

Memoirs of
GEORGE E. HARMON

Sponsored by
Vera Forbes



Memoirs of George E. Harmon

**Longtime Minister
of
The Church of God**

**Compiled and Sponsored
by
Vera M. Forbes**

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Preface

I felt strongly impressed of the Lord to write some of the memories I had of Bro. and Sis. George Harmon, who have gone to their rewards, for the younger generation to read.

They have one son, Aaron Eugene (Gene) Harmon living, and in writing to him about my desire, he sent me some of Bro. George Harmon's writings that he had left to his children. Also, Bro. Harmon's second wife, Sadie, had added to Bro. Harmon's writings. This will be in Part One and Two of this book.

With the help of my son-in-law, Leslie Busbee, doing the typing, I have recorded my experiences of how Bro. and Sis. Harmon helped me, and also some more on Bro. George Harmon's life.

The last part of this book was written by some persons who knew him. They wrote after I had spoken to them about wanting to record some of Bro. George Harmon's work for God.

I send this forth with a prayer that it will be a blessing to all who read it and that their faith in God will be strengthened.

—Sis. Vera Forbes
Guthrie, Okla., October, 1978

Publisher's Note

The undersigned publisher has many fond memories of Bro. and Sis. George Harmon over the years, having first met them when I was a small boy more than 60 years ago. At that time Bro. Harmon was pastor of the Church of God congregation in Clovis, New Mexico, where my parents lived and attended the services. Two years previously my parents, Fred and Mary Ann Pruitt, had been converted on the old homestead eighteen miles northwest of Clovis and they were baptized by Bro. Harmon in a cattle watering tank beside a windmill.

After Bro. and Sister Harmon moved to California in the early 1920's and my parents moved to Guthrie, Okla., Bro. Harmon would come east quite often in the summers to attend the campmeetings in the mid-west and south. In August, of the year 1927, he was at the Oklahoma State campmeeting on the corner of Third and Laird Streets in Oklahoma City, Okla. On a particular night Bro. Harmon preached a sermon on "False Spirits," which was not exactly an evangelistic message. However, when the altar call was given, this publisher, then a 16-year-old lad already under conviction, sought the Lord for salvation, counted the cost, paid the price, and found the joy of sins forgiven. Praise the Lord, that decision to serve my Saviour has held firm to this date, and I am His forever whether I live or die.

After this writer was married in 1933 and established our own home in Guthrie, Okla., Bro. and Sister Harmon usually stayed in our home while attending the Oklahoma State campmeetings in Guthrie. In the year of 1942, Bro. and Sister Harmon were

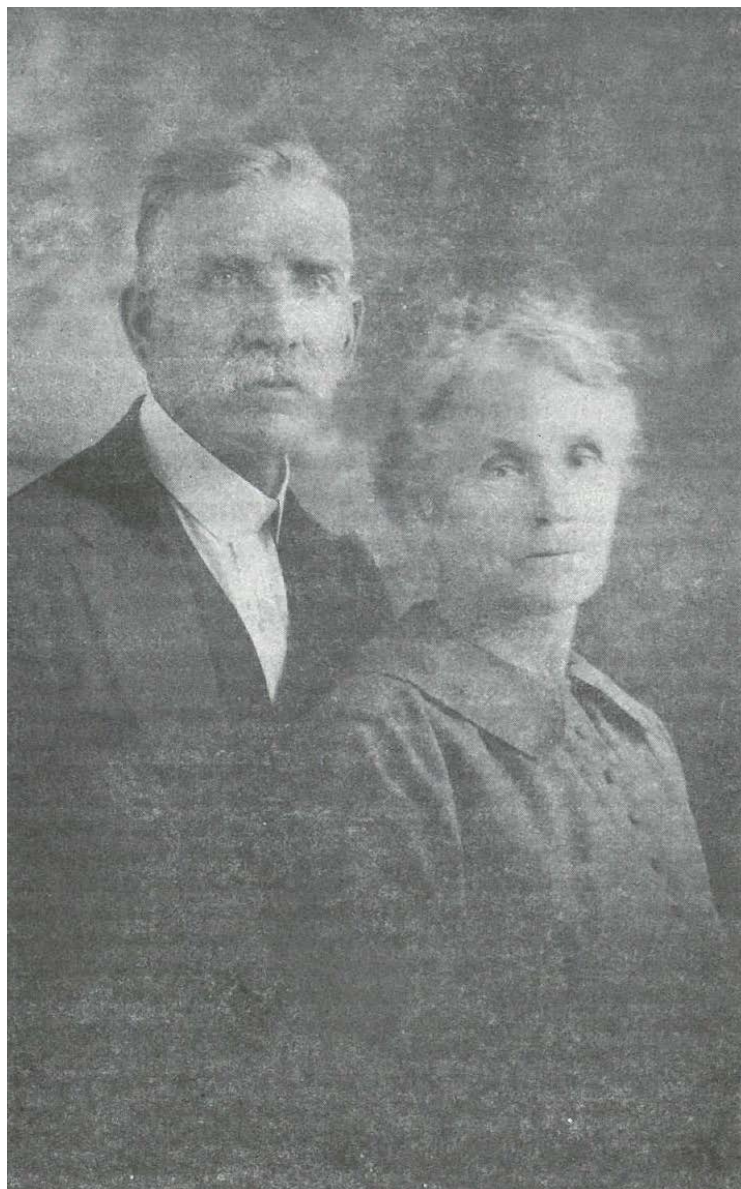
entertained in our home and attended the Oklahoma campmeeting for the last time, as they were advanced in age and not able to travel long distances again. Quite often in the services he repeated this Scripture, “But if I tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.” I Tim. 3:15.

—Lawrence D. Pruitt, Publisher
Guthrie, Okla., November, 1978

**Dedicated
To the Memory of
My Dear Sainted Mother,
Deborah Ann Harmon,
Who Taught Me Right by Precept
and Example,
Which I Bequeath to
My Dear Children as
a Remembrance**

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George E. Harmon



George E. and Vienna (Frost) Harmon

Memoirs of George E. Harmon

(Part One)

I, George E. Harmon, son of Luther Preston and Deborah Ann Harmon, was born Feb. 7, 1857, near Waukegan, Illinois. I was born again according to John 3:3, May, 1889. I preached in the Methodist Church South from 1889 until 1898. At that time I was sanctified. I left the Methodist sect and have been preaching in and for the Church of God to date, 1944.

As far as royal blood is concerned in my first birth, I have nothing to boast about except my mother was close kin to George Washington. But my second birth was of the royal blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, so I am an heir and joint heir with Him. All glory to His name!

Being born of poor parents, I did not have the advantage of a high school education but attained only to the eighth grade.

This little book is dedicated to the memory of my dear sainted mother who taught me right by precept and example, which I also bequeath to my dear children as a remembrance.

My boyhood days were spent on the farm at home until I was fourteen years of age. From that time I filled a man's place in everything I worked at on the farm, in the saw mill, in the lumber woods, on the river, sorting logs, in the round house and from there to the Railroad, in the C. & W. M. W. Michigan. I was thirty-three years of age when I made my last run.

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When I was five years of age I started to school. At this time we lived about seven miles north of Waukegan, Illinois. The little schoolhouse where I attended school stood where Zion City now stands. Being quick to learn, I always stood at the head of my class.

Those bright, sunny days were doomed to soon fade away, for when I was about eleven years of age my father decided to cross the lake into Michigan. In the fall of 1868 Father sold what stock he had, which was not much. He had no farm of his own; we packed what baggage we had and took the train for Chicago. There we transferred to a boat and soon landed in Muskegon, Michigan.

The next year father homesteaded forty acres of land in the pine woods five miles north of Muskegon where the family lived until mother's death about the year 1887.

As I said before, at the age of fourteen I began to learn what hard work was. Yes, even at the age of twelve I began to pull one end of the cross-cut saw with Father, my older brother having gone to work away from home. Being strong and active, I never had to hunt for a job.

I credit my good health to hard, laborious work, plus being temperate so far as drinking intoxicants was concerned.

It was born in me to be a leader. Consequently, I headed most all the fun making propositions on foot.

I never had but two serious sick spells in my life. They were after I was saved and God healed me both times.

As I grew toward manhood I became more foolish, not wanting to be beaten in anything. I worked at it in railroad tie making. I felt I must have from one to five more ties in a day than the other fellow. I

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made over forty oak ties in a short winter day. In the lumber woods I put more logs on the skids than any other. I was an ox teamster in the woods. I was considered a good ox teamster. I never beat my team but talked to them and called them my boys. However, dear old Bro. George Winn Sr. of Guthrie, Oklahoma, thinks he could beat me. I suppose he could because I did not claim to be an expert.

I will drop back again to the age of fourteen, the time I first met the little girl that later became my wife. My brother and I were walking down the railroad in a little town called Dalton, one mile from Father's place. We met Miss Vienna Frost, the prettiest and best girl that ever graced Michigan. She was small of stature with black hair, black eyes and as straight as an arrow. She kept to her side of the road. I don't think she even looked at us, but I stopped when we had passed and looked at her. I said to my brother, "That is my wife." Of course he laughed at me since I was only fourteen. He was sixteen. I said, "You may laugh but I will make it come to pass"; which I did in about five years. That five years, from fourteen to nineteen, was filled with fencing and sparring, as nearly all the young men in the country wanted to take her away from me. I was ready to accommodate any who wished to measure arms. Of course, being unsaved, I was not hard to provoke into measuring arms with the best of them; but I was not of a quarrelsome nature and later all became my best friends.

We were married July 4, 1876. I was a little past nineteen years of age and she was almost one year older.

In the fall of 1878, wife and I, and the baby boy that God had given us, in company with Wife's father went to north Missouri where we spent five years. My sister and my wife's two sisters lived there. Their names by marriage were Cyphers.

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We rented a little house and worked in a stone quarry for a while. All went well for a short time. My brother-in-law, Aaron Frost, who moved to Missouri before we did, and I took a job of clearing one hundred acres of land. The price was so little we could not make a living so we quit and went to Honey Creek Flats to make railroad ties. We built a little shack and boarded my brother-in-law and my wife's father who were with me in the tie works.

Here we had our first trouble. Little Heibert Leslie, our baby, could not walk but could get across the room in less time than it takes me to tell it. While we were eating dinner, he crept to the table, raised up and grabbed a cup of hot coffee, spilling it down his neck and over his chest. I cannot keep the tears back as I write it. Wife was not well but she took the baby to Jamesport where her sister lived. The doctor did all he could for him. The sore on his chest healed except for a small spot. Wife came back to me in the tie woods so thin and worn out with the care of the baby; she weighed only 103 pounds. Then I took sick. The baby had cholera infantum and the doctor said we would all die if we did not get out of that bottom land.

I traded my outfit for a horse, and in company with my friends who had teams, we started for Kansas by the way of St. Joe, Missouri. When we got to St. Joe the report came in from the Kansas front that a hostile tribe of Indians from the Black Hills had made a raid down through the western part of Kansas, where we were headed, and had killed several whites. We were not prepared to fight Indians, so we turned back and camped near Easton, Missouri, where our baby died, Sept. 8, 1878, at the age of thirteen months. That was a sad day for us. We were stranded with no money to speak of and among strangers, but they were kind to us. We were camped near a little cemetery.

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I tried to sell my horse but no one seemed to want him. Finally a man came by and offered me eleven dollars for him. It was the best I could do, and with that we buried our baby in a homemade coffin. God only knows how hard it was to go on and leave the little darling there. I don't know where the place is nor don't think I could find it, but Jesus will find him in the resurrection day. Thank God!

Dear Wife bore up bravely, but when I would look at her sad face and her wasted body, my heart would melt within me. We went on until we came to a little river—I don't remember the name. Wife and I and our kinsfolk, the Cyphers, camped there. I was well again and got right into another place of making ties. Wife and I and her sister, Nettie, and husband rented part of a house together. Another family lived in the other part. We made ties and cut cord wood that winter.

The next spring we went back to Grundy County where my sister lived and made a small crop that year. Then I bought twenty acres of land on which I built a little box house. I also made our furniture. I was to pay for the house by hard work, but I did not mind that as I knew nothing but hard work.

