

FAITH AND VICTORY

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Church of God Servant

Unto Him shall the
gathering of the
people be.

God Is
Love

YE SHINE AS
LIGHTS IN
THE WORLD.

JESUS
SAVES

The night cometh,
when no man
can work.

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The Old Oaken Arbor

Submitted by Sis. Sylvia Forbes Busbee in remembrance of her father, the author.

How dear to my heart was God's grace in my childhood,
As in fond recollection past blessings I view;
The early-time Saints of this grand reformation
And the truth I still treasure, my infancy knew.
The freedom from Babylon and sectish confusion;
The long tear-stained altar, where gladly I fell:
The throngs of God's people made joyful together,
And e'en the brush arbor, it thrills me to tell.
The old oaken arbor, the brush covered arbor,
The Heaven filled arbor, it thrills me to tell.

How sweet from God's servants, the news of redemption
Made real in our hearts, for in sin we were lost;
No selfish reserve nor conditions were asked for,
But,—“Lord, save my poor soul, whatever the cost!”
But now far removed,—geographically speaking;
A “Tear of regret will intrusively swell;”
But the saddest of all, that some leaving this Treasure,
Saying, “We were fanatics, no longer we'll tell
Of the old oaken arbor,” the brush covered arbor,
The Heaven filled arbor, where God first we knew.

Oh, my God! in great mercy, look down from above;
Give wisdom to the old-time Saints,—filled with love;
That we, e'er the great day of vengeance is come
Might win back some Prodigal,—to where they'd begun.
Lord, help us contend for The Faith, as you said;
Live a life that will prove by Thy Hand we are led;
So that joy in its fullness, as in childhood we found
Might continue through life, as for Glory we're bound.
O the old oaken arbor, the brush covered arbor,
The Heaven filled arbor, where God I first knew.

—Bro. Erle E. Forbes

Unprofitable Servants

By James McMurrin

"But which of you, having a servant plowing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterwards thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." Luke 17:7-10.

In our culture today, particularly here in America, we seem to have forgotten what servitude consists of. The scene which we see here will grate raw on our nerves—our human pride and "self-worth" cries out, "Not fair! Here I do everything I am supposed to do, and I am still supposed to be 'unprofitable'?" We assume that because we did these things that we should get something in return. After all, isn't that what happens on the job every day?

Employees, though, can also be unprofitable. How do you determine that? Simply by looking at what they produce and comparing that to what you pay them. If you spend more on them than you get, you are losing money, and they are unprofitable.

So, what kind of wages is God paying

us? How about saving us from a sin so great that we cannot comprehend it? How about peace, joy and love that we cannot find anywhere else? How about a heaven of eternal fellowship with God Himself? What do you have to offer for that? In comparison, you have nothing. We are ALL unprofitable when you look at what God has freely given us. We can never match what He has given us, nor does He expect us to. It is a gift; one given freely and voluntarily.

What He does expect is for us to give what we have, our lives, our material possessions and our love. When we stop to see what He has given us, our love can flow freely, and we have to admit that yes, even though we may have done all that God commanded us to do, we are still unprofitable, but God loves us anyway. Doesn't that deserve your all?

We can never match what God has done for us, but we can do what He asks of us to do. Too many people, though, fall into the human trap of thinking that we deserve what we have worked for. You can never earn salvation through your works, but you can receive it as a gift of God. When you serve God, do not make the mistake of thinking "I have earned" this or that. Rather, realize that you can never earn it, and that your service is an expression of gratitude and love for a debt you can never repay. We are ALL unprofitable servants, but we are beloved children.

An Aging Saint Writes...

I'm looking for the sunset
as the swift years come and go;
I'm looking for the sunrise and
the golden morning glow.
I'm not going down but upward
and the path is never dim,
For the day proves ever brighter
as I journey on with Him.

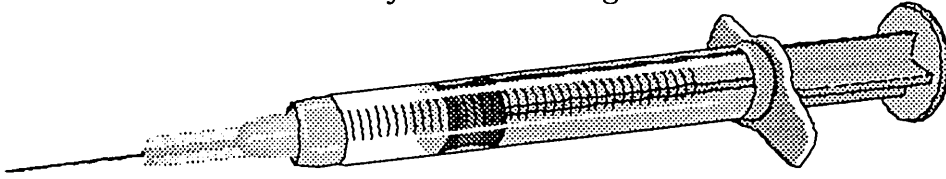


So my eyes are on the hilltops
waiting for the sun to rise,
Waiting for my invitation
To my home beyond the skies.

—William Danne

The Monster—Drugs

By Naomi Jennings



Abusing the body with drugs kills one's dignity, self-respect, reputation, ambition, character and the body. I have often heard of death referred to as the "monster," but drugs are even a greater monster since death will take away a physical life, but drugs will drag one down until there is nothing left before death. Drugs will take away one's job, the furniture, pots and pans and anything else of value.

If you are hooked on drugs you may well ask yourself, "Where is this monster taking me?" You should ask yourself why you are feeling so empty and so lifeless. Those around you may be saying you are having a good time, but this monster is stealing your attention, your pride and everything you hold dear.

In 1919, a flu epidemic broke out, killing hundreds of people from every nation, but some families were untouched. However, this drug problem has touched nearly every family in the United States. It is plaguing the richest families, the poorest families, the middle class, Caucasian, African, Mexican and Asian.

Who can stop this overpowering monster? Eight hundred and twenty-two million dollars are being pumped into federal efforts this year against illegal drugs. Police forces have been strengthened with more undercover agents. Whatever can be done is being done, yet the drugs continue coming by air, ship and truck. Raids are made every day and jails filled to capacity. Yet this monster keeps raging, terrifying mothers and fathers, grandparents, wives and children. Babies are born addicts without a fair chance. A great concern to everyone is when this ravaging of our people will stop.

Wives are deserted, left with the full responsibility of taking care of the children. Mothers and fathers have grown children moving in on them who stand on the street corners all evening and half the night. They sleep half the day and then raid the refrigerator before going back out on the streets again. Parents can't enjoy retirement because their grown children crowd them out. Grandparents are victims of the grandchild-

dren using their money; eating their food and pushing them around. Parents are laying awake at night, listening to the sirens, wondering if it is their son or daughter in trouble. Children are crying and praying at night. Some mothers are deserting their children and the county agencies have to place the little ones in foster homes because of the effect of drugs. Many Junior High and High School students are users and sellers of drugs.

Yes, nine and ten-year-old children are standing on street corners making three and four hundred dollars a day selling this monster. Street gangs mug senior citizens and anyone else they can prey on. Banks are robbed daily. Women, old and young, are beaten and raped, and sometimes killed. Children are abducted, and sometimes killed or sold, all because of drugs.

