

To God Be the Glory



Ву

Naomi Jennings

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Chapter One

To God Be the Glory

The wind was blowing and burning my eyes as I looked all about me. As far as I could see there was nothing but water. I listened to the swishing sound of the water as the paddles went in and out in a regular rhythm. It was late in the evening and my father was trying to get to land.

In 1927, the high water was the first thing I remember. At that time I was four years of age. I remember that I was very tired and sleepy. My father told me if I went to sleep I might fall out of the boat and drown. I was really scared. I was always afraid of water (and I still have a fear of it), so I tried very hard to stay awake.

At last we reached dry land and transferred to the wagon. We traveled two or three hours to my aunt's house. She lived in town on a sandy hill. How we enjoyed the lights at night! We had a lot of fun playing with the children in the neighborhood.

The first day we were there sadness struck in the family. My cousin and his friend went back down to our place to get some things. His mother and family tried to get them not to go, but they wouldn't listen. He and his friend went anyway. A storm came up and they both were drowned. I can't remember very much about

their drowning, but at an early age death was impressed upon my mind.

Three weeks passed and we were able to go home. The floors were ugly; dead animals were everywhere; and the wallpaper was ruined. It took some time to get it all cleaned up. The crops were planted and we made lots of cotton that year. I was supposed to stay home with my younger sister, but I was scared, so I went to the field every day. I picked so much cotton that the next year they made a sack for me.

I started school at age five. I loved it from the very first day. I will always remember the first book I learned to read. It went something like this: "Baby Ray had a little dog. The little dog loved Baby Ray. Baby Ray loved the little dog."

My mother taught me the alphabet before I started to school, so I soon learned to read. We lived two and one-half miles from school, which was quite far for a five-year-old to walk. On rainy days our father would take us. We loved to ride the horses.

The next two years were a strain on most people. The price of cotton went down, and it was very hard to make a living. In 1930, at the age of seven, I remember two things that happened. My youngest sister started to school. How happy all three of us were as we started out carrying our lunch in a pretty little bucket. Times were hard but there was always something in the bucket.

The other thing that stands out in my mind that year are the visits of my first cousin, a young lady. She would play with us children. Her husband would often beat her. She would cry and cry, then after three or four days she would go home. Her husband took sick and died suddenly. At the funeral she cried and cried. She went home with us after the funeral. I remember trying so hard to

understand why she was crying so much. Finally I asked her why she was crying; then I told her if he beat me like he did her I would be glad he was dead. I was so young, but it was a bad thing to have on one's mind. I'm happy to have a loving God who softened my heart. To God be the glory!

The next three years was a sad experience for the country. We were in a depression and food was scarce. Children came to school without breakfast and didn't bring any lunch either. Some way, I know it was God who helped us; we always had something in our bucket. Those who had food divided with those who had none. Finally the government sent some vegetables out to the school. The parents sent any kind of meat that they had to go in the soup. A large pot was placed on the grounds and all the children and teachers ate soup. The depression was over when I was ten.

We had a cousin who would come and spend weekends and lots of time in the summer with us.

We used to go to religious associations and conventions with our parents. It was a happy time for us. We enjoyed these meetings very much. I was bashful and would not eat in front of others. My youngest sister would get two plates and bring one out to me in the wagon. If she didn't bring me anything I didn't get to eat.

My youngest cousin, my sister, and I were baptized. I was thirteen, my cousin twelve, and my sister was eleven. We were told we had to be prepared to pray that Wednesday at prayer meeting. Monday through Wednesday we practiced what we were going to say. Praise the almighty God, now I know I don't have to think up what to say. The Spirit teaches me what to say, because I don't always know what I need.

I am so thankful to God for full salvation. I'm striving to press the battle on in Jesus' name. I love God with all my heart and want Him to have first place in my life. I have gone through many battles in life. Sometimes I was nearly defeated by the enemy, but through Jesus' guidance I would get the victory, by submitting to the will of God. Every man, woman, boy, and girl should thank God from the bottom of their hearts, if they were brought up in a saint's home. One can learn many things from his parents' lives and teaching. I can write from experience: I didn't know of the many snares I could have missed had I been taught the truth of God's Word. I was taught many good things, but there were many things my parents didn't know about the true teaching of God's Word.

I thank the Lord for good parents. They taught us and lived the best they knew how. They took us to Sunday school and church every Sunday.

I was born in Arkansas, February 23, 1923. I was the second child in a family of three girls. We were a happy family, and were taught to be loving and kind to each other. We went to a little country school. I longed for a good education, but I didn't get very much. I am thankful I had the privilege to learn to read and write. I am thankful to God for His divine guidance, for He knows if I had gotten the education I had wanted, I may not have gotten saved. I am not against education, but sometimes high education causes many to get their minds on things of this world. Perhaps I, too, may have had a mind for things of this world more than for God, so I appreciate His love for me.

My father was a Baptist minister. He and mother took us to services often and taught us things about God. I remember as a girl I would often sit down and wonder how to get to heaven. I hated to

think of death. I had a fear of death as far back as I can remember. I must say I haven't been long over that fear. I will write about that in another chapter of this book.

I pray, "Oh, my Father, please let this little book be a help to someone." I feel privileged to write some of the experiences I had and I am looking to God to help me express what He puts on my heart.

I grew up to love God. My parents took time and taught us many things. Mother would often sit down and tell us girls many things we should know. My father and mother enjoyed their family.

We lived far out in the country and really enjoyed going to town in a wagon. Our father had us work hard, but he taught us that work was good for us. He gave us money and let us buy our clothes from the age of twelve. We were always happy to get home and show each other what we had bought. I believe a home is essential to children. It gives one many sweet memories. I wish my parents had known the truth. They brought us up as they knew and believed.

It's important for parents to take time with their children; pray, sing, and also play with them. There is a saying that "the family that prays together, stays together." A family altar is much needed in homes today. I often heard my father pray. He preached all over the country. We tried to obey our parents. I remember disobeying my father, and, oh, I felt so badly. He didn't allow us to shoot marbles. I just loved to shoot marbles, and behind his back I would play. Then I would feel so badly for being disobedient. I was taught that disobedience could shorten one's days. I did love my father and often followed him into the fields and helped him harrow the ground or load cotton or whatever he had to do.

We really enjoyed Christmas. At that time we had lots of candy and nuts, toys, and fruit. Today those things are plentiful all the time, but we only got fruit and nuts at Christmas time. We could hardly wait because our parents always had plenty for us.

One Christmas we were made very sad. Our father went off and on the way home he was shot by accident. It saddened our day, but thank God it wasn't serious; our dad was going to live.

We enjoyed the animals on the farm. We rode the horses, calves and hogs. One day we came home and Dad had killed our pet calf. Oh, how sorry we were! We had all kinds of pets to die. We would carry them to our pet cemetery. I always preached the funeral. My youngest sister would be a mourner. She would cry and cry as we had seen people do at real funerals. One time we were playing like we were having a baptismal service. It had just rained and there was a ditch full of water. I held my sister under the water too long and nearly strangled her. By the goodness of God she survived.

I thought a lot about God and heaven. At the age of thirteen I went to what was called a mourners' bench. We called it the altar. When I think of how long I prayed and mourned, it breaks my heart that we were taught to pray and pray until we felt something. I prayed off and on for about five or six days and got nothing. I wondered why God was so very hard to find. After I did find Him, I was taught that I could not live without sin. Oh, how sad! I could never quite believe or understand that. That kind of teaching is sad. If I hadn't later received the right instruction, I could have kept calling on God night and day. I finally got it. I believe God forgave me of my sins, but not having the correct teaching I soon was back to the old sinful life. I truly did want to live for God. I wondered if I were supposed to be ready when Jesus came and how was I going

to be ready if I couldn't help sinning? At the age of fourteen or fifteen I questioned my parents about many things. I know now they told me all they knew. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour; He knows our needs.

I longed for soul satisfaction from age fifteen until I found God at the age of thirty. My sister who was three and one-half years older than me was my advisor. I always did as she told me. We had many good talks and she taught me lots of things.

When I was thirteen, my sister announced that she was getting married. I was very sad. I always followed her around and did as many things with her as I could.

My father also told us we were moving 200 miles to Huges, Arkansas. We begged our mother not to go with him. We didn't want to leave the place where we were born and had lived all our lives. Our dear mother told us that a wife is supposed to go anywhere the husband supplies. She took so many pains and instructed us that husband was to be obeyed, and that no matter what the problem was, the wife should always do things to please the husband. I had good teaching, but I can't say I always did as I was taught. My mother was a good wife and mother.

