

FAITH AND VICTORY

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HOW TO WORK GOD'S JOY MACHINE

It was a bright, sunny morning as Brother Littlejoy walked down the street toward the railway station. But somehow the brightness of the morning was not reflected in Brother Littlejoy's face. He seemed gloomy; his gaze rested upon the ground. As he entered the waiting room he saw a man with a smiling countenance and he said to himself, "Why, there is Brother Joyful."

Brother Joyful, seeing Brother Littlejoy, hastened to him and shook hands with him warmly and said: "Good morning, Brother Littlejoy. What a fine morning this is! It seems that all nature is rejoicing in the spring sunshine. But, Brother Littlejoy, why do you look so gloomy this morning when everything else seems so bright?"

"Oh," said Brother Littlejoy, "I have so many troubles and worries and perplexities, so many trials and difficulties, that it seems I have little joy in my life. I never can understand how you are always so joyful. You always have a smile for everybody and never seem to have any of the worries and troubles that other people have. You seem to be, as Paul said, 'always rejoicing.' How I wish I were as you are! It certainly must be a happy life."

"Oh," replied Brother Joyful, "I think I have my full share of the troubles of life. You know everyone must expect them. We all have plenty of them but that is not the cause of your trouble. It is not the number of trials and perplexities people have that keep them from being joyful, for some of the most joyful people whom I know have many cares, sorrows and troubles. There is just one thing wrong in your case, Brother Littlejoy—you have not learned how to work God's joy machine."

"God's joy machine!" exclaimed Brother Littlejoy, "why, I did not even know that He had one. What do you mean by His 'joy machine?'"

Brother Joyful laughed and his eyes twinkled as he said, "Come over here and let me give you an object lesson."

So they walked over to the side of the room where two machines were standing side by side.

"You see this weighing machine," said Brother Joyful; "I will just step upon it and get weighed."

He stepped upon the platform of the machine but the indicator remained at zero.

"Why, it seems it does not work this morning!"

"Of course not," answered Brother Littlejoy, "you have to drop a penny in the slot before it will act."

Then Brother Joyful took a penny from his pocket and dropped it into the slot. The indicator immediately flew around on the dial.

"One hundred and seventy-two pounds," said Brother Joyful. "That is just what I weighed two weeks ago. Now let us try this one and have some music."

So saying, he took a disk from the rack and adjusted it in the machine and pressed the lever but nothing moved; no music came forth.

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"Why," said Brother Littlejoy, "it will not play until you drop a nickel into the slot."

"Oh," said Brother Joyful, "that's the way!"

He dropped a nickel into the slot and the machine began sounding forth its melody.

Sitting down on a seat nearby they listened until the music ceased, when Brother Joyful said:

"You see I might have stood there on the platform of that weighing machine all day and wished to have known my weight ever so much but I should not have found it out until I had dropped a penny into the slot. We might have stood there by the music box all day and wished to hear it play; we might have asked it ever so earnestly to play for us but until the nickel was dropped into the slot, there could be no music. Now God has a joy machine and it works on the plan of the slot machines. You can see its picture almost anywhere in the Bible. But there is a real place where you can get the joy—real joy and there is plenty of it. This music box will play a tune for each nickel dropped into it and so God's joy machine will yield you a heart full of joyfulness every time you can get it to work and it always works whenever you proceed right. Some people merely stand around and look at the box. They see others getting joy out of it and often try to get joy but somehow it does not work for them. The trouble is they do not put in the coin; in other words, they do not do what is necessary to get the machine to work. The joy is there, plenty of it, enough for everybody; there is no reason why people should be without it."

"Well," sighed Brother Littlejoy, "I would give almost anything if I knew how to get joy like you but I suppose it is not for me."

"Right there is where you are mistaken," said Brother Joyful. "take another lesson from those machines yonder. They are set out in plain sight and the public, everybody who wishes, may, by dropping coins into the slots, get what the machines have to give. The more coins dropped, the better the owners are pleased. They do not want the weights; they do not want the music; these are provided for the public and whosoever will may have his full satisfaction on certain conditions. Now God's joy for His children is just the same—the more they have of it, the better pleased He is. The more joyful they are, the more joyful He is. You are mistaken in thinking that you are denied joy. You are not denied it anymore than you are denied music from the music box. If you know how to operate the box and are willing to pay the price you may have plenty of music. It is equally true that if you

are willing to pay the price you can work God's joy machine all you please."