California has had to build more homes for battered wives and abused children. Teachers are being arrested for drug peddling. Hospitals are full every day due partly to drug overdoses and drug related car accidents. Phones are ringing in the middle of the night for parents to come identify a son, daughter or husband. Ministers are awakened in the night to labor with mind-boggled men, women and young people.

Drug addicts soon become unable to care for themselves. Even those who were once clean and neat stop caring how they look. They go days between showers, lose an appetite for food and become depressed. Resulting mental illness makes a midget out of a giant, and robs people of their moral principles. Why can't this monster be stopped?

I don't have the answer of how to get rid of this monster, but I can tell you parents, grandparents, wives, children and anyone oppressed by those under the influence of drugs — GOD IS THE ANSWER! He is a refuge in the time of trouble, the answer to every need. God may not deliver the addict, since he has a will of his own,

(Continued on page 14.)

FAITH AND VICTORY

16 PAGE HOLINESS MONTHLY



This non-sectarian paper is edited and published in the interest of the universal CHURCH OF GOD each month (except August of each year, and we omit an issue that month to attend camp meetings), by Wayne Murphey, and other consecrated workers at the FAITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, OK 73044 (USPS184-660).

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

Dated copy for publication must be received by the 18th of the month prior to the month of issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES



Single copy, one year \$1.00
 Package of 4 papers to one address, one year \$3.00
 Larger quantities are figured at the same rate.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FAITH PUBLISHING HOUSE

P. O. Box 518, 920 W. Mansur, Guthrie, OK 73044
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 fax number: 405-282-6318; home phone: 405-282-6170.

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Editorials

We send greetings to our readers. It is our heart-felt prayer that you are feeling the warmth of the love of our Lord within your heart. It means so much in today's world to be victorious over hatred, envy and all other works of the devil. It seems that the absolute meanness of Satan is being exhibited in people, and its ravages felt on every hand. Even the mildest taint of this in our lives is something to reject. Our goal should be to keep the love of God in our hearts and endeavor to treat everyone, even those who are godless or ungracious, with respect.

Through the avenue of this column, I want to thank all who have supported the gospel printing work. Your offerings, words of encouragement, letters, articles and other correspondence, are not taken for granted. We realize that without your help we could not fulfill the work that God has set before us. We are eager to meet the needs of a lost world through an evangelizing Church and are confident that God will enable us to fulfill the tasks ahead through a shared interest in the work of the Lord.

We also feel indebted to those who have consecrated to work with us here at the Print Shop. There are sacrifices that must be made in this work of faith, and just as Christians feel the need to evaluate their experience of salvation on a regular basis, every worker who answers the call to labor for God here, must regularly redefine his or her burden.

At this time there are six of us staffing the office. Bro. Bob Saltee is in charge of our subscription lists, Sis. Janie Woodruff helps with printing press work, Sis. Raleah Campbell does much of our typesetting and fills book and tract orders, Sis. Jennifer Cole does accounting and darkroom work, and Bro. Michael Smith operates the book printing press. All of the workers get in on their share of proofreading and the processing of books and tracts.

We are also appreciative of Bro. Leslie Busbee for the time he invests in writing the *Bible Lessons*, and Sis. Charlotte Huskey, Sis. Nelda Sorrell, Sis. Connie Sorrell and Sis. Rosie Gellenbeck, for their work on the *Beautiful Way* publications.

We view this printing work as a ministry with a particular burden and calling. Our desire and focus is reflected in an excerpt from scripture found in Ephesians 4:29. "Let no corrupt

communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."

I Thessalonians 5:11 states, "Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another,..." Such is the positive purpose of this paper; to edify and minister grace to the reader. We desire to uplift, encourage and instruct in righteousness, publishing no less than the Bible teaches, and no more. We appreciate those of you who contribute manuscripts and letters to the *Faith and Victory*, and hopefully, you will share the focus of our work. Not all material received will be printed, and what is printed is likely to be condensed and/or edited. This is not necessarily due to doctrinal error, but sometimes because the article does not lend impetus to the direction of the work. We encourage you to send in writings you feel God has inspired you with, but we ask understanding in how it can be used. God has instituted a beautiful Church with many different offices, and as these work in harmony, the needs of souls will be met.

We ask your prayers, that this phase of the Lord's work will be effective in fulfilling its purpose.

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This paper is going to press while the Oklahoma State Camp Meeting is in progress. The dates of the meeting are May 26-June 4. For further information, you may contact the pastor, Bro. Charles Elwell, (405) 282-0743.

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It seemed like the finalizing of an era when we heard of Sis. Beatrice Eck's passing on May 18. The home she and Bro. Waldo Eck shared provided much enjoyment in my youth. Often our family would stop by the Eck's farm home in Covington, OK on Sunday nights, as we returned from the preaching appointment my father had in Anthony, KS.

Bro. Waldo would generously give us dairy products, and the visit wasn't complete until we had at least one piece of Sis. Beatrice's homemade pie.

Both Bro. Waldo, who went to be with the Lord in 1977, and Sis. Beatrice, were devoted supporters of this gospel printing work. When they were able, they were here to help in any way they could with the processing of the *Faith and Victory* for mailing. Especially memorable was Bro. Waldo's singing, which helped to make the work go faster.

We extend our sympathy to the children and

relatives of Sis. Beatrice in their bereavement. May God comfort you and the heritage that was left be a beacon on your path through life.

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This issue would not be complete without recognizing Father's Day, which is June 18. Much responsibility rests upon the shoulders of fathers. In fact, the course of the world and eternity will bear their influence.

General Douglas MacArthur revealed great insight when he said, "By profession I am a soldier, but I am infinitely prouder to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build. The father... builds,... The one has the potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life. And while the hordes of death are mighty, the battles of life are mightier still. My hope is that my son, when I am gone, will remember me not from the battle, but in the home, repeating with him one simple daily prayer, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

It is an incalculable blessing to have a good father. If yours is still living, take the time to express to him love and appreciation. And if your father has gone on to be with the Lord, offer thanks to God that you were privileged to have as a part of your life, someone to show you the way of salvation.

—Wayne Murphey



Prayer Requests

MO—Bro. Wiley Bennett desires prayer for both his wife and himself.

NC—"Continue to pray for me and my family. I have unsaved loved ones who are in need of salvation."

—Julia Holt

OR—"I am sending in a special prayer request. My sister in La Grande, OR, is having blackout spells in which she falls. I am also having a lot of pain in my left hip from arthritis."

