Volume II

# PIONEER PENTECOSTAL WOMEN

# PIONEER PENTECOSTAL WOMEN VOLUME II

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## ADA MAE RENO ANDERSON

**By Marian June Starr**

Ada Mae Anderson was born March 26, 1898, in Montecello, Kentucky, not far from the Tennessee border. The first-born child of Marion and Elsie Reno, she later had six brothers and sisters. When Ada was five years old, the family moved to Louisville, Kentucky.

About this time Ada began to pray and wonder about God and she started catechism in the Catholic Church.

In 1910 the Reno family decided to move to a part of Indianapolis, Indiana, called Brightwood. One of Ada's girl friends, Lora Durban, introduced her to a Greek lad who had been in this country for about three years working at the Big Four Railroad. A relative who had sponsored him in this country, gave his

name to the employer as Alexander Anderson. His name was Alexander Basil Angeloupolos but Anderson was much easier to remember. When Alex began to understand English and found out about this name change, he was unhappy; however, he decided to accept the name, Anderson, because of the "red tape" in changing it back.

Alex was attracted immediately to Ada and after a short courtship, he proposed marriage. Alex soon convinced Ada to marry him. November 8, 1913 was the date.

Alex was a member of the Greek Orthodox Church and the priest was a frequent dinner guest. Ada enjoyed Alex's friends in the Greek church.

In October 1914, a son named Chris was born. Proud of their son, Alex planned for him to be a good Greek Orthodox church member. Ada, however, seemed to feel a desire to know more about God. Cora Durban had been going to Oak Hill Tabernacle, a Pentecostal Church where the pastor was Brother L. V. Roberts.

"Ada, go with me to church Sunday afternoon. People speak in a language they never learned when the spirit of God comes into them," Cora invited. Ada gladly accepted the invitation.

That Sunday in the year 1915, at Oak Hill Tabernacle, Ada was filled with the Holy Ghost. How happy she was! She and Cora began to witness to many people. In later years Cora's husband founded the Pentecostal Church in Martinsville, Indiana.

Ada and Cora and others of the church gathered in different homes for prayer meetings. Often other women visited these prayer meetings and received the

Holy Ghost. Then they took the new converts to church and introduced them to their pioneer pastor, Brother L. V. Roberts. Great miracles happened frequently in the church.

Ada quit going to movies and soon Alex said, "I don't enjoy them without you." But he did not oppose her going to church or having prayer meetings in her home. Some of the sisters in those years attending the prayer meetings were Sister Spillman (founder of Christian Tabernacle), Sister Maddie Kimberlin, Sister Cora Durban, and her own sisters.

One of the women, Mrs. Childers, who lived next door to the Andersons, confided that she was so depressed, "I don't know where to turn."

"Let's just kneel down right here and ask God for help," Ada suggested. Mrs. Childers did and went away rejoicing with the Holy Ghost.

One day while Ada and some other women were praying, Alex brought the priest home. Upon seeing the ladies praying so fervently, he exclaimed, "Alex, your wife is a fanatic." Alex took the priest's remark as a personal insult. He loved and respected his wife even though he certainly did not understand her religion. Although he still attended the Greek Orthodox church, this brought a breach between Alex and the priest. (Was God moving Alex toward being saved!)

"Alex, I can't understand how an intelligent man like you can believe in a religion like yours," Ada sometimes commented.

In March of 1916, Augustus (Gus) the second son was born. When the boys grew old enough to attend church, Alex would take them with him, but Ada would

warn them not to kiss the priest's hand. Then Alex would try to bribe them to do so.

In 1917, Brother Glen Cook from California came to Indianapolis bringing a new revelation—baptism in the name of Jesus instead of using the titles, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Brother L. V. Roberts a friend of Brother Cook's, heard the revelation, pondered it, then embraced it. He began baptizing his saints in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Ada, along with the other sisters in the church, gladly walked in the light that shone on their pathway. They were all baptized that year.

At the same time Brother Cook was expounding this doctrine to Brother G. T. Haywood. When another minister warned Brother Haywood about the false doctrine that was brought to him, Brother Haywood said, "Brother, you are too late, I've already accepted it." He wrote a beautiful song, "Everybody Ought to Know Who Jesus Is." Ada, along with the other saints, began to sing some of the beautiful songs that were composed by Brother Haywood.

In January of 1918, the first little daughter, Theodora was born. Alex had bought a new home on School Street and Ada loved to decorate her house and was very fond of beautiful clothes and hats. She liked to keep her husband and children neatly dressed. Since her own mother died at thirty-five, "sister" Ada became a "mother-figure" to her brothers and sisters.

In 1920 another little girl named Amelia joined the busy household.

Alex was attending church with Ada occasionally and when one of the children became ill, Alex permit-

ted Maddie Kimberlin to pray for the child. Maddie began to pray in tongues and then interpreted saying, "If thou wouldst believe, thou shall see the Glory of God." God was beginning to deal with Alex. Ada was still preparing dinners for the priest.

Alex and Ada's family was still growing. In January 1922, Mary Louise was born. Sometimes they went to Sister Spillman's home for a prayer meeting taking all five children but cautioning them to play quietly or sit on the couch until the meeting was over.

Once when one of Sister Spillman's grandsons was misbehaving, his mother put him in the closet for a short time. He started praying, "Lord Oh! Lord let me out of here." When no one responded, he announced, "O.K., devil, have your way." He began pulling down coats and hangers. He got a response very quickly from his mother.

In 1924 a son was still-born to Ada and Alex. In addition to this sorrow, Ada was not well but better days were ahead. Later that year Alex surrendered his life to God, was baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost. For nine long years, Ada had waited and faithfully prayed for her husband, Alex, to be converted. Now her husband was as devoted to God as she was! Alex began to study the Word of God in the original Greek.

Now Alex and Ada's life was the church. Revivals lasted for weeks. In Oak Hill Tabernacle, crutches and braces were nailed all over the walls, a testimony to great healings. The Anderson children slept on the church floors and benches until they were old enough to stay awake.

A new pastor came to Oak Hill, Brother T. C. Davis. Brother Davis was healed of tuberculosis. His wife was healed of a cancer on her nose. His daughter was healed of blindness.

Alex still had a prosperous shoe repair and hat block business, but now he was more interested in the study of the Word. Although Alex witnessed to his Greek friends, they soon dropped off one by one.

In June 1926, Marian June Anderson was born. That fall, Alex decided, "Let's sell the house and move closer to downtown." Ada did not want to give up her house but she could see that God was leading Alex. He had started preaching and Ada did not resist the move. Often they walked with the children to church.

Ada was careful in her conversation before her children. She did not want them to be disillusioned by the negative things that happened in church.

Ada was a hospitable hostess and a good cook; resourceful she knew how to stretch food to serve more people when they just dropped in. Protective and responsible Ada wanted to know where her children were at all times. She and Alex lived peaceably together. Any differences were taken care of away from the children's hearing.

Alex preached special services at a little church on Noble Street where Brother Camel was pastor. The first person Alex baptized was a black man named Brother Hays. This man not only brought his baptismal clothes but filled the baptismal tank bucket by bucket from an old water hydrant outside the church door.

In 1929 her eighth child, a son named Basil after his grandfather Basil Angelopoulos, was born. The

Andersons were now living in a big old house on East Michigan Avenue where they assisted Sister Spillman, pastor of a mission on 20th and Adams.

When Ada was expecting her ninth child, Alex invited a Greek missionary, Brother Gus Kaporas, whose wife was very sick and crippled with arthritis to stay with them. Brother Gus was so energetic that he cleaned the house, cooked the meals, took care of his wife, Sister Sara and also helped look after the children. They stayed for six months and all were sad when they left. Ada named her new baby, Alexander, for his father.

His tithes paid the rent when, Alex and Ada opened a mission on St. Clair Street in 1932. God blessed and people began to receive the gospel. A young preacher, Paul Jordan, visited the services. When young Jordan testified, he got so fired up that he ran outside and started preaching to the people standing outside. Some of the neighbors, two ladies and a man, got angry and got up a petition to close the mission. Later when one lady broke her arm, then the other lady became violently ill, the man gave up his petition. The little mission on St. Clair continued and although the area was poor, many souls were saved.

Ada was quick to see the amusing side of being a pastor's wife. Once a little old lady wanted to be baptized. The tanks of water were horse troughs and the water was usually ice cold. When the lady stepped in the water, she became frightened and grabbed Alex around the neck and lost her balance. A woman evangelist, Sister Cross, was standing by, "Sister, would you

rather go through the cold water here or burn in hell?"

The lady said, "Oh, Lordy, help me," and immediately she was baptized. The whole scene was so amusing that Ada shook with laughter.

As a good pastor's wife, Ada kept in touch with the teachers of her children. She attended P.T.A. meetings and contributed in any way she could to bake sales or other functions of the school.

The depression was in full swing. Alex sold his shop and found another job. How to turn old clothes into dresses and trousers was a challenge to Ada. Some years before, Sister Spillman and some of her other friends had bought Ada a sewing machine.

"I put the last lump of coal in the stove," Alex told Ada one night. Before they could even ask God for more, a brother knocked on the door and said, "I've got some coal for you." "Praise God, He always hears us!"

Holidays were fun at the Anderson home, although Ada never spent large sums on presents. She was a very careful shopper choosing each present carefully. Baked chicken and oyster dressing became a family tradition as well as delicious pumpkin pies.

Ada felt that it was special to be an "Anderson." Her children were not just a "bunch" of kids but each one felt that he was "special." She praised their accomplishments in playing the piano, writing poetry, drawing, reading or whatever their talent was. She made them feel that to be an Anderson was special.