"Well," said Brother Littlejoy, "I do wish I knew how. And what do you mean by the price of joy?"

"It is something many people have not learned yet," answered Brother Joyful; "but I will tell you the secret. I will tell you how I get God's joy machine to operate. A specified coin is required to operate these machines but there are many different things that will work God's machine. Sometimes one thing will do it, sometimes another and sometimes it takes several things together. The first thing I try is obedience. Wholehearted obedience to the Lord never fails to bring me a good supply of joy but that is a price many people are not willing to pay. They would like to have the joy but when it comes to obeying God and throwing their whole soul into that obedience they draw back. Often they obey reluctantly, with more or less unwillingness in their hearts, or they want to do it just a little differently from God's way. That kind of obedience never makes the joy machine work. There are others who are willing to obey God provided He will do so-and-so to suit them. Such people wait a long time for their joy. So long as the heart is closed up against God's commands you can count on God keeping a lock on the joy machine.

"Sometimes, and very often too, we have to drop some trust into the slot. If you are doubting God and questioning whether He means what He says or whether He will keep His promises the machine will not work. When I want a feast of joy I make sure that I am obeying God, and then I tell Him that I believe Him, that I trust myself and my all completely into His hands and that I feel perfectly safe in doing so, that I believe His eye is over me and His everlasting arms are beneath me and that He will work out everything for my good and keep me in whatever circumstances I am placed. That makes the joy machine work. Often it brings 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

"Of course there is something else that goes with obedience and trust and that is really a part of them. It is submission. Unless our hearts say, 'Thy will be done,' the joy bells will not ring much. If we get any joy, it will be only a sort of human enthusiasm. I say the heart must say this. It is not enough for the mouth to say it; the heart must not say it reluctantly nor hesitatingly, for the joy will not come until the heart submits unreservedly.

"Praise is another thing that makes the machine work, that is, the kind of praise that comes from the depths of the heart—the kind

that comes spontaneously from a deep appreciation of God's goodness and mercy. Only those who obey God have this kind. We may shout God's praise loud enough to be heard two blocks away but if we are not obeying Him, He knows it is a pretense, and it will not work the machine. One may be ever so enthusiastic and seem to be very happy but if he is not obeying God, what he gets does not come out of God's joy machine. Praise amounts to much when there is obedience back of it but is nothing but noise when it is otherwise.

"Sometimes it is patience and long-suffering that make the machine work. Sometimes when opposition or accusation come or when railing, abuse, scorn, or similar things must be borne, the joy machine does not work immediately. We have to put a good supply of patience into the slot and perhaps suffer awhile but when the proper time comes they will make the machine work all right.

"A smile or a cheery word or a bit of song, a kindly greeting, or almost any kindly act put into the slot may fill up our cup with joy when we are not expecting it. Sometimes nothing but enduring a hard trial will start the joy flowing. One may not be very joyful during the trial for the joy generally comes at the end of the trial. Some people think that it would be pleasant if they could put their trials into the slot and make the joy machine work but it does not work that way. It is the endurance that makes it work and the endurance will not make it work until it is dropped into the slot, that is, until we have endured through to the end of the trial.

"Then I find things in my pocketbook, too, that I can drop into the slot to make the machine work. Money in the pocketbook will not make God's joy-machine work anymore than it will make yonder machine play music. When people look into their pocketbooks and see only money, the only joy it can make is a sort of selfish, human joy. I know of people who can see something besides money in their pocketbooks. Why, just the other day Brother Sympathy looked into his pocketbook and saw a sack of flour there for the Widow Grimes. And last fall one day he looked into it and saw a whole ton of coal for old Mrs. Benson and an overcoat for Tom Jones, and a little later he found a pair of shoes for Johnnie Peters. Of course, he took them all out and delivered them to their owners. I suppose you wonder why his face shone so in meeting. It was because these things, and many more like them, kept God's joy machine going.

"Now Brother Littlejoy, I have told you a few of the things that will make the machine work

when put into the slot, and I am sure that if you will use them your joy-cup will not be empty much of the time."

