunt Nettie had a large family to care and provide for, all younger than I. They all shared with me, and even yet consider me as the older brother. They all had a hard life, with only bare necessities, many times having only cornbread and gravy for a meal, which is what many people had to eat in those days.

Some of the earliest things I can remember happened when I was about four years old and they are still vivid in my mind. A stray dog came to my uncle's house and continued to stay with us, becoming the family dog. Once when we were having dinner at Uncle Ben Moore's home, a man came by in a covered wagon pulled by a mule. He stopped and they gave him dinner, which he ate sitting on the wagon seat.

My Uncle Bob and Aunt Nettie moved to a place south of Norwood, Mo., owned by a Mr. Dave Ellis. This was a well-kept place and had concrete walks. One day Mr. Ellis came to our place and took my little pole axe home with him. We supposed that he was afraid I would break up the concrete walks with it. Later, when we were moving away, we went to Mr. Ellis to get my axe, but he could not find it. This hurt my feelings and I was a very disappointed little boy.

I had a little dog named Spot that I loved dearly. One day Spot was hit and killed by a passing car. I cried for a long time, and was very sad and lonely because I missed my little pet just as any child would.

One day I had to take the mule to the watering place. As I was riding down the hill, I accidentally slipped off the mule's shoulder and head, falling to the ground. The mule stepped over me and went

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

on to the water for a drink. This is just one of the many times that God spared my life as a child.

When I was still small, one of my brothers, Egbert, had some kind of a lapel pin that attracted me very much, and I desired it. Egbert told me if I would let him cut my hair that I could have the pin. I consented to let him cut my hair. Egbert cut one side of my hair close to the scalp, up to the top of my head, leaving the other side of my hair like it was. He sent me home very much humiliated. The boys laughed at me, which made me feel worse. Aunt Nettie did not like it very much, and she had to get one of my uncles to cut the other side to the scalp, too.

I had an old bicycle that my uncle had bought or someone had given us, that didn't have brakes. I could not afford to have any brakes put on it, but I learned to ride it anyway. I enjoyed riding down the banks and hills, in spite of a few accidents which were never very serious.

When I was about five years old, we lived in Norwood, Mo. We had a cow and it was my job to lead the cow to water—a place called the Mill Pond. One particular time, some of my cousins went along with me. They got behind the cow and whipped her, causing her to run and pull loose from my hold on the rope. This upset me very much.

One day my Uncle Bob left his gun loaded, and it was down where I could get it. I picked it up pointing it at my Aunt Nettie's head. She didn't know whether it was loaded or not. She rushed to me as I had the trigger cocked, and took it from me. She found that it was loaded. As I grew older and lived for the Lord, I realized it was the great mercy of God that prevented me from pulling the trigger.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Uncle Bob and Aunt Nettie moved to a farm east of Norwood. At this place I remember that they made wooden rabbit traps, and set them in the fields in the winter. I would catch rabbits, and sell them to make a little money. The rabbits would bring ten or fifteen cents each, and sometimes a little more. I had watched the older folk when taking the live rabbits out of their traps. They would take the rabbits by their back legs and hold them down, hitting the rabbit with their hand on the back of the neck, killing them. I thought that I could do the same, so when I caught my next rabbit I tried it. After hitting it on the back of its head I threw it down on the ground as I had seen the others do, expecting the rabbit to be dead. Instead, the rabbit jumped up and ran off. A very bewildered little boy stood there watching the rabbit run for a hiding place!

At school there was a boy (who was a bully) much older than I. One day he told me that he was going to beat me up that evening on our way home. I was dreading the time when I had to leave school and go home, but some of the neighbor children and my oldest sister heard about the threat this boy had made. Though they were supposed to go another way to their homes, they decided to go with me. Sure enough, this boy had run ahead and was hiding in the bushes along the road. He rushed out to beat me up, but the other children were close enough to help me. The bully went on his way much defeated.

In the wintertime when there was snow and ice on the ground, I would ride down the hills in a large scoop shovel for my sled. Sometimes we would make sleds with wooden boards. They made fairly good sleds, and several children had them in those days. I did not have toys as other children had. I played with homemade toys, one being a metal wheel and a narrow board about three feet long with another narrow board about six inches long nailed across the

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

end of the longer board. This I used to push the wheel, spending many hours with my homemade toy; yet, many times my heart longed for nice toys like the other children had.

I, like most children with the Adamic nature, tried to get by without obeying at times. One day my aunt sent me to the cornfield to plant some beans. As most children do, I became tired of planting beans in the corn, but knew I must not go back to the house with the rest of the beans. I noticed a hollow tree stump nearby, and decided to put the beans inside the stump. I was afraid my aunt would see the beans in there so thought that putting a little dirt over them would hide them better. Then I went to the house. My aunt asked me if I had planted all of the beans. I promptly answered that I had, never telling her where or how. It, no doubt, was a bit questionable to her as I probably had not been gone long enough to plant all the seeds in the cornfield. She never questioned me any further, though. However, in a few days she went to the cornfield to see if the beans were coming up. Passing the stump, what did she behold? Many, many beans were coming up from around the stump, which gave evidence of my misdemeanor and caught up with my lie. I was punished for it, and there was a lasting impression made upon me of how my evil deeds came to light.

I did several things to bring punishment upon me when I was a child. My aunt used a peach tree limb which stung keenly. I thought at the time she punished me that she was killing me, but when I grew older I realized I should have had more than I received.

We attended a one-room school. In those days most of the country schools had only one teacher for all eight grades. Sometimes there was only one pupil in some grades while other grades had as many as six or eight. The teacher would start with the lower grades, advancing to the higher grades, and have them recite their lessons in

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

the various subjects such as reading, spelling, and arithmetic. There would be a few minutes for recess in the morning, an hour at noon for lunch, and another recess in the afternoon. There was an old iron bell which was rung when it was time for school to take up. School started at eight o'clock and was dismissed at four o'clock in the afternoon. Many times children would have to walk several miles to and from school, and a few had horses to ride.

A neighbor lady, her husband, and adopted son lived close to the school, and we had to pass their house every day going to and from school. They had an apple orchard. One day as we were coming home from school, their adopted son had placed a row of nice apples across the dirt road for us to get. My cousins and I were so glad to have the apples, and we had quite a time getting our dinner pails filled with them. The lady was a very nice woman, and I feel she lived for the Lord to all she knew and understood. We would visit these folks sometimes, and once when we were there, the lady asked us if we wanted a cornbread and opossum sandwich.

There were times I had to take cornbread and bacon for my lunch. One day a boy came up and threw dirt in my pail. I did not have anything for my lunch, as I could not eat it with all the dirt in it, but some of the other children shared their lunches with me.

One particular time I was told to go to the spring to get a bucket of water. In summer it was a very hot and tiring job to carry water, because our spring was not close to the house. I did not want to go, and was a little miffed, so after I got a little way from the house, I threw the bucket on the ground as hard as I could. My aunt saw me, but let me go on to the spring; when I got back she spanked me. The best I can remember, the bucket was enamel, which when chipped would rust easily. This naughty act tried my aunt's patience very much.

## **Chapter II**

### **My Teen Age Years**

When I was about fourteen years old I decided to go live at my father's home. It was hard for my aunt and uncle to see me leave, and my cousins could hardly stand it, for to them I was an older brother. They all stood and watched me until I was out of sight.

My father was happy to have his baby son come home to live with him. It had been thirteen years since I had been taken from home to live with my aunt and uncle. It seemed strange to my older brothers and sisters to have their youngest brother back in their home. They had grown up without having me around, and there were a lot of adjustments to be made, especially since there was no mother there to guide or teach us. It all seemed to leave me with a bit of an inferior complex.

I later hired out to another cousin. I bought a new suit of clothes with my first hard-earned money. I was about fifteen years old and feeling quite grown up. I began to seek the company of young girls. In so doing I was thrown with many young people, and some did not have a good influence on me. I went from one thing to another. I started to smoke and chew as the other boys did, and even did some drinking; however, the Lord kept His hand over me and kept me from getting the drink habit. It seemed my mother's prayers followed

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

me. I did get the tobacco habit, and had it until I was saved. My father, grandfather, all of my brothers, and an Aunt Ann who lived with my father, all used tobacco in some form.

After working for my cousin I went back to my father's home. One day I was in Norwood with a group of boys riding on some horses. One boy got into a heated argument with another boy, and threw a rock at the boy. The rock missed him, and hit me on the head, cutting a deep gash in my head. When it healed up, it left a deep place with the skin sunken in. It was a bad scar in the shape of the letter *F*, the initial of the boy (whose name was Frank) that hit me with the rock.

A few years later some boyfriends and I decided to go to a charivari in a nearby neighborhood. They had only one horse, and there were three of us going. Two of the boys rode the horse and I held to the horse's tail. I was being pulled along, taking long, running steps; they were going at a pretty fast pace. All went well until we came to a ditch across our way. I fell headlong into the ditch, hitting the same place that was hit with the rock. This lick caused the place to come back out, making the forehead even; however, the scar remains in my forehead. I did not continue the trip with the boys to the charivari but returned home.

As I grew older, I began to feel the need of something in my life. The life I was pursuing was not satisfying the longing I had in my heart. I did not know exactly what I needed, or how to get it. One time I went to the altar during a meeting at the school house, but I did not get my heart's desire. I went on in sin for some time longer, being miserable. Quite some time later, I went with some neighbors to a tent meeting. Heavy conviction seized me that night and I went to the altar, confessing and repenting of my sins. I met the Lord and received the experience of salvation to my soul. To this day I rejoice

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

and praise the Lord for that definite work and experience with the Lord. I had not been taught the ways of the Lord, and did not realize the steps needed to grow in the Lord. I gradually grew lean in my soul, and from the lack of spiritual guidance, I lost my experience of salvation. The enemy had his snares set to trap me in pitfalls again. I was eighteen years old by this time.

It wasn't long until there was a series of meetings being held in a neighboring community. I attended some of the meetings and felt the Lord dealing with me again. I yielded to the wooing of the Spirit of God and settled it to go all the way with the Lord this time. My brother Egbert was also saved in this meeting, and the two of us prayed together a lot and were an encouragement to each other. We attended the cottage prayer meetings and services at the community church where we lived. We never joined any of those community churches or imbibed their doctrine, as we felt our names were written in heaven and had no need to join a church. "He that doeth the will of the Father shall know the doctrine." We just loved the Lord and endeavored to please the Lord with our lives.

At about nineteen years of age I began feeling I should get out on my own. I went with a couple to Arkansas to pick cotton, and I lost my suitcase with my small amount of clothes in it. While working near the town of Imboden, Ark., I contracted malaria. I was very sick with chills and fever. The only place to sleep was in a wagon load of cotton. Here I was in a strange town with no one near that I knew, and I had not worked long enough before getting sick to have money for the trip home. I managed to get into town and send my father a telegram telling him that I was very sick. He sent me enough money to take a train home, and was I glad to get back! After I arrived home I grew worse, and the family did not know if I would live or not. At this point the Lord was dealing with me about



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

trusting Him for the healing of my body. He showed me if I would trust Him I would get well, but if I trusted in man I would die. I had heard of a sectarian preacher that would pray for people, so I went in search of him, but never could find him.

I made my decision to fully trust the Lord and he healed me, taking away all the fever and chills which never returned. While I was so sick my father wanted me to take medicine. He loved me and meant well, but when the Lord healed me he would say, “The Lord sure healed Murphy of the malaria fever!” He knew it was *only* the Lord for I had not taken any medicine.

In the spring of 1935 when I was twenty years old, I went to California with my oldest brother, his wife, and baby. Another carload was traveling with us, as several were going West in search of work. I found a job working in the wheat harvest for about a week or ten days. I then worked at a few other jobs, returning home in July with only \$12 to my name, so I surely did not make any fame or fortune out West.

## **Chapter III**

### **A New Step in Life**

Just before I made the trip to California, I had been keeping company with a young lady by the name of Natalie Burke, who lived in the Stony Point school district, a few miles south of Norwood, Mo. After I returned home, I went to see her at the place she was working. At the time, she was helping an elderly couple who lived a few miles from her home. We made plans to be married soon.

On July 23, 1935, I had a friend, his wife, and a cousin drive me to where Natalie was staying. By 8:00 a.m., we were on our way to the county seat of Hartville, Mo., to obtain a marriage license. We were married by a Methodist minister in his home with my cousin and my friend's wife acting as witnesses.

My bride and I rode in the rumble seat of the car. On our way home, we stopped by an uncle's and ate dinner with him. We lived for a while at my father's home with a grandfather, aunt, and two brothers. Before long, we rented a small, two-room house near my father's. We were happy in our own little home. We were both saved and we had family worship. The Lord blessed us and was teaching us how to trust Him. It was the year of the drought and times were hard, but we were happy together.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

It was not long until I had an offer for a job on a dairy farm near Cabool, Mo. We moved to this new job and had to share the house with another young married couple that, fortunately, we had known most of our lives. The house was not modern and had only four rooms. Each couple had two rooms—our kitchens were downstairs and our bedrooms were upstairs.

The men had to milk by hand, as there were not any milking machines in that part of the country. The milk was bottled in glass bottles and delivered to the CC Camps. In about two weeks the dairy lost its lease with the CC Camps, so we were without a job again. We returned to my father's house for a short time. We were looking to the Lord to help us get a house and provide our needs.

One day while my wife was visiting her parents, I had a chance to rent a little log house. I had our few belongings loaded on my father's wagon, ready to move when she arrived home that evening. This was our third move in our short married life. Wife had never seen the house, and like most women, was wondering what type of house it would be. She had lived in some log houses with her parents, but when we arrived, it was much different from what she had expected. I had been describing it to her the best I could and she had it all pictured in her mind, but it never came up to her expectations.

I jumped out light-footed and happy, and opened the door for her. It had only one door made of rough oak lumber with a little square glass put in for a window. It opened to the outside like a barn door. The little one room had two windows made from old car windshields. It had a flight of stairs made of rough oak lumber, leading to a small room upstairs. The floor was made from rough oak lumber, which had been put down while green, and now had cracks between the boards a good 1 ½ inches. The ceiling was only

the floor to the upstairs, and the walls were plain logs with the bark still on them. The homemade door had the latch string on the outside like the pioneers had. This was much cruder than my wife had thought of and she broke down with tears flowing freely. I did not know what to think of her crying; I had expected her to be as happy as I was to get a house for us to move into. She braced up and dried her tears, realizing she had given her vows before God, for better or worse, only a few months before. She lifted her spirits in the name of the Lord. She knew she loved her husband, and she loved the Lord and desired to please them both. While I took the wagon back to my father's house, and drove our only cow back to our new home, she busied herself cleaning the rough plank floor. She washed the three little windows and put up some fresh, cheery curtains, dusted the few pieces of furniture, and put on scarves. She made the bed, which was a straw bed, and spread a white sheet over it for a bedspread. She built a fire in the cookstove and had the evening meal cooking when I returned. I put my arms around her, gave her a kiss, and told her how pleased I was that she had everything looking so nicely. This encouraged her and she felt it was well worth her time and labor. This also taught her some endurance, and to face the rough things that were ahead of us, and to endure hardness as a good soldier.