We moved and soon made new friends. We found a nearby church and all of us joined it. In the winter of 1937 the water rose and we had to move to another town. There were lots of people living there in a camp. Some kind of illness broke out and people were dying every day. It was a time to pray and how we did pray! My mother became ill, and was so sick we thought she was going to die.

One of our friends, a young lady about nineteen, got very sick and died. To look upon her made us cry, thinking of her husband

and her two small children. I was afraid that I, too, would become ill and die, and I knew I wasn't ready to meet God. I kept praying for God to spare my mother. She got well. My father told her later that he had asked God if it were her time to go, to take half of his time left and give it to her. I'm sure God knows our distress. We were in need of help from God so badly and we didn't know anything about God's healing power, but He brought her through. We lived there about two years and then moved on another 150 miles.

Chapter Two

Married Life

We soon located in another new place and made new friends at church and school. I met a young man at school whom one and one-half years later I married. For me it was love at first sight; it seemed that way with him, too.

I would like to take a little time to write to young people. Please, take time to pray and wait on God for a companion. One minister stressed the point this way, "It may determine whether you make it to heaven, according to whom you are married." Marriage is honorable, but should be only in the Lord. One of the enemy's tricks is to rush young people into marriage before they are sure of God's leading.

First "seek ye the kingdom of God, and all" things will be added. God knows our needs and will give us our hearts' desire. Remember, young people, you are choosing a companion for life. One needs to consecrate himself to God. First ask, then wait patiently and let God choose for you. There is lots of misery from choosing the wrong mate, but if God chooses for us it is safe.

Think of Isaac who went out into the field to meditate, Genesis 24:63. God chose his wife, and He will do the same for us if we wait. This is good for older people, too. We should seek the

guidance of God for anything we need in life. There are so many unhappy children because of broken homes.

A young man came for advice one day and asked if he should marry for a certain reason. I explained to him that marriage is serious and should not be entered into unless the couple loves each other. Many marry for convenience or for money, but hearts need to be joined together by God. I saw this young man later and he's happily married.

Joshua 24:15 says, "Choose you this day whom you will serve"; let God be your Leader, Lord and Master. I am writing to try to help those seeking for a companion. I knew nothing about seeking for one, and I made a mistake.

Jacob worked fourteen years for Rachel because he loved her. "Whom God joins together let not man put asunder." There needs to be a joining together by God. God recognizes the ceremony that joins together by the law; but we need to be one in heart before the ceremony takes place. I pray that each one will take marriage as a serious step, because it is. "A man shall leave mother and father and cleave to his wife."

My husband and I had some happy years together. We were both seventeen years of age when we married, which was too young. We ran and played together, had fun, and worked as young couples do. Soon we started a family. We were very happy. Our first were twins—a boy and a girl, which were our pride and joy.

As soon as I was able, I was back to church. My husband would assist me to the door every Sunday, but he would not go in. Oh, how I wanted my family reared to go to church as I had been reared, all going and coming together.

The older I got the more I longed for God. My husband and I decided that nobody lived right. I really wanted to get close to God. I believe there are people looking for God today, and don't know where to find Him. I prayed often, but had no way of knowing how to find peace with God. I found no satisfaction where I was going, yet I knew nothing else. God knows our hearts and deals with us. I would pray, "Oh, Lord, please don't let me be lost!"

Two years later another little girl was added to our family. We loved her dearly. We lived about three and one-half miles from the church. We didn't have a car, so we walked every Sunday. Our little girl would walk and run. The boy would cry for his father to carry him. I'd beg my husband to carry him, but he refused because he was the same age as our little girl. I felt so very sorry for our little boy. As time passed we had seven children in all—four boys and three girls. It was my greatest desire to teach them the fear of the Lord. The Bible says, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Psa. 34:11. God is our teacher. I found Him a present help in time of need, a present help in time of trouble.

We often talked about buying a farm, but after eight years of farming we decided to leave the state. We thought about going to Chicago. Oh, I am so glad our heavenly Father knows what we need! If I had gone to Chicago I am sure I would not be saved today. My parents came to California, so I was soon wanting to follow them.

To God be the glory! We were settled in California very soon and found work. I went to the church and joined where my parents were. I still found no satisfaction, but I went because I was taught to go to church. I wanted peace with God more than anything in

this world. I now spend time praying for those who don't know where to find God. Souls are pining away looking for contentment. There is no peace except in God. I tried lots of things, went from place to place, but found no rest. I liked California right away. I joined the mission band. I had a feeling there was something better, but I just couldn't find it. I went places with my husband and was more miserable than ever. I was not reared to go to the places I was going, so I decided I would not go anymore. The enemy knows we can't keep our promises if we are not saved, so I started going again. My husband asked me if we had a wreck and got killed who would be lost, me or him? I told him he would be lost; I would be saved. I really could not believe that myself, but I was taught "once in Christ and never out." What a false teaching! I never really believed it, so I stopped going to church, but I prayed often. I say that prayer is the answer to any problem, praise God!

We had an ideal family. The twins were growing. We would always say when they got to be twenty, we would be thirty-eight. We looked forward to those years. We planned all the things we would do that year. I prayed a lot but still would not go to church.

About that time I began to feel something was missing in our marriage. The closeness was gone. I got very uneasy. Now I had two problems—the condition of my soul, and my home was falling apart. On Easter and on Mother's Day I would go to church. I would come home feeling worse than I had before I went. My whole world seemed to be falling apart. I could not handle it. I didn't want my little ones deprived of either parent. I started a bad habit—smoking. I worried because I had no place to take my sorrows. If only I could get things straightened out in my home. I went to work in sorrow, went to the show on week-ends, troubled day and night. God in His wisdom knows how to get our attention.

In my confused and troubled mind I would still pray. I got really sick. I thought I was going to die and leave my little ones. I really prayed then. I asked God to please let me rear my children. I had a fear of death. I couldn't sleep at night and I took sleeping pills. I was too ill to work, yet not sick enough to be in bed. A lady came to visit and she said I was sin-sick. I didn't believe her, but I knew something was wrong. I had plenty of time to think. (Some years later she was in the state again, and I was so glad to visit her and tell her I had found God.)

I got more confused, and would walk from my house to my mother's, but found no peace. The doctor told me I needed surgery. I went into the hospital and I prayed for God to spare me. He was so merciful. If I had died I would have been lost, but God in His mercy spared me, praise His great name! I came home looking for things to be better, but they got worse. I can't say what our problem in the home was, but one thing, we were not saved. We were not compatible and had married too young. Whatever the trouble was, it was almost unbearable. I needed help. I loved the song, "I Needed A Hand to Turn Me Around."

I got worse every day. The surgery didn't work, so in the fall I decided to go away. I took my four smallest children and ran away. I hated to leave the three older children, but I had to make a change. I thought I would send for them later. I lived in California, but worked in Arizona. I was still very ill. I worked one day and could not go anymore. My husband found out where we were and came after us. I was happy to get home again to see my three children I had left. My father-in-law was so worried that he had called a neighbor to pray for us to come home. When we came back he called her and said, "Hey, Sister, it worked." To God be

the glory for the sister who prayed for me. She was the same sister who later played a part in leading me to the saints.

We need the mind of God. God knows what we need. One great thing we need is to be led by the Spirit of God. Some may think because two people are saved, it's all right to just get married, but that is a big error. The Holy Ghost should be our guide in all things. There is nothing more beautiful than a couple joined together in love. The ceremony is heavenly. When two are joined together in heart, in the bond of peace, one won't be pulling one way and the other another way. They can pray through on any question. The devil knows if he can rush someone into a quick marriage he will be able to wreck lives later. It's sad that many suffer through life with no companion to help rear the children. Others suffer living with their companion, but with no communication at all—how sad!

Every soul making a decision should find himself wanting and waiting to know the mind of God. We won't make mistakes if we get alone with God and stay there. Being overanxious gets us into trouble. Philippians 4:8, "Be careful for nothing," be not overanxious for anything; we can make our request known to God. He is a present help in time of need. I wasn't taught to seek God's will in choosing a companion. I was taught that if one marriage doesn't work, leave and get another companion. What an error! Many spend lonely years because of not getting the mind of God...old and young.