"Well, Brother Joyful," said Brother Littlejoy, "you have surely taught me a lesson. If that is the way to get joy and if I can have it as well as anybody, I think I shall try to get my share in the future. But how am I to get rid of all my troubles and worries and heavy burdens?"

"Why," answered Brother Joyful, "you are working the wrong machine; you do not get such things from the Lord."

"What do you mean?" asked Brother Littlejoy.

"Why satan has a slot machine also and many people are working it overtime. Some good people are working it but they do not know they are using satan's machine.

"Please explain yourself," said Brother Littlejoy, "I do not know what you mean."

"It is this way," replied Brother Joyful; "satan has a great machine, or I might say several different ones, and there are many different things that can be dropped into the slots to make them work. But none of the things that work God's machine will work satan's. Now, you have, you say, trouble and gloom and such things. These come from satan's machine. This is the way it works: You drop some unbelief into the slot and you get darkness and fear; doubts, and you get gloom and despondency; disobedience, and you get condemnation; fear, and you get weakness; murmuring, and you get discouragement. Oh, there are many things you can get out of satan's machine, and he is very glad to have you get them. Drop in some cross words, some fretfulness, some self-will, a little pride, a little suspicion of the brethren, a little envy, or anything of that sort, and you will get a large return from satan.

"Now, as I said, Brother Littlejoy, you have been working the wrong machine, and if you will just think awhile, you may be able to tell what you have been putting into the slot to get these things that you would like to be rid of. Perhaps it is a little disobedience or self-will or unbelief. Make a good, prayerful search and find out; then stop dropping things into the devil's slot machine. Turn your attention to learning how to operate God's joy machine and I am sure you will soon see a gratifying change."

As Brother Littlejoy walked out the door he said to himself, "I think Brother Joyful is right; I will begin working the other machine."

—Taken from *Heart Talks*.

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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 sin 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.

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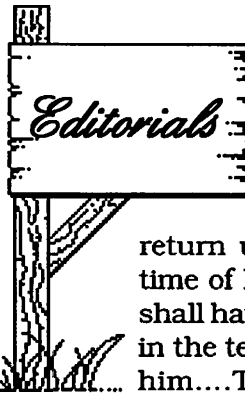
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"And the LORD appeared unto him (Abraham) in the plains of Mamre:...And they said unto him, Where is Sarah thy wife? And he said, Behold, in the tent. And he said, I will certainly

return unto thee according to the time of life; and, lo, Sarah thy wife shall have a son. And Sarah heard it in the tent door, which was behind him....Therefore Sarah laughed within herself, saying, After I am waxed old shall I have pleasure, my lord being old also? And the LORD said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh, saying, Shall I of a surety bear a child, which am old? Is any thing too hard for the LORD? At the time appointed I will return unto thee, according to the time of life, and Sarah shall have a son. Then Sarah denied, saying, I laughed not; for she was afraid. And he said, Nay; but thou didst laugh." Genesis 18:1, 9-14.

Abraham and Sarah were faithful men and women of God. They had obeyed the call of the Lord to leave their home and family to travel into an unfamiliar country, however, when God told them they were going to have a son they found it hard to believe. In the previous chapter, at an earlier time, the Lord told Abraham about Sarah having a son and the Bible says, "Then Abraham fell upon his face, and laughed..." Both of them had a hard time believing that what God was promising to them would really come to pass. At least there is no record that Abraham laughed the second time the Lord told him this miracle would happen to Sarah. God was true to His word and He blessed them with a son that they called Isaac. It was through the seed of this child of promise that Christ was born. Sarah obviously feared the Lord for when He called attention to her laughter, she sobered up rather quickly. No doubt she realized then that the Lord was serious about His promise of a child.

There was a time when Jairus called on Jesus to visit his daughter who was seriously ill. When Jesus entered the house, the people were weeping because she was dead. Jesus, however, said "...Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth." Luke 8:52. This was more than those in the room could believe. The scriptures say, "And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead." The unbelief of those people caused them to not be able to see Jesus work a miracle on this lady, for Luke 8:54 says, "And he

put them all out....” Luke 8:54. While the Lord reprimands many faithful people because of their unbelief, there is another class of people who, “laugh Him to scorn” and they are literally put out of the presence of His miracle working power. Jesus was grieved with His disciples on more than one occasion because of their unbelief. He performed many wonderful works and they still had trouble believing in His power. He chided them and tried to patiently teach them to have faith in God and believe His Words were truth.