We had to carry water for our use from a spring. It was about one-fourth of a mile from our log cabin. It furnished water very well in the winter months, but would dry up during hot weather. We spent the winter of 1935 in this log cabin. It was very cold due to the big cracks in the floor. Many times in the kitchen the water in the pail would be frozen with the dipper in it. We would have to put the bucket on the stove to thaw the ice before we could cook our breakfast.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Since we were expecting our first baby in the spring, we felt we needed to find a place with a better water supply. One day, after I had gone to work for a neighbor, Wife went to visit an uncle of hers who had an empty house. She presented the situation to him and he was glad to let us move in and work out the three dollars a month rent. She returned light-hearted and happy to get such a nice place in which to live, and we felt the dear Lord was so good to work it out for us to be able to get it.

In the spring of 1936, we began making preparations to move. We had a lot of sweet milk on hand, but not enough jars in which to move it. Natalie decided to feed it to our little pig, not knowing that if you feed a pig too much sweet milk it will kill it. When I went out to load the pig, I found it lying on the ground—dead. It was a shock and disappointment to me and made her feel very badly to think she had not known any better than to feed a pig sweet milk. It was a lesson she never forgot and was also one of our first earthly losses.

We moved into the six-room house, feeling like we had a mansion after living in the little pioneer-like cabin. It had two bedrooms upstairs, and one bedroom, a living room, dining room, and a kitchen with a pantry downstairs. The kitchen looked especially good to Wife, since it had a sink with running water. However, this convenience had its drawbacks. The pump was run by a gasoline motor which was very hard to start, but we were glad to have a sink that would drain outside. Her uncle had built the system with a high tank so the gravity would cause the water to run into the faucet. This convenience was one that not many people in the country homes had at that time. We certainly did appreciate it. We had a cow, some chickens, and hogs, which helped us a lot. The place had some fruit trees and we raised a garden, canning up all we could. This all helped, as money was hard to come by.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

On May 12, 1936, the Lord blessed us with our first child—a little girl whom we named Shirley Ann. We had many happy moments with her and she grew to be a real Daddy's girl. In later years she was a big help to me in the gospel work.

We had a test of faith one fall while living at this place. Wife had a very bad sore come on her foot, but we had already learned the value of trusting the Lord for our healing. God did not fail us in this test, but proved Himself faithful by healing her.

On November 1, 1937, our second daughter, Carol Lou, was born. These two little girls grew up to be close pals. We loved them dearly and felt a great responsibility to teach them the way of the Lord. They both learned to pray while very small.

We purchased an old buggy which belonged to Wife's grandfather, and a horse from my father. This provided a way of transportation for a while. We would even travel in the cold, bundling the little girls up, putting them on the floor-board and covering them with a quilt. We would light a kerosene lantern for a light at night. Those were happy times for our little family. I made a large wooden sled, and fixed it so that it could be pulled over the snow by the horse. We were out on the sled one day with Wife's parents. We had stopped the horse on a hillside to rest awhile, and when the horse started again it gave a sudden jerk. The wagon seat the women were sitting on fell over backward with my wife, mother-in-law, and two little girls. No one was hurt and all had a good laugh.

While we still lived at this place we purchased our first car. It was an old Model T Ford. The top was out so we drove it awhile like that until we could get one put in. Then just before we moved from there, we bought a 1926 model touring Chevy for \$17.50. It had side curtains and the top let back. One time Wife's mother was with us in the car when a big rain storm came up. We could hardly see to

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

drive home and the rain blew in where the curtains were fastened on.

When the girls were three years, and one and one-half years of age, we moved from this place to a little two-room house. Soon after moving, we contracted the itch. Wife was so bad that her hands were nearly a solid mass of sores. We trusted the Lord and after some time the Lord healed us.

We went through some hard tests, but the Lord gave us grace and courage to be faithful. We were not only put to the test physically, but we were very hard up financially. We had straw ticks for our beds, and no rugs or linoleums on the floors. It was very difficult for Wife to make the beds and sweep the floors as her hands were sore. This was a hard trial for me. The enemy suggested that I put sulfur and grease on myself and the little girls, which I did. But as soon as I did, I felt so condemned, and immediately washed it off. Wife had it settled to trust the dear Lord and she really was in worse shape than we were. This only added to my condemnation. It was not long after this that the Lord gave us the healing touch. That very day Natalie used newspaper and papered a wall made of very rough oak lumber. Her hands were very tender from having the sores on them for so long. The next day they were more normal. This was a victory and healing we never forgot.

## **Chapter IV**

### **Beginning Years of Our Ministry**

About a year before we had this test with the itch, the Lord dealt with me, letting me know He wanted me to work for Him and to preach His Word. This took some dying out to self. I preached my first message in a school house known as Hickory Flat located southwest of Norwood, Mo. One soul came to the altar that night. This was an encouragement to me. At that time I would preach at different school houses. We, as yet, had not met the true saints of God, but I preached and lived to all the truth God showed me.

I went to a camp meeting at Mountain Grove, Mo., on the Gospel Trumpet grounds. I met a man there from the northern part of Mo., who gave my brother Egbert and me an invitation to come where he lived and hold some meetings. While at this man's place helping him in the cane field one day, a couple of men walked up and introduced themselves as Mr. Knapp and Mr. Stretch. Bro. Stretch was from Neosho, Mo., and was holding a meeting at Bro. Ed Whipple's home a few miles from where we were. They had heard of our having this meeting up there, so decided to come up and get acquainted and to give us an invitation to their meeting. We decided to go to Bro. Whipple's services, and we rejoiced to find a people who preached the whole truth and who were examples to the



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

world. We had felt there was surely a people like this in the world somewhere.

We attended the Monark Springs, Mo. Camp Meeting for the first time in 1939. Our hearts were overjoyed to be with the family of God at last, and to be able to have fellowship with the saints in Light. We have attended most of the annual camp meetings there ever since.

Later that year, Egbert and his wife moved to the northern part of the state near the place where we had held the meeting earlier. In the fall of 1939, we also moved to the same part of Missouri, driving our 1929 Model A Ford and hoping to find work shucking corn. We had a very hard time that winter, as I did not have much work. We kept looking to the Lord to make a way for us. One day Bro. Floyd Knapp's cousin came in a sled because of the deep snow, bringing us a load of groceries. We did appreciate their kindness to us so much and thanked God for answering prayer. Among the groceries was a jar of jelly that made us long for some good, hot biscuits to eat with it, but we had no flour, just cornmeal, so we made cornbread and were thankful for that. It was a very cold winter with below zero temperatures much of the time. We burned corncobs for our fuel and were able to buy separated milk for 10¢ a gallon, which helped to cut expenses.

Close to springtime, my wife and little girls went to the southern part of Missouri with my brother Egbert and his wife. I had to stay since I had no money to buy a license for the car. I was working for a man cutting wood, but instead of paying me \$1.00 a day, he gave me wood which I would then have to try to sell. I finally had enough for the license, but did not have any money to make the trip. A man in the area wanted to go as far as Carthage, Mo., so he went along filling my tank with gas. Bro. Floyd Knapp gave me \$1.00 and Dick

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Miller gave me 75¢ which was a blessing to me. After getting to this man's destination, I decided to go to Neosho for Sunday service. On the way I slipped in a ditch and had to have a man pull me out. He also worked on the car, charging me a dollar. I put what money I had left in the offering that day at services. A brother put gas in my car which was enough to take me to Norwood where my family was staying with Wife's parents. After leaving Neosho, I picked up two young boys who were hitch-hiking. There were many hitch-hikers in those days of hard times. After picking them up, the fan belt broke on the car. They insisted on buying one, for which we were so grateful, and were able to complete the journey, and were happy to be united with the family again.

We lived a few months in a part of Natalie's parents' house. One day we heard that Bro. and Sis. Ray Key from Louisiana, and Bro. Fred Pruitt from Guthrie, Okla., were holding a meeting in Springfield, Mo. Egbert and I decided to go visit these ministers. Bro. Key came home with us and held a few nights' meeting at Oak Forest church south of Norwood, Mo. The truths he preached were rich to our hearts for we were searching for Bible truth.

Not long after this, we moved to the Stony Point District. Bro. and Sis. D. A. Gibson and family came and held a meeting in the school house there. The meeting was well attended and the Lord used Brother Gibson to reveal the true Church to us, which we accepted from the Lord.

## **Chapter V**

### **Full Time in the Ministry**

In the fall of 1941, we moved to a place near Denlow, Mo., a little settlement south of Stony Point District. While living at this place the Lord kept dealing with me about working full time in the gospel work. We prayed much about it and the Lord showed me to sell our cow and what little belongings we had and purchase a home-made trailer house. This we did by faith, going out full time in the Lord's work. This call was as definite as my call to preach.

We had an old Model A Ford car that had one of the front door glasses broken out. When it would rain or get cold, we would have to hang an old coat over the door. The battery was also weak and many times the car would have to be pulled in the mornings to get started, which was not easy because the trailer was hooked onto it.

One of the first trips we made in the work of the Lord was to Cherry Valley, Ark. Being young in the work of the Lord and feeling it was best to work under an older minister for a while, we went with Bro. and Sis. D. A. Gibson and family, and Egbert Allen and wife. There were some experiences that were stepping stones for our spiritual growth. This made us die out more to self.

From Cherry Valley, Ark., we went to Louin, Mississippi. Bro. Gibson had heard of these people but had never met them, so he did

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

not know if they were true saints or not. There we met in a new, nearly finished house because they would not let us use their meeting house since they did not know us. Since that time, Bro. Carver and other saint ministers have held meetings in their chapel. While in this meeting the law officers came out and checked the treads of all the cars. There had been a robbery at the post office the night before, and the robbers had a car like ours. Of course we were not guilty, so the officers went on their way after apologizing for embarrassing us in this manner.

The people at Louin were very hospitable and had more advanced, modern conveniences for country living than the people in Missouri. They had electricity, used mostly for lights and ironing, and one family had an electric washing machine. However, in many ways they still led primitive lives. Their brooms were made from tall wild grass. These brooms were made by taking a bunch of grass about five or six inches in diameter and tying a string around the end of it. Another primitive cleaning tool was their battling stick used for washing clothes. The clothes were soaked in water, rubbed with P & G bar soap, then beaten with the battling stick—a wooden paddle. They kept turning the clothes as they beat them, rinsed them well, then hung them out to dry. They said they didn't like those old rub boards and preferred the home-made brooms to store-bought ones, but our wives preferred the rub boards to the battling stick. The farmers had large canners and canned lots of vegetables in tin cans which they sold to help make their living. When the meeting closed they loaded us with lots of canned goods, which we appreciated. This meeting was well attended. There weren't many cars as yet in that part of the country, so some would walk and others came in wagons. Thirty years later we went back to Louin. It was much different from our first trip—things were more modern, and the roads were better, but they still had the same chapel.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

From Louin, Mississippi, our group went to Hammond, Louisiana, for the fall meeting. It was during this meeting that Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese, and war was declared. This brought sadness to many hearts and people were fearful. Some were fleeing the southern states and going further inland, trying to find a place of safety. It made us think of the Scripture that says, They “hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.” Rev. 6:15, 16.

After the Hammond meeting our group went to Kentwood, and Jena, La., to hold some meetings. While at Jena, Bro. and Sis. Gibson were called home because of the serious illness of his mother who lived in Springfield, Mo. Egbert, Pearl (his wife), and our family continued the meeting at Jena, where Sis. Ruth Murphey was the pastor at that time.

During our stay, Natalie was doing some washing on Sis. Ruth’s washing machine. Carol, unnoticed by Mother, was holding to some clothes going through the wringer. Her hand got too close to the wringer which caught it, pulling her hand and arm between the rollers, and peeling the skin back on the inside of her arm and wrist. As soon as she started crying, they hurriedly released the wringer and immediately had an agreement of prayer for her. The Lord relieved the pain and she went to sleep. It healed so fast that we again were made witnesses of His power and healing.

The meeting closed and we started back to Missouri, going through the mountains of Arkansas. The weather was getting worse and travel was slow with the trailer. Egbert and Pearl decided to go on, as they were not pulling a trailer and could travel much faster alone. Rather than travel after dark, we began to look for a place to

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

stop for the night. We found an abandoned school house, pulled in, and spent the night. We were able to go on the next day to Grandfather Allen's and Aunt Ann's who lived in Mansfield, Mo. We spent the rest of the winter there helping care for them.

In the early spring Bro. and Sis. Albert Eck asked us to move to their farm near Meno, Okla., to care for their chickens as they were moving to Kansas. We felt led to do so and started for Okla. with only \$20 in our pockets. The Lord was faithful again and burdened people for our needs and all was supplied for the trip. I ministered with the little congregation at Meno for a while and also visited some isolated saints in the area. We went to see Bro. and Sis. Abe Hiebert west of Fairview. They gave us two or three sacks of good sweet corn, as they probably did not have any money to give but wanted to help some way. They told us we could take it into Fairview and could probably sell it. We went down the street selling corn and it wasn't long until we had it all sold and had money to continue our trip.

We also went by Bro. and Sis. Isaac Martin's and she dressed two fryers for us. We only had a small block of ice in our ice chest and the weather was warm. The chickens spoiled before we were able to get more ice. It made us feel bad to have to throw them away.

Bro. and Sis. Koehler, who lived near McDonald, Kansas, desired to have a meeting in that locality. We were able to obtain the use of the Gospel Trumpet church building in town for the meeting. During this meeting I did a lot of praying and dedicating of myself to the Lord for His service. While in prayer one day I told the Lord that I was His man and would do anything He asked of me. In a few days the Lord made it known that He wanted me to go down on the streets of McDonald and preach to the people. It was a small western town and we had heard that most of these people had turned down

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

the Truth. This seemed to be the hardest thing the Lord had ever asked me to do and I wanted to draw back, but the Lord reminded me that I had just told Him I was His man. I had to fast and pray to find the strength to do this, but God supplied the grace. Our two little girls, my wife, and I went downtown, sang some songs, had prayer, and I delivered the message the Lord gave me. Some would listen awhile and then go on their way. We have never heard of any good that was done, but it was a witness for the Lord.

One night during this meeting I noticed that Bro. Koehler was not there. He showed up after the service and I asked him where he had been. He said he was in the basement and had tried to get as near under me as he could get and prayed for me while I was preaching. Not many people attended, but the Lord blessed our hearts.

From there we moved to the northwestern part of Missouri (near Forest City) to work with the little group of saints there. We met with many trials and hardships but kept courageous, knowing our hope was in the Lord and His promises were true. The Lord never failed us.