Theodora was the first to get married. One night the young man, Victor Jordan, who later was to become her husband, visited the church which was

now located on Pine Street. Theodora went home and woke up her sister, Mary Louise, "Guess who was at church?" Mary very sleepily said, "G-R-I-T-grit." She had that word in spelling that day.

Although 1935 was still hard times, Ada was determined that Theodora would have a wedding. She wanted her daughter to have memories of a beautiful wedding. She made a cute little veiled hat and found a very beautiful long dress with a cape trimmed with feathers. Others contributed or loaned items to make this a nice wedding. Ada stretched four chickens along with other food, to serve sixty people. Reverend Oscar Hugh performed the ceremony in the old building before the present Calvary Tabernacle was built.

Alex decided to move from the Pine Street location to St. Clair, a few blocks away close to Massachusett Avenue. During the years in this mission, Brother and Sister Anderson had revivals or special services with Brother Odell Cagle, Brother George Carlyse, Brother and Sister Nathaniel Urshan, the McKeithen Brothers and many others.

Once when Alex was feeling discouraged, he was praying with those at the altar. He heard a little girl praying in Greek. She was saying, "Ola Kala" which meant "All is well." Alex shouted all over the church.

Ada died at an early age of forty-seven. Out of her family of eight children, five are active in the ministry. The late Brother Gus Anderson and wife, Helen (who is now the wife of Brother J. C. Cole), pastored several churches. Sister Helen Anderson Cole was a singing evangelist when Brother Anderson met her. Their children are Mike Anderson, evangelist, Karen

Perry, wife of Pastor Ray Perry of the Louisville, Kentucky church, founded by Brother and Sister Gus Anderson. Madeline, wife of Pastor Mickey Shields of Russelville, Arkansas. Theodora, wife of Pastor Victor Jordan of Jackson, Michigan, parents of Mark Jordan who assists Brother Fred Kinzie, his father-in-law, at Toledo, Ohio. Jenny, wife of Scottie Teets, missionary to Uruguay. Vicky, wife of Joseph Carpenter, Pentecostal Conqueror's President of Michigan. Carol and Jim Wilkerson who works in the local church. Mary Louise, wife of Pastor William Oakleaf of Battle Creek, Michigan. Their daughter, Cindy, is the wife of Rodney Clark pastoring in Kalamazoo, Michigan. June, wife of William Starr, District Superintendent of Michigan United Pentecostal Church and also pastor of the church in Albion, Michigan. Their children are, Marcia, wife of Pastor Martyn Ballestero of South Bend, Indiana; Alexa, wife of co-pastor Rick Olson of Houston, Texas; Rebecca, wife of Pastor David Trammell of Festus, Missouri, Priscilla, wife of Evangelist Joseph Hutchison; Sara, who works in the local church, Alexander (Andy) Anderson and wife Mae, pastor the church in Indianapolis previously pastored by his father. Their children, Debbie and Chris, work in the church. Although Ada's life was short, so fitting are the words of Proverbs 31:27-28. "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."



*Ada and Alex Anderson, newlyweds, 1913.*



*Ada, Alex and Chris Anderson, the year she received the Holy Ghost, 1915.*



## MARY HURT BOWEN

**By Dalal K. Bennick**

On August 23rd, 1895, in Clarkstone, Kentucky, a special child, Mary Saphronia, was born to Richard Everett and Annie Elizabeth Hurt. She was the oldest of six children.

In 1905, tragedy struck their home. The brother next to her and one of the twin girls died. The doctor suggested that they move from Kentucky to a better climate.

So her parents moved to Houston where they heard the dynamic preaching of Brothers' Charles Parham, Howard Goss, W. F. Carothers, E. N. Bell, L. C. Hall, "Mother" Hall, and many more. Mary Hurt was moved by the consecration, sacrifice and enthusiasm of these people. New works were established, and hundreds were won to Christ. Her parents

received the Holy Ghost in one of Brother Parham's campaigns at the Brunner Tabernacle. Later they were baptized and her father became an Assembly of God minister.

In 1907 twelve-year-old Mary hungered for the experience that she saw others receiving. She invited some of her friends to church with her one evening. She was so hungry for salvation that after her friends refused her invitation to follow her to the altar, she went alone. She received the Holy Ghost about 12:30 A.M. She received it on the spot where the First Pentecostal Tabernacle was erected in Houston at the corner of Eli and Patterson Streets.

"What a glorious experience; peace and joy flooded my soul, and as I walked home that night I looked toward heaven and the moon and stars never seemed so bright before, and it seemed the trees were clapping their hands in unison with the beat of my heart," was her description of that experience. Later she was baptized in the White Oak Bayou by Brother Parham.

She and Brother Therron Matthew Bowen were married August 28, 1912, at her parents' home, 1321 Ashland Street, Houston, Texas, by Elder B. V. Kenney. Three children were born to them: Lloyd Clayton, Dorothy Elizabeth and Alline Katherine.

Prior to their marriage, Brother Bowen had worked for over twenty years with the previously mentioned ministers and Sister Bowen played the piano. Both were baptized in 1924. After their baptism in Jesus' Name, the people with whom Brother Bowen had worked for twenty years, began to withdraw them-

selves but a few saints banded themselves together to teach baptism in Jesus' Name on Asbury Street in West End.

In July 1930, Sister Bowen was afflicted with cancer. For two years God definitely dealt with her about the ministry. She was brought face to face with the vital decision that she had to make. She had spoken to no one about her call to the ministry. Very timid and fearful she felt unworthy, and incompetent for such a great responsibility.

As she fought the battle of submission, the pain became so great, and the cancer had gained such momentum, that she lost five pounds in three days. She could not retain food or water, neither could she sleep. Her friends and relatives pleaded with her to have surgery, but she refused. She could tell no one of the Lord's dealing with her about the ministry; nor could she talk about the visions that God had given her.

"If you will heal me, I will obey You," she surrendered. Like Gideon, she felt she must hear from heaven by way of confirmation or fleece. She called for Sister De Monte, a co-worker, to come and pray for her. Jeremiah 32:27 kept coming to her mind: "Behold, I am the LORD, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for me?"

"Lord, though you slay me yet will I serve (trust) you," she submitted as had Job.

When Sister De Monte saw Sister Bowen's condition, she was distressed.

"My faith almost failed me," said the experienced practical nurse. But victory came on Thursday July 10,

1930. Immediately the pain was gone! By Saturday afternoon, Sister Bowen was on her way to Lefors, Texas, with Brother and Sister Padfield, Sr.

They arrived at Sister Brant's small church late Sunday afternoon. By this time all the terrible swelling and fever was gone. She could now remove the sling which she had used for support; only a small pink spot remained, and it was gone by the following Tuesday.

At Lefors, Texas, Sister Bowen preached her first sermon. Shy and timid, she was afraid but the Lord came to her rescue. Gone was all fear and timidity; and the Lord saved precious souls that night.

Her daughter, Alline, wrote Brother Bowen, and said, "Daddy, what do you think? The Lord has made a preacher out of Mama!"

She returned to Houston, where some friends had found a large hall on Coronado Street (Northside). Brother and Sister Bowen started services there. Later they moved to the present location, 305 Weiss Street. The building, formerly owned by the Presbyterian Church was only 20' x 36'. They paid five dollars per month for rent and supplies for the church out of Brother Bowen's salary. For preaching, Sister Bowen had only two white uniforms, which she alternated with every other night.

They had thirty present in Sunday school the first Sunday. The second week, Brother Henry Richardson received the Holy Ghost, later he was made Sunday school superintendent and was the first member to receive his call to the ministry. Others also received the Holy Ghost that same night. A few weeks later

they had a baptismal service in the Bayou just off 19th Street.

The roster roll and the bylaws of the organization (Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance) were adopted after quite a task, because some members were afraid of conforming to denominational church systems, and others wanted to be free Pentecost. On January 3, 1933, the first deacons, secretary and treasurer were elected and Brother Bowen acted as Sunday school superintendent.

That year they also started their first building program. By 1937, they had enlarged the little building three times. The great depression hit in 1929, but the Lord supplied the finance.

Sister Bowen wanted to train her congregation in Christian education. In her early ministry, the Lord had spoken to her telling her, "As I called Moses, so have I called you to lead my people out." On August 23, 1940, she taught the first Sunday school teacher training course, "New Training for Service," to her entire church. This may have been the first Sunday school training course to be taught in a Pentecostal church in the south. There were nine graduates including me and Brother Dan Hayes was the guest speaker. Later a larger class graduated and had a banquet; and Brother Paul H. Box, one of the Foreign Mission Board members, was the guest speaker.

The Christian Educational training of her people was ahead of time. She was called in question by the Ministerial Board of our section, because she had taught a teacher training course to her members.

In 1936, she encouraged me to organize the choir

and weekly practices were started. We were on two radio programs for a long time. Brother and Sister Bowen loved good music, it was easy for me to select "Handel's Messiah," and other great numbers that extolled the name of Jesus and His Lordship. Our choir was invited to sing for the Veterans Hospital here for years. We also sang in Louisiana, Port Arthur, Lufkin for our Campmeeting, Cleveland, Texas, and many other places.

In 1938, Brother and Sister Bowen were in a terrible car accident coming home from the District Conference held in Port Arthur, Texas. Lucille Fuller was with them and was injured; and her baby was knocked out of the car. He turned black but after several days recovered and was perfectly normal. Sister Lucille suffered a broken shoulder and other injuries, but recovered. A metal suitcase hit Sister Bowen on the back of her neck. When she came to herself she tried to lift the baby but it was too painful. Later they found out that a kidney stone was causing the excruciating pain. She trusted the Lord for healing and He answered. However, her strength was never the same again. Asthma set in, and many nights she rolled and tossed and prayed in tongues.