After the resurrection the disciples had trouble believing that Jesus had really returned and he specifically showed Himself to Thomas and told him to “be not faithless but believing.” Jesus followed this presentation to Thomas with a special blessing to those who have not seen and yet have believed. If we will believe God today, we will receive a share of that special blessing, we will find His promises are true in our life. His presence will be with us each day, and His saving, healing, and resurrecting power will transform our lives into a masterpiece of His creation.

“And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me.” Genesis 21:6. Today we can laugh and rejoice with Sarah! God brought His promise to pass and gave her a son in her old age. This son gave seed for the birth of Christ and we are blessed too! By having faith in Christ, we are also numbered with the sons of faithful Abraham.

There are many people who once had trouble believing God’s Word, but the Lord dealt with them and sent conviction to their hearts, and finally they did believe and they received the blessing from the Lord. When they look back at the days of their unbelief, they can laugh with others as they realize how foolish their mistrust of God’s power really was. I am reminded of a story my father used to tell about a man who came to a creek that was frozen over. The man was afraid the ice would not support his weight to walk across, so he lay down on his stomach to spread his weight out over the ice and began to carefully crawl across the creek. While he was on his hands and knees, a team of horses came along pulling a wagonload of coal. The driver had no fear of the ice breaking and urged the team to go right over the creek. Can you imagine the chagrin of the man who was afraid the ice would not support him after the team came

along? I am sure he got up pretty quickly and probably had quite a laugh at his mistrust. I have heard stories of people who ridiculed the Saints for the way they dressed and the way they lived. Then the Lord began dealing with them, and guess what? They saw that what they ridiculed in the past was right! They can then laugh with others about the foolishness of their behavior in the past. God’s saving grace transformed them so completely that they look back at the ignorance of their past and marvel about how far God has brought them.

Jesus spoke of a man who had two sons. The father went to the first and asked him to go work in his vineyard. The son told his father, “I will not.” But afterward he repented and went. The fact that he repented and went anyway speaks well of him. Perhaps this son began to think about all of the good things his father had done for him in the past. Maybe he knew the things that needed to be done could not wait until later. This change of heart did please his father. I fear there are many of us who have responded to the call of the Lord in a manner similar to this son. Initially there was a desire to do things that were only pleasing to ourselves, but once we considered the broader scheme of life we repented of our selfish impulses and did the bidding of our heavenly Father. This brings a sense of peace that is accompanied by the Father’s blessing.

There is another group of people who will not be able to experience this joyous laughter. It is the scoffer and the unbelieving soul who will not listen to, nor heed, the dealings of the Lord. The third chapter of second Peter tells about scoffers that will come in the last days, walking after their own lusts and saying, “Where is the promise of His coming?” These foolish people will carry on in their sinful lives until they are ushered into the judgement of God. What a sad fate awaits them! Destruction, torment and everlasting punishment is their eternal destination. All wisdom will laugh at them, not with them! Their own conscience will torment them because they did not believe the Words of truth about the fury of God’s wrath being poured out upon the wicked.

Those who can lift their hands to the song that says, “He lifted me out of the deep miry clay and settled my feet in the straight narrow way,” have a testimony to tell that they can laugh, sing, and shout about. For God has been so

good to them in transforming their thoughts and ways of the past! Those who respond to the dealings of the Lord in their life will find that they will be able to laugh with a heart of joy for God's great goodness to them.

—Bro. Willie E. Murphey
wemurphey@yahoo.com



Standing Prayer Requests

Bro. Roger Anderson
Sis. Agnes Burleson
Bro. Gary Burleson
Sis. Gladys Cashio
Sis. Helen Carson
Sis. Genevieve Carver
Sis. Elizabeth Corteway
Sis. Waneta Creel
Bro. Terry Dawson Sr.
Sis. Guy Domin
Blake Doolittle
Sis. Dorall Forbes
Bro. Dan Gellenbeck
Bro. Troy Gentry
Jaden Howard
Sis. Patsy Jordan
Sis. Earnestine Jordan
Sis. Karoline Kessler
Bro. Mark and Sis. Darlene Knight
Sis. Evodna Marler
Sis. Virginia Myers
Sis. Elsie M. Offerman
Bro. Vernon Robinson
Bro. David Runion
Bro. Edward and Sis. Gloria Taylor
The Mitch Taylor family
Sis. Norma Tiller
Bro. Delmar Wilkins
Sis. Jan Wood