I felt I wanted to go to Guthrie, Okla., for the Assembly Meeting, so I picked out a bus route through Kansas City, Mo. Bro. Floyd Knapp was taking a load of corn into town, so arrangements were made for me to ride with him to catch the bus. We slid into a ditch which detained us for a while and caused me to miss the bus. I spent the night with Bro. Knapp and the next day I felt led of the Lord to go another route through Nebraska and Kansas. I had to hitchhike part of the way as there was no bus route through there. In Nebraska I got a ride with a couple that had another hitchhiker in the back seat. When I got in beside him I could immediately tell that this man was in trouble as he was weeping. I began to inquire of his troubles and he informed me that his only son was killed in service

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

and he was just returning from burying his wife in Nebraska. (He also had had some nice luggage and clothes that he had lost somewhere along the way.) He said he had nothing to live for as he had no one who cared for or loved him. He had prayed to die the night before. I told him that the Lord loved him and God's people cared about him. He acted as though nobody had ever told him that before. When the people let us out, I invited him to go with me to the Assembly Meeting at Guthrie, which he decided to do.

We hitch-hiked about 20 miles to Topeka, Kansas, and there I bought tickets for both of us. I would read the Bible and try to encourage him. As we went through Tulsa, Okla., we had a lay-over. He went in town for a while but came back and went on to Guthrie with me. The saints treated him well and showed him love. He went to services but the next day said he had to go back to Tulsa as he had obtained a job there. He reached out his hand and said he felt that I had lifted him out of a ditch. We give the Lord all praise, as He had diverted the trip. I have often wondered what would have become of him if someone had not shown him love.

Another experience I had in hitch-hiking was on a trip of about 300 miles. I got a ride into Kansas City, Mo., and went to a hotel to see about getting a room for the night. The woman said the rooms were \$3.00 a night, which I felt I could not afford. She said, "I will tell you what to do. You go to where my mother, my son, and I live, and tell them that I sent you." They gave me a good bed and my breakfast the next day. It was a real blessing from the Lord as it was raining. I gave them some money and went on my way.

The Lord blessed me on my way. One man picked me up who said he hardly ever picked up anyone, but that a voice told him to give me a ride.



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

We left Forest City, as I felt the Lord leading me to labor for Him at Anthony, Kansas. We found the enemy to be present to try our faith everywhere we went in the work of the Lord. This was only schooling for our souls and we kept our faith and trust in the living God. We found Him to be a present help in every time of need.

We moved into the house owned by Bro. Ostis Wilson. One day a peculiar postcard came to our mailbox. It was addressed to "What They Call a Fanatic Church of God, in Anthony, Kansas." That was all that was on it. The postman put it in our box, as it must have been the name we were called by those around us. It was from a lady in Enid, Okla., who had been acquainted with some of the saints many years before and had lost contact with them. She had heard that there were some saints in Anthony, but did not have a name to be able to contact them, so addressed it that way hoping it would get to them. We went to Enid to see her and had some meetings in that locality. We have no knowledge how they ever came out.

While living in Anthony, the Lord blessed us with our first son, Wilbur Dean, on Feb. 21, 1945. We rejoiced over our little son as much as we had over our little girls. We were happy for our little family, even though we did realize the responsibility it brought upon us. While in Anthony we lived most of the time in Bro. and Sister Ostis Wilson's house as they had moved to California.

We felt the Lord was through with us at Anthony, so we moved back to Forest City, Mo., and lived in a house in the country. Not long after we moved there, my father-in-law and mother-in-law also moved to Forest City from California.

While we had been living in Anthony we bought a small house that had to be moved off the plot of ground it was on. I purchased a lot and had to go back to Anthony to get this all taken care of. My father-in-law went along to help me get the house moved. Bro. Pat

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Huskey and family were living at Anthony at this time, and we felt led to have prayer meetings each morning before we went to work which proved very profitable to take time out for the Lord first.

The day we were to move the little house, we discovered that the tractor we had hired to move it was not large enough to budge it. I felt the need of going to prayer, so slipped away to an out-building, asking the Lord to help us move the house. When I came out from my place of prayer, the tractor was moving the house right along. How my heart went up in thanksgiving and praise to the Lord for hearing prayer once again! After we had the house situated we thought the Lord might move us back to Anthony, but after much prayer we never received any leadings to go back. We finally sold the property.

We moved into Forest City and rented a two-room apartment from an elderly lady. She was very good to us and was especially fond of our little son Wilbur, and would give him a can of vegetables or fruit to bring home. This was a blessing, as we had some hard times while living there. Our food supply kept getting lower, until one day while in prayer the Lord witnessed to my heart that He would supply our needs. Two or three days passed and nothing had come in. Finally one of the brethren in the congregation drove up and came running to the house. I went out to meet him and he told me the Lord had been dealing with him, but that he had been slow in getting to us. The Lord had shown him we were in need of food. He did not have any money and would not have until after the crops were harvested, but had made arrangements at the store where he traded for us to get anything we needed on his credit as long as we needed to. This was far more than what we had asked of the Lord, and we rejoiced for His great loving-kindness to us. We got groceries there for a while, but as soon as the Lord supplied

otherwise, we stopped going after any more, as we felt this dear brother had done his share.

Bro. Floyd Knapp was plowing in the field one day when the Lord spoke to him about giving us some money. He told the Lord that he was farming on borrowed money and the Lord answered that he wanted him to borrow money for the Lord and give it to the Allen family. He did just that. Bro. and Sis. Knapp were especially used of the Lord to supply many of our needs.

We moved from the little two-room apartment to four rooms of Natalie's parents' home. We were thankful to have more room for our little family to live in. I felt we needed a milk cow so we could have milk and butter, so we began to pray about this need. There was an old barn on the place so I fixed a feed box and a stall for a cow, by faith, not knowing just how the Lord would supply, but believing He would give us the desire of our hearts. One Sunday the brother that had given permission for us to get groceries on his credit, handed some money to me. When I was alone I looked at it and found it was a \$100.00 bill. How our hearts did rejoice, for we felt the Lord was supplying our need for a cow! Another brother had bought a good milk cow from a neighbor which he did not really need for himself, but he hated to see her sold. He told me about this cow he did not need, and said he would sell her for \$100.00. I bought the cow, then wondered where to get pasture in this little town of Forest City. I knew of an elderly lady that owned a lot with thick blue grass growing on it. Someone I spoke to about it promptly told me she would not rent it to anyone. After prayer, I felt led to go see the lady. She was more than willing to let me have it at no charge and insisted on buying milk from me. She was wealthy and this was

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

more than I had expected, but it was another blessing from the Lord. She was a close friend to us as long as she lived.

We needed grain for our cow. In this country a lot of corn was grown. At the elevator, some of it became cracked grain, which they let fall on the outside, and people could get it free. I would pour several sacks of this cracked corn from one vessel to another to fan out the dirt and trash, and then had nice clean, cracked corn to feed my cow.

Bro. Floyd Knapp also grew hogs for market. He said, “Now one of these hogs is the Lord’s hog. I will give you the hog for meat or sell the hog and give you the money.” For three years Brother Floyd gave us the Lord’s hog. He has gone on to his reward, but God will not forget his works and labors of love.

One time, at the close of meeting in an isolated place, the offering we received lacked about \$25.00 being enough to pay our bills. We told no one of our needs. While spending the night with a family, a sinner man living in adultery came by and gave me a \$25.00 check—exactly what we needed. We rejoiced that God had supplied our needs.

Other revivals were held and different ministers labored there. Only God knows what was accomplished in that place. The offering given us at this appointment was used to pay our utility bills, so when the Lord was through with us there, the devil said, “Now, what are you going to do about paying your utility bill?” Before another utility bill came due, two sisters called and said they wanted to pay our utility bill, which they did for about three months.

Another time we felt led of the Lord to visit some isolated saints. The trip was about 600 miles, and not much means was provided. After returning home, we received a letter with an

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

offering, and the Lord said, “This is to make up for what you didn’t get on that trip.” The Lord has been very mindful to provide for us.

Another outstanding experience happened while we were in meeting about 40 miles from Forest city. It was wintertime with a deep snow on the ground. We attended meeting in our Model A Ford which had no heater, so we wrapped heated bricks to put in the floorboard to keep the children’s feet warm. At meeting we put the bricks on the stove during services so they would be warm going home. One night the windows frosted over inside from our breath, as there was no defroster. The Lord kept one small place clear on the driver’s side of the windshield so I could see out. Sister Wiley from Hennessey, Oklahoma, was with us, and she said, “The good Lord kept a hole open for the driver to see.”

In the fall of 1947, while living upstairs at my in-laws’, my mother-in-law took suddenly ill and passed away within two weeks. It was a shock and we missed her very much. She had accepted the Lord and trusted Him to the end. We moved downstairs to help our father-in-law, as he was very lonely.

## **Chapter VI**

### **Our Years at Mansfield, Mo.**

In the spring of 1948, we felt the Lord was through with us in Forest City. Brother D. A. Gibson, who lived at Seymour, Mo., mentioned to us about ministering to several little groups he had found. Since he was a hunter and fisher of men in new fields, this would give him more time out in the field. After praying and seeking the Lord's will, we made preparation for the move to Mansfield, Mo., into a small house my father owned. We felt the angel of the Lord hovering over our car as we left Forest City.

In the summer of 1949, by borrowing the money, we purchased a home in Mansfield for \$1600.00. It was an old house, but we were happy to have a place to call our own. Brother and Sister Tombleson felt burdened to give us a milk cow, and as we got ready to load the cow he said, "Now let's have prayer here in the barn, as we want the Lord to make this cow a blessing to your family," and He certainly did. We felt rather sorry for the cow, as we had rented pasture near the railroad and she would become frightened of the train and would run to us for help. She soon became used to it, though, and calmed down. She was a good milk cow, for which we thanked the Lord. Later, I bought an acre of ground adjoining our property to use for a cow, chickens, and a garden. This was a big help to our family.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

We were kept busy in the work of the Lord, having taken up appointments at Myrtle, Shook, and Senath, Mo., and occasionally at Mansfield. One appointment was 165 miles one way, another was over 100 miles, and Senath was over 200 miles, but we were happy in doing it. Later we had an appointment at Huntsville, Ark., where Brother and Sister Oscar Wall lived. As we ministered unto these little groups, sometimes we had barely enough to pay expenses, as some were very poor people, but they were good to give us produce and other things which we put in a box on the back of our car. Sometimes we brought home sacks of potatoes, some pumpkins, a pig, or a couple sacks of corn. One time Brother Sorrell gave us a dozen laying hens. Whatever the Lord provided, we received it thankfully.

It is quite interesting to know the origin of these little groups. On Bro. and Sister Ed Tombleson's farm, about 17 miles from Mansfield, was a small dwelling which was moved in by horses and then converted into a small chapel. The Tomblesons had been affiliated with the Gospel Trumpet group, but had become discouraged, so they started having community services in this little chapel. About ten miles from them was a Gospel Trumpet congregation where Brother and Sister Tombleson's daughter attended. Brother Darius Gibson attended a service there and had a chance to testify. Brother Tombleson's daughter told her father she thought this man believed like her father did, so they went to Brother and Sister Gibson's home. After quite a visit they invited Bro. and Sis. Gibson to the little chapel. This was the starting of the work at Pea Ridge chapel north of Mansfield. Brother and Sister Tombleson embraced the truth and loved the dear saints and this straight way.

The work at Myrtle, Mo., began many years ago when the truth had been taught, but through the lack of ministers coming, they lost

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

track of the saints. Having heard of a meeting in Springfield, Mo., Brother Alsia Sorrell, along with his family and his father, Brother Jimmie Sorrell, drove their Model T to Springfield. When they arrived, the saints were already singing and Brother Jimmie hollered out, "This is it!" Later Brother Gibson started having meetings in their homes and then we continued with services. They soon built a chapel and later started camp meetings on the grounds.

At Huntsville, Ark., the truth had also been preached, but it seemed that a saint minister had not been there for a long time. In the early 1950's we met Brother and Sister Oscar Wall at Monark Springs Camp Meeting and they invited us to come there. They did not think we would ever come, but later we were burdened to go. We had a monthly appointment there, as did some denominational preachers, but thank the Lord, a few people were gleaned out; including Ewel and Vera Dodson, Oscar and Margie Wall, and their three daughters, and a few others. It was quite an experience there, as meeting was held in an old schoolhouse located on a steep bank by the side of the road. One time ice was on the ground and we pulled ourselves up the steep bank by taking hold of little bushes, trees, or whatever was firm enough to hold. The old building was so loose that the walls would move when the wind blew hard, and when it was cold, we would gather around the stove in the middle of the building. Sometimes I preached with my top coat on! We ministered there eight or nine years.

Brother and Sister Wall opened their home to us, and we had some very precious times with them. Later they moved near Vinita, Okla., and attended services at Four Corners where Brother and Sister Albert Eck lived and pastored. Brother Wall was called to his eternal reward not long ago. We had good fellowship together and found them to be true saints.



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

On Dec. 17, 1950, we were blessed with another baby girl, Janice Sue, whom we all enjoyed, as it had been awhile since we had a small baby in our home. Wilbur was quite disappointed, as he wanted a baby brother. On June 27, 1952, another baby girl, Jeanie Joyce, was born. We loved her dearly too, but it was another disappointment to Wilbur. Then on May 25, 1954, the Lord blessed us with our second son, Terry Wallace. Wilbur got his wish granted to him, and was he happy! He called his little friends and some relatives to tell them he had a baby brother.

Our family lived in this little home at Mansfield for several years and traveled with me many miles to fill our many appointments in isolated saints' homes and small congregations. The Lord blessed us in this work, taking care of us over the many miles, supplying our needs, and healing our many sicknesses. We have appreciated the dealings of the Lord with us from time to time.

One Sunday morning I felt impressed to go to Neosho, Mo., for services. When I stopped at the Monett, Mo., intersection, I had a strong impression to turn around and go back the way I had just come. I obeyed the impression, and after driving about twelve miles, I had another strong impression to turn around and go on to Neosho. I obeyed, but felt rather silly for such actions. Just a short distance from the Monett intersection there had been a three-car accident, and they were pulling the cars off the highway and sweeping up the glass when I arrived. Through these strange leadings, I felt the Lord had spared me from being involved in the accident. I thanked the Lord from the depths of my heart and went on to fulfill the duty that was on my heart.

One time at Neosho, Brother Vada McMillan brought a colored man and his wife to services. This colored man, who was a sectarian preacher, sat on a front bench at the side of the pulpit and while I

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

was preaching he was hollering, “Hey,” “Ho,” which sounded as though he was driving a herd of cattle. This caused the young people to get really tickled and made quite a disturbance, so I told the congregation that we would have prayer and rebuke the devil. This man agreed in prayer, saying, “Go from here, devil.” He calmed down and the service went on in order. At the close of service, his wife came from the back of the building and I felt very impressed to dismiss service. He told Brother Vada, “If you ever need us again, let us know.” Later, a man told Brother Vada that we got by mildly, for they had gone to another church gathering, and this man had driven everyone out of the building with a board from the pulpit. Bro. Vada and I felt the hand of the Lord had overruled him.

One evening on my way home from a trip, the car wasn’t running properly, and was using a lot of gas. A brother had given me a live turkey, which I put in the trunk of my car. About 40 miles from home the car began to sputter and finally stopped. Because I had no money to buy gas, I put on more clothes to keep warm and slept in the car that night. The turkey would holler out and squirm around. The next morning I walked about three miles back to town and pawned my watch to get enough gas to get home. It made me think how the Lord walked many miles and was footsore and weary, so I went my way rejoicing for the little things I had to endure. When I told my wife she cried to think I had to sleep in the car on such a cold night, and she and the children were safe at home sleeping in good, warm beds.