It seemed that the devil really tried to kill her just before her fourth and largest building was to be built. On June 24, 1941, the congregation was asked, "Shall we go forward with the building program of the new church?" The vote was 100% to proceed. They had purchased their first piece of property for $1,200.00.

In August 1941, the new building was started, but while it was under construction, a hurricane blew the

auditorium down. It was a sad sight for all of us. While praying, the Lord gave Sister Bowen this Scripture "Arise and build"; and they did! We had only $1,500.00 in the building fund, but the Lord saw us through. Later the remaining block east of the church was purchased.

When the building was completed, the first Departmental Sunday school that we have record of in the United Pentecostal Church was organized. I'll never forget the night we met to organize. I had come in with seven or eight books on the Intermediate and Senior Departments, and other departments. Sister Bowen took one look at me, laughed and said, "Sister Bennick, if those ministers would see you with all those books, they would surely say, we have gone denominational." She allowed me to organize the Intermediate and Senior Departments, and Brother and Sister Bowen and Brother Bennick, organized the rest.

The extension and Home Department was also organized. Dedication of infants was instituted and also the following: Children's Day, Promotion Day, Vacation Bible School, Annual Anniversary Services, Sunday School Board, Trustee Board, Building Committee, the orchestra (which with Brother and Sister Bowen's permission I started as an activity for the Intermediate Department). We called the group an Ensemble and they played for the altar service which kept them involved. Soon every one of them received the Holy Ghost; and the boys who went to the armed services from the orchestra all returned well and whole.

Monthly meetings for Sunday school teachers and

workers were started. Sister Bowen taught us many courses and established us well. For years Brother and Sister Bowen desired a church school, and Oneness Sunday school literature. They did not get to see their dream fulfilled about the school; but it was fulfilled nevertheless.

In 1947, twenty Seniors were promoted to the Young People's Department. When they were tested, it was found that they could not recite Acts 2:38 perfectly, nor give an intelligent answer on how to be saved and knew very little about some of the most important characters of the Bible. "Does our organization have a catechism?" I inquired.

"No, Sister Bennick, we do not have a catechism," she laughed.

With Sister Bowen's full approval, a doctrine course was soon written which helped establish young lives in the truth.

Our church faced a sad hour when Brother Bowen took critically ill, and died January 29, 1953. Brother Bowen had a perfect Sunday school record for twenty-two years. His death was a great loss to the church as well as to their family.

Sister Bowen had a wonderful sense of humor. One time when one of our young women visited her home, Sister Bowen said, "I am going to show you a picture of my first husband." Sister Daisy Fuller looked quizzically at her, and wondered what she meant. She thought she had had only one husband. Soon Sister Bowen came in with a picture of Brother Bowen and handed it to her. Another time she came in with one black shoe and one blue shoe on. It suddenly dawned

on her what she had done; but it was too late to do anything about it and she had to endure the thought, "What will people think?"

Sister Bowen liked chicken wings; and so you would see a nice pile of chicken wings at our picnics and dinners usually. One time it was really amusing. Some of our sisters had gone out to lunch during the first National Conference of the United Pentecostal Church in Houston. While Sister Bowen was standing talking to a group of ministers near the outside door, one of our sisters walked up with a paper bag and handed it to her. Sister Bowen took it and opened it. When she looked in it, she squealed with delight. The other ministers asked her what was in the sack. She let them look in it and they had a good laugh over chicken wings!

Sister Bowen believed in second blessings. Many times when she did not think the church had responded as they should for a missionary offering, or some special offering, she waited for them to obey God. Then she would tell them she believed in second blessings, and soon the money she was waiting on was given. Her optimistic outlook on life and the strength of her convictions helped her to weather many a storm. Sister Bowen loved people and could see the potential in an individual, when no one else could.

After Brother Bowen's death, Sister Bowen sought earnestly for the will of the Lord concerning the church. She knew that it was time to set things in order and plan for the future of the church. She loved her people; and she taught on love a lot. Many people wondered why we had so many families in the church.

She diligently taught the young women to love their husbands and children and to be keepers at home. She loved to make peace between husbands and wives. Her ministry on love was followed up by Brother Dees great ministry on "Love." It was surprising, without his knowledge of it, that they seemed to have the same kind of ministry. God helped her to know whom to call. She had asked me as well as others many times to pray with her concerning the matter. The Lord showed her Brother and Sister C. L. Dees of Cleveland, Texas, who accepted the pastorate of the church and were graciously welcomed by the congregation. The church voted 100% for their taking the pastorate in a business meeting held in July 1959. Before the church had Brother Dees' name put before the church, Sister Bowen called me and told me who our new pastor would be. The moment she spoke the name "Brother Dees," the Lord quickened a Scripture to my mind which I had not thought of in years, but which I had learned earlier. It was "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men" (Proverbs 22:29). A peace settled down on me, and I knew in the Spirit that we would be well taken care of.

Thank God for the many wonderful, spiritual services we had under Brother and Sister Bowen. There were many outstanding healings. The power of the Lord was greatly felt, and many times people were slain under the power of God. Only eternity will reveal the extent of this ministry.



*Brother and Sister Bowen's wedding day, August 18, 1912.*



*Called to preach the gospel, Mary Bowen, 1928.*




*Brother and Sister Bowen, first church, 1937.*



*Brother and Sister Bowen with their 4th building.*



## NETTIE CAGLE

**By Paul Ray Cagle, Jr.**

As the train rattled down the tracks, and she watched the winter scenes pass, little did this young lady know how this trip would mark the beginning of a whole new life for her.

The young lady was Glemmy Genetta Reeves, affectionately known to her friends and family as Nettie. It was the winter of 1920, and Nettie was on her way to Murphysboro, Illinois, to visit her older brother.

Nettie was born February 5, 1902, in Jackson County (near Murphysboro, Illinois) to Mr. and Mrs. Jonas B. Reeves. For those days it was a medium sized family—six children in all. Nettie was next to the youngest.

The Reeves children received their religious training from their mother, a godly woman, who attended

the Christian Church. She taught her children in the home and also allowed them to attend the Baptist or Methodist Sunday school.

In 1913 the Reeves family was introduced to a new group called Pentecostals (trinity). A tent was put up out in the country, and many were converted. Nettie felt God move her heart, and one night repented and was baptized (in the titles).

Shortly thereafter, the family moved to Granite City, Illinois. It was here in 1919 that Mother Reeves received the light on Jesus' Name Baptism, after attending the church on North Broadway in St. Louis, pastored by Brother Benjamin Harrison Hite. Brother Hite and a young preacher boy named Odell Cagle had opened up a little mission there. Nettie was a young lady now, and she was not really holding to her mother's new religion. Besides, she had her life all planned. She was engaged to be married soon, and everything seemed to be set for her future.

One evening, while on her visit, Nettie and her older brother, Rolly, went to a big meeting being conducted by the Pentecostals. Brother T. T. Noble was in charge and the evangelist was none other than that fiery and demonstrative young preacher boy, Odell Cagle.

The message and God's Spirit moved Nettie's heart that night like she had never experienced since that summer meeting long ago. After service, Nettie went forward, and with several others walked a quarter of a mile to the Big Muddy River. There Brother Odell broke the ice and baptized her in Jesus' name. Their clothes froze as they walked back home, barefoot, in

the freezing December weather.

They shouted, sang, and praised God all the way, and never felt the cold. Neither was there ever a cough or sniffle among them later so glorious was that winter night.

This handsome little evangelist spoke with Nettie the next night. He soon learned from Brother Noble that she was spoken for. Brother Odell explained, in one of his conversations with Nettie, that now she was apostolic, she would have to break up with the fellow she was engaged to (quoting II Corinthians 6:14). The fellow was Methodist, and she should never be yoked with an unbeliever. Continuing to obey the scriptures, Nettie ended the engagement, received the Holy Ghost, and married the young evangelist, Odell Cagle, January 25, 1921.

Immediately the newlyweds began to work for God. Of course, it was quite an adjustment for Nettie to make. She had always had a home, job, and security. Now she was married to an evangelist with a full schedule. Besides that, Jesus' name preachers weren't very popular in those days.

There was much persecution in those early days. Many times evil men would go into a community and stir up the people against the apostolics. Often, they were the target of eggs, rocks, and rotten tomatoes. Since many of the services were held outdoors or in brush arbors, this made it quite convenient for the troublemakers.

One night, on their way to a meeting near Pocahontas, Arkansas, the Cagles met some of these troublemakers. The women were riding in the wagon,

singing and praising the Lord; the men were walking. Suddenly they all heard gun shots and the sound of horses hoofs. Out of the woods rode six tough looking characters, determined to keep these folk away from the meeting place (which was a sheep barn they had cleared out). The men rode on ahead, shooting and hollering as they went. When the wagons arrived, the tough ones were standing in front of the door with their guns to block entrance.

Brother Cagle boldly walked up to them and invited them to "come inside, sit a spell, and listen to the fiddle player." He assured them that they would like the music. He felt that the folks meant no harm.

Finally the men staggered in, and the apostolic music, played on a fiddle and guitar, worked like an Indian snake charmer. When the altar call was given, the toughest of the gang was the first to come forward to pray.

Nettie gave birth to four children, Aaron, Sam, Nadine and Paul. (Sam and Paul are now ministers of the United Pentecostal Church.)

