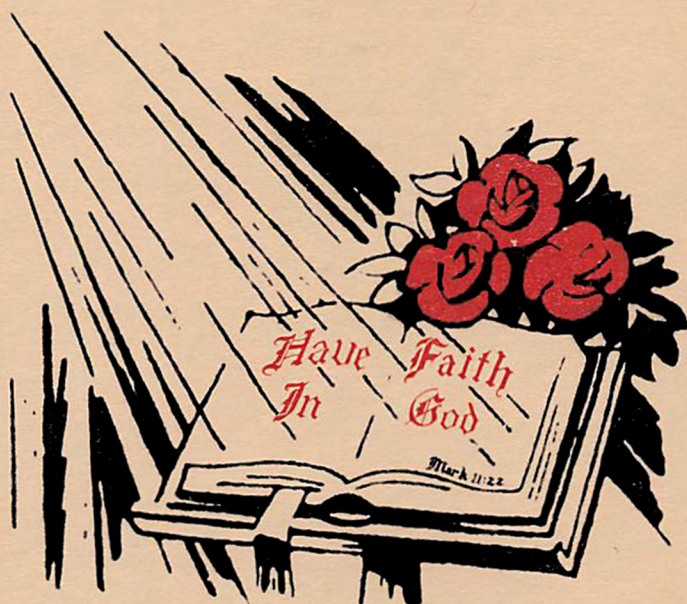


Lest We

Forget



By
Margaret Eck

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Preface

As we see the devil working to destroy faith and confidence in God I felt a burden to leave a testimony for our children and grandchildren of answered prayers and the Lord's dealings with us. I only had them in mind and did not think of putting it in book form, but some felt it would be to God's glory to make a book.

Since it was to the children, I have referred to my husband as Daddy, their grandparents as Grandpa Eck and Grandpa Johnson. Then I write to the grandchildren, and speak of their Grandpa Eck, meaning my husband, Albert.

We trust the Lord will use this not only for our children but to all who read this to put your trust in God and stand true knowing He will fulfill His promises.

Sis. Margaret Eck



Margaret and Albert Eck and their children, DeLoris, Donald and LaVerna (1977).

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Chapter One

My Parents' Experiences

To My Dear Children and Grandchildren:

God has been very good to us all the days of our lives. He has answered prayer for us since we were small children. As for me, I am very thankful the Lord saved me when I was ten years of age. I know I did not always overcome as I should have, and no doubt the Lord has been grieved with me many times, but I can truly say that I never got discouraged in the Lord. I have never wanted to turn away from Him. As I found myself failing, I would always go back to Him and plead His mercy, and He has been very merciful to not cast me away.

I would like to tell you some things by which to remember God's goodness to us, and trust your faith will be steadfast in God.

We notice in reading of Jacob that he would always refer to "The God of my fathers, Abraham [his grandfather], and Isaac." Their faith in God encouraged his faith for every need.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth

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thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." Psa. 103:1-5. Truly the Lord has been good to me all the days of my life and to my family, and lest we should forget, I would like, by the help of God, to write a few of His blessings to us all.

I was born June 27, 1910, at McAlester, Oklahoma. My parents were Robert Johnson and Sarah (Pearce) Johnson. Neither was saved at this time, although my mother belonged to a church and my father had been sprinkled when he was a baby. Jesus says, "Ye must be born again," and neither of them knew the cleansing of the blood of Jesus. My father smoked a pipe and my mother dipped snuff. They have often told us children from what sins the Lord saved them. Papa had a bad temper and my mother never let him get the best of her, so their life was not a happy one without the Lord. I cannot remember these things as they both gave their hearts to God, and were "born again," when I was two years of age.

I was the third child. My sister, Etta, is about six years older and my brother, Dee, is about three years older than I. Robert Louis and Hattie B. are younger. Our little sister, Minnie Lee, died when she was five months old.

We are so very thankful our parents got saved and we have some good memories of them. I have often heard my mother tell her experience about the Lord's dealings with her. She was attending cottage prayer meeting once a week conducted by Sis. Hattie Bran in McAlester, Oklahoma. As I said before she was a church member, and she testified to being a child of God. As she continued going and hearing the Word taught and the testimonies of the saints, she was troubled because she did not have the grace

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that she heard them tell about. She had been taught, “once in grace, always in grace,” and that “no one could live without sin.” One day, she attended a funeral of a dear friend of hers, who had been killed on the dancing floor by her lover because she was dancing with another young man. The preacher said in his sermon that she was ready to go because she had been born again, and added “once saved, always saved.” The Lord began to talk to my mother right there in the funeral service, awakening her to the fact that there is a difference in a person’s life after being born again. The Word of God says that we become “new creatures,” and “old things are passed away; behold all things are become new,” 2 Cor. 5:17. When she went back to the cottage prayer meeting that week, the saints sang the song, “O eternity, long eternity.” She said she trembled as they sang that song, because she realized she was not ready to meet the Lord. The question was, “What should she do?” She had already told the sisters she was saved. How could she admit to them that she needed salvation? Each time she went to prayer meeting she would become more convinced of how much she needed to be saved.

One night, after being in a meeting that afternoon, she knelt and prayed before she went to bed. She said, “O, Lord, show me in a dream what I must do to be saved and have peace in my soul.” The Lord gave her a dream and showed her that she must give up her snuff and acknowledge to the sisters in prayer meeting that she wanted to be saved. When she awakened and thought upon her dream, she said, “O, Lord, will it take this?” A still, small voice whispered back, “This is what I require.” She promised the Lord she would do this at the next prayer meeting.

The struggle with her decision and the devil’s opposition began. She said that she had shouted a lot in her church even

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though she lived a sinful life. The devil told her, “Now, you know the next meeting is to be held at a home where the lady is sick. You know how you shout when you get happy, and you will make her worse. It will be better for you to get saved at home.” She knew what the Lord had shown her, so she kept her promise to the Lord. She said she was very miserable all during the service, but when Sis. Bran asked if anyone had a duty before they closed, she fell on her knees by her chair and said, “Saints, pray for me to be saved.” God saved her soul, and the load she had been carrying was gone! The sweet peace of heaven filled her soul with such calmness and quietness that she didn’t feel like shouting, nor did she disturb the sick lady at all. The Lord cleansed her of the snuff dipping, took the appetite away, and made her a new creature. I am very glad the Lord saved my mother before I could remember her life in sin, as I was only two years of age when she got saved.

My mother’s life of salvation affected Papa and he began to attend the services with her at the chapel of the Church of God at McAlester. The Lord convicted him of his sins and he got saved, too. The Lord had not shown Papa to give up his smoking yet. Mama kept praying for the Lord to help him quit his smoking.

The minister announced a baptismal service. My parents both wanted to be baptized. On Saturday, Mamma heard Papa tell Etta to go to the store and get him a can of smoking tobacco. Mamma stepped to the door and said, “Papa, are you going into that water tomorrow and be baptized, still using that tobacco?” He answered, “Why, Mamma, do you think it is wrong for me to smoke my old pipe? If you think it is wrong, I will never smoke again.” He went to the kitchen door and threw the pipe away and never did smoke again. He said he never wanted it again, and that he could not stand the odor of smoke. He would not let people smoke in our home. I

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remember after we got a car, that if anyone on the road wanted a ride, he would tell them they could ride if they would not smoke. He did not allow smoking in his car. He would tell them how the Lord saved him from it, and that He would do the same for everyone. Oh, what a mighty God we serve! He is just the same today!

Mamma said she knew the saints trusted the Lord for their healing, which she felt she could do for herself, but she was afraid to trust Him for us children. The first healing she witnessed was a little girl who had pneumonia. She knew that if the Lord would heal one child, He could heal her children, too. Etta, I suppose, was their first experience of trusting the Lord for healing. Etta took sick with pneumonia, and the Lord was so very good to heal her. They called the elders of the church and had her anointed with oil and the prayer of faith was prayed. The Lord healed and raised her up, according to James 5:14, 15. I am very glad the Lord taught my parents to trust Him for us. He also gave us faith in God to trust Him for you dear children and I want you to trust Him for your children.

When I was nine months old a doctor gave me a medicine which was too strong, thus causing me much suffering with a stomach disorder. Later, when my parents learned of the privilege of trusting the Lord for healing, the Lord healed me from the stomach trouble.

Nothing was too small or too large, such as stubbing a toe, mashing a finger, stomach ache or headache. They were never too busy to stop and pray for us, whatever it was, they would pray and tell us to believe, and Jesus would heal us. How blest children are, to be taught to have faith in God. Even as Paul said to young Timothy, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is

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in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also.” 2 Timothy 1:5. Children and grandchildren, be strong in faith toward God. If you begin to look to little things to help you, it will hinder your faith. Jesus once asked the question, “Where is your faith?” He instructed His disciples to “Have faith in God.” Mark 11:22. He told Peter, “I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.” Luke 22:32. We will not always get the request we ask for, because sometimes it is not good for us to have those things for which we ask. We must trust His wisdom as well as His power. Sometimes we are permitted to suffer awhile, for Peter said that it will “make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.” 1 Peter 5:10. It is much better to be strengthened in our soul than to be well in our body. Here is where many faint by the way. If the Lord does not answer prayer and remove the pain at once, they get discouraged. David said it is good to wait upon the Lord.

I can remember when I was five years of age. I had malaria fever and chills every day for six weeks. No doubt, my parents wondered why prayer was not answered sooner, but I have heard them tell how their faith was strengthened through that test. Mamma said she would just expect the chill to come each afternoon. The Lord showed her that was not faith, and for her to act on faith and He would heal me. The next morning she told Etta she would leave her at the house with me and she would go to pick berries. Etta began to cry and said, “You know how high her fever gets when she has a chill.” She was afraid to stay with me, but Mamma said, “She will not have a chill today.” The devil always knows how to try our faith, so Papa said, “Mamma, do not leave her today. I dreamed I saw a big white bird fly down, pick her up and carry her away.” Mamma said, “But, the Lord showed me He would heal her today.” She left me with Etta. The Lord was true to

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His promise. I did not have a chill that day and that was the end of my chills that summer.

Papa was crippled with rheumatism before he was saved. He was a fireman for the railroad. He got crippled up so badly he could not work at his job. He went to different doctors and they gave him no hope. They said, "You will never fire another engine." After he got saved, and put his trust in the Lord, God healed him. He went back to work as a fireman.

It is so very easy to let the cares of life come in and choke out the Word until it becomes unprofitable in our lives. Papa was very busy and, oftentimes, he could not be in meeting. The joy of the Lord slipped away, yet he had a profession. Mother knew he needed help. The Lord sent Bro. O. B. Wilson, Sr., to hold a meeting in a schoolhouse. The Lord blessed in the preaching of the Word and Papa was awakened to the fact that he did not have anything but a profession. The devil tried to make him feel ashamed to admit he had lost out, and would say, "What will everyone think after you have claimed to be saved? If you go to the altar, no one will ever have confidence in you again." One night he resisted the devil by telling him, "Whether anyone will ever have confidence in me, I want confidence in my own self." So he got saved again. Papa and the engineer he worked with could not get along, making their work very unhappy. The first day they worked together after Papa got back to the Lord, he told Mamma, "There surely was a big change in old Sid. He did not fuss any today." Mamma said, "Papa, the change is not in Sid, but in you." Isn't it wonderful how the Lord changes our lives when we live for Him? It is just as the prophet Isaiah prophesied of the time when Jesus would come and save His people from their sins and change their natures. He said, "The Wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the

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leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.” Isa. 11:6. Praise the Lord, He can take out beastly natures and make us humble! Some people teach that this will take place at Christ’s second coming, but this is what He does when He saves us from our sins today. “Tis the kingdom of peace, it is reigning within, it shall ever increase in my soul, we possess it right here when he saves from all sin, and ‘twill last while the ages shall roll.” Praise the Lord!

Once when I was about six years of age, the daughter of our neighbor (the mother was a saint, the father was not), who was about my age, was bitten by a copperhead snake. Immediately her foot swelled. Her daddy wanted to take her to the doctor. Her mother called my mother for prayer. My mother prayed very earnestly. We lived about one-quarter of a mile from them and the sister asked the Lord to let her hear my mother pray. She sat at the window with the girl (it was dark) and she could hear every word of my mother’s prayer. She told her husband, “She will be all right,” and they went to bed. The Lord took all the swelling out and healed the girl. This had a lasting effect on me.

Another answer to my parents’ prayers: A neighbor lady had red, sore eyes and she would have to bury her face in a pillow, with all the windows darkened. They called for Papa and Mamma to come. They prayed the prayer of faith and the Lord touched her. She threw the pillow down and said, “Praise the Lord! I am healed! Bring me my baby.” She had not been able to see her baby for three days.

In this same community the Lord kept two sect preachers from taking the schoolhouse from the saints. They had made their boast that they would have it that Sunday, so all the saints (three or four

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families) met at our house and prayed all night that God would give the schoolhouse to us. We all met for Sunday school as usual. Brother Taylor would always come out on a train, and walk from the crossing which was not far from the schoolhouse. The saints sang one song after another and kept looking down the road. They prayed and sang. The two preachers were sitting on the stage. At last the train came and we saw Brother Taylor get off. Someone called out (my papa, I think), "Praise the Lord! Here comes Brother Taylor!" Soon he walked in and said, "Praise the Lord! My train was late, but thank God I'm here." Without noticing the preachers he went right up to the stand. Oh, the shouts of joy from the saints! I remember that very well, even though I was only six years of age.

I well remember when our baby sister took very sick. Papa and Mamma did not give her medication, but trusted the Lord for her. The Lord revealed to them He wanted to take her so they did not hold on but said, "Amen" to God's will. There were two preachers in that neighborhood who fought the truth. (The same ones who tried to take over the services at the schoolhouse.) Through their influence, a mob was organized to threaten Papa. Three men came and called him out. They told him that if he did not have a doctor with the baby before sundown, a mob would horsewhip him. Papa said, "Boys, you might as well take me now, for we gave this baby to the Lord, and we are trusting her in the hands of God!" They warned him, and left, going to a neighbor man, about one-half mile from us telling him what they were planning to do. They probably thought he would join in with them, as he claimed to be an infidel. When they told him of the mob, he said, "Now listen boys, I have lived by this man, and Johnson lives up to what he believes. I have a good gun in my house and I am going to shoot the first man that puts his foot on Johnson's place

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tonight.” They knew he meant what he said, so the mob was stopped, and God in His mercy protected and cared for our parents. Our little Minnie Lee died the next night. Our parents grieved much. They decided to move to another neighborhood. When the word got out that we were moving, these two preachers went to the little village near Denison, Texas, and they went from house to house, warning the people not to have anything to do with us. They told them that my parents claimed to be holy and live free from sin, they claimed to be better than Jesus Christ, and to be getting better all the time. They said that they let their baby lay and die and wouldn’t have a doctor with her. When we got moved and settled, my brother Robert and I began to have chills and fever. Days passed and no one came to visit us. It was a lonely time for our parents. Mamma said the devil tried her severely and would say, “I would never testify to divine healing again,” but God gave them grace and strength to hold fast. I do not remember how long we were there before anyone came.