We were very burdened about the lack of enough money to make a payment on a debt we owed. Looking earnestly to the Lord, we told Him we were casting it all on Him to work out, and He made us to know He would take care of it. The next day the Lord worked through a brother who knew nothing of the need, to give a good sum

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

of money to help us on this debt. Another time when we were in much need, the Lord awoke Brother Myron Forbes of Louisiana, and told him to send Bro. Murphey Allen a certain amount of money. We received it as from the Lord.

Often I had to leave my family with very little money. Once I was approximately 400 miles from home and burdened about their needs. The Lord spoke in an audible voice, and said, "I will take care of your family; I want you to work for me," and, thank the Lord, He did just that! Two different times while living in Mansfield, the Lord was good to stretch the gas enough for us to get home. We drove the car into the garage and the next time we went to use it there was not enough gas to start it.

One time when going to an appointment, we had car trouble and stopped along the roadside. I was trying to fix it when a car drove up and out stepped an elderly Indian man with long braids. He nudged up close to my side while peering under the hood. This made my wife a little leery of him, but he happened to be an Indian medicine man from Sikeston, Mo., on his way West. He told me he would pull us into the town he just came from, and to tell my wife not to be afraid; that he would not tow us too fast. He would not take any money. After getting the car fixed we went on to our appointment, thanking the Lord for the kind deed the Indian had done for us.

Another time, a man pushed our car into town when we had run out of gas. It was dark and he pushed our car so fast it was hard to keep the car in the road. The man was drinking so we were very thankful to get in safely.

On one trip to Shook, Mo., we had filled the gas tank and had \$44 left. Those were hard times and people didn't have much money, but they gave enough to pay for our gas, which was much

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

cheaper per gallon in those days than it is now. One night Brother Gibson was having services at this place. While he was preaching against the use of tobacco, some young fellows were outside chewing tobacco and putting their cuds on his car, including the windshield, and in the gas tank. Not knowing that they had put some in the gas tank, he started home and his car stopped on the road. He was there all night and used his flashlight to warn other people that his car was on the road. The mechanics didn't know what the trouble was, but finally took the gas tank off, emptied it, and there was the tobacco.

It took several hours to make the trip to Myrtle and Senath in our Model A Ford. The roads were not so good and the cars went considerably slower than they do today. A lot of times we stayed in the homes of Brother and Sister Earl Sorrell and Brother and Sister Alsia Sorrell. We remember how cozy it was in the upstairs bedrooms at Brother Alsia and Sister Bessie's; the wood heat downstairs made it nice and warm upstairs. We appreciated this provision for our family and we had good fellowship with these dear saints. One man had a store in Myrtle and would give us groceries, which were appreciated. We ministered at Myrtle for approximately nine years and after the camp meeting was started, we went as often as we could.

We were looking to the Lord to supply us with a better car, as the 1928 Model A Ford had many miles from our travels each month. A friend near Norwood, Mo., sold us a 1937 V-8 Ford which lasted a few years. When it was wearing out we started to pray about another car. I felt the Lord witnessed to me that He was going to provide a 1940 Chevrolet. Soon after this, while in Guthrie, Okla., for a meeting, Brother Lawrence Pruitt asked about the condition of my car. He knew of a 1940 Chevrolet for sale by a young man who

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

had gone to service and said they would buy it for us from the Missionary Fund at the Print Shop. This was the answer the Lord had revealed and was such a blessing to the whole family to see how the Lord worked in such a marvelous way. This car gave good service in the Lord's work for several years.

During these years we had services at Sister Lizzie Wymer's home in Mansfield, and made two round trips to Ava, Mo., to pick up people who seemed interested in the truth. By this time the 1940 Chevrolet was getting badly worn. When we stopped in a certain gear we had to start in the same gear as it would not shift; it would crack and pop and then go on. We didn't have money to have it overhauled and had no other way of transportation, so we didn't spare it but went right on at service time and the Lord kept it going until He provided another car. This took place when Brother Merrill Williamson at Carterville, Mo., called us to come to his place and bring our family. When we arrived, there was a 1949 Ford in front of the Williamson home that the saints at Loranger, La., had bought for us as a gift. We drove the 1949 Ford home, happy and with an overflowing heart of thankfulness to the Lord and to the dear ones that had a part in giving it. It was a good, serviceable car, and went approximately 75,000 miles in the work of the Lord.

We found that the Lord would always take care of our needs, even in supplying us with cars when we wore them out in His service. So when the 1949 Ford wore out, we again sought the Lord in behalf of another car. The Lord burdened a young couple to buy us a new car, and soon a blue, 1956 Ford was purchased. They met every payment except one, which another saint met for them. During this time the brother was driving trucks and hauling feed. He told us one time that business was slow, so we began to pray. When we met him again, he said business had picked up and he had to put on

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

another truck. They had some broiler houses with chickens and received a bonus of \$50.00 for the best chickens in the county, and another time a \$200.00 bonus for the best in the state. A man near them pampered his chickens and told them he couldn't get any bonus out of his chickens. They felt that the Lord rewarded them for sacrificing to buy the car. After the car was paid for, they informed us that they didn't feel like they had paid a penny out of their pocket, that the Lord gave them enough extra to pay for the car. This car was a miracle car and proved a real blessing in the work of the Lord. When the Lord provided us with a new 1962 Ford from some other dear saints, we felt led to give the 1956 Ford to a young couple (he was a minister and didn't have a good car) and they were happy to get it. When the Lord provided them with a better car, they passed the old 1956 on to another couple that needed transportation. It seemed the Lord had His hand on the old 1956 Ford, as it went 164,000 miles for us before it had any work done to speak of and it was a blessing to many. While at Mansfield the Lord provided two new cars and two used cars for his work, and the last I knew, the 1956 Ford had traveled over 250,000 miles.

On December 25, 1955, our daughter, Carol, was married to Thurman Sorrell of Myrtle, Mo. I performed the ceremony, which wasn't easy because it was hard to see her leave home. During the spring of 1956, wife and I felt the need of building a new house, as the one we had was built out of used lumber taken from the round house that was in Mansfield many years before, and the termites had eaten it so badly that when the wind blew, one could see the walls sway in. Previous to this, we had torn off a small room and added a kitchen and one bedroom, which we lived in while we tore away the old part and built on the new rooms. We put beds in the wash room at the end of the garage to have enough sleeping space. We worked on the building as we could and as the Lord provided the means.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

One day the Lord revealed that I should prepare myself and tell Wife to prepare herself, for He was going to take one of our children. We wondered if this was from the Lord but felt it surely was, since He had revealed Himself so many times to us. In July, during the camp meeting at Monark when so many took typhoid fever, our oldest daughter, Shirley, took sick. After coming home, she made a trip with me to a tent meeting in Arkansas and became so sick I had to bring her home. Prior to her sickness while walking to work with her cousin, suddenly, and with a very happy expression, she said, "You know, I don't know just what the Lord has in store for me." She went to the camp meeting with her heart open and testified that she had gone to get all the good that she could. The Lord saw fit to call her home August 22, 1956. It was very hard for us, but we consecrated to God's will and He made it plain that this was the one He was taking from the family circle and helped us to bear the sorrow. She had been much help to me in the work of the Lord and planned to quit her job and go with me full time, as her heart was in it, too. She was a good singer, could find Scriptures and any song I might want quickly, and was a good, safe driver. This stopped all my plans for her help and I was made to realize I must lean on the arms of God rather than the arm of flesh. I took courage and went forth in the name of the Lord. He gave us grace to endure the persecutions we received from many because she chose to trust the Lord all the way. Many times we think of the song that says, "Though my plans and my hopes may seem blighted, I will love thee and trust in thee still, For I know all is well that thou doest, and my hear says 'amen' to thy will." Her last picture was taken on her way to the tabernacle with her song book and Bible. One unsaved neighbor came to encourage us saying she wanted us to stand true, for she appreciated us and admired people who would stand firm in

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

their convictions and live by them. She would come to the home and do our washing during Shirley's sickness.

The fall after Shirley passed away, the Lord burdened different ones of the brethren to come and help work on our house as we had to quit during her sickness. They finished our new house in time for us to get moved before cold weather set in. We were so thankful for our new home that the Lord had made possible for us to have.

Our eldest son was hurt at school one day, when he and another boy ran into each other as they were looking up trying to catch a ball. Both were hurt quite badly. The principal called for us to come and get him. It appeared that the bone above the knee was cracked, as there was a swollen ridge across the injured part of the leg and he could not bear much weight on it. We had some threatening telephone calls, but we trusted the Lord fully for it. The accident happened on Friday, and he was able to go back to school on Monday. The Lord again gave victory in time of trouble.

We had an aged neighbor with whom we visited different times. He didn't seem to be very interested in the things of the Lord. He became ill and his wife came over one day telling us that her husband wanted to see us and tell us about his salvation. Bro. Tombleson was at our place at the time, so we went over to see him. He related his experience, telling us how he had accepted Jesus in his heart. The dear old fellow was certainly a changed man. We would go to sing and pray with him. His loved ones would come and he would try to get them to pray and seek the Lord. He must have had some knowledge of the Church for he told us one day that he didn't have to join anything for he was saved in the Church of God. He didn't live long after that. One day he was lying on his bed and wanted someone to lift him so he could shout. My wife was in the home when he passed away. She said he had his hand raised toward



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

heaven, and was conscious. His hand gradually went down until it lay on the bed and he went gently to sleep in Jesus without any struggle. That was a pleasant funeral to conduct. I felt the presence of the Lord witnessing the scene, as a soul had made it into the paradise of God.

We had prayer meeting for some time in the home of Sister Lizzie Wymer, who was a very dear saint of God. She was in a store one day visiting with a neighbor lady and talking about trusting the Lord. The lady remarked, "Oh yes, we all trust the Lord more or less." Sister Lizzie said, "I trust Him more." Dear Sis. Wymer trusted the Lord all the way and God called her home. We feel she made it to the glory world.

A young married woman became interested in the Truth and would drive approximately fifteen miles one way to be in our services. She had been in sectism and had become quite confused. The sisters of the congregation would go into her home for Bible study. We just didn't know what she was going to do, as she was very quiet and didn't express herself much. After a while she made her decision to come with the Truth and would testify of God's dealings with her. Sometime later they moved to the state of Illinois where she became very ill and passed on. Bro. Gibson and I took care of her funeral. We feel she made it into glory.

Bro. and Sis. Gibson lived at Seymour which was about fifteen miles from us. We would visit each other often, talking over our experiences which were an encouragement to all of us. Before leaving for home each time, we would sing and have prayer together. We always went away encouraged.

The chapel where we met together for our regular services was on Bro. Tombleson's place approximately fifteen miles from our home and seventeen miles from Bro. Gibson's home. At times, Bro.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Gibson would be away in meetings elsewhere and at other times I would be away, but the families would still meet together with Bro. and Sis. Tombleson. We had wonderful fellowship with each one. We lived there fifteen years and we all got along with sweet accord.

We began feeling that it would be pleasing to the Lord to have a little camping trailer to use in the work of the Lord. We prayed for the Lord to supply this need. Bro. Gibson had a trailer and the Lord provided them with a new one, but we still hadn't received an answer to our prayer. The devil began working on me to feel a little jealous about it, and he would whisper to me that the Gibsons already had one trailer; and now they had a brand new one, and I didn't have any. But I was determined that we were not going to let jealousy get between us and this dear brother, so I told Wife, "Let's go to Bro. and Sis. Gibson's and rejoice with them over their new trailer that God has provided for them." While we were there, Bro. Gibson gave me their old trailer which was very adequate for us, and they truly needed the new one for they traveled much more than we did. God knew just what both of us needed, and we killed the jealous spirit that the devil had tried to slip in. The Bible says that jealousy is as cruel as the grave, and no doubt it has ruled in many people's lives, destroying fellowship and causing much trouble between people. When jealous feelings begin to arise in the heart, we should begin to fight them like we would a rattlesnake. We've been determined not to let it rule in our hearts, and by the grace of God, He has helped us to overcome it when it would present itself. Thank the Lord!

Brother Gibson and I never traveled much together, as he was called as a fisher and hunter into sectarian places to hunt out honest souls. My calling was more to feed the saints; therefore, we traveled together very little, but our fellowship was sweet. Sis. Gibson

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

requested that we conduct Bro. Gibson's funeral when he passed away.

We had another experience in which the devil was defeated. Wife and I went to visit some folks in another congregation, and while we were there a misunderstanding arose. We went away with the misunderstanding between us, but I told Wife that it wouldn't be long until we would be hearing from that brother. Sure enough, I received a letter from him before long, telling me that he wanted to see me. I wanted to see him also, for I loved him and he loved me. At our first opportunity we made arrangements to meet at a certain place. We got in the car together and we were both willing to take the blame for the misunderstanding, humbling our hearts to each other and asking one another's forgiveness. It was all cleared up. After a number of years I was talking with this dear brother and told him that I wanted him to preach my funeral if I should die before he did. He expressed the same desire, so one can plainly see that there is nothing between us except love and goodwill. Praise the dear Lord!

It grieves my heart to see some who let strife and trouble enter into their hearts and become at odds with one another. It's not the working of the Holy Spirit of God. We've always felt and taught that two saved and sanctified people can get trouble out of the way. We can have misunderstandings sometimes, but through the Holy Spirit and the help of God, the trouble is able to be corrected and removed. We've known some who have been at odds for years and never have gotten the trouble cleared away. There must be something wrong. We would like to urge all to live humbly with each other, submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of the Lord.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

During the time of our travels to feed and encourage the saints in different places, we didn't have the privilege of hearing much preaching ourselves, as we did most of the ministering. It seemed as though the Lord was over us with a little bottle of precious ointment of encouragement, inspiration, and grace. It seemed to us that the Lord would open the bottle and pour in new courage, grace, and strength. We felt somewhat like Elijah when he had eaten the second meal and went upon the strength of it for forty days. We, too, would run on the strength of the blessing for a time and then become tired, weary, and needing help. The Lord would just open the bottle of ointment, giving me new courage and strength. He did that time after time.

The anti-cleansing doctrine was being brought in amongst the saints, and some of the brethren close to our hearts were being deceived by it. This troubled me and weighed on my mind greatly. After a time I became aware that the Lord was withholding His anointing, and I had not felt the little bottle tip up and give me a blessing for some time. As I thought on this, it almost frightened me realizing that if this new doctrine was of God, it would give more courage, and here I was not receiving the anointing just because I was troubled and letting it bear on my mind. I determined to stand for the truth regardless of who went away or how much I loved them. I promised the Lord I would preach the same doctrine I had been preaching and stay with the saints of God. I would go with God alone, if need be. As soon as I promised the Lord that, He was there with the anointing bottle to anoint me again. Praise the Lord!