—Grace Jones

OK—"I am requesting prayer for my husband to be healed, also that my son can get a job close at home. My mother has had a light stroke."

—Ann Broadus

IN—"I have a bad hip and leg. Please pray for me."

—Quincy Phipps

CA—Pray for Sis. Doris Pihaylic's oldest son who has pneumonia.

KS—"From the outward appearances, and his feelings, Donald is failing rapidly. We covet your prayers."

—Marilyn Eck

CA—"I am asking prayer for my mother who fell two weeks ago and hurt her shoulder and

hip. Also please remember my dear friend, Melba, in prayer." —Donald Viser

TX—"Pray for my family, for me and my husband, that God will bless us all."

—Magdalena Cerna

OH—"Pray for a burden I have concerning something that is wrecking lives."

—Tressie Adkins

OK—Ben Harris desires prayer for his mother who has been suffering greatly from arthritis.

CO—Leona Carey desires prayer for herself, and her son, Don, who needs the Lord.



CAMP MEETING DATES



MEETING REPORTS AND NOTICES

Oklahoma State (Guthrie)—May 26-June 4

Holly Hill, SC—June 4-11

Jefferson, OR—June 9-18

Tulsa, OK—June 9-18

Oakland, CA—June 12-18

Green Bank, WV—June 16-26

Northport, AL—June 29-July 2

Loranger, LA—July 2-9

Fresno, CA—July 9-16

National (Monark Springs, MO)—July 21-30

Ensenada, Mexico—July 30-August 6

Boley, OK—August 22-27



HOLLY HILL, SC CAMP MEETING

This is a reminder of our camp meeting services which are being held on June 4 through June 11, 1995. We would like for all who will to come and join us in our worship to the Lord.

We now have rooms available for a few families. Also we have motels that are about 10 miles from us. The Holiday Inn phone number

is, (803) 854-2121, the Days Inn, (803) 854-2175, and the Ramada Inn (803) 854-2191.

Please ask everyone to keep us in their prayers as our services are being conducted.

For any other information please feel free to contact me, Bro. Alvold Pratt, (803) 492-3366, Sis. Juriene McAlhaney, (803) 496-3218, or Bro. Utson Platt, (803) 496-5759. Meals will be served twice a day.



TULSA, OK CAMP MEETING

The time is drawing near when the camp meeting, Lord willing, will be held at Tulsa, OK, 1102 E. Pine Pl. The dates are June 9-18.

All are invited to attend these services. Please come praying that souls will hear and take heed to the Word of God and be saved, baptized and sanctified—also that bodies will be healed.

There will be morning and night services, Monday through Saturday, at 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. There will be afternoon services on both Sundays.

For further information contact Bro. Charles Lowe, (918) 584-6838 or Bro. Charles Rhodes, (918) 272-9682. The chapel number is (918) 584-8438.

—Sis. Maple Littlejohn



JEFFERSON, OR CAMP MEETING

The annual camp meeting of the Church of God at Jefferson, OR, will be held June 9-18. Lord willing, the first service will be Friday evening at 7:30. A hardy invitation is extended to all to attend this meeting. The Lord has blessed our camp meeting each year in a special way, and we look forward to another Spirit-filled meeting. There are ample sleeping accommodations on the grounds, including RV hook-up facilities for those with campers and trailers.

For further information or directions to the camp meeting contact Bro. Clifford Smith, (503) 581-4575.



GREEN BANK, WV CAMP MEETING

The Green Bank, West Virginia camp meeting will begin Friday night, June 16, and will end Sunday, June 25. We are looking forward to another anointed camp meeting.

There will be two services daily: 11:00 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Meals are served on the grounds and facilities are available for men and women, as well as families, for lodging. Please call ahead, if possible, to let us know you are coming so we can place you in our homes.

Green Bank is located on Highway 28 and 92, about 50 miles north of White Sulphur Springs, WV. Our weather tends to be cool in the evenings so a jacket would be advisable.

We are praying that the Lord will send the ministers of His choosing to support the meeting. If you need any other information, please call Bro. Toney Samons, (304) 456-3017, Bro. Mart Samons, (304), 456-4469 or Bro. Marty Clevenger, (304) 456-3242. Everyone is welcome to come to this camp meeting. We look forward to the fellowship of God's people and the salvation of souls. If you are unable to attend, please pray for the meeting.

NORTHPORT, AL CAMP MEETING

Lord willing, we the saints in Northport, AL, wish to announce a meeting to be held on June 29-July 2, 1995. We are praying that the Lord will send ministers of His choosing to preach the Word.

Services will be held nightly at 7:30, with day services to be announced.

This meeting will be run on a freewill offering basis. Anyone desiring to help with the expenses of the meeting may contact Sis. Jessie Shelton, 3940 28th Ave., Northport, AL 35476, (205) 339-3026, or Sis. Bernice Petty, 2207 4th St., East Tuscaloosa, AL 35404, (205) 553-4450.

Everyone desiring to come and be with us will be accommodated. We have a motel near the chapel and we have some home accommodations. For more information you may contact Bro. Louis Kimble, 2712 Phoenix St., Kenner, LA 70062, (504) 467-9039 or (504) 467-8842. May the Lord richly bless each and every one of you.

—Sis. Bernice Petty

GENERAL SOUTHERN CAMP MEETING

Sunday, July 2, will begin a week of old-time camp meeting services near Loranger, LA. The Lord's hand is not shortened (Isa. 59:1), so come prepared for a blessing. If you are unable to be here please back the meeting earnestly in your prayers. Above all, let us every one prepare, hold fast and watch for the bridegroom's soon coming!

There is a dormitory for the sisters and one for the brothers. Power and water hookups are provided for those with campers. Meals will be served and expenses met by freewill offerings.

From Loranger, go two miles south and

about three and one-half miles east on Hwy. 40.

For those traveling I-55, the grounds are about 10 miles east of the Tickfaw exit (take Hwy. 442 east which runs into Hwy. 40).

For more information write Nelson Doolittle: 51367 Narretto Rd., Loranger, LA 70446. Phone: (504) 878-6111. The chapel phone is: (504) 878-2788.

FRESNO, CA CAMP MEETING

The dates for the Fresno, CA camp meeting are July 9-16, 1995. There will be three services both Sundays and on Saturday. During the week there will be a 10:30 service daily and a 7:30 service nightly.

We pray that God's manifest presence will work mightily throughout each service. A hearty welcome is extended to all to come expecting to receive a rich blessing. God is able and willing to supply the needs of every soul.