Here God gave us a sweet little girl, born July 16, 1879. Our hearts were made glad again, but here I made the mistake of my life. I really worshipped that little blue-eyed, golden haired darling. When only two years of age she could call everybody by name and was the pet of the neighborhood. In the summer of 1881, while teething, she took cholera infantum and God took her away from us Aug. 8th. Then I began to pray, but it seemed I could not quite give myself wholly to the Lord who all these years was trying to draw me to Him. But I did promise if He gave us any more children I would try to put Him first in all things. These promises, like pie crust, were easily broken and so it was for years (until I got saved). I was

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continually making promises, only to break them again for the lack of grace. "When I would do good evil was present with me." Romans 7:21. We did not feel that we could stay in that place any longer after burying our idol between Jamesport and Hickory, Missouri, so we moved to a farm one mile south of Spring Hill to share a crop with an old German man by the name of Mast. Here we did well. Everything was furnished and we had lots of corn and wheat to sell.

God gave us another little girl with black eyes and hair like her mamma, which moved our hearts once more to seek the Lord. While wife was in bed with our new born babe, Nettie Isabelle, born Jan. 25, 1882, I struck out in company with my brother-in-law for a meeting which was in progress not far from my home. I don't remember the denomination, but if I remember correctly the sermon was on a doctrinal line and did not seem to reach my case. But when a little preacher got up with a red-hot exhortation, the people got happy and were on their feet, some praising God, others weeping, conviction struck deep in my heart and I also was on my feet shaking hands with the people.

I went home with a resolution to do everything that a Christian ought to do. I also told my brother-in-law my intentions. He said he would do the same, but when I told him it meant to love and forgive our enemies he balked. I was determined, so when I got home I told Wife my intentions. She said, "That is right." I felt good that Wife had agreed with me as she always did.

I slept well that night and got up the next morning with the desire to carry out my purpose. The sixteen-year-old German girl that we had working for us prepared my breakfast while I fed and harnessed my team preparatory for plowing some new ground in the stumps that day. She called me to breakfast. I sat down at the table

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and dropped my head intending to return thanks. The girl laughingly said, "What are you going to do, Mr. Harmon, pray?" I raised my head and said, "No." like Peter, a little maid scared me out.

I went on to work after breakfast plowing among the stumps, and before noon I had lost all my religion. I saw then it had not gone deep enough—only a case of conviction. Many precious souls have shipwrecked on this rock and soon found themselves floundering in the sea of deception, mistaking conviction for salvation.

About this time I had a strong desire to see my dear old mother and father. This was in the fall of 1883, I believe. I sold my grain, and in company with Wife's father we boarded the train at Chillicothe, Missouri. We stopped at Sherman, Michigan, to visit Wife's older sister and family, and leaving Father Frost there, we went on to my father's home five miles north of Muskegon. We found all well. My youngest sister, Minnie, had quit teaching and married. She and her husband moved out to themselves; and to my surprise my oldest brother, Daines Luther, was there. I had not seen him for a long time—not since our little Minnie died. He was an old bachelor, cross and very eccentric. He had been disappointed in love affairs when young. No one could please him. He left home soon after I arrived and we never saw him again. We heard once from him a few years later. He was in South Dakota. I hope he made it through to heaven but I don't have much upon which to predicate my hope.

That fall after I got home, I went to work in a large saw mill on Muskegon Lake where my brother, Julian, was working. This brother was two years older than I. We rented a boarding house, all furnished, and Wife kept boarders while I worked in the mill. I was strong and active and, men being a little scarce, I took two men's work in the mill. We made some money until the mill shut down in the fall. Then we moved into a part of Father's house.

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When winter set in there was nothing to do around home. After supplying the home with provisions and wood, I struck out for the lumber woods thirteen miles from home at Blue Lake, leaving Wife and Nettie with Mother and Father.

I got a job driving an ox team. There were three teams and three log cutting gangs of three men each—one chipper and two sawyers to a gang. The snow was deep and it was hard on the teams and teamsters. Each teamster was supposed to put all the logs his gang cut on skids, but we could not do it as the snow was about two feet deep. The foreman complained because it was impossible to do what we were supposed to do. I took it upon myself to suggest a plan. I said: "When your log cutting gangs come in at night you ask each gang how many logs they cut today; also, ask us teamsters how many logs we have skidded today." That seemed to please him. He said "I'll do it."

Each teamster had a helper to roll the logs, cut brush, etc. He was called a "swamper." The teamster just handled the whip and hooked the chain some of the time. Next day the test came. I was skidding after the best gang. The head of my gang, the chopper who trimmed and measured, was a big, strong Englishman. At night the foreman asked one gang how many logs they cut that day. That gang cut seventy-five. He asked the teamster how many he skidded and he said, "Sixty-eight." The other gang cut ninety and their teamster skidded seventy-five. My gang cut one hundred forty and I skidded one hundred and ten.

From that time I got along fine until my foreman quit. Then the company hired an inexperienced man as foreman. The snow was deep. It had rained and frozen a heavy crust on the snow which cut the legs of my oxen. They could be traced by the blood on the snow. The foreman came out in the timber and began to find fault.

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I guess it made me mad, for I questioned him sharply concerning his knowledge of logging. He cooled down. I told him to go to town and get some shovels for our “swampers” to cut the crust and make a road for the oxen, which he did. We got along better.

My yoke was not right. It made the oxen's necks sore. I had tried to get the foreman to get me another one, but as he did not I took it off their necks one day in the woods and broke it over a stump. They got me another one right away.

As I said before, I kept Wife and baby at Father and Mother's home. I got tired running home thirteen miles every Saturday night after dark, and back every Sunday night. The road was hard and smooth, so I ran most of the way. I built a shack in the lumber camp and moved in. Everything went well now and I was happy to have my little family with me. We worked there until the job was finished in the spring.

The lumber company had a store in the camp where we bought our groceries and winter clothing. We didn't settle up with the company until spring. I was about the last one to go to the city and settle. The other boys had gone and returned telling what a hard time they had getting their money. I dreaded going as I had never met any of the company. I had finished all I was supposed to do in the lumber woods and it was moving time. I went to the city and introduced myself to the head man in the office, Mr. Wood. “Well,” said he, “I suppose you are like all the rest—want more money than is coming to you.” I said, “No, sir, Mr. Wood, I don't want one cent more than is coming to me.” Naturally, some mistakes were made in bookkeeping, but I had tried to keep an accurate account of my work and of all I had purchased at the store. Mr. Wood figured our account and in a very gruff voice said: “Well, I only owe you so much. How is that with your account?” I said, “Just seventeen cents

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difference.” He said “What?” with a big, broad smile. “In all this winter’s work you are the only man in the whole camp that I haven’t had trouble in settling with.” He then apologized to me, and I felt good that I had won the confidence of all the bosses and the company.

It was now time to put in a garden, so we moved back again to Father’s little farm. We planted a garden and a lot of potatoes, thinking we would have potatoes to spare in the fall. Then we went to work in father’s large strawberry patch, cleaning it out and repairing all the fences. By that time the berries were ready to pick and ship to Chicago. We made fairly good on them. Then it began to rain and the ground was soaked with water so long that all my potatoes rotted in the ground. I got discouraged trying to farm on such poor ground.

We then moved into Muskegon and rented part of a house. We bought a lot to build on for one hundred dollars, and paid five dollars down on it which was all the money I had. That was in October, 1884, I think.

That was a hard winter and nothing to do in town. My brother and wife’s sister and husband lived in town. For about a month, my brother and I walked four miles in the country with snow on the ground, and cut wood and sold it. That was eight miles walk every day. My brother-in-law said I was a fool, but when spring came I was out of debt, while he had to mortgage his home. I got a good contract in a foundry and by July 4th, had paid for my lot.

I built a two-story house, except for some finish work, in 1886. God gave us another little girl with black eyes and hair like her mamma. We named her Ivy Dell. She was born Feb. 19, 1886. Then on Feb. 21, 1888, He gave us another little boy. We named this one George Arthur. We were happy with our family.

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I was railroading the last four years we were in Michigan. I had lost my health and it looked for a while that I was going to pass out. That was one reason Mamma wanted to call this little boy "George" after me. He also had black eyes. He was a very independent little fellow even when a baby, and a joy to our hearts. I had to quit the engine work since it hurt my kidneys to ride.

In the fall of 1888 we sold out and moved to Texas County, Missouri. We found some Christian people there. In the spring of 1889, Wife and I attended an old-fashioned Methodist meeting and both of us were saved.

I homesteaded one hundred sixty acres of land, built a large, hewed log house, bought a stove, made our furniture, cleared and fenced five acres of land, bought a yoke of steers and broke them to work, bought two cows, a sow and pigs, and plowed and planted my ground. Then I was out of money. We had our milk, butter, and eggs, but had to work for our bread. I worked for the other fellow from sun to sun, and then would go home and split rails, burn brush and do everything else there was to do until eleven o'clock at night. I would get up before daylight. I did this until we raised everything we needed to eat.

I began preaching right away after I was saved. I had a heavy burden for lost souls. Times were hard. Men's wages on the farm were fifty cents a day and dinner. There was no money, so we had to take what the other fellow had for pay. It was hard to clothe my family. Sometimes we would have a hog or calf to sell to pay taxes and buy clothes which were of the poorest grade.

It was five miles to the post office. I had no horse to ride. I had to walk when we could not send for our mail. I had to walk to all my appointments. Wife and I walked seven miles to one meeting. Seven blocks would be a long way to walk to meeting now for many people.

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As I was tired of walking to the post office, I began talking to the neighbors about organizing a post office. Everyone was for it. I got some instructions and recommendation from a postmaster. I did not know how to go at it, but all agreed to sign a petition. The postmaster drew up the petition and we got the necessary signers and sent it to Washington. The Post Office Department forwarded me stamps and necessary things for a fourth class post office right away, making me postmaster without pay at that time. All I received were the cancellations, which at that time was two cents per letter. I had no horse as yet and had to carry my own mail which was once a week. I hired an old man to carry the mail, paying him out of the cancellations, which did not leave me much. We could write all we wanted and it cost us nothing for stamps, which was quite a help to us, since money was hard to get. What would you think now of a man putting a half dozen eggs in his pocket and walking two or three miles to a store to get two or three pounds of salt? I have seen it done many times. I remember Paul said: "All things work together for good to them that love God." I did the best I could.

A word now concerning our conversion. I did not know at that time to call it "salvation." At the night services under the brush arbor where we were attending meeting, the minister said: "All who want to become Christians raise your hands." Wife and I, being under conviction, raised our hands. The hour set for prayer was eight o'clock the next morning.

I chored around the house until five minutes of eight. I said: "Mamma, we have five minutes. I will go to the woods (I could not pray in the presence of anyone) and you can pray here in the house." I walked from tree to tree hunting a good place to pray, but, looking at my watch and seeing the time was up, I dropped on my knees by a post oak tree and said, "Lord, this is the place."

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I began to pray so no one could hear me, but I could not get anywhere so I began to pray aloud. The first words scared me for a minute, but God showed me He wanted my voice as well as my heart used to the glory of God. I told the Lord if He would forgive me I would use my voice to His glory. Then peace came to my soul. I went to the house and Mamma had prayed through to victory, also. This was May 18, 1889. I have endeavored to keep my covenant with God since that time. This was 52 years last May.

We had good neighbors. They liked us and elected me road overseer. We got along well, while we stayed on that place, which was about two years. Land here was not as good as I had thought, and I heard of another one hundred sixty acres of much better land that I could homestead. It was about two miles away, on a creek with four springs of water on it, and about twenty acres of creek bottom land. I traded my claim for a fine little black mare and homesteaded this other claim. After that I did not have to walk to my appointments. I gave up the post office and turned it over to another man. This was in the year of 1891.

We went to work with a will. We fenced forty acres and cleared and cultivated most of it. We organized another post office in my house, the same as the other one.