Saints, anything that will disturb your peace is not of God. If you begin to feel strange or despondent, you need to know from whence cometh these feelings. First, check your experience and see if anything is between you and God, or if you have failed the Lord

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

anywhere. If not, then the next thing to do is to rebuke the enemy. No doubt some good souls have gone down under accusations because they didn't know how to resist the devil. In James 4:7, 8, it says, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you: draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." In Peter 5:8, 9, it says, "the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith." We have something to do ourselves—our part is to resist.

Thank the Lord! We have surely found that when we minister unto others, the Lord will surely minister to us. Many times when the Lord has given us a message to the people, it has been uplifting and encouraging to ourselves. We think of the time when Jesus and His disciples were traveling and the crowd was following them; He took the little loaves and fishes and fed several thousand people and had twelve baskets left over. I was talking to a minister one time and asked, "Why the twelve baskets?", and he said that there were twelve disciples, which made a basket for each one of them. They had fed the people so the Lord made enough to have for them also. So it is spiritually, and many times temporally.

One time while traveling to a place, we entered a town on our way and all of a sudden our souls felt so blessed. When we got home a brother told us he had been praying the Lord to bless us, so we felt assured that this was the reason we had felt such a special blessing that day in the strange town.

One day I was needing a gallon of gas and I had enough change to buy it except for one penny. I searched but hadn't found the penny, so I prayed and asked the Lord to help me find just one more penny. I went to look in a pair of trousers and found the penny needed to buy the gas. I think that gas was only twenty-some cents per gallon then.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

One week the Lord strongly impressed me to go to Neosho, Mo., for Sunday services. We didn't have sufficient gas in the car to make the trip and I didn't have money to buy gas. We reminded the Lord that we didn't have means to go. On Saturday, an old acquaintance came to our home and brought us an offering of \$2.00—enough for the trip. How we did thank the Lord for again supplying our needs! This man was not saved at the time of this incident, but sometime later came to our house late in the night and wanted to get saved. He had been counting the cost and had been paying some prices already before coming over. He was near the Kingdom of God already and it didn't take him long to be born again.

The transmission in our car began making a noise and we knew it had to be repaired, but didn't have money to get it fixed. We were praying the Lord to supply this need as He had done many times before. I kept driving the car and when at Neosho, Mo., a man who was not saved wanted to talk with me, so I met him on the highway near Neosho. He began to find fault with me and asked me to acknowledge some things that I felt I was not accountable for at all. While standing there, he flew into a rage saying that if that was the way I felt about it, he would just let me alone and he got into his car and left me standing by the roadside. It was such a burden to my heart. I got into the car and began to drive around, praying as I drove, asking the Lord if I was in the fault in this situation, for Him to make it known to me. I told the Lord that I would acknowledge it publicly if it was necessary, but if I was in the right to somehow manifest Himself to me in this behalf. I went on toward Springfield. About 25 miles from Springfield, the transmission started giving me severe problems. I was able to make it into town, though, by the help of the Lord. I was wondering what to do as I didn't have money to fix it. Bro. John Wilson's son-in-law, Robert Johnson, had an auto repair

shop in town so I took it to him and made arrangements with him to fix the car for me. I went to visit a brother on the job who lived near Springfield, but worked in town. He knew I had my car in the shop, so he asked me to spend the night with him, and that he would bring me back the next morning as he came to work. I was glad to do so as I needed a place to stay for the night. We had a nice visit but I never mentioned my needs to him. The next morning the brother said he had asked the Lord if he wanted him to pay for the fixing of my car. He said Jesus spoke to him and said, “If I came to your house and I had a car that was in the shop to be fixed, would you fix my car?” He answered, “Why, yes, Lord, I’d fix your car if you came and it was broken down.” Then the Scripture came to him, “If ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.” He gave me a blank check that he had signed and said for me to pay for the fixing of the car and to add \$10.00 extra for gas on the road. We thanked the Lord for hearing prayer in this particular manner, for it was also a witness to my soul that I was one of the Lord’s children. I felt that the trial I had faced and the fixing of the car were connected and was so thankful for the working of the Spirit of God. After getting my car, I went by the job where the brother was working. He came out to the car and noticed the Scripture I had posted up that said, “But my God will supply all your needs according to His riches in glory.” He said, “Well, you’ve got the promise right with you.” Thank the Lord! It was a wonderful experience—something I don’t think we will ever forget. The Lord’s ways are past finding out; He does things in such a peculiar way, but we know He knows just how to do things to encourage our hearts.

Another time I was traveling on a bus going from Mansfield, Mo., to Illinois to be in a weekend Easter service. In the town of Sikeston, Mo., I had to change buses and bus stations. I had plenty of time, so I decided to walk. I started to go one way, but felt I should

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

go another way. I was walking along carrying my baggage when all at once a car that had passed me, stopped, and started backing to the curb beside me. It was a car load of saints going to the same meeting. I felt somewhat like Paul did when he thanked God and took courage. They invited me to ride along with them and I enjoyed the good fellowship with Bro. David Madden, and Bro. and Sis. Ted Bock and family from Tulsa, Okla. They brought me back home on the return trip. Thank the Lord for the family of God.

In 1957, Bro. and Sis. Darius Gibson received the name of an elderly woman in Illinois who was wanting a meeting in her area. Arrangements were made to hold the meeting in the city park so we went with them, taking our trailers. The woman had a profession of salvation, but her husband had never learned to trust the Lord as his Saviour. When we arrived we found that they had been in quite a disagreement. The old man had thrown some furniture down the stairs and had taken the porch swing down. She decided to show him a few things, so she took a brick and knocked out a window. Of course, that didn't help the situation and Bro. Gibson explained to her that, we as saints, were to show a better spirit and not to retaliate. She humbled her heart and in time her husband accepted the Lord as his Saviour. We went back a few times to have services in their home, and we trust they both made it safely into the glory world.

During the above mentioned meeting, Bro. and Sis. Herbert Probst who lived in Decatur, Ill. came and we found them very receptive and longing for fellowship with all of God's people. We went on up to Decatur and had a few services at their place of worship. We later had services in their home and in that area. The Lord has now called Bro. Probst on to glory, but he labored amongst us many years and proved faithful unto the end.



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

We thank God for the dear saints who have lived the life and kept the victory, paving the way and giving us a wonderful example in trusting God, and not wavering from the one true way. The Scripture tells us that there is victory at the end of the way; there is a crown laid up for the faithful. The Apostle Paul said he had fought a good fight, had kept the faith and finished his course. It means much to fight a good fight and keep the faith. Many are letting down. If we want to gain the eternal prize, we will have to be like the apostle Paul and many others who have left us an example to follow.

There have been prayer warriors that prayed for the ministry down through the years. These are greatly appreciated and heaven will reveal the good accomplished by those that tarried at home and prayed for the minister out on the field. A number of years ago Bro. Gibson and I went to South Carolina to have a revival meeting. Before we left we asked Bro. Tombleson to pray for us and the meeting. He assured us that he would; he was a praying man. While in the meeting we surely felt the presence of the Lord and were aware that the success of the meeting was largely due to that dear brother's prayers. God was hearing his prayers across the many miles, and was sending His blessings down on us.

Bro. Tombleson was a praying man. Many times we would go to his home and hear him praying somewhere on the place. One time when I went to visit him he was out in the field on a haystack putting up hay. He had two men pitching the hay up to him. When I decided that I wanted to leave, he wanted to have prayer first, so I knelt at the foot of the haystack and he led in prayer up on top of the hay. Thank the Lord for his devotion and dedication to the Lord. Many times the Lord would so bless his soul that he would weep, laugh, and shout praises to God. He has gone to his reward and he was a faithful brother.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

The apostle Paul said, “Ye are helpers together with me in your prayers.” How needful it is to have the saints praying for the ministry and lifting up their hands. How we do need to hold one another up in prayer that God will give grace and strength. It may look like the ministers are out in the field doing great work for God, traveling and accomplishing much, but what would we do without the prayers of the saints back home? What would we do without the support of the saints?

Years ago Bro. and Sis. S. E. Abbott were traveling to a meeting and stopped by to visit an elderly sister who was isolated. She felt impressed to buy them a new tire for their car. She did, and then said, “When you get to Oregon I’ll know that I had a part in the meeting.” Bro. and Sis. Abbott had been praying for a tire, so this dear sister had a part even though she may have never been able to see any direct results of her giving. Many have not traveled in the work of the Lord but have worked with their hands, giving of their means, and praying for those who were able to go. They will have as great a crown as those who were out on the battlefield. David had men who stayed by the stuff while he and his army went out to fight the battle. David gave a reward also unto the men who stayed by the stuff. The Scripture tells us, that when one member suffers we should all suffer with them, and when one member rejoices, we are all to rejoice with them. Thank the Lord!

While living at Mansfield, some saints were on their way to Myrtle, Mo. Their car broke down and they couldn’t get it fixed until late. They needed a place to spend the night, so came to our place and found that we were gone. They entered through a window, spent the night, left a note, and went on their way. We were glad they could get in the house to have a place to sleep. The saints are different than any other people in the world, aren’t they? We do appreciate the dear saints.

## **Chapter VII**

### **In The Master's Service at Carterville, Mo.**

In the spring of 1963, we began to feel that the Lord wanted us to make a change after laboring in Mansfield and the surrounding area for fifteen years. We prayed much about it and felt led to move to Carterville, Mo. It wasn't easy to pull up stakes, so to speak, after living that length of time in one place. We had taken roots deeper than we had realized, and had many sacred memories there. Bro. and Sis. Tombleson could hardly bear to see us leave. My wife wanted to be sure that the Lord was in our move, so she put out a strong fleece. It was so strong that I was a bit fearful that we wouldn't make a move if it had to come to the fleece she had put out. She was asking the Lord if He was in our move that He would help us buy a place in good condition with plenty of room at a real reasonable price, even to the point that people would just marvel that we could buy a place for that price.

The Lord had blessed us with a comfortable home in Mansfield which we had now put up for sale. A man was going to buy it, but when we had the abstract examined, we found there were some flaws in it. We had a deed for our driveway and the neighbor also had a deed for the same property. We were not able to come to an agreement even though we offered to buy it. Rather than have any trouble, we reduced the price of our place and sold it with the

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

abstract as it was. We did lose money on the place, but the Lord so blessed us with buying a place in Carterville, that we felt that we had been reimbursed for taking less on our Mansfield property.

While looking at property in Carterville, we kept passing a place that was for sale and looked very nice. We just knew it would be too high for us, so we never stopped to inquire about the price. One day a young couple was with us as we drove around looking for a place, and they pointed out this place, encouraging us to at least check the price. When we did, we learned that the owner had just taken it out of the hands of the realtor and had reduced the price to \$5,000.00. It had seven rooms and two baths. This was far more than we had ever hoped for. It always pays to keep the statutes of the Lord and suffer loss. The Lord will never fail to reward us in the end.

That same spring our older son Wilbur graduated from high school. He wanted to stay in Mansfield to work and make his own way. We had felt clear to make the move but it was very hard to move away and leave him behind, and go our separate ways. This is part of life and we did the best we could to take it courageously with the Lord supplying grace to bear it. He worked awhile in Mansfield and then went to Springfield to attend college. He later found work and married Cynthia Littlepage on Jan. 16, 1965, at Mansfield. It is always difficult for us as parents to realize that our children have grown up enough to start out on their own, but this, too, is life.

We did not move to Carterville to take the pastoral work in Webb City where the congregation was, but felt a burden to help there as well as to continue our travels in the Lord's work. There were several things accomplished which proved a blessing to our hearts while we lived there. We got acquainted with an elderly man who had lost contact with God's people years before. In his younger

days he had trusted the Lord completely for his healing. The Lord healed him of T.B., but due to a lack of encouragement and not having anyone to pray for him, he had later turned to man for an operation. I began to visit this brother. He had a cancer on the side of his face and had gone to the hospital to be operated on. As I left his hospital room one day I said, “Bro. Hooker, have faith in God.” In a few days he called for us to come and see him. He said that the statement “Have faith in God” rang over and over in his mind. He had made the decision to trust the Lord completely and had cancelled his appointment for the operation. He quoted the Scripture, “Though he slay me yet will I trust Him.” He trusted the Lord completely and the cancer never gave him any more trouble. He began coming to some of our services at Webb City. He later became sick with something else and passed away, trusting the Lord to the end. We feel he made it safely to glory.

Sis. Olive Bigley’s father, who was in his eighties, had lived around the saints most of his life. I don’t think he had ever professed the Lord as his Savior, but was an exceptionally good, moral man. He had broken his hip and was in the hospital in Joplin, Mo. I felt strongly impressed to visit him. I began to talk straight to him about his soul, encouraging him to do something about his spiritual condition. After he returned home I was visiting him one day, when he asked, “Bro. Allen, if I just put all my sins together and ask the Lord to forgive me, would He forgive me of all my sins?” I assured him that He would. This he did and became sweetly saved. We visited and prayed with him many times after that, and he always had a bright countenance. When he passed away, we took care of his funeral; we were glad to know of another soul that had made peace with God.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

While living at Carterville, we had an appointment about 225 miles from home. One particular time I was to go and I was very tired and not feeling well. I thought I simply could not go. I called around to see if some other minister could fill my place, but no one could. I told my wife that I was going in the name of the Lord. I drove over 200 miles, preached that night, taught Sunday school the next morning, and preached the morning and afternoon services. After driving back home that Sunday evening I felt much better than I had when I started from home. The Lord had surged strength into our body and courage to our soul. Many times we may give into feelings and miss the blessing. No doubt you have experienced going on to services when you didn't feel like it and received a blessing to both soul and body. I want to encourage the young ministers to move out as directed by the Lord and you will be blessed. The enemy will contest any good we try to do for the Lord, but if we go in the name of the Lord, we can know that God will bless the effort.

A number of years ago, a family from an Indian reservation in South Dakota wrote to the Faith Publishing House. They were planning a camp meeting and asked some of the saints to come. Bro. Lawrence Pruitt asked me to go with him. We took Bro. Lawrence's van which was fixed for us to eat and sleep in. We had no idea what we were going to encounter at this meeting, but when we arrived we found ministers from different denominations and from various states. There was certainly a conglomeration of spirits there. We began to try the spirits as the Scriptures teach us, and found them to be of a different spirit than we were. Trusting that we could be of some help to them spiritually, we stayed, letting our lights shine for the Lord. They had their pulpit committee that made the arrangements as to who was to preach each service. They also had music—accordians, guitars, and drums. One man, a preacher from

Penn., played the drums. Once some kind of spirit hit him, and he started rolling the drum down the aisle ahead of him. One night he took out running down the aisle and on outside. He made a round out there, then came back in the meeting house running back up the aisle, and sat down. I'll never forget how he looked. One could see an evil spirit in his countenance. Another night, three or four of the preachers got out in the aisle, took hold of hands, and started jumping up and down. It made me think of some children playing ring around the rosie. They had a trailer where they served their meals and at times we ate with them. Of course they soon found that we didn't drink coffee. One morning several of the preachers were drinking their coffee. We didn't tell them that they shouldn't drink coffee, we just lived the life and didn't accept coffee ourselves. They began to ask questions, and it gave us a chance to explain that it wasn't good for the health and so forth. One of the preachers spoke up and said, "Why this coffee is sanctified; it has sugar in it."

