

# FAITH<sup>AND</sup>VICTORY

USPS184-660

## 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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75th Year

Guthrie, Oklahoma

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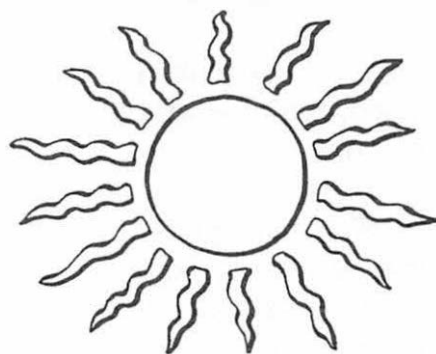
### THE

### SUNNY

### SIDE

### OF

### LIFE



I was walking in a city  
On a day in winter's beat,  
In the cold and dreary shadow  
Of the dark side of the street.

Then I looked upon the brightness  
Of the side across the way;  
Something said to me, "Cross over,  
Walk the sunny side today!"

So I turned and crossed right over  
To the bright side of the street,  
And I gained a precious lesson  
For my spirit, oh, so sweet!

In this world of gloom and sorrow  
Many are the shades that creep  
O'er our pathway, blinding, chilling  
With their disappointments deep.

Trouble and distress and anguish  
In the shadows darkly lurk,  
With the ghosts of fret and worry  
Near to do their dirty work.

And it seems before we know it  
We are caught in many a snare,  
And our hearts are drooping, sighing,  
In the depths of dark despair.

But let's lift our eyes and turn them  
From the shades of fear and strife  
And behold the warmth and beauty  
Of the sunny side of life.

We've a Saviour now in heaven  
Interceding for us there,  
With abundant grace and mercy  
And a healing for all our care.

Jesus bids us leave the shadow,  
Come today, and walk with Him,  
In the bright and shining pathway  
That life's woes can never dim!

—Leslie C. Busbee

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## **"Come Ye, Let Us Walk in the Light of the Lord"**

By Bro. Leslie Busbee

There is a precious prophecy of the glorious gospel age of the Lord Jesus Christ in Isaiah 2:1-5. Here the mountain of the Lord's house, (which is the Church of God), is pictured as being established in the top of the mountains, exalted above the hills, with all nations flowing unto it. The invitation was to be given for us to go up to the mountain of the house of the Lord and be taught of His ways and to walk in His paths. All sin and strife are to cease and we will war no more after the carnal ways of the world. Then comes the appeal and invitation in verse 5: "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

Oh, what a wonderful opportunity we have in this blessed gospel day of coming out of the shadows and darkness of sin and transgression against God to walk in the blessed light of holiness! Jesus Christ brought light into the world, a spiritual inward illumination for the heart and soul of man. The Lord also says in Isaiah 49:8-9 that He has heard us in an acceptable time and helped us in a day of salvation. He said He would preserve Christ and give Him for a covenant of the people, "That thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Shew yourselves." The Lord is inviting and giving us an opportunity to come out of darkness and show ourselves in His marvellous light.

But there is a problem here with many souls. They prefer to linger and hide in the shadows and not come out and be exposed in the light of God. Jesus said, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Paul said in Ephesians 5:13 that "all things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light." Paul said again in II Corinthians 4:4 that "the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them

which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."

So we see that only those who are honest with themselves and God are willing to come out into the light and let their sinful and unholy condition be reprov'd or corrected. So many are willingly ignorant and prefer to remain in the shadows and darkness of sin where they will be hid and not be reprov'd.

Jesus also made some serious statements concerning our responsibility to walk in and obey the light of God. In John 12:35-36 He said, "Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." Light and knowledge through the Word of God in the gospel of His Son bring responsibility. We must humble ourselves and confess to God our wretched and filthy condition before Him. So many are not willing to do this. If the light comes they have a chance to correct their sinful way of life, but pride and self-love prevent them from making a move.

There are many shadows that people are hiding themselves in. Sinful lifestyles that are not according to God's holiness and purity are in the dark. They are in the shadows. And very few are willing to change from sinfulness to walk the way of righteousness and true holiness. In Galatians 5:19-21 the apostle Paul lists some of those things which are on the dark side of life. "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Oh, that

men could but see how much happier they would be if they would conform their lives to the holy standard of God's Word!

Satan hates the light of God and he has many shadows to hide in. Fear and unbelief fill many a heart and life. Such are in the shadow. We are instructed in the Word to believe and trust in God. We are to forsake all doubts and fears and believe the promises that God has spoken. Those who obey the Word of God and count Him faithful are truly in the light. Bitterness and strife are raging in our world. Hatred and revenge fill many a heart. Such are in the shadow. Getting even and returning evil for evil never accomplishes anything. The way of love and forgiveness is the way of light. There are many false prophets gone out into the world. False religion and deception hide the true light from souls. Pride and vanity grip the human nature. Selfishness and trying to outdo others put a person in the shadow.

"Come ye, let us walk in the light of the Lord!" "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." I John 1:5-7. Let us take heed to the Word of the prophets confirmed and fulfilled in Christ, "...as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts." II Peter 1:19.

Once we were in darkness, but now we are light in the Lord. So let us walk and act and speak as children of light, "(For the fruit of the Spirit, [that is, the light,] is in all goodness and righteousness and truth;) Proving [or discovering,] what is acceptable unto the Lord." Ephesians 5:9. And let us not be ashamed of the light of God, but let our lights shine before this crooked and perverse world. Let us seek God to be bright and radiant for Him in our ways and actions. The light has come and it is for every one of us to and let this light shine down into our inner-most being.

## Fright—Flight or Light?

By Sis. Mary Murphey

I read a story once about a woman who felt alone at her workplace because she was the only Christian there. At times she was ridiculed for her faith and accused of being narrow-minded. She finally became so discouraged that she considered quitting.

Before doing so, she decided to seek her pastor's advice. After listening to her complaints, he asked, "Where do people usually put lights?"

"In dark places," she said, and immediately knew she had her answer.

Her place of work was a "dark place" where light was sorely needed. So the woman decided to stay, and before long several of her co-workers came to know Christ.

I like the lesson in that story because at times I've found myself in similar situations where not everyone honored the Lord. There's a compelling urge to distance ourselves from the discomfort this brings and return to our comfort zone—to harbor ourselves safely among the people who share our beliefs and who won't offer us any grief.

We may even justify that kind of "fright and flight" reaction in ourselves, feeling that we are removing ourselves from worldly influence. But sometimes I wonder if we are simply running from our fears.

At such times it might be good, like the lady in the story, to analyze our reasons for flight. Is it truly because we're afraid the sin around us will rub off (in which case we might be justified in retreating), or because we feel incapable of facing challenges to our faith?

Jesus said in John 17:15, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." In John 17:18, He continues, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

The Lord places us among the lost for a reason, that we may "shine as lights in the world; Holding forth the word of life;" Philippians 2:15-16.

The light of a holy life is often the convincing force to create desire in the hearts of unbelievers for God. May God bless us to shine consistently and brightly, and to reflect the beauty of His love into the darkness around us.

## 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).

(Periodical postage paid at Guthrie, OK)

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 50¢ 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 ..... \$3.00  
 Package of 5 papers to one address, one year ..... \$12.00  
 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

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## Editorials

**Thanks to all** who have continued to support the printing work here and encouraged us with your prayers, offerings and words of appreciation. Your communication was truly a blessing. As we enter the fall season of 1998, we press forward in the Lord's work, fervently looking to Him for His help in each endeavor.

In reviewing the events of summer, we recall many noteworthy happenings: Some glad-den and others were difficult to understand, but all were committed to God.

From a human standpoint, the commencement of summer was blighted by the death of Bro. Bob Sallee, whom we continue to miss. Another loss which saddened us during the summer months was that of Sister Irma Butler. I had the privilege of getting acquainted with Sis. Irma and her husband, Bro. Don, while serving the Shawnee, OK, congregation when they were without a pastor. I found her to be a saint who loved to worship God and hungered for more knowledge of Him. She opened her home and heart with a warm smile and great hospitality. We will miss her, and our prayers continue for her husband, Bro. Don, who no doubt feels the loss the most keenly. If you would like to correspond with Bro. Don, you may do so at 36404 Clear Pond Road, Shawnee, OK 74801.

Sis. Evelyn Wilson's death also stands out as we consider her friendship and recall her involvement in the work of the Lord in the early years of the Sunset Guest Home in Pacoima, CA, and in the ministry of Bro. Ostis Wilson, Jr.

I would also like to mention Sis. Ellen Campbell, who went to be with the Lord this summer. I came to know her a number of years ago when Aunt Maybelle Pruitt, my wife, Mary, and I, visited the Pineland, TX, Church of God. Her perseverance in serving the Lord was outstanding. In subsequent visits we came to appreciate her dedication to God even more. I know her son, Bro. Clarence Campbell, will greatly miss her support and love.

Others of the saints finished their course on earth recently, and though God has been gathering His children to their eternal home in heaven, we have also seen Him gathering chil-

dren into His Kingdom upon this earth. The Holy Spirit's power continues to work in the lives of those who love Him, and the saints have been encouraged. Still others have reached out into the mission fields. The end of summer has seen Bro. Michael Smith return from visiting the saints in Ghana, West Africa and Malawi, Central Africa. A report of his trip can be found under missionary reports. For his return and all God's blessings, we praise the Lord.

Now we are ready to enter the closing months of this year and to see what God has in store for us, the Church, and the world at large. We are earnestly desiring to improve the work here at the Print Shop in order to labor on a larger scale and more effectively. Please share this burden with us that the work will prosper and move forward for the Lord's cause.

— — — — —  
**Our nation has been in great turmoil** due to the scandals surrounding President Bill Clinton. The question of morality has been put center stage, and many have furrowed their brows trying to figure out which political side will triumph in the end.

Even the professed spiritual leaders of our country have been in a quandary as to how God will rule in the affairs of men. But the Bible contains principles for living which we can depend on to hold true. One of them says, "He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him." Eccl. 10:8.