One day a dear lady came to meet my mother, and as they sat talking, Robert and I both began to have chills. Mamma put us to bed, trying to get us warm. Mrs. Wright asked, “What are you doing for the little ones?” Mamma dropped her head and said, “I am not doing anything.” The thought came to her, “Another accuser!” But Mrs. Wright said, “Maybe you are like me, I don’t believe in taking medicine.” This was encouraging to my downcast mother. She lifted her head and said, “Praise the Lord, I don’t either. I trust in the Lord!” Mrs. Wright said, “Praise the Lord, I have prayed for years for the Lord to give me one neighbor who would trust the Lord!” She told Mamma how these men had warned the people against us. She left our house and went to the nearest neighbors and told them to visit us, as we were Christian

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people. The neighbors began to visit and what wonderful people they were!

Papa and Mamma rented a building and started services; also the children of the neighborhood would come to our house and Mamma would teach them the Word of God. The parents appreciated it very much and I want to say, Mrs. Wright was Christian Science in belief when she first visited us, but when she heard the truth on the church, she accepted the truth and walked in the light. She was a good, sweet woman. We all loved her.

Now, I must tell you of the trouble that I got into at this place. I think I was seven years of age. Sis. Wright had a little girl my age, also three older girls. I loved this little girl so very much (I cannot remember her name), but we played a lot together. They had other friends who also had a little girl about our age. I guess I was jealous of my friend playing with her friend, and I made up a lie on her and told her that her mother had told my mother. I cannot ever remember telling a lie before. She told her mother, and Sis. Wright came to my mother about it. Well, my mother was a very wise mother. She took me alone and began to question me all about it. At last I broke down and confessed that it was not so. She said, "Now you must confess to Sis. Wright that this is not true." Oh, I felt so ashamed! I cried, and cried but Mother was true to her word. After supper, one evening, she said, "Sister, come go with me to Sis. Wright's." Oh, I dreaded to go. Just before we got there she said, "Now I want you to ask Sis. Wright to forgive you." We went in and I did not go to play, I sat crying all the time. Finally Mother said, "Go ahead sister, and do what I told you to do." This made me cry all the more, but I walked over to Sis. Wright and said, "Sis. Wright, please forgive me." She said, "What for?" I said, "For telling a story on you." She put her arms around me and

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said, “Yes, I will forgive you and you will not do that anymore, will you?” I said, “No, I won’t.” She told me she loved me and wanted me to be a good little girl. Even though this was about the hardest thing I ever had to do, I am glad my mother let me know that when I lied on people I had to make it right. This put a real carefulness in me.

At this same place I was outside playing alone with Papa’s buggy whip. He always kept it in the buggy to use to make the horses go faster. Somehow I broke the handle off. I was very sorry, and thinking he might spank me for playing with it, I decided I would hide it. I put it under the floor, but I felt so very bad. I knew Papa would be asking for it and I would either have to confess it or lie about it, so I decided to go in the house and tell Papa. I walked to his chair and said, “Papa, forgive me.” He said, “What for?” Of course, I was crying so hard that he could hardly understand me. I said, “For breaking your buggy whip.” He said, “Go get it.” I pulled it out from under the floor and brought it to him. He hugged me and said, “I will not spank any little girl who will confess to doing things she knew she shouldn’t. If you had told me a story about it I would have spanked you for doing it and given you another one for lying to me.” I really learned my lesson well at this place, to always be honest and willing to confess to what I had done wrong. I thank God for wise parents.

I remember how sick Hattie, our youngest sister was, at that place. She had pneumonia and dropsy. She was a very sick child. They called the saints at Oklahoma City during their assembly meeting, for prayer and asked a minister to come. A minister came and stayed until the Lord healed her. Again, the Lord got glory to His name!

Chapter Two

A Move to Oklahoma

Papa's work on the railroad required a move from the little village close to Denison, Texas, to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. The dear people at the Cotton Mills were saddened by us having to leave. They all came the day we left and wept very much. The women told my mother how much good she had done for the children and the change that had come to them. Truly the Lord blessed us at that place.

We moved to Capitol Hill, Oklahoma City. It was a very cold winter. The gas did not have pressure enough to keep us warm. Many people suffered from the cold. Mamma learned that if she would get up and cook her meals about 4:00 a.m. that the gas pressure was stronger. She would do her cooking real early, yet many days we would have to stay in bed to keep warm.

One night Mamma felt impressed to go next door where a widow woman and her daughter lived. She found them in very meager circumstances. The oil in her lamp was gone and she had put water in the lamp so the wick could touch the oil. They had very little to eat and the house was cold. Mother came back, got oil for the lamp and took some food to them. It seemed that we were always what you would call "poor people," but Papa and Mamma

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always found someone who was more needy than we. It always made us children happy to help others.

You might say that we had been isolated from the saints since we had moved from McAlester, Oklahoma, to Texas, but we always had a few saints with whom to worship. My mother's calling was to teach, so they had Bible study wherever we lived, and a minister would have appointments.

I remember Bro. and Sis. Pine Porter, Bro. O. B. Wilson Sr., and others coming, but mostly laboring with a very few. They had been taught the truth at McAlester and they held on to the Bible teachings. They had not known of the great compromise spirit that was working among God's people. They had noticed the Gospel Trumpet paper was easing up on things once taught against when they were first saved. When we moved to Oklahoma City and tried to worship in the church there, my parents would come home very grieved. While we lived there, the church at that place accepted the wearing of gold which the Word of God plainly forbids. (1 Tim. 2:9; 1 Pet. 3:3). They also allowed mixed (male and female) swimming, which the Word teaches against. "Let all things be done decently and in order." 1 Cor. 14:40. There was much partaking of the world, such as sports and worldly entertainments. One young person testified how glad she was that the time had come when they could go to ball games and their pastor could go with them. All of this grieved my parents very much, but they did not know where to go. They would often cry and ask one another, "Is it just us?"

That spring, Papa had a chance to rent a farm at Harrah, Okla., as he had quit working as a fireman on the railroad. We were all very happy with our move to the farm. I had recovered from having the mumps and Etta and Dee had them when we moved.

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Robert and Hattie got them later. When everyone recovered from the mumps, and the spring weather began to get pretty, we were a happy family. Now we could get out in the timber and see the beautiful flowers. We kept bouquets of flowers in the house all the time. We would hunt rabbits and when they would run up a hollow tree we learned how to twist them out with a forked stick. This was in 1918, and I was eight years of age that summer. We got a Jersey milk cow. We had all the milk and butter we needed. We got a pig which was to be our meat for the winter. We really enjoyed ourselves.

I remember our Grandpa Pearce came to live with us in the fall of 1918. When we got the glad news that World War I had ended, Grandpa threw his hat into the air, whooped loud, then stomped his hat in his excitement about peace. My grandpa was not saved, so sometimes there were problems.

Isaiah 35 is such a very good chapter. Here he tells us how “the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them.” For what? For the gospel. Isaiah was prophesying of the gospel day and the saving power of Christ. He said, “It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing,” and how our blinded eyes could be opened and our deaf ears be unstopped. “The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land, springs of water.” He also mentions, “An highway shall be there . . . the way of holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it; . . . no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, . . . the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.” This Scripture means a lot to me. As I mentioned before, this is what we are enjoying in this life. The cleansing blood of Christ changes that old lion like nature to a lamb like nature. You have heard me say how your Grandpa

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Johnson had such a bad temper before he was saved. I would like to tell you how God took out the lion nature and gave him a lamb nature. I was about 13 years of age and as I said, my grandpa Pearce was good, when he was good, but he could be very disagreeable when he wanted to. We loved him and would have been so very glad if he would have let Jesus give him a new heart. On one of these occasions when he got upset we were all heading, or gathering, maize from the field. Grandpa Pearce was very angry with us all but especially with Papa. He would follow Papa up and down the rows cursing, calling Papa such bad names, and threatening his life. The Lord gave Papa grace to keep quiet and sometimes he would sing. Finally he settled down. We were glad Papa didn't fuss with him or it could have been serious. As far as we know our Grandpa Pearce died without God.

Sometimes our neighbor's pigs would come over to our yard and root around. We had two good dogs, so they would chase them away. One day, we were all gone from home and the pigs came over. The dogs chased them home, it was a very hot day, and I think one pig died. Our neighbor was a very high tempered man and he gave poison to our best dog.

One day our cows got out and the neighbor penned them up and made Papa pay to get them back home. He came to our house and his father (a good old man) was with him, and told Papa to come with him and get his cattle. We could all see how upset he was, so as they drove off with the wagon and horses, Mamma said, "Children, we must pray for Papa," and we prayed earnestly for him to have grace. Papa said the man cursed and called him bad names and finally his father spoke up and said, "Edd, you have said enough, now stop." He said, "You can be glad Johnson is a Christian or you would get knocked out of this wagon today." So

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the man settled down. God is so very good to give grace in time of need.

On a sultry afternoon, a cloud came from the north, with a terrible roaring, it was very evident there was a hail storm coming. Papa was in the cotton field with the landlord. They quickly unhitched the horses from the cultivators, and got under the wagon for protection from the hail. Mamma and we children were at the house. Mamma called us to prayer. She earnestly asked God to protect our crop from the hail. How wonderfully the Lord answered prayer. The hail came to the north fence of our crop, turned east, and passed our crop, then turned south until it was past our crop in that direction, and then turned west, and got back in the direction it was going at first. The storm went on south. The landlord said, "Johnson, I can't understand this." Papa said, "I do. My wife and children are at home praying." What a mighty God! "He rides the clouds; he has his way in the whirl wind." He will control our lives, if we will let Him. Oh, why should we be afraid to trust Him?

In 1918, the flu was brought back to the United States as the soldier boys began to return. Oh, how sick we all were! Grandpa Pearce took it first. The doctor would come out and give him medicine. We all took the flu and were all sick at once. A neighbor would come to help out, but would not come into the house. He would go to town and buy food for us. We had another neighbor lady who was very sick. Her husband thought she was going to die. He came and asked my parents to come pray for her. My mother was sick in bed and had fever. It was misting cold rain, but she and Papa walked to the neighbor's house. They prayed the prayer of faith and the woman was healed and Mamma was healed, too.

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Many people died that year with the flu, but the Lord healed all of us. We do praise the Lord!

When we moved to the farm at Harrah, we met Bros. Wess and Eff Coffey and their families, also Bro. and Sis. Redwine. We would all meet together in our homes and have meetings. It seemed that the Lord blessed us to get together for we did not know them before we lived there. We enjoyed them very much.

Papa felt he had found a better farm close to Seminole so we moved, also the two Coffey families moved over there. Bro. and Sister Avery McGlasson lived there and all of us children went to school together. Nearly everyone thought that we were all relatives because they said we acted and dressed alike. Bro. McGlasson was a minister, so we had Sunday school and meetings in the schoolhouse. Bro. and Sis. O. B. Wilson, Sr., Sister Bell Tacker, and Bro. C. S. Forbes would come there different times for meeting. Our parents were very happy to find the true saints again. Isn't it wonderful how God will bring His people together?

I also remember the time when our landlord would not buy feed for his mules because the neighbors told him we fed the saints' horses from his feed. The crops were growing up. The mules could only work part of the morning and part of the afternoon as they were so very weak. My mother prayed, "Oh Lord, if this man is not able to buy feed, give these mules strength to work, but if this man is too contrary to buy feed, then take these mules out of my way that I will not have to be tried with them." The next day one of the mules took very sick; they called the man and got the veterinarian. The vet told the man, "There is only one thing wrong, this mule needs feed." My mother told Mr. Gates how she had prayed and he said, "I'll get the feed." He went right to

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town and brought out feed. He did not fail to keep feed there after that. At that time I was nine years of age.

We lived on this man's place one year and moved to another farm near Hargo, Oklahoma. If you look on the map you will see all these little towns are not very far apart. When we moved to Hargo, we started meetings in our schoolhouse and it was here Papa started preaching. We had a good Sunday school attendance and good interest from the neighborhood.

There was a large family named Armstrong attending the meetings. One night, after Papa preached, the married son and his wife, all the children, and the father and mother got saved. This was a blessing and encouragement to us.

Chapter Three

My Youthful Experiences

When I was ten, we were holding a meeting out under a grove of trees. Almost every night it would come up a rain. Everyone would have to go home. Papa fasted and prayed for the Lord to keep the rain away. As he went out for prayer before we went to meeting that evening, there were clouds coming up again from the northwest. The Lord told Papa, “Tell the people to sit down. It won’t rain tonight until the one who lives the farthest away gets home.” We went on to meeting. The clouds kept coming, the thunder and lightning came closer and soon the people began to get up to go home. Papa arose, trembling, and told the people what the Lord had said, so they all sat down. The minister arose and delivered a message on faith. The people all stayed until the meeting was over. Brother Harry Davis had farther to go than anyone. He said all the way home it looked like it would pour down, but he would always tell his wife, “It will not rain until we get home.” Just as they drove into the barn it just poured rain, but they were in the dry.

That summer we had a tent meeting at Earlsboro. We lived about mid-way between Hargo and Earlsboro. Most of the ministers and helpers stayed in our home. I was a foolish little girl. I liked to make people laugh at me by my silly actions and sayings.

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I had never felt condemned about it, but Sis. Ella McMakin was staying with us. She led the singing in the services. I was very fond of Sis. Ella but I was always cutting up and making her laugh. So one night she did not come home with us. I asked Mother why Sis. Ella did not come home with us and she said, "Well, Sis. Ella said that you were so foolish that she felt it was overcoming her too much, so she went home with some of the other saints." This made me feel very bad. I began to feel condemnation on my soul. One night, a little girl said to me, "My mamma said I could get saved, why don't you get saved?" I had always tried to be good and obey my parents. All of us children always took part in family worship, but I had never really been born again. I was feeling so bad about my foolishness, so I was touched when Bro. O. B. Wilson Sr., preached that night on, "Ye must be born again." When the invitation was given, I went to the altar and asked the Lord to forgive me. Some of the saints and my mother prayed and instructed me how to repent and believe. The Lord blessed my little soul and filled me with such peace! I was so very happy. I usually went to sleep on the way home in the wagon with the horses pulling it, but that night I was wide awake. I felt so different. The moon and stars seemed to shine brighter than ever. I was so very glad to be saved! That was when I was only ten years of age. I know I didn't always overcome but I never lost the desire to live for God. Many times I would have to ask the Lord, also my brothers and sisters, to forgive me, but I would never quit trying. I was determined to hold on. I thank the Lord for the determination He put in my heart.