The directions to the Church are: For those coming north on Highway 99, take the Belmont exit, go about three miles to First Street, turn right and go two blocks to Grant. The Church is on the corner of First Street and Grant. For those coming from the south, take the Venture exit, go east to First Street, turn left and follow to Grant. For further information contact the pastor, Bro. Charles Taylor, 4776 N. Chestnut, Fresno, CA 93726. Phone: (209) 348-9029, or Bro. Charles Parrish, (209) 485-3465. The Church phone is: (209) 486-9977.

—Sis. Gladys Foster

58TH NATIONAL CAMP MEETING MONARK SPRINGS, MO

The national camp meeting of the Church of God will be held, Lord willing, at Neosho (Monark Springs), MO, July 21-30, 1995. All are cordially invited to come and bring others to enjoy the blessings we are expecting from the Lord.

The Monark Springs campground is located approximately five miles east of Neosho, MO. It is one mile east and 3/4 mile south of the intersection of Highways 86 and 71 Alternate.

If you travel to Neosho by bus, you may telephone the campground (472-6427, Granby, MO) for transportation.

The camp meeting is conducted on a freewill offering basis. There is no charge for meals or lodging on the campground. You are welcome to come and enjoy the meeting. We are confident that God will supply every need. Meals will be

served in the dining hall. Dormitory space, tents, and trailer spots are available on a first come, first served basis. Trailer spots include electricity, water and sewer hookups. Motels are available nearby, but reservations should be made in advance.

All correspondence about tents and dormitory spaces should be addressed to Sis. DeLoris Bradley, Rt. 1, Bartlett, KS 67332. Phone: (316) 226-3390. She will be coordinating requests for sleeping quarters on the campground.

—Business managers: Randel Bradley (above address), or Mike Hightower, Rt. 7, Box 336, Neosho, MO 64850.

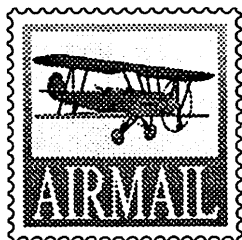
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**BAKERSFIELD, CA
CAMP MEETING NOTICE**

A welcoming invitation is extended to all to come and join with us in our annual camp meeting. We are asking saints everywhere to join with us in praying for a successful camp meeting. We are expecting a special visitation from God, that Holy Ghost anointing will be in each service so that all souls will get the help that is needed.

Our meeting begins, Lord willing, Wednesday, August 9th and will continue through Sunday, August 13th. There will be services nightly, Wednesday through Friday, at 7:30 p.m. On Saturday there will be a 10:30 a.m. and a 7:30 p.m. service. On Sunday there will be Sunday School plus two other regular worship services. We are praying and expecting God to send ministers and workers of His choosing.

For more information contact Bro. Archie Sherman, (805) 871-1636. The Church is located at 1802 Virginia Avenue, Bakersfield, CA. The Church telephone number is (805) 395-9314.

**LETTERS
FROM
OUR
READERS**



LA—Dear readers: It has been a few months since my mother passed on from her victorious battle of life to her reward. I can testify that God was so faithful to stand by her, and by us, as well. When I knew I was going to have to give her

up, the grief seemed overwhelming, until the Lord spoke to me that it wouldn't be long until I would see her again. That may seem strange to some, but it lifted the pain.

The Lord prepared her for this last battle with the song, "He Will Not Fail me Now." We sang it often, and it was our victory song. Her first heart attack was accompanied with a retention of fluid that made breathing difficult. This brought to her a fear of drowning. One night I jumped up to go to her. Somewhere between the bed and her chair, the Lord spoke to me to rebuke it. I did and it instantly stopped, never to return. What a faithful and mighty God we serve! He is such a personal friend. Often the Lord came on the scene and instantly touched mother. Her end was quiet and she peacefully went to sleep. Yes, we cry and feel the loss, but not as the world feels it. She didn't fear death. What a legacy she left for us children. She was the old-fashioned mother.... Her career was homemaking.

I would like to relate how she got saved. Maybe it will be an encouragement to someone. At 19 years, she had a dream of a flood overtaking her house and she wasn't saved. When she woke up, she went to the barn and started praying. She repented, yet she didn't feel salvation. She repeated her trip the second day with the same results. On the third day, in desperation, she prayed that she was going to live for the Lord whether He saved her or not. She testified that the glory of God came down then and she was saved. She never turned back from that time, living to be 80 years old.

Words fail me to really say what is in my heart. Our loss is great. Before she died, I asked her to pray for a portion of her spirit to rest on me. I needed a blessing. She did, although she never felt like she was anything. I value that prayer. It was such a privilege to be able to care for mother those last three weeks of her life. She laughed, sang, played the French harp, prayed and always smiled. She loved company and told us to let everyone come in at least for a minute. Thanks to all of you who helped: the food from the Shawnee, OK congregation, cards, prayers, calls and all. It helped to lighten our load.

Bro. Wayne Murphey said at the graveside, "It may be winter here in December, with bare trees and our loss, but in heaven it is spring time." We know mother is just beginning her eternal destination.

Our love,

—Roberta Wilson

MO—Dear brother in Christ: I haven't written in a long time, but I still get your paper, and I believe lots of souls will come to find Christ through your little paper. I send my love to all of you that work so faithfully for our Lord.

Please help us pray for a pastor who is full of the Holy Spirit, and that God's will may be done. Thank you all for your prayers in advance.

A sister in Christ, —Anna Blanchard
— — — — —

KY—Dear workers at the Print Shop: What a wonderful God we serve. Our young great-grandson took ill with the stomach virus that is going around. He was a very sick little boy. Our son went to a neighbor's house and requested prayer and then they called others and in two hours the baby was showing improvement. I wouldn't want to live one second without our Lord.

Now, today, my 82 year old husband and I have the virus, and we were both very ill earlier in the day, but God has touched us and given us comfort....

God bless you all, —Wilma Horsley
— — — — —

OR—Dear Bro. Wayne: Greetings in Jesus' name to you and also to all the faithful workers there. I do enjoy the *Faith and Victory* paper.

How I do so miss Sis. Maybelle Pruitt, Sis. Marie Miles and many others whom I used to know in Guthrie for many years. I have helped wrap papers there at the Print Shop, and spent many happy hours with different ones when I lived in Oklahoma. Bro. Fred Pruitt was one of the pillars of the Church, and also dear Sis. Mary, his wife. I will never forget a message which Bro. Fred Pruitt preached. It was about the woman at the well and the living water.