It is inevitable, if you are deceitful, that you will fall into deceit, or if you break down the hedges of God's righteousness, you will suffer the consequences of sin. Politics will not save you from it. It doesn't matter how much you might scratch and grab in order to preserve yourself, or how skillful your political allies may be at aiding you, if you dig the pit you will ultimately fall into it. This rule of God's law crosses all political lines and will exact a penalty upon every offender.

So will our president resign or be impeached, censored, or fined? To try to predict that would be to fall into the quagmire of all other political theorists. But we know that at the bottom of the pit of sin and deceitfulness is grief and sorrow (Isa. 17:11) and great unrest (Isa. 57:20). Therefore, let us pray earnestly for God to deal with the hearts of our leaders.

—Wayne Murphey



OR—"We would appreciate your prayers on our behalf. Would you also remember Bro. John Cripe's sister, Judy, in prayer? She is in need of spiritual help." —Bro. Bill and Sis. Ruby Busch

OH—Pray for Sis. Jaunita Blankenship's foot.

MI—Sis. Olive Getterson requests the prayers of the saints for her back, stomach and eyes.

OH—"We thank each one of the saints for your many prayers for us during the affliction we have. The Lord has blessed and lifted the misery some, but we still need prayer."

—Sis. Alberta Bruner

KY—Please remember Sis. Mary Hughes in prayer. She has an affliction in her body.

### Standing Prayer Requests

Sis. Alta Bock  
 Sis. Mamie Butcher  
 Bro. Nathan Carver  
 Sis. Tammy Clevenger  
 Sis. Elaine Dunn  
 Bro. Vada McMillian  
 Sis. Lois Sharp  
 Sis. Beverly Wattenbarger  
 Bro. Jon Busbee  
 Sis. Janice Johnston  
 Sis. Beverly Wise  
 Bro. Ben Harrison



Sis. Katherine Williams has been burdened to make available to the ministry, or anyone else interested in the work of the Lord, the story of how the Lord has manifested Himself to her in her journey through life.

This set of three cassette tapes can be purchased from Bro. Harlan Sorrell, RR 1, Box 118A, Myrtle, MO 65778, for the price of \$6.00.

## Meeting Reports and Notices

### COFFEEVILLE/WATER VALLEY, MS, MEETING REPORT

The camp meeting at Coffeeville/Water Valley, MS, was a blessed and glorious one. Thanks and glory be to God. The Word was strong and rich with power. The services were so anointed with the presence of the Lord that one service did not need the help of a minister. Every soul who was there felt God's power. Many were blessed and some sought for sanctification. Others reconsecrated their lives to God, and two received salvation for their souls.

We appreciate everyone who came and shared his or her time and services in the meeting.

—Sis. Dorothy Steen

### GREEN PASTURES, OK, REVIVAL REPORT

We are thankful for the weekend revival. We were blessed to have Bro. Emmanuel Gracey and family from Wichita, KS.

He was very encouraging to all who attended. He inspired us to keep our courage. His messages were anointed. We thank the Lord for the joyous meeting.

We ask that you all continue to pray for the work at the Green Pastures Church of God.

—Sis. Katherine Laskey

### JEFFERSON, OR, REVIVAL

The Jefferson, OR, congregation extends a warm welcome to their fall revival beginning on October 11 and running through October 16.

Go east from Jefferson on Marion Rd. approximately one mile. Turn left on Skelton Rd. and go 1/2 mile.

For more information contact Bro. Bob Wilson at (541) 327-3621 or Bro. Clifford Smith at (503) 581-4575.

### LORANGER, LA, ASSEMBLY MEETING

The Loranger, LA Assembly Meeting will begin Wednesday night, 7:30 p.m., November 25th. There will be services daily through Sunday, November 29th. Come 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.

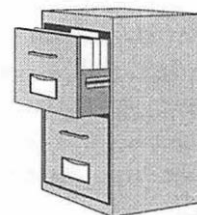
### FRESNO, CA, REVIVAL

The Fresno, CA, fall revival will be held October 25 through November 1, 1998. Services will be held nightly at 7:00. On both Sundays there will be Sunday School at 9:30 a.m., worship service at 10:30 a.m. and an afternoon service at 2:00 p.m. On Saturday, October 31, there will also be a morning service at 10:30.

For further information contact the pastor, Bro. Charles Taylor, 3014 Helm Ave., Clovis, CA 93612. Phone: (209) 348-9029.

—Sis. Gladys Foster

From  
Our  
Letter  
Files



OK—Dear Bro. Wayne and workers at the Print Shop: Greetings of love to each of you.

I have enjoyed the Sunday School books and the *Faith and Victory* paper. May God bless each of you.

I haven't been too well. I missed the Monark, MO, meeting where I usually see quite a few of the saints....

Your sister in Christ, —Theresa Gaines

OK—Dear ones at the Print Shop: Greetings to all of you in the dear name of Jesus. I thank the Lord for all that He is to me. Praise God!

I surely did enjoy the September special edition of the *Faith and Victory*. I remember when I had a route in Guthrie, back in the early 50's, I would stop by the Print Shop. I was in one of the Print Shop worship services, and when it came time to pray, no one prayed for a while. I finally prayed. (I guess the custom was to let the



visitors pray first.) At that time, Bro. Kenneth Flynn, Bro. William Weir, Sis. Lois (Whipple) Sharp and Sis. Geneva and Bro. Hyrum were there, as I remember.

Bro. Fred Pruitt would go to Okeene, OK, once a month. Bro. Waldo Eck's family, Bro. Edwin and Sis. Lillian, Bro. Paul and Sis. Christine Eck and I would go there to meeting too. Much, much more could be said but I will close for now.

I thank the Lord for blessing all you dear ones.

With love, ————— —John R. Sisk

WI—Dear Bro. Wayne: Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. We hope everything is going well for you.

My wish is that we could come once more to the meeting at Monark Springs, MO, but it will never happen. My husband can't drive after having a stroke, and I have pain in my joints. It is a long way to Monark. The Lord helps us and we thank Him day by day. Yes, the Lord is good to us. His love is great and I praise His holy name.

May God bless you and your helpers in your labor for Him.

Yours in Christ, —Rudy and Martha Schmidt

AL—Dear saints: I trust this will find you all well. The Lord is so good to us. He is always there when we need Him. This past year we have had some trials, but the Lord was right there to bring us through.

I fell and hurt my arm. It was not broken, but I had pulled the muscles in it. It took about twelve weeks for the complete use of my arm and hand to return. No matter what our need is, God is always faithful to hear our prayers. I love Him more and more.

Pray for all of us in our little congregation.  
Christian love, ————— —Betty Herron

Nigeria—Dear Bro. Murphey: I pray and wish you a beautiful and successful work tenure in the Lord's office. I have been praying for you and the rest in the Print Shop....

I am not discouraged in the service of the Lord. I have not seen anything yet to discourage me. Everything I see is encouraging, no matter how bad or good it may be. The Christian life suits me with all its storms and victories. I like to stay in the service of the Master.

I hope sincerely we shall all make it to

heaven because our Lord Jesus said it is the will of the Father to give us the Kingdom....

I have been to some few places in town for my own transactions and the Lord's. The Lord is helping me fine. I preach in buses and taxis, and the audience enjoys it. This evening we had prayer meeting and song practice.

We are planning to carry the gospel to Ogu, headquarters of Ogubolo local government area in Rivers State. Pray for the work. We have one brother, Israel Darrick, from there whom you have been in communication with, and whom you have been sending books, papers and tracts. He was able to locate us through the *Faith and Victory* paper. He is even today in our midst. He is fine in the Lord....

Yours for Christ,

————— —Bro. Chinedu Damen Uba

FL—I would like to give honor, thanks, praise and glory to God. I really don't know how to start this letter, but I must thank you for being such an inspiration in my life. Reading your literature has really made a difference in my life, and has opened my eyes to the reality of Christ. I wish that I was educated enough to express myself and show my appreciation, but I am limited for lack of education.

I would like to ask you all to pray along with me that I will keep the desire to learn, and will stay in God's will. I, too, would like to serve as one of God's lowest of the lowest servants, and yet remain enthusiastic about it all.

I am incarcerated, and I picked some of your books off of the library cart from my cell. When I arrived here I felt like I would be found dangling from a sheet, but your books gave me unspeakable comfort. Life has really been a struggle for me, to the point that I had to come here and be mistreated all over again, and view the pain that is within me, and separate myself from the pain of iniquity which I had. Through your books I have found understanding and wish to value life at its best through Christ.

Thank you all! ————— —Carla L. Boston

IN—Dear ones in Christ: As you remember, several months ago I wrote you to pray for me. My back and hip were hurting me so badly! Also I had difficulty breathing. My hip is well. I still have my breathing spells at times, but I thank the Lord for what He has done. I know God heard and answered prayer.

————— —Sis. Dessie Wilson

KS—Greetings: I am enjoying reading about the history of the Publishing House and the testimonies of former workers, etc. I will try to finish it at the next sitting. I am thankful that you, Bro. Wayne, and others have picked up the torch and are keeping the presses rolling and the Word of God circulating. May God bless all of your labors and reward you fully for your sacrifice. I will also be happy when the new building is finished and occupied.

Sincerely, —Sis. Shirley Knight  
— — — — —

MO—Just a note to let you know how much we appreciate your efforts and hard work on the 75th anniversary *Faith and Victory*. I couldn't put it down! I read through page 17 the first night after I received it, and finished it the next morning. It is so interesting and it really blessed me. May God bless you all.

Sincerely, —Sis. Naomi Campbell  
— — — — —

FL—Dear Bro. Murphey: Just a few lines with greetings. Thanks for all the nice notes written to me. The Lord is so good to me and worthy of all my praise. God bless you and the work that you are doing.

Sincerely in Christ, —Judith Klokner  
— — — — —

MO—Dear Bro. Wayne and workers: Greetings to you in the mighty name of Jesus, our precious Lord. I hope all is going well in the great work of God there at the Print Shop, and all the other places.

I am grateful for the Lord's blessings and kindness to me and my wife in the time of affliction that we have passed through. It has been almost six weeks since I was stricken with a hard case of the shingles. They have been very painful and annoying at times, but God has been our stay, along with the prayers and goodness of the saints. Much kindness has been shown to us through phone calls, cards, food and prayers. We thank God for them all.