As Bro. Lawrence and I were sleeping in the van one night, we heard these preachers over in the meeting-house praying and beating on the seats with their hands, hollering, "Lordy, Lordy, Lordy" in their prayer. We preached one time but didn't have much liberty. After two or three days we felt we couldn't accomplish much so we went on our way back home.

In later years, some of the other saint ministers went out there for a camp meeting. How much was accomplished there we have no way of knowing. There seemed to be no visible results. God only knows. Finally, the woman who came to Monark just faded out of the picture. We never heard of her anymore. The Word says to sow beside all waters; who knows whether this or that will prosper? People have the chance to accept or turn down the truth.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

A number of years ago we were invited to have meeting in a community and used an old empty church building. The old building was run down but we felt the Lord wanted us to have a meeting there. We made preparations, going into the locality and inviting people out to the services. The enemy of our soul came against us telling us we were out there in vain. We went right on and the very first night of the meeting five souls were at the altar. We have found that when the enemy works the hardest, there is sure to be a blessing ahead. If we follow the leadings of the Lord, He will come on the scene and see us through. Feelings are like the waves of the sea, in today and out tomorrow, but faith is steady. If we keep our faith in the Lord, we can with courage face all the battles of life with victory. We walk by faith and not by sight. All Abraham had to stand on for his promised son was faith. The Scriptures tell us that Abraham staggered not at the promise of God but counted God faithful that He was able to perform that which He had promised. After a number of years, he obtained the promise of his son to him and Sarah in their old age. Many people have become discouraged, and have given up just before the time to receive the blessing. May God help us to press on more and more. I believe courage is half the battle. The apostle Paul said, "I thanked God and took courage." I thought it over and decided that was just what I would do. So I took courage and the victory was won. Just take courage amidst all feelings and circumstances, and press the battle on and the victory will be won.

We traveled quite extensively while we lived in Carterville. One happening was very frightening to my family. While I was in Loranger, La., holding a meeting, all were asleep in bed when a man broke into the back part of the house and was breaking in the second door, where they always slept in the front part of the house when I was away. Wife awoke when the second glass was breaking and ran in there. The man was standing at the door looking in through the



window at her only a few feet from her. She told him to leave but he told her to get out or he would kill her. Wife was fearful to go into Janice's room to call her for fear he would follow her in there and have her trapped. She ran out on the porch to call for help and in so doing, the door locked behind her with the children inside the house and she on the outside. She was praying all the time for the Lord to help her get the children together, and Janice was in the bedroom near the door where the intruder was standing. Wife began beating on the door so the children would let her back into the house. This awakened Janice and Terry, and something said to Janice, "Get up and go into the living room." By the time Natalie got back inside the house, all the children were in the living room. They all left and went to the neighbors. The neighbor man went to our house and searched it while the city's night watchman sat in his car. The intruder had left the way he had come in, and had never reached through the window he had broken to unlock the door. Natalie had hung a calendar up that had a prayer on it: "Bless this home, Oh Lord, we pray; make it safe by night and day." When she bought the calendar, her heart had gone up in prayer saying, "Dear Lord, always let this be." This calendar was by the door where the man broke into at the last. We felt that the Lord looked down that night and answered her prayer.

This was really frightening for the family and it took quite some time for them to get entirely over it; in fact, some have never gotten over the fear of that night. However, we never questioned the Lord, but know our prayers are bottled up. Thank God!

We lived in Carterville for five and one-half years, laboring with the congregation in Webb City, Mo., and going in evangelistic work, also. There were several families in and around there, making quite a large congregation for a while. The Lord continued to bless

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

and help in all the many things in which the enemy contested us. The Lord always shows Himself to be a strong and present help in every time of need to those who live for Him and trust Him.

While we lived at Carterville, Bro. Willard Marler in St. Louis, Mo., gave us a 1963 Chevy, which we thankfully received. We appreciated it so much as we were badly in need of a second car with my being gone so much in the work of the Lord. We had had to depend on someone to take the family to and from services and to get their groceries.

One day we started to the National Camp Meeting at Monark Springs, Mo., in this 1963 Chevy. We had to let the license for our '62 Ford expire as we did not have the money to get it renewed. We had driven about one-half block from home when smoke began coming out from under the dashboard. We managed to get the car back to the house and parked in the carport. We just committed it all to the Lord to work out for us if He wanted us to go to the camp meeting. In a few minutes the postman came with a letter from some people that we had never corresponded with. There was enough money in it to buy our license for the car. They had never given us an offering before nor since. We only had about two hours before the license bureau closed, but we were able to get there in time, and on to the meeting we went! After this, we never could find the short in the Chevy, and it never gave us any more trouble like that again.

While living there, a young couple called and said that they felt led to buy us a 1967 Buick they had found for sale. The strange part was, before they called, the thought had come to me, "What would you think if someone gave you a Buick car?" I thought on it, and said, "Lord, I guess it would be all right." Then this call came! The car was used, but it was still very nice. It gave us a lot of good service and we prayed the Lord to bless these dear young saints for their sacrifice.

## **Chapter VIII**

### **A New Field of Labor**

We felt the burden lifting from that part of the country, so we began looking earnestly to the Lord to direct us to where He wanted us to go and work for Him. We had learned some years before that it always paid to let the Lord direct our steps in life. On one of my trips in the Lord's work, I felt sure that the Lord had shown me where He wanted me to move. I thought it over as I had never cared very much for that part of the country around Senath, Mo., but the Lord kept it on me. When I got home I asked my wife if she had any leadings yet. She told me that Senath was the only place that she felt like going to. We wanted to test the leadings further, to be sure, so we asked our three teenaged children, starting with Terry. He promptly replied, "Senath!" Then we asked Jeanie the same question, and she answered the same. Now we did not ask Terry and Jeanie these questions in the presence of the other. When we went to pick Janice up from work, we asked her in the presence of all, the same question we had asked the other two. We were anxious to see what her answer would be as she had a good job in Joplin. When she came up with the same answer, we felt sure that the Lord was in our moving to Senath to be with the little group of saints there.

We wrote to the saints there to see how the little group felt about our moving there. They called us and were very happy to have us

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

come, so Wife and I went down to try to find a place to move to. Places were very hard to find, but we finally found a place for sale. The man had just passed away a week or two before, and the wife wanted to sell the place. It was a small acreage with a small house in much need of repair, but they were asking only \$6,000.00 for it, so we made the deal.

We moved in November, 1968. I rented a truck, and Terry and I went in the loaded truck. Janice, the oldest of the three teenagers, drove the 1962 Ford. It was loaded until she only had room enough to sit and drive. My wife and younger daughter, Jeanie, drove the Buick car, and the back seat was completely loaded. We left Carterville with quite a caravan. We drove as far as Myrtle, Mo., spent the rest of the night with our daughter Carol and family (who lived there), and drove on to Senath the next day.

The house was old and rather drafty. It had four rooms and a bath with a very small lean-to room with barely enough room for Terry's bed and a chest of drawers. This room was only about 9x6 with no closet. The well went dry and we had to drill another one. It seemed that many things happened to try to discourage us, but I felt that God was in the move. I told Wife that even if the house burned down, I would still feel I was in the order of the Lord. Wife said I would have to pray for her courage as the enemy was making it look very dark to her.

This low and sandy country was much different from what we had ever been accustomed to living in. It rained so much that first winter that the water stood in the yard all around the house.

Soon after we moved, one of the girls had an accident with the Buick. She was not accustomed to driving on sandy roads and the car got out of control and whipped into some trees at the side of the road. It damaged the car, and we had to put it in the garage to have

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

extensive work done on it. We had to put it in the garage by faith and when they finished working on it, we still had not received money to pay for fixing it. We were all looking earnestly to the Lord for this need. I went to town and while I was away, a brother and sister in the Lord who lived about 100 miles away, came by on their way home. They said that they had felt impressed to give us an offering, not knowing of our need to pay the garage bill. It was plenty to pay the bill and enough for other expenses. We were so thankful to them and the good Lord for supplying and working out this need.

Once we felt that the Lord wanted us to go to the Guthrie, Okla. Assembly Meeting. After we started, the battery needed replacing but we had sufficient means left from the offering the couple had given us to buy a new battery. We thanked the Lord for looking ahead for us. We went on to the meeting and the Lord blessed us with a good meeting and souls received help at this meeting.

We finally sold our property at Carterville. We didn't rent it, nor did we have insurance on it; we just trusted the Lord to keep His hand over it, which He did. When we did sell, we got a good down payment and received monthly payments, which we put on our property at Senath.

I worked with the brethren a lot in tearing down old buildings for the lumber for use on all of our places. We enjoyed working together, while talking on the things of the Lord. We also did a lot of work together building some outbuildings on our places. That spring we felt it needful to add to our house. I put up some framework but my health wasn't very good, and the work was going very slowly, as I couldn't work very long at a time. One day I noticed an ad in the paper about a building 20x30 for sale. I prayed about it and felt impressed to go look at it. It had been an addition

to a large mobile home. The people had sold the mobile home and this building was now for sale. It was made of all new material, insulated, partially paneled, fully wired, and there were enough ceiling tiles to finish the ceiling; it also had an air conditioner. We were able to buy it for \$600.00, and marveled at the price we paid for all of that. The building was exactly what we needed for an addition to our home, making us two more bedrooms, a nicely sized utility room, a hallway, and another bathroom with a shower. We now had a four bedroom home with two bathrooms, a large living room, and a kitchen.

After we bought the building, there was the problem of getting it moved to our place. I contacted a house mover and his price was \$400.00 to move it twelve miles. I felt that this was more than I could afford, so again we sought the Lord as we always did when problems were more than we knew what to do about. The brethren in the congregation felt sure that they could do the moving themselves. They borrowed a tractor with a hydraulic lift and a large trailer eight feet wide and twenty feet long from the cotton gin. We jacked the building up, backed the trailer under the building and let it down. The Lord helped us to get it so well balanced on the trailer that we had no trouble with it. We had to travel on gravel and dirt roads, and cross wooden bridges with dips, which weren't very level or smooth to cross. The Lord saw us safely to our destination with no trouble, and we made the trip within an hour and forty-five minutes. Many marveled at this, saying, "Surely the Lord did help you." We were so thankful for how the Lord worked out all of these problems for us and gave us an addition to our home, far better than we could have built. When we decided to move the building on the trailer from the cotton gin, the enemy started painting dark pictures to us telling us we would tip the building over into one of the ditches.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Praise the Lord, He helped us and we found the enemy to be a liar again!

Bro. Louie Marler and Bro. Leslie Adams were so precious and did all they could to help us. We appreciated it all so much. It worked out really well, as Bro. Louie Marler took the lumber I had started building with, and built for himself a greatly needed machine shed and shop. We were able to build a carport and made an addition on the front of our house, so we thank the Lord for that.

We worked very hard on the place and even the neighbors would remark of how much of an improvement we had made to the place since we had come. We lived there four years and the little congregation grew dear to us. These saints were really faithful to be at services, carried a burden for the work, and did their part in giving to the cause. This made us think of the Scripture in Proverbs that says, "The end of a thing is better than the beginning thereof."

At the Monark Springs Camp Meeting, we met our dear Bro. W. R. Fox from Marion, Ky. (about 180 miles from Senath, Mo.). For a number of years Bro. Fox had been warned that the saints were compromisers, so he had stood off by himself. Being hungry for the fellowship of God's people, he decided to search them out, and found when he came to the Monark Springs Camp Meeting, that the saints were still standing for the old-time Truth. Oh, how he rejoiced!

Bro. and Sis. Fox began attending our all-day meetings at Senath. Later they invited us to attend their services where a small group still met at the old chapel and camp ground near Blackford, Ky. We were told that in the early days Bro. Brown, their main minister, lived in that part of the country and helped build the camp ground which was near a railroad. It was one-half mile from Blackford walking down the tracks, but fifteen miles to town going

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

on the road. When the camp ground was first established, there were several passenger trains passing through. The saints would come in on the trains, get off at Blackford and walk the one-half mile back to the campground. Still standing is the chapel, dining hall with kitchen, and some old run-down cabins. The tabernacle has been gone several years.

As time went on, a spirit of fanaticism had come in, and Bro. and Sis. Fox were caught in this group who warned them against the saints. So when we started going, there weren't many left. As Bro. and Sis. Fox asked a lot of questions, we found that they had a good spirit and we drew close to each other; they fit right in with the body of Christ. Once he asked, "Why didn't I find these saints before now?"

Bro. Fox talked it over with the little group and they decided to let us hold a revival with Bro. Curtis Williams and Bro. Mart Samons helping. After that, they had a little camp meeting which we and other saints from various places attended. Bro. and Sis. Fox love the saints and we love them. We've enjoyed having them in our home, as we have all the dear saints. Bro. Fox has been to the Monark Springs and Myrtle, Mo. Camp Meetings, and to Grubbs, Ark. He is a happy man; we all love to see him rejoice because it spills over onto the rest of us. Bro. and Sis. Fox are getting older and their health isn't so good, so they don't get to go to camp meetings very often anymore.

Another small congregation about eighty miles from us was Grubbs, Ark. Bro. and Sis. Albert Eck pastored there for a number of years. We went to the all-day services there and enjoyed good fellowship.

Several years before, while we were still living at Mansfield, Sis. Edith Wall of Dallas, Texas, met some folks that told her of a



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

family in Arkansas. She and her daughter, Evodna Marler, went by to find these people. They were Bro. and Sis. E. A. Loftis of Prattsville, Ark. Sis. Wall told us about the Loftis family, so we made an effort to go see them. When we got to their place a veterinarian was there doctoring a cow out in the field. I went out to where they were working with the cow. When the veterinarian left we made ourselves acquainted. He said, "I thought perhaps, that you were some kind of insurance agent that had come out." After they found out that I was a minister, they became interested. We went to the house, ate a meal with them, and spent some time together.

Bro. Loftis was a dairy farmer with a nice herd of cows. A disease had gotten among his herd and they were quite concerned about it. We told Bro. Loftis that we would be praying about this problem. Later when we saw Bro. Loftis, he said that the Lord had undertaken, and they had not lost another cow. They were impressed by the way that the Lord had answered prayer.

We went to visit Bro. and Sis. Loftis every time we had an opportunity and found them to be precious people that embraced the truth. They had been going to services with a group of people who didn't hold the truth in all its fullness. Some of the saints went into this locality and preached some, but were not accepted by these people. The preacher got up and said he wouldn't accept it. Bro. Loftis told them, "When you are talking about the saints, you are talking about me." Bro. and Sis. Loftis and their two daughters who were saved quit going there and started having services in their home. They later converted their dairy barn into a chapel, as they had quit dairying by that time. Later, their other daughter and all three of their sons-in-law were saved. Also, an older son, and then later their younger son, gave their hearts to the Lord. They have all

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

attended Monark Springs and Myrtle Camp Meetings as well as other congregations in different states.

When we moved to Senath, Mo., I told the family that we would have to consecrate to live on less money than what we had been living on. But while there, the Lord blessed us abundantly. One year we received more than we had ever received before. It didn't all come through the local saints, even though they were faithful to do all they could, but we traveled in the work of the Lord and the Lord took care of our every need.