It was the birth of the second child that was so miraculous. The Cagles were pastoring in DeSoto, Illinois, in 1925, and were living in a box-car. It was not too fancy, and when the opportunity came, they were able to move into a cute little cottage. After living there about a week, Brother Cagle accepted an invitation to preach out of town. Since Nettie's baby was due any time and she was not feeling well, they decided not to leave town. It had been a mild and beautiful March day. Sister Cagle was resting and Brother Cagle was watching their little Aaron playing in the yard. The sky grew

dark and it was soon still and quiet. It was then that Brother Cagle noticed the funnel cloud. He gathered the baby up, and ran inside to arouse Nettie. As he entered, the house seemed to tilt one way, then another. There was no time to get to the basement, so they knelt at the foot of their bed. Instantly, the house was literally blown apart all around them, as if it were made of straw. The roof blew off! Hail, rubbish, tree limbs, and other debris pelted down on the little family, as they knelt and called out to their God. With the sound as of a passing locomotive, the storm passed. Brother Cagle stood shouting, crying, praising God and speaking in tongues. God had kept them safe from one of the worst storms ever to hit the midwest.

The fierce wind had blown every hairpin out of Sister Cagle's hair, and blood covered her face. It was soon discovered the blood came from a scratch Brother Cagle had on his arm. The child and the mother were unharmed. But what of the unborn?

Amid the screams and shouts of helplessness, grief and despair, Brother Cagle lifted his young wife from the rubble that once was their home. He led his little family along sidewalks littered with debris, blocked streets, wrecked buildings, to the site of the train station, only to discover that it was no longer standing. A train came and carried them to the nearby town of Carbondale, Illinois. Their clothes were bloody and dirty. Sticks and straw were woven in their hair, and their faces were streaked with blood. Some folks laughed and made fun of them, others wept. Some asked questions. It was here, in the face of total disaster that the young preacher and his wife testified to

the saving and keeping power of their Lord. His protection was sure in the midst of the storm. Many were moved to tears at the testimony of this little family.

A few minutes after midnight, the following day, Sam was born. A trained nurse was at the home, in which they had taken shelter. Everything was normal and in order. There were no complications. Nettie was brave and strong through it all. Never was she in the least unduly excited or nervous. She showed the strength and courage of a real soldier and a pioneer. The Cagles lost all their material possessions in that storm, yet they had a joy and a thankfulness in their heart to the Lord who had spared their lives. Earthly possessions mattered little to them.

During the market crash or Great Depression, the Cagles moved to Herrin, Illinois, and pastored the First Pentecostal Church there. This seemed to be the land of Goshen for Nettie, as they now had a lovely home, good pay and plenty to eat.

When all the country was in such a state of depression and turmoil, God not only blessed these pioneers materially, but spiritually. He gave them many souls for their labor. Also, there were added blessings such as a washing machine. It was Nettie's first, and up until this time all the wash had been done by hand on an old rubboard.

As their family begin to grow and the children reached school age, it became difficult to travel much. Nettie became the keeper at home, training her small children to trust in the Lord, managing the household business matters, and always making their home a happy and cheerful place to be. Nettie and the children

kept the homefires burning, while their evangelist daddy help to spread this apostolic message all over the Midwest and the South. Since Brother Cagle was an evangelist-pastor, opening works in many places, the family was constantly moving. It has been estimated the Cagle family moved twenty-five times in one year. For years they hardly stayed at one place longer than three years, and they lived in five different states. Spreading this gospel was all that mattered in the life of this pioneer Pentecostal family and Nettie Cagle coped with this lifestyle

Not only did Sister Cagle have the responsibility of raising her family, but there were always young people who needed a home or a mother's love and attention. Nettie had enough love to share, not only with her own children, but others as well. Some of the young men who lived with the Cagles are such leaders as Brothers John E. Klemin, Lowell Benson, Virgil Lindsay, and Herbert Henson.

There was seldom a dull moment at the Cagle home. With four children, several stray animals, and people either visiting or living with them, you never knew what to expect to happen next.

While pastoring in Newbern, Tennessee, in the early thirties, Brother Cagle and Aaron were away for the day. Sister Cagle was left alone at home with the three smaller children. She decided to take a morning bath. As she was enjoying her bath, the children got down the matches. As Sister Cagle began to dress she heard them scream, "FIRE, FIRE—HELP!"

Sister Cagle looked out the door and asked, "WHERE?"

"In our kitchen," was the answer!

Panic and fear gripped her heart as she grabbed a bath towel and raced to the kitchen. The curtains were all ablaze but with a wet towel she beat out the fire.

The neighbors had called the fire department, but the firemen never came. The fire engine was one of the old wagon style, and the fireman could not get the old horse out of the pasture. Once again Nettie Cagle received the strength to face danger boldly.

Many were the miracles that Sister Cagle witnessed in their numerous meetings, revivals, and churches where they had pastored. At a meeting in Arkansas she witnessed two deaf boys instantly healed, as Brother Cagle laid hands on them. Then there was also a boy with a crooked foot who was healed in the same meeting. After such signs and miracles, the people packed the house every night. Hundreds came from far and wide to see these apostolic people and to hear their message.

Miracles occurred in the Cagle home as well as in the meetings. While living in East St. Louis, Illinois in about 1935, Nettie was at home alone with the children. Brother Cagle had gone to preach for Brother Davis in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Sam became sick one afternoon. Nettie had no one else to call, so she called on the Lord. What was Sam's problem? The child could scarcely breathe and even the milkman claimed he could hear him gasping for breath, out in the street.

Nettie carried little Sam to the doctor but nothing could be done for him. Later the doctor admitted that he was only interested in getting the child out of the office

before he died. Doubt and despair begin to creep in. There seemed no help. Then Nettie called on the One who had never failed her. Different friends came in from the church, and even from the boarding house. They all gathered around this young mother alone with her dying son. God heard Nettie's prayers and healed Sam instantly. Later Sam's illness was diagnosed as diphtheria, but God had taken care of the dreadful disease.

God not only answered the great, but also the small prayers.

One winter during the depression, Sister Cagle began to do her shopping by catalog. Among the items ordered was a toy for each child. As Nettie made the order, she failed to see the note at the bottom of the page: "NO TOYS ON CREDIT!" Preparations were made for the holiday, but no packages came. Then she read the note.

Although the young mother tried to explain, all the children were so upset. All the Christmas joy had vanished! But the baby, Paul, remembered something his momma had taught him. Making his way to the back room, Paul knelt down at the bed and prayed, "Jesus, my momma says what we ask for, in Your Name, You will do! Make that man send us our toys." A child's simple prayer! Just a few days later all the packages arrived that Sister Cagle had ordered, including the toys. Also, a note was attached from the president of the company stating that it was against the rules, in these hard times, to send toys on credit, but for some reason he felt he should make this one exception. God not only answered the important needs, but He also heard the child's simple prayer. This taught the Cagle

children an important lesson in faith.

In 1941 Brother Cagle felt the call to California. This was a new field and a great need was there. Once again, as had happened so many times before, Sister Cagle packed up their meager belongings and followed the call of God, leaving behind family, friends, familiar surroundings, and hardest of all her oldest son.

When they arrived in California, the Cagle family evangelized, and later pastored several works, including Kerman, Lodi, Exeter, and Tulare.

When Brother Cagle was elected District Superintendent of the Western District of the United Pentecostal Church, Sister Cagle became the "First Lady." They served in this office from 1948 until 1955. Their home was always a refuge for weary pilgrims, pioneers, missionaries, and evangelists.

At this time all the children were married or gone from home, so once again Sister Cagle was able to go with her "traveling husband."

Sister Cagle did not seek limelight, but served behind the scenes—frying chickens at the campmeetings or working in the concession stand frying hamburgers. She enjoyed this kind of service. Even while her husband held the office of District Superintendent, she would be found working wherever she was needed and willing to share in the ordinary tasks.

When Brother Cagle resigned in 1955 due to ill health, Sister Cagle once again took control of the situation. Drawing her strength from the Lord on whom she had depended so many times before, she nursed her ailing husband. She even got a job at a packing house to help meet financial obligations.

The real trial of faith and strength came during 1961. All preparations were being made to attend the wedding of their first granddaughter. Just two days before the event, Brother Cagle suffered a severe attack of gallstones, was rushed to the hospital, and while he was there, he had a stroke.

The shadow of this trial grew darker when it was soon discovered that this energetic, robust, and jolly evangelist-pastor of hers was now partially paralyzed on his left side.

Gathering all the strength and courage that she could muster, Sister Cagle once again became nurse and was instructed in the proper care of her husband. This was a long and sometimes painful experience for this woman, but she had pioneer blood in her and with God's help, Brother Cagle slowly began to walk and to gain strength in his limbs once again.

As soon as he was able, Brother Cagle was back in the evangelistic work, on the front line of battle with the enemy. Sister Cagle kept close to home now, to help in the raising of her grandchildren. Her life having always centered around the Lord and her family, she now enjoyed watching her grandchildren grow into fine Christian men and women who began to take part in the work of the Lord.

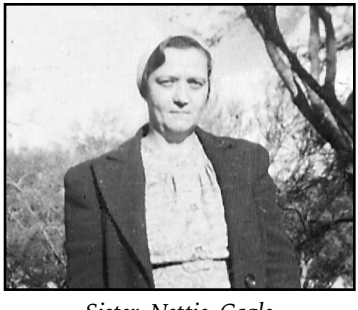
In 1971 Brother and Sister Cagle were honored with a Golden Wedding Anniversary ceremony. Since the first wedding had been so simple, the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren did all they could to make this a memorable event for this special couple.

Brother and Sister Cagle moved to Loomis, California, in 1979.

They attend the United Pentecostal Church there, where Sam, their son, is pastor. Sister Cagle is still very active in the work of the Lord. As much as age and strength will allow, she and Brother Cagle still are on the battlefield for the Lord. Sister Cagle works with the Ladies' Auxiliary of the local church, showing some of the new Christians and young ladies, how one never tires of service to the Lord. She is a good example of a willing, faithful wife and worker for the Lord.