I still have some discomfort, but God has been inspiring and encouraging my faith by helping me to think upon His faithfulness.

As I sat out on the porch last night and watched an almost full moon rise, I began to meditate. I thought of the many scriptures that speak of God's faithfulness to us. It caused me to rejoice and praise God that I could have my case, and my whole life, in the hands of a faithful and loving God. He also inspired my soul with a

song of praise, number 53 in the *Evening Light* song book. Every verse is very good, but the one that inspired me most was the fourth verse. "When the clouds above us hover, And the hosts of hell are near, Shout his praises, hallelujah! Christ will make them disappear." I am glad that Christ has power over the clouds and over the devil. In due time the sun will shine again.

Your brother in Christ, —T. V. McMillian  
— — — — —

TX—Dearest Bro. Wayne and all the co-workers: Grace be unto you all, and peace be multiplied from God, the Father, and our beloved Savior, Jesus Christ. "I thank my God upon every remembrance of (all) you." Philippians 1:3. I am praying that the Lord will continue to bless all of you in your souls, minds and bodies. I am also praying that He will continue to bless the work for the furtherance of the gospel. The work might not seem important, but what is taking place in any gospel printing is more important than any big business. To be honest, it is more important than the stock market. Since being restored back unto the Lord and having the scales of unbelief removed from my eyes, I see very clearly that nothing else matters but the work of the Father.

Bro. Wayne, the Bible says to beware of the wiles of the devil, but I let my guard down and was tricked back into sin. Some of the people I knew back then who were saved were also tricked and they are still in sin. Let's pray earnestly for their souls that they not be like the rich man in Luke 16:19-31. Amen.

I would like to inform all of you of the prison work here in Bastrop, TX. Remember I informed you of how the chaplain was working against me? Well, I thank all of you for your prayers, because they have prevailed over the enemy. He once called me the devil and a troublemaker. He recently went on a training mission for about a week. When he arrived back at the chapel he had a different attitude. To my surprise he began to apologize to me. He said, "Brother, forgive me. You are not the devil. We need more men like you in here and out there."

When I arrived here on June 17, 1997, there were about thirty people who would sometimes come to church. Now, because of the tracts and the Holy Spirit, last night the chapel was full and some men were standing against the wall. There is yet a lot more work to be done in here, so continue to hold us up in prayer. We conduct Bible study every day except Sundays and



Mondays, from 6:00 p.m. until 7:35 or 7:45 p.m.

I have settled it in my heart never ever to bend or sin, if I live one more day or a hundred more years, by the grace of God. Amen.

Love always in Christ Jesus,

—Bro. Jackie Riley

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TN—Dear Bro. Murphey: Greetings and best wishes to you and yours. Thank the Lord for the good publishing work being done there, and the nice Publishing House on higher ground, above the flood area. May the printed truth continue to go forth to our needy world for as long as time lasts.

I love and appreciate the Bible truths of salvation; the *Faith and Victory* publication, the good tracts, letters, prayers and other means of encouragement from the Lord's Publishing House at Guthrie. Please keep up the good work as the Lord leads and directs in the Holy Bible way.

I miss my dear and precious wife who passed away in January of this year. She would have been 89 in March. (I was 89 in April.) She was so good and helpful with her kind words and beautiful smile. We had been married since 1934.

Christian love and prayers to all.

Sincerely, —Charles B. Williams

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FL—Dear Bro. and Sis. Wayne Murphey: I greet you in Jesus' name. I am thankful for the encouraging letters. My health is beginning to improve. I desire prayer that I will continue to improve in health.

I remain a sister in the Lord.

—Kathleen Williams

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LA—Dear ones: How I have been rejoicing! I could relate to the article, "The Trial Of Your Faith More Precious Than Gold," by Bro. Leslie Busbee, and also to Sis. Vesta-Nadine Severs' article, "Tokens From God," both in the July issue of the *Faith and Victory*. I had been going through a severe trial with some "riding over my head" as was mentioned in both articles, and had been going through "fire and water." But, thank the Lord, there was no desire to retaliate. I only desire to show love. This encouraged me! I had been falsely accused, but I was glad I could say, "Thank the Lord, it is not so!" It took a while of hurting, praying and demanding that Satan flee before I could get the victory over my feelings. Special encouragement came from a dear

friend who prayed for me over the telephone, asking the Lord to comfort me and reminding me, "He is living right inside of you!" During the sleepless nights the Lord gave me many comforting scriptures, like Hebrews 13:6, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Also, parts of precious songs would come like, "Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for everyone, And there's a cross for me." I realized this trial made me a partaker of Christ's sufferings, and I began to see joy coming out of my suffering! I feel I have learned lessons and am coming out into a wealthier place in Christ.

Thank the Lord for the two articles which were just *what* I needed just *when* I needed them!

I still desire prayer as I ask the Lord to lift me up and let me stand on higher ground.

—Audrey H. Carver

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IL—Dear Bro. Wayne and Sis. Mary: I greet you in the very lovely and dear name of Jesus. He is still a wonderful Savior! Oh, how He loves us.

I have been praising Him for protecting me when a semi-truck ran over my car with me in it and dragged me twelve feet. The driver heard the crunch of my car and stopped to see what it was. It all happened in a Hardee's parking lot. He was parked in eight to ten parking spaces and I came alongside him in the driveway. He said he didn't see my car, and all at once he turned to the right and caught my car under the trailer. They had to pull me out of the window on the driver's side. Because my Lord was with me, I never did get frightened. It all happened fast. My car was totaled. There are other blessings in this accident that I realized a week or two later. Oh, what a mighty God we serve. It is a joy to know and love such a great Lord.

I am thankful that God is blessing in Oklahoma as well as Rantoul, IL, and other places.

Love to all of you, —Sis. Ruby Blanchard

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England—Dear friends: It is a long time ago that I received some gospel tracts from you and would like now to ask for more.

I have been at death's door, and for two years wasn't able to be out of the house. Now the Lord has restored my life at eighty years of age, but my dear husband, worn and weary from taking care of me, went to be with the Lord almost a

year ago. A lady companion takes me out in a wheelchair and, praise the Lord, I am giving out tracts to everyone we pass, old and young...

Yours very sincerely, —Muriel Ard



### From Nigeria...

June 17, 1998—Dear Bro. Wayne Murphey: Greetings in the all-prevailing power of the Lord Jesus, the soon coming Lord and King of glory.

It is absolutely bad news, very sad news indeed, to learn of the passing away of Bro. Bob Sallee, a reliable hand at the Lord's Print Shop. Believe me that you were not as shocked as I was to learn of his passing. All at the Print Shop will feel his absence deeply. He has left a vacuum which will be difficult to fill for some time to come. Please, accept our heartfelt sympathy. May the good Lord comfort you all. I am glad that he died in active service. Let none weep any more, for we shall all meet at the feet of the Lord Jesus to part no more. We register herewith our message of condolence for transmission to his wife, children and his mother...

Faithfully yours in Him, —Titus U. E. Enu

July 15, 1998—Dear Bro. Murphey: Greetings to you and the entire Print Shop family in the worthy and most precious name of our loving Savior, Christ.

We have received the May 1998 issue of the *Faith and Victory* paper, and read the obituary notices that it contained with heaviness of heart. Nevertheless, we are still thankful to our heavenly Father for His sovereign will that has been done in respect of the loved ones who have recently passed away—particularly Bro. Bob Sallee, who has visited our continent of Africa, and whose pictures we have here in the 7th edition of the *God's Gracious Dealings* book. Our profound condolences, that can't be fully expressed herein, are extended to you all, our beloved ones in general, and to Bro. Bob Sallee's

family in particular. II Thessalonians 2:16 says that God has given us an eternal consolation through Jesus Christ. Therefore, all of you should please take heart.

For the increase of the government of the Prince of Peace, a native man of Bukuma, who loves the truth we've been propagating there, has freely offered his land for the building of a place to worship. The man has also provided some sticks with the hope that work will start on the proposed prayer house without delay. We are praying God to provide money and material for this urgent need, through His responsible children here and there....

Please intensify your prayers for the restoration of peace, particularly in Nigeria and the entire world in general. By God's grace we also are doing the same thing as we ought to. Thanks for your compliance and cooperation.

The grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, abide with all of you till we hear of you again. Amen.

Yours in the Christian faith,

—Bro. O. B. Alalibo

### From India...

August 12, 1998—Dear Bro. Wayne Murphey: Greetings to you and the dear saints in America in the precious name of Jesus Christ. "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great." Acts 26:22. I thank God for the wonderful dealings of God with His children everywhere.

I am glad to know that God blessed the Monark Springs, MO, camp meeting this year, and that many sought for spiritual help. May God bless the rest of the camp meetings also.

Last weekend I was at Kothamangalam for two days of special meetings. Two people got saved and were baptized. All our congregations are moving on fine. August 15 is our Independence Day and we decided to conduct special prayer meetings on that day in each congregation for the freedom of the gospel in India. In different states in India there is not freedom to preach and spread the gospel. On the first week of September we arranged camp meetings for the young people in Kerala state. We need your prayers. Our prayers are for you.

Yours in Him,

—John Varghese

### Honduras Report

September 9, 1998—Dear saints: Once again we send greetings and sincere thanks to all of

you who have helped carry the burden of missionary work in Honduras. Bro. Louis Kimble and Bro. Jim and Sis. Anecia Wall recently returned from a short trip to the island of Roatan in Honduras. They went to Honduras on Aug. 21 and returned to the States on Aug. 28.

The burden and main purpose for this trip was to encourage and help the little congregation that worships in the chapel the saints built several years ago near Sis. Sanders' home. There are other areas that need missionary labors, but the burden the Lord gave for this trip was to help strengthen the congregation in Politily Bight.

Several saints met them at the airport on Roatan Friday evening. The evening was spent visiting with the saints who came by the missionary house, and unpacking and settling into the house that had not been occupied for several months. They found the saints encouraged in the Lord and with a deep desire to serve Him, and very happy to have visitors from the States.