I pray this little book will help someone to seek the mind of God and not make the mistake I made. God's grace is sufficient to help us after we get into trouble, but it's so much better if we can avoid the mistakes. My youngest sister and I married brothers. We all lived with our father-in-law, four teen-agers. If only we had

known God! We didn't know God, so trouble was our way of life for a while. My sister and her husband stayed together one year. She went back to our parents' home.

Marriage is honorable and glorious when in the order of God. It takes two to make a good marriage. Each should go before God with his life submitted to Him, "not my will but Thine be done." When there are children, the father is to make the living, the mother to care for the home and children. The wife should be submissive to the husband. If the woman is submissive, the children will be submissive and obedient, too.

In I Peter 3:6, we read of Sara, a godly woman, calling her husband lord. "Women are to obey their husbands..." Ruth was a godly woman and loved by her husband. Ruth was the great-grandmother of David. So, if we are faithful to God, He can use us in His own way.

You may be wondering why I feel burdened to write so much about marriage and the seriousness of it. I believe experience is to help us in helping others. We can warn others to avoid the route we took. We make some mistakes we can straighten out by just admitting to ourselves that we failed, but to make the wrong choice in marriage is one we can't fix. Some give up and are lost; please beware.

I strongly believe the mother is to be an example for the children. One thing that is a ruin for our children is television. If mothers could only see the great damage it does to their little minds! Some put their little ones in front of the television to keep them occupied. They even eat their meals in front of it. The children need someone with a concern about the things their little minds take in. Crime is greatly on display on TV, and what our

youth see is going to affect their little minds. Again, I say, "beware."

To God be the glory for His all-seeing eye that watched over me in my sinful life. He surely cares for all. He said, "All souls are mine," praise His holy name!

I was still very ill. My sister-in-law came to see us. We went out to a worldly place one night and there was a big fight. My husband and sister got out, but I was trapped in the back. I prayed over in the corner, "Oh, Lord, if you let me get out of here alive, I promise to never be in this place again."

Thank the dear Lord, an emergency door was in the back and I escaped. I thought about God and how no doubt there will be people running, trying to hide, when the Great Judgment Day comes. I pray souls will be able to think as God deals with their hearts now. I praise God every day of my life for rescuing me. I never went to that place again.

I was going from one doctor to another. Doctor bills were taking most of our money. I went to the doctor one day and asked him if there was any cure for me. He said, "No," and walked out. I changed doctors. This one said I needed surgery. I explained that I had just had surgery ten months before. But I was so sick I went home and cried out to God again, saying, "Please, Lord, let me live to rear my children." I was really scared. I thought, "If I have the surgery I may live; if I don't, I know I won't live." I know it was the almighty God that brought me out of that operating room. My sister-in-law was taking care of my family while I was in the hospital.

One day after I was getting better, I told my sister-in-law that I was going to kill my husband when I got up. She pleaded with me

not to get into trouble and stressed how important it was for me to think of my family. Praise the dear Lord, I was able to think normally again. Satan will take advantage of one if he is thinking of doing wrong. He's right there to encourage one to hurry up and do evil. I thank the merciful God who stood by me. He knew deep in my heart I didn't want to hurt anyone, but I was in deep trouble and didn't have enough time to think. I was just getting into more trouble by listening to Satan.

It is commonly said that God doesn't hear a sinner's prayer. I won't say one way or the other; but I will say that God, knowing our hearts, knows when we are in distress. I believe in my distress He had mercy on me. I spent many days wondering if there were any way out for me.

I spend much time now praying for those who don't know this holy way. I believe someone prayed for me. I feel I owe others prayers. This world is in need of help more than we realize. Satan is loose. If ever there was a time to pray it is now. Things are not getting any better. It is not safe to take a walk in the afternoon. The only safe place is in Christ Jesus. We can tell Him all of our fears. To God be the glory!

Chapter Three

From Sin to Salvation

What a mighty God we serve! I want to say, "To God be the glory for saving me." After my sister-in-law went home I still had to go to the doctor twice a week, so I got a friend to take me to the doctor. On the way back I asked her to stop at my sister's house. While sitting there, four or five ladies were talking of how one wouldn't hate others if he were a Christian. I didn't talk because I was quite troubled. I knew there were people whom I hated and my home was falling apart, and I couldn't love everyone I knew. So, we went home and I went straight to the Bible. It was dusty—I hadn't read it for years. I opened it and there, right in front of my eyes, was the Scripture, "He who says he loves God and hates his brother is a liar." I tossed the Bible up on the table and said, "Lord, I must not know anything about you." Conviction came upon me then, and I began to pray. The next day I prayed all day long. I prayed, "Lord, please give me something that will keep me." I remember how I had asked for a religion when in my teens, so I didn't want to ask for another religion. I asked God to give me something that would keep me and take me to heaven. I really didn't know what to ask for, but I knew I wanted God.

I prayed for five days. It seemed like all my sins stood before me. If only I had known how to pray and believe God, but I was

taught if one didn't feel anything, he didn't have anything. All day Wednesday I called on God. My heart was heavy but I wanted God above anything else; even food didn't appeal to me. On Thursday I started out praying, and I began to wonder just how one finds God. I smoked heavily and was still sick in body from the surgery. I lit a cigarette Thursday morning and it tasted bitter so I threw it away. Praise God, He took the appetite away! I haven't wanted to smoke from that minute on. Then I started asking God to give me the Holy Ghost. By Friday I wasn't saying words anymore, my heart was just crying out to God. Early Saturday morning I gave up and said, "Well, Lord, I have done all I know to do." Thank God, He saved me right then. To God to be the glory! That was twenty-three years ago, on February 14th. I have two birthdays in February. I praise God for my spiritual birth.

I started rejoicing! People came from all over the neighborhood. I thank God for my next-door neighbor. She was a saint and I thank God she obeyed Him that day. She heard me rejoicing and started to come over, but God spoke to her to stay home. Others came and I got very confused. If she had come, I am sure I would have been even more confused. She is the same one that my father asked to pray for me four months earlier when I left home. Everyone was telling me where to go to join a church. My family came and told me to come on back, that I never was converted. I didn't want to go back and I said so. I had so many people telling me what to do and where to go.

My hair dresser used to talk to me about my soul. She said I needed to be filled with the Holy Ghost and speak in tongues. I started to go to churches all around me. The first one I went to sang and clapped their hands and had people kneeling, saying, "Thank you Jesus," as fast as they could, over and over. Some

people were foaming at the mouth. I clapped but I soon left. I just couldn't get into what they were doing. I went to another church and they did the same thing, but they said they were "Jesus only" and that the first group I had gone to were Pentecostal. I couldn't get in with them because I didn't know much, but I did know that there was a God. I went home. I got up one morning, after being saved for two or three weeks, and I was very confused. I knew I was free from sin and I began to pray, "Oh, Lord, I know you have some people on earth somewhere like me. Please let me find them." I had learned to believe that God answered prayer. I began to get dressed. I used makeup. I reached for my lipstick and something said, "You don't need that," so I put it down. I haven't wanted it since. I know now it was God teaching me. I threw away my sleeping pills. I had just gotten a full bottle, since I couldn't sleep without them, but I just felt like I didn't need them anymore. Praise my loving Lord!

I went out and stood in my back door and God spoke to me to call the neighbor next door. She was working in the garden. She was the same one God had told to stay home. I'm so glad that God has a people to whom He can talk. If she had come over the day I got saved, I just would have gotten more confused. But she obeyed God, and God sent me to talk to her after I had looked and looked at other churches. God won't fail. He knew I wanted Him and wanted to be with His people. I called her and she came to the fence. I asked her some questions and she talked to me for about 45 minutes. Then she got her Bible and came over to my house and we read and talked. When our husbands came home we were still sitting there, reading and talking. Before she left, she asked my husband if I could go to church with her the next night. He said, "Yes." I would like to say that when I walked into the door that night I knew this was God's people. To God to be glory! The

preacher preached on healing. I had been sick for three years. My, how I wished I had known God was a Healer! I never would have had taken two surgeries. For Friday night's Bible study, I was there again. Someone said, "You came back." I said, "Oh, yes, I'm here to stay." It seemed like a big jigsaw puzzle with one piece missing and I just fit right in there. I knew that was home for me.

I met my beautician and she said how happy she was to hear that I had made a start, but that I still needed to speak in tongues. I went to my neighbor's house and told her what the lady had said and that I needed to speak in tongues. She opened her car door and said, "Get in." She took me to the pastor's house. He took his Bible and read to me, and thank God I was cleared of that from then on. Later, I met the same lady and she got after me about speaking in tongues, and told me that I had gone wrong. I said that if I went wrong, then God had led me wrong. There is a spirit that will overcome one if he fools around with it. I can see God's hand protecting me every step of the way. Praise His Holy name!