On Feb. 9, 1894, God gave us another little boy, Aaron Eugene. He was the very image of our little girl we lost. Then our joy was full with our four lovely children, and our dear Saviour that Mamma and I loved better than life.

I want to say this for my dear children—they never gave me a saucy word while at home and little Johnny, as he chose to call himself, at the age of ten years, could plow corn as good as a man, and Geney, as we called him, could do the same at the same age. Ivy was never very strong but helped her Mamma about the housework.

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Before Johnny was old enough to handle the team, Nettie would be out helping me. Nettie would harness the team and haul wood or lumber to build our new house. Those were happy days for Mamma and me.

Until 1898, most all my work for the Lord was evangelistic. God helped me preach and live to the Word of God to the best of my knowledge. We knew nothing of any Church of God outside the Bible, but I studied the Word and many were the arguments we had with our elders in the Methodist Church South which we had joined. They never could give me Bible answers to my questions, so I read myself out of that sect. They said I would be a better holiness preacher than a Methodist, anyway. When the elder came, which he did every quarter to collect his dues, he warned all his people against holiness and advised everybody to keep their smoke houses and corn cribs locked and keep their overcoats on when anyone claiming holiness was around.

About that time a Holy Ghost minister from Texas, Jimmy Roberson by name, came. He had the experience we were longing for, but did not know how to get—that is sanctification. I had been teaching it the best I knew how. I well remember preaching on it one Sunday and said, with that experience if one was slapped on the cheek he would turn the other. The neighborhood grocery man was there and heard it. He was a big man. Monday morning I went to his store after something. He began an argument. We disagreed and he slapped my face. I turned the other cheek and he slapped it. The devil was on hand and gave me a Scripture, “What your hands find to do that do with your might.” I, being quicker than he, caught him by the seat of the pants and nap of the neck and threw him out the back door and locked the door.

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I went out the front and home. “Well,” I said to Mamma, “I haven’t got it, but instead I’ve made a mess of what I did have.” This Texas preacher was now holding meetings in the neighborhood. We attended. Mamma was convinced in the first meeting that it was the truth. I was too, but did not tell her. In the next meeting we accepted the truth and were both sanctified, after fixing up everything possible with God and man. This meeting was held in Tyrone, Missouri, and this was Nov. 19, 1898.

That was a Holy Ghost meeting. Several were saved. Some came out of the Methodist Church, some from the Baptist and other denominations, while others followed for the loaves and fishes. Four preachers came out of the Baptists and I out of the Methodists. Near the close of the meeting, the minister in charge set apart a day for fasting and prayer for the purpose of setting the church in order, and choosing a pastor.

The day came. I was the youngest among the preachers. Two of them came with their “Prince Albert” long tail coats and stiff hats. I didn’t have anything like that to wear, but I had the assurance in my heart that God did not look upon the outward appearance but on the heart. I feared and trembled because of this great responsibility, knowing my inexperience. The minister called the saints to prayer to pray God to show them which one of us four He wanted for pastor at this place. When the saints arose from prayer, one sister said: “Bro. Harmon is the pastor.” All the saints said “Amen.” I felt more like crying than rejoicing and I really felt sorry for those two brethren in their long tail coats. They looked so crest-fallen. The minister said the Holy Ghost had His way and I was submissive.

I pastored this little congregation for six years. I loved them and they seemed to love me, but all were poor financially. Most of them owned their farms or homes. I did my best, night or day, rain or

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snow. We lived on our homestead which was two and one-half miles from the chapel. I helped to build that chapel, helped cut the logs and hauled them to the saw mill, helped haul the lumber and supported myself. I received about fifty dollars worth of produce, hay, etc. in the six years I was there. Not over two dollars of this was money. One sister asked another sister, "Why doesn't Bro. Harmon visit us more?" The other sister said, "How much are you helping Bro. Harmon to visit?" She said, "Well, not very much, but I did give him fifty cents last Christmas." God bless their souls. I loved them.

I remember holding one meeting for this congregation and also worked every day building a house. I worked from sun to sun, rode horseback eleven miles each day, preached every night and twice on Sunday. I did not get a cent of money until the close of the meeting when I received twenty cents. I thanked God for that. I wore the shoes off my horse's feet because of the rocky roads. I bought horse shoes (patent shoes) and nailed them on, for horse shoes were cheap. I needed money very much, but never took up a collection or begged for a nickel for myself.

I did all the shoe mending for my family. Wages were fifty cents a day and board for a man. The pay was produce. Dear Wife would mend, dye, and press to keep the children looking neat and clean enough to go to school and church. Oh, how my heart did ache for her! I could not buy nice things for her to wear but she never complained.

I well remember an old suit of clothes I had worn five years that I paid seven dollars for when new. It began to look too shabby to wear to services. Wife sold eggs and bought Diamond dye, ripped the suit up, washed, dyed, pressed and remade it. It was black now and looked nice. She sat up nights to get it ready for Sunday

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morning for services. That day I was accused by some fanatics of being proud. My five-year-old, seven dollar suit made me look like a millionaire to them.

Nearly all the people were very poor. Some men went to meeting barefoot. Some women went with a red handkerchief tied on their heads and sometimes with their husband's coat on (if he happened to have an extra). They did not stay home because they did not have nice clothes to wear. If girls needed things better than their parents could get them, they would work doing housework for as low as fifty cents per week. Sometimes a farmer would lose an old cow during the long winter if their feed gave out. They would say, "We hate to lose the cow but, thank the Lord, we will get some coffee money out of her hide." Green coffee, long green tobacco, bacon and corn bread was their principle living. They raised their own tobacco. They made their pipes out of corn cobs with a weed stem. Chewing long green tobacco and hunting cotton tails were their occupations for those long winter months. At night they would invite their neighbors over to help "spit the fire out" as they called it. Occasionally toward spring, one farmer would say to another, "Well, neighbor, how is your meat holding out?" He would answer, "Well, I reckon as how it will reach the grass," meaning it would last until grass came in the spring so the cows would begin to give milk again.

Most of the people were very illiterate, but were kind-hearted people if one let their religion alone. One sixteen-year-old school girl was asked in which state she lived. She answered, "I dunno, Texas County State, I reckon." Some old men had never been out of the county.

I held meetings all over this county and in others, also. At one time I was conducting a service in the eastern part of the county. It

was Christmas Day. Some ruffians came to break it up. I preached on the birth of Christ—how that wicked men tried to kill the young child but did not succeed and remarked that “the same spirit is here today, but Christ is going to be preached in spite of men and devils; that it is not in the power of wicked men to stop it.” They did not try.

It was a very cold time. One very poor man and his wife wanted me to go home with them for the night. Some said, “You will freeze.” I said, “I’m going.” They had only one bed. The poor woman gathered up all the old rags she could find and made me a bed on the hard, wood floor—split logs with flat side turned up. Yes, it was hard all right. We had prayer. I lay down and, being tired, dropped off to sleep, but I soon woke up so cold that I rolled back and forth, wishing for morning to come.

I soon got another horse and spring wagon so that I could take my family to meeting. These were times of persecution. Nearly the whole country belonged to some sect and, as I had left the Methodist church, they were mad at me and stirred up the baser sort against us. One of the members (August Meyers of the Methodist) ran a distillery. The boys would go there and drink, then come to our meetings and cut my harness, take the nuts from my wheels, throw rocks on the tabernacle, cut the ropes, throw rotten eggs and any other devilry of which they could think. One night while preaching, the window being raised, a young man threw a live duck through the window at me. One “would be” preacher, Lige Martin, took a public stand against us in our meeting, but the saints sang him down. He went to the Justice of the Peace to see what he could do with us for breaking his peace. The judge told him we had a right to sing him down or knock him down if necessary. We were not bothered with him anymore.

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A few years afterward I went to North Bend, Nebraska, where Nettie lived at that time, and held a meeting there. That was the first time those people had heard the truth. Then Gene, Wife, and I went to Oklahoma where we spent four years in the evangelistic work; then two years in Fargo, Oklahoma, where I was pastor. We sold our home in Texas County, Missouri, and used most of the money in the gospel work. We had a good team and large top buggy and drove everywhere that we had a call. Next we moved to Carthage, Missouri, where we lived for two years.

I was called back to Fargo, Oklahoma to a campmeeting. Here I first met Willis M. Brown. He wanted me to go home with him to Roswell, New Mexico, to help in some meetings. I had been in Texas also helping Bro. J. D. Ferrel in some meetings. I had also had several meetings in Springfield, Missouri, where I first met Bro. E. M. Zinn.

From Roswell, New Mexico, I was called to Clovis, New Mexico, to take charge of the precious little congregation there. This was in 1913. We had meetings nearly all over the county. When I went to Clovis, I sent for wife and Eugene. We got along fine there. The little band there in Clovis were all poor, so far as this world's goods were concerned. I did some carpentry work, and worked in a grocery store about five years, standing on cement floors.

I lost my health, had a severe sick spell and came near the crossing. Three different ministers visited me but said they had no faith for my healing as I was very sick. My faithful wife phoned to Sister Grider who was now living in Portalis, about twenty miles away. She came to our house in the middle of the night. When she stepped into the door she said, "Praise the Lord, Bro. Harmon. He is going to heal you." That encouraged our faith. She and Wife prayed and God heard and healed me. The next morning I got up and

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dressed myself. This was the last serious sickness I had that amounted to anything, up to December, 1941. Of course, I was not able to do hard work.

While I stayed in Clovis the World War I was on. Now, Wife was sick and I had to be with her most of the time. Some young men came to me, as I was an ordained minister, to sign papers to keep them out of war, which I did. I kept one young minister out of war and his father and mother fell out with me saying he might have done much good in the war.

The local board was the City Clerk, the Sheriff, and Dr. Westerfield. The doctor did not like me because I preached and practiced divine healing, so he influenced the others. I made it my business to meet them in conference in the court house but, in spite of my requisition, they put Gene in class 1-A. That meant he would soon be called out. I asked them if their decision was final. They said, "Yes." I then said that there was a Higher Power that I was trusting in and I told them I expected to follow their papers to Roswell and to meet the state board. They advised me not to throw away my money that way on train fare; that what they had done, they had done. Wife and I took it to the Lord and I took the train to Roswell. The chairman of this board looked over my requisition papers and revised the decision, putting Gene in class 2, nearly at the bottom of the list. The Armistice was signed before getting near his name. God heard and answered prayer and the devil was defeated. We praised God. "And the earth helped the woman" and God caused our enemies to be at peace with us.

We had bought a lot with a little box house on it. When we came to Clovis, I had a little money left from my homestead in Missouri. Sister Gus Herferth gave me a lot in Clovis, so with what we had, we paid for the little home and Eugene built two rooms

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on—a bedroom and kitchen. Later we sold this place for seven hundred dollars, bought another lot for ninety dollars and built a good five-room house. Gene helped me build this. He was pretty handy, for he had helped me in the past.

We had a little mission rented that we used for worship until the last summer I was there. The owner wanted more rent than the saints thought they could pay, so we had meetings in our house until we left for California on Aug. 1, 1920. During this time the saints bought a lot on which to build a chapel, but had no money yet for lumber. I went to a lumber man I was acquainted with and got an estimate of the cost of the size of the house we wanted, as we expected to do the work ourselves. It was four hundred fifty dollars.

I made a picture of a block house on a blackboard, dividing it up into one hundred blocks at four and a half dollars each. As fast as the saints could, they put their name in one of the blocks and paid in four and one half dollars until all were sold as nearly as I can remember. After we left Clovis, the saints sold their lot, bought two lots in the east part of town, and with other donations, built a large stucco chapel and also a parsonage. The chapel is now sold and the few saints left there hold meetings in the parsonage.

Gene was married and we decided to go to California. Nettie and Ivy were already there. Gene and I together bought a Chevrolet car. I sold my home for \$2,200.00, came to Glendale, bought a lot on Glendale Avenue where Gene and I built a good five-room house. We did not like the Chevrolet, so we sold it and bought a Ford. For my part, I was more used to a Ford, so it suited me better.