My parents never neglected our family worship. Papa would read to us from the Word of God and we had to pay close attention and tell him what he read. I remember also on Sunday afternoon or at night, he would read and have us tell him where he read. This

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was a good way to acquaint us with the Scriptures. He would also name different stories of the Bible and see who could finish the story, or he would read some place and see who could be first to find the place. All of this was such a help to keep us searching the Scriptures. My mother would often have Bible study with us. We would all have our Bibles and she would select a subject. Maybe it would be on kindness, or humility, or pride. It would be on something that she felt we needed and she would give us all Scriptures to read, and in this way she would teach us. I think back to those days and it brings tears to my eyes, as I write, to know how carefully they taught us. I think of the children in this day and how they are entertained with the TV. Many a child has never heard its parents pray or read the Word.

(I also remember how blest we were that we taught our children to read God's Word and pray. Children, you will never know the joy you have given us because you all sought the Lord for salvation. When you chose companions, you didn't go out in the world to get your companions, but each of you married good saved ones, and I want you to know, too, how happy we are when we visit you, that your children have parents who still have family worship. We can never praise the Lord enough. To God be all the glory!)

Bro. John Wilson baptized me when I was 11 years of age. We always thought a lot of Bro. John Wilson. As I have stated, it seemed I often had to repent of short comings. I knew not why; I tried so very hard. When I was 12 years of age, one prayer meeting night, they left Dee, Robert, Hattie, and me at home, as the weather was too cold for us to walk to meeting. Before we went to bed, we read and prayed together. After going to bed I was not sleepy. As I was lying awake, I began to pray, asking the Lord for a closer walk

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with Him. He began to talk to my heart. This is what He said to me. “When I was there on earth they mocked me but I didn’t mock them back. When they hit me I didn’t hit them back. When they spit on me I did not spit on them. When anyone does things to you, you return the same to them.” Oh, how I broke into tears and asked for His help!

The next morning while I was helping Mother with the breakfast, I said, “Mamma, Jesus talked to me last night.” She asked, “What did He say to you, sister?” I told her. She said, “Sister, the Lord is dealing with you to be sanctified. You are saved, but you need the Holy Spirit in your life to give you power to overcome.” She instructed me how to consecrate my life to God and die to self. The next Wednesday night I was sanctified. I gave myself up and all that I knew. I asked Him to give me power over the flesh and to take out the carnal nature. Praise the Lord! He sent the Comforter and He is abiding yet today. He did not take the trials away but gave me power to conquer. No one can make me believe there are not two definite works of grace, for I experienced them both. I know when I got saved and I know when I was sanctified. Oh, that all would go on to perfection and let the Holy Ghost come in and take up His abode! Now, dear children, here I want to warn you to take heed that no one deceive you. There are so-called “Church of God” ministers teaching there is no such thing as two works of grace, but stay with the truth. Jesus told His disciples to tarry until they were endued with power and said that they would receive power after the Holy Ghost had come (Luke 24:49). He called Him “the Spirit of truth” whom the world cannot receive (John 16:13). This shows us that one must first be saved before one can receive the Holy Spirit. When we get saved, the Spirit is with us, but Jesus said, He “shall be in you.” John 14:17. I praise the Lord yet today for saving me and sanctifying my soul,

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taking out that inbred nature and giving me the nature of Christ. The Holy Spirit gave me power also to witness for the Lord. (Acts 1:8). I could testify to my school mates. I could tell them why I didn't go to the Christmas tree parties and why we didn't have a Christmas tree in our home. I was not ashamed to stand for the truth. When I was in my teens, sometimes I would see a group of girls and boys standing together talking. Sometimes I would go to join in with them, but when they would see me coming, one would say, "Hush, here comes Margaret." Sometimes the enemy would make me feel left out. Then the Holy Spirit within me would give me comfort and let me know they respected me for the life I lived. I was like all boys and girls when I grew up. I wanted to keep company with the young people my age.

We had moved north of Shamrock, Texas, when I was 13 years of age. Our last year at Earlsboro, Oklahoma, was cotton crop. Papa and Mamma were having a hard time keeping food on the table and our clothes were very poor. As I look back now, I hardly see how we got by. I do remember once when we had used our last bit of flour for breakfast, Papa went out in the woods to pray. When the mail came, there was a check. Papa and Mamma thanked the Lord.

One day Papa went to Earlsboro and there was a man on the street, asking people if they would like to go to Shamrock, Texas, to pick cotton. He would pay their train fare and give them a place to live. Papa came home and asked Mamma what she would think of us three older children and him going, as it looked like something had to be done. So we left on the 4 o'clock train for Texas. The cotton was good and we made good at picking cotton. The last man we picked for offered to rent Papa a farm. So Mamma, Robert, and Hattie sold our milk cows, team of horses,

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and the few belongings we had and came on the train to us. Here we were in a new place with new people. You might say, to start out anew, but the Lord was really in that move. He blessed us so very much that fall that Papa said, "I want us to all buy new clothes," and we really needed them. My coat was really worn. I was surely happy to have a new coat. When we started to school, after Christmas, we really thanked the Lord. Our landlord was very good to us. He surely was a fine man. We farmed his place for three years. After the first year Papa was able to buy his own horses, mules, and farming tools. We felt we were better off than we had ever been.

Before we left Oklahoma, Etta was keeping company with Brother and Sister Ben Davis' son, Audney. In February 1924, he came to Texas and they were married. We all liked Audney, but we were afraid he would take our sister to Guthrie, Okla., with him, but he didn't. He rented a farm across the Red River from us. We enjoyed going to see them and enjoyed their visits to our house. Now, I was the big girl of the family.

Papa was asked to preach in our schoolhouse, so we started having meetings. Papa also had appointments in Audney and Etta's neighborhood. There was not a bridge across the Red River, and we had not bought horses and a wagon, so we would walk, having to cross the river when it was so cold that Mamma would not go. Papa would so much want me to go, so I could read the Scriptures for him as he preached. He would take his shoes off and wade the river, carrying me across.

Our landlord often loaned his horses and wagon to us to go to meeting. One time when we had his wagon, the river was fine for us to cross going to meeting that morning, but that night, the river was up and flowing very swiftly. It surely was dangerous for us to

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cross, but we prayed for the Lord to take care of us. At one time the wagon began to float. The Lord helped us across, and how thankful we were!

We continued to have services in both schoolhouses, but the people didn't seem very receptive to the truth. Bro. Fred Pruitt and Bro. and Sis. J. Glasgow from Guthrie, Okla., came that summer and held a meeting. We were very glad to have some saints to be with again. None were saved, but we enjoyed the meeting, and felt sad when they left.

We bought a Model T Ford car the next summer. Papa and Mamma went to Oklahoma City campmeeting. When they returned we enjoyed hearing them tell about the good meeting. The appointments in our neighborhood were stopped, also the one across the river. Papa started having meeting in another schoolhouse called the Locust Grove district. Here we found hungry souls ready to hear the Word. That summer we had a two weeks' meeting. Papa did the preaching at night and Mamma taught Bible lessons at 10:00 every morning. The Lord blessed and anointed every service. People were awakened to their needs. They went to one another, crying and asking forgiveness for wrongs they had done. Sad to say, many of them settled back into their own ways; they were not willing to pay the price for real Bible salvation. One who got saved in that meeting is still saved today. Her brother accepted the truth and the Lord took him home. We continued to have regular services as long as we lived there. We also had meetings in another district. We thank the Lord for those days.

Chapter Four

Teen-age Decisions

After we became well acquainted with the young people, some of the boys wanted to date me, but I didn't fall for them. There was one of the boys to whom I was attracted. We were together in groups and when we moved from Texas to Guthrie, Okla., he wrote to me. Papa and Mamma began talking to me about not keeping company with an unsaved boy.

I do not understand why I let my affections go out to an unsaved, worldly boy, but here is the reason I write this. I want to warn my grandchildren to guard your affections. One place Peter said, "Gird up the loins of your mind." 1 Pet. 1:13. We can let our affections get unruly, so remember this as a warning. Be wise. Keep your mind on Jesus and He will take care of you.

I told Papa that if he would show me by the Scriptures that it was wrong, I would stop writing to the boy. One morning Papa called me to bring my Bible. He began giving me Scriptures to read. He said to turn to Deut. 7:3. Even though this is speaking to literal Israel, they were God's chosen people, and these things are examples to us who are spiritual Israel. We must not make the same mistakes they did. Here God tells them to not "make marriages with them; thy daughters thou shalt not give unto his

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son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son.” Verse four tells us His reason for giving this command, because, “they will turn away thy son from following me.” God said that His anger would be kindled against him. The Apostle Paul says, “Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.” 2 Cor. 6:14. Now some unsaved persons will use the excuse that they believe Jesus is Christ. But Jesus plainly tells us, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.” Mark 16:16a. An unsaved person is one who has not believed in Christ as his Saviour. There are other Scriptures Papa showed me but these should convince us today. I submitted, but down in my heart, I had not given up this young man.

One day, the Lord spoke to my heart and said, “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.” 1 John 2:15. He said, “You know this boy is of the world.” That was enough for me. I asked the Lord to forgive me for loving the world. I was very sincere before God, and the Lord gave me a promise that day. These are the words He spoke to me. “If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.” Isa. 1:19. I believed His Word.

I also learned that just because two young people are saved, doesn’t mean they are for each other. The Word says, “In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.” Prov. 3:6. It is good for a young girl just to put her life completely in the hands of God and wait patiently upon Him. My father was very diligent in instructing us girls not to be forward, loud, nor flirty, and trying to draw the attention of the boys. He also instructed us that when we did keep company with a boy, not to sit in the car, but to always get out and go into the house, and not to stand in the dark shadows to talk. He told us never to be in a questionable place, and

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not to hold hands, but let a young man know to keep his hands to himself. He said not to sit against a young man, and never kiss, even if we were engaged, as this is all for marriage. I am very glad my father taught me these things, and I am happy God gave me grace to be obedient. I trust my grandchildren will accept these rules for your courtship also. You will never be sorry.

I think it was 1927, when we moved from Texas to Guthrie, Okla. We were very happy to live amid a congregation of saints. I shall never forget how Robert, Hattie, and I enjoyed the young people. There was a nice group, and dear Sis. Mary Pruitt was our Sunday school teacher. We all felt she loved us, and all the young people loved her. She would often invite us home with her. Bro. and Sis. Fred Pruitt would go to the county jail for meetings and we would go with them to help sing, and often the young people would testify. Sometimes we would go with them to the County Poor Farm out by Seward, which was for the poor and old people who had no place to live. Our hearts were touched to see how happy they would be to hear singing, praying, and the preaching of the Word. I am glad I had the privilege to be with them.

The young people would have meeting just before the regular services on Sunday night. My! those were precious times together. Everyone was so serious minded and endeavoring to worship in spirit and in truth. The Lord blessed us so very much. Sometimes we all would read a Scripture and comment on it, and we would get such a blessing, hearing each other talk or testify. Often Bro. and Sis. George Winn (Mother and Father Winn we called them) would come to our meeting. I remember so well that one of our services had been very good and Bro. George Winn got up and expressed how blest he was to be there. He said, "The Lord is calling so loud for workers out of this group of young people that I

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can hear the call, too.” Truly this was so, for there are several that are ministers and workers today from that group of young people. Dear young people, yield yourselves to God and let Him use you for His glory. There is not as much pleasure in anything else as living for Jesus. If I could go back and change my life, I would still want to live for the Lord, only I would be happy to be a better overcomer.

At the Oklahoma City campmeeting in August of 1929, a young man began to show interest in me. I had seen him the year before at campmeeting but did not really get acquainted with him. He came to me and introduced himself as Albert Eck. He lived west of Enid, Oklahoma. He asked my name and said that if I cared to he would like to write to me. I gave him my address. He also asked if he and his sister, Carolina, could take me home from the campmeeting so he could find out where I lived. I accepted and that’s the way we got started. In November his parents, Bro. and Sis. Dan Eck of Meno, Oklahoma, asked my father to hold a meeting in their school house. I usually went with Papa in meetings, so I went along. I enjoyed the family very much and it was on this trip Albert asked me to marry him. I was not prepared to give an answer so soon. I took it earnestly to the Lord and when I felt I had an answer from the Lord, I answered in this manner. “If the Lord doesn’t change my mind, I will, but if the Lord changes my mind, I will not.” I wanted to be so very sure I was in the will of God. I was so very willing for God to have His way that I spent much time in prayer, asking God to have His way.

Down in our pasture there was a deep ravine with a rock cliff at the top. Many times I would go to this place for prayer. I always felt very close to the Lord there. Now I spent even more time in my place of prayer, asking the Lord to hold my future in His hand.

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I do wish to say to my grandsons that your grandpa (Albert) was just as earnestly seeking the mind of the Lord about us getting married as I was. He didn't tell me until after we were married, and I am glad he didn't. He said that one day he had gone out behind the barn to pray about it. He wept before the Lord, asking the Lord to work it all out for His glory. He said as he was going back to the house an audible voice spoke to him and said, "She shall be yours." He said that he never worried about it anymore. You know boys, it is good for you to be able to get the mind of the Lord, then be like Mary, just ponder it all in your heart without telling it to others. (Luke 2:19).

When Albert came to Guthrie for the Assembly Meeting, he wanted to set the date and I left it up to him to choose the month, and I would set the day. He chose February. The 9th was Audney's Birthday, and the 10th was Audney and Etta's Anniversary. I chose the 9th for our wedding day since it was Sunday. We did not have a long courtship and I can't say I would advise this for everyone but it did work for us. We chose Bro. Ben Davis (Audney's father) to unite us in marriage at the Guthrie chapel. We felt that he performed the ceremony very well. (Albert D. Eck was born on Oct. 21, 1908.)

Chapter Five

Early Married Life Experiences

After Albert and I were married, we moved northwest of Meno, Oklahoma, to one of his father's farms. We started our life together by putting the Lord first, and always standing on the promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6. We came back to visit my parents in Guthrie about two months after we were married. I was so glad to see them. After we visited awhile, I slipped away to go back to my place of prayer. Here the spirit of God said, "I will be with you wherever you go, not just here, but anywhere." That was such a comfort and I found it so. Praise His dear name!

We started our married life together trusting God for all things. I believe the first healing in our home was for Daddy, when he had a very red swelling in both legs from his knees down. From all symptoms it was erysipelas. God was good to heal him. There were colds, flu, headaches, and common sicknesses, but the Lord stood by us through them all. We had very little of this world's goods to live on, but the Lord supplied all our needs. We went through the Depression of the 30's, drought, and dust storms. How well I remember the summer of 1931. Donald was six or seven months old. We had no money to help in a meeting at Ringwood, Okla., but a man offered to loan us the money so we could give our

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share of the expense for the meeting, so we borrowed the money. Brother George Harmon and his son, Gene, came and held a meeting for ten nights. The attendance was good and much interest was shown. The ministers stayed in our home. I didn't have a lot to prepare for them, but we certainly enjoyed having them. We surely learned to appreciate those brethren.