I went on and on. Finally, I asked my friend when they were going to open the doors of the church, that I wanted to join. I had been going every Sunday morning, Sunday night, Wednesday and Friday nights, and I wanted to join. She explained to me that I was already in. She helped me to understand that when God saved me I was a member of His church. I'm so glad I can agree with that part. Jesus my Saviour came looking for me and I'm so glad He found me. God has a "peculiar" people and I'm also like the song that says, "I'm one of them today." I'm going to stay among them, praise God! I'm like Peter when he said, "To whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life."

I thought when I found the truth all I had to do was go and tell my family, friends, and neighbors and everyone around me would

get saved. But they said they were already Christians. Some said I was losing my mind, and I agree; I did lose my mind but I found the mind of Christ. I told everybody I met about God. I went back to the doctor for a checkup and told him I had found God. He said he didn't have time for God. Oh, how sad! Psalms 150:6, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

The sister next door got very sick and it seemed that she was going to die. I prayed so hard, "Oh, Lord, please don't take her away from me now. I just found her." She had been my neighbor for six years and would come to see me when I was ill, but I just didn't go see her. I used to look over the fence and see her going to church every Sunday, Sunday night, Wednesday and Friday nights. I would say to myself, "Looks like she would get tired of going to church." But I didn't know all the joy she had. Now I was going every time she went.

I wanted her to get well so badly. I know now that God used her sickness to help me. She stood true and was healed instantly. I then asked for God to bless me and teach me to trust Him for my healing. I had no idea how I would get faith. One week after she got up, I got sick. I went to church and we were having a revival. I got worse. The pastor and visiting minister came two days and prayed for me. I hadn't eaten for three days. I got up and went to my parents' house. They took one look at me and started hollering. I was so frail my jaws were sunken in. They rushed me to the hospital. My husband was out of town seeking work. I had told them I wanted prayer. My sister told me she was taking me over to the saints' house for an agreement of prayer, but I was signed into the hospital by 10:00 a.m. that morning. The doctor told my parents that the car wreck and two surgeries in ten months had been too much for my nerves. I had a complete nervous

breakdown. I used to not talk about it, but I realize that nervous sickness is just like any other illness. I was told I would be there from three to six months. Slowly, I began to mend. I wanted to see the saints so badly, but nobody came except my family. I prayed, "Lord, please let me see some saints." I went to sleep and dreamed of seeing the pastor and his family. When I awoke, I said, "Thank the Lord I saw lots of saints." My family had stopped the saints from coming. They said my change for God had caused my illness. I know they meant well because they loved me and thought they were doing what was best for me. I asked for my Bible and song book which they brought in. I remembered hearing the pastor say that if someone was ill, one didn't have to go running over there to pray for them, but he could just pray where he was. I thanked God because I knew the saints were praying for me. It was decided I had to go away for three months, so I was sent to Modesto State Hospital. My dear sister-in-law came and stayed with my children as she had in the past when I was ill.

My mom and dad came, and my sisters, and my husband came every week. He didn't miss a Sunday. When he would go home, my family would ask him, "Is she still talking about that church?" He would say, "Strong as ever." I was tired of sin when I got saved. Sin is a reproach to any people. As the song says, "I'm tired of sin, and straying; my soul is sick." I had had enough of sin and I am now enjoying salvation.

There were 3,000 patients and 1,000 doctors, and all the patients were getting shock treatments. I didn't get even a shot, just complete rest. Thank the Lord! At the end of five weeks the doctors asked my husband if he wanted to take me home for two weeks. Of course he did. Oh, how happy I was to see the saints again.

God was teaching me to trust Him for my healing. He has His own way of teaching us. From that day to this, I have been trusting God for my healing.

My parents asked my husband to put his foot down and not let me go to church anymore. They were convinced that this new life I had found was the cause of my problems. But God worked on him and he told me, "I will never stand in your way of going to church." And he never did. He took me back to the hospital in two weeks. The first Sunday he came, he asked the doctor if I could go home for two more weeks. The doctor brought papers out and told him to bring me back in two months. Thank the Lord, in just six weeks I was home again. What a mighty God we serve! It was so very good to be home again. My pastor had fasted and prayed for three days for my delivery. Man said I would be gone for three to six months, but the almighty God had me home in six weeks.

I had to try to start new things with my children. Before I was saved we went to the movies two or three times a week. Now I wanted them in Sunday school and church. Making all these changes was kind of hard. The Lord helped me to sit down and tell them what a wonderful change God had brought to us. They soon loved to go to church, too. I had a brand new life. All the old heavy loads were gone. I had peace with God, something I had wanted all my life. It reminded me of a song that says, "I found what I needed so long." The lady that told me I was sin-sick, came back out here on a visit. I went to see her and told her how right she had been. I had so much zeal. I tried to convince all my family and friends that they needed a change, but it's something we have to live, not just talk; I was spreading the Good News all around wherever I went. I'm still telling the Good News, but now I want my life to tell the gospel story. I was weak, so a social worker told my husband that

they would send out someone to take care of me and the children. He was out of work and I was too weak to go back to work.

I would like to say to young mothers, if you don't have to work, please don't. There are circumstances where it is necessary, but your children need you at home. It's a pleasure for them to come home from school and find Mom at home. I worked, but so many times my husband couldn't find work. It's so beautiful for mothers to have a family altar for the little ones. Read and pray with them while they are small. The church services were glorious to me. I was really enjoying life for the first time.

The two months were drawing near and I would have to go back to the hospital. My husband went back to see the social worker because they hadn't sent any help to take care of us. They checked and said I couldn't have any help because I was strong enough to go back to work. He came in and was very angry and said, "All right, they said we couldn't have any help, so I'm not going to take you back." Thank the Lord, He had worked another miracle for me! He had delivered me out of the hands of man and I was so happy. To God be the glory!

God worked another miracle for me. They took my driver's license when I got sick. They said it would be for one year, but in six months I was able to get it back. One thing the enemy (Satan) will do, he will rob us of our healing if we let him. I got up one morning and it seemed like my hair was standing up on my head, I was so nervous. I just walked and prayed. I started to go over for prayer but the pastor was out of town. I was miserable for three days. Late one evening I said, "Lord, I know you healed me of this nervous condition." God spoke to me then and said, "Why did you doubt?" He told me all I needed to do was to resist the devil, and

the devil would flee from me, and he left right away. When God heals us we can stand on that.

One day I went to the first camp meeting to which I had ever been. A large tent was used and it was a blessed day for me. The saints gathered and were singing. It was heavenly! Thank God I haven't missed the meeting here since. That's been over 23 years.

Chapter Four

Death and Sadness

A new year came in. I thought all my problems and burdens would be gone and I would have nothing but happiness and joy. I'm glad that God did bless and keep me until I could get established, because I had so much zeal without knowledge. I had a desire to go to the Jefferson, Oregon meeting the next summer. My family thought it was too far to go to church, but my husband said I could go. I didn't have any money. He and my mom helped care for my children. I thank the Lord for supplying my need. I had to go back to work. The Lord blessed me with a job that was quite easy.

Three days before my parents' 39th anniversary, my sisters and I decided to go to their house for a celebration, just to talk and visit. We took the 21 grandchildren with us; each of my two sisters and I have seven children. At my mom's house we asked her if she could tell us each of the children's ages and birthdays, and she knew each one. Then we asked my dad to identify each of our children who matched with his or her parent, and he got them all mixed up. He didn't know my daughter from my sister's daughter. We had so much fun. All the grandchildren loved their grandparents and the grandparents loved the grandchildren. Before we left, my dad asked my mom if she had it to do all over again,

would she do the same thing? Mom said, "Yes, she would do it all over again if she had the choice." This made us all very happy and we left and went home.

We had no idea that it would be the last time we would see our father alive. He had a job at night and about one and a half hours before he was to come home we got a call from my oldest sister saying Dad was ill and we were to go over and tell Mom. We were to go to her house and not to call for fear of causing shock. My youngest child found out by calling, that Dad had died on the way to the hospital and was pronounced dead on arrival. As we approached Mom's door, she later told us that she thought to herself that it didn't sound like Dad's footsteps. Since it was time for him to come home and we were there, my sister asked me to say nothing, to let her do the talking. She told Mom that Dad was sick. Oh, how sad my heart was as Mom got dressed and kept saying, "It's not too serious." Just before we arrived at the hospital my sister told Mom the truth.