I am still suffering from arthritis in my left hip and leg, but I am still able to walk with the help of a cane.... —Sis. Grace Jones
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KS—Dear Bro. Wayne: We are still praying for Sis. Anecia Wall and desiring her healing. I did get to Sis. Inez Beisly's funeral and thought how close her death was behind Sis. Margaret Eck's. There are so many of the older ones who have gone to be with the Lord in the last two years.

May God help all the young and middle-aged saints to consecrate and become qualified to fill these vacancies. May we all awaken and do our part for the saving of souls....

—Shirley Knight

AL—Dear Bro. Murphey and workers: I am writing to tell you I am still trusting my heavenly Father for my eyes. For some time I could not see a person's face but now I can see much better. Praise God!

I trust all is well there at the Publishing House. Please continue to pray for me and for my unsaved loved ones. —Mary Ingram
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TX—Greetings Bro. and Sis. Murphey and the Print Shop family. We are in need of the saint's prayers. We are isolated and desire so much to fellowship with God's people. The Lord has blessed us here in Copperas Cove, Texas. We asked the Lord for a house, a house that we could use to His glory...and would be open to all who would come and hear God's Word. We have Bible Study on Wednesdays and Sunday School and service on Sunday's. Thus far our neighbors on the left and on the right have given their lives to the Lord and are striving to live a more consecrated life for Him. Our desire is to fellowship with God's called-out few, those who are serious and faithful in these last and trying days.

We desire all of the saints to pray for us that we will forever stand on the truth of God's Word and share with all who will hear. Take care and may the Lord continue to bless each and every one who loves Him.

Sincerely, —Paul and Merlene Scott
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GA—Dear sirs: My mother's *Faith and Victory* paper came yesterday. She so enjoyed reading it. I just wanted to tell you that she went to be with the Lord on March 7, 1995, at the age of 97 years. She was born August 27, 1897.

We really miss her, but she had a long life. I know she is in a much better place, as this old world is getting awfully bad.

Keep up the good work. Your paper is very good.

Sincerely, —Mary Roberts
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CA—Dear Bro. Murphey: Greetings to you and all the dear workers in the Lord's Print Shop. We are always praying for you, thanking and praising the Lord for all the printed materials we are blessed to receive....

We are continually praying for the saints everywhere, that we will be faithful and hold the standard high in holiness and truth.

Sincerely in Christian love,

—Sister Ruth Donnelly

OK—Bro Wayne: It has been awhile since I have written, so I would like to report a little on the blessing of the Lord in my life. I remember David saying, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Psa. 37:25. He hasn't forsaken us. It is so amazing to me that in the last few years I have gone to several funerals of friends and loved ones, some of whom seemed to be in so much better health than me, but for some reason God saw fit to take them on and still leave me tottering along. But we know that He, in His infinite wisdom knows what is best for us all.

Well, I try to pray quite a bit, but I find that I don't have to ask the Lord to send something my way to make me feel humble. Let me give you a "for instance." A few days ago I made a short trip with my son, Larry. We stopped at a little country type cafe in a small town. I felt unusually weak and told Larry so. But he said we could handle it. We went in and ate. When we got through we got up to pay, and as I was a little ahead I decided to just go on to the truck—after all it was only just across the sidewalk. As I stepped out the front door I noticed the cafe had two big windows and I thought to myself, "Now Dale don't do something silly because you are being watched." Larry had already had to lift me out of the chair in the cafe. I paused just outside the door and looked both ways down the sidewalk. Larry hadn't come out yet so I decided to go on to the truck, forgetting the three-inch step down!! My legs buckled and I really took a fall. Almost immediately someone was there trying to help, but Larry showed up and I thanked God for good, strong boys because he had to just pick me up and stand me on my feet. That was a very humbling experience, and you know, the Lord again spared me from breaking anything. I was scratched up pretty badly and an elbow is giving me trouble, but I am still getting around pretty good.

I don't want to take up too much space, but you may not hear from me for another six months, so I want to share one more recent experience. For a long time I have had a hard time getting up from a sitting position because of my legs being so weak. Therefore at Wednesday night prayer meeting there have been many times I knew I should get up and testify, but my excuse was that it was just too hard to get up. This last week, Wednesday was coming up and I decided I would break that cycle. Through the

day I would think, "Okay, I am going to testify tonight, but what am I going to say after I say, 'I thank the Lord for being saved'?" I would think of one thing then another, but I just couldn't land on anything. This rocked back and forth in my mind all day Wednesday. I was coming home from Oklahoma City about 5:30 p.m. and I noticed I was very low on gas. I usually have my wife, Dora, with me, and she goes in to pay for the gas while I pump it, saving me steps. I started to wait until Church time to gas up, but then I thought, "No, I can handle that little job." So I drove on to the gas station. It was a very windy day and I noticed it was still blowing pretty hard when I got out of the van. I removed the gas cap, put the gas hose in, and started the gas flowing. After about a gallon I thought, "Hey, I had better check to see that I have money." I set the hose on automatic and sat down in the van to check. Sure enough I had a \$20 bill, so I got it out and started to put my wallet away. Suddenly a puff of wind grabbed that bill and sucked it under the open door and it was gone. I jumped up and looked around, expecting to see it flying toward the north part of town, or worse yet, see someone picking it up and sticking it in their pocket. But the wind was gusting back and forth and sometimes the wind was calm. I frantically looked all around and there it was about 10 feet in front of the van. It wasn't laying flat, it was bent in the middle with the top half sticking up, looking like a sailboat. I knew the wind wouldn't be still long, and 10 feet seemed like a long ways for me. I tried to hobble over to stomp on it, but I had just started when the wind grabbed it. Somehow it kind of went in circles, taking off, then circling back. Again it stopped behind a big pillar and was going in circles like something alive. By that time I didn't care who knew that I was begging the Lord to make that thing be still. I started after it again and was about two feet from it when, whoosh, it went again. It reminded me so much of the story of the Gingerbread Man that I have read to my grandchildren.

This time the money landed right out in the middle of the big open driveway. I knew the next puff of wind could put it clear across the road. By now I was really talking to the Lord. I knew better than to take off after it, for even if I were able to stomp on it, I wouldn't be able to bend down and pick it up. I needed help and I needed it fast. Just then someone pulled out from one of the gas pumps and headed right for my \$20

bill. I flagged him and he stopped, looked at me and asked what I wanted. I told him the wind had caught my money, and since I was crippled I couldn't catch it, and would he please help me. Finally he saw it, so he jumped out of his pickup to give chase. Would you believe it, the wind caught the bill and scooted it right at his feet. He just reached down quickly, picked it up and brought it to me. It even surprised the man how it just looked like it was ready to give up the game.