After nearly sixty years of the Pentecostal work and life with an Apostolic preacher, we asked Sister Cagle her philosophy on life. She said, "Some folk just look at the outward things. They see the glamour and the beauty of the rose. But you know, each rose has its thorns. Piercing thorns can really hurt, but, thank the Lord, the roses of Life with Jesus are so beautiful, the thorns are soon forgotten."

We salute you, Nettie Reeves Cagle—pioneer Pentecostal woman!!



*Sister Nettie Cagle*



*Rev. and Mrs. Odell Cagle*




*Golden Wedding Day!*



## PEARL BURNETTE CHAMPION

**By Violet Champion Splechter**

Always a very "God-conscious" person even at the age of five, longing to pray at the altar in an old-fashioned revival, but told that she was too young, Pearl Burnette gave her heart to God at the age of fifteen in a combination Presbyterian-Campbellite-Methodist summer revival in Sequatchie Valley, Tennessee, where she was born in 1890.

Because her favorite school teacher was Presbyterian, Pearl decided to join that church at the close of the revival. When the minister sprinkled her and said that he was baptizing her, Pearl was very dissatisfied. She went to Dr. Strubble, her pastor, and talked with him about it. He told her that when the weather was warmer, he would immerse her down at the creek. When that time came, Pearl was out on the mountain

attending Grandview Normal Institute, where she was studying to become a teacher. Pearl had to work her way through Teacher's Institute as she was from a broken home and her mother did not have extra money for higher education.

Pearl was gifted in dramatics and at the Institute, she was asked to join the drama society; but because of other heavy duties she had no time to give to pleasure, so she could not join. However, when a teacher asked her to memorize a rather long poem, "The Angels of Buena Vista," by John Greenleaf Whittier, which was to be given at a Parent-Teacher social, she consented to do so. Because of her duties, she had time to memorize only the first two stanzas; so Pearl went to her teacher and begged to be taken out of the program. But the teacher insisted that she recite what she knew. After clearing the tables following the evening meal, Pearl got ready for the program. While combing her long raven-black hair, she started praying, "Please help me, dear Lord!" When her turn came to perform, she said the two stanzas that she had memorized, and with just a small hesitation, she continued on with the remaining thirty stanzas. It was a faultless rendition. Pearl had received her first direct answer to prayer from God and she never forgot that GOD ANSWERS PRAYER!

Pearl obtained her teaching certificate and started teaching in a one room school house in the mountains of Tennessee. She and the lady with whom she boarded often walked for miles to attend church at any schoolhouse that was fortunate enough to obtain the services of a minister of the gospel for a few nights.

Pearl's father visited her and asked her to come to southern Illinois to help him in the Post Office as he was the postmaster and also the minister of a Baptist church in Grantsburg, Illinois. At the close of her school, she boarded a train and went to southern Illinois where the first person she met was Edward Champion. Later this young man became her husband. The wedding ceremony was performed by her father, Dr. J. W. Burnette.

Living was difficult in that small town, so after their first daughter was born, the Champions moved to Marion, Illinois.

Pearl was suffering very much pain and was told by two different doctors that she needed an operation to remove her gallbladder. But there was no money for that so the years passed in misery and pain. The family was increased to three girls and one boy.

But God had not forgotten the little woman who still served God in all the light that she had. In the winter of 1918 a Pentecostal lady moved to the house next door.

One day as the two young women were chatting across the fence, the lady mentioned that her child was sick. When Pearl named a well-known remedy, the lady responded, "I'll just pray for my child." Pearl had never heard of "just praying" for an illness, so when the lady invited her to attend a revival at her church, Pearl quickly accepted.

On Sunday morning Pearl and her sister-in-law, Della, sat on the second pew from the front, in her first Pentecostal service. She had never seen nor felt the power of God as strongly as it was manifested in

that service. She had never heard of the baptism of the Holy Ghost prior to this.

The next night as she was racked with pain from the diseased gallbladder, her husband was hunting for something to give her to ease the pain, when she remembered the words that the lady next door had spoken, "I pray." Pearl raised her hand toward heaven and said, "God take this pain away now!" God instantly answered her prayer and she never had pain from gallstones again.

On January 20, 1919, Sister Pearl was filled with the Holy Spirit evidenced by speaking in tongues. The next day as she was in the kitchen washing the dishes, Pearl started singing in tongues and God called her to preach His Word. She immediately fell to her knees and told God that she felt completely inadequate. "I have four children and an unsaved husband." But God promised to make the way for her and give her the words to say.

Sister Pearl still wanted to be immersed in water, but before a baptismal service could be arranged, her husband decided it was best to move her away from those "crazy people," so they moved to Carbondale, Illinois, seventeen miles away. She was the only person, to her knowledge, in Carbondale with the Pentecostal experience. But this did not deter her from serving God and her prayer life was even deeper.

As soon as her husband left for work on the second shift at the Illinois Central Railroad shops, Sister Pearl started praying, continuing into the night. Later she found out that people were standing on the street corner where she lived to listen to her pray.

Someone invited her to attend an undenominational cottage prayer meeting. When Sister Pearl attended this service, she was so filled with the anointing of God that she was asked to take charge of all of the cottage prayer services.

One day she received a letter from her sister-in-law who still lived in Marion, telling her that they were going to have a baptizing at the church the next Sunday. Oh, how she longed to attend, but her husband absolutely refused to let her go. However, her husband agreed that Sister Pearl could visit Marion the following Sunday. She was glad to be able to attend a church service even though the baptizing would be over. On Saturday she and her children happily boarded the train.

When Sister Pearl and her sister-in-law went to church Sunday morning, the minister asked if they would like to be baptized that afternoon. Sister Pearl's cup of joy was running over, for she did not know that one could arrange a baptizing just anytime!

When 2:30 P.M. rolled around, they were all gathered at the old brickyard pond and Sister Pearl was shouting up and down the bank of that pond—she was going to be baptized like Jesus had when John the Baptist had immersed our Lord. Because Sister Pearl was demonstrating so much, her sister-in-law was baptized first, in the titles, as was their mode. Then it was Sister Pearl's turn and she shouted from the bank to the middle of the pond. When the minister laid hands on her to baptize her, the words spoken were different. "I baptize you, my sister, in the name of Jesus Christ," were the words said. When Sister Pearl was told by

some of the saints that she would have to be baptized over again, she answered that she felt awfully good, but she would pray about it and ask God's direction. Later when the minister was questioned about the difference in the two ladies' baptism, this explanation was given, "I baptized the first lady, *God* baptized Sister Pearl."

After much prayer and fasting, God confirmed Sister Pearl's baptism by the Word of God and by Brother and Sister Albert Davis who were evangelizing in southern Illinois. The minister and all the church were baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus in Marion at a later date.

A few weeks later Mr. Champion came in from work in the morning as usual and their four-year-old son, Ray, asked if he might take a nap with Daddy when he went to bed. Mr. Champion was awakened an hour later with Ray coughing and not able to breathe. Fortunately the doctor was next door, so Mr. Champion ran out and asked him to attend to Ray. The doctor said Ray had the dreaded disease, diptheria. He gave the toddler the new shots—but by evening Ray was dead. He was buried very quickly since he had died of a contagious disease. Two weeks later Phyllis, their two-year-old daughter, contracted the same disease. But Sister Pearl went to God and prayed all night. By morning the fever had broken and Phyllis was up playing when her daddy came home from work. God was still answering prayer!

The cottage prayer meetings had grown so much that a building was needed. Sister Pearl got the money together and a church was erected on Chestnut Street

in Carbondale. All the town was stirred by this new church—and especially so as it was pastored by a lady minister. The merchants started carrying their Bibles to work to study and read about this outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

God blessed tremendously and a large congregation was soon attending the church. Many people were filled with the Holy Ghost and called into the ministry as a result of this ministry. Brother and Sister Thomas White were saved and later called to start a church in Murphysboro, Illinois. Sister Mae Brewer evangelized for God, Brother R. Corwell preached God's saving grace. Later, Brother and Sister Thomas Miller prayed through in one of Sister Champion's revivals in southern Illinois. Reverend Larry Blake, (later called to be a missionary to Africa) gave his heart to God as a lad in one of Sister Champion's revivals. Reverend Winfred Black prayed through the day after Sister Champion closed her revival in St. Louis. He stated, at the anniversary celebration of Sister Champion's fiftieth year in the ministry, that it was because of her ministry that he turned to God. Many others found God and were gloriously filled with His Spirit in Sister Champion's ministry.

Sister Champion pastored the church after its erection for eight years. God blessed and souls were added to their number. She was greatly respected and honored by the town's people. Many persons who did not want to let others know that they were interested in a deeper walk with God would seek Sister Champion out privately, at her home, and pray and were filled with the Holy Spirit. God had sent her to

Carbondale with this precious truth, and she was faithful to the cause.

Sister Champion helped many works to get started in southern Illinois. She saw many miracles—one man who was badly burned in a mine explosion, was raised out of his wheelchair after Sister Champion prayed for him. One lady was prayed for during an all-day Sunday meeting and was immediately healed of a goiter. Another saint sent for Sister Champion when she lay dying—the doctor waiting to pronounce her dead—but after prayer she was healed. The doctor claimed that it was a miracle. During the terrible cyclone of 1924 in Murphysboro, Illinois, Sister Champion was one of the very few people the authorities would allow into the devastated area to minister to the wounded. Many of the injured were healed by God's power.