For the next few days our hearts were sad and lonely. I remember that just two days before, my heart had been burdened and how I prayed and prayed and prayed. I had prayed until my burden was gone. I'm so thankful for the way God stood by me. I was able to thank God for letting me have my father for 32 years. I felt that the very presence of God seemed to be overshadowing me all through that week. I knew the saints were praying for me. The dear Lord comforted my heart. I was so glad we had gone over the Sunday before and had such a joyous time. When death comes we must bow to God's will and count everything God does as His will.

I told Mother to take one of my children to live with her. One of my daughters stayed seven years with Mom. Every night my

father-in-law would tell her, "It's time for you to go over to your grandmother's."

Mom came over a few days later and told my father-in-law that the burial policy he had wasn't enough because he had the same kind as they had had. So he increased it the next day. Only God knows the future.

One week later we were sitting up one night. My father-in-law attempted to spank one of my little ones. He told her to go get him the strap. She did and she walked nearby, threw him the belt, and ran. We were all laughing at them.

Around ten o'clock all went to bed. Near eleven he called that he was ill. My husband went to check to see if he could help. He told me to call the doctor and the neighbor. I couldn't get a doctor to come out. In five minutes he had passed away. In three short weeks, to the very day, both our fathers were gone. The increase in the burial policy my father-in-law had made a big difference and it was lots of help. I surely missed them both, but thank God I knew how to pray. He is a present help in time of need. We had a lot of adjusting to do.

It seemed like Satan himself was turned loose after that. Everything seemed to go wrong. I was determined to take everything to God in prayer. God's Word is true. It says, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." We get our best experiences by the hard times we go through. We are the light of the world. Jesus says, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me."

I know now that God was trying to teach me humility and meekness. I missed both by thinking, "Enough is enough." So instead of really humbling down and getting the lesson God was trying to teach me, I missed a great blessing. I remember telling

my husband, "I don't have to put up with all this; you can leave; I can be a widow indeed." He took me at my word and left.

I surely learned by my mistakes. There is a song that says, "Let our mistakes be a blessing to prove." I thank God for being so good and loving and patient with me. I had learned to pray and believe God, so I prayed and asked God to help me through that great trial. I would say, "Lord, if you help me through this trial I can make it." He helped me, but I have learned I need God through every test.

The Lord showed me that I had not been humble at all. I needed to ask my husband for forgiveness. He lived in another town, so I wrote and asked him if I could visit him. How I prayed he would accept me back. He said I could come and visit. I went, and he gladly took me back and came home.

It takes humility to ask forgiveness when you know the person hasn't treated you right, but God showed me that I had only one right and that was a right to the tree of life. I'm so happy today that I learned this great lesson. Dear saints, I hope and pray we can learn we will not always be treated rightly, but our duty is to return love for unkind deeds and pray for those who spitefully use us. Of course, we don't learn these lessons overnight, but our Father is the teacher, and if we let God, He will surely bring us to the way so we can be a help to others. When we fail a test it always comes again, and it's always harder the second time. I continued to serve God and sought to learn every lesson God sent my way.

That was the year of 1955. I always felt that was one terrible year for me with the loss of our fathers, home problems, and failure in tests. But God was still good to me. The problems and failures all proved to be a blessing later. I was learning by then of Psalms 66:12—That sometimes we may be in a net, or have to go

through water and fire and have men ride over our heads. Then the wealthy place appears. I'm sure I wanted the wealthy place, but I wasn't willing to suffer. Bless God I went back and repented for my failures and asked Him to give me another chance. I told God if this was the way He wanted my life—a continuous suffering—then that's what I wanted. God brought me out into that wealthy place. To God be the glory! It's a precious lesson to learn. I have encountered many battles since then, but God never failed.

Before I got the victory I used to go to the assembly meeting every Christmas. I would be so burdened down with my problems that I would say, "Lord, this year is worse than last. I wonder how it will be with me next year?" The next year would be worse. I had no way of knowing that God was trying to get me to a full surrender through all these hard trials. I would read the story of Joseph over and over. To me his was a beautiful life. I'm very thankful for the love of God.

One Christmas I made a consecration before I left that meeting. I said that I wasn't worried about next year. I knew that with me all would be well.

One thing happened to me during that time. A lady got saved three years from the day I had gotten saved. We both were saved on February 14th. She and I became good friends. We both soon shared the same burdens. She was a saint's child, so she knew a lot of things I didn't. We went to work together, to meetings, we traveled together for quite a time, and we dressed alike. Our burdens were sometimes so close that when one of us got a burden the other one often got the same one. We learned so much from each other. Our zeal was working. I remember that one summer we went to a camp meeting. Three of us young ladies went with our pastor and his wife. There was another lady who went, who was

very nervous. We four stayed in a cabin together. That lady would walk and walk. We three would go out to the cabin with her. One day she seemed so restless that we all laid hands on her and prayed for the Lord to rebuke the devil. Later that night she went to the altar. The ministers working with her perceived that she had a spirit that needed rebuking. They had power with God to rebuke it. Then she was able to pray. All three of us were so excited that we had to go get the pastor to pray for us. We learned a lesson.

God blessed my friend and me to work together until He saw fit to take her. I still miss her, but God knows best. I have learned as the song says, "What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer." Everything we need is in God's house. We need the Supplier, not the supply. He surely is our Friend.

Isaiah 43:2 says, "When thou passeth through waters . . . they shall not overflow thee." I'm so happy today for victory in my soul. Surely I want God to have His way in my life. God gave me a song when I was in a very deep trial. It was entitled, "Have Your Way in My Life." That is the greatest desire of my heart that God will have His way in my life. He is the Potter and I am the clay. Our happiest days are after we have given all unto our Father's control. Oh, we can never know what the Lord will bestow upon us after "all on the altar is laid." We need to seek God's will in what we do and where we go. God has a purpose in life for all of his children. I'm persuaded to believe many are living below their privilege. Matthew says, "Ask and you shall receive. Seek and you shall find, knock and the door shall be opened." What a mighty God we serve. And I say, to God be the glory!

Chapter Five

Separation and Trials

To God be the glory! I can say that now with all my heart. When my problems got so bad that I couldn't say I saw God in everything that happened to me, I held on to God for my home. I pleaded and pleaded His mercy to spare us this misery. Sometimes we don't know God's will. I even told someone that God wouldn't let my home break up. I was so surprised when it happened. I knew God answered prayer and I was praying day and night. I needed my husband and the children needed him. I submitted myself, problems, and home to God and asked Him to see me through. After 21 years and one month our marriage came to an end. My crying was ended. My heart was broken for my children. Three were grown and four ranged in ages from ten to fourteen years of age. We certainly do not question God's wisdom. Although I couldn't understand it, I felt sure God could and would do something to keep my husband and me together. But we sat down and discussed it. We had stayed together the last six years for the children's sake.

I believe God has a purpose in everything He does. Sometimes we never go far enough to see His purpose. One thing it did, it taught my children how to pray. Many times we needed clothes, and we would pray and God would fulfill our needs. I appreciate

God's blessings to me. The children and I would go to the camp meeting, and that is something the children will never forget. Campgrounds still stick in their minds. It's really precious to take children to hear God's Word. I know that after my son was saved and went to the campgrounds, he began to tell the things he remembered as a little boy.

Rearing children is a two-parent job with God's help. When there is only one parent it is quite hard. I carry a burden for young mothers and fathers who rear a family alone. God is a present help in time of need. He surely helped us. Our hardest times were holidays.

To God be the glory! I can recommend God to be a present help in time of need, a friend indeed. My trials were greater as the years came, but I learned to win the victory. There has to be a battle to be a victory. The song says never run from the battle but face the fight.

One time I had so many problems with the children I didn't know what to do. I came home one day and they were all gone. Three boys and my one little girl had gone hunting. I was so concerned I made arrangements for my oldest daughter and her husband to keep my little girl. I was thinking of letting the other children keep the boys and God gave that song: "Never run from a battle but face the fight." Thank God, I promised Him I would do my best and let God do the rest. I asked Him for strength and wisdom. He surely helped me. To God be the glory.

I had another hard trial. A sister really hurt my feelings. It was so hard to forgive. I tried and tried but when anything came up I would be hurt again. I finally had to get my pastor to pray for me. With counsel, God gave me a forgiving heart. Thank God, He told me I needed that trial so He could show me I had to forgive. That's

a need today. I see so many carrying hurts from year to year. It takes the almighty God to help when one is easily hurt. I needed to learn something about myself. I thank God for having mercy on me. God gave me a good look at His Son's death, hanging on that cruel cross never saying a word. I was ashamed of myself.