Now you talk about somebody thanking the Lord...and to show you how short of a time this all took, when the money took flight, I forgot all about my gas that was pumping, and when I got to it, it hadn't quite used up the \$20. As I was turning off the pump a thought hit me so solid, and guess what it was? Yes, that's right. It seemed like the Lord said, "Do you have anything to testify about now?" "Oh, yes, yes, Lord, I sure do and another thing, I don't think I will be troubling You to help me find something special for testimony material. I would just as soon have something more mild."

Well, that is just two days in my life. Of course most of them aren't quite as exciting, but for sure I want to start each day out with God's approval on me because I lean hard on Him and He has never failed me.

May God bless you all, —Dale Doolittle



FOREIGN MISSION REPORTS

From Mexico...

April 28, 1995—Dear Brother Wayne and workers: I salute you in the holy and precious name of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

Dear Brethren, it is a joy to write to you again, for this proves that the grace and mercy of our Lord has been great in our lives. He has blessed our work, my family and me. I have no words to explain it, and after all that has happened I can only say, God has helped me up to this point. My family is very encouraged and the congregation is consecrated to work for the

Lord. We have a stable attendance of 60 to 80 persons. The young people are participating and working more for the Lord. This gives me great joy for it has been my concern and prayer. Besides regular services, children have their special service the first Saturday of each month, and this is what really counts since one forgets problems when the Lord's blessings cover all afflictions....

Yours in Christ,

—Mayarino Escobar and family

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From India...

April 20, 1995—Dear Brother Wayne Murphey and dear saints in America: Greetings to all you dear ones again in the marvelous name of Jesus.

The convention at Chalakudy in north Kerala during the first week of April was a real blessed meeting. The attendance was good and the messages were very inspiring which penetrated into the hearts. The response was good. Many turned towards the cross of Calvary.

The opening service at Enathu, the new station, on April 6th was good. Services are going on there now. I used to visit that congregation often but now one of our pastors stays there with his family in the rented building and leads the services.

The week vacation Bible School for children is going on at Karikkom. A good number of children are attending the Bible School every day. We got some rain this week which helped us a lot to escape from the dry weather.

Please continue to remember us and our labors for the growth of the kingdom of God in India in your prayers.

Yours in His service, —John Varghese

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From the Philippines...

March, 1995—Dear Brother Wayne Murphey, and those living in America: We wish you all, including the workers in the Print Shop, a wonderful day in the Lord today.

The folks on the island were very inquisitive of the new *Faith and Victory* paper. They gladly accepted the teachings of the Lord as they read them.

Some of the people commented with appreciation for the writers, because most of the ones we met in this area were educated by some foreign missionaries. So we did not have a hard time explaining the Word of God in the paper....

We are planning another visit, if God wills, to

the wonderful populace in this island, the pride tourist spot of northern Mindanao, Camiguin Province. —Bro. Leonardo Salvana and family



IN MEMORIAM

Waneta Beatrice Eck, "Bea," was born August 6, 1919, to Benjamin F. and Bertha Davis near Guthrie, OK. Her homegoing was May 18, 1995 at the Golden Age Nursing Home in Guthrie, OK, at the age of 75 years, 9 months and 12 days. She had been a resident of the nursing home in Guthrie since December 2, 1982.

Bea attended schools in the country near Guthrie. Her mother died when she was only ten years old, and her father, who was one of the pioneer ministers passed away two years later. With both parents gone she went to live with her brother and sister-in-law, Audney and Etta Davis west of Guthrie.

Bea met and married Waldo D. Eck of Meno, OK, on August 22, 1937. They were married on the front porch of her brother's home near Guthrie. They made their home near Meno, where she and her husband were engaged in farming and dairying. In 1948, they purchased a farm near Covington, OK, where they lived for more than 25 years before retiring and moving to Guthrie in 1973. They celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary in 1977.

Her joy in life was cooking and doing for others. Many times she took visitors home from church with her to enjoy the lovely dinner which she had prepared very early in the morning before traveling quite a distance to service. Her hands were never idle. She was a seamstress and also did beautiful hand embroidery. Bea also raised a large garden and filled the cellar with canning. She raised many baby chickens each year so she could have fresh fried chicken all summer and fill the freezer for winter. She had a special gift for baking. Her large loaves of bread, pies and cakes, (especially angel food) were superb.

Bea was a devoted wife, mother and grandmother. Her children have many precious memories of her, especially her patience and jolly smile. She served the Lord, and regularly attended services at the Church of God chapel in both Enid and Guthrie, as well as annual camp

meetings at Monark Springs, MO. She was a true Christian lady.

She leaves to mourn her passing: four daughters, Bertha D. Miles of Guthrie, Berniece Y. Miles of Edmond, Lillie M. East of Yukon and Waneta Ruth Creel of Guthrie; two sons, Hurley F. Eck of Littleton, CO and Larry D. Eck of Enid; sixteen grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren. She is also survived by one sister, Thelma Busbee Ray of Shawnee, OK.

Besides her parents, Bea, was preceded in death by her husband, Waldo, on December 10, 1977; three sisters, Polly Davis, Evelyn Gibson McCoy and Geneva Ruth Davis; four brothers, Audney, Paul, George and Lloyd Davis, and a great-granddaughter, Vickie Darlene Sorrell.

The funeral service was conducted by Bro. Leslie Busbee, assisted by Bro. Willie E. Murphey at the Church of God chapel in Enid, OK, on May 21, 1995, with interment in the Memorial Park Cemetery, Enid, OK.

Thank You

The Beatrice Eck family wishes to express their appreciation for the love shown to our mother during the many years while she lived in the nursing homes. All the visits and encouraging words spent with our mother have meant so much. During this time of bereavement your expression of sympathy through your calls, cards, flowers and food sent has been deeply appreciated.



Inez D. Beisly was born November 19, 1919 to Daniel A. and Ida (Becker) Eck at Meno, OK, where she spent her childhood. She fought and won her last battle, going home to be with her Saviour on April 30, 1995.

As a young adult, Sis. Beisly made her home with Bro. and Sis. Sam Barton who helped guide her in the ways of the Lord. Through repentance unto salvation, she found forgiveness of her sins in 1946, becoming a member of the Church of God. She remained faithful until death, choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

In 1959, she was united in marriage to Ralph M. Beisly. Sis. Inez assisted her husband in his duties as business manager of the Church of God campground near Neosho, MO. They labored faithfully in that position for several years.