God called Sister Champion to the evangelistic field in 1929. In one revival in Pinckneyville, Illinois, where Brother S. S. Grant pastored, over one hundred souls received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. She ministered all through the United States until she was seventy years of age. Brother and Sister Wayne Rooks of Miami, Florida, have a son in answer to one of Sister Champion's prayers when she was there in a revival. God seemed to bless Sister Champion greatly in helping pray people through to the Holy Spirit.

Sister Champion traveled to Sister Spillman's church in Indianapolis, Indiana, many times, as well as to Newark, Ohio; Miami, Florida; Lonoke, Arkansas; Waldo, Kansas; Pueblo, Colorado; Benton Harbor, Michigan; Garden Grove, California; and many, many towns in Illinois, spreading the gospel of Christ.

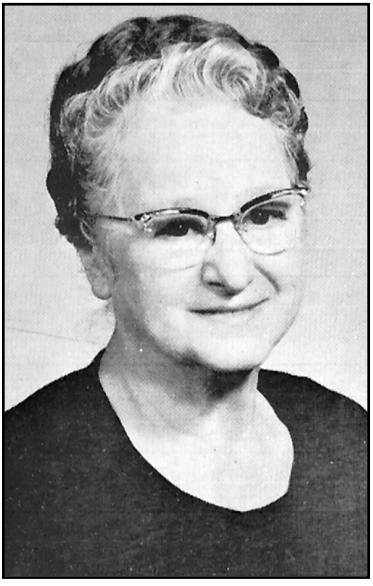
Sister Champion saw the fruits of her labor when her husband received this wonderful experience, although it took thirty years of trusting God. Her daughters were all filled with the Holy Ghost and many of her grandchildren are following the paths Sister Champion helped to pioneer. Brother Michael Splechter, a grandson is preaching and singing for God, and a granddaughter, Sharon Haygood is singing for God. Several great grandchildren have been filled with God's Spirit.

Sister Champion joined the Pentecostal Ministerial Association when it was formed. Thus, she was in the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated which later became the United Pentecostal Church, Incorporated.

Sister Pearl Champion passed away with a stroke at the age of eighty-six, on March 29, 1976. The presence of God was very great at her funeral which was conducted by Brother M. J. Wolff, superintendent of the Illinois District. A number of fellow ministers attended the services. Reverend Calvin Rigdon spoke movingly of the help that Sister Champion gave to him when he pastored the church in Carbondale. Reverend A. D. VanHoose, whom Sister Champion helped when he started in the ministry, spoke these words, "She was the prayingest woman I have ever seen." A very true and inspiring epitaph.



*Evangelist*
*Pearl Champion*



*Rev. Mrs. Pearl Champion,*
*(47 Years Ministry)*
*Founder of First Apostolic*
*Church, Carbondale, Illinois*



## VIDA DONAHUE CLARK

**By Joan Clark Ewing**

It could have been just another ordinary night in the spring of 1925, with one exception. It was entertainment night in the "big" town of Kinder, a Louisiana metropolis boasting a population of around two thousand all American citizens.

The applause died out. The old, musty high school auditorium was dark and the "big" event was history now. Most of 'em said the Slocum girl ought not to have won. If applause was the thing that dictated the prize, then it should have been a settled fact that Vida would win. Why, hadn't she practiced in the backyard while her brother, Claude, pretended that Ma's broom was a guitar? Well, the contest was over and the judges had awarded Edith Slocum First Prize as dancer of the

Charleston. Oh well! There will be another night for Vida Donahue . . . another stage, another chance. She dismissed it and walked home.

The stage was not familiar to this witty, curly-haired girl of fifteen. Lou Costello (of Abbot and Costello) came through the country directing the Ziegfield Follies. He was so impressed with the acting and dancing ability of this young teenager that he was certain that she belonged on the stage. Promising him that she could, in time, earn $1,000 a week, a producer pleaded the cause to her dad.

But there is a little "matter" that entered the picture. It muddied the waters for the producer. It made the stage look dark and lonely like it really is. It put popularity in its right perspective—a fleeting fancy that can be sure today and gone tomorrow. The "little matter" happened to be a set of God-fearing Pentecostal prayer warriors named Garland and Louise Donahue—affectionately known as Cork and Coot. They had known all along that their first born did not really belong to them *nor* to this world. She had been exposed to a higher purpose and belonged to that purpose, *she would*—one way or the other.

This witty, charming girl, with a Pentecostal background, was the life of every party. It was graduation year for Vida now. Even though she was a good girl, she just had not fit God into her busy schedule. The mid-term geometry test was in full swing when the pain struck. No one really knew what it was all about but for whatever the medical technology was worth, she was treated at home for the 'flu for a period of one week.

The month that followed was a nightmare. It was appendicitis. The appendix ruptured, gangrene was impossible to fight without the aid of penicillin. Dr. Hawkins walked in and announced that Vida could not live but that she should be taken to the hospital anyway. Following his announcement, which sounded so final, Ma made her announcement. Just a simple statement, but a statement that set the devil to trembling . . . just simply, "*God still heals.*"

From a deathbed, this teen-ager reached out a weak hand to God—and because God is merciful and a prayer warrior prayed and He knew that Vida's service would not stop there, God filled her with the Holy Ghost, healed her in spite of the impossibility of it, and she graduated with her class in the spring of 1928.

She was as good as her word, and soon after graduation she was busily engaged in singing and playing for eighty-three nights of tent revival in Sulphur, Louisiana, with Brother and Sister J. S. Fredrick. She and Pearl Guillory, who later became the wife of J. T. Clark and the sister-in-law of Vida, furnished the music for the revival in the first tabernacle built on Plank Road in the Istrouma addition of Baton Rouge. The men prayed on one side and the women on the other. When one group would get a little louder than the other one, the quieter group would run over to help them "pray thru" even though they themselves were still seeking for the Holy Ghost.

Her talents led her to help in a revival in North Louisiana. This proved to be one of those meetings with a "special" blessing. For it was here that she met, fell in love with, and married one of the kindest, most

sincere Pentecostal preachers ever, Blanchard L. Clark.

The Clarks moved to Kinder in 1934, right after they were married. Vida had come home and the folks of Kinder decided they wanted that young man she had brought with her, too. This move was against the wishes of all their well meaning friends. They thought this young couple should not confine their efforts to this small town, and the leaning building that the seven members called their church. But stay they did. As of now, in 1980, they are in their forty-sixth year of pastoring. The church has been a lighthouse on the main street of that little town. It is as much a part of the town as any official building that graces the streets of Kinder. The Clarks have been offered larger churches and "better" opportunities, but nothing has sounded better than God's will.

The Clarks pastored and "preached out." His preaching, her playing, and their singing proved a blessing everywhere they went.

However, the pastor's wife of the First Pentecostal Church of Kinder did not confine her efforts merely to singing and playing the piano. She taught Sunday school classes, and ladies' groups and specialized in discipline as this writer can testify to. She was of the firm conviction that God's house was to be respected for what it was. Years later some of her Sunday school boys who had had their ears pulled a few times, came back to thank the woman who made them to know and respect the honored place of discipline in their lives.

In 1955, she assumed another responsibility . . . that of Ladies Auxiliary President of the state of

Louisiana. Just as she did everything else, she energetically and wholeheartedly gave herself to this task. It was never considered a job . . . but a place of service in God's kingdom. She is happiest when she is filling a barrel for a missionary. She loves to place the new linens ever so neatly inside. She has so much fun getting the canned goods and the clothing all together. She accepts it as a challenge to make the missionary's life in a strange land as close to America as a few little personal things could make it. She has traveled thousands of miles—prayed through uncounted sleepless nights as the deadline for Mother's Memorial drew closer. Because she has never approached life with anything short of intensity, she has tackled the fund raising of the Ladies Pentecostal Auxiliary of Louisiana with the same intensity. Her awards for leading the Louisiana District to First Place have been many. The Auxiliary Committee looks forward to her wit and charm in the meetings held at General Conference.

Every year, beginning in the month of February the directors of each department in the Louisiana District hold a conference in every section of the state. There are eleven sections in all and it would be almost impossible to tell how many miles have been traveled. In the years when Tom Fred Tenney was the youth director of Louisiana, he and Thetus, the Tenney kids and "Granny," as she was affectionately called, would head out on these "rounds" together. In those days Brother Weeks, the superintendent of Louisiana District, felt as if Sister Clark could not get it done, it could not be done.

In her first year, as Auxiliary President, the district raised a little over $1,000.00 for Mother's Memorial. The national total of that same year was $4,930.63. During these years between 1956 and 1980 they have climbed from a little over $1,000.00 to $100,000.00. The total amount over these years has been around $700,000.00. Only three times during twenty-five years has Louisiana been Second Place. The other years, they have been able to bring the First Place trophy back to Louisiana.

When it is cleaning day at the campgrounds, she does not delegate the work to everyone else and sit idly by watching. She's right in the middle of everything . . . scrubbing, cleaning, and shining up for the campmeeting and youth camps coming up. For anyone who would hunt for a medical crutch to exempt them from work, she had one. But she never used it. The doctor told her, years ago, that she had arthritis of the spine. The pain at times was almost unbearable; but stop her? Never! She just kept moving with the pain until one day the pain, miraculously, moved out. Phlebitis and blood clots only kept her down long enough for surgery, and she was up walking again. Her will power is the most astonishing that I have seen. She can smile with a broken heart or, in pain, march with dignity.