One of Satan's tricks is to cause hurts here and there. It surely hinders the Word of God. I had to ask the sister to forgive me for holding this thing against her. We need to be more forgiving. There wasn't anything wrong with her, it was me. I was too easily hurt. I repented, and thank God, I am free of hurts. Not that I can't be hurt, but I learned to get rid of hurts.

Our attitudes will keep us out of heaven. God uses others to show us our needs. Joseph would not have become a ruler in Egypt if he had had hurt feelings or a bad attitude, but he said to his brothers, "You meant it for evil; God meant it for good." Remember everything that happens to you, God allows; it's for your soul's benefit.

One week-end I was going off with my sisters but God told me to stay home. I told my sisters and children that I decided not to go. God asked me why I didn't tell them that He told me to stay. I had been telling them that God told me to go to meetings, so I called and told them that God told me to stay home that week. It pays to obey. Early Saturday morning the phone rang. My son-in-law had gotten seriously hurt. I was there with my daughter all day to see if he would be all right. She kept saying, "Mom, I know God told you to stay home."

We have been instructed lately to work for God and to listen for His faintest whisper. If ever we need to keep our eyes on God it is now. We are surely in the last days. We need to be like Elisha. He wanted a double portion of Elijah's power. He let nothing get

his attention. Many things tried to get his attention, but his answer was, "Hold . . . your peace." We need to keep our eyes on God and pray. Satan is loose trying to get any attention any way he can. The Bible tells us he is the "accuser of the brethren." His job is to keep things in frustration and break confidence in one another. We need to keep confidence in one another. We need one another as the song says that the saints are so dear.

I often hear people say, "If I had money I would be happy." There are two things money can't buy—heaven and happiness. I know some who have all the material things and money they need and yet are so miserable. God is the answer. He can give peace and contentment in our sorrows and woes.

I have one of the most trying trials now, but my faith is standing on God and His precious promise. He promised not to let us have more than we can bear, and He won't fail. Thank God I am like Job, "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." I pleaded with God daily, "Have your way in my life." God's way seems strange sometimes, but it's always best. Though dark it may be, the sun is shining just behind the cloud. I praise God every day for bringing me out to this marvelous light. I mean to walk in the light the rest of my life and pray God to shine in me.

I ask God often to take care of my children. "You gave them to me, Lord, and I give them back to you." I feel relaxed to know they are in God's hands. I don't hold on to them. I don't own anything, and myself I deny. I'm only an earthen vessel that Jesus can use as He wills. I am a witness to the fact that God helps in everything. I used to lie in bed and hear an ambulance and wonder if one of my boys had been hurt. Worry set in because I didn't know how to cast it on the Lord. Thank God, I learned! He blessed me to go to bed and sleep all night. It pays to trust God, just to take

Him as His Word. My constant prayer was, "Lord, help me to live so I can teach my family by being an example." To God be the glory!

Someone said, "I may give out, but I won't give up." Through God's grace and mercy, I mean to go right on. The song says, "Twas grace that brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me on."

Isaiah 50:7 says, "I have set my face like a flint." It is an everyday job, seeing that we be on guard. The song says, "Lest a moment be unguarded." It only takes a little slackness here and there. We must guard our sacrifice. I and I alone, can keep from giving up or getting discouraged. We sing, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground." There's no way but by the cross.

Ezekiel 14:14, "Though . . . Noah, Daniel, and Job, . . . they should deliver but their own souls . . ." We each must learn to contact God for ourself. Mother and Father and the saints can pray through on some things for you, but there is a time coming when you are going to have to reach God for yourself. Thank God He made a way for every man. Under the law only the High Priest could go into God's presence, but thank God, when Jesus died on the cross the veil was rent in twain. "The Lion of the tribe of Judah has broken every chain, and gives us the victory again and again."

"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground," is a very deep request, but we all should have that request. When God sends the trial to put us on higher grounds, we often start complaining, but we should be submitting. If you want a closer walk with God, run to Jesus as fast as you can get there. Tell Him all your problems, He knows anyway.

Chapter Six

Meek and Quiet Spirit

When Isaac dug the wells and they were taken from him, each time we see humility. (Gen. 26:17-22). With the last one God brought him to a rich place. He said, "God has made room for me." Sometimes I see so many making room for themselves. God can't make room for us when we defend ourselves.

Moses was the meekest man on earth and God defended him. We request prayer for humility and meekness. When the great trial comes we often fail in the test. There is no way to have the humility God has in store for us, unless we submit to His way. God is the teacher. We are the students in this school. Humility means being free from pride. Humility means being reduced to a low level in the eyes of others or in the eyes of one's self. We need lots of lowly minds, not thinking more of ourselves than we ought to think.

There is a great need for us to be filled with the Spirit of God. The way up is down. If we are not willing to be humiliated then we will never be able to let God live in us as He desires. We sing, "To be like Jesus," and remember that He was humiliated. The Bible says, "He was reviled and he reviled not again." Speaking up for ourselves and defending ourselves will hinder us from enjoying the

heavenly place God has for us. We may shout and rejoice, but when the test comes if we don't have a humble spirit, we come short of the blessings we need. If we don't have humility we surely can't be meek. We can be humble at times, but meekness is a state. God changes our old nature and puts in His sweet Spirit. Meekness means mildness, patience, and easy to be entreated. I am sure if more people who profess Christ really had a possession we would see more prosperous saints, with glorious victories.

God has one way to show Himself to this world and that's through His people. When we fail I'm sure His Spirit is grieved. Love, joy, and meekness are fruits of the Spirit. I know I failed so many times in my early saved life, but God revealed to me that if I wanted a Christ-life I must deny myself, stop defending myself and let Him have full control of my life. If only every professor would get down to business and get a good experience, more souls would be drawn to Christ. Jesus says, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me."

Holy, devout men and women are to have power in their lives. Women should be under subjection to their own husbands and obey them. That's God's Word. Husbands are to deal with the wife as the weaker vessel, giving honor to her. Many fail in this, then say sinners are so hard. I disagree. If husband and wife get the godly life and let the Spirit have His way, more souls will be saved. Some say the church doesn't have the power it used to have. Again, I disagree. The church will never lose its power. To God be the glory!

I had a severe trial. It seemed like I was going to be overcome, but through prayer I gained the victory. I began to thank God for helping me to get humility, but God spoke to me that I needed to be meek at all times, so I had to ask for help. Meekness is rarely

seen. Many things are put on exhibition, but meek people are not seen very much.

Job 28:7 says, "There is a path no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." This path is hidden from the proud.

I was told of a man whose son asked him to go with him to collect some money. The man from whom they were collecting whipped the son. Through the grace of God the father looked on in prayer without lifting a hand. God surely stood by this father. Others persecuted him for his meekness, but he had victory with God.

It's hard to be accused of something you didn't do or say, but Jesus was accused and never said a word. Praise God, oh, I want to be like Him. May we be soul winners for God, not in word only, but by Christ's portraying Himself in us. If through the furnace we go, God will go with us.

Psalms 66:12 tells how God tried to prove His people. He took them through the fire and water but brought them out into a wealthy place. You will never reach the wealthy place if you don't go through the water and fire. Many have lived and died, and never found this wealthy place. It's just like a very rich part of town. Some poor people never see it. It's a rich place in Jesus Christ that you will never find unless you take the lowly way. We can sit together in heavenly places.

We can live free from worry, friction, envy, jealousy, complaining, murmuring and backbiting, and live with peace, love and joy, in the Holy Ghost.

Once while going through a trial, I tried so hard to show others I was right. After much praying, God showed me that I was wrong in trying to prove that I was right. I got a good lesson that I needed.

Satan is loose and we will be tried everywhere we go, at home, and on our jobs, but if we have Christ living in us, we can let Him be shown in the midst of trials. "Jesus will shine if within you."

Sometimes we go to church with joy in our hearts, our faces shining, victory in our souls—it's glorious. Then sometimes we feel kind of low, without much joy, having to press to get to prayer meeting. When we get inside, God anoints for a song. It lifts us up right away. The message inspires our souls. We go home with the joy ringing in our souls. I am glad salvation does not depend on feelings but by simple faith in God.