SPECIAL NOTICES

YOUR CELL PHONE SONG SERVICE MINISTRY

An idea for sharing the Saints singing with those who are unable to attend worship services has recently emerged. Merely make arrangements with someone who is unable to attend service to see if they would wish to listen in to the singing, etc. Simply call their number from your cell phone and place it on a cushion beside you. They may not be able to hear as well as they would like, but the congregational singing and speaking could still prove a blessing.

The person receiving the call is able to hang up at any time if they need to go. With prior arrangements, no words or speaking are necessary to initiate or end the call...yet the one on the receiving end may feel remembered, thought of, and receive an extra blessing.

Take care to silence the ringing mode of your phone to prevent disruptions in the worship service.

Let us further the Gospel in every possible way and remember those at a distance, or those who for other reasons are unable to attend service.
—Bro. Nelson Doolittle

— — — — — "GOD'S FIVE MINUTES"

Bro. Ed Wilson of the Neosho, MO congregation has been doing a five minute daily broadcast on the local radio station KNEO (91.7 FM). It is a combination of devotional thoughts, inspiration, and challenges. While it does serve as one type of outreach to our local community, it can also be a blessing to many others worldwide through KNEO's website (www.KNEO.org).

The program is broadcast on KNEO 91.7 FM each weekday morning (Monday-Friday) at approximately 6:35 am (CST). You can listen to the live stream online by clicking on the "Listen Live worldwide" button on the right side of the page. You can also listen to the previous week's 5 broadcasts that are archived. Those are accessed by clicking on the "Programs" tab at the top of the page, then "Local Programs," then "God's 5 Minutes."

We trust this can be a blessing to many people. Thanks,
—Bro. Ronald Cole

MEETING DATES

California State Assembly Meeting—
December 28-January 6

MEETING NOTICES

CALIFORNIA STATE ASSEMBLY MEETING

The annual California State Assembly Meeting will be held, Lord willing, from December 28, 2012 through January 6, 2013. The first service will be Friday evening at 7:30 p.m. There will be three services daily throughout the remainder of the meeting at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

The campground is located at 12312 Osborne Pl., Pacoima, CA 91331. All are welcome and encouraged to attend. Your presence and prayerful support will add much to the success of the meeting. Three meals are provided daily as well as accommodations for those needing them. Expenses are met by freewill offerings.

For more information you may contact: Sunset Guest Home (818) 899-2022; Bro. Paul Phillips (661) 251-6956 or Bro. Herbert Clay (818) 897-1396. The chapel phone number is: (818) 899-9021.

As the Mockingbird

Anonymous

“Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in your heart to the Lord;” Ephesians 5:19.

Speaking language so melodic,
Bobbing at the top-most leaf;
Over young ones watching, waiting,
While by thorny boughs enwreathed.
So may I instruct my loved ones
Learn and sing the sacred hymns.
Thoughts of strength and counsel lay up
When the watching comes for them.

Or, when—
Yawning night before me stretches
Giving care 'side dear one's bed,
Peace surpassing understanding
Lyrics whispered teaching yet...
Prepare my heart for what comes next.

Roving eyes search out to find him
Witness to his faithful lays
Finding drab-gray head turned upward,
Wise, we say, “He sings to praise!”

So may I greet our Creator.
(Nature in order surely does.)
Songs that ring out in the sunshine
Rememb'ring, echo in my woes.

For, when—
In my many merry moments
Opting for a spiritual song
Gladly share them with the Giver
'Twill thereby the joy prolong...
When silence beckons for a song.

Truly, though, birds sing of conflict.
“Mine,” he says. “Foes stay away.”
Wary hawks have learned a lesson
To save their eyes, wheeled far astray.
So may I, as I see him do,
Strive to keep the offence aloft
From Saints of old and now still hear it,
“'Tis well worth whate'er the cost.”