There are so many stories, all of them true, that could be told about this unique woman. The lean years, the years of "making do" with nothing. It was not until I was older that I found out we were not rich. She could turn an apple crate into a charming, bit of furniture. Everything was always in the most exquisite

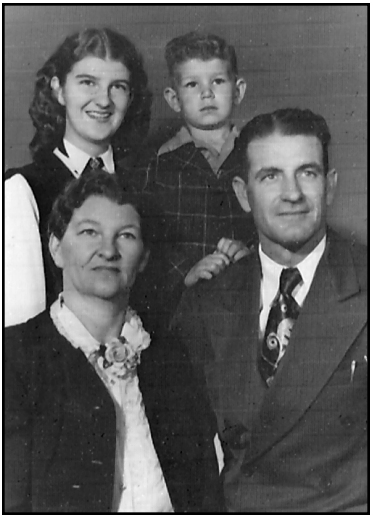
taste. She is perhaps the nearest to a queen that I could imagine . . . except queens would probably not be as sparkling and witty as she. She had a taste for nice things and bit by bit, and piece by piece, over the period of nearly fifty years, she has acquired it. There were the days of riding in "Curly Top," an old Model T with a worn wool topping that ripped and flew in the wind. The wool flying in all directions won it the title of "Curly Top" in honor of the child star of that day, Shirley Temple. When the lights went out on the old car, she was right there, holding the lantern out the window so they could see how to get to Indian Village for church.

It was just this Thanksgiving that our family left Lake Charles about 11:00 A.M. headed for Kinder. On the exact spot where I was born (in a house my grandpa had given the Clarks). A much finer house sat in its place but the pecan trees were still there. Only the old picket fence and the china berry tree were missing to make room for the bigger and better. At exactly 12:00 noon the seventy-year-old hostess with the expertise of a young country club chef invited us into the dining room. There it was—the fine linen, the Haviland china, the exquisite crystal goblets, the sterling, the meal fit for kings—served with grace and ease. It was a beautiful memory that I will clutch until forever.

You better believe it is the same strong woman who in earlier days made poverty look like wealth. It's the same strong woman who can walk with pain. Ask me if I have a heritage. You better believe that I do. You see, I call the "star" of this chapter, "Mother."



*Vida Lee Clark at Louisiana State Fairgrounds, 1941.*



*Rev. and Mrs. Clark and family, 1949.*



*Sister Clark, Ladies Auxiliary leader, Louisiana*



*Bro. and Sis. Clark, Old Timer's Day.*



**SOPHIE HANEY**

**By Olive Haney**

"Grandma, please tell us another story," pleaded three little girls one sunny afternoon.

"But children, I must water the yard, and then write a letter to our missionaries in Indonesia. Also, I'm a little tired, because of prayer meetings this morning and visitation this afternoon." But then, as she saw the disappointment on the three little faces, she added, "Come over after school tomorrow, and we'll have some brown sugar cookies and another story." Thus spoke ninety-year-old Sophie Haney, as from the door of her little home she told the children goodby. Both old and young used to beat a path to her door, and no one was ever turned away, physically or spiritually hungry.

Next to my own mother, (May Gray, missionary to Japan in 1902), no woman has had more influence on my life than Sophie Haney. Born in 1879, the third child of rugged pioneer parents, her early years were spent on a large cattle ranch. With her father, she loved riding the range, herding cattle, and sometimes shooting a rattlesnake or coyote. Her family and friends did not attend church, and she grew up in the little mountain town of Valley Springs, knowing nothing of God and so she became a pleasure loving young woman.

In her late teens, she was invited by a friend to visit an acquaintance in a neighboring town. Little did she or anyone else know that this chance encounter would be a turning point in her life. The kindly lady they were to see talked to Sophie about Jesus, gave her a New Testament, prayed with her, and pointed her to a different goal. Returning home, Sophie abandoned her careless indifferent ways, gave up her dances and parties, and started traveling on the heavenly trail. Her family and friends felt that she was missing much, and often remonstrated with her, but still she continued on in her new found faith.

About three miles away was a little community church. Although services were not held regularly, when it was at all possible, Sophie would mount her pony and attend. She received little encouragement, yet she deeply longed to do something for her Lord. When an opportunity came, she gathered some children around her and started a little Sunday school of her own.

At twenty-six she married Levi Haney. Two or

three years later they left their beloved hills, and moved about thirty-five miles away to Stockton, California, to be near a church. To this union, were born three children, Gladys, Leland, and Clyde.

Sophie first attended a Free Methodist Church near their home, then later the Haneys made the Penial Mission their church.

The leader of the mission was a young man named Harry Morse, who upon hearing of the Holy Ghost outpouring at Azusa Street in Los Angeles, immediately left to investigate whether it was of God or not. He returned with a favorable report, and Sophie, along with others, soon received this wonderful experience. Later, a separation over the Oneness of God and baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus came into their ranks. Sophie took her stand for the Truth, thus becoming a charter member of the first Apostolic band in Stockton, California.

Three things seemed to stand out in her life; her love for the Word, her life of prayer, and her desire to be a blessing to others. I first became acquainted with Mother Haney (as she has been to me for forty-six years), in 1933. One of my earliest recollections is of her with her Bible every morning after breakfast, taking time to be alone with God. She had a favorite spot, and with her Bible in front of her, she would stay there until she felt in tune with heaven. Because she first touched God, her life touched many others with spiritual strength. Thus fortified, she looked for opportunities that very day for service.

Often she had expressed her desire to be a preacher, but our Lord had chosen for her a role "behind the

scenes." In 1932, God wonderfully saved, healed, and called to the ministry her youngest son, Clyde. Although her life had much heartbreak and sorrow, "Mother Haney" felt that it had been worth it all when God gave her a "preacher son."

Her godly life and early training had a strong influence in the life of the young preacher, Clyde. He, too, realized that spiritual power came through the Word and Prayer, and he believed that God's calling was God's enabling. Armed with this truth, he became a builder of churches, and the founder of Western Apostolic Bible College. These tasks were accomplished through faith in God alone, as well as the prayers of his mother and a few loyal souls to hold up his hands.

This opened another door of service to "Mother Haney." No one need remain a stranger if she were there, for she personally welcomed everyone that entered the doors of the church. She delighted to meet the students of Western Apostolic Bible College, and invited them to her home for prayer, counsel and encouragement. Scores of letters sent and received, attest to the fact that among her friends were missionaries, ministers, and workers around the globe.

A second great joy in her life was Clyde's son Kenneth. As a child, she told him stories; as a teenager, she solicited him to drive her to visit the sick and elderly and to sing for them. Her heart thrilled when he too felt God's call, and followed his father into the ministry. She was like a mother eagle hovering over those two "preacher men" in her life. If she felt they were discouraged, she encouraged them. If

she felt they needed admonition, she was faithful to give that, too. However, no one else had better try. She was proud, in a thankful sense, of both of them and their God-given abilities. Indeed, it often seemed as they worked together, that they complimented each other, the father with his pastoral teaching and preaching, and the son with his evangelistic emphasis and administration. She viewed with pride, the honor placed on Kenneth when he was elected as the United Pentecostal Church International Conquerors President.

For many years "Mother Haney" was the leader of the women's prayer band at the First Pentecostal Church in Stockton. This group met regularly each Wednesday morning. Before attending, she had her own time of devotion and sought something from God's Word to be a blessing to others.

As long as strength permitted, she was faithful in church attendance, in prayer, and in visiting the sick, needy and discouraged. Many are the men and women who will rise up and call her "blessed," because when their feet had almost "slipped," she would not let them go, but by prayer and counsel saw them firmly established on the road of life.

The great shattering blow of her life fell in October 1971, when Sophie Haney was ninety-two years old. Something went from her with the shock of Clyde Haney's death. She was grateful that God returned her grandson, Kenneth, to Stockton to take up the work, which his father had laid down. She rejoiced at the great influx of souls God was adding to the First Pentecostal Church but, little by little, her strength gave away. On January 6, 1978, having fought

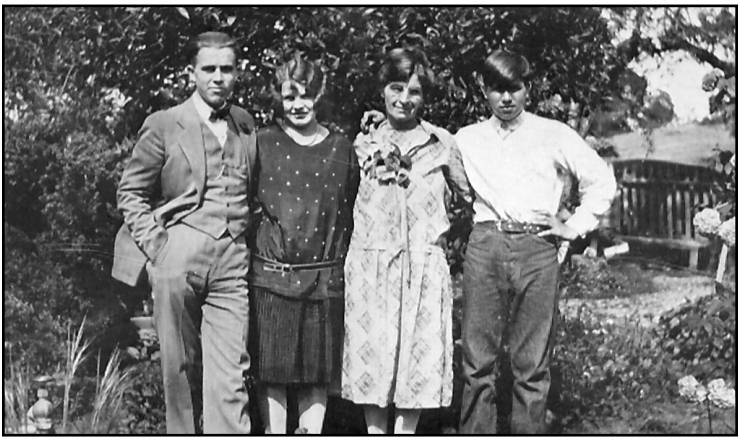
a good fight, she finished her course. At the age of ninety-eight years and ten months, with her daughter and daughter-in-law at her side, she slipped away home to be with her dear Savior and beloved Clyde.

Sophie Haney can no longer tell stories, write missionaries or visit the sick. She can no longer encourage the discouraged, attend prayer meetings, and be faithful to church services, yet her influence lives on and her life is a challenge to those of us that remain. Her motto should be the motto of us all:

*Only one life will soon be past*
*Only what's done for Christ will last*



*Sophie Haney with her two sons, 1922.*



*Sophie Haney and children, 1928.*



*Sister Haney and her grandson,*
*Kenneth Haney, 1937.*



*Sophie Haney and her sister.*



*Sister Haney, 90, with her children, Clyde, Gladys and Leland.*



## WILLIE LANE JOHNSON

**By Treajetta A. Streley**

Her grandmother was born into slavery. Her mother was only a housemaid. Her father was a prominent white politician, who never acknowledged her birth. She was one of five children, sold into marriage to an older black man, that her brothers and sisters might be fed. She was Willie Lee Lane Johnson.