The first meeting I held here was in Whittier. I believe thirteen souls were saved in this meeting. Since coming here we have had many meetings in the following places: Pomona, Whittier, Los Angeles, Watts, Bell, San Diego, San Bernardino, Monrovia,

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Duarty, Sunshine Acres, Glendale, etc., plus some small meetings, besides some in Oregon.

We have witnessed many souls saved, sanctified, and healed. We have also witnessed three raised from the dead—one in Missouri, two in New Mexico and I, myself, here in California. Whether I was in the body or out of the body, the Lord knows. I was told I was gone forty-five minutes. My Lord sent me back with messages for some of the children.

We have participated in casting out demons from several men and, I believe, three or four women. I have witnessed the power of God many times in many ways.

We have not drunk coffee or tea, nor used any narcotics for about forty-nine years. I give God all the praise. He healed dear Wife when she was nearly gone at different times; also healed all the children many times.

Now I want to mention my wife's (Vina) last illness. It was in June 1936, one week before she died. It seemed I could not give her up. She said: "Papa, if you will let the Lord have His way I don't believe I will have to suffer so much. You know, Papa, I am eighty years of age and worn out." I said: "But, Mamma, it is hard for me to say 'Amen' to the will of the Lord and let you go. I will be so lonesome without you." She said, "It will only be for a little while." I said, "Mamma, I'll do it if it will ease your suffering, if God will help me."

This was Saturday evening and she thought she was going that night. Instead she slept well and awoke Sunday morning and looked so surprised, saying, "I thought I was gone. Now I will have to suffer this all over again." I said, "No, Mamma, you won't, for I have gotten hold of God for you." She said, "Well, I want to go to

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meeting.” The children and I got her ready and I carried her to the car. Some of the saints carried her in a rocker into the chapel where she gave her last, but wonderful, testimony. Then we brought her home.

She got weaker each day and the last of the week, the 3rd of July, 1936, she went to live with Jesus. Just a short time before she died she said, “Papa, I am not suffering.” While dying, she got up from the bed and sat in the rocker. I hurried to her. She said, “I will have to lie down.” I helped her to lie down. Bro. and Sis. Herfurth were with us. Mamma said, “Where is Bro. Herfurth?” He stepped into the room. She said, “Pray.” That was her last word. While we were praying with our hands laid on her, she passed away without a struggle.

The last talk we had, she said, “Papa, you are so good to me.” Oh, how I thank God for those last words, for God knows how I loved her and tried to be good to her in my awkward way. We had lived together sixty years; we had a happy life mixed with sorrows and disappointments such as all have in this life.

It has been over six years at this writing since my children’s darling mother went home to live with Jesus. I can hardly write this, but feel that God would be pleased for my dear children to know facts in detail and how their dear mamma loved them. Many, many times we have knelt together in prayer and implored God’s blessings upon our darlings and asked Him to please save them through the merits of Jesus’ blood, so that we can make an unbroken family in heaven. This will still be my prayer for the remainder of my short life.

Mamma had once said to me, “Papa, whichever one of us goes first, I don’t think the other will be far behind.” I said, “I believe you are right, Mamma, for I don’t believe I could live long without you.”

When she left me, it seemed I would go soon, but my dear children and some of the saints called on God in my behalf and He came to my rescue.

Two years after Mamma was gone, I went to bed one night, oh so lonesome. I prayed myself to sleep. Then Mamma appeared to me, just as real as life, and said, "Papa, you are lonesome." I said, "Yes, Mamma, I am so lonesome I don't see how I can live." She said, "Papa, you go away to a long way from here and take Martha. She will be a comfort to you." I said, "Mamma, would you care?" She said, "No. I would be glad if you were comforted."

I woke up wondering who Martha was. Some of the saints had suggested this to me before, but I was afraid it would be doing injustice to the memory of my poor, dead companion. After this I began praying and asking God if this was real and to let me know the meaning of it and who Martha was. It seemed to be revealed to me this way—Martha and Mary represented the outer and inner man (woman). Martha was the real helper, comforter, and home builder. I said, "Amen, Lord, but who is she and what is her name?"

Then He brought to me the fact that I had forgotten that Sadie E. Orr had written me a kind letter of condolence after Mamma passed away. In fact, she was the only one to write me such a letter. So I hunted it up. It was now about two years old.

I then wrote her a letter of appreciation and told her of my loneliness and also of my dream. She wrote back a very comforting letter and told me of her work there for the Lord as an intercessory here and there and expected to continue doing so and did not expect to ever marry again. She said if she were on the market for matrimony, knowing me as she did, she would look no farther, but for me to forget it as we were both too old. I wrote back telling her to please forget it all and I would try, too. That seemed to touch a

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tender cord and she wrote back saying, "I am thinking of going to Monark Springs Campmeeting." She did, and you know the rest. I am happy again because I know God sent her to me. Otherwise I don't believe I would be alive to write this. We are one in every respect. She loves my children and does all in her power to help them in every way possible. We were married July 21, 1938.

We had a wonderful trip that year in company with Eugene and Nettie. We drove to my old home in Muskegon, Michigan. My house I had left fifty years before, looked just about as I had left it, but Father's old homestead did not look natural. Then we drove to my dear mother's grave, which was hard to find. I felt like lingering there for a while in silent prayer.

God wonderfully blessed us on our trip. We travelled a little over 12,000 miles, visiting Old Mexico and Canada and were in 13 or 14 of the states. We stayed in Everett, Washington, about two weeks on Puget Sound. While there we visited Wife's old farm and picked fruit from the trees she helped plant many years before. In this orchard at one time, her first husband shot a bear that had broken limbs from the apple trees to get the apples. We drove over the hills where Wife used to go horseback while teaching school. We drove through the little town of Snokomish where wife once attended Teacher's Institute. We also drove over the mountains to visit her adopted daughter, Lura Olive Rothlisberg, on the Indian Reservation eighty miles west of Spokane, Washington. We also visited the Grand Coulee Dam. The water from this dam will irrigate and reclaim thousands of acres of good tillable land.

From there we drove down the old, dry bed of the Columbia River—the channel supposedly changed by volcanic eruption many years before. It is a narrow valley all in farms, with some fine orchards. We followed the old channel down to what is now known

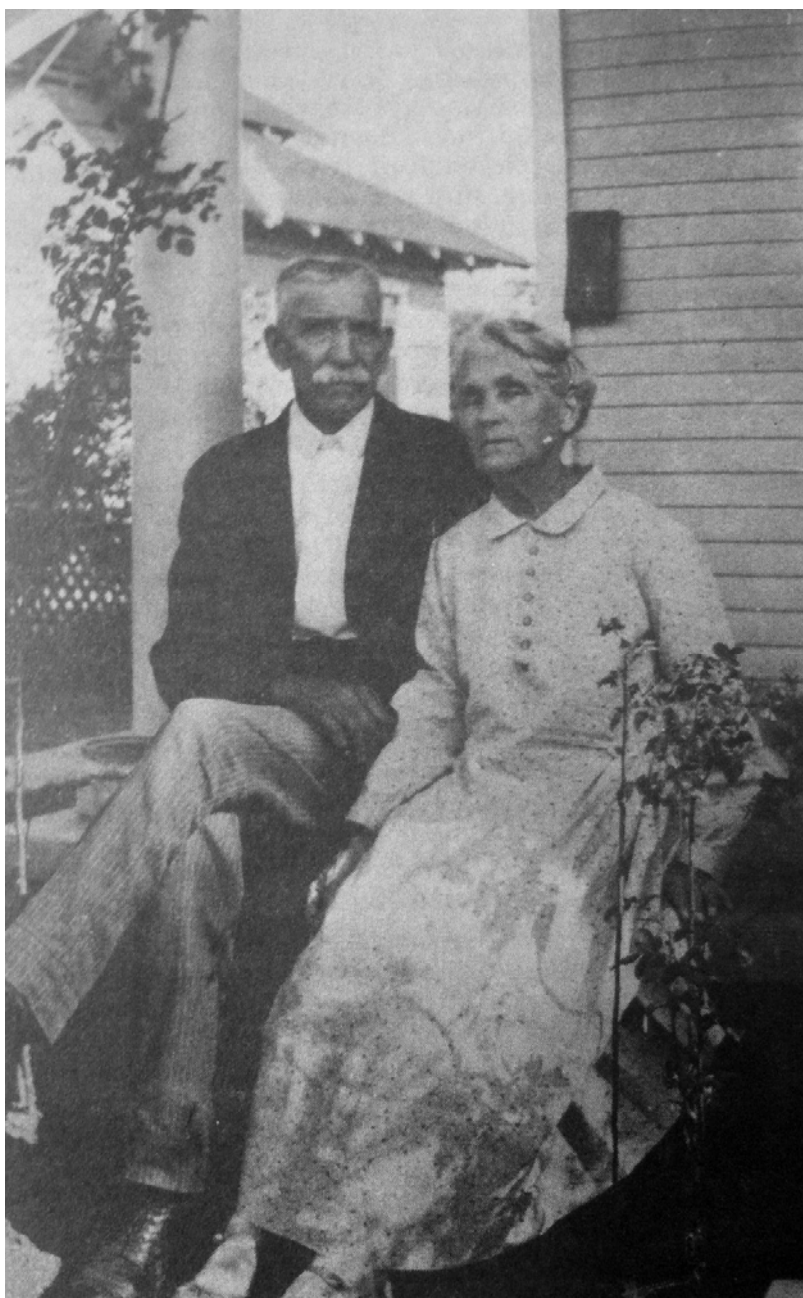
as Dry Falls. Here we got some history of the falls, which stated that many hundreds of year ago the water that passed over these falls was many times greater than had ever passed over the Niagara Falls. The old river had left six beautiful lakes in a string, with thousands of ducks on them. One lake was called Soap Lake. The water looked like soap suds. There were no ducks on this lake, but there was a health resort there where people came to bathe. We visited many more places of interest in the state of Washington.

Selma Heibert was with us on this northern trip. When we drove into Canada, we drove through the large iron gates that were opened and locked back with a large sign over them reading, "Never to be closed between the two governments." It was noon, so we ate our lunch in Canada. Thus I fulfilled mother's prophecy that I would eat bread in two kingdoms, because I have a double crown (in my hair).

Bro. Burgerson and wife, some of Wife's neighbors near Everett, Washington, were with us on this trip. On our way back down the Puget Sound, we stopped at a Japanese oyster bed. They had just raked in a lot of oysters as the tide was out, so we bought two dozen in the shell. When opened they resemble an egg when broken, and are about as large. One was about all I could eat at a meal. They were not native oysters. They were brought from foreign waters and planted in the Sound by the Japanese.

Oh, how fast time flies! This is July 21, 1943. Just five years ago today, Sadie and I were married. God has wonderfully blessed us both with reasonable health and strength, but I can see now that we are failing. My appointed work is almost finished, John 17:4. "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. 4:7. Yes, I call God to witness that I have kept the faith to the best of my ability and understanding. I have made some mistakes through misunderstandings. God has been good to me and mine.

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George and Vienna Harmon

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To those who believe the days of miracles are passed, I will insert just a few under my own observation during my ministry:

I believe it was the summer of 1901 that it was very dry. It had not rained for a long time. Crops were drying up and the people were alarmed. I was pastor at Tyrone, Missouri, at that time. I asked all the saints and other Christians who would, to meet us at the chapel on Sunday morning for fasting and prayer for rain. The house was full of sectarians and sinners who were all expecting it to rain, although no one brought their umbrellas. We had services all day. After the night service was dismissed, a Baptist man said, "Bro. Harmon, I'm disappointed. I was sure it would rain when you saints prayed." I said, "Bro. Morgan, it's coming, don't doubt. It will come." It came after all got home, and it was such a downpour as we had not seen for a long time.

One time in Oklahoma my son, Gene, Wife, and I were travelling. It was a cold day and I got out to walk to get warm. The spring wagon was covered with no place to get out, only in front. Gene was a little boy then. He took the lines and the team got scared at something and began to run. So did I. How I called on God to stop that team, knowing my precious wife and boy might be killed, for they could not get out! God came to the rescue and caused the team to take a by-road and stop by a railroad fence. Oh, how I praised God! Gene had broken both lines trying to stop them.