So, when—
Earning bread...diligent keeping
Come musings in an undertone
In answer to the Spirit's groanings
A message sent within an ode...
Intent, search out the sacred code.

Singing songs from others borrowed
As, with dark, distills the dew
Still, the night's deep stillness breaking
Throbbing notes keep up the tune.

So may I state my position
Hymning poems by others penned,
(Adding this amongst the others,)
Of purpose sing them once again.

And, when—
Waking...notes and phrases circling
Fragment of a hymn once heard
Then, through scores of scores go leafing
Where tune and rhyme may teach the words
From Him who taught the mockingbirds.

LORD, make my conflicts thus melodic.
Help me do battle with a song,
To You Who hears each idle word
Breathing back a prayerful psalm
Find love...joy...peace
To suffer long.
Amen...Amen.



LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

NC—Dear One's: I thought I would share some of the things the dear Lord has done for me. In 1983 I found out I had colon cancer. I had six little children, all of them nothing but babies. I asked the Lord to let me live long enough for them to take care of themselves. He went way beyond that. All of them except one, our oldest daughter, are still living and have children of their own, plus we have two great-grandchildren. There have been many prayers that He has answered for me. This may sound silly to some, but a lot of times I forget where I put something. Sometimes it is money to pay bills and I have no idea where I put it, and I will say, "Lord, I guess you will have to help me," and He will show me exactly where I put it. Praise the Lord! What a mighty God we serve!

I hope this will be a blessing to someone.

P.S. I have seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Your sister in Christ,

— Sis. Genevieve Lottahall

CA—Bro. Murphey: Thank you for all the work that you do and will continue to do for the Lord and souls. I have had many blessings from the Lord, but somehow I just did not write about them.

My mother, Sis. Jennings, use to write to you, and told about the greatness of God in her life. She tried to inspire others of the goodness and faithfulness of God.

I do not know just how to put this, because there are things I can not tell. It was another beautiful day that God gave me. It was on October 6, 2012 around 2 p.m. I never saw anything, heard anything, or felt in danger. The Word says all things work together for good. I now know what that really means to me.

On this day, I had no fear, I had no bitterness, or unforgiveness in my heart, but the devil saw a chance to kill me and destroy my whole family. I was standing in this area when God's hand reached out to protect me from what the devil intended for me this day. The enemy came at me with such force that I realize that God said, "No, not today, you will not kill her today."

The people that were there tried to explain what happened, as I lay there in shock. My God

stood between death and me. I was helped up and examined. They tried to figure things out from the human side, but there was none. They said it was Divine. It was unsaved people that said this. I heard an unsaved man pray and cry like I never heard before. I saw the beauty and power of such an Awesome God. God is still alive and well. People who witnessed this must think on their souls and know that there is still a God watching over His children. Be encouraged every soul. Through all your trials and suffering—God is not dead—He is alive and well. He will answer every problem, be patient.

—Sis. Dorothy Gray

LA—Dear Saints: At the end of August, Hurricane Isaac made landfall on the Louisiana coast. The storm passed through the Loranger area as a slow-moving tropical storm. The storm did not cause much wind damage in our area, but it brought a great deal of rain to us and to areas north of us.

Chapapeela Creek runs within a mile of the Oak Grove Church of God chapel here in Loranger. The creek has flooded in the past. It flooded in 1983, while the new chapel was under construction, and it had flooded thirty years before that. While the chapel was under construction, the water level reached as high as the electrical outlets in the walls.

The creek flooded again this year from the rainfall brought by Isaac. As before, the waters rose quickly. Hasty preparations were made to try to minimize the damage. Sandbags were placed at the front doors of the chapel. The news spread quickly and prayers were offered from many hearts.

The water poured across the highway in front of the chapel for hours. The level at its highest point rose to a thin film of water on the porch of the chapel. It was visible in telephoto pictures taken from the road. Perhaps the most compelling indicator was the line of debris at the sandbags at the front door of the chapel. Apparently, the lapping water came within an inch or two of entering the building. Perhaps the land beyond the chapel is more open now than it was nearly thirty years ago in 1983, allowing the rushing water to flow with less resistance. Still, it was as though the Lord said, "This far and no farther."