Saints should go to church as often as possible. There are "Sunday goers." We miss something when we miss prayer meeting or Sunday school. All of God's services are important. One minister said that when we miss services the devil sits in our seat. The devil will give you an excuse such as a headache, company, or tell you that you are too tired. He will even offer you a good job with good pay if he knows you won't be able to attend services. I say "Beware!" I won't accept any job if it would keep me from attending church services.

We travel a lot by car. The devil used to tell me that before we got to meeting we would have a wreck and get killed. I was very fearful for a while. I prayed and prayed until God showed me I had a fear of death. God delivered me of that fear, thank the Lord. Sometimes now the devil tells me we are going to be in a wreck and get killed, but I tell him it would be nice to get home, and Satan flees.

I have a burden for the church. God's church shines out in her beauty. God has been faithful to send His Word in our meetings. Many seem to be asleep, in a drowsy state, and lukewarm. Revelations 3 says, "I would you were hot or cold, . . . I will spue you out of my mouth." There are so many, far too many, lukewarm experiences. We need to be hot or cold.

I was praying one morning and God dropped a thought in my heart: "Some of the saints are asleep." Oh, Lord, what is it going to take to wake up sleeping saints? The minister preached the word to the church that it was time for the saints to be stirred. Someone called a song, "Sinner See the Love of God." It's high time the saints move out of the sinners' way. God's Word says that when Zion travails she shall bring forth children. The church surely needs to travail now. These are perilous times. Jesus is coming soon and anyone not ready will be left out.

The ten virgins are a good example to notice. Half of them were ready, half lost. How sad! Just think if only half among the church are ready, where is the other half? Each of us should ask, "Lord, is it I?"

Camp meeting is not a place for vacation, recreation, nor visiting, but we should go to meeting with a burden for souls, our own soul first, then the souls of the other men and women.

The church is without spot or wrinkle. There are weak ones among us. God is wanting us to have a deeper consecration. The harvest is white but the laborers are few. This is a pressing way. Let us press on to what is before us. Paul says, "I press toward the mark of the high calling in Jesus Christ."

Discouragement comes from many things. I read a piece about Satan's selling all of his tools but one. When he came to

discouragement it was priced so high it never sold. He kept it because it was his best weapon. I also read about the little imp who was sent out every day to discourage souls. He came home so happy every day because he discouraged so many. One day he met a man who refused to be discouraged, so he went home with his head down. When asked why his head was down and how many he discouraged that day, he admitted he couldn't discourage the man. Then he said, "Now I'm discouraged." Let us discourage the devil. It's our job to encourage our own hearts.

Satan attracts in many ways. We must live close enough to God to get a vision and discernment of what is of God and what is of the devil. The devil attacks our weakest points. We all have weak points, and the devil knows our weakest places. Psalms 119:109 says, "My soul is continually in my hand."

One sister would work all week, then on Saturday she would be very sick. For weeks that would happen. Finally she was able to see it was the devil and resisted him. That was the last of the headaches.

Thank God for all His wonderful ways. He has kept me in His loving care. Glory to God, I'm saved today! We have something to shout aloud, to tell the world about the risen Christ.

Here are a few quotations I like:

"I know God lives, because I talked to Him today."

"The best thing to be is to be yourself."

"Sometimes you have to be silent to be heard."

"Get involved in the work of God."

"Root for your own lunch."

"Five ways of prayer: petition, intercession, confession, thanksgiving and adoration."

"Three kinds of love: free love, natural love, God's love."

In order to do God's will and take Him with us, we have to leave self somewhere else. We need to serve God without distraction.

Chapter Seven

Healing

I would love to tell some experiences of healing. After God healed me of the nervous breakdown, I was more than thankful. For ten or twelve years when I was anointed and prayed for, God healed me right then. I trusted God for my children, too. My sister's children had ringworms of the scalp. My children played with them and got them, too. The doctor gave my sister medicine for her children. I had mine anointed and prayed for. Mine were well and back in school long before hers were.

One of my little boys had a boil on his arm. I called for prayer. I thank God for coming to our rescue.

Once when we had a revival meeting, the flu was going around. I took it and was very ill for two days. I called the pastor to pray for me. When he left I told him, "I will see you tonight," and by faith I arose, dressed and went to church. I wasn't feeling good but I went by faith. We don't have to wait until the pains or temperature are gone, just have childlike faith, simply trusting Jesus. I love that song. "Oh, how sweet just to trust in Jesus."

I had an infected toe one summer. I pressed on over Satan and went to the meeting. I couldn't wear a shoe. It was very painful. We had prayer, but God didn't see fit to heal at that time. It would

bleed and was very swollen. For three weeks it continued to get worse. I used a pair of crutches to assist me in walking. I went back to work and it continued to pain and bleed. It began to turn blue. In affliction we have three things to deal with: first our employers, as they try to insist we see a doctor; then our families; lastly, old Satan himself, or maybe I should say Satan first, then the others. I was determined to trust God. The devil said, "It's poison going all over your body—gangrene." Others said the same thing. One morning I went to work and it was worse than ever and was paining, so I stopped to look at it every thirty minutes. I was suffering much pain. I never knew a toe could cause so much trouble. I got down and prayed, the last time saying, "Lord, I'm yours, this toe, also. I'm not going to look at it anymore today. I'm trusting you to heal." I went about my work and, oh, how it did hurt. I went by a sister's house that evening and she asked how my toe was. I said, "By faith it's healed." It still was very painful and swollen. I left and went home. When I walked in, my granddaughter asked how my toe was. I looked down for the first time since morning and, thank God, it was down to normal. I shouted for joy. I had not been able to walk without limping for three weeks, and here I was shouting all over the kitchen. To God be the glory! He is a healer in Zion to all those who will trust Him.

I had a stomach disorder for eight years; food would not digest. Sometimes water would not settle. Then another affliction came—I had bad dizzy spells. I knew God was letting me stay in the furnace for a while. He would bless me at times, but I still suffered. In a camp meeting God inspired my faith to be anointed. He touched me then and healed me of one of the afflictions. Now my food digests good, but in His wisdom He did not see fit to take the dizziness away. I know God is teaching me patience to trust

Him without complaining, and I know when He is ready He will heal this affliction, too; at His time, not mine.

One night I had a severe stomach ache. I called for prayer, but it hurt worse. The devil whispered, "There is some soda in the kitchen." I just whispered, "Lord, I'm trusting you and I'll die before I go looking for soda or anything else to ease my pain." God healed me then, praise His Holy name!

One illness I had, God let tarry; later He healed me. He told me it was a trial of my faith. God chooses to try us sometimes. If He came every time we were ill, we would never learn the precious lessons He is trying to teach us. Healing is the children's bread. God never touches the body without touching the soul. The soul is the important thing anyway. I have gotten much spiritual help in my afflictions. I'm learning some precious lessons. Psalms says, "Before I was afflicted I went astray." Healing comes by faith. We should take God at His Word and go on our way. We don't have to wait until the symptoms and pains are gone. Just believe God. We should never worry about anything. A young sister wrote a song, "Don't worry about a thing." When we trust God we don't worry, when we worry we don't trust God. Worry doesn't belong to God's children. We can enter into God's rest.

A few days ago I got up and was very ill. I first took a few days off work, but did not get my strength. I was off one month. I prayed and asked God to bless me to get back to work. Two days before I was to go back, I was so weak I said, "Oh, Lord, I'm not going on feelings, I'm going back by faith." I went back and God healed me that day. Praise His name! It pays to trust God. My greatest desire is to get the help God has in each affliction for me. I am so thankful that God taught me to trust Him. What God sees fit not to do for me, I won't give man a chance to do. We should

never be deceived by these healing services. Many go through town doing miracles, but I say, "Beware." God is always more interested in the soul than the body. I went to one of those meetings before I was saved. It was frightening. The man had a long sword he pointed at us and he kept saying words over and over. Then he told us we were healed. I went away scared, sick, and confused. Thank God I found the One who healed the sin-sick soul, then the body. To God be the glory!

Chapter Eight

Giving

We need to consecrate our all to God. There is a song in our song book on page 245: "My life, oh, Lord, I give to thee, my talents, time and all." God is surely calling for our time, means and all. We cannot give God our time or talent without a consecration. In many instances we use our time and money for ourselves. He will not bless us if we do this. Acts 20:35 tells us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Our giving will show where we stand spiritually. I believe as a whole the church is far behind on gospel giving. Luke 6:38, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down . . . and running over." We don't give to get it back, but we give because God's word teaches us to. With the love of God in our hearts we should have no problem in giving. I believe we could lose our souls by being short with God. One Scripture asks, "Will a man rob God?" We are robbing God when we put Him last. God's Word says to lay up in store as we prosper. It's a fact that you can't give too much to God.