In one of our meetings a lady in the community, Mrs. Burpo, came to be prayed for. She was walking on crutches and was not able to do her housework. The Lord healed her, and it was not long until she walked without her crutches and did all her housework alone. I talked with her sister-in-law in May, 1974, and she said Mrs. Burpo had never had another attack.

The following happened the first year of our married life: Two families of saints from another neighborhood would come over to our neighborhood and we would have cottage prayer meetings. There was a good number of Mennonites attending, and good interest was shown. One brother and a sister would pray almost every time, and they always prayed such long prayers. Two sisters in our neighborhood took it upon themselves that in the next meeting they were just going to tell them not to pray so long, as the outsiders would get weary. Oh, this made me feel very bad! I was afraid this would offend the brother and sister, and our meetings had been so good. The next Friday I went earnestly before the Lord in fasting, asking the Lord to please help these two sisters not to reprove them, and also to help the brother and sister not to pray very long. No one but my husband knew how I was praying. That night at meeting the brother prayed a good, short prayer. After others had left, these two sisters said to me,

“Brother didn't pray very long tonight, did he?” I said, “No, he didn't. Did you talk with him?” They both said, “No, we didn't

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say anything.” So, the Father heard in secret and rewarded us openly. (Matt. 6:6). We just rejoiced in secret and didn’t tell the two sisters of our burden. Oh, how good and faithful God is!

A marvelous healing was given to your Uncle Adam Eck when his appendix burst and peritonitis set in. God raised him up when it looked as if all hope were gone for his recovery.

One time Daddy had ptomaine poisoning from food. It looked like he could not live. I fully surrendered to God’s will; if the Lord wanted to take him, I could say “Yes” to His will. We were going through some hard persecutions at this time and one said that the Lord showed him that Daddy would die if he did not confess. He stood true to God and the Lord healed him, not only of the ptomaine poisoning but also of stomach trouble he had had before. Oh, praise the Lord! It pays to be true to God.

For twelve years we made our home in the house we first moved into when we were married. Three children were born to us in that house: Donald Irvin on Jan. 16, 1931; LaVera Ruth on Dec. 8, 1935; and Opal LaVerna on Dec. 15, 1938. Ruby DeLoris was born near Bartlett, Kansas on March 28, 1947. LaVera Ruth had heart trouble. She had her first attack when she was six weeks old. Many times she would turn dark from lack of oxygen. At times, it looked as if she were gone, but she would revive, and have to go through it all again. Our hearts were very sad because of her affliction. She was loved by so many. Everyone felt such sorrow for her as she suffered so very much. One Sunday morning Daddy carried her into the meeting house. The way he picked her up caused her arm to come out of place at the shoulder. She cried so pitifully and could not bear for her arm to be moved. There were two in the congregation who thought they could work it back but they could not. She was in such pain, her Grandpa (Dan) Eck said,

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“Let us pray.” By now all that were there were in tears. All went on their knees and he just started to pray when she lifted that little hand up and held her bottle. I said, “Praise the Lord, it’s healed!” Needless to say, there was much rejoicing. There was a young couple there who had been attending our services for some time and were really enjoying the truth. It was a real blessing to them as that was their first healing to witness. Even though it hurt us to see her suffer, we felt thankful that the Lord witnessed to them of the power of God.

She also had a very bad affliction of constipation. She had been anointed and prayed for, and we prayed much for her, but she seemed to get no better. When she was one and one-half years old we took her to the Tulsa, Oklahoma campmeeting. The saints were much burdened for her as she was sick most of the time we were there. She was anointed and the ministers were much burdened for her. The Lord witnessed to us that she would start mending from the heart condition. Praise the Lord, she improved a lot, but the constipation remained the same. We continued to pray. One morning, very early, I went out into the pasture alone to pray. I was very burdened for her. I prayed until the Lord spoke to me and said, “Get up and rejoice as though the work is done!” I arose and began singing, “Living by faith in Jesus alone. I care not today what tomorrow may bring, If shadow or sunshine or rain, The Lord, I know ruleth o’er everything and all of my worries are vain.” I knew God had heard prayer. Praise the Lord, on the fourth day all was well and she was never troubled any more with constipation! Have faith in God. The Lord also strengthened her heart so she could play and be outside with her brother, Donald. The neighbors noticed she was much stronger. God, who does all things well and good, permitted her to be taken from us but not with an attack. On the eighth day of May she was eating salted

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peanuts. She coughed and sucked the chewed peanuts into her little lungs. As soon as she began coughing the Lord spoke to me and said, "This will work to the end." We submitted to His will. She went home to be with the Lord who loved her so much that He included her in His prayers when He said, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." Thank you, dear Lord, for giving her a place with you. She was two years and five months of age.

She loved singing so much. Her daddy was very ill, and the Lord burdened Bro. and Sis. U. Phillips, Sis. Ada Davis and Sis. Wiley to visit us. They were singing some good songs. She sat in her little rocker by me and each time they would finish a song, she would say, "Sing a song, Mamma," and when they would start singing, how happy it would make her! Isn't it wonderful that now she can hear the songs of the redeemed?

I thank God for the trials and tests I have gone through. As the song says, "I thank you for the valley." In Songs of Solomon 6:11, he said, "I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the wine flourished, and the pomegranates budded." Yes, He is looking for fruit in the valley. If He never let us go through the valley, we would not know how to enjoy the mountains. It is in the valley that we learn how to have faith in God.

One year when my husband and I lived west of Enid, Okla., near Meno, we had a late freeze in the spring that damaged our wheat crop. It only produced three bushels to the acre. We had 100 acres of wheat, so we only had 300 bushels of wheat. We had to keep 100 bushels to plant next years' crop. We had to pay one-third of our crop to our landlord, so we only had 100 bushels left to sell to live on for a year. We had no other cash crops. We

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did have chickens and a few milk cows, but cream and eggs sold for a very cheap price. Things looked very dark. As they finished the harvest and were dividing the wheat in the yard, I was at the windmill, waiting for my bucket to fill with water. I was feeling blue, just wondering how we would make it through the winter. I was asking the Lord to make a way for us, when my attention was drawn to the little birds so cheerfully eating the grains of wheat that had fallen on the ground. The Scripture came to me, “Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?” Luke 12:24. My faith took hold on God, knowing He would make a way, somehow. The Lord let Daddy buy a feed grinder, and the neighbors learned he would grind feed. Every time we would get in need, someone would want a load of feed ground, and in this way the Lord provided for us. Our God is real and I can feel Him in my soul, Oh, bless the Lord! Just pray and believe. You will receive strength from the invisible hand of God. What could be more precious than to trust in the living God?

I know as we get older we will be led through the valley of infirmities, but as He comes into my valley I want Him to find the fruit of faith, patience, and endurance. Truly I want to make heaven my home. I want to see the One who died to give me salvation, and has blessed me so very much. What will it be to be there?

In the year of 1934 the Lord blessed, our crops yielded greatly, and we paid all of our debts. Some just marveled at the way God had supplied our needs.

One morning Daddy was gone to a neighbor's house and I was washing the breakfast dishes. The Spirit of the Lord began talking to me. He said, “I want you and your husband to take your parents

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and go to Bokoshe, Okla., and hold a meeting.” He told me that He wanted us to take the tent, which Grandpa and Grandma Eck, and Albert and I (with the help of Albert’s brothers and sisters) had made. This was such a definite statement that I felt I must know for sure if this were really coming from the Lord. I just stopped washing dishes and went into the bedroom to pray. I prayed, “Oh Lord, if this is you talking to me, and you really want us to do this, when Albert comes home, and I tell him about it, you cause him to say, “all right we will just do that.” “Oh, how I prayed until he came home. When he drove into the yard I went out to meet him and I said, “Albert, let us take the tent and get my parents to go with us, and go to Bokoshe and hold a two weeks’ meeting there.” Without asking any questions, he said, “All right we will just do that.” Now, I knew for sure that it was God’s Holy Spirit talking. Albert started getting the 1929 Model A car ready, also a two-wheel trailer to haul the tent. Then he decided to trade and get a new car, so we bought our first new car in 1934. It was a Ford V8. It cost \$667.00. (How times have changed!) We also took camping supplies, as we did not want to be a burden to anyone. Sis. Duncan went along, as from there we were going to Craddock, Mo., to hold a meeting where their daughter and her husband lived. After Bro. and Sis. Duncan and their children got saved, they wrote to their married daughter, Erma and Fred Reed. They both got saved, so we planned to go from Bokoshe to hold a meeting for them.

We all started on our trip; it was crowded in the car with five adults and Donald, who was three years of age. We had planned to get planks from the lumberyard to make seats for the tent, but the Bokoshe lumberyard could not loan them to us. We began praying for God to supply our need for seats. Someone told us that the old theater building had chairs and we might be able to get them.

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Albert and Papa (Johnson) went to one of the trustees and he said that the main man was out of town but they were looking for him back soon. While we waited, we drove out of town to a shade tree, as it was very hot, also so we could pray. How well I do remember my dear mother getting on her knees between the seats of the car and lifting her face toward heaven. She called on God to cause these men to let us have those chairs for the tent. We felt assured that God had heard prayer.

We drove back to town and the man had come. He was glad to let us use them. How thankful we were! We asked about a vacant lot to set the tent on, which was no problem. We soon were busy in the hot sun, setting up the tent. We had not sent word ahead of our coming, neither did we advertise the meeting, but as people went by, we told them that we were starting a meeting there that night. We asked them to come. Many children would come and ask us, "What are you going to do?" We would tell them that we were starting a meeting and for them to go home and tell their parents to come that night. The Lord was surely good to us. The first night of the meeting, the tent was filled. From then on, it only held the women and children. The men and big boys sat all around the outside and gave very good attention. The Word was preached very straight on holy living; what salvation would do for us, that it cleaned us up from sin, made us pay our debts and get along with our neighbors; it delivered us from bad habits, such as using tobacco, drinking, cursing, telling dirty jokes, "and such like." Each night the people would express themselves to us that they had never heard preaching like that before. They wondered why their preachers did not preach like that. The bankers, and merchants told us, "We appreciate the meeting you folks are having. People are coming in and paying their debts that they have owed for years." God surely worked. We stayed there two weeks and should have

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stayed longer. They begged us to stay longer but we had promised to go on to Craddock, Mo. We all felt that we had to leave. We had a good trip on to the next meeting. One dear old man gave his heart to God and was baptized. He didn't live very long after we left there. There was good attendance, some walking as far as five miles to meeting. They were good people there, and seemed to rejoice in the Word.

Chapter Six

More Experiences in God's Work

Another real outstanding landmark in my life was the time a stranger came to our meeting at Lahoma, Oklahoma. He said he was a preacher, and asked if he could preach that morning. We were so young in age (I was about 24 and Albert 26), but we tried to explain the best we could about our services. It was hard to know what to say, but somehow we put him off. We asked him home with us and learned that he believed a lot of false doctrine. We were ready to tell him we could not permit him to preach, but some older ones of the congregation called and asked us not to tell him that he could not preach. They wanted to hear him, so we could do nothing about it, except to put it all in God's hands. I went to my place of prayer down in the pasture. There I laid it all before the Lord. He reminded me of the way He locked the lions' mouths and He had the power to take care of this. He also gave me a message for the meeting. With perfect trust I knew God would take care of the whole thing. We went to meeting with victory. The singing was richly blessed of God. Prayer service was over, the time came for preaching, and we waited and waited, singing some more, waiting and waiting for some time. We were not afraid to wait, as we felt sure that the man could not move from his seat. Then the Lord said, "You've waited long enough." I arose and

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delivered the message God gave me. Oh, what a mighty God we serve! Don't be afraid to trust Him.

We held a meeting in Lahoma, Oklahoma. This is where Sister Duncan got saved. She got saved in the summer and now it was fall, and we had had very little contact with her. One morning, I was so very burdened for her and the Lord impressed me to call her. She had no telephone, but I had the number of her neighbor. I called and she called Sister Duncan. I told her I felt impressed to have prayer meeting at her house and asked if her husband would object. She assured me he would not, so we got in contact with the other saints and on a Friday night we had prayer meeting with Sister Duncan, and each Friday night after that. In the winter we had Bro. Fred Pruitt from Guthrie, Okla., to hold a meeting in a schoolhouse south of Lahoma, at Ringwood. Brother Duncan, George, his son, and two daughters, Ruby and Lela, all got saved. We moved our services from Ringwood to Lahoma. Sister Duncan testified how the Lord answered prayer to bring the meetings to her. Brother and Sister Duncan and Ruby all died in the faith.

I must tell about how ashamed I was of my loud voice, and how I complained. We started a meeting in the park at Ringwood. The minister hadn't come for the first night, so the Lord blessed me with some of His Word. The Methodists, two blocks away, were having a meeting. They heard me preaching and the minister told his people they would dismiss and all go to our meeting. They told me about it after meeting, and I felt very much ashamed. I complained to the Lord, asking why He gave me such a loud voice. The Lord took my voice away; I had no cold, I just lost my voice, and I knew why. I repented and asked the Lord to restore my voice and told Him I would not complain anymore. God gave my voice back to me. Many times old people have told me that they could

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hear me preach when they couldn't understand others. There was one man who would not get out of his car and come under the tent at the Dover, Okla. campmeeting. God convicted his soul one night and he got saved the next morning in prayer meeting because I preached loud enough so that he could hear from his car. Let us glorify God with our bodies.

God has healed each of our family many times. We never thought of doing anything else except to trust the Lord. I remember the time when the Lord burdened Daddy to pray and he went off in secret prayer. As he came back into the yard, Uncle Henry Eck hit Donald, our son who was on his bike, with his car just in front of our drive. As Daddy ran out to the road Uncle Henry said, "Oh, Albert, I am afraid I have killed your boy!" But, praise the Lord, God took care of him. Not one bone was broken. We were very glad Daddy prayed when the Lord impressed him.

Another time, the Lord told me, "Pray for Donald." I immediately asked God to take care of him. In a short time Donald came in and said, "Mamma, I did it now!" I said, "Did what?" Donald answered, "I turned the tractor over." Oh, how good the Lord was to protect him from harm and danger! Oh, that we may always take heed to the still small voice!

When Daddy had a wreck with the pickup, and was unconscious, we sat him down in the car, knelt beside him there and prayed God to bring him to consciousness. Praise the Lord, He did! We can never praise Him enough.

When LaVerna was four years of age she was sick with fever, we prayed and the Lord healed her. Her fever left and she slept real well. The next morning Mrs. Dobbins called and asked how we all were. The Lord impressed me to tell how quickly the Lord healed LaVerna, but because we were on a big party line I didn't tell it.