Survivors are her husband, Ralph, of the home; two stepsons, Ralph E. (Gene) Beisly and

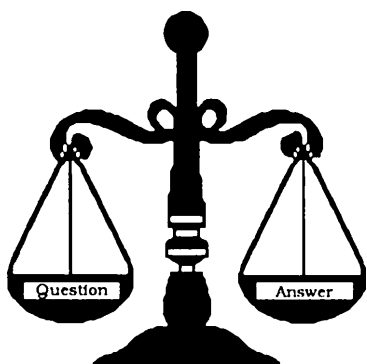
wife, Alice, Lake Elsinore, CA, David Beisly and Wife, Leora, Coffeyville, KS; two stepdaughters, Marilyn Eck and husband, Donald, Bartlett, KS, Janice Williamson and husband, Wesley, Loranger, LA; three brothers, Albert Eck, Bluejacket, OK, Edwin Eck, Goltry, OK, Paul Eck, Meno, OK; four sisters, Carolina Chrisman and Clara Wahl, both of Enid, OK, Ruey Tucker, Henryetta, OK, Ella Mae Jarvis, Hodgen, OK; twelve grandchildren, twenty-seven great-grandchildren, nieces, nephews and many others who knew and loved her.

Sis. Beisly was preceded in death by her parents, five brothers and four sisters.

Services were conducted by Bros. Vada McMillian, Austin McMillian, Michael Williamson and Ivan Eck. Interment was in the Restlawn Memorial Cemetery in Coffeyville, KS.



Where's the Balance?



By Wayne Murphey

Question: I would like more information on the scripture Ephesians 6:4, the part that says, "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath:..."

Answer: The rest of this verse says, "...but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." This seems to indicate that there are two ways of raising children and if we can understand how to bring them up right, then we will have a better idea of how to avoid provoking them to wrath.

The story is told of a native Greenlander who came to the United States years ago. It was too hot for him here, so he made up his mind to return home, and took passage on a ship going that way. However, he became seriously ill before reaching his homeland, and, as he lay dying, turned to those who were about him and said, "Go on deck and see if you can see ice."

"What a strange request from the lips of a dying man!" some might say. It was not a strange thing at all if you understood his origin. When that man was a baby, the first thing he saw, after his mother, was ice. His house was made of ice. The window was a slab of ice. He was cradled in ice. The water he drank was melted ice. The scenery about his home was ice. Mountains were of ice. The fields were ice. When he reached manhood, he had a sled and twelve dogs that ran him fifty miles a day, over ice. He was accustomed to ice, and knew that if his companions on the ship could see that substance, it would offer evidence that he was near home. The thought of ice was the final thought in his mind, for it was one of the first impressions made there.

Early impressions are the deepest. That which is instilled in the heart of a child endures forever. The first thing that children should be taught is the care of the Lord. They should learn to pray for God's blessing and protection. Any correction given in response to childish mischief should be administered with the admonition of obeying God's law. They should understand that punishment is not simply a result of their parent's dislike or disapproval, but because God's laws are designed for their protection and ultimate good. Such instruction in the early years will stay with them and provide a foundation for their conduct as they mature.

Clarke's Commentary contains some interesting thoughts regarding correction. "Avoid all severity; this will hurt your own souls, and do them no good; on the contrary, if punished with severity or cruelty, they will be only hardened and made desperate in their sins. Cruel parents generally have bad children. He who corrects his children according to God and reason will feel every blow on his own heart more sensibly than his child feels it on his body. Parents are called to correct, not to punish, their children. Those who punish them do it from a principle of revenge; those who correct them, do it from a principle of affectionate concern."

When chided for the lack of faith of his sons, one earnest, though misguided father exclaimed, "I tell them to pray and they won't pray, and I tell them again to pray and they won't pray, and I knock them down and they won't pray."

Children grow fast, and as they reach the teen years, things change in the home. There is less parental dependence and they must do the things that others once did for them. The par-

ents no longer bow their child's head to repeat a prayer. The age of accountability arrives, and an awareness of their own spirituality. They begin to make their own choices and do what is in their hearts to do.

One of the happiest feelings in the hearts of Christian parents is brought about by hearing their young children pray, for they know that these children will always know about God. What if a father's delight, however, was in seeing his child's face contorted in anger? Some think it rather amusing to see a child angry, because it is so helpless in its fury. Just as the nurture and admonition of the Lord will stay with a child, so will the anger felt in youth.

As temptation is yielded to, it becomes a little easier to fall each time it is presented. If a parent seeks to make his child upset, even in a playful manner, he places a stumbling block in the way, making it harder for the child to overcome this temptation to become angry. This can result in a monumental hindrance to a person in adult life and require a rich outpouring of God's grace to overcome.

All parents have times when they tease their children by offering them a toy and then retracting it to see the child's reaction. But when this scenario gets to the point where the child begins to be put out with the play, it is best to refrain from doing it. There are other ways of playing



that can provoke a child, and a parent should be careful not to cross that line where his child begins to rebel in the playfulness. I believe this verse was directed to fathers because they are the ones who often play a little rougher and act a little tougher than the mother, but the principle can apply to both parents.

What kind of perception of God would a child

have who is raised by a father who constantly goads him to anger? Jesus said, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Peacemakers will be called the children of God because they are like God, who is peaceable. We know God has feelings of displeasure against sin, but God does not feel carnal anger, and for us to set our children upon a course that they are unable to understand is to do them an eternal injustice.

It should be the goal of every father to help his children reach heaven, and to a certain extent, this is accomplished through what he has done for them and how his influence has affected his children's lives.

When a little boy, the son of a Christian, was dying, he said, "Oh, Father, don't weep for me! Don't cry, Father. When I die, I am going to heaven; and when I get there, I will go right up to Jesus, and tell Him that it was through you I came there."

The Monster—Drugs

(Continued from page 3.)

but God can take the burden of grief off your heart.

One mother who has three boys on drugs gave this testimony. "I just could not take any more. I thought I would lose my mind, then I found the One who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Matt. 11:28. Yes, the boys are still on drugs, but God gave me sweeping victory. I sleep at night now, whereas before I would roll at night with a heavy heart."

A former drug addict has given this as his story. "I was on drugs, from marijuana to speed, then PCP to Crack. I was stoned every day. I lost

the best job a man could have, a lovely wife and two precious sons. Yet I could not stop getting loaded. I thought of ending my life, then I remembered my dear old mother's prayers to save her boys at any cost. I was laying on the street one day, a half block from a church. I could hear the preacher saying, 'Jesus saves.' I couldn't get away from the sound thundering in my head, 'Jesus saves.'