Saturday was spent in Bible discussions with the brethren and looking into some of the problems faced by the congregation. One of the most pressing problems is transportation. The saints sent a rebuilt Ford van to Honduras six years ago. Earlier this year when the Samons family was there, Bro. John Clements went along to work on the van. He did some work but there were internal motor problems that he was not equipped to deal with. During our recent stay in Honduras the van was not usable at all. We had to travel by taxi or bus. That is both expensive and inconvenient. A large part of the congregation live in Punta Gorda, several miles away. The van had been used to bring and take them home from services in Politily. Bus fare is about 50 cents per person round trip to Politily. For a family with six or seven children, that is a lot of money when you consider the average wage is \$10.00 per day. The buses do not run in the evening. The alternatives are to take a taxi or hire a car, if you can find one. Both of those options are more expensive than the bus. For people to be in services consistently, we need a dependable vehicle in Honduras. We do not feel it would be wise to fix the present van, seeing it is old and rusted. We feel there is a need to replace it. If you have any ideas or would like to assist in this project, your input would be appreciated.

There is also a desire to pour concrete under the mission house and screen it in for more

sleeping space and for small group meetings, as well as under the chapel for Sunday School classes.

Every visit to Honduras encourages us to continue going there as often as possible. There is much interest and they need much teaching. Sometimes it appears our efforts to spread the truth are too small to have much effect on the bigger picture, but the big picture is God's responsibility; the little day-to-day individual efforts are our responsibilities. We want to be faithful in doing our little part.

Those who desire to assist with an offering for the Honduras Missionary effort can do so by sending it to: Church of God Missionary, P. O. Box 73835, Metairie, LA 70033, or to Bro. Toney Samons, Church of God at Green Bank, P. O. Box 157, Green Bank, WV 24944.

The Honduras Missionary Company appreciates all of the past support, and especially, your prayers.

Sincerely, for the company, —Bro. Louis Kimble, Bro. Toney Samons, Bro. Keith Fuller

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### **African Missionary Trip Report**

I want to give a heartfelt thank-you to each one who carried a burden for me and the work in Africa while I was gone to Ghana and Malawi this last month. It was your prayers and support—ultimately God—that made the trip not only possible, but spiritually profitable as well.

I spent two weeks in Akumadan, Ghana. Most of the people speak their native language of Twi (Chwee). This is where Sis. Dorothy Keizer labored for three years. After Sis. Dorothy passed away, the work suffered greatly. In the last two years there has been an effort on the part of a few native brethren to revive the work. They are beginning to reach out with the Word, and God is blessing their labors.

Much of my time was spent having Bible study with them, in teaching basic Bible doctrine, and answering questions which they had. They are very hungry and receptive to the truth. There is a great need for much teaching. We need to pray that God will continue to open up their spiritual understanding to the Word of God.

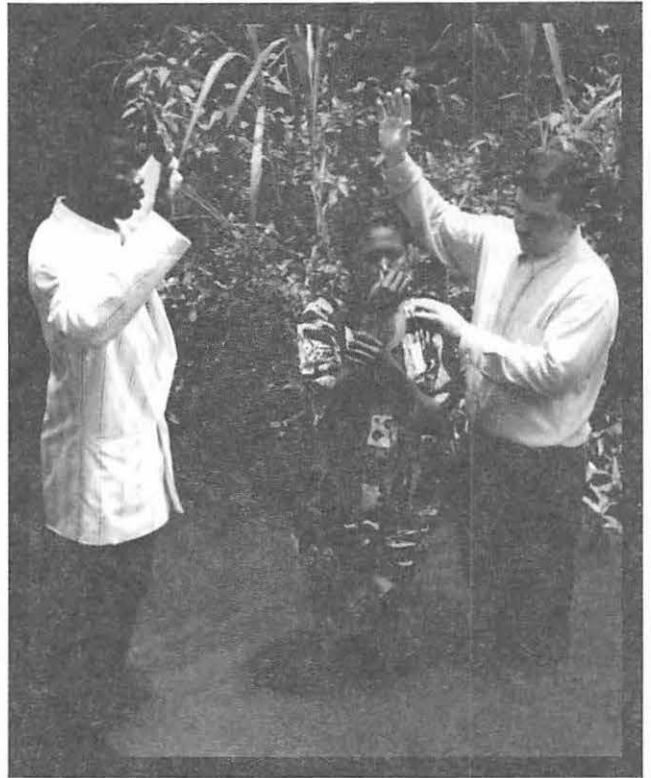
One evening we had an outreach service, with 200-300 townspeople there to hear the Word. There were a few souls saved that night. Following one Sunday morning service we went to the river and baptized 23 individuals.

God blessed in the visit, and it was an encouragement and spiritual blessing to the congregation there. They desire greatly, and are praying, that God will send someone to live with them for an extended period of time to help them become established in the truth. Let us continue to pray that God will bless them temporally and, most of all, spiritually.

I also spent some time in Malawi with Bro. Failos. The days that I was there were spent in intensive Bible study. We had three to four sessions a day covering subjects such as sin, salvation, sanctification, the Church, the Kingdom of God, the ordinances, etc. After my departure there is going to be a ministers' meeting where Bro. Failos teaches them what he was taught. We need to pray that God blesses in this meeting, that they understand and experience the fullness of the plan of God.

God provided the means so that I was able to take 150 Bibles to the Church in Malawi in their native language of Chichewa, as well as some Sunday School material. I also delivered over 40,000 Chichewa tracts.

The work is great, not only in Ghana and Malawi, but the world over. May God help us each one to carry the burden and fill the place in the body that He would have us to fill. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." Matthew 9:38.



**Bro. Michael Smith baptizing  
in a shallow creek in Ghana**

I thank you all once again for your prayers. They were not in vain. I personally received many spiritual blessings on the trip.

With much love and appreciation,

—Bro. Michael Smith



**Children and young people in Malawi**



**Mary E. Vice**, age 83, formerly of Camden Road, Eaton, OH, died Sunday evening, August 16, 1998, at Hawthorn Glenn Nursing Home in Middletown, OH, after an extended illness. Born on September 14, 1914, in Middletown, OH, she was the daughter of William D. and Josephine (Chester) Medley.

She moved to Gasper Township, Preble County, in 1948.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Harley E. Vice, in June, 1992; two brothers, Woodrow Wilson Medley and John William Medley; one sister, Virginia Rogers; and one granddaughter, Edith Kay Flynn.

She is survived by three sons, Gerald Vice of Houston, MS, Harley David Vice of Eaton, OH, and Michael Ray Vice of Hamilton, OH; three daughters, Velma June Flynn of Loranger, LA, Wilma Jean Crouse of Somerville, OH, and Wanda Sue Pheanis of Eaton, OH; one sister, Bonni Rose Redd of Middletown, OH; 18 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

Sis. Mary was a wonderful example for the Lord in her suffering. Her patience and kindness were a blessing to behold. She truly loved the Lord and was witnessing that from her soul, even unto the end.

Funeral services were conducted by Bro. Larry Abbott. Burial was in Mound Hill Union Cemetery, Eaton, OH.

**Flora Marella Arnold** was born October 27, 1911, to Nova Lee and Ethel Husted Chrisman at Beaver, OK. She passed from this life on June 17, 1998, at the age of 86 years, 7 months and 21 days. She attended Enid, OK, schools.

She was united in marriage with Sylvester Arnold on May 16, 1932, in Enid, OK, where they made their home. During World War II she

worked as a welder in the Kaiser Shipyards in Richmond, CA. Upon their return to Enid, OK, in 1944, she assumed her role and responsibilities as housewife and mother. She worked diligently in her household duties with her family. Along with cooking and canning, she was an avid gardener and an accomplished seamstress.

Marella sought the Lord for salvation and gave her heart to Him in 1963, and endeavored to live for Him thereafter. She was a member of the Church of God and was faithful to attend services as long as she was able.

She and her husband, Sylvester, loved to travel, and after he retired in 1973 they traveled extensively. Her life was marked with diligence, hard work, organization, industriousness and loving service to her family and others.

She is survived by her husband, Sylvester Arnold, of the home; two daughters, Norma and Cole Johnson of Marlow, OK, and Shirley and Dale Burk of Oklahoma City, OK; two sons, Sam and Vera Arnold of Branson, MO, and Lester and Mary Jo Arnold of Enid, OK; one sister, Zula Pellow of Enid, OK; four brothers, Sam Chrisman of Enid, OK, Dee Chrisman of Enid, OK, L. D. Chrisman of Nowata, OK, and Bill Chrisman of Lawrence, KS; nine grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren and a host of other relatives and friends. She was preceded in death by her parents, five sisters and three brothers.

Services were conducted at Enid, OK, by Bro. Leslie Busbee. Burial was in the Memorial Park Cemetery of Enid, OK.

**Ellen Joyce (Ormond) Campbell** was born in Cabasa, a village outside of Nordheim, TX, to Oscar Joseph and Ella Louise (Eidner) Ormond on February 17, 1933. She went to be with the Lord July 21, 1998.

She moved to Sabine County, TX, in 1962. She was a loving wife, mother and friend. Her life centered around the things of God and her salvation.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Oscar and Ella Ormond; her husband, James R. Campbell, Sr. and one sister, Bertha Pearce.

Survivors include four sons and daughters-in-law, Bobby J. and Faye Schultz of Hemphill, TX, James R. and Pam Campbell, Jr. of Hemphill, TX, Teddy L. and Caroline Campbell of Hemphill, TX and Clarence G. and Mary Beth Campbell of Pineland, TX; three daughters, Mary Ellen Campbell of Lufkin, TX, Shirley F. Davis of

Hemphill, TX, and LaDonna Willis of Hemphill, TX; two brothers, Charles Ormond of Hilltop Lakes, TX, and Edward Ormond of Houston, TX; one sister, Lillian Ann Pearce of Hemphill, TX; ten grandchildren, four great-grandchildren and other relatives and friends.

Funeral services were officiated by Bro. Jack Whitehead, with interment being in the Springhill, TX, cemetery.