Gene was healed instantly of membranous croup.

Bro. Arthur Hammond's two-year-old daughter, Bertha, was raised from the dead in answer to prayer. May Kigers' baby was brought back to life when pronounced dead. A Bro. Madox in Clovis, New Mexico, whose life was gone forty-five minutes, was brought back to life in answer to prayer. Sister Owens was given up to die by the doctor but was healed instantly in answer to prayer.

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Billy Grogan of Texas County, Missouri, was pronounced dying by the doctors, but was saved, sanctified and healed all within twenty-four hours. Wonderful! Yes, indeed, He is just the same yesterday, today, and forever.

This is Saturday July 24, 1943. I am all alone with God as dear Wife has gone with Bro. and Sister Ostis Wilson to visit Bro. and Sister Iverson. I am thinking Lord of thee and how you stopped the wind storm one time when Mamma and I were helping Sister Emily Turner in a tent meeting in Yuma, Arizona. The wind was blowing a gale at 10:00 a.m. Sunday morning. The brethren had let the tent down but they had to hold it to keep it from being torn to shreds. Some of us had gotten together in the house. Sister Turner said, "Well, no meeting today." Mamma and I had planned on coming home but wanted to be in one more service, so I suggested we ask God to stop the wind. He heard and answered prayer. About eleven o'clock the tent was raised. We went in and thanked God for what He had done for us, had a short service, got in the car and drove to the bridge (Colorado River). There we met cars coming from the desert (California). We asked them about the storm. They said it was the worst they had ever witnessed. They had to stop and tie their car tops down. The sand blew until they could not see. I asked them about what time the wind ceased. They said, "About an hour ago it stopped suddenly." We thanked God, knowing He had heard our prayers. This we told the strangers. I hope it did them some good.

—G. E. Harmon



*George and Vienna Harmon with their four children.
Back row, left to right: A. Eugene, Nettie, John, and Ivy*

Memories of My Parents

My father was a hardworking man. On one job he had to walk four miles to work. Once when he was holding a meeting, he worked twelve hours and walked the four miles home. Then he walked three miles each night to preach, and walked the three miles home. He said that one sister gave him 52 cents for a whole year.

Once, he was holding a meeting in a certain place and when he started to go home he examined his buggy wheels and found the nuts gone. He said, "I know how we will find out who did this. We will examine the boys' hands." Right away all the boys put their hands into the grease, so it would not show up who did it.

Another time while Papa was preaching in Tyron, Mo., where he was pastoring, a bunch of rowdies came in and lay down on the seats. Papa said, "Boys, you will find some quilts out in the wagon that you can use and they will make a better bed." I was ten years of age at that time. When the meeting was over and we started to go home, we noticed that the harness tugs were cut about two-thirds through.

One time when I was small, Papa was working at a saw mill. I became very sick and Mother called him home. My father prayed for me as he came home. He also bought me a pair of new shoes. When he got home I was well. I was glad to get the shoes.

Another time, while Papa and Mamma were in the gospel work, they left us children alone. I was around ten years of age. I was milking when Nettie, my oldest sister, asked me what I had in my

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mouth. It was hard for me to tell a lie, so I told her the truth—it was tobacco. She scolded me and I spit it out.

At one time Papa and I were holding a meeting. I think it was at Ringwood, Okla., at Bro. Albert and Sis. Margaret Eck's. They would often go upstairs and we could hear them both praying. (Bro. and Sis. Eck, I want to commend you for your hospitality which brought us in closer fellowship.)

In later years Papa and I worked in the gospel work together, and Papa and Mamma were in my congregation on Perlita Avenue in Glendale, California. It was in Glendale, when he was almost 87 years of age, that he passed away. He was preparing to make one more trip in the gospel work when he took sick.

There are many things that happened in these past 70 years that I can't recall at the present time, but God worked in many, many ways "his wonders to perform."

I am his youngest son. I am nearing 85 years of age. I wish I could remember more of the times we worked together.

—Yours in Him,

Bro. A. E. Harmon

Orland, Calif., Nov., 1978

Part Two

A Supplement by Sadie E. Harmon

I will try and add a little of the gospel work done by Husband after our marriage at the National Campmeeting of the Church of God at Monark Springs, Missouri, on July 21, 1938.

After the close of this meeting, we left in company with Nettie Loraine and A. E. Harmon, husband's oldest and youngest children, to visit the Harmon's old home and some relatives in Michigan and other places.

From there we went to Guthrie, Oklahoma, where we attended the Oklahoma State campmeeting of the Church of God.

From there we took up our homecoming journey to California. We stopped along the way at some places in New Mexico and held some meetings in Clovis, New Mexico. We also stopped to visit some saints in El Paso, Texas, and had a few gospel services with them in the home of Bro. and Sis. A. G. Duncan. We arrived home in time to attend the latter part of the Southern California campmeeting in Pasadena.

This ends the work of God in distant places for the year 1938. The remainder of this year we were at home in California.

In the summer of 1939, we went to Hammond, Louisiana, to attend the Louisiana State campmeeting. After the campmeeting we held some meetings at Kentwood, Louisiana, which is about 40 miles north of Hammond. From there we travelled through the

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country to Monark Springs, Missouri, to the national campmeeting in the latter part of the month of July. On this trip we stopped for a visit and rest from travel in Shreveport, Louisiana, at the home of our much appreciated saints, Bro. and Sis. C. C. Carver. Shreveport is about 300 miles from Hammond, in the northern part of the state.

After the Monark Springs meeting, we went to Guthrie, Oklahoma, for the Oklahoma State campmeeting in August. At the close of this meeting, we went to Shawnee, Okla., for a short meeting and then on to Clovis, New Mexico, for a meeting with the saints there. We enjoyed the kind hospitality of Bro. and Sis. Frances Doolittle while there. Then we came on home to California.

In the year 1940, we, husband and I, accompanied by our dear helper in travel, Fern Fortner, made another long trip, similar to the ones before, to attend the different campmeetings. We stopped at El Paso, Texas, at the home of Bro. and Sis. Ansel Duncan for rest in travel and held a few religious services in their home.

We also stopped on our journey at Sis. Dott Henry's home in Port Arthur, Texas. It must have been in June, for a month later Mr. Henry had an attack of acute indigestion and died on July 4th. We were gone from home for three months in this year.

We held meeting again at Clovis, New Mexico, on this trip. Bro. and Sis. Darius Gibson were living in the parsonage there at that time and we held the meeting in their home. Bro. and Sis. Marvin Porter were also there. Sister Porter was a beloved minister of the gospel. After she had brought forth a good message from the Word of God in one of the services, she laid down her sword (which was her Bible) and took an attack of acute indigestion and, after a few hours of intense suffering, left us to take up her crown.

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We felt confident that she had laid down the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, to receive her crown of rejoicing and that she had crossed over the stream and reached the landing safely. It was hard for Bro. Marvin to give her up, but with God's help we all were able to say "Amen" to God's will. With all of the glorious meetings and rejoicing in the salvation of precious souls, death is one of the sorrows we meet along the way and we are glad we can say, "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

I think we side-tracked this year, and held meeting for a few days at Anthony, Kansas, before coming on home to California. I believe we can report success for God in all meetings—encouraging saints and seeing some sinners yielding to Bible conviction, who, by exercising faith in Jesus, were born again by virtue of which they became children of God and members in the church that Jesus built. Praise God for the one true way!

In the year 1941, we took another long trip, going over much of the same route we travelled in 1940. Sister Fern Fortner also accompanied us on this trip and also Inez Tucker, a dear girl from Oregon. I can't remember if it was 1940 or 1941 that Inez Tucker was with us. Anyway we were glad to have her with us as she was interested in the truth, and I trust she got enough to know how to live for God in this dark world and make it safely through to heaven in the end.

The year of 1941 was much the same as the former three years when we had our dear, young sister, Fern Fortner, with us. God bless her for her helpfulness to us. She was a good driver and did much of the driving as Husband got tired.

The last long trip we took in gospel work, we had Bro. and Sis. Victor Orr with us. He did all the driving of the car which was a great relief to husband. This was the year of 1942.

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We left home on the 11th of June and went to the Oregon Campmeeting near Scio, Oregon, where Sister Busch and family live. That was a good meeting. We started eastward from there and stopped at Sister Orr's sister's at Brighton, Colorado, for a visit. Then we went on our way toward Monark Springs, Missouri, to attend the campmeeting there. We stopped over one night at a tourist camp in Hutchinson, Kansas, and reached our destination at Monark Springs the next day.

Bro. and Sis. Stover and his father-in-law accompanied us in their car on this trip from Scio, Oregon, to the Monark Springs campmeeting. At Brighton, Colorado, Bro. and Sis. Stover and Bro. Trimble side-tracked to Greeley, Colorado, to visit friends and we came together again farther on.

The meeting at Monark Springs was attended by saints and truth lovers from eighteen different states. That is why it is called a national campmeeting.

After this meeting we stopped at Shawnee, Oklahoma, at the home of our beloved Bro. and Sis. O. B. Wilson, Sr. for a visit and rest before the campmeeting at Guthrie, Oklahoma. Bro. and Sis. Stover and Bro. Trimble went to Anthony, Kansas, during our visit at Shawnee and then met us at the campmeeting at Guthrie. While in Guthrie we enjoyed the kind hospitality of Lawrence and Maybelle Pruitt.

On our way home to California, we stopped at Clovis, New Mexico, over the weekend and husband brought two gospel messages to the few saints there. Again we enjoyed the home of Bro. and Sis. F. E. Doolittle. Then we took up our journey homeward, over muddy roads and through some heavy rain. We stopped the first night at a camp in

Prescott, Arizona, and the next night at the home of Bro. and Sis. Gus Poulus near San Bernardino, California, some sixty miles from home.

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George E. and Sadie (Orr) Harmon

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I heard a lady say, "If you want to fall out with your best friends, take a long trip with them." I cannot verify this for after all these long trips together in these years we still love each other as well as ever, or better.

The 1942 trip was our last long one. We always attended the meetings around home, and here in California, between our long trips to meetings in other states.

The year 1943 was spent in filling the pastor's place at Pomona, Calif., Sunday mornings. From this time on, for a year and two months, Bro. Harmon just got weaker and more feeble until, on September 17, 1944, God called him from labor to reward. While I miss his counsel and companionship so much, I could say "Amen" to God's will for I know Him as a loving Heavenly Father who makes no mistakes.

We fully trusted God through his last illness and did not resort to earthly physicians or medicine. The saints were good to me to help in his care. Bro. O. B. Wilson, Jr., Bro. Ira Stover, Bro. M. J. Forbes, husband's sons, John and Gene, and others, when night watching was needed, were always ready to answer my call when I needed help.

My stepson, by my former husband, C. E. Orr, and his wife were with me much of the time during the first months of this year. Especially was dear sister Claudine much help to me. She kept house, did all the washing, cooking, and everything for which I was so thankful. Claudine took much care of husband also. He seemed to like to have her care for him. He would ask for her if she was out of sight for a time.

His daughters, Nettie Loraine and Ivy Dell King, were here some. Nettie lived in Oregon and when she had to go home she said,

“Mother, I fear if Papa passes soon, I will not be able to come.” He passed in a month and she was not able to come when it happened. All of the other children were here when the undertaker removed his body from the home to the undertaker’s parlor, to prepare it for burial.

The funeral service was held in the saints’ chapel on Perlita Ave., in Los Angeles, Calif., where he had attended services for many years and where his son, Gene, had been pastor for a number of years. The service was conducted by Bro. O. B. Wilson, assisted by Bro. Ira Stover and Bro. E. M. Zinn. Bro. O. B. Wilson brought the message on the subject, “The Hope of the Righteous.” The service was held Wednesday, September 20, 1944, at 2:00 p.m.

The following was read by Bro. E. M. Zinn:

“In behalf of the entire ministry of the Church of God, both here and there, I wish to say that Bro. G. E. Harmon has been among us for 48 years and has conducted himself and his ministry in such a way that has brought honor to God’s cause. The Spirit of God in his soul, plus his broad experience, both as a pastor and evangelist, has developed in him wisdom and sound judgment in so much that he has been looked to for counsel and advice from the ministers east, west, north and south.