"I remember falling on my knees and saying, 'God, if You still save, will You save me?' My life appeared before me, my wife, my children and my mother. I cried out to God until I felt the touch of the Almighty. He took my load and set

me free. Christ said, 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' John 8:36.

"I didn't have any money, but I left the next day, making my way home. I thought of the prodigal son who said 'I will arise and go to my father....' He arose and so did I. I live for God faithfully. In two weeks my wife and sons were back with me. Then my parents received me and rejoiced with me. Now I go near and far to tell others what God can do."

What God has done for others, He will do for anyone. Be encouraged, parents, grandparents, husbands, wives, children and friends. Keep holding on. God will bring you into sweeping victory for our Lord is ready to help anyone affected by that killer monster—drugs.



God Answers Prayer for Ham!

The experience I am about to relate took place in the city of Flint, Michigan, during the severe depression which began in October, 1929. The factories were all closed, the banks were all closed, and there was little work for anyone, anywhere. Men and women alike looked everywhere for work but there was no work to be had.

So I determined to do something about it. I was radio broadcasting a half hour gospel program each morning over Station WFDF and my Sunday services as well. I knew that there were scores of well-to-do farmers living in Gratiot County in which the city of Flint is located. So I appealed to all the farmers who could and who would, to donate potatoes, beans and other vegetables. I told them I planned to open a soup kitchen and make a rich soup which would be given free to all who would come for it.

A vacant building nearby was donated, and several large kettles, each holding 100 gallons were brought; stores, meat markets and bakeries were contacted and all promised to help. The farmers responded generously, giving dry beans and other vegetables. Two experienced cooks were engaged and soon the food program was under way. At 4:30 each afternoon families would come with their containers. The bakeries donated day old bread and rolls, the dairies furnished skim milk, and the meat markets soup bones, bologna and meat with which we made a rich soup which was given free daily.

Knowing that General Motors owned several hundred acres of rich land near the city, the thought then came to me, "This rich land is lying

vacant, growing up in weeds. If you contacted the officials of General Motors, perhaps they would let you use this land to raise food to feed these hungry people." So I went to see Mr. Knudson, who was then president of the big Buick factory which was closed. He secured permission for me to use 487 acres of this land, so I bought nine used tractors. I secured the farming equipment we needed. I used the men of the city who had farming experience. We plowed the land, planted it and raised enough food to feed the entire city.

Now, I'll tell you the story of how God wonderfully answered prayer. Each morning my trucks would go to different parts of the city and pick up the men. Each morning I would serve the men a good breakfast of oatmeal, bread and rolls before they were taken to the farms to work. Lunch would be carried to them at noon and a hot dinner was ready for them when they returned from the farms in the evening. They were given a meal of cooked vegetables, bologna, skim milk, bread and rolls. After the meal the men were given bread, milk, bologna and soup to take home to their families.

Each morning I would conduct a short gospel service with the men before they were taken to the farms. All nationalities were represented in this group. One morning one of my cooks who was an atheist said to me, "Do you really believe God answers prayer?" "Of course God answers prayer. I have had many prayers answered. This very kitchen and its program is an answer to prayer."

The cook continued, "If so, I wish you would ask God to send us some ham. We have been eating bologna now week after week; all the meat we have is bologna; its bologna, bologna; I have been eating bologna until it sticks out of my ears. I never want to see another ring of bologna as long as I live! Please pray to your God asking Him to send us some ham."

I looked at the man. The large dining room was filled to capacity. I knew they all felt like my atheist cook. I stood on a chair before them and said, "Men, how many of you believe that God could send us some ham if I were to ask Him for it? All who believe God could and would send us some ham, raise your hands." Nearly every hand was raised. These men were not unbelievers.

I continued, "Now I am asking you another question: How many of you believe that if I were to pray, asking God to send us a supply of ham

Father's Day—June 18

The Kind of Dad I'd Buy

By Helen Kitchell Evans

If I went shopping for a dad,

Here is what I'd buy:

One who would always stop

To answer a little boy's "why?"

One who would always speak kindly

To a little girl or boy,

One who would give to others

A bit of sunshine and joy.

I'd pick a dad that followed

The Bible's Golden Rule,

And one who went regularly

To Church and Sunday School.

I'd buy the very finest dad

To place on our family tree,

And then I'd try to live like him

So he would be proud of me.

for supper tonight, that God would answer now, and send us ham for supper?" Only a few hands were now raised. The men knew the scarcity of ham on the market.

I made a simple prayer something like this: "Dear heavenly Father, you know we have been eating bologna for weeks; we are indeed thankful for it, but we would like some ham for a change. We know there is still plenty of ham in the country. If it please Thee, send us some ham and we will thank Thee for it. In Jesus name, Amen."

Breakfast was over and the men climbed up on the trucks and left for work. I returned to my office. As I entered, Joy Rowley, my secretary, said, "The freight agent just called. He has asked you to call him at once. It is an emergency. Here is his phone number." Wondering what the emergency could be, I called the number. The agent answered. He said, "Mr. Zoller, Swift and Company of Chicago were sending a carload of ham through the city but the refrigeration has gone bad. The car is now standing on the siding. The ham is in perfect condition, but it must be cared for at once. If you can use it, Swift and Company will donate it to you to feed the needy in the city!"

Could we use it? Could we? What a wonderful answer to prayer this was! "Charlie," I answered, "Wire Swift and Company immediately that we gratefully accept this carload of ham. It is a definite answer to prayer. I will write them

our thanks later. Arrangements will be made immediately to care for the entire carload."

I hurried back to the soup kitchen. Imagine the surprise of those cooks when they learned how quickly God had answered prayer! I immediately sent two trucks for the ham. I told the cooks to use only one kettle for soup, to fill the other kettle with ham and to boil each ham for a half-hour. We would give each man a ham to take home to his family.

Soon the smell of boiling ham filled the air. We could smell it for nearly a block. When the men returned from work in the evening, as they drew near the kitchen, they began to cry out, "Ham! I smell ham. We are going to have ham for supper. The Lord has surely answered prayer and sent us some ham!" Little did the men know and realize that God had indeed answered prayer.

We did have ham for supper that night. Our cooks placed large platters filled with sliced ham before the men. When the men were all seated and ready to eat I stood on a chair before them and said, "Men, God has indeed answered prayer!" I told them what had happened, that we had a full carload of ham, enough to have ham time and again. I told them that there was a free ham for every man to take home to his family.

My atheist cook was sitting before me. After a grateful prayer of thanksgiving he looked up into my face and with tears in his eyes he said, "I tell you, I believe!" And he did believe, for he was a changed man from that hour. —Selected