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That night, LaVerna took very sick again and had a hot fever. The Lord showed me that I had disobeyed. I asked His forgiveness and told Him if He would give me another chance I would tell it. Immediately, the Lord took her fever away and she had a good night. The next morning Mrs. Dobbins called again and I testified of the way the Lord healed LaVerna. After we had hung up, our telephone rang again. This time it was our neighbor whose brother lived at Marion, Illinois. The doctor had told him he had a short time to live, as he had tuberculosis, and for him to do whatever he wanted to do. He decided he would come to his mother's to die. She said she had heard Mrs. Dobbins and me talking, and wanted me to pray for her brother, and when he came would we have prayer meeting with him? We told her we would, which we did. We visited him and his wife often at his mother's (Mrs. Summers). We prayed, read, and sang to him each time. We found he was really saved and was ready to die. We were not only a blessing to them, but he was really a blessing to us. Before God took him home, he asked us to take care of his funeral, which was easy, knowing how the Lord had saved him from sin. Praise the Lord!

Another time the Lord impressed me to visit Henry Woody, who was sick. When I stepped in I saw he was very ill. I asked his wife, "Have you talked to Henry about his soul?" She said, "We can't. He is in a coma." The Lord said to me, "What thou doest, do quickly." I said, "Let's pray." Oh, how I begged God to restore Mr. Woody to his right mind so I could talk to him. When I finished praying, Henry called for a drink. I immediately said, "Henry, Jesus loves you and He wants to save you." His wife had raised him up for a drink. He sat on the side of the bed and told her, "Set me a chair here." She did, and he leaned on the chair. I begged God to save him. Oh, how I poured out my heart for his salvation. As I was praying, all at once the burden lifted from me, just as if I

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had gotten saved again. I said, “Amen, the work is done!” Henry said, “Thank you, Jesus, for saving my soul.” Oh, how happy he was! Two days later the Lord took him home. Oh, how I did thank the dear Lord, for sending me just in time! His wife was healed of a rupture, but never accepted the truth. His baby was also healed of club feet.

As I sit here and recall, I can remember so very many things. Gene Beisly was healed of bee stings. Sister Bond was healed of a broken hip. The doctor wanted to operate on her and put a pin in it, but she would not give up to it. Her son wanted me to talk to her and see if I could get her to be willing. I went to the hospital and said, “Sister Bond, which would you rather do, have your hip put in a cast or have them put a pin in your hip?” She looked at me so confidently and said, “I don’t want either. I want to trust the Lord.” We had prayer; the other saints were praying also. They dismissed her from the hospital and on Wednesday night Sister Bond came walking into prayer meeting. I think I know how the saints felt when Peter knocked at the gate after being delivered from jail. (Acts 12:13-16.)

Roger Goldsberry had sores on his feet and legs. We took it earnestly to the Lord on Saturday, asking God to make Roger able to be in Sunday school Sunday morning. After I was ready for bed, I knelt beside the bed, asking God again to make him able to be in Sunday school. By faith I told the Lord I was going to expect him to be there. Just as I lay down the devil said, “But what if he is not there? What will you think then?” I said, “Old devil, there is not going to be a ‘what if’ in this. He will be there.” The devil had to go. Yes, Roger was in Sunday school that Sunday morning. Let us not doubt, but believe God’s promises.

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Judy and Michael Goldsberry both had pneumonia and both were very sick. The saints really prayed and God healed them both. The Lord did some precious healings in the Goldsberry home. Brother Goldsberry had a wreck with the car, pinning Michael under the car. The acid from the battery was leaking into Michael's mouth. Men helped Brother Goldsberry lift the car off Michael and wanted to take him to the hospital, but he said, "No, take us home," which they did. Word got around in Chetopa, Kansas about the wreck. Brother Goldsberry had another car. He and Sister Goldsberry were praying for Michael. The Lord spoke to Brother Goldsberry and said, "Take him to Sister Eck." They got in the car to come and just as they were ready to cross the highway, they saw the ambulance and a number of cars following it. They crossed right in front of them and came on. I was ironing upstairs and the Goldsberrys came right in and called, "Sister Eck, are you home?" I said, "Yes, Sister Goldsberry, come on up. I am ironing." She said, "Come, Sister Eck," and then told me of Michael's condition. As I went downstairs the Lord said, "And if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them," I said, "Lord, that's my promise." When I looked at little Michael I saw that his little mouth was blistered inside and out, his lips were swollen until they looked wrong side out and he was crying. Sister Goldsberry sat in a chair holding Michael. Brother Goldsberry and I laid hands on him, calling God to His promises, believing He would do the work. Praise the Lord, He heard prayer and we could just see the swelling going down! Needless to say, there was rejoicing and praising God. Michael stopped crying, got of his mother's lap, got on DeLoris' tricycle and began to ride all around. Daddy was in the field working. We took Michael to show to him. We tried to tell him how swollen and blistered his mouth had been. He looked at him and said, "Folks, if I didn't have confidence in you I would

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not believe it, but I know you are all telling me the truth,” and we all rejoiced together. We called Brother and Sister Ralph Beisly and told them what the Lord had done. That evening they drove by our home and we all drove on to the Goldsberrys. There Michael was, eating—I think it was popcorn. Then we all had another time of rejoicing. Blessed be God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! “How could I my Lord deny, when He’s done so much for me.” I love that song.

When DeLoris was three days old she broke out with eczema all across her chest, and in different places. She also had several blood boils. When the doctor came back for a checkup he pronounced it eczema and said, “You are headed for trouble, as there is no cure for it.” DeLoris continued to grow worse. We prayed much. The devil painted many dark pictures, especially about a little boy we knew (one of the saints); he had been prayed for many times and still had eczema. Our hearts were very heavy. When DeLoris was about two and one-half weeks old, Daddy was at Monark working on the dining hall. I awakened and right away my mind was on the baby and also on the little boy for whom prayer was offered many times and who was still a victim of eczema. The voice of the Lord spoke to me and said, “Forgetting the things which are behind, I press forward.” Phil. 3:13, 14. I was renewed in courage and my faith began to work. That same day I received a card from Sister Goldsberry in which she said, “Be encouraged, Sister Eck, the Lord showed me He is going to heal your baby.” I received it as from the Lord. I expected our baby to mend, and she did. When Daddy came home Saturday, the devil had fought him so hard on the way home, telling him how much worse she would be, and really had given him a time. As soon as he came to the door he said, “How is the baby?” I said, “She is better, praise the Lord!” He rejoiced. The Lord also gave us faith it

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would never come back. One of the neighbors said the baby would probably have asthma, as asthma always follows eczema. We told him, "Not when the Lord heals, we do not believe she will ever have asthma. Neither do we believe the eczema will ever come back." We surely give God all the praise!

When DeLoris was past a year old, one afternoon in the month of June, we all went down to the creek and she played in the water. Some way she got poison ivy or poison oak, I don't know which, but she had it all on the left side of her face and neck. Oh, it looked so bad and she suffered much! It became a raw sore, not even a scab, just raw and running bloody water. It was a real trial to our faith. One day Brother and Sister Sam Barton came. Sister Barton said, "Sister Margaret, I am afraid your baby has eczema." I said, "No, Sister Barton, the Lord healed her of eczema." She said, "Sometimes when the Lord heals it can come back," but with confidence I said, "Not for her, the Lord gave us faith when He healed her it would never come back. This is not eczema, it is poison." I really believe that if we had accepted the thought that it was eczema, the devil would have imposed it on her. ("Neither give place to the devil.") It hurt so bad to even look at her. We did not have electricity nor a fan. The weather was hot, making it harder on her. One night, as I sat rocking DeLoris and fanning her, she was so uncomfortable but had gone to sleep. I looked up and said, "Oh, Lord, please put skin on my baby's face!" When I looked down, a shadow moved over her and as the shadow moved off, there was skin on her face. Oh, how I rejoiced and humbly thanked my God for His mercy! I took her upstairs and laid her down and said, "Lord, I am committing her into your hand." I had the best feeling, as if I were putting her into the care of a well-trained nurse. I went to bed and fell asleep without a worry.

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The Lord began that night to heal her, and she soon was healed without a scar. This has truly been a blessing every time I think of it.

DeLoris had nose bleeding so much. We would have to get her from school at times, because the teacher could not get it stopped. It seemed she got so sleepy much of the time. Sister Beisly told me it sounded like leukemia. We all began to take it earnestly to the Lord. The Lord brought her out of it. She did continue to have nose bleeds, but not so often, until we moved to Grubbs, Arkansas; there she had her worst one, but again the Lord undertook for her. Some people feel afraid to trust the Lord for their children, but we have counted it a blessed privilege to trust God with our children.

In the year of 1956 at Monark Springs campmeeting, a virus broke out. There were many sick people on the campground; others came down with typhoid fever after they returned home. About a week or less after we came home from the meeting I took very sick. We didn't know what was wrong, I had a high fever and I got real sick. We soon began to hear of others having typhoid and we decided that was what was wrong with me. I kept getting worse, my fever going very high. Word soon got around and the health nurse came out and said we would have to have a doctor. We didn't know any doctor, except the one we had when DeLoris was born. He was asked to come and he pronounced it typhoid. The nurse quarantined us and said we couldn't sell milk. The saints from Coffeyville, Webb City, Tulsa, and Neosho were so very good to visit us. Part of the time I knew what was going on and a lot of times I would not know. I remember once, Bro. Fred Pruitt and others came by. One I remember was Sis. Maybelle Pruitt, but I cannot remember anyone else. They prayed for me and I was prayed for many times but I continued to have fever. Daddy found

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a cream separator so they could at least churn and save the butter, since we couldn't sell the milk. Some of the people in the neighborhood were stirred up because we would not do anything. God gave the grace and we just trusted in the Lord. The doctor who examined me, said, "Mrs. Eck, there is only one thing that will help you and that is your faith in God. I know you have it, so don't let it fail you now." He did not offer one thing as he knew we trusted God. I continued to run a temperature of over a hundred degrees every day for almost six weeks. But praise the Lord, He healed me and I began to gain my strength so fast that some of our neighbors said, "If we had not known you were so sick we would not believe you had had typhoid fever. You have gained your strength back so very quickly and look so well." One of my good neighbor women had a club at her house and she said, "Ladies, before we do anything we must get on our knees and pray for Mrs. Eck. She has typhoid fever and she won't do a thing and if the Lord doesn't help her she will die." She told me they all knelt and many of them prayed for me. I hope this dear lady got saved before she died. That same year at the Guthrie Assembly Meeting the Lord healed me of an affliction I had had for a long time. I kept getting worse. About a month before the Lord healed me, the Lord told me if I would have faith as Abraham did and not stagger at the promises of God, He would heal me. I surely believed He would, but the devil put up a fight. I got worse and worse. I suffered terribly. I was in bed most of the time. I felt so very bad to be down, as LaVerna had had such a long siege of taking care of me and had been doing all the work while I had typhoid and now I was down again. The enemy really gave me a test. I couldn't rest at night. Sometimes it was two or three a.m. before I could get easy enough to sleep. The old devil just seemed to snarl in my face and say, "Call that divine healing." God gave me grace to not stagger at

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the promises of God, but to count Him faithful. Time drew near for the Guthrie Assembly meeting to start. The Lord told me if I would go by faith He would heal me. I told Daddy what the Lord had said. He said if I felt that way we would go, although he could hardly see how I could. I wasn't able to be up, but we went. On healing service day, the prayer of faith was prayed for me and I was healed. I was not looking at who prayed, I cannot even tell you who prayed, but when they said "Amen," I was healed. Right then every pain left. Oh, praise the Lord! About six months later the devil tried to bring back the symptoms but with faith in God we resisted the devil and stood on the promises of God. The devil had to flee. Oh, dear ones, don't let the devil cheat you out of the blessings of God! He not only tries to bring again your sins but he will cheat you out of your healing if he can. He is against everything that is good and holy. So keep your faith in God.

Almost a year after I had the typhoid fever, LaVerna took very sick, with high fever, headache, hurting in her neck and so many symptoms of typhoid fever. We were afraid to call any of the saints for prayer, as we were on a party line and people would hear us talk and report us to the health authorities. One night, she suffered so very much, and our prayers would not go through. Between three and four a.m. I went out alone to learn why we couldn't get an answer and the Lord showed me that we were afraid. I went back in and told Daddy why the Lord was not answering our prayers. We got on our knees and promised that when the telephone office opened we would call. The Lord had mercy and touched LaVerna and she went to sleep. We kept our promise to the Lord and began calling the saints for prayer. We could hear receivers go up. The Lord did heal her, although she was still in bed from weakness. The next day the health nurse came out, pretending just to be passing by and stopped to see me since I was

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well from typhoid fever. She could see LaVerna was doing all right, so she didn't try to do anything. Again the Lord gave us the victory. We learned the Lord doesn't want us to fear. "Perfect love casteth out fear." 1 John 4:18.

Chapter Seven

More Active in God's Work

On the last day of 1963 Daddy had a light stroke. This made us all feel very bad. It made him weak and he would have to come in and rest often, as he tired easily. Before the stroke, as Daddy, DeLoris, and I were coming home from the Guthrie Assembly meeting, Daddy told us, "I have a feeling this will be my last year on the farm." It so surprised us, as we did not feel Daddy would ever leave the farm, for he loved it dearly. DeLoris said, "Mamma, what do you think of Daddy feeling that way? Do you think he is going to die?" We committed it to the Lord and waited for Him to lead the way.

Daddy felt impressed to help with the tent meetings, which we enjoyed very much during the summer of 1964. The Lord gave us a nice group of young people to help and they each proved a blessing to us and good help in the service. The first meeting was close to Huntsville, Arkansas. Brother Charles Smith, Brother Clifford Wilson, Brother and Sister Herbert Probst were there also. There was plenty of help. One soul was saved. The second meeting was at Sheldon, Missouri. Here our help was more limited, although we still had our young people. Brother Taylor joined us there, and the Lord did work. Brother Curtis Williams was there part of the time and Brother and Sister Glen Inman were very

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faithful. We visited out in the country and met some dear ones that seemed to love the Truth and one dear old man gave his heart to God. Also, the saints began to have services there, so we felt it was not in vain.

Then we went to Grubbs, Arkansas with the tent. We had no ministerial help until about half-way through the meeting when Brother and Sister Herbert Probst came. Oh, how thankful we were! We met a lot of opposing powers at Grubbs as they had a lot of what they called "Church of Christ." We had good attendance, and the Lord blessed the Word. The day we arrived at Swifton, Arkansas, we parked the truck, all got in the car and went to visit Brother and Sister N. E. Adams. We found Sister Adams sick and weak. She asked for prayer, so we all knelt and begged the Lord to heal and give her strength to attend the meeting. The Lord did heal her. I don't think she missed one night of that meeting. One night, some men really wanted to argue that man could not live without sin. Our young people all went into the trailer and prayed God to bless us with words of wisdom, and truly God answered their prayers. The men got so tangled up that they just left. We found the Lord very precious in that meeting. There was some altar work, but we would have been glad to have seen deeper experiences.