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**Irma Lee (Kinchen) Butler** went to be with the Lord, July 25, 1998. She passed away peacefully in the presence of her family. Irma was a person of strong faith in God and held strongly to that faith to the end. She was blessed with a good life and a loving family and leaves many precious memories.

Irma was born April 28, 1932, the youngest of four children, to Richard Preston and Lenora McCullen Kinchen. She was raised in and around, and graduated from high school, at Hammond, LA. She married Donald Butler in 1956 and moved to Oklahoma. Don and Irma moved to Bethel Acres, OK, in 1968. They became acquainted with the saints in the Shawnee, OK, Church of God, and enjoyed the sweet fellowship of God's people.

She was preceded in death by her brother, Nolan Kinchen, and her parents.

Left to cherish fond memories of her are her husband, Don; four children and their spouses, Curt and Debbie Avant, Cheryl and Roger Rowsey, Keith and Deb Butler, Brett and Melissa Butler; two sisters, Mrs. Billy Domin, Mrs. Alfred Young; one sister-in-law, Mrs. Nolan Kinchen; eight grandchildren and many friends and saints.

Funeral services were held in the Resthaven Funeral Home Chapel in Shawnee, OK, officiated by Bros. Michael Smith, Wayne Murphey and Curtis Williams, Jr. Burial was in the Resthaven Memorial Park in Shawnee, OK.

Our mom was a gracious mom.

Webster says to be gracious is to be godly.

To be gracious is to be marked by kindness, courtesy, tact and delicacy.

To be gracious is characterized by charm, good taste and generosity of spirit.

Gracious is further described as merciful and compassionate.

Our mom, by God's grace, and by her faith and obedience to Him, was certainly all of these things to us and to others.

And we are thankful to our mom for the graciousness that she showed us throughout her life, and the example of graciousness she has left for us to follow. We love you, Mom!

—Your children

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**Grace Mattie (Alexander) Green** was born January 9, 1936, in Waterview, KY. She entered into eternal rest Sunday, August 9, 1998, after a brief illness.

She was self-employed as a domestic worker. She was a devoted member of the Church of God in Sandusky, OH.

She was preceded in death by one child in infancy; her parents, Sylvester and Ida Mae (Tobin) Alexander, and one brother, Harold Tobin Alexander.

Grace leaves to cherish her memory, her husband of 42 years, Walter; her stepmother, Margaret (Peggy) Alexander of Sandusky, OH; four daughters, Carolyn Green, Coffy Steen, Mrs. Robert (Jackie) Moore and Sheronda Green, all of Sandusky, OH; two sons, Walter Green, Jr. of New Kensington, PA, and Chad Green of Sandusky, OH; 18 grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; four sisters, Patty Burchett, Elna Paden, Yvonne Turner and Barbara Caffey, all of Sandusky, OH; four brothers, Frank Alexander, Melvin Alexander, Donnie Alexander and Corey Alexander, all of Sandusky, OH; several nieces, nephews, saints and friends.

Funeral services were conducted by Bro. James Bruner and assisted by Bro. Keith Fuller and Bro. Adolph Robinson.

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**Evelyn Ruby Wittenborn Linch Wilson** was born in Porterville, CA, on August 27, 1916 to August and Edith Wittenborn, and went to be with the Lord on August 15, 1998, in Stark City, MO, at the age of 81 years, 11 months and 10 days.

She was united in marriage to Eldie Linch on March 31, 1934. They made their home in Santa Monica, CA. To this union three children were born, Kenneth Russell, Betty Jean and James William. Eldie passed away on February 2, 1966.

On June 3, 1967, Evelyn was united in marriage to Ostis B. Wilson, Jr. Together they managed the Sunset Guest Home, a Church of God senior citizen home in Pacoima, CA. In 1971 they moved to Albany, OR, where they pastored the Church of God congregation in Jefferson for 17 years. In December of 1988 they



moved to an apartment at the Golden Rule Home in Shawnee, OK. Evelyn lived there until February 1998, when she moved to Stark City, MO, to be cared for by her grandchildren.

Evelyn got saved in 1948 and left this world with a clear title to a home in heaven. She was well known for her hospitality, generosity, home-made bread and Christmas candy and for the many handmade quilts she made for her family.

She was preceded in death by her husbands, Eldie and Ostis; her parents, August and Edith Wittenborn; two sisters, Ethel Scott and Delilah Wittenborn; one brother, El Wittenborn; and one son, Kenneth Russell Linch.

She leaves to cherish her memory three brothers, Byron and wife, Alberta, of Payson, AZ, Chet and wife, Peggy, of San Diego, CA, Mel and wife, Phil, of Merced, CA; one sister, Alberta Wyckoff of Turlock, CA; a special brother-in-law, Clifford Wilson of Houston, Texas; one daughter, Betty Garges and husband, Ray, of Alta Loma, CA; one son, Jim Linch and wife, Geraldine, of Monroe, OR; one daughter-in-law,

Vicki Thomas, of Los Altos Hills, CA; one stepson, Weldon Wilson and wife, Carole, of Sherman Oaks, CA; one stepdaughter, Wilda Meyers and husband, Carl, of Whittier, CA; eleven grandchildren, Lauralie Valdez of Moorpark, CA, Wade Linch of Newhall, CA, Craig Linch of Malibu, CA, Lisa Suydam and husband, Gary, of Parker, CO, David Garges and wife, Kathy, and Kenny Garges of Yuciapa, CA, Karla Campbell and husband, Arlan, Duane Linch and wife, Melissa, and Randy Linch, all of Stark City, MO, Janette and Sara Linch of Monroe, OR; 19 great-grandchildren, five step-grandchildren, six step-great-grandchildren and a host of family and friends.

### Thank You

We would like to express our appreciation and thanks to everyone. Each show of love and sympathy was so meaningful to all of us in our time of bereavement. The many cards and offerings of love were very much appreciated. Nothing compares to the family of God in time of need, and we thank God for each one.

## THE WORKERS

### of Faith Publishing House. . .

The following are letters which have been submitted by those who have had a part in laboring at the Print Shop over the years, and which we didn't have space to print in last month's edition.

#### Randall Flynn

The year 1972 stands out quite vividly in my mind, for this is the year that we made our move to Guthrie. I had no idea at the beginning of that year that before the year had ended we would be living in Guthrie, OK! I had a good job with opportunity for advancement and had no thought of doing anything else. During the year, however, there was something that got my attention.

After Bro. Clifford and Sis. Dorothy Wilson's departure from the work at the Print Shop, quite often Bro. Lawrence Pruitt would make mention in his editorials of the vacancy to be filled. I had some experience in printing, but it had been six years since I had left the printing trade. I thought that surely there was someone else who would answer the call. As time went on it seemed Bro. Lawrence's request for help was becoming more urgent. Finally, I felt that the Lord wanted me to answer that call. I discussed my feeling with my wife, and she encouraged me

to write to Bro. Pruitt if I felt that that was what the Lord wanted me to do. After I mailed my letter to Bro. Pruitt, I really was in question if I had done the right thing. At the time we had five small children, and I knew that this was not something to be taken lightly. I was really troubled about this and was looking to the Lord for a clear answer.

Before receiving an answer to my letter, I had gone home one day on my lunch hour. I lay down for a short nap and had drifted into a light sleep. All at once it seemed that a voice spoke so clearly, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" Matthew 6:25. I was awakened immediately and knew that was my answer. I read the rest of the chapter and knew that this was an answer directly from the Lord. I never worried any more, and in two or three more days I received a letter

from Bro. Lawrence, rejoicing for the burden that the Lord had laid on my heart. Within a reasonable period of time we were able to sell our property, and near the middle of December we made our move.

There never was a time in the years we were there that I felt we had made a mistake. The Lord provided for our every need, both temporally and spiritually. During that period of time (1972-1984) we made many acquaintances. When we made our move back to Louisiana we felt that a part of us was being left behind. We have many fond memories of our work there, and are thankful to see that the work is still being carried on.

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**Rebecca (Sorrell) Shaffer**

It doesn't look as if we'll still be in Oklahoma City when the workers' reunion comes up, but we trust you all have a wonderful day and lots of memories! We had some good days while working there; fought some battles, won some victories and had some experiences. It was all good for us! I have always appreciated what Bro. Lawrence and Sis. Maybelle did for us. I never knew Sis. Marie very well, as she was already quite ill by the time I came, and then the next summer she passed. Most of my memories revolve around the Pruitts, Sandra, Grace, Randall, Bob and Wayne, along with those that proofread and helped out on *Faith and Victory* mailing day. I can remember Sis. Irma bringing over "bubble bread" to munch on while we put labels on the papers. Of course there was the kitchen help—first it was Linda Craddock, then June Flynn and then Maude Hornbeck filled in as needed.

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**Jeanne (Busbee) Eck**

When my mother told me that she was writing of her experiences as a former employee of Faith Publishing House, my mind began to go back, and I hope you won't mind if I share a few of my thoughts.

I could never say that I was "employed" at the Print Shop. I lived within walking distance of it for about 12 years, probably the most formative years of my life. Sweet and many were the times when, braids streaming behind me, I would come flying around the corner on my bike and screech to a stop outside the Print Shop door.

I can still hear the rattle of the knob, and the

sound of the door opening. The concrete floor felt cool to my bare feet, and wonderful smells of ink and developing fluid tickled my nose. Sometimes the chinking of the linotype met my ears, and Bro. Lawrence would greet me pleasantly when I poked my head around it. I had to be careful not to get little chips of metal in my feet, but it was fun to stand there and read the type as it slid down the chute into place.

Other times Sis. Geneva Ray was sitting at the folder, flipping those big sheets of paper, which I loved to watch go through the machine, marveling all the time how it could come out the other end all put together!! She always had a smile for me, but her eyes never left the job she did so well.

Pushing through the swinging doors, I would find myself in the mailroom. Sometimes, if it was paper-time, the tables would be surrounded by busy workers. They always had a job for me!

Sometimes I got to help wrap packages. It was *great fun* to go up the stairs for more books or tracts, find the right ones, place them on the dumb-waiter, and send it down! If there were no packages to do, I loved to read tracts. Precious truth found its way into my young heart.