“His loss is keenly felt by us all. He was faithful to death. We have lost a friend, a brother, yes, a father in Israel—a godly man. Let us honor his life and counsel and greet him in a better world.”

“Today we seem to hear him say: ‘Take up our quarrel with the foe; to you, from failing hands, we throw the torch: Be yours to hold it high. I pray that God may impart to each of you as ministers grace, courage and faith to continue this holy war vigorously against Satan

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and sin of every kind, keeping the shield of faith which will enable you to ward off the fiery darts.' ”

I will close by saying I have tried to finish husband's life sketch with God's help. There might have been much more said and, as I pen this, it comes to me that the last service he was in at the chapel, frail as he was, he married Bro. Dick and Sister Jean Messer. John Stretch and wife stood up with the dear young couple while they were made man and wife. This was Easter Sunday, April 9, 1944.

I feel I have failed somewhat but am glad I can thank God for His help, as I am now 89 years, 2 months, and 6 days of age—saved, sanctified, healed by God's power and grace.

—Mrs. Sadie E. Harmon,

Wife of G. E. Harmon and step-mother to Nettie Loraine,

Ivy Dell King, John Harmon and Aaron E. Harmon.

Part Three

Memories of

Bro. And Sis. G. E. Harmon

By Sister Vera M. Forbes

Having been personally acquainted with these precious saints of God, I feel it would be to the glory of God to tell some very interesting experiences of their lives and labors of love in the gospel work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to tell also of some of the accomplishments of His ministry. Of course, we will mention Sister Sadie Harmon also, as she was a very efficient co-worker with him in his later life.

First, I must tell how I became acquainted with these precious humble saints of God. I remember hearing Brother George E. Harmon tell how he was awakened to the need of becoming a Christian. One day as he was walking to town in the snow, he heard a noise behind him. Brother Harmon was tall, and of course he took rather long steps. When he looked to see what was behind him, there was his son, John, trying to follow by stepping in his father's footsteps. He was having difficulty keeping in those big footprints which were far apart. When Bro. Harmon looked back and saw what his son was doing, it suddenly awakened him to think, not only of the long steps, but also of the life he was living, and how his son would also want to walk in his life's footsteps. This stirred his heart to seek the Lord and to be saved so that he would not be ashamed to have his son walk in his steps.

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Brother Harmon was in the Methodist Church when he was saved, but after hearing the truth preached in its fullness by the saints of the Church of God, he accepted it and took his stand with the people of God. After pastoring for a season in Tyronne, Missouri, he and his family moved to Clovis, New Mexico, where he became pastor of a very small congregation who worshipped in a small building on one of the main streets. This was about the year of 1912 or 1913.

On January 1, 1914 I was married to Erie E. Forbes in Texas, and immediately moved to Clovis, New Mexico, where Erie's home had been for some time. I was a Methodist and gave my church letter to the pastor on the first Sunday I was there. I was soon taking part in the Epworth League (Young People's Service.) One evening after Epworth League, Erie suggested that we go and visit the little chapel where his mother and sisters worshipped. I consented to do that. There I found a little group of people in a very small building. It was a little chapel all right, with no sign to label it as a chapel or a place of worship. Across the front of the whole width of the building were the large words: "HAY BARN." But what I found inside made the difference. It was a very unusual, but touching service. The songs were all new to me, even though I knew many songs, for my parents, my sisters and brother were all choir singers, as well as myself. After the service the people were all so very friendly and gave me a hearty welcome. We continued to attend Sunday night services there after the Epworth League. My dear little mother-in-law had one of the song books they used (Select Hymns), so I began to play the songs on the piano, and to learn them. They were very soul inspiring. I soon learned and loved them and could sing with them at the services, even though they had no piano.

I was also learning more than songs. I was learning what salvation really meant: the experience one has after being saved from sin; also what faith is and how to exercise faith in God; also to have faith for the healing of the body. Brother Harmon illustrated the difference in faith and feelings. Feelings he showed as a wavy up and down line, while faith was illustrated as a straight line that goes straight up to God and heaven. Brother Harmon preached about the need of one being baptized when he is saved. Oh, I had wanted to be baptized when I got saved at the age of ten years, and had taken off my hat to be baptized, but the preacher asked, "Were you baptized when a baby?" I said, "Yes." The preacher then said, "Well, you don't need to be baptized again." From that time on I had wondered about my baptism. From the light that was now coming from the preached Word, I saw that not only was I given privilege to be baptized, but that it was commanded of the Lord. Brother Harmon made the whole Christian life look so very wonderful.

One day as I sat at the piano learning some of the songs, I came to one that said: "Brighter days are sweetly dawning, Oh! the glory looms in sight." Oh, my eyes filled with tears and I could see no more! I got up and fell on the floor and poured out my heart to God, saying, "Lord, if what Brother Harmon is preaching is the truth, and if this is really Your way, please help me to know!" Immediately an audible Voice spoke to me and said, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Isaiah 30:21. I looked around, but there was no one there. I knew God had spoken to me right from Heaven. I said, "All right, Lord, I will accept the truths in these songs and what Brother Harmon is preaching from the Bible." I arose feeling so happy! I am still thankful God spoke to me, and from that day I have endeavored by the help of the Spirit to walk in the glorious light of God's Word. Jesus said that after He would go away He would send the Holy Spirit to be our Teacher and Guide. I am persuaded that because I

accepted the teachings that the Holy Spirit through Brother George E. Harmon gave to me, I am alive today (1978) and enjoying the spiritual and temporal blessings of the Lord.

Brother Harmon had also preached about trusting God for the healing of our bodies as well as healing for sin-sick souls; and that Jesus is the Great Physician. The folks at the little chapel all rejoiced when I told of my experience. Not long after that I took sick with the mumps, and complications from them set in that ordinarily would have necessitated a doctor's care. Of course, that meant medicine. I did not like medicine because I had been sickly and had had to take so much medicine all my life. One day, dear little Mother Harmon (as I always called her in after years), and Sister Effie Gryder came to visit me. Before they left, they asked if they might pray. "Oh, yes!" I said. I had been brought up at the family altar, and was glad for prayer. I cannot remember any words of Mother Harmon's prayer, but she must have said something about Jesus healing me, for after they left I continued to pray. I finally asked the Lord if He wanted me to trust in Him for my healing, and I said that I would gladly do so. Again that sweet audible Voice said so plainly, "I am the Lord that healeth thee!" Exod. 15:26. I praised His dear Name and told Him I would always trust Him for the healing of my body. That was in March, 1914. I have kept my promise to God and He has never failed me yet. Praise His wonderful Name! This is January, 1978.

After my decision I remembered how sickly I was when a child, and how everything went so hard with me, such as diphtheria and whooping cough, and I thought how that at 16 years of age I had rheumatism so bad I could not walk alone. I had to take medicine all the time, and I had said, "When I get to be my own boss, I'll never take medicine." So I was very happy when Jesus gave me His

precious promise. When my husband came from work that evening, I said, "Erie, take that bottle out to the alley and throw it in the trash can. I don't want it in the house." Puzzled, he looked at me. Then I told him what the Lord had revealed to me and he was very thankful. The bottle went out, and from that day to this, not one drop has gone down my throat. All praise to God for the many, many times I have been healed since then by Power Divine.

Very soon after that, I talked to my husband about being baptized, and he wanted to be, too. Brother Harmon and the little congregation were very happy to know all that God had done for me. I am so thankful for Brother Harmon's teaching, and how he preached so faithfully for my soul.

Soon after that Brother Harmon had an urgent call to go some 15 miles out in the country to pray for a sick woman. He and Sister Harmon invited Erie and me to go with them, and we did, all in Brother Harlan Locker's car. We found the poor woman in such agony, her body so swollen that she could scarcely stand for the sheet to touch her. Kind neighbors were giving her good care, as was customary in those days. She said, "Brother Harmon, I have been to seven different doctors and all have said that they can do nothing for me. I have been given up to die, but I am not ready to die. I backslid, and have been going to dances and doing other things that are not right. I want to get saved." So we all were soon on our knees and joining in prayer for that poor, helpless soul. Soon she said, "Now I know God has forgiven me, and I am ready to die, but I have my husband and two children. I want God to heal me to live and to care for them." After Brother Harmon said a few words, he anointed her with oil, (James 5:14, 15) and they laid hands on her and prayed the prayer of faith. Immediately she said, "You men get out, I am getting out of this bed!" The brethren began vacating the

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room, but she was coming out of that bed before they were entirely out. She got out of bed and walked back and forth across the floor praising God. That woman stayed true to God. In 1936 when Brother Harmon was back at Clovis in a meeting, she was there. She had been faithful to the Lord. Her husband had died and also her daughter. Her son was with her and sang some special songs in the meeting.

In a little town about 40 miles to the west of Clovis was a couple who called for Brother Harmon to come and pray for their little girl who had been severely burned. Bro. Harmon had no car, but got a ride on the freight train and went to these people in need. When he arrived, the house was surrounded with fierce neighbors who were threatening to tar and feather the man because he had not taken the child to the doctor. The child had died. When Brother Harmon saw the condition, he asked the parents what they wanted to do. The young man was also a preacher, but not active in any work of the Lord. He answered Brother Harmon, "I sent for you, believing God would enable you to pray the prayer of faith, and I believe (his wife joined in with him) that when you apply the oil and pray the prayer of faith, God will bring her back to life." Brother Harmon believed God for that, too. According to God's Word he anointed the dead girl and prayed. Immediately she opened her eyes, and was alive again. Right away she said, "Mamma, I'm hungry!" And she lived! The last I heard of her was when my husband met her father in El Paso, Texas. He said that his daughter was still alive and had become the mother of 15 children!

My husband's little mother was quite frail. Sometimes she would be real sick. She would call for Bro. and Sis. Harmon to come and pray for her. In answer to Brother Harmon's prayer of faith God would give the healing touch. Her neighbor told me that she would

go over to visit Mrs. Forbes, and she would be so sick that she did not think she would last until morning. The next morning when she looked out of her window there would be Mrs. Forbes digging the weeds out of her flower garden.

Another time she was very sick, so most all of the little congregation came to sing and pray. They also brought a poor sick man who was staying at the wagon yard. This man was from Texas and had been sent to New Mexico and to the higher climate because of his condition of tuberculosis. The City of Clovis had fixed and provided a nice room at the wagon yard. This man accompanied the saints as they came to Mother Forbes' house that night. Bro. Harmon had prayed for this man and he was some better and able to come to the meeting, but was not completely well. At this prayer meeting at Mother Forbes' house, Brother Harmon anointed and prayed for both this man and Mother Forbes, and they were both healed. Brother Harmon had prayed first for Mother Forbes, and then turned to the sick man and spoke a few words of encouragement to him. He had been brought to the service on a stretcher. Then Brother Harmon anointed and prayed for him and the good Lord Jesus gave him a healing touch. Soon after that the City sent for his wife. She was very proud and dressed like it, but with some services in the wagon yard, she got saved and threw her rings across the floor. The City soon provided money for the man and his wife to return to their home in eastern Texas.

A girl came to visit in Mother Forbes' home. She had the "itch," which was a terrible disease in those days. Mother, nor her daughters knew the girl had the itch, and it was very contagious. Mother's daughter took the itch, and then poor Mother took it. She would wear gloves to meeting to protect others, and she also felt ashamed to have such a loathsome disease. She called for Bro. and

Sis. Harmon to come and pray for her, warning them to pray without laying on hands, but she received no help. It was hot summertime, and she would lay on a pallet in the dining room. Finally she sought the Lord to let her know why she was not healed. He revealed to her heart that she was too proud to admit that she had the itch. When she understood that, she asked the Lord to forgive her, then asked Bro. Harmon to pray for her again. She was healed then and could go to meeting and testify of God's dealings. A long time after that, her last day came. That evening the two daughters were quite weary, so my husband, Erie, said that he would sit up with her that night. She was propped up with pillows, but she said, "Oh, I am so tired." Erie said, "Mother, put your head over on my shoulder and rest." He prayed for her, and she soon became easy, and seemed to go to sleep. Then he noticed that she was not breathing. Yes, she was at ease forever from this time world. Bro. and Sis. Harmon had moved to California, so he was not there to pray for her in that sickness.