From Grubbs, Arkansas, we went to Fairview, Oklahoma. This was a hard field in which to labor, but the Lord did send plenty of help. Brother and Sister Herbert Probst and Brother Murphy Allen were there all the time and saints from nearby places came. We had good attendance of saints but very few from the town as it was a Mennonite town. The saints labored hard to bring Truth to the people. I am sure God will reward every one. This was our last meeting, then we took the equipment back to

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Coffeyville, Kansas. There our dear young people, Bro. Taylor, and we parted. We had surely learned to appreciate one another.

In October, Daddy, DeLoris, and I went to hold a meeting at Vera, Ill. We stayed with Sister Green while there. We found some precious souls and enjoyed being there.

From Illinois we went to Grubbs, Arkansas, stayed with different ones until we bought a trailer home and parked it at Swifton, Arkansas. We began a work for the Lord that kept us there for seven years. How we enjoyed seeing the work prosper. We labored with the saints at Prattsville, Arkansas, Senath, and Myrtle, Missouri. We loved all those dear saints there.

The Lord answered prayer many, many times, but especially for Sister Anshultz. One time she had gall bladder trouble and suffered greatly. Once, it looked like death was near. Her husband and most of her children were kneeling around her bed, weeping. We called on God to have mercy, and to give her family another chance. God answered prayer, came to her rescue and spared her life. She was able to attend the Monark campmeeting that summer. Many people confessed they knew the Lord had healed her.

Brother N. E. Adams was very sick, and the Lord healed him. He was so very thankful to have someone to call on to pray for him. Sister Adams and Sister Opal Bradley were healed many times. The Lord healed Randal Bradley's eye when he got something in it. He also healed me through their prayers when I had high blood pressure, then it seemed it dropped all at once and I went into a hard chill and a high fever. The saints went into the chapel, each one of them prayed for me. The Lord touched and healed my body. We surely loved those dear saints.

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Brother Adams had a cancer which took him home. Each time he would suffer, we would call on the Lord, and he would say, "Amen, praise the Lord!" The Lord took his suffering away. It was truly wonderful how he so very patiently waited on the Lord. We have no doubt about his being ready to go.

One day the Lord asked us to give Him two years at Myrtle, Mo. We submitted to God's will and made the move. It was very hard to leave the dear saints at Grubbs, Ark. We were all so close, had such sweet unity and love, and God blessed us together many times. We will always cherish our stay at Grubbs. May God ever bless His few sheep there!

Bro. and Sister Alsia Sorrell and their son Thurman and wife Carol, provided us a comfortable home at Myrtle, so we sold our mobile home. We began to look to the Lord to bless the work there. There are some precious saints there and we loved them every one. We had trials and tests, but we had some wonderful victories. There is never a victory without a battle.

We had some wonderful answers to prayer while at Myrtle. We will mention a few. One day we felt burdened to visit a brother and sister. When we got there he was sitting at the table and looked so downcast. We asked the trouble and he said he met with more than he could go through and felt he could not go any further. Oh, how sorry we felt, but we began talking and trying to encourage him. He wanted prayer. Praise the Lord, God gave him renewed courage, and we left him with the victory!

One dear young man had a bad affliction and was a free bleeder. He took a very bad spell; nothing that was done would help. As we watched him bleed, it was almost more than we could bear, knowing he was growing weaker all the time. We kept praying, "O Lord, save him. Don't let him die and be lost!" We

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also kept telling him to pray. About 3 o'clock in the morning he fell in the floor and it really looked as if death were on him. He turned blue, his eyes rolled back and his jaws locked. We called on God, "Be merciful, give him another chance!" God had mercy and as he revived he started asking the Lord to forgive him. He took Jesus as his Saviour and assured us he was saved. He was taken to the hospital, kept for a number of days, then the doctor said he could not help him and wanted to send him to Springfield, but he wanted to come to our house. Brother and Sister Roy Harmon were at our home. The Myrtle saints and all of us were doing much praying and the Lord healed him.

Another wonderful work of the Lord was the way he healed Bro. Clarence Bennings from a nervous breakdown. Many times it looked like hope was gone, but God had given the promise "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love and of a sound mind." 2 Tim. 1:7. We held on to this promise regardless of the outward appearance. We knew God had given us that promise, so we trusted and waited upon the Lord. Before he was healed, Brother Clarence was taken away from our home by his parents. They loved him and were deeply concerned and felt it their duty to take him where he could get medical help. They did not understand how God can heal. I shall never forget how little Mark cried and prayed for his daddy, "Lord, don't let those pills help my daddy," and God answered his prayer. They gave Brother Clarence double doses, which did not calm him. They locked him in a hospital room alone and gave orders for no visitors. Lenora, his wife, who knew God could heal him if he were placed in God's hands, went to the administration and told how he was put there without her consent, and that she didn't know about it until after it was done. She was to see him at 8 p.m. The saints all went to prayer at 8 o'clock for his release and for Lenora to get to see him.

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The man told Lenora, "I am doing something that's strictly against the rules, but I will let you go in for five minutes, and if he wants to go home with you he can go." Brother Clarence was so very happy to see Lenora and said, "Get me out of here." She said, "That's what I came for." He couldn't believe it. In five minutes the man came to get her out and she said, "He wants to go with me." In a very short time papers were prepared for him to leave. The saints at Prattsville really experienced a lot that night, but they were thankful God delivered Brother Clarence. The next day they came back to our house and we all truly rejoiced at the power of God. To us it was just as much a miracle as Peter being delivered from jail.

The Lord healed Brother Clarence and he was able to return home and go to work after being in our home for almost three months. To God be the glory! Oh, that men would learn the blessing of trusting in such a great God! Today he is in a business of his own, making a good living, serving the Lord and rejoicing in the Lord for salvation. What a mighty God we serve!

I also want to testify of God's goodness to me. While at Grubbs, Arkansas, my heart began giving me trouble. I felt very weak; sometimes it seemed that my heart would slow down until I could hardly keep going; other times it would go so fast until I would be very uncomfortable. To sweep the floor and especially to make the bed would make me very weak. Sometimes I would feel so weak I could hardly preach, and almost every Monday I would be very weak after the Sunday services. One night, after preaching, I felt real weak while getting dressed for bed. The good Lord spoke to me in such a kind, sweet voice and said, "You need not be bothered, I will heal you." I accepted it and I began to mend. The Lord healed my heart. The things we had to go through after that, I

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could never have gone through if He had not healed my heart. Over and over we give God the praise!

When Clarence, Lenora (Bennings) and children were at our house, we went to Thayer, Mo., to see Clayton, Eva Lou and David Gaines. David had ringworms and the school was threatening them, so we felt they needed encouragement. Albert also had a little business in Thayer, so while he went in for that, Clarence, Lenora, and I were waiting in the car. I started coughing so hard and all at once I felt a severe pain in my head and a hot feeling inside like water running. I realized at once that a blood vessel had burst. I suddenly turned very sick. Oh, I hurt so very bad! We left for home at once. I was very sick, felt faint, and could not keep from groaning all the way. They prayed very earnestly for me. After they got me in the house, I started vomiting. I felt very faint. They called the other saints to pray for me. I tried to lie down but I felt better sitting up, so I sat in the chair most of the night. Toward morning I could lie down. I think that was on Thursday. I rested pretty well Friday night, then Saturday morning I took another spell of coughing and I felt that place tear again. I became very sick and my head hurt so badly. In my suffering I heard Jesus speak, saying, "I can heal everything." Oh, such words of comfort! Again I believed Him and He did the work. I do not know what would have happened to me, had it not been that Jesus healed me. Praise the Lord!

Some of the saints said that we could write a book of God's goodness to us at Myrtle. I haven't nearly begun to tell it all. I just can't. But one thing I know, I still love the Lord.

Now I must not close without telling how the Lord healed me last summer (1976). I had been feeling bad, felt like I had the flu, so I had lain around most of the day. That evening, Daddy was

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watering the flowers and I went out where he was. I slipped on the wet grass and had a real hard fall, my weight being mostly on my left hip. I was able to get up and it didn't appear that I was hurt very much, so I didn't think much about it until two days later. We went to the farm and on our way back my hip and leg started to hurt. I guess riding over those rough country roads jolted that hip bone, and I am sure I had cracked it in my fall. Anyway, I hurt so very much that night that I could not sleep. That was the beginning of a lot of sleepless nights, and days of pain. I hurt all the time. We prayed and I was anointed and prayed for, but I continued to hurt. I did not get discouraged in the Lord; I only trusted God, knowing He would heal me. I did not go for an x-ray. I just trusted God. You might say, "Well, how do you know you cracked your hip bone?" Well, my bone hurt from a place clear down to my foot. I could put my hand on the place where it was cracked. During this time, Daddy had a cough like the whooping cough and he would choke and whoop. He got so run down from that, and me with an injured hip, I didn't see how we could get around for campmeeting. Jeannette (my granddaughter) came twice and helped us, and LaVerna (my daughter) and her girls helped us, so we did go. I hurt all the time, but I thought I might as well go, at least I would get to hear the Word. I had been burdened for a good message on judgment, and I prayed much before going to the meeting for God to send forth His Word concerning things that I could see creeping in. One day the Lord really blessed Brother Mart Samons, and he surely preached straight. I just sat and rejoiced much. The bell rang for dinner and I waited for the end of the line so I would not have to stand. When I got up to go the Lord spoke to me and said, "You don't have a pain." Praise the Lord! I just wanted everyone to rejoice with me. I feel that is one time in my life He sent His Word and healed me. Praise His dear name!

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I also wish to tell of a time when we were pastoring the work at Coffeyville, Kansas. Albert, our girls, LaVerna and DeLoris, and I had all been sick with the flu. We were all much improved. We heard about different ones of the saints who were sick. One morning, I felt I must go visit the saints. Daddy was concerned about me making the drive alone as I was not very strong yet, but I told him the Lord would take care of me. Bro. and Sis. Clarence Fry were both sick. They lived at Nowata, Okla., fifty miles from us. I first visited the sick ones in Coffeyville, then went to visit Bro. and Sis. Fry and found them both in bed, but the Lord healed them both. Truly the Lord was with me to answer prayer that day. I returned home feeling better and rejoicing in the Lord.

We had some real good neighbors. They had a daughter about LaVerna's age. She became ill and was paralyzed in both legs. The doctor had run tests but had not found the trouble. One day, she told her mother to call us for prayer. We took the request to prayer meeting that night at Coffeyville, Kansas. The saints took it earnestly to the Lord and the Lord heard prayer for her. The next morning when the doctor came in, she showed him how she could use her legs. He was astonished and said, "I cannot understand this." She said, "Doctor, I understand. We have a neighbor who believes in prayer and mother called her for prayer. The Lord has done this." The doctor said, "Well, I know it wasn't anything I did, for I had not done anything yet." Truly, we all gave God the praise!

In the summer of 1942 we had just bought our farm in Kansas. We were in debt, and needed our crop very much. It started raining about the 1st of June and continued to rain so much, even into the month of July. The corn was turning yellow and we couldn't get the other crops planted. We felt the need for fair weather, so we

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prayed earnestly, calling God to His promises, how He had heard Elijah and stopped the rain, then how Elijah prayed again and God gave rain. James said Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are, and I believed it would be to our good and His glory to withhold the rain. I felt assured He heard prayer. As I was returning to the house the east winds were blowing so strongly and the clouds were so low, the devil said, “You know the east wind brings rain.” The Lord spoke and said, “I sent a strong east wind and dried up the Red Sea.” Oh, how the Lord lifted a standard against the devil when he thought to discourage me! Surely the name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and are safe.

Dear children and grandchildren, do not be afraid to trust such a kind, loving Saviour. I have not nearly written it all. If I wrote twice this much I still couldn’t tell it all, but this should be enough to help you to know God is still upon His throne. Each of you has found Him a present help in time of need. God has been real to each of you. Now that we have one married granddaughter, it is our desire to see you all strong in faith, and as each of you grandchildren grow up and have homes of your own, we pray you will each take Jesus as your guide in all walks of life.

Dear children, do all you can for lost souls around you and work for God while you can, for soon cometh “the night when no man can work.”

May God bless you all.

With love,

Your Mother and Grandmother (Margaret Eck)

Chapter Eight

A Letter to My Daughter

Written to DeLoris on her 18th birthday

Swifton, Ark.
March 28, 1965

Our Dear Sweet Girl:

As I was lying here awake on Bro. and Sis. Adam's divan, I thought, I wish I had some paper so I could write you a letter as I had each of our other children when they became of age. So I thought of this little memo book I had in my purse.

First of all, I want to thank my God for permitting you to come in our home. You brought lots of joy to our hearts, even from the time I learned you were on your way. We rejoiced and thanked God. We all loved you so much and doubtless spoiled you. With all the joy you brought, there came a big responsibility with it, as with each of our children. We would look into your sweet little innocent face and could see beyond what we saw with our natural eyes. We could see you had a little soul within, that would never die, and we knew that soul would return to God who gave it and we would have to give an account to God for the deeds done in the body. With such solemn thoughts, we knew the start you got in

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early life would have a great effect on your future. So we began to look to our Heavenly Father for wisdom to guide you right. We don't feel we were always able to have the wisdom we needed, but as we failed, we would ask the Lord to do the rest and teach us better how to perform our duty.

There was one duty I felt that I could do well and that was to pray for my children. Many have been the times, as I watched you walk to the bus for school, I would bow upon my knees and pour out my heart to God, asking God to let His Holy Spirit check you when you would be tempted to do wrong. How I do praise the Lord for answering prayer!

DeLoris, I am so thankful for the day you were "born again." We have seen you struggle hard to gain the ground spiritually you have today. But God is with you and you are pressing upward.

Now you are eighteen years old today. I might say that your life will be what you make it from now on, while Daddy and I will still pray for you and give advice. We have brought you this far with real carefulness; whatever we did we considered your soul first. Now, DeLoris, the responsibility falls upon you. Make good use of your life, whatever you do. Whatever your choice in life, regardless of how much you want something, think of your soul first, your duty to God and your duty to others.

I want to tell you how much we have enjoyed having you with us this winter. I know it has been hard on you for your school work. If we had waited one more winter to have come (to Grubbs, Ark.), we might not have had you to come with us and the Lord had need of you here. You have been a blessing to Daddy and me in the singing and visiting people. In the meetings, we needed you so much. We feel that if it had not been for one young person to encourage the others, there would not have been the good done that

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has been. You have truly found favor with the people and the Word of God says, “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.” Prov. 22:1.