Our time is not our own when we are consecrated to God. There is plenty to be done in the vineyard. The harvest is white. The laborers are few. We should be ready for God's work, whatever He has for us to do.

I was working one day and was introduced to a young man. He was introduced as our maintenance man, meaning he does what needs doing. That is where God wants us to be, empty of self, ready for service anywhere, anytime, nothing reserved. Our time is not our own. There are many things to be done: washing dishes, mopping floors, picking saints up for service, and being where we can carry a burden for the work of God. If we don't put anything in, we don't get anything out.

My father used to make this illustration about two men living together: The neighbor got burned out so they decided to give him some of their clothing. One man took an old suit, pair of shoes, and hat, the roughest he had. The other man gave the very best suit, shoes, and coat.

Sometime later the two men got burned out. The neighbor wondered what he could give. He gave each one back what they had given him. You see, one got rags and the other got nice clothes. We get just what we put in for God. Salvation is not based on what we do, but we must be willing to do or go, just be for God; not doing, but being.

God showed me a very important thing. I don't need to go on trying to do things for Him, but just be willing and let Him do through me what He wants to. In Bible times Nehemiah gave of himself to build the city. We should let God burden us about many things. These are perilous times. Satan is loose and he will entice us to give a gift like Cain's—something that's not acceptable. Oh, may God help us to be helpless before Him, that we bring our all and lay it down before Him.

We had one subject in our spring meeting—"One thing is needful." We surely need to sit at Jesus' feet. There are so many these days that are troubled and cumbered about many things. We

need a spirit of giving. God's work can't prosper as He intended unless the saints give as they should. Other things take our time and attention from God's work. When I first got saved, many would be at meetings Monday through Friday. Now on Saturdays and Sundays there is better attendance.

May God help us to be faithful, to give of our self, time and talent. If God can get us devoted to Him, then our possessions will be His, also. We should never give expecting to get it back, but because God's Word says, "Give."

If we see our brother in need, love should constrain us to go to his aid. I read where a father and son were praying and the father prayed, "Lord, please bless Brother and family." When he finished the little boy said, "Father, you could answer your own prayer. Why not give Brother and family some corn out of our barn."

In the Bible the rich man stored his goods. He didn't think of his neighbor. I'm sure there were poor people in his country, but he was selfish. Self will take everything for self. The Apostle Paul said he labored with his hands to help others. God's ordained way is for us to be as Acts 4:32-37 says. The morning church was all in one accord, no one was in want. They gave and God supplied their needs. In Old Testament times the widow gave her last cake to the man of God. The barrel didn't fail. Neither will God fail when we put Him first.

Acts 5:1 tells what happened to those that lied to the Holy Ghost about their earnings. They said but did not. We can be guilty of saying and not doing. We need a love for the work of God. I'm dedicated to God to do whatever He wants, or go wherever He says go.

It's a joy just to trust and obey. I never know where I'll be from one day to the other. I always let God change any plans I make. My one aim is to please God. It's a wonderful place to live and sit together in heavenly places. This old world is so wicked, surely our Father is coming soon. We must "lay aside every weight that so easily besets us and run with patience." Yes, we need love, patience and longsuffering in our daily lives so we can win our lost loved ones. We can talk all we want, but when the trials come into our home, if we can't take the humble side that Christ might be shown in us, our words are in vain.

It was said that a man passed away and was laid upstairs. Everyone went up and looked on, then came down saying what a wonderful man. After they left the mother said to the son, "We had better go and see if the wrong man is up there." His life had not been an example.

Ask yourself, "Am I Christ-like in my home?" If not, Christ would like to be your Guide. I pray this little book will be a blessing to all who read it. To God be the glory! Please pray for me that I will stay faithful.

-Naomi Jennings

Have Your Way In My Life

My Lord hung on the Tree, (And He died) For you, and died for me. (Yes, He gave) His life, He paid the price; (Oh, my) Saviour, What a sacrifice—

Refrain

Thru' the storm and thru' the rain,
(By Your help) I'll never more complain.
(Give me grace) To let You have your way;
(You're the) Potter, Lord, and I'm the clay—
Refrain: Have your way, in my life;
(Will You) Have your way in my life

(Lord, in my life)

Daniel in the Lion's den,
(Lions there) Lions there couldn't bother him,
(And I know) That Jesus had His way,
(For He) Came at once without delay—
Refrain: Have your way in my life;
(Will you)Have your way, in my life.
(Lord, in my life)

I have given up my all,
(To follow where) My loving Master calls.
(Teach me Lord) To ever kneel and pray;
(Lead me) Saviour, Guide me night and day—
Refrain: Have your way in my life;
(Will you)Have your way in my life.
(Lord, in my life)

Oh, sinner, come and bow,
(For my Sav-) iour wants to bring you out,
(For He'll save) Your soul and give you grace,
(And He'll) Bring you thru each test you face.
Refrain: Have your way in my life.
(Will you)Have your way in my life.
(Lord, in my life)

I'm Thankful

Thank you, dear Jesus,
For the trials you sent my way,
They have kept me from going astray.
The path is narrow,
As you said it would be,
But I'm just happy to be
In this Christian family.
I'm so happy for the briars and the thorns.
You didn't send them to do me harm.

Thank you, dear Jesus, for the persuasion;
You know in your service, I want to be useful.
I thank you when all goes well,
And I have a happy story to tell.
I'm thankful when the skies are gray,
And sorrows come to blight my way.
I'm thankful for this troublesome land,
I rise and talk to my Lord, in command.

Thank you for taking me in;
Help me that other souls I may win.
I thank you for sitting on your throne
And claiming me for your own,
And revealing things unknown.
I'm thankful for sunshine and rain,
And for those that don't understand.
Let me do all for you that I can,
So my life won't be in vain.
Thank you for the tide I'm riding on,

It will take me through the fiery storm. You eased my pain, and dried my tears, And took away my doubts and fears.

Oh, The Cross

Oh, the cross is good for me, Although I can't always see. Jesus said, "Just trust in me, My grace shall set you free."

Oh, the cross will lead you home, If you follow, follow on. Bow beneath the heavy load; There you'll find, oh, joys untold.

When the cross is hard to bear, Deny yourself, oh, don't despair. Steal away and kneel in prayer, Cast on Him your every care.

Oh, the cross so pure and sweet, Heaven's love is all complete. No cross, no cross—no crown. Oh, I know I'm heaven bound.

Far above up in heaven,
There's Someone looking down,
His only interest is,
Giving man a crown.
His love and way
Is given for us to abide;
That's why His arms,
Are stretched out so wide.

His plan for human kind, It is not hard; Just meekly give up yours And blessings on you flow.

Time

Time waits for no man, whether he's traveling by sea or by land.

The master soon is coming, how will you be, when before him you stand?

Time is marching on, doors will soon be closed,

Jesus is beckoning, and knocking at your heart's door.

Time is nothing at all, but to us time will surely call.

Time is running out, we should use for God what we have left.

Time will bring wisdom to the mind, and make life right for you.

Time winds the clock, and reveals to you the truth.

Time brings a change; it was meant to be.

Time brought life into existence, yet it's a mystery to me.

Am I here for a long time, or just a short spell?

Tomorrow is not promised; only time will tell.

Your Best

When you have done your best And everything seems to fail, Don't be discouraged or look down, Press on and receive your crown.

Waves are rolling, pay them no mind, They will keep coming all the time. Let the master have his way, He's in you trying to shine.

Tread on through your journey, Look not to left or right; Cast away doubts and fears, Your faith will bring you out.

Love

Love was sent from heaven, in the form of a Babe.

He is love, because His life He gave.

He was pierced in the side, although He cried.

When asked to come down, Himself He denied.

That's Love.

Love does no ill to his neighbor, does wonderful things and favors.

Love goes beyond, it's far greater;

That's Love.

Love is enduring, abounding grace from high, far and nigh.

Is applied in any situation, for every generation.

Never seeks excuse, or refuses to lend a helping hand,

Doesn't despair; there's nothing to compare.

That's Love.

Love can hardly be described.

It's higher than height,

Deeper than depths,

Longer than length,

Wider than breadth.

It can't be bought,

Must be humbly sought.

It's everlasting,

Enduring, forbearing, ever caring,

Meekly sharing:

That's Love.