We started having services once a month at the Y.M.C.A. building in Decatur, Ill., which was about 200 miles north of Senath. Saints from different places in Ill. would come for morning and afternoon services. They had lunch at the park when the weather permitted. Between Decatur and Senath was another small group with whom we had services. This was close to where Sis. Thelma Sprague lived. (She later moved to Guthrie, Okla., and has now passed on to her reward.) We would stop there for night service with them and then drive on home afterward. We don't know what all was accomplished while going to Decatur. There were some elderly people that accepted the truth to a great extent. We trust that they made it into heaven.

While filling our appointments at Decatur, some of the brethren who worked on wrecked cars said they would fix one free of charge if I'd buy the car. We bought a low mileage car and they proceeded to fix it. We sold our main car as it was worn and had lots of miles on it. All we had to travel in was our older car. The brethren got the car ready but couldn't secure the title. We would go on our appointments in our older car, and the other car was sitting there ready to go, but we had no title. It went on like that for about three months. We got quite concerned and really a little impatient about

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

the situation. One day I was out mowing the lawn, and thinking the situation over; I went in the house and mentioned it to Wife. She said, “Honey, remember, you’ve been a bit impatient about it” I admitted I had. I went into the tool shed, poured my heart out to God, and asked forgiveness for being impatient. I told the Lord that I was willing to wait as long as He wanted me to and for Him to not be in a hurry, but that I could learn my lesson on patience. We just settled down to wait upon the Lord, knowing how long we would have to wait. After we became submissive, it was only a few days before we got the title to the car.

We have found that many times when we get overly anxious the Lord won’t answer our requests until we are willing for God’s will to be done. Then He will come on the scene and answer prayer. Thank the Lord!

We had lots of company while we were living at Senath. It was a common thing to see several cars in our driveway with out-of-state licenses. A neighbor stopped by one day and said he would like to know if being a preacher brought all that company. Everywhere we lived neighbors marveled at all the company we had. We have enjoyed having the saints in our home. We have always opened our home to the saints, day or night, to stop awhile, overnight, or to stay a few days—whatever, our home was open. We find that a number of the saints are the same way and we feel at home with these saints.

People around Senath were very kind, helpful, and trusted one another—even businessmen. One day I went to the auto parts store to get a fan belt. The salesman didn’t seem to know the exact size I needed, so he gave me four fan belts to take home with me. He said to keep the one that fit and to return the rest. I didn’t think he would want me to take that many without paying, but he did. Later I returned the ones I didn’t use.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Another time, I went into a store to get a piece of copper tubing. A few days later the man called asking if I had his roll of copper tubing. I had only bought what I needed, but he said that the farmers would take the roll home and cut off what they needed, and had remembered my coming in for some.

Once I was at a service station where I did some trading. The man running the station asked if I would mind taking his money and making a deposit at the bank for him. These people trusted each other very much.

Our last three children were soon gone from home. In 1970, Janice felt led to go to the Print Shop in Guthrie, Okla., to work for a while. Jeanie married Toney Samons in August of 1971. Janice married Ed Johnston in November of 1972. Terry left after he graduated in the spring of 1972 to work in Danville, Ky., for a while. Later he moved to Myrtle, Mo., to take a job of dairying for his brother-in-law, Thurman Sorrell. He lived alone until the summer of 1973, when he married Nancy Wilkins on June 16. After these children had left, our home was quite different; very lonely and quiet for Wife and me. At the time I felt the Lord led me there, I felt that the Lord had said about four years, or until the children were out of school, so now they were gone. We felt it had been a blessing to have our teenagers there at Senath those four years. They and Bro. Louie Marler's three children enjoyed each other's company, working and praying together. Thank the Lord, they have good memories lingering with them. They learned to love each other as much as we older ones did.

We enjoyed living at Senath, Mo., after we got settled. After about four years, the Lord began to lift our burden, and it was then time to look to the Lord as to where else He might want us to go. What did the Lord want us to do?

## **Chapter IX**

### **In God's Work at Springfield**

We made a trip West in the Lord's work and felt led to stop by and visit with the little group of saints in Springfield, Mo. It was on a Sunday morning, and we had no thought that the Lord would show us that we were to soon make another change.

We were sitting in the service, and we noticed a man (a stranger) sitting in a pew close to the front, fumbling with his Bible. I felt led to take the pulpit, as we didn't know what the stranger was planning to do. God's Word says to know them that labor among you. No one knew who he was. It was during this service that the Lord strongly impressed my wife and me that we were needed there. I did not know that the Lord had impressed my wife the same way; neither did she know that I had been impressed by the Lord to move there. When I later approached her about the matter, she promptly told me of how the Lord had given her the same impression and leading. We never told anyone, but some in the congregation would say, "Why don't you move up here and be our pastor?" We still went slowly and prayed much about it. We felt the Lord would have us to go to Springfield and have a week's meeting to see how the Lord would lead us in the matter.

While we were in Springfield for the meeting, we decided one day to go to Mansfield and spend the day with Wife's father and

stepmother. We had had an ice storm, but the main roads were fairly cleared. We had an enjoyable day, ate lunch with them, and decided we would start back to Springfield for services that night. We started to pull out of the driveway but there was a car parked in the street near their drive. We stopped and waited for the party to come and move their car for fear we might slide into it on the icy road. While we were waiting, we heard someone yell loudly. We turned to see that it was Wife's father on the porch. After waving us back, he turned and went back into the house. Wife's stepmother had been trying to call, but hadn't been able to call loudly enough for us to hear her.

Wife's father was having a bad heart attack. He prayed and asked that the circle would be unbroken in heaven, and the Lord took him within a few hours. We felt the Lord had held us there; if the car had not been in the street we would have been on our way. But as it was, we were with him until he passed, which was a comfort to him to have us there to pray with him. Of course, we had to postpone the rest of the meeting because of the funeral and burial.

We went back to Springfield after the funeral and then on to the Guthrie, Okla. Assembly Meeting. After returning from there, we felt clear to move to Springfield into the parsonage for a while. We went to our home to move a few of our needful things, going by on the way to visit my father in Mountain Grove, Mo. We found him not feeling well, but so happy to see us again. He was very hurt at the sudden passing of Natalie's father as they had been very close friends. The next day we received a telephone call with the message that my father had passed away. This was only about two weeks from the passing of Wife's father. The shock of the sudden deaths of both of our fathers was nearly more than we could take, but we earnestly looked to the Lord to comfort and sustain us in this time

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

of double bereavement. We found Him true to His promise to us once again.

We moved a trailer load of things that we needed and had our place put up for sale. We then started looking for a place to buy in Springfield. In March 1972, we closed the deal on our place in Senath and moved the rest of our things to our new home in Springfield. It was a much smaller place from what we had been used to living in for the previous seventeen years, so there were some adjustments to be made for us in different ways. Several sacrifices had to be made which were a little hard on the flesh, but the good Lord helped us, giving plenty of grace and we have been blessed in our souls by so doing. The Lord made it possible for us to build a nice sized utility building on our property, and we closed in the carport for more room. Also, we enlarged the living room and added another bedroom and bath. This made our living area more comfortable. We appreciate so much the temporal blessings of the Lord as well as all the many spiritual blessings He gives us. We have appreciated all those who have been so good to help in any way they could.

Soon after moving to our Springfield home, a neighbor man who lived next door came over and asked what my occupation was. He started giving us a \$5.00 offering, which he kept up until they sold out and moved away. He even brought an offering twice after moving. He also gave us many other things. He must have been a professor of some religion. Before I got a chance to invite him to services he said he wanted to get started to church, but he wanted to either go to a Baptist or a Methodist one. We appreciated the offerings, for many times they were needed. He was faithful to give every month. One time I was up on a building working when he came over and stuck the \$5.00 in the fence and said, "Here; the

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

preacher may need a pair of socks.” He gave regularly for about four years or more. Sometimes he would leave it in the mailbox and ring the doorbell or sometimes he would just hand it to us.

We took up our duties here in Springfield as pastor. At the time there was quite a group here. Several have since moved to other places, and some have passed on to their reward. None of our children were living here at the time we moved, but later the Lord saw fit to send two of our children here to live, for which we are very thankful.

Since moving to Springfield, we have had some severe trials which have driven us to our knees many times, seeking the Lord for grace and guidance. We have found the Lord to be faithful to us, and the dear saints here at Springfield and elsewhere have stood by us faithfully in the hardest of trials and held us up in prayer. We find the Lord gives VICTORY AGAIN and AGAIN! ALL PRAISE be to GOD!

While pastoring here, we also did some evangelistic work. After about four and one-half years, we felt the burden lifting from us to continue pastoring, as our health was becoming worse and we felt unable to do our duty as pastor. We continued traveling some, and preaching to the people here some. We’ve not had leadings to go anywhere else, so have continued living here in Springfield.

The saints here have sold the little chapel on Kansas Ave. that had been there for about fifty years. It was getting quite congested and there was not ample parking space. The Lord helped the saints to buy three acres of land and they have built a new chapel with school rooms. We are having services in it now. Bro. James and Sis. Patricia Bell have moved here and taken over the duties of being our pastor. They came from Sapulpa, Okla. We appreciate them and



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

pray the Lord to make them a blessing. We feel the Lord sent them in answer to our congregation's earnest prayers. Thank the Lord.

As we endeavor to prepare this book, our hearts swell with thanksgiving and praise for all the Lord has done for us and for all the dear saints' prayers, advice, and words of encouragement to us and the various ways they have promoted the work of the Lord. It has certainly been a great help and encouragement to us. May God bless and reward each one of you. As the Scripture says in Heb. 6:10, "The Lord is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love which you minister and do minister unto the saints." There are no others like the true saints of God. They are knitted together, compacted together, and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. No wonder the poet says, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we will have fellowship one with another. It is so sweet! Praise the Lord!

As we bring this book to a close, we are not active in the ministry anymore; as most of you know, for we are very badly afflicted. We know not what the Lord holds in the future for us. Our heart and soul are still in the work of the Lord. We would be very thankful if the Lord would see fit to heal us, but until then we just have to wait and look to the Lord. We have the determination, and desire by the help of the Lord and the prayers of the saints, to trust the Lord all the way, whatever the results may be.

No doubt there will be many incidents that will come to mind after we have brought this to a close. We don't know what all has been accomplished in our work for the Lord, but we've tried to obey the Lord's leadings and we leave the results in His hands. All praise and honor belong to Him.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

May the Lord watch between us while we are apart and be gracious to all.

✂ Your fellow servants,  
Murphy and Natalie Allen

## **Earnestly Contend for the Faith Once Delivered to the Saints**

For some time I have felt impressed to give a message along this line. I felt I should include it in the book of my experiences.

“Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints.” Jude 3. This faith that was once delivered to the saints, I think, could be applied to the doctrine that has been delivered unto God’s people or to the world. We have had some wonderful truths delivered unto us through the sacrifice of our Lord and Savior who died upon the cross. He came down to this world, was made flesh and dwelt among us and His flesh became the Word. John 1:14.

Peter tells us that men were moved of the Holy Ghost to write the Word of God so that it was not given a private interpretation. The Scriptures and doctrines that have been handed down to us have been brought about through divine inspiration.

It is glorious and wonderful that we have these precious truths right in our midst and within our reach. John spoke of the common salvation. It is something so common that all mankind can reach it; the low and the lofty, the rich and the poor. All classes of people are able to attain to this wonderful truth—this wonderful doctrine we

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

have. It is a precious privilege. If it were left up to some people in this world, the poor people and some nationalities would be left out. Jesus gave us this common salvation that is on such a level that all mankind can reach it.

In Philippians 1:27, it says, “Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel.” Now I’m sure that Jude and Paul spoke of contending for the faith and striving for the faith of the gospel. They weren’t speaking about striving in a carnal way because the Scripture says our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds. Many times people strive in a carnal way. That was not God’s plan at all. Jesus came as a lamb. He saves us and we become children of God and lambs in His sight. We are to contend for this wonderful truth in love, although God wants us to be firm, solid and fixed, and to teach, practice, and live according to this doctrine right here in this present world.

These precious truths many times have been trampled underfoot and have been twisted and misrepresented; nevertheless it is still the truth, still the gospel, and it doesn’t make it of none effect just because men teach it otherwise.

These truths that have been brought about through the apostles and on down through others who have taught these precious doctrines, have brought glorious liberty and freedom to mankind. The saints accepted this truth and it has brought us to where we are today. It is the thing that has enabled us to endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, the thing that has given us the victory over flesh and the devil, and has enabled us to live a victorious life. These precious truths that were established in the hearts of the older saints

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

enabled them to live godly lives and leave a wonderful example to the world. The Lord wants the younger generation to follow the example that has been set by obeying, living, and contending for this faith that we have today.

One doctrine given is divine healing—trusting the Lord for our physical needs. This is God’s plan because He said, “by His stripes we are healed.” The same stripes that were laid upon Jesus’ body for the sins of the world are the same stripes by which we are healed. God said in olden times that He is the God that healeth thee. Then we are instructed in James the 5th chapter, “Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise Him up.” Many have trusted the Lord until death. But there are some in our day and time who have let down this truth and failed to live up to this wonderful doctrine of divine healing. They have lost their faith in Jesus, turned to man, and gone to the operating table and looked to man for help. Nevertheless, this precious truth still stands the same as it always has. The Lord still wants us to contend that divine healing is a doctrine in the Church of God today.

Then there is the precious truth of modest dress. Modest apparel is taught in the Word of God. Timothy said to be dressed in modest apparel. In 1 Pet. 3:3-5, it says, “Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands.”

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

Today the same truths exist that were handed down to us from the old times, but it seems that we have come to a time or generation where modest apparel is not endorsed as it should be. There's been a letting down. There are some who shorten their skirts, wear low-necked dresses and blouses, short sleeves, and various things, and have become immodest. But this truth that was once delivered to the saints is still the same. It is not modest for a woman to sit down with a dress too short to cover her knees. This is a truth that has been taught to us; also the wearing of long sleeves. Many have let down along that line and gone to wearing short sleeves.

“Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle.” 2 Thessalonians 2:15. Now we are instructed here to hold fast to the traditions that we have been taught. These traditions that have been handed down to us are based upon the Bible. They have worked in the lives of people and are still required today if we live a life to please our Lord. We will have to hold fast to these traditions that are taught according to the Bible. They are not from man but have been wholly based upon the Word of God; the Bible.

“But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. 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.” 2 Timothy 3:14-17. Here we are instructed to hold fast to the things we have been taught, knowing of whom we have learned them. Many children have been taught these truths all their lives by godly parents and know of whom

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

they've been taught and that their parents have lived a godly life. But many children today have departed from these principles. Also the ministers of God have taught these truths over the pulpit down through the years, and their lives have backed it up and their faith followed. These truths are safe to follow because they are backed by the Word of God.