You will never know how I feel as I write these lines to my baby girl. As I wrote to Donald, it seemed I had a sense of pride that our son had reached manhood. We felt so thankful for a big, fine, young man like him. As we wrote to LaVerna you might say we had the same feeling as having accomplished the duty of bringing up a fine, young lady, but with each of them we still had a duty. Now, with the feeling of pride of seeing our last child reach this age, comes a feeling also of emptiness. Many times we asked the Lord to not let us fail our last child in bringing our children up for Him. That truly has been the only ambition we’ve had for you children, that you would each love the Lord, obey God and be useful to the Lord. So far, God has given us the desire of our heart.

DeLoris, I have seen young girls so tenderly guided by their parents up to your age. They were so sweet and pure, but when it fell their duty to take command of their life they didn’t do so well. I feel confident you will be watchful and careful. Keep your trust in God for your help, even as we have trusted in Him.

May God bless and keep you is our prayer.

Love you always,

Mother

Chapter 9

Manifestations of Mothers' Prayers

“When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also.” 2 Tim. 1:5.

Dear Mother,

I am glad you and Daddy taught me to trust in the living God, for we have found Him to be true to His Word and a source of help in every time of need.

First, I want to let you know I appreciate the way you reared me, instilling in my heart the importance of putting God first in my life. Although I strayed in my teens and didn't live for the Lord, your prayers and the Holy Spirit didn't let me forget. There was one thing in particular I feel protected me. Though I wasn't saved, you didn't let me dress like, nor go with the world. Though I would point out other children of the saints who were permitted to dress and do as they pleased, you would inform me, “You are my responsibility and I'll have to answer for you.”

I'll never forget the time when I cut some of my hair into long bangs. It was at night and the rest were in bed. The Lord spoke to

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you, telling you to go outside and look in my window. As you watched, you said, “DeLoris, DeLoris, what have you done?” Oh, if only there had been a hole in the floor I’d have dropped into it! I could feel the hurt in your voice. You came into the house, got the Bible and read some of 1 Cor. 11, pointing out verse 6. “If the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn.” You told me that if you didn’t see my hair growing you would shave my head. I always believed your and Daddy’s word which was “nay, nay and yea, yea.” I definitely knew I’d better not trim my hair anymore if I didn’t want to be completely shorn. Some may say that was being too strict, but it wasn’t. If I had been allowed to cut some bangs, then next the devil would have tempted me to cut more off and all the while creating more pride in my heart.

You questioned me closely, if my lips looked extra red. You would check my purse and sometimes threw away the makeup I had bought secretly. You checked my diary regularly and sometimes I was punished for what it revealed. Oh, I know the educators of today say you were trespassing on my right of privacy and being so strict would cause me to rebel. I firmly believe that your love and concern for my soul, together with the firmness, helped me to be able to yield to God.

Mother, you also caused us to feel our responsibility toward your calling as a minister and that our actions could disqualify you. This put a fear in our hearts, that if we were the cause of your not being able to fulfill your duty, we would be responsible for souls that could have received help.

In my middle teens I gave my heart to the Lord. I’m so thankful that when the Holy Spirit spoke to me that night at the Guthrie, Okla., Assembly meeting, I was ready to give up all and yield to Him. Bro. Ray Key preached on the “Reward of the

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Wicked” that night, and Bro. Lewis Williams led the chorus, “the wages of sin is death and woe, and bitter remorse, I’ve found it so.” That song is true. Now, as I look back, I only wish I would have parted from that master (sin) sooner.

Mother, when you revealed your burden to move to Grubbs, Arkansas, it was certainly against my will, as I had one year left in high school. This move was only to prove to me a real blessing, spiritually. One of the greatest blessings I received for being willing to move to Arkansas was that God gave me a good, saved husband (Randel Bradley). We were both saved, sanctified and we desired to have a Christian home. This is a very important step in a young person’s life and truly one needs God to direct one’s steps. A wrong choice of companion for life can lead to disaster. I’m so thankful for God’s divine guidance in our lives.

When our first little girl (Retha DeLoris, born on Feb 13, 1968), was about two years of age, we were at the all-day meeting at Grubbs, Ark. Someone picked her up by her arms and one shoulder came out of joint. She cried so pitifully. Her little arm just hung useless by her side. We had her prayed for by the saints there. That night we dressed and placed her in bed with that little arm still just hanging useless. Oh, how it hurt us, as young parents, but we were trusting in a great God! Several times I crept to her bed to check on her and each time she was lying in the same position. While lying on our bed, we prayed, asking God to please put our little girl’s arm back into place. God gave us a vision of her bed and His hand was over it. Oh, praise God, how sweet that was to me! I went to sleep, knowing God was taking care of her. The next morning Randel’s folks came over. They had hoped Retha would be well but she wasn’t as yet. Grandma Bradley brought her some bananas. I was telling them of the scene I saw during the night

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when at that moment, with that little arm that hung so useless, Retha reached out for the offered banana. Oh, that mighty Hand I saw through the night, touched her and put her arm back into place! We all surely did some rejoicing unto the Lord!

When our second daughter, Lynette Darlene (born on Sept. 22, 1970) was three months old, we went to the Guthrie, Okla., Assembly meeting. On our way home we noticed that she was more restless than usual. The next morning she had broken out with measles. Her fever was high and soon she took what really appeared to be pneumonia. She lingered in this condition for almost a week, taking very little nourishment. One night, it looked like the Lord was going to take our little one to be with Him. We renewed our consecration, asking God to have His way, and yet, as I held her little hot fevered body, I would draw her close to me, as if to say, "Please don't take her!" Randel got on his knees and really got hold of God in her behalf. In just a little while she drew herself up in my lap and played with Randel's watch. That was the first sign of any recognition for several days. How we did thank God for another answer to prayer and for sparing our darling baby!

Lynette also had eczema on her face. It looked so raw and sore, as we couldn't keep her from scratching. We would lie at night, holding her little hands, so she wouldn't scratch. We omitted citrus fruits from her diet and tried unmedicated lotions to try to sooth it, but the eczema only spread all over her face. At Eastertime we had planned a trip to Coffeyville, Kansas, to visit my relatives, and also to be with the saints in their all-day meeting. Lynette's face looked worse than ever, with what seemed like an infection setting in. We felt like going on in the name of the Lord. Everyone that saw her got under the burden with us. We had her anointed and prayed for. Within one week, her face was

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completely clear. We still praise God for that wonderful healing! People had told me she would grow out of it, but God healed her so quickly that we knew it was the power of God and not just nature.

The Lord also healed me of gall bladder attacks and for over nine years I have been able to eat anything without ill effects.

For five years I had to wear eye glasses, but God inspired my faith and I was anointed and prayed for. He healed my eyes to the extent that I passed my driver's test showing I did not need to wear glasses. That has been thirteen years ago and God is still blessing me with good vision. To God be the glory!

One of the greatest healings we have witnessed in our home was when Randel had the mumps. As many know, this disease can go very hard on a grown man. Randel was a very sick man. One day his fever went so high that it affected his heart. This was on a Sunday and also an all-day meeting at Coffeyville, Kansas. (We now lived at Bartlett, Ks.) I didn't know if the Lord was going to take my dear companion or not. It looked very dark that day. We called the saints for prayer. Aren't we thankful for the people of God? Yes, we love the saints. They said that when the word came how bad Randel was, they all went to prayer, but there was so much weeping, no one could hardly pray. Romans 8:26 says, "But the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Oh, how true, for surely the Spirit did make intercession for us that day. Soon afterward Randel was able to lie down and go to sleep. The Lord took the terrible pains away that were in his chest.

After the swelling had gone out of his jaws, Randel began having another affliction, which was very similar to inflammatory rheumatism. Some thought that this was caused by the high fever

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he had had for several days. We didn't check his fever, but his vision was very much blurred for three days. He told us this after the fever left him. Anyway, he suffered intense pain in his shoulder, knee, ankle, jaw, wrist, and finger joints. The pain moved around in these different joints for several days. He was unable to dress or feed himself. He moved across the floor by just scooting one leg in front of the other one. I had to lift his legs to get him in or out of bed. He spent many sleepless nights as the pain was so intense. We prayed every prayer we knew to pray and most of all searched our hearts to see if there was anything hindering. Again we called the saints (different congregations) and our pastor, Bro. Orie Young, and you, Mother, came up. Randel was sitting in the recliner. Bro. Orie read the "faith chapter" (Heb. 11), and then we had prayer. I'll never forget the earnestness of Bro. Orie's prayer. After prayer, Randel continued to sit there, not feeling any different. After a while he needed to go to the restroom and when he put his feet to the floor, the divine touch of God went through his body, healing him instantly. He raised his arms and kicked his feet and legs, which had been an impossibility just minutes before. Before he realized it, he was on his knees, another thing he had not been able to do, to thank God. There was shouting and praising God all over the house! I just wish that all the saints could have witnessed this healing with us!

The devil was very much disturbed because of the victory we had and the Lord permitted the affliction to come back that very night, so He could teach us more precious lessons. That night was one of the worst Randel had experienced. We did our best to resist the devil, but it seemed the bottom dropped out of the valley that we were in by the time daylight came. One sister felt that the Lord had shown His power by healing and that now the Lord wanted to take Randel home to be with Him. I'm thankful not everyone felt

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this way, for God had given my sister, LaVerna, some Scriptures that day and they came up the next evening to encourage us to press on. The Lord taught Randel during this time how to believe without seeing results, and how to step out and claim the promises of God. Though he was still experiencing pain, the Lord inspired him to claim his healing and he told us that when the pain left his knees it would not go anywhere else. His other knee swelled, turned red, and had indications that it too would become painful, but praise our God forever more, that was the end of that battle! Randel was in the house for seventeen days and off work for almost one month.

During this time my automatic washer quit. It wouldn't spin the water out and it was very inconvenient for me to go to the laundry as Randel was sick. The men folks that could have helped me were staying away because they hadn't had the mumps either. There was no one to whom I could look. I moved the washer out from the wall and I could not see anything that I could do to fix it. I was asking the Lord to help me know what to do when the song, "I Must Tell Jesus" came to my mind. I spoke to Lynette and asked her to bring the songbook to me. I just sat there and sang the song. It was such a comfort to me.

"I must tell Jesus all of my troubles;
He is a kind compassionate Friend;
If I but ask him, he will deliver,
Make of my troubles quickly an end.
Jesus can help me, Jesus alone."

I turned the washer on to the spin cycle and went to the bedroom and told Jesus all about it. I heard the washer shut off and went to check it. As I was going, the devil said, "What if the water is still in it?" I just told him I knew Jesus had fixed it and sure

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enough, it worked for me every time. Later, after Randel was well and back on his feet, I started having the same problem again, but this time Randel fixed it. We definitely could see the hand of the Lord in it. It is so wonderful to trust God for everything.

Yes, Mother, the same God that answered so very many prayers for you, is still on His throne today. We could go on telling of things that God is doing, NOW, in our day. He has been so very good to us in many ways. We have trusted in Him when there were decisions and moves to make and when we would listen, He's always been faithful to guide us.

The Lord has blessed us with another daughter, Sheila Marie, born on May 9, 1975. It is our prayer that we will be the example and leave an heritage for our three girls, as you and Daddy have done for us.

Your loving daughter,

DeLoris (Eck) Bradley

Bartlett, Kansas

Chapter Ten

Thank You, Mother

December, 1977

Dear Mother,

Words can't express how thankful we are for the time and effort you have put into writing, *Lest We Forget*. Often these things happen and if we aren't reminded about them they soon slip from us. I am made to think of how God instructed Joshua to have the Israelites take stones out of the middle of the Jordan River and set up a memorial on the other side so when their children and their children's children would ask, "What meaneth these stones?" they would be able to tell them of the power of God.

How thankful I am for an heritage of faith in God. At a time when the world has substituted everything imaginable for faith in God, it means so much to have a knowledge and memory of what God has wrought in the past, and what He can and will do in the future.

The memories of our training and childhood are precious to me. I often think back to the many times I was awakened early in the morning, hearing you call each of your children's names in prayer, seeking God for wisdom to rear us for Him and to instill

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faith in our hearts. Then as I would get dressed and walk down to the barn to help with chores, I would often hear Daddy praying in the granary for us. Those prayers meant a lot then, but I believe they mean even more to us today.

One outstanding memory of my childhood was how the Lord would reveal things to you. How well I remember when I was in the eighth grade that I decided I wanted red lips like the other girls. You were nearly always at the barn helping Daddy with chores when I left for the bus. One morning, I decided I would use red food coloring on a Kleenex and color my lips. I put the Kleenex under the driveway culvert to hide it. When I got home from school you showed me the Kleenex you had found and asked me about it. I knew then that God revealed secrets to parents who were looking to Him for guidance. It instilled a real fear of God upon my heart.

At a very young age I felt the conviction of God upon my soul but it wasn't until I was fifteen years of age that I got an experience of salvation. Then when I was seventeen years old, during the time that you had typhoid fever, the Lord dealt with me about sanctification. I learned the joy of being able to commune with God for myself. I would walk after the cows, and on the way back, in a row of trees there was a place I would kneel and have prayer before going on home. The many battles of my teen years that I faced, I fought out there on my knees; but if I had not heard Mother and Daddy fighting their battles out on their knees, I would not have known that source of strength and power.

As I neared my twenties, I began seeking God to choose a companion for me so that we could be laborers together in the work of the Lord. How good God was to send a young man, Kenneth Probst, my way. He also had been reared by praying

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parents who had instilled faith in his young heart. Even when he was facing death with appendicitis, at the young age of nineteen, he made his decision to trust the Lord completely. From all evidence, his appendix burst and death was upon him, yet his faith and the faith of his parents were in God, and the Lord raised him up. Praise the Lord!

As we started our lives together we had a desire that God would guide our lives and in some small way we could be used of God. Now, as I sit and reflect over our short life and remember how many times we have relied upon the God of our Father and Mother, we, too, have found Him faithful. Among the faithfulness and blessings of the Lord, He enriched our home by giving us a baby girl, Anita Charlene, born to us on April 30, 1962.

One of the outstanding times of God's faithfulness in our life was about two years after we were married. We felt the need to move where we could be in a congregation. Kenneth had put in his application at several places of business and one place called him to come to work. We borrowed money and moved about 400 miles. After his first day of work, they informed him that he would have to wear a necktie to be able to work there. They said he could put it on after he got to work and take it off before leaving. He came home and we prayed much about it, but felt it best to stand by his convictions on this subject, according to what God had made him understand. It looked very dark, as there weren't many jobs, but God was so very good to supply a job in less than a week that paid as much and also supplied a new car for our use. Surely, God is faithful to those who will dare to stand true and trust Him.