Willie was born May 2, 1905 in Roanoke, West Virginia. There, she married Scott Johnson at the age of seventeen on August 7, 1922. They were the parents of four children: Rudolph, Donald, Gloria and Scott.

Willie Lee had learned to sing, as a child in a small Baptist church. She envisions it yet, every time she sings, "Little Wooden Church Out On The Hill."

Scott was a hard working man, and earned good

money, until the depression deprived him of employment. Although Willie earned a few dollars singing in many of the local churches, there was seldom enough.

The Johnsons lost Donald at four months. His tiny body, literally torn from the arms of his mother, was buried overlooking the Ohio River.

"We were living in Moundsville, West Virginia, then, and I went once more to see his grave. The cemetery overlooks the river, and that's where I intended to go afterwards. A lady who was walking to the grocery store, saw me alone in the cemetery. That day, she had walked a different route. I had sung at her church (Lutheran) and she recognized me. I told her about my troubles; the death of my child, no food, no clothing for the children. 'I don't think I can go on any longer.' 'Within an hour, there will be food in your home,' she assured me. God had begun to move.

"At that time I was up on the boulevard, the Methodist church. I'm singing in the choir, mincing here, and prancing there. Um-hum! With my mannish-bobbed hair and my Maybelline!

"Then one evening, we were all at choir practice, when somebody said to me, 'You oughta go down. There's a man down on Ash Avenue, at the Pentecostal Church. He picked up a Bible stand last night!'

"I was just green enough, I thought all Bible stands were alike; big and heavy. So, I thought, 'Hmm! Must be supernatural power.' I didn't know it was just orange crates. So I said, 'I'm going down.'

"So, here I come in the side door, all proud—I'm with the folks on the boulevard, you know. I had on my little white tam, and when I stuck my head in the

door, little Sister South prayed, 'Lord, give her to us!'

"So here I am, and they were all talking at one time, hollerin' in prayer. Their faces were lifted, some were going this way, some were going that way. Brother Bud Glen Enstminger preached an old fashioned, tongue-talking, devil-chasing, Apostolic message, and there I was, shaking like Belshazzer. He went down that aisle, preaching Holy Ghost.

"Down in my heart, I wanted it; Oh, I wanted it all. And then the Power of God came, and that man picked up that Bible stand, (which was just orange crates covered with white muslin,) and he carried it across the platform. 'That wasn't nothing but orange crates!' I said. But that doesn't matter now, cause I'm coming back to see what's gonna happen next! So I went back up on the Boulevard and turned in all twelve of my choir books."

A short time later, Sister Margaret Barham and Sister Goldie Stewart Basley baptized Willie Johnson in Jesus' Name.

As Willie Johnson visited in the home of saints, one afternoon, she heard the lady of the house rejoicing in the kitchen while she prepared a meal. When Willie couldn't bear to stand and listen any longer, she too went into the kitchen, praising the Lord, and soon was baptized in the Spirit.

Excited, fulfilled, rejoicing, she went out into the street, telling passers-by of her infilling. She stopped a policeman and shouted, "I just received the Holy Ghost!"

"You received what?" The officer demanded as he pulled free of her grasp.

"I just received the Holy Ghost, and everybody ought to know what the Holy Ghost is!"

In the early days of her evangelizing, Sister Johnson often felt she had been forgotten, forsaken, abandoned by all. Long weeks would pass between calls to minister, and so she would minister to herself, and say, "My Jesus was a lonely Jesus in that Garden. So when everybody goes to sleep on you, get on your knees and get deeper, deeper, deeper in God."

Following her own advice, Sister Willie journeyed deeper and deeper into territory. Soon, her unique ministry in song and word, her ability to get hold of God, and His use of her through the gifts of His Spirit, caused such an increase that she endangered her health time and again.

"Sister Willie gave everything. Spiritually, physically, mentally, emotionally and financially. She wore herself out giving," commented Ruth Fisher, longtime friend from Morgantown, West Virginia.

While ministering in Jewett, Ohio, in August 1980, she felt a deep travail of Spirit. As she looked out over the congregation of nearly 300, God led her to a young couple. Discerning that they suffered an unsettled grief over the loss of a child, she ministered to their need from her own well of experience.

The Johnson ministry has many unique facets. According to Sister Joyce Scott, who has known Sister Willie since childhood, her strongest spiritual attributes are prayer and fasting. In prayer, Willie Johnson empties herself of all, and waits upon God to fill her with His Spirit and Mind. Before she will minister, she demands much the same of a congregation. She will

not minister until the atmosphere is right.

"When she starts a revival, she just empties herself out. I've seen her lie on her bed and moan for the mind of God. Between services, she never shopped or went out. She'd stay in her room and pray," said Sister Ella May Stark, a Jewett friend of nearly forty years. She teaches that prayer and fasting ought to be coupled. Fasting without prayer is just starvation of the body; fasting with prayer feeds the soul. When ministering, Sister Willie customarily wears only black or white, and often drapes herself in a full cape. Brother Danny Scott, who admits his own ministry had been deeply influenced by the Johnson ministry.

"Sister Willie Johnson did not want to get in the way. She was a very physically attractive young woman, in the days when women didn't preach. She felt she must be well covered, and didn't wear bright colors."

Sister Barbara Davison was the 55th of 58 souls to receive the Holy Ghost at Riverside Apostolic Church, in April of 1949, in Morgantown, West Virginia. The pastors who ask Willie Johnson to come have learned to expect the Holy Ghost to fall.

Sister Davison, now a minister, recalls a story told by Willie. She had gone to the East Central District Conference of 1937 because she needed to get something for her soul. Unexpectedly asked to sing, she felt embarrassed, because her borrowed dress was "too short and too narrow." Although quite modest by the common standard, she feared it detracted from the glory she wanted her song to give to God.

The response at that conference to her rendering of "The Curtain Of Time" was so remarkable that the

success of her ministry was prophesied by a minister.

At the May '81 West Virginia District Conference, Brother N. A. Urshan quipped that he presented "The Holy Trinity" as he introduced his wife, Sister Jean Urshan, Sister Helen Anderson Cole and Sister Willie Johnson. The song they chose, "To God Be the Glory" has been, and is, a hallmark of the Johnson Ministry. Sister Johnson plays guitar, piano and tambourine in addition to singing.

During the mid-fifties, Sister Willie preached a revival at Midway Tabernacle, in St. Paul Minnesota. Sister Jessie Norris, wife of Pastor S. G. Norris, taught students at nearby Apostolic Bible Institute that it is necessary to give everything to the work of God. As Sister Willie ministered, she told them, "Now you watch, that's the way to hold revival."

For many years, organist Sister Charlene Day lived and traveled with Sister Willie, accompanying her as she ministered, throughout each portion of every service. Sister Day kept schedules straight and details clear, for Sister Willie has seldom been bound by clock or calendar.

Willie Johnson is a woman of mercurial moods. She habitually experiences extreme highs and lows. She recognizes that she is one of God's chosen children, a child chosen to suffer, and she says, "Upon some of His children He's put a special cross, because He can trust that child to bear it, and grow in Him. Suffering is a ministry in itself," Sister Willie feels. "He loves us so much, now, that He knows when we get to the crisis place—and He also leads His ministers to the crisis place to help them, so they can help you.

First, you gotta go there yourself, before you can help anybody. He takes me to the backside of the desert, then I know how you feel . . . and that's why He took upon Himself flesh." She pauses, then smiles that soft Willie smile and says, "God truly ministers in brokenness." Then she begins to sing, "I trust in God, I know He cares for me . . ."

"You know, temptation is a part of life." She talks about temptations. "But with the temptation, my God makes a way of escape." She drops her head, looks up through her lashes, and adds, "If you want to escape, don't try to avoid the temptation; face it, overcome it, grow in God by overcoming!" and then she sings, "The Lord saved me, why should I be bound . . ."

"Don't be ashamed to ask for more God. You ain't never gonna get all the Holy Ghost you can get—keep getting you some more! There's a height, a depth, a dimension you can swim in," and again she sings. She describes the spirit walk is ever-changing and never the same. Sister Johnson fears a static soul is a dying soul, and preaches it.

"Holy Spirit, thou art welcome in this place . . ." She pauses mid phrase to state boldly, "you can sing the words!" She sings again; "Holy Spirit, thou art welcome in this place"—she thumps both fists against her breast, repeatedly, and weeps, "this place."

Willie Johnson advises that all who believe God ought to prove Him. She says "Leap out by faith."

Unwise criticism is an area of danger in Willie Johnson's thinking. She tells of a time when daughter Gloria suffered from diphtheria and tuberculosis. A critical schoolteacher sent the ailing child home with

the prediction that late night worship would be her death. Sister Willie said, "She's dead and my daughter's living! If you don't want a millstone round your neck—don't offend the little *ones!"*

As a mother, Sister Willie Johnson holds strong opinions about child rearing. She feels that the ease of today's culture has robbed parents and children of the opportunity to grow close, as once existed.

Brother Scott laughs as he recalls that Sister Willie frequently admonished her daughter from the platform. "She'd shout, 'Glory!' and everyone thought she was rejoicing in the Lord, but Gloria *knew* the difference."

At a surprise birthday celebration, held in her honor in May of 1979, at Riverside Apostolic Church, she taught the ladies how to travail in the Spirit. That's her way of celebration. For the necessities of life, she has simply believed God. She laughs softly as she recalls a series of meetings during those lean years of her early ministry. She boarded with the family of the pastor, of the small church where she was preaching. There was no food, there was no money to buy food. She recalls, "