Another precious truth that is needful, is the doctrine of sanctification—a second, definite work of grace. When we come to the Lord to get forgiveness of our sins, we only get forgiven of the sins which we have committed, but the Adam nature we have inherited through the fall still remains. This nature is to be removed through the second cleansing. John 17:17 says, “Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.” Also, Romans 5:1, 2, says, “Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand.” Here we are taught that we have peace with God through repentance of our sins and we have access into this faith, the second work of grace, wherein we stand. Many other Scriptures could be quoted, but this should be sufficient. This precious truth has been taught by the saints, although it has been attacked many times. The theory of anti-cleansing has come in among the saints in this evening time. This anti-cleansing theory teaches a doctrine that one gets it all at one time and that sanctification doesn't cleanse one. This false doctrine does not change the Word of God. The true doctrine of sanctification stands the same as it always has, so we need to contend also for this wonderful truth.

Another Bible truth which has become obsolete in the world and sectism is feet washing and the Lord's Supper. The doctrine of feet washing is taught very definitely in the 13th chapter of St. John,

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

but it has been substituted by many. We are thankful for this doctrine that still holds and is practiced by the saints of today. Thank the Lord! We are taught about the Lord's Supper in 1 Corinthians 11. Both feet washing and the Lord's Supper are truths we should contend for, and practice like the Bible teaches us to do.

Another truth we want to speak of is the teaching against the television and picture shows. The saints have always taught against going to the theater for worldly movies. But the television has come in, and it is like bringing a movie picture into your home. I've heard that statistics show that what the eye sees is 80% more impressive than what we hear. There are many evil things on television, and showing these things impresses evil upon the minds of the people. Many times the children put into practice what they have seen on T.V. One time a little boy came up to me with a toy gun and said, "I'm going to shoot you." I said, "You wouldn't shoot me, would you?" and he said, "Yes, I saw it on T.V." Another time we heard of a boy, who, when his mother was away from home, just tore up the house. His mother asked him what had made him do this deed, and he said, "I'm 'so-and-so' on T.V." Even those in law enforcement see the evil in television and what it is doing to our younger generation. The leader of the F.B.I. said that T.V. was a crime-breeder. There is no doubt that many of the crimes being committed today are by people imitating someone on T.V.

I have before me a document that was written and signed by seventy-seven ministers and gospel workers of the Church of God, voicing their opinion against the television. This is the original document as quoted, with no changes made in it. It was printed in September of 1959.



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

“To whom it may concern:

We, the undersigned ministers of the Church of God, seeing the spiritual, moral detriment and sinful influence of the television, definitely believe and teach from the Scriptures that the use of the television is wrong and should have no place in the home. A few Scriptures are here quoted: ‘I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart. I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes: I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me.’ (Psalms 101:2, 3) ‘Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.’ (1 John 2:15, 16) ‘Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.’ (Galatians 5:19-21) Therefore, we warn everyone against its (television) use, and advise that anyone who has professed to be out in the clear light of God’s truth and has begun using the television or bringing it into the home over which they have control (1 Timothy 3:4, 5) has lowered the standard and has disqualified himself as a pattern for the saints.

This is to certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original document which is on the with the undersigned secretary of the Church of God, National Campmeeting, Lawrence D. Pruitt, 1116 W. Washington, Guthrie, Okla.”

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

We trust that each one who signed this document has been true to his convictions and still stands against television as much as when he signed his name. There is no doubt that things on television have become worse than when this document was written. If, since signing your name to this document, you have endorsed the television, you have become a transgressor because you have built up the thing that you at one time destroyed.

The enemy is doing his best to get the saints to lower the standard. There are things that are trying to creep in among us that are not in harmony with the Word of God and we need to stand firm against them. Lamentations 4:12, says, "The kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants of the world, would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem." Jerusalem was very fortified. History tells us that the walls were about eighty feet thick and no doubt the gates were strong and guarded, so who would ever have thought that the enemy would enter in? I was thinking about this in a spiritual way. Who would ever have thought that sin would enter into the camp of the saints? We know that there is no sin in the Church, but there is sin in the camp of the saints. There are those who claim to be a part of the Church of God who are living below the standard that God would have us to live.

There is a spirit of the world that is creeping in amongst the saints. They are catering to that spirit and neglecting the assembling of themselves together. There is the spirit of the world that is teaching one to be constantly on the go. There seems to be too much entertainment instead of spirituality coming in among our camp meetings. People think that they have to have some kind of worldly entertainment, but we have come together to worship the Lord.

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

There is far too much catering to worldly things, like worldly fashions. Many are trimming up their clothes, which is superfluity, and is taught against in the Bible and by the saints down through the years. Some will argue, “Look at my skirt; I’m modest.” But what made you modest? Was it the style because the skirt lengths became long? Or did you have it in your heart? Some of the same ones who have long skirts now wore them far too short, when skirts were short. So we will wait and see when the style changes, (which no doubt it will) and the long skirts will be obsolete again, if the wardrobes won’t change. I’m so thankful that we do have a more modest style at this time. But we, as saints, need to pick a modest length and stay with it, regardless of how the style of length goes up or down. Stay with the Bible doctrine of modest apparel anyway. 1 John 2:15, 16 says, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.” So however you dress, be sure that pride is not prompting you.

Another thing we feel like speaking against, is the spirit of foolishness among the saints, especially among our young saints and even some among our older saints. There seems to be a spirit of jesting and joking which is condemned by Paul in his writings. He said, “let not jesting or foolish talking be once named among you, as becometh saints.” The Scripture tells us that He will give us a spirit of a sound mind. “Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.” Colossians 3:17. I certainly appreciate our young folks who are living for God and devoting their lives to Christ. I only speak these things to discourage these worldly-minded spirits, that we watch and fight against them, and earnestly contend for the truth. We have many young people who are endeavoring to live for the Lord now, and we want you to still contend for the faith,

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

and live closely to the Lord, and to be real examples. Never think of going with the unsaved boys or girls if you are saved; it is according to the Scriptures that we not “be unequally yoked together with unbelievers.” You need to keep company with the saints, and pray earnestly that God will help you to find the one in life that is for you. God will be pleased to direct you to the one that He would have for your companion for life. We are praying for our young saints because we realize they are the ones who are to take over and be the future Church, and the Lord wants them to be rooted and settled so that they can carry on with the same truth and doctrines that have been taught through the years.

In 2 John 10, 11, it says, “If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds.” This could have a two-fold meaning. We wouldn’t want any false doctrine to be taught in our earthly homes, but I believe it has a deeper meaning. Receive not this false doctrine into our house which is our heart, or even into the camp of the saints. He said that if we did, we would be partakers of their evil deeds.

I’m reminded of something that happened years ago in the southern states. There was a brother who had embraced the truth and preached for the saints, but he began to bring in another doctrine that he had taken up with, to some extent. Practically all of the saints in this congregation went to his home one evening and let him know that they would not tolerate this doctrine he was teaching. This brother humbled himself and seemed to repent of this false doctrine. Saints, we need to be just that firm if any come and bring any other doctrine, or bring any other teaching than that which has been taught in God’s Word which has been embraced and brought down through the annals of time. God doesn’t want us to receive that into our

hearts, but to contend for the faith that was once delivered to the saints, striving together for the faith. We notice he says “the” faith; not “another” faith; not “a” faith; but “the” faith, signifying that there is but one faith. “One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.” Ephesians 4:5, 6.

There seems to be a spirit of liberty of conscience; you just do whatever you feel like you want to, and I’ll do the same. Dear saints, that’s the very thing that started the downfall in this evening light reformation back in the early 1900’s; a liberty of conscience theory came among us. If you feel like you want to wear a necktie, that’s all right, but if I don’t feel like I should, I won’t, and we won’t contradict each other. They went on and look where it has led to! Look what a downfall it has been; what a compromise! A disastrous thing has happened.

The real and only way we can be safe is to follow the Spirit of God and the Word. They will not lead us into anything contrary to the true doctrine that was once delivered to the saints. Paul tells us that we are all to speak the same thing and be perfectly joined together in one spirit. We are knitted and compacted together and sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. So how could we be knitted together and sit together in heavenly places if you are teaching one thing and I’m teaching another thing? Amos 3:3, says, “Can two walk together, except they be agreed?” The true Spirit of God will lead us all into the same line of truth and the same doctrine. Many have come and gone, but thank God, the true Church still stands the same today. Thank God for the true saints who have stood firm down through the years. They have held the standard and preached the Truth without compromise. The Scripture tells us to “hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.” Amid

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

all the confusion and all the things that have happened down through the years, thank God, the truth is still marching on. The truth is what set us free and is what will keep us free. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Matthew 10:22.

David said, "my feet standeth in an even path." Paul said in Galatians 5:1, to "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." He also said to "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." 2 Timothy 4:2. We certainly need longsuffering, but sometimes we must hold a real rebuke in the name of the Lord against that which is wrong.

Humility is one of the greatest assets I know of in the Christian life. The song says to "humble thyself to walk with God. Just as a stream finds a bed that is lowly, so Jesus walks with the pure and the holy." James said to "humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up." James 4:10. The apostle Paul said, "by the grace of God I am what I am." He also said, "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Galatians 1:11, 12. Pride is quite a deceiving thing. It makes people think they are something when they are nothing. Several years ago, Bro. Phillips described pride as a soap bubble. It looks real, but the first thing you know, it collapses and is gone. The Scripture says, "when a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."

In Jeremiah 6:16, it says, to "ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." The old paths are the original paths; the ones that have been followed by the saints of old. They called it a good way. Surely the

old paths have brought results to those who have traveled in them. It says here to inquire for the old paths, which seems to emphasize that some have not found them yet. It could also mean that some have left the old paths and wandered off in a by-path or a new path. The enemy has brought up a camouflaged way in these last days of time. If we have not found the old paths, we need to inquire for them and then walk therein and then we shall find rest to our souls. If you have left the old paths, you need to return to them to have this rest to your soul.

“But they said, we will not walk therein.” We meet up with the attitude that some are not going to go this way. One man told me years ago that he was in the saints’ meeting where the truth was taught by one of God’s ministers and he said, “I’m not going to go that way. I’m not going to walk therein.” He said the Lord told him, “If you don’t, you won’t have any rest and I won’t go with you.” It is just that serious. If we will not walk in the light, that light will become darkness and “how great is that darkness.” So if we will not walk therein, the saints will be marching on, and we’ll lose our souls at the end of life’s journey.

2 Thessalonians 2:10-12 says, “And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.” Here Paul tells us that because they had not a love for the truth, God would send them a strong delusion. A delusion is something that allows us to think that we are right when we are wrong. When people depart from the truth, they are opening their heart’s door for anything the enemy would have to offer. There have been those who left the truth and gone off and

gotten into some kind of a delusion and still professed to be saved. Paul said they'd believe a lie and be damned. Oh, what a sad thing it is to think that we are right when we are wrong!

A number of years ago, I was at a service station in southern Missouri and a man came along in his car headed east. He said to the attendant, "I'll soon be in Oklahoma, won't I?" The attendant informed him that he was not even going in the direction of Oklahoma, and if he kept going he would soon be in Tennessee. The man's countenance fell. At Springfield, Mo., he had come in from the north and intersected at highway 60. He should have turned west, but he turned east and had traveled approximately 125 miles east, thinking he was going west and getting closer to Oklahoma. Really, he was going east and getting closer to Tennessee. The only thing that he could do was turn around and backtrack the 125 miles and take up where he had left off. If you've departed from the truth and rebelled against it, the only thing you can do is to start over; repent before God and the saints, do your first works over and get started out right, and God will have mercy.

We are told "if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." People don't have any problem having fellowship with the saints of God when they walk in the light. We have heard the expression, "I just don't fit in with the saints." Folks, if we don't fit in with the saints, we don't fit with God either. Paul tells us in Ephesians that we "are fitly framed together and grow into the holy temple in the Lord." Salvation makes us a member of God's church and knits us together. We thank the Lord for this true Church of God. In the book of Matthew, Jesus said, "upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Thank God for true saints who have stood true and faithful, who have walked humbly with God, who have a precious fellowship



## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

together, who enjoy each other's presence, and who are together in the service of the Lord. They will go many miles to be together and enjoy that wonderful fellowship.

The Lord is going to have a Church when He comes because He said that we would meet Him in the air and those who are living at that time shall be caught up together. This signifies that there will still be a Church; a saved people, when the Lord comes.

When I found the family of God, I was so pleased. It was so wonderful and I came to stay. I've been disappointed in individuals and some have come and gone, but the real true saints (the Church of God) are still holding firm and contending for the same faith that was once delivered to them. 2 Timothy 4:8, says, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Oh, saints, think of that crown that is laid up for the righteous, for the faithful, for the true, for those who have kept the faith. When dear Brother Lazarus was on this earth, he was covered with sores and laid at the rich man's gate; the dogs came and licked his sores. But thank God, when he died, he was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom where he was comforted. This old house will one day be dissolved, but thank God we have a house eternal in the heavens not made with hands. "The toils of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way." Let us lift our eyes toward heaven and set our face like a flint, being determined that nothing shall move us. Let nothing turn us aside. Let us look unto Jesus "the author and finisher of our faith." The Lord has promised not to let us be tempted above what we are able to bear, but will with the temptation make a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it. He promised that where sin abounds, grace

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

much more abounds. “Greater is He that is within you, than he that is in the world.”

Thank God for His family. We have learned how precious the saints are; how they bear one another’s burdens. When one member suffers they all suffer with it. Oh, how we do appreciate the love the saints have shown in our affliction, in this time of suffering. They have called, written letters and cards, come to visit us, and expressed their love to us in so many ways. Oh, we thank God for the true family of God! You of the saints who are going through heavy trials, and you who are afflicted, be true to God. God loves you and is concerned about you. When you suffer, He suffers also. “For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour [aid] them that are tempted.” Hebrews 2:18.

Now I have a word to the ministers. Be faithful, live humbly, and walk humbly with thy God. The Lord will see you through. We’re living in a rebellious age. There may be times in life, like as with the apostle Paul, that no man will stand with you. Nevertheless, “the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me.” As long as we stand by the truth and preach it, the Lord will stand by, comfort, and strengthen us. The Bible tells us to be a partaker of the fruits and to be an example to the flock and to lift up a standard for the people. So the ministry has a great responsibility laid upon them to hold up the standard for the people.

It seems that our active work here on earth is almost finished unless God undertakes. But we desire and mean, by the help of the Lord and through the prayers of the saints, to trust the Lord all the way, regardless of the outcome. We know God is able to heal, make us well, and enable us to go on and work for the Lord a number of years. Nevertheless, if God sees fit to take us home to be with Him,

## GUIDED BY THE UNSEEN HAND

we want to be faithful. In either case, whether we go or whether we stay, it means victory.

If you receive any help from this book or this message, give God the praise; all honor goes to Him. We don't know what we've accomplished in the work of the Lord, but nevertheless, we have tried and we leave the results in the hands of a just God.

Remember our text, "Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." Another Scripture I'd like to leave with you is Acts 14:21, 22. "And when they had preached the gospel to that city, and had taught many, they returned again to Lystra, and to Iconium, and Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." We don't know what our tribulation may be in this life but heaven will surely be worth it all.

May the Lord bless and watch between thee and me while we are apart, and be gracious to thee until we meet again, whether it be on this earth or whether it be in glory.

✿ Your fellow servant, Murphy Allen