The dining hall received an inch or two of water inside, but it was easily mopped up. The cemetery fence washed away in some places, but the damages to the campground were minimal. Others in our area and in other areas of

southern Louisiana had great losses due to flooding. Our hearts were full of thanksgiving as we met in a dry sanctuary for services on the Sunday following the storm.

We are thankful for the Lord's mercy to us. Please help us send up thanksgiving to Him for His help. He still answers prayer. He still rides on the storm. He still rules the wind and the waves.

It is our longing that this congregation may burn as a candlestick for the Lord in this community. —Oak Grove Church of God, Loranger, Louisiana

KS—Dear Bro. Willie: Greetings in the name of Jesus. Fall has arrived with its different colors and cool temperatures. We have already had some frost and freezing temperatures at night. I thank the Lord for the various seasons that cause us to experience the variations of weather. I am not fond of real cold weather, but I have to accept it like the rest.

The Lord blessed our meeting and we had at least a dozen ministers to attend, at one time or the other, and we heard some stirring messages. I always appreciate the blessings received in meetings. I was able to attend several this summer and fall. We give thanks for the mercy of the Lord and His many blessings. There is nothing that can be compared to salvation and the glory of it. Praise God for His unspeakable gift.

Love, — Sis. Shirley Knight

MO—Dear Bro. Willie & Sis. Neta: I am long overdue in sending my thanksgiving for the Lord blessing me. The last of March I started having trouble with a toothache. When I was able to go to the dentist, he said that I had an infection at the top of a root canal, and told me I needed to be on antibiotics. We did not agree to do that, and went through a battle of affliction, but thank the Lord, He was there and helped us out. I tried a second dentist and he painted an even worse picture than the first one did. He told me I had a serious infection and that I really needed antibiotics. He told me more than once that it could mean my life. All options that he came up with, pull the tooth, redo the root canal, etc. would need me to be on antibiotics. I am real thankful for the peace that the Lord gave me while there and I told him that I felt a real peace about it. Finally he did his best to drain the infection and sent me home. The devil really started bringing in the doubts and dark pictures. When I got home, I turned to the

scripture the Lord had given me the day before—"Why are thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me **hope in God**...God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. **Therefore will not we fear**..." Psalms 42:5, Psalms 46:1-2. I then turned the pages of my Bible and my eyes fell on the 12th chapter of Isaiah. "Behold, God is my salvation; I will **trust**, and **not be afraid**..." When the devil would bring in fear, I would quote that scripture to him. Thank the Lord, He has blessed so that I was able to get the tooth pulled without the antibiotics. We praise His name.

We also want to thank each one who came to our work day at the Chapel in Webb City this past June. With the Lord's help, we are adding a new sanctuary and Sunday School rooms on to the existing Chapel. We are in desperate need of Sunday School rooms. Several came and helped our brethern in getting the walls up, the rafters set, and the roof on including a new roof over the existing chapel. God blessed with protection, and while there were minor injuries, no one was seriously hurt. How we thank Him for His mercy and goodness to us. We also want to thank each one who allowed God to use their hands, strength, and time to be a blessing to us. We praise Him for providing the funds to get the siding on and hopefully get it painted. God is so good. Continue to pray for us and the work of the Lord here at Webb City.

Christian love, —Sis. Anita Adams



Darius Delano Miller, born December 11, 1941, in Hornersville, Missouri, passed away Saturday, October 6, 2012, at North Oaks Medical Center. He was 70 years old and a resident of Loranger, Louisiana.

He was survived by his wife of 50 years and 10 months, Barbara Bigger Miller; sons and

daughters-in-law, Scott Miller and Becky, Jeff Miller and Joyce, Robert Miller, Richard Miller and Rachel; grandchildren, Trey and wife Sheri, Olivia, Cope, Spencer, Joshua, and Brody Miller; two great-grandchildren; brothers, Joe and Gerald Miller; sisters, Mary Flynn, Sybilla Humphrey, Aquilla Sorrell, and Cynthia LaCroix.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Cecil and Effie Hampton Miller; brothers, Cecil Cope, Howard Miller, Maxye Miller, and Bobby Miller.

Services were conducted by Bro. Ed Wilson and Bro. Michael Williamson at McKneely & Son Funeral Home in Hammond on October 9, 2012.

Interment was at Oak Grove Church of God Cemetery in Loranger.