After Bro. and Sis. Harmon moved to California, they were still active in the Lord's work. A little 12-year-old girl was in a Glendale hospital with a ruptured appendix. Her name was Alice. This was in the year of 1922, just after we had moved to California. Her mother would not give consent for surgery because she trusted in God for healing. The doctor took it to court to over-rule the mother's conviction. She sent for Bro. and Sis. Harmon to pray for Alice, and the Lord took all the pain away and healed her. The next morning the doctor came into her room and told her that he had permission to operate, and that they would soon come for her. She said, "Doctor, I don't need an operation. I am healed." When the doctor said, "Of course you need an operation," she said, "My side is not sore at all: you can just beat on it and it will not hurt." He had an x-ray made and sure enough, she was healed, so he released her. She was taken

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to Bro. and Sis. Harmon's home to recover strength. There I met her and she lived to rear a family, and died at about the age of 67.

In the spring of 1925 all three of our children: Leota, Warner, and Glenn took the chicken pox. The Los Angeles law was to report all contagious diseases to the Health Dept. The doctor came and quarantined us, putting a sign across the front door for no visitors to come. While they were still real sick, especially Leota, I took sick with high fever, but what I had was not chicken pox. The Health doctor came again. He said, "My dear woman, you have scarlet fever." I went to a room by myself so that the children would not take that, too. My husband found a little house some 3 blocks away, next door to a nice friend, and he moved the children over there. Leota was 12, so with the neighbor's help, they got along all right.

About that time my condition became very serious. One night I went into a coma. Of course no one was supposed to enter a house when quarantined, but my poor husband needed help and we did not have a phone. He had to leave me and walk (we had no car) 5 blocks to the creamery to phone Bro. Harmon. Bro. Harmon came right down. He anointed me and prayed the prayer of faith and returned home before I became conscious again. My dear husband had faith that after he had obeyed God's Word to call for the elder, the prayer of faith would heal the sick and the Lord would raise me up. I do not remember how long I was in a coma. The next day he went to the phone again and phoned dear Sister Phebe Hollister, and she came as soon as she could. About two or three days later it seemed she was taking the fever, too, but the good Lord checked it and she gave me good care. I had such a high temperature that I was delirious, dreaming such terrible dreams. I asked my husband to pray God to give me a good dream, and that night He did.

We lived less than a mile from the Los Angeles River, and just beyond the river was Hollywood Mountain. It was a mountain nicely rounded. In my dream I heard that Jesus was up on that mountain and that people were going up to see Him. I said, "Oh, I want to see Him, too!" So in my dream I hurriedly went down to the bridge and crossed over and went up where a lot of people were. I soon found that there was a fence with a wicket gate through which one person at a time had to pass. Just inside the gate was an angel, and another angel beside a big pedestal with a huge book on it. The angel was standing, turning the pages to find the name of each one as he came to the gate. It was getting late and I was praying, "Dear God, please let me get through the gate in time to go up and see Jesus." I could hear the angel say to the one at the gate, "Your name is not in the book." Then that one would go away very sad. The next in line gave his name. "Yes," said the angel, "your name is here, but there are some things against you. Go and make these things right, then come back."

Finally it was my turn to give my name. "Yes," said the angel, "your name is here and there is nothing against you." Another angel opened the big gate and I walked in. Oh, praise God! The angel said, "Here are stepping stones all the way up to where Jesus is. You must step on every stone. If you miss one, you have to come back down and start over again." So I started, praying each step, wanting to hurry, but daring not to miss a stepping stone. At first the stones were close together, then each one got farther apart. Up and around the mountain the steps were farther apart and I would have to get on my knee to reach the next one. Finally I came to the last step. I looked up and there stood Jesus. I cannot remember all that He said to me, but I do remember He said, "I am not going to take you yet. I have work for you to do with children." Then I awoke and came out of that unconscious condition and I was so very happy. I had seen

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the dear Lord Jesus and He had talked to me. I had not said one word to Him. Oh, how I praised Him when I was once more in my right mind, and was not delirious anymore! I was so happy, even though the clearing of the skin was very unpleasant, and even though my tongue had to peel off which was very bad. I was so thankful that my dear children, or companion, or the dear sister who nursed me did not take that dreadful disease.

After I was able to be out again, a friend told me that her brother 30 years of age (about the same age as I was) had the scarlet fever the same time I did. He was in a hospital in San Francisco with three nurses and two doctors, and he died. The doctors said it is not an adult's disease, but usually just taken by children. Oh, I thanked God for dear Brother Harmon coming to pray for me that night, and of course, the others' prayers, too, until I was well. For it is very likely I would not be here today. I am still praising my dear Jesus.

Because of Brother Harmon's prayers and God's mercy in sparing my life, He did give me a lot of work with children after my family was reared. After World War II was over, God made it possible for me to teach many children in a government housing project in San Fernando Valley of California, called the Basilone Homes. One newspaper reporter estimated that I taught around 350 children a week for a number of years. God did give me a great work among the children in that place which helped to start the work of the Church of God at Pacoima, California. Nearly all the time that I was engaged in teaching these many children I had no more sickness, which I feel was in answer to Brother Harmon's prayers.

When our son Glenn was six or seven years of age he went with his daddy and brother, Warner, and sister, Leota, to Whittier to all-day meeting. I had potato soup ready for their supper when they returned. In the night Glenn took sick and vomited, losing all his

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supper. Next morning he had high temperature, and was unconscious. We had prayer for him and his daddy went to work. I soon found out that he could lie only on one side. We called Brother Harmon for prayer. Glenn would not open his mouth for food or water and was still unconscious all day. Brother Harmon faithfully came as he always did, and anointed and prayed for him. All that day he could lie only on one side, and by evening he could lie only on his back. It was decided that he had double pneumonia. He did not open his eyes and we could not get his mouth open. My husband and I took turns sitting by him at night. Friday night was my turn to sleep, but I could not sleep, so I took my husband's place. I prayed God to let me get something into his mouth as he had not swallowed one drop of water nor had he eaten since he had vomited on Sunday night. I felt impressed to try to give him buttermilk. I did get his lips open enough to get one teaspoon between his lips and he swallowed it. Oh, I was so thankful. Besides Bro. and Sis. Harmon, Sister Emily Turner from Los Angeles and others had come to pray. Each time they came and prayed we expected victory. After he swallowed that one spoonful of buttermilk, I got him turned on his side, which was his first turn since Sunday night.

Saturday morning his daddy went to get his check. I sought the Lord earnestly to help me know what to feed him if Glenn lived. His little body had wasted away until he was not much more than skin and bones. After I had prayed he opened his eyes (for the first time since Sunday night) and said, "Mamma, I'm hungry." I had gone out to the garage to pray for him and I had just barely got back into the house when he turned over on his own accord and said, "Mamma, I'm hungry." I said, "What do you want to eat?" He said, "Flakes and milk." I would not have given him that, but being persuaded that God had touched him, I did. Praise God, He was healed and began to eat really good. By noon he was begging for a bath in the tub. He

improved so rapidly that it was a great miracle. At first he had no use of his feet, but by putting his feet on my feet he soon learned to walk again. In just one week after the Lord brought him out of the coma, his frail little body walked alone. In another week he was outside playing and in another week he was back in school.

It seemed every time Brother Harmon prayed (also others) we had expected victory, but the dear Lord really gave us all a test of faith. It surely pays to hold on to God's unchanging hand.

Once my dear Mother was visiting us where we lived on Perlita Avenue in Los Angeles. One day she was hanging my washing out on the line and fell across the foot tub that she had the clothes in. We thought she broke a rib or two. Years before her ribs had been broken when she was milking the cow and the cow kicked her over and stepped on her ribs and broke them. Later she broke the same ribs, and now this was the third time. We were planning to leave the next morning to go with Bro. and Sis. Harmon to Fresno where Bro. Harmon was to conduct a two-day meeting. I called Bro. and Sis. Harmon and they came and laid hands on and prayed, and the dear Lord took the pain all away. She was able to go the next morning with us to Fresno. Somehow the accident caused her to have a severe case of indigestion and constipation that caused much suffering. Brother and Sister Harmon and some others came from the chapel to the home where we were staying and prayed the prayer of faith and she was able to get up and go to meeting. She had no more suffering and enjoyed the services and the trip home.

A short time after that Mamma was visiting my sister in Los Angeles. She fell in the bath tub and it seemed she broke the ribs again. My sister called me. I am not sure if she took her to the doctor, but she, or a doctor, bandaged her and rubbed her with liniment. After she suffered so, they finally brought her to us. Of

course we soon called Bro. and Sis. Harmon and they came and prayed the prayer of faith and the good Lord healed her, took away the pains, and she never had any more trouble with her ribs.

Sickness and Death of Daughter Leota

Because of an accident that had occurred when Leota and Warner were playing, our 12-year-old daughter, Leota, developed tetanus and her jaws were locked. They were locked from 4 p.m. on Thursday until 9 p.m. on Friday. We called Bro. and Sis. Harmon, Sister Emily Turner of Los Angeles, and others to come and pray for her. Of course, convulsions accompany lock jaw. One brother of our family insisted calling a doctor, so he did. The doctor could not promise any definite help, but would do the best he could. We would not consent for her to go to a hospital, and Leota also wrote on her tablet (as she could not say one word): "I do not want to go to a hospital, I am trusting in God." My husband and I would not consent to anything but prayer. Friday evening Brother Harmon and others were there. He once more anointed with oil and the prayer of faith was prayed. She raised her hand and said, "Praise the Lord, I'm healed!" Oh, how we all rejoiced! Then she could talk and eat, but the convulsions continued. Although most all returned home, Bro. Harmon was with us until complete victory came over the convulsions. Then Brother and Sister Harmon went home. After awhile it looked like Leota was failing and we called Brother Harmon back. After he prayed, Brother Harmon came and talked to my husband and me as to whether we were willing for the Lord to take Leota. We both expressed that we were willing for the Lord to have His way. Then he went and talked to Leota, and asked her if she were willing to go if the Lord was calling her. She said, "The Lord's will be done." In a little while she turned over on her right side and said, "Pray." Brother Harmon was convinced that the Lord

was going to take the child. He said, "Darling, we will pray, but not for you." Very soon she was gone and was taken into the arms of Jesus. Brother Harmon preached the funeral and a large crowd attended.

Healing of Sister Tipton

Bro. Clarence and Sis. Pearl Miles, Bro. Gene and Sister Beulah Harmon became acquainted with the Tiptons in their neighborhood. Sister Tipton was very sick. One Sunday afternoon some of the saints visited Sister Tipton. She seemed to be dying and kept talking to her daughter who had died sometime before that. We had prayer, but she continued as she was. A couple of their old friends were there. The man had to go home to feed his chickens. While he was gone, the prayer of faith was prayed and she was healed and wanted to get dressed. She was walking around when the friend returned. When he saw her walking and heard her talk, it shocked him so that he almost fainted.

From then on she came to meeting, but had several "spells." Once in the Sunday school room at the chapel she seemed to be dying, and Bro. and Sis. George Harmon prayed for her and she was healed and able to return to the chapel for the rest of the service.

Later Bro. and Sis. Tipton moved to another town. She had a bad stroke. On Thanksgiving Day almost all of our congregation took our dinners and went to share our dinner with the Tiptons, as she was confined to the bed or her chair. We had a nice service in the house that morning. The men fixed some tables in the yard. It was a beautiful day. While the sisters put their basket dinners on the tables, I dressed Sister Tipton. When I tried to put her slippers on her feet, I saw how badly her leg was drawn and how one foot was doubled up. After we had eaten dinner and were talking of leaving,

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someone said, "We cannot go until we pray again for the Lord to heal Sister Tipton. We cannot leave with her like this." Bro. and Sister Harmon, with others, laid on hands, and Bro. Harmon prayed the prayer of faith, and Sister Tipton said, "I'm healed!" We all praised the dear Lord, our Great Physician. She threw the blanket back and got on her feet and started walking. Her foot was straightened and back to normal size. There was rejoicing by all of us. We left her and Bro. Tipton happy in the Lord and we all returned home rejoicing.