In the next room, I would stand behind Sis. Maybelle's back watching the stencil machine put addresses on the papers. Sis. Maybelle often shared her pumpkin seeds with me, a treat I still enjoy with fond memory.

The phone would ring. Sis. Marie's voice would answer cheerily, "Faith Publishing House!" Her desk was always so neat! Here was a sweet woman I respected greatly, for I knew that her life had not been one of all smooth roads. Yet she bore the fruit of one who spent time with the Master. My girl heart thought it was really something that she was the one who performed my Mama and Daddy's wedding ceremony! I was also named after her.

The back of the Print Shop held many more wonders, but I will not go into detail. The sights, sounds and smells are forever printed upon the pages of my memory.

There were times when a call came, and we would all kneel together and pray for the present need. To me this was nothing extraordinary, for I did this in my home, too. In fact, these people and their occupations were not strange. I knew and loved them for who they were, and because I felt they loved me.

The names I have mentioned are not the only

ones who did a lot to make a little girl feel special. As I became their little shadow, perhaps underfoot inconveniently at times, they unconsciously portrayed to me that life was good and happy when one served the Lord.

Now I look back and realize these things. I went through a time when I thought I wanted to go the other way, but I never felt I belonged. What I really wanted was to be a part of God's beautiful family, not just because I was naturally born into it, but by a spiritual birth!

Precious memories! Precious people! Precious Truth!

I have made my vow to the Lord, as did this great cloud of witnesses, *to serve Him all the days of my life*. It won't always be easy. I know that. I watched Bro. Lawrence pass the torch in a most painful way.... But I know where he is today!! And I want to go there!!

I praise God for my happy childhood and realize that it is to be treasured. I thank God for His beautiful plan for my life.

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**Charlotte Huskey**

I will be forever grateful to Sis. Marie Miles, who encouraged me to write and also gave me my first assignment, which was to write stories illustrating the fruits of the Spirit based on Galatians 5. After much prayer, I decided that my mother's life had truly demonstrated fruits of the Holy Spirit, so I wrote "Mabel's Triumphs." That really increased my appetite for writing, which I had desired to do since childhood, but never felt I could.

During those years when I was writing at home and cooking at the Print Shop, our daughter, Rosi, showed me an itchy rash on her body. The next morning the rash had covered most of her body except her face, hands and feet. She wasn't sick and didn't want to miss school, so I called the school and told them perhaps the school nurse should look at it.

About ten o'clock, Rosi called me at the Print Shop. "The nurse says I can't stay. I'll have to get a doctor's permission to attend classes." I picked up Rosi and took her directly to a doctor who diagnosed the rash to be a type of ringworms. She could attend school as long as the ringworms were covered. I could handle that—high necklines, long sleeves, leotards—her usual dress style. But the thought of ringworms made a fear come over me which brought tears. I left the office crying. "Don't cry," Rosi said, "I'll be all right. I'm not sick."

Two years before this, while living in La Mission, a coastal settlement in Baja, California, Mexico, our family had had a bout with ringworms. They started on Leah, our youngest, from playing with a stray kitten, and spread to every one of our five children. The condition lasted for about four months. I tried dozens of supposed remedies: Lysol, Clorox, bathing in the salty Pacific, sunbathing and many more. The ringworms kept growing and spreading. Some of the children lost perfectly round patches of hair. As a last resort, I shaved one of our son's head and bathed it in undiluted disinfectant. The next morning I saw huge water blisters on his head. I felt like a "Hitler." I patted his cheek and hugged him. "I'm so sorry. I promise to try nothingmore," I sobbed, "that is, except prayer." In a few days the blisters had healed and the ringworms had dried up.

Those past experiences hung like a dark cloud in my mind as I drove straight to the Print Shop. I could feel myself trembling and my voice was a little shaky as I asked the workers to anoint and pray for Rosi. The following morning Rosi came dashing out of her bedroom shouting, "Look, Mom, the ringworms are gone!"

This is just one of the blessings I experienced at the Print Shop. The most thrilling one is writing Bible lessons for children. It is a dream come true! I had never had the time to study the Bible as I really wanted, but in 1985, when I started doing the *Beautiful Way* lessons there at the Print Shop, I got away from home duties and could study the Bible for seven hours a day. How thrilled I was! Some nights I would lie awake thinking of my life's dream finally being fulfilled. Thank you all for extending this privilege to me.

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**Mary (Sprague) Murphey**

"Men who are the longest remembered, and whose memories are most highly revered, are not those who make the most money, but those whose hearts were gentle,...whose sympathies were broad, and who best served humanity."

In my estimation, one such gentle man was Willie C. Murphey, editor of the *Mission Trail*. I think I am here at the Print Shop today largely because of the influence of his love for the Lord and the special way he had of showing an interest in others. Bro. Willie was gifted with the ability to make a person feel special and cared for. After my father died in 1971, that caring meant a lot to me as a teenager.

Mother and I lived in southern Illinois at the time of my father's death, and because of the friendship and fellowship developed through correspondence with Bro. Willie and Sis. Frances Murphey and Sis. Marie Miles, Mother developed an interest in moving where we could attend worship services regularly, associate with our friends, and help at the Print Shop.

So, in my senior year we made the move, and it changed the course of our lives.

It led to another gentle man—my husband, Wayne Murphey, who also has a passionate love for the Lord and for others, and who demonstrates it day by day.

Some people view gentleness and tolerance toward others as a weakness, but I find it a pleasing trait that always attracts me to Christ.

We want our ministry here at Faith Publishing House to characterize the spirit of Christ. We want it to be a ministry of grace that will draw people to the Lord and to the fellowship of His people, just as it did for my mother and myself.

Always lingering in the back of my mind is the realization that someday, we too will be a mere memory in the minds of others, and that our time working here for the Lord is limited, just as it was for those who preceded us. My hope is that when we are gone a gentle influence and the effect of goodness will linger on.

I like what one poet expressed when she wrote,

"True worth is in being—not seeming,

In doing, each day that goes by,

Some little good—not in dreaming

Of great things to do by and by,

For whatever men say in their blindness

And spite of the fancies of youth,

*There's nothing so kingly as kindness*

*And nothing so royal as truth."*

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**Bob Wilson**

I have many enjoyable memories of working at the Print Shop and of its people. Those years have added something to my life that will not be erased.

I remember the time I was by the big cutter, and just outside I could hear Sis. Maude complaining to Sis. Maybelle and someone else that somebody had hoed up some of her plants. My heart sank. I thought I had done a good job of raking and hoeing out the weeds. I went out and confessed guilt to the ruthless act, and she said it wasn't that important.

The dinners that Sis. Maude prepared and sitting around the dinner table together hold special memories—those nice enchilada dinners on Friday with a cold soda, and we could nearly always have seconds! I sat between Bro. Wayne and Bro. Bob. Sis. Maude sat at the end, Sis. Maybelle, Sis. Bunnie and Sis. Wanda sat on the other side.

It was around that table, in front of everyone, that Sis. Maybelle told me that I had just become a man (on my 21st birthday), which means I actually married before I became a man. I could tell by the smile on her face and the gleam in her eye that she wasn't looking for a debate. Often Sis. Maybelle would walk by while I was working in the back, turn an extra light on, and say, "Better throw a little more light on the subject." She was a very special person to me and I enjoyed being around her so much. She also gave me special encouragement after hearing that I had preached a message for the first time.

Bro. Bob became a special friend in helping me assemble books in the back. I enjoyed the many talks we had. I also especially enjoyed the trip with Bro. Bob to San Antonio to get the song books bound. Bro. Bob probably got tired of hearing those swinging doors squeak when I would come up and ask for help on fixing a press or folder. Building the new bookstore at Monark was also a memorable event.

Well, I don't want to tire you with a long letter, but I do feel blessed in these memories. The Faith Publishing House has had a long history and I am thankful to have been allowed to be a small part of it.

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**Roberta (Melot) Wilson**

There are many things I would like to express, and find it hard to be able to put into words what my heart feels. The foundation of my life's work began in 1963 at 924 W. Mansur. Sis. Marie Miles asked me if I had a burden to come, which I did. I was Bro. Lawrence's and her personal secretary for all of their correspondence. I loved it! I am forever grateful to God for this opportunity to be a part of the Print Shop family.

My co-workers were Sharon Watkins and Cliff Smith. We shared many happy times in all occasions of the work. The older workers were Sis. Marie, Sis. Dorothy and Bro. Clifford Wilson, Bro. Lawrence and Sis. Meek. Sis. Maybelle would fill in when they were gone, which we

loved, for she let us do whatever we wanted.

I soon learned that my duties were not limited to shorthand and typing, but included proofreading (with low tolerance for errors), cleaning the bathrooms, and general cleaning of the offices, which included waxing in the evening. I well remember Sis. Meek's lemon cheesecakes and cherry pies. I also trembled a little each morning when Bro. Lawrence walked in, stern-appearing, and spoke "Hello."

On the "big" day, as we called it, the printing, wrapping and mailing day of the *Faith and Victory*, all other duties stopped and we joined in a congenial group around the table to send out the printed page. We spent a fun-filled, very busy day until all was delivered to the post office. Bro. Lawrence was very strict on meeting deadlines, and many a night we would see his office light burning after all others were gone. Also, Dad Wilson spent many nights building things to improve the office. His creative work was everywhere and we all loved it.

I could write so much more. I owe my spiritual beginning, in part, to Sis. Marie. I loved her dearly and have tried to pass on what she taught me about working with young people. Sharon, Ed (who worked there a few months), Cliff and I formed a quartet and sang together for different occasions. My heart overflows still to remember those priceless, "same-old," repetitious, yet "blessed with God's presence," days. Sometimes it would seem like just another job—ordinary work—yet other times, we knew it was not just a job, but getting the gospel out to a lost world. My memories are special.

P.S.—I can't let the most important event of all be left out. I married Dorothy and Clifford Wilson's son, Ed, and we have spent 32 adventuresome, exciting years in the ministry. What wonderful blessings come when we consecrate all to God.

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### **Genevieve (Capps) Carver**

Time was approaching the latter end of the summer of 1944 when I arrived at the home of Bro. and Sis. Fred Pruitt, to help with anything I could do in their efforts to print the Word of the Lord. I had graduated from Owasso, Oklahoma, High School that spring, and during the grand and solemn moments of graduation night and the farewell address at Baccalaureate all the talk and speeches were of how we seniors were at this moment beginning a new life out in the wide world, a world to be challenged and cap-

tured, a world in which it was our time to go out and become successful and even famous leaders. I think we were all emotionally stirred and our young hearts were beating high as we thought of launching ourselves out from our homes.

I was restless, agitated, as well as inspired, to leave my father and mother immediately in order to start this new life. Time was wasting every day, until I could get away and get on with it. I was a sincere Christian and had long before made a commitment to go with God for all my life.

At the Hammond camp meeting I met a totally dedicated young Christian, Dorothy (Byers) Wilson, who had been working at the Faith Publishing House. She told me she was leaving the work to go to be reunited with her husband, Clifford Wilson, to live in Iowa. He was being released from the government service for the World War II effort, and now they could be together again.

Dorothy encouraged me to go to fill the vacancy she was leaving. She wanted me to meet the editor, Bro. Fred Pruitt, and have a talk with him. I did follow after her to be introduced to him, even though I was scared and nervous, thinking this editor and owner of a printing company would be evaluating me by what I said and how I said it, and would think I was not qualified.

Bro. Pruitt made neither a commitment nor a sign that there was hope he would want to have me come to work, so that I had no encouragement to believe I even might be accepted. I was disappointed.

After the closure of the Hammond meeting I went home to my parents. My mother always attended the National camp meeting of the Church of God in Missouri ever since she had met the saints. She was healed of cancer even though she had been given up to die by the doctor. This was in Collinsville, Oklahoma, when I was seven years old. The saints had prayed for her. She and I went on to that camp meeting as usual, and within a very few days after returning home I received a letter from Bro. Pruitt, asking me to come help in his work for the Lord in printing. I was thrilled and packed my clothes at once and got on the road to Guthrie.

I soon found myself environed in a warm and welcoming atmosphere of the home and workshop of Bro. and Sis. Pruitt. I recognized right off

that I was in my niche—a place where I felt God's very presence. I think I experienced some of the very feelings the ancient Jews of Israel felt when they were able physically to walk on the streets of their Capitol city of Jerusalem. This was where God had chosen to put His name and where He dwelt.

The two years of my life that I gave to God's work and to the Pruitt family in their endeavors for God and the Church have blessed me beyond what I can express. The two years remain sacred to me and I can only thank God that He made a place for me with the other workers who have served there.

My jobs at the Lord's Print Shop were varied. I ran almost every machine but the stapler, but mainly the Intertype and Linotype. I have memories and "scars in my body" from getting my hand caught in the machine and my fingers run through the cogs on a job press. I told Bro. Pruitt those were scars I received in my work for the Lord and I was proud of them. We laughed together.

Thanks be unto God that there really was a man who loved his Lord so much that he sold out all earthly possessions, and thank God for the faithful wife who agreed with him and stayed by him in a decision to publish the Word of the Lord. And I thank God they gave me some time and a place with them for a while. It was blessed and wonderful to me.

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**Bonnie (Matthews) Riley**

It was the spring of 1972 when the Lord led me to resign from the California public school system and consecrate for His work. I didn't know exactly what He would have me do, but a position as typist and mail clerk was soon offered at the Faith Publishing House, and the Lord impressed me to answer the offer. I was accepted! Bro. Lawrence Pruitt was editor at the time.

At the age of 28 I was going to another state, another job and ministry, another congregation and another family—the Print Shop family. I would be living away from my familiar home and surroundings for the first time. When I settled into the little house beside the Print Shop, an attack of homesickness set in on me which I will never forget! Until that time I thought homesickness was a figure of speech, but I found out it was real. The Lord's comforting Word ministered to me with a scripture which He had blessed to my heart in other times! "The Lord

will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever: forsake not the works of thine own hands." Psalm 138:8. This produced an assurance that the same Lord who was with me at home would be with me at the Print Shop, and would continue His perfecting in my life, and would not forsake me, the work of His hands.

I remember the Print Shop family and the Guthrie congregation warmly accepted me, the only black sister. Bro. Lawrence, Sis. Maybelle, Sis. Marie Miles, Bro. Gene and Sis. Dora Lela Beisly, Bro. Randall Flynn and family, Sis. Joan McIntosh, Sis. Carol Harmon, Sis. Geneva Ray, Bro. Leslie Busbee and family and later Bro. Mark Spinks, were among those who worked when I was at the Print Shop. I remember Sis. Lottie Porter, who took me as her "adopted" granddaughter. As we shared the things of the Lord, she was a blessing to me many times.

My duties at the Print Shop were to help get the orders for literature filled and mailed each morning, to help cook the noonday meal, and to proofread. I also helped write articles for the *Beautiful Way*, typed on the old Justewriter and translated into English some of the Spanish correspondence from the Mexico brethren. I also helped assist the many saints and visitors who came to the Print Shop for literature and visiting.

When I moved into a little upstairs apartment above Sis. Leona Green's house, Bro. Lawrence and Sis. Maybelle flew to California to visit relatives and drive back my little car so that I would have transportation. They were precious saints. I then would travel to various congregations around to be in camp meetings and services. It was at the Goulds, Florida, camp meeting of April 1973 that I met my husband, Jackie Riley. We were later married at Guthrie, and I then moved from the Print Shop to live in Florida. My time there was a time of very rewarding service in the work of the Lord.

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**Hyrum Ray**

I have fond memories of my days in the Print Shop. I had been saved a short time when Bro. Pruitt asked me to come there to work. The paper and tracts had blessed my soul many times. I felt it a great opportunity to do something for the Lord and get the gospel out to souls. As it is with anything else we do, there is work involved. To work means to toil. To work with machinery can be very trying at times, but



the good blessings exceed all the problems.

One of the greatest blessings in my memory is that each day, after the mail had been read, if there were prayer requests (which most days there were), the workers were all called together for an agreement of prayer. The requests were read and we knelt in prayer. I have witnessed many answers there, often instant. We could go back to our work much lifted in spirit.

We lived there on the grounds with Bro. Pruitt as a family, even after I was married. Bro. Pruitt loved his garden. I remember one year he had a rather large crop of potatoes. He had a little garden push plow which was hard work to use to cultivate them. He got a rope and tied it to the front of the plow. On the other end he tied a stick. Bro. Clifford Wilson and I would pull the plow, and Bro. Pruitt could plow pretty deep. It was a very humiliating task. Bro. Clifford and I were away working at a C.P.S. camp during the war, and when he came back he brought his garden tractor with him! There were many great experiences during my time there.

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**Grace (Lassché) McMillan**

I enjoyed my years at Faith Publishing House more than these few words will be able to say. I spent the last two and a half years of my single life at "The Shop," and so my time there was filled with some of the best memories of my life. I remember working with Bro. Lawrence and Sis. Maybelle Pruitt and how highly I respected them. I remember praying together. I remember eating dinner together at the big house next door. I remember the "Family of God" atmosphere that only participants can understand.

But more than that, I came from Canada, where we were isolated. As a young person, coming to Guthrie was almost like going to heaven. To be with other young people, to worship with the congregation, to be invited to the different homes and to be taken in like family—that was the love of God personified, to me.

I remember walking to the chapel on Wednesday evenings and drinking in the testimonies of the saints. Bro. Leslie and Sis. Sylvia Busbee were the pastors then, and I will always be grateful to them for warmly welcoming this homesick Canadian girl into their home.

I remember observing the Christian family on the other side of the Print Shop: the Bob

Sallee family. I remember praying with them, laughing with them and putting out the *Faith and Victory* paper with them. All the Sallee children would sit in a row, each by an adult, all eagerly participating in the distribution of the gospel of Christ.

I remember Bro. Wayne Murphey and I having interesting scriptural discussions, and looking forward to the next one.

And I have to say this, too: I have always enjoyed learning. I wanted to learn how every machine worked in the Print Shop. I wanted to learn how to fold the tracts and how to cut the paper; in short, how to run everything but the presses. The only problem was that it seemed that everything I tried to adjust, broke. Bros. Bob and Wayne were so patient as they set about fixing yet another of my clumsy attempts at productivity.

One day, after I was married and helping out on a fill-in basis, as I was typesetting on the Varityper, something went wrong yet again, and Bro. Wayne said, "Oh, that's okay. I remember there was one girl who broke everything she touched."

There was a dawning horror on his face as I said dryly, "Yeah. I know. That was me." And we proved yet again that God's grace is sufficient.

I enjoyed my years at the Print Shop so much. From that foundation, as I typeset and proofread the *Bible Lessons* and the *Faith and Victory*, the tracts and various books, the Bible doctrines became firmly embedded in my heart and soul. I saw the love of God in action, each member working at his or her respective duties, all combining in a united effort to publish the gospel.

The smaller Print Shop family is indicative of the larger Family of God in my mind. We worked together in unity. We all believed the same Bible doctrines. We were a help to each other. We combined our efforts for common cause. We prayed and sang and ate together. We worshiped together. I thank the Lord for the privilege of being a part of the Print Shop family and carry those memories dear to my heart.

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**Sylvia (Forbes) Busbee**

It was the springtime of 1956, and Sis. Marie Miles was visiting in California. She had always been very close to my parents, Bro. Erle and Sis. Vera Forbes, so while in our home she told me of the need of a worker at the Faith Publishing House, and asked me to pray about it. I don't

remember any particular call of the Lord, but I felt it was the right move, so I gave in my resignation at work. I also had to give up the little Sunday School class and tell the congregation good-bye. In tears we sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." Sis. Opal and Bro. Ostis had been dear Shepherds to guide me these five years since I'd been saved.

My parents were glad to know I would be working and living with Sis. Marie and Bro. Pruitt, but it was sad for me to leave them for I had taken them as dependents on my income tax and helped them out financially. My Daddy was 71 and showing age.