“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply *our* hearts unto wisdom.” Psalm 90:12

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Bro. Failos Namaozongo was born in August of 1933 at Chiringa, Phalombe in the southern part of Malawi. Seventy-nine years later, on September 24, 2012, he died at the same town of Chiringa after a short illness. Two words can depict his life for us: Missionary, Father.

Missionary

There was a single idea that encapsulated the whole life of Bro. Failos Namaozongo, dominated him in mind and heart, and gave meaning to his existence and to his actions—the mission and particularly the founding and spreading of the Church of God in Malawi and Mozambique. Bro. Failos dedicated his life to this project and calling to his last breath, which he ended breathing in the evangelism of *The Gospel Truth* through the Church of God.

Father

As a missionary, Failos felt himself a brother among all. However, he was a spiritual father in the Church of God in Malawi and Mozambique and to the 45 congregations he founded in both Malawi and Mozambique. Upon his death, his charismatic figure continues to awaken the dear brethren “As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country” Proverbs 25:25.

It is our profound hope that Bro. Michael Smith and brethren abroad will continue working with the body of the Church of God in Malawi and Mozambique, despite the death of our beloved Failos.

We should always remember Bro. Failos for his kindness. He was courageous and a father and role model to every minister.

After his death the ministers met together, encouraging Bro. Master Gustor to work hand in hand with Sister Alefa (wife to the deceased). Bro. Failos is survived with a wife, Alefa; two children, Efe and Liston; and eight nephews. In addition to being a pastor, he will also be remembered because he was the chief of the clan in the community.

May his soul rest in peace.

—Submitted by Bro. Master Gustor

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Julia Emma Miller Preston, 75, of Danville, KY died Sunday, October 21, 2012 in Danville. She was the wife of Earl Preston. Born February 10, 1937 in Lincoln County, she was a daughter of the late David and Nancy Whited Miller. In addition to her husband, she is survived by one daughter, Ruth Ann Bryan of Danville; two sisters, Berniece Johnson of Danville and Lillian Brackett of Lancaster; two granddaughters, Crystal and Michelle Bryan; one niece, Fama Jones; and three nephews, Larry, Michael and Daniel Ray Johnson. She was preceded in death by a sister, Alberta Jones, and a brother-in-law, Darrell Jones.

Sis. Emma cared for her mother, Sis. Nancy Miller, in Danville KY until Sis. Nancy’s death in 1990. She was very influenced by her faithful mother’s life and death, and began attending services at the little chapel in Junction City, where her mother had gone, seeking help under the ministries of Bro. Gordon and Sis. Sybilla Humphrey and Bro. Curtis and Sis. Burnice Williams. Later, when Bro. Dan and Sis. Angela Gellenbeck were called to help in the work there, she faithfully continued to come to service, bringing her two granddaughters as often as she could. Sis. Emma spent much of her time caring for the sick or elderly. She feared the Lord and continually asked for His help and victory for her soul and body. On her last day, she came to morning service, asking to be anointed and prayed for. She died suddenly that afternoon.

Services were held Wednesday, October 24, 2012 in the Church of God Chapel in Junction City, KY, by Sis. Angela Gellenbeck. Burial was in Buffalo Springs Cemetery, Stanford, KY.

Note: When Sis. Emma’s mother, Sis. Nancy, was dying, she asked Sis. Burnice Williams,

From Valley to Victory!

—Sis. Lana Johnson

*There are times we are down in a valley,
Where the shadows are dark and deep.
The Lord is near in this valley.
He's promised not to forsake, but to keep.*

*Let us lift our hearts up to the Master,
Through the darkness His eyes can see.
He is there to work for our good,
And to watch over you and me.*

*In the valley that we are traveling,
The devil makes use of his rod,
To accuse, beat down, and destroy us,
On this low path that we trod.*

*But God's rod and staff are a comfort
And support in these times of need.
They'll help us climb out of the valley,
Then from this low place we'll be freed.*

*We must not give up in the valley,
When the way seems so deep and dark,
But keep climbing and looking upward,
With courage and grace in our heart!*

*When we get to the top of the mountain,
Such beauty we'll behold, and express,
God brought us up out of the valley,
Gave us victory through Christ's righteousness!*

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