We had lived at this place about two years when we were looking forward to another little one in the home. I developed a severe condition with my kidneys. Due to the nature of the

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problem I went to the doctor for a checkup. We had informed him earlier of our trust in God. He said he had never seen such a serious case of kidney infection and that it could mean the life of the baby and even my life if I didn't do something. As we left his office, I told Kenneth my faith was fixed in God and my decision was made to trust God all the way. We called the Myrtle, Mo., campmeeting to get in contact with you and Daddy and also for the saints there to be in agreement of prayer for us. By morning, the Lord had sent a great deliverance to me and had relieved me of the terrible pain. A week later, when I went back for my checkup, the doctor found it hard to believe that no medication had been used. He said he had never seen a case that cleared so completely in such a short time. We surely give God all the glory. About a month later on Sept. 28, 1965, the Lord blessed us with a healthy baby girl, Vonda Marlene.

When she was about two months of age, she developed some kind of kidney condition. We awoke during the night and found her in a spasm. We had to hold her constantly and, at times, she would just scream with pain and oft times passed blood through her kidneys. We knew if God didn't undertake she wouldn't be here long. Again God was our Refuge and Healer and He healed her completely. Praise His holy name!

After a short time we made a move to Gadsden, Ala. Often we would question why, as there was no congregation there. The Lord helped us to meet two precious old people, who at one time had known this glorious truth, but due to the great compromise, had lost contact with the true people of God. How they did rejoice in the privilege of once again finding someone standing true! One dear old sister we took in our home for a while and what a joy to see her respond to the Word of God! Over and over she would say,

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“How did I drift so far!” We were privileged to see them both die with victory.

We had been in Alabama about three years when Kenneth felt the Lord leading in another direction. We were a little unsure of just what God desired of us but felt impressed to go with the tent work that summer. He quit a good job and launched out by faith. One of the meetings held was at an old schoolhouse about eleven miles northwest of Vinita, Okla. Several were saved in the meeting and the Lord made it clear that this was the place He wanted us. (We live here at this writing.) We moved here by faith in the face of opposition to the truth and different ones discouraging us. The battles have been many but the blessings and rewards have so outweighed them that our hearts have been humbled before the Lord who is able to guide our hearts. As we look at the precious little congregation the Lord has raised up here, our hearts just melt with the goodness of God. There is no greater blessing than to see lives that have been blackened by sin made white by the blood of Jesus and see them embrace the truth. Many times after moving here, we faced financial difficulties but there was such a confidence in knowing that God had sent us here and He wouldn't fail us. I will tell of two times that meant so very much to me.

We were getting ready for a tent meeting and there was some repair to be done on the tent, also paying for advertising in the paper. Kenneth went into town to take care of these things and not realizing how little we had in the bank, he overdrew our checking account. We spent much time in prayer that night, looking to God to supply the need. When the mail came next morning there was a check from an unsaved neighbor that just wanted to help us out, not knowing anything of our need. How our hearts melted before God for His goodness to us!

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Another time the Lord taught me a precious lesson. Kenneth felt impressed to send an offering to a minister. He wrote a letter and made out the check to him. He left the letter for me to stamp and mail. The amount Kenneth had written the check for was nearly all we had in the bank and our telephone and electric bills were due in a few days. As I didn't know how we could possibly pay our bills I decided I would keep the letter for a day or so. About two days later it became necessary for us to take a man in the community to Oklahoma City. I still had not mailed the letter as we still had no money and we knew that the man we were to take had none. We were just going by faith. Just as we were driving out of the driveway, the mail came and in it was a check for a large sum from a man outside the Church. He lived about two hundred miles away. Oh, how ashamed I felt that I had been afraid to trust God to take care of our little bills and had held onto such a small amount, when the Lord had prepared a large blessing for us. It was a lesson I trust I will never forget.

Yes, we can truly say, your God, Father and Mother, still lives and He is just the same today. Time and space fail us to be able to tell of the many answers to prayer we have witnessed, but we are so thankful that we ever got acquainted with God for ourselves.

While many parents take pride in their children's achievements in life and encourage them to excel in this world, Mother and Daddy, you encouraged us to find a contact with God and learn of His holy Word. I'm so thankful that you taught us to just simply have faith in God, to trust Him with our lives, our futures, and leave the results with Him.

Thank you, Mother and Daddy, for such a rich heritage of truth instilled in our hearts and a memory of the greatness of God.

Love and appreciation,

LaVerna (Eck) Probst

Chapter Eleven

Careful Guidance Reaps Rewards

“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.” Prov. 22:6.

Dear Mamma,

Thank you for the letter entitled Lest We Forget. We really feel it will be a treasure to us, to our children, and to their children. We don't know what kind of things they will meet up with as we know times have changed greatly since you reared us.

The four children God gave Marilyn (Beisly) and me have been a blessing to us. There have been the usual ups and downs, physically, but the Lord has blessed and been a present help in every time of need. Sometimes God has said, “Wait.” Other times He has delivered from the trouble at hand. Our first child, Cynthia, was born on Sept. 10, 1956, and is now married to Jerry Meek. They have one son, Myron Lee, born on Dec. 20, 1976. Jeannette, the second child God gave us was born on July 17, 1958. Next Ivan, our first son, was born on Nov. 13, 1961. Our last child, Herschel, was born on Sept. 17, 1965. We are endeavoring to pass on to them the responsibility you instilled in us to obey God.

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I can well remember the times of growing up, as children at home, going to grade school and the disappointments we would meet. You would give us counseling on how to conduct our lives in school, how not to be just as the world was, but to be separate from the world and not to be a hindrance to the “Church of God.” When I was 11 years of age we moved to this community (near Bartlett, Ks.) where I live now. It was a completely new community where, as far as we knew, the truth had never been brought before. You instructed us that there was a great responsibility on us, as we went to school, that we would not bring a reproach on the Church of God in this area. You taught us to fear to disobey God. No doubt, many times we have slipped, in being examples as we should, but we still had a challenge from God, through you, that we would conduct our lives in such a way that we would not be a stumbling block.

I went on into high school and could have participated in sports, as I was athletically inclined, but, there again was your teaching: “Don’t let your life be influenced by the things of this world. Don’t get involved in the things of this world lest they draw your mind away from Christ.” I well remember one time as I sat in a history class and the coach was teaching. He had asked me different times to join football. At that time, I weighed about 220 lbs. and was fast on foot and he knew it. I had told him that Mamma and Daddy didn’t want me to. At that time I wasn’t saved, but I let him know that it was my parents desires that I would not play football, therefore I wouldn’t. One time, right during class he said, “What gets me is children saying they won’t play football just because their parents don’t want them to.” I knew what he was talking about, but it didn’t bother me, as I realized that this was the decision of my parents, and I was to abide by it. That was what I was going to do.

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We still carry this on with our children. We see others allowing their children to participate in many activities in the school, in FFA, football, and basketball. These things, it seems, have lured their minds completely away until all they can think of, or all they can seem to be happy in is, indulging in the things of this world. I can see the trap as I am older now and have my own children. I realize now, as a father, that there are things that hurt your heart to come out against, yet you do it for your children's spiritual welfare. We are trying to rear our children just the way you taught us, Mamma. Many times children don't realize, at the time, why parents make certain decisions. It is for us to explain to them the best we can. It seems, even at that, we are not able to explain and make things as clear to them as we would like. I am thankful for the principles you and Daddy have taught me.

I am thankful for the guidelines of the Church of God. We wouldn't want to err at all. I want to conduct myself, even today, where I will not be a stumbling block to the Church of God. It's not just another church, but is the one true church. I feel that what each child needs for himself is a vision of the Church. Yet, I think Mamma and Daddy can play a big part in directing the mind of that child so that he, in later years, can understand what the real Church of God is. Many times at home you would give us instructions on what the church stands for, the doctrines of the church, and how it was separate from all other churches. This I plainly see today even more than I did then.

Many say, "Lo, here," or "Lo, there," but we just can't go that way as we see how sinful churches are getting today. It surely behooves us to be very careful, lest we forget, and allow ourselves to become contaminated in the very same way. It would be very simple and very easy to just allow the thought that, "We don't

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want to be so separate and so different from the rest.” This casual living will not be sufficient to make heaven, neither will just being **different** take us there. The Apostle Paul says, “Yea, what carefulness it wrought in us.” II Cor. 7:11. What gets us to heaven is being really “born again” and getting the fundamentals of God’s truths down in our hearts, and living them out in our lives. We realize every bit of this.

I have thought much about Noah, his wife, his children, and his receiving the instructions on how to build the ark. I pondered on this a lot of times. Noah preached, and he tried to get others to believe there was a flood coming and to prepare for it. All the time, while he was building, he was instructing the people to get ready. Noah was believing God’s Word, and instructing his children how to prepare to escape the flood that was coming on the earth. No doubt, his children stood around, watching their father, and maybe helping hold a board while he secured it in place. They may have asked Noah, “Daddy, why are you building it this way?” He would answer, “Well, because it is what God said to do.” Many times, even, with us, we have to instruct our children on the building of their lives that they might enter into that spiritual ark. Christ is that ark, and He has made the way for us to enter in.

There are times that our children question us, why this or why that? Things arise that the enemy tries to slip in amongst us, but yet we have to rear our children in such a way that, lest they would neglect, lest they would slip, or lest they would forget what the real standard of God’s church is. There will be a foundation of proper teachings that will help to call them back. We have to instruct them as fads and fashions come along, that they should not participate in them, that they should be separate, that their desires, their minds, and their thoughts please Christ. This has been impressed on me by

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the teachings you gave of the standards of the church and the truths of the Word of God. I've come to realize, more than ever, that we can let down the standard and sacrifice our children to the pleasures and pride of this world, to the extent that real salvation will never have the effect on their souls that it should have, because Mother and Daddy were not careful in holding the proper standard, as it has been taught by God's ministers.

I thought about your teaching us how the Lord could heal. Whenever we children had afflictions, you would always take it to the Lord in prayer. You would request prayer at meetings for us. Your concern was that we learn to trust God. I trust and hope my faith will always be anchored in God, never wavering from His Word.

I think of the time when Marilyn and I first got married. I'm sure several of the saints remember how Marilyn's hands were very bad with eczema. I well remember one night, after we came home from meeting where we had heard a lesson on "Rejoicing in Everything." That night, in her sleep, Marilyn had scratched her hands so badly. Many times I would go to sleep holding her hands hoping it would keep her from scratching them through the night. That particular night, I awoke and turned the light on and her hands were raw all between her fingers and the backs of her hands. The lesson we had in meeting came to my mind. I asked Marilyn if she could rejoice in this? She said that she felt she could. By learning to **rejoice in the affliction** the Lord healed her hands! She has had some trouble other places on her body at times, but the Lord has always undertaken each time. God has been faithful to us.

About eighteen years ago I was hunting rabbits in the snow with my dogs. I was running and kicked into a honey locust sapling with thorns about two and one-half inches long. The tree

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bounced away, came back and one of the thorns hit me in the eye. Immediately I knew I had lost fluid from my eye as I could feel it on my cheek. Light hurt the injured eye. I went right home and called you and Daddy to come pray for me. The Lord did bless and undertook for me. I didn't go see a doctor, I just trusted God to heal it. Later in middle age, I began to feel the need of glasses for reading, even though I still have good vision for distances. I told the optometrist about running the thorn into my eye and I thought it might have gone all the way through my eye ball. When he checked he said that it certainly did go all the way through. It had torn up the back of my eye. We're thankful to the Lord that He blessed and healed the eye, and I still can see real well. We can see in the front of the eye where the thorn pierced the iris, missing the pupil only by a hair's breadth. We are thankful for His protection and care.

Once again, Mamma, thank you for the teachings and the life you lived before us. I trust that my life will be as great a blessing to our children as yours has been to Marilyn and me.

—Donald

Chapter Twelve

The Fourth Generation Speaks

“We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.” Psa. 78:4.

Dear Grandma,

I am thankful that the Lord permitted you to put into writing the stories, and many more, that you have told us down through the years of your and Grandpa’s witnesses of the Lord’s wonderful healing power. It will be an encouragement to us, as well as to all of the church, to keep the faith and traditions of our fathers.

Jerry and I feel that we have only begun in this blessed way and have much to learn. Our heart’s desire, though, is to walk the same way. Already we have witnessed many blessings from His hand and we see how His way is **always** best no matter how we think it ought to go. We don’t ask for a new way, but we seek the old paths that have been tried and proven. We desire daily that the Lord will give us wisdom to teach our son, Myron (born on Dec. 20, 1976), that he, too, might pass this same faith and steadfastness on to his children that we have seen in you. Thank you for this book; it is our treasure.

Jerry and Cynthia (Eck) Meek

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* * *

Dear Grandma,

Many times I have thanked God that He allowed me to be reared in a Christian home and that He gave you, as my grandmother. In the last few years, especially, I have appreciated the counsel you have given, which has stirred my soul deeply. Surely, it has been a great blessing to have been reared among the true people of God and to have been taught the ways of the Lord from a child.

I am very thankful that God's Salvation Plan included me. Through this great Plan I have access to all of the riches of the kingdom. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out! For of Him and through Him, and to Him are all things: to whom be glory forever. Amen." Romans 11:33, 36.

The Lord has shown me recently how much He really does care for me. My family and I earnestly looked to the Lord to open up just the right job for me. One job seemed to be working out but the Lord checked me on it. Thank you so very much for your encouragement to me to follow the leading of the Lord. I couldn't take one job because I don't wear slacks. I waited on the Lord. He provided a good, clean place to work. After that, I needed a place to live. It looked like everything in the safe part of town would be too expensive. I kept waiting on the Lord and He has given me a good apartment that I can afford in a nice section of town.

Truly, I can sing with you, Grandma, your favorite song,

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*“How can I ever praise my Lord enough?
He’s done so much for me!
He saved my soul and set my spirit free,
Opened blinded eyes and now I see.*

*Lightnings flash, thunders roll,
Yet He keeps my weary, trembling soul.
How can I ever praise my Lord enough
He’s done so much for me!”*

Thank you Grandma for being faithful in holding up the standard of truth and righteousness before us—your children and grandchildren.

With much love,

Jeannette Eck

The Life For Me



I'd rather help another soul
To love my Saviour more,
Than have the praises of all men,
Or all of earth's great store

If I can only speak a word,
Or drop a golden thought,
To cheer another 'long life's way,
A blessed deed I've wrought.

If I can help some struggling ones
To bear their heavy load;
If I can drop a blooming flower
Along their rugged road;

If I can take their burden up,
And bear it but a mile,
'Twill make this life to them and me
A little more worthwhile.

'Tis not the pleasures we may have,
Nor dollars we may make,
But the things we do for others
For our dear Saviour's sake,

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That makes our life what it should be,
And gains for us the goal
Of sweet contentedness of mind,
And wondrous peace of soul.

To help someone to love the Lord,
Someone to holier be,
To help someone draw nearer God,
This is the life for me.

It is a joy no tongue can tell,
To save a precious soul from hell.

-C. E. Orr