In July I took Sis. Georgia Morton (later Zinn) and two other people in my 1952 Mercury to Missouri. This was my second time to Monark Springs camp meeting, having gone the first time in 1947. And this (1956) was the year of the awful sickness and typhoid when young Sis. Shirley Allen died. Most of us were sick when we got home.

My new home was the west upstairs bedroom of the Print Shop house. It was very hot and I had one little oscillating fan. The one bathroom was downstairs off the dining room. With the sickness this was a great inconvenience. Sis. Marie and her husband, Carl, lived downstairs. Their son, Carl Jr., occupied the middle bedroom upstairs. He was around 15. Their other son, Vernon, was about 19 and shared a room with William Weir in the back of the Print Shop.

Sis. Marie introduced me to Viola Atnip as "the new worker from California." We soon became good friends. She and her mother shared the east bedroom upstairs.

Bro. Fred Pruitt and his new wife, "Mother Nettie," lived just east of the Print Shop. Many times we heard them having worship together, Bro. Pruitt having a difficult time getting the right tune to the hymn. We always smiled.

Bro. George Stephenson lived in the garage apartment in back. The sign over his door read: "I have left all the world to follow Jesus, and this is my little Heaven." He rode his bicycle around town. Sometimes he had to share it with Johnny Ray, who was about four or five. He and his parents, Bro. Hyrum and Sis. Geneva, lived up the block a few houses. Sis. Geneva ran the linotype and the folder for the *Faith and Victory*.

Bro. Lawrence and Sis. Maybelle lived over two blocks and up a few houses. Their son,

Byron, his wife Clarice and baby Genece, and their 17 year-old son, Harvey, also were part of this big family. Bro. Lawrence later took up the leadership, but at this time he only helped with maintenance, which was once in a while. He was still employed at the Co-Operative Printing Co. Bro. Edward Joe Cramer and also Sis. Lois (Whipple) Sharp worked there, too.

Sis. Leola White lived across the street from the Rays. She always helped on "Paper Day," folding by hand. Sometimes she helped Mother Nettie staple tracts.

Sis. Lillian Meek lived over on the next block. She always came on Paper Day, but sometimes she took Sis. Cassie's place as cook and housekeeper.

Usually we had dinner for all the workers at noon sharp. The table in the dining room held most of us. The water would be in the glasses and the pie or cake ready to serve. Sis. Cassie was an excellent cook. We girls always did the dishes. It was a pleasant hour for all of us.

Many were the days when saints from afar would drop in, knowing they were welcome to a good wholesome dinner. About this time we usually had another "visitor" at the table, a young man recently saved, Bro. Leslie Busbee. He was usually there to help on Paper Day, or to be with the boys, bringing his brother, Leland.

My first day at the Print Shop, Bro. Pruitt handed me an article which had to be typed. I hadn't typed for several years. I went up to my room and prayed, asking the Lord to help me to remember the keys. Then I came back downstairs and typed the article with no trouble. Praise the Lord! Another time, with a twinkle in his eye, he asked me to proofread a tract. It was in an African language.

Sis. Geneva set the type on the linotype. This was a large machine that had a keyboard which, when pressed, lined up letter characters. When a line was filled the arm was lifted and a lead slug was released. These were formed together into a frame called a chase, locked in place, the chase was inserted into the big press and sheets of paper were run over it to print the pages.

The Intertype was an older version of a linotype. Bro. William Weir ran this. Both machines used lead which was melted in a lead pot with a fire under it. Every once in a while the operator had to skim off the dross which formed on the top. When this was done you could see the image of your face. It was like looking into a

mirror. This was like the scripture in Malachi 3:3, "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."

Sometimes the machines malfunctioned and the hot lead would spew out and make a great mess. The operators learned to clean it up, generally, but sometimes Bro. Lawrence was called.

When Bro. Hyrum Ray was sent out to Arizona on the pipeline, Sis. Geneva went also, so she taught me to operate the linotype. I set a lot of *Faith and Victory*, the *Beautiful Way* children's paper, tracts and books. Some of the books were *Touching Incidents*, *How I Got Faith* and *Tim And His Lamp*, rewritten by Sis. Fern Stubblefield. Several times I set up Spanish tracts. To do this we had to change the magazine on the part that held the type characters.

When a tray of type was ready, we made a proof to be read by running over the type on a hand "press." Then the material was proofread, checking for typographical errors, grammatical errors and doctrinal correctness. Several in the Print Shop family proofread: Sis. Maybelle, Sis. Marie, Sis. Geneva and myself, and maybe others. There was a proofreading code that we used. The errors were corrected by making a new line slug, then the pages were locked into the chase, another proof was made and a final reading was made.

On Paper Day the *Faith and Victory* was folded on a lip folder and glued and trimmed. Bro. Charles Weir sat at the back of the folder on a little stool to catch and stack the paper. He lived in a little room down by the chapel.

Several from the congregation came to help fold the paper, for this was done by hand. Some of these were Sis. Emma Dilley, Sis. Evelyn Taylor and Bro. and Sis. Stover, after they moved to Guthrie in 1959. We used a little stick, which became very smooth through the years, to help crease the fold.

Sis. Maybelle or Sis. Viola had already printed the names and addresses on the wrappers with a machine called an Addressograph. We took out a whole tray of mimeograph stencils, and the machine would automatically feed each stencil into place to print the address on the wrapper with the press of a foot-pedal. Sis. Viola kept these names and addresses in up-to-date

order. She was very efficient at this, and she knew hundreds of the addresses by heart. All of the mail orders were hand-addressed in her beautiful handwriting. She usually used aqua-colored ink. She took care of the many orders that came in for the printed material in stock, finding just the right size box and wrapping and tying with precision.

When Sis. Viola felt that she should be released from her duties at the Print Shop, Sis. Malinda Penner and then Sis. Bernice (Eck) Miles came in her place. All of us girls worked in these categories, filling in wherever needed.

One Paper Day stands out in my mind. I was seated at a table opposite Bro. Stephenson, and we were folding, first in half, then in fourths. We quoted by memory the 34th Psalm until we had learned it. I still know it pretty well. Many times we sang hymns as we folded. The papers were then taken by states and towns to their proper pigeonholes. Each bundle was tied, and then Bro. Pruitt or Bro. Lawrence put them into their respective mailbags. The rolled papers (sent by 10's or more) were usually counted and their wrappers glued by Sis. Viola or Sis. Maybelle.

Another Paper Day stands out to me. We got word that a semi-trailer truck loaded with strawberries had overturned outside of town. So, some bargains were made, Sis. Marie had us put white paper over our tables, and we all prepared strawberries for the freezer. Many times a call for prayer would come in and we all got down on our knees in agreement. We know that the Lord heard and honored these prayers by the many testimonies which came in.

Our day began with worship in the Print Shop home living room. Bro. and Sis. Pruitt, Bro. Stephenson, and all the workers sat around in a circle, and we each took our turn to lead with a Scripture reading and prayer. We would begin by singing a song or two from the *Evening Light* song book. When I knew it was my time to lead, I would fear and tremble and really look to the Lord beforehand. I was really timid and fearful, but the Lord did help me and I grew stronger in my spirit. This was a great benefit to me and helped me to grow in the Lord so that I could also lead out in public service.

Bro. Pruitt gave us workers about \$30.00 to spend during the month we were in meetings. Sometimes the Lord would lead someone to give us a little extra.

Our "salary" at the Print Shop was \$8.00 a

week. Bro. Pruitt would come around on Friday and kind of clear his voice in a chuckle and pay us from bills in his hand, saying, "A little of God's filthy lucre." We were given our room and board. This taught us to depend on the Lord and to live by faith. It was a rich experience.

Although we had strong convictions to be sober and mild in spirit, there were times of relaxation, like the time the boys threw cups of water at each other, then buckets, then used the hose. Viola and I had to scramble to keep out of the way, and sometimes we couldn't.

When snow fell deeply enough to sled in, we would go over to Highland Park to be pulled by Bro. Lawrence's jeep. Sis. Maybelle liked to "skate" on the icy pond. Once, when the weather was below zero for several days, it fell on a Sunday when we made our usual trip to Okeene. Because the bridge was out north of the chapel, we had to come in from the south on the route through Dover and along some country roads. Bro. Fred Pruitt noticed how nicely the ponds were frozen over. On our way home he asked me to stop by a pond. (I happened to be the only one with him and Mother Nettie that Sunday, driving the car.) He wanted to get out of the car and crawl under the fence and go skating on the ice. If I had been more mature in my judgments then, I would have tried to persuade him against such ideas and thoughts, knowing what dangers there were. What would I have done if he had fallen on the ice or if the ice had broken? But he did not go far and the Lord protected all from tragedy.

When anyone in the Print Shop family had a birthday, we came together in the Print Shop home. After Vernon married Bertha Eck and little Connie was born, we had many such times together. One time we honored all the mothers on Mother's Day, with each child making a cake. I helped Johnny Ray make a cake for his mother, Sis. Geneva.

One Saturday Bro. Pruitt informed Sis. Malinda and me that we would be the only saints accompanying him and Mother Nettie to Bristow the next day. He wanted us to pray that, if the Lord would be pleased, He would give us some of the Word to read. A great burden came over us, she in her room and I in mine. I read the entire book of Hebrews. It just lit up to me. This was a picture of Christ Jesus. I was most impressed with Hebrews 6:19 and the thought of HOPE being our anchor.

Not conferring together at all, Malinda and I were two sober girls. The Lord so blessed that

my thoughts blended perfectly with hers. Oh, how good the Lord is!

I worked constantly with the Bible open on my lap. I knew it was important, when a portion of Scripture was reproduced in printed form, that it must be correct in every detail. Thus I became acquainted with the scriptures and was beginning to understand its deep truths. When the minister would be preaching along a certain line of truth, it wasn't unusual for me to have the very next scripture already in my mind.

Was not this a Bible School taught by the Holy Spirit? Oh, how great a privilege it was to be in this school, with Holy Ghost-filled men and women to assist us in our learning! What great benefit it was to me as I became a minister's wife! Yes, my diploma after four years of "college" was a marriage license to a young minister.



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