One day during our first campmeeting in Los Angeles, my husband noticed a blind man trying to come across the street. He went over and helped him across. There were several ministers standing out on the side walk, and somehow my husband got hold of Brother George Harmon and he and the other ministers anointed and prayed for the poor blind man right out there on the sidewalk. The man said, "Well, I can see now!" Brother Harmon pulled out his watch and asked the blind man what he had in his hand. "A watch," he answered. "What time is it?" Brother Harmon asked, and the man told him what time it was.

There was a Sister Pitts who lived up around Bakersfield, California who had a large rose cancer on her face that covered the whole side of her cheek. Her suffering was very intense. Brother George Harmon was pastor at Pomona, Calif., at that time. One day he felt urged in the Spirit to call all the saints there and other places for a special day of fasting and prayer for Sis. Pitts. As many as could gathered together at the chapel and prayed the prayer of faith. Later they learned that God answered prayer that day and that the cancer just dropped off and left a big scar that we all saw, showing God's love and pity and that He had answered prayer in a marvelous way.

Brother George Harmon's Family

Brother and Sister Harmon had six children. Two of these died when babies. The other four were Nettie, Iva, John, and Gene. His daughter Nettie was saved when I first met her in Clovis, New Mexico. She was faithful to the end. Iva's last letter gave me assurance that she was saved. John was a pipe smoker. His granddaughter, Donna, prayed daily that God would help her grandpa to quit smoking his stinking old pipe and get saved. His wife, Mae, one day noticed that he did not have his pipe. The next day he was still without it, and on the third day she made mention of it and asked why he did not have his pipe. He said, "God has answered Donna's prayer. I can't stand the old stinking pipe myself, and I have given my heart to God." He kept saved.

Sister Vienna Harmon (first wife) was such a real coworker with Bro. Harmon. Usually her right hand was laid on the sick one while the little left hand was raised up, and as she prayed it seemed to touch the throne of grace. There were many healings through their prayers. I am sure that I did not know them all, but I am telling of a number that I witnessed.

Brother Harmon's second wife, Sister Sadie Orr, was also a precious saint. After Brother Harmon's death she became sick and we took her into our home and cared for her until the Lord called her away, too.

Besides grandchildren, Bro. A. E. (Gene) Harmon is the only survivor of Bro. George and Sis. Vienna Harmon's at this date.

Brother George Eugene Harmon was born at Waukegan, Illinois on February 7, 1857, and departed from this life on September 17, 1944. He married Vienna Frost on July 4, 1873. She passed away July 3, 1936. In July, 1938, he was married to Sister Sadie Orr.

Part Four

Tributes to Bro. George Harmon

Sister Vera (Forbes), you asked about my memories of Brother George Harmon. They are many. The first time I met Brother Harmon was in Roswell, New Mexico, where my folks lived. He was there as a preacher for the campmeeting in about the year 1912. Sometime later, my folks moved to Clovis, New Mexico, where the Harmons were living and our acquaintance was renewed. My folks, W. I. and Lycenia Miles, as you know, had great respect and confidence in the Harmons. They were in our home many times.

Brother Harmon pastored the Church of God congregation in Clovis, New Mexico, as well as working with his hands to support himself and family. It was there that Eugene came home from Des Moines, Iowa, and he and I soon became friends. We were together much of the time. Being in the home with Gene so much, made it possible to know the Harmons very well.

In the years that followed, I never saw Brother Harmon angry or seemingly disturbed under any problem or circumstance. He was always very kind to everyone, and he was kind and very considerate of Mother Harmon. To me, they were Mother and Daddy Harmon. When I found the girl I was to marry, it was Daddy Harmon who married us.

Brother Harmon was not a lazy preacher. He worked as a store clerk and delivery man in a grocery store. Many times, he worked late on Saturday night, yet he never missed a Sunday morning service. He

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was a faithful preacher and pastor. I have known him many times, when tired, to drive miles to pray for a sick or troubled soul.

I am sure, as a boy and unsaved, there were many times I needed a good lecture or a reprimand, yet Brother Harmon was always kind to me. He never scolded. I can remember one instance when Gene and I were working in the country for a farmer. My daddy and Brother Harmon, unexpectedly came out to see us one day. Gene and I had a big chew of tobacco in our mouth, with juice running out the sides. We were a “mess” in the least sense of the word. When Daddy Harmon saw us, I could detect hurt in his face, but he never said a word. In fact, he seemingly appeared to “not see” what he was seeing.

Brother Harmon’s love for the Lord was foremost and he could hold a person in service a good hour preaching on the CHURCH. He loved people and had an effective prayer life. He had a conviction for what he believed to be God’s Word and he was true to his convictions.

—Clarence Miles
April, 1978
Oceanside, Calif.

* * *

Dear Aunt Vera:

I want to add a few memoirs about Brother Harmon. When Gene and Clarence, Beulah and I, were all going places together—all unsaved and not going to Church—I always felt it was the prayers of Mother and Daddy Harmon that brought us to the Lord. I am sure they had a great concern for all of us and I credit my salvation to their prayers. They were Mother and Daddy Harmon to me.

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One instance of healing stands out in my memory. When our son, Delbert, was about four years of age, he had pneumonia and was very low. My daddy was visiting us at the time and he knew how sick Delbert was. Daddy Harmon came to our house and prayed for him and he was healed instantly. Papa had gone down and bought a little red wagon for Delbert. The next day he was out playing with it. Papa was concerned, thinking I should not let him out, as he had known how sick he was. Papa was not familiar with healing, but I told him Delbert would be all right.

—Pearl Miles
April, 1978
Oceanside, Calif.

* * *

Dearest Aunt Vera,

Sis. Vera (Forbes), I know of one special incident about Bro. George Harmon which you may remember, also. When my youngest sister, Jean (Wilson) Lancaster lived with Mildred (Wilson) Minkler and was about 16, she had a really severe “strep” throat. She had been very ill and in extreme suffering for several days, not being able to swallow or take nourishment. One day Bro. George and Sis. Sadie Harmon, and Sis. Beulah Harmon, came over to Highland Park. They anointed Jean and prayed for her. The dear Lord instantly and completely healed her throat. She has never forgotten that experience.

I remember Bro. Harmon as a man of joyful countenance and who always enjoyed the messages with which the Lord blessed him.

Virginia (Elwell) Taylor,
May, 1978
Eagle Creek, Ore.,

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My parents, Bro. and Sis. Fred Pruitt, lived on a farm not far from Clovis, New Mexico, where Bro. and Sis. George Harmon were pastoring a congregation. Some from that congregation put up a tent two miles from the farm. My parents were not saved at the time, but attended some of the services. One Sunday morning Bro. George Harmon preached a sermon on the "Biblical Trace of the Church," and my father was deeply impressed with that message. My father said Bro. Harmon took Scriptures and proved that there was no place, nor need for a millennial reign where people could get right with God after death. My father said, "I could never feel safe on the millennial theory anymore." The tent meeting closed, leaving my parents under deep conviction. Soon after this they both sought and found forgiveness of their sins at home. They were very happy and the Lord blessed them richly and began to lead them into a deeper walk with Him. They began to attend services at Clovis, New Mexico, where Bro. George Harmon was pastor. The Lord sanctified my parents and my father felt a call to preach the gospel. He began to preach in school houses and in other places wherever there was an opening.

My parents moved from New Mexico not long after they were saved, and later Bro. George Harmon and family moved to California. Bro. Harmon would come back to the campmeetings here in Oklahoma. As a child, and teen-ager, I knew him from those visits. At different times he would stay in our home. We always enjoyed him, as he was always so pleasant and had a cheery way of speaking to us.

When I was a teenager, I attended the campmeeting at Oklahoma City. Bro. George Harmon was preaching in one service and his words of truth and authority stirred up the devil in a man

who was there. The man rushed up to the front, picked up the long altar bench and was going to hit Bro. Harmon with it. Bro. Harmon rebuked the devil, and the man dropped the bench instantly. Some of the brethren came up to help take care of the situation. They took the man over to the dining hall and prayed with him until he was delivered from the devil.

When Bro. Harmon and Sis. Sadie Orr were married, they did not have a washing machine. One day an incident that happened several years earlier came to my mind. Sister Orr was at our house and I was going to take a trip. I didn't have good shoes and my parents said they could not afford to buy me new shoes. Sis. Sadie Orr heard them and she gave me money for some shoes. I was so very thankful to her and to the Lord. Then the thought came to me that I could help her and repay her for her kindness to me several years before. I told Bro. and Sis. George Harmon to bring their clothes over every week and I would do their washing. I did it for them for a number of months and was so glad to see them every week. They meant so much to me and I loved them very much for their kindness to me and for their love for God.

When my oldest child was born, the doctor attending me said that I had a goiter. Of course, I had my trust fully in the Lord, so I refused any medication. I had choking spells and other problems from that goiter in my neck.

One night, when I went to prayer meeting at Glendale chapel, I felt a real inspiration from the Lord that if I would go up and ask the elders to anoint and pray for me I would be healed. I did this and Bro. George Harmon and his son, Gene, prayed for me. God did heal me. I felt a definite touch. I went home, but not long afterward the devil tried to put it back on me. I had a choking spell but I kept rebuking the devil in the name of the Lord, telling him that he was a

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conquered foe through Jesus Christ. I refused to let him put it back on me. The Lord gave me the victory, and from that day in 1938, until this day in 1978, I haven't had any problems. The Lord healed me of that goiter and it was gone.

Another time while living in Glendale, California, I came down with the flu. Suddenly, in the middle of the afternoon, I took a high fever. I was chilling and aching all over and was very sick. In the evening, I asked my husband to call Bro. George Harmon to come and pray for me. He came, and after anointing and praying for me, the Lord healed me and the fever broke. I was instantly healed. Praise the Lord!

My brother Frank came out to Glendale from Oklahoma to visit us. Later, he decided he would go home and made arrangements with a truck driver to meet him in Los Angeles early one morning, to ride back to Oklahoma with him. That morning after he had gone, someone knocked on my door. It was a doctor who was bringing my brother home. Frank was very weak and almost looked like death was on him. The doctor said someone called him and said they had found him lying on their lawn down the street a couple of blocks from my house. He was very sick. The doctor had wanted to take him to the hospital, as it seemed to him that he had food poisoning. Frank said he didn't want to go to the hospital but wanted to be brought to my house. I told the doctor that I would take care of him. The doctor left me some pills to give him and said he would call later to see about him. Of course, the doctor didn't agree with my decision that Frank should not go to the hospital, but my trust was in the Lord. I didn't give him the pills. Frank was so sick that he couldn't even talk to tell me all that had happened, so I just prayed for him and put him to bed. Later, I called for Grandpa Harmon at his granddaughter's where he was living, and was told that he was

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working near my house, and that they would get word to him. Soon Bro. Harmon came and prayed for Frank and hurried back to his job. After he left, Frank looked up at me and said, "I feel better." I told him not to talk but to go to sleep and rest. After he awakened, he told me what had happened. He had stopped at a little cafe and got something to eat. He said that the place didn't look too clean but it was the only place close to where he got off the street car to meet the truck driver and that he was hungry. He ate breakfast and after he left he got sick, so he thought he should come back to my place. He got on the street car and even vomited there. After he got off to come to my house, he just passed out. Some women came out to check on him and they called the doctor. The Lord healed Frank and he wanted something to eat. I gave him some soup and encouraged him not to eat much. The next morning I was going to fix him a soft egg and he said that he could eat anything. He told me he had gotten up in the night and had eaten food out of the refrigerator, so I said that I wasn't going to bother about him anymore. He was a well boy.

It was with sorrow that I attended Grandpa Harmon's funeral and saw him laid away. He was faithful to the end.

A. Marie (Pruitt) Miles
Guthrie, Oklahoma
September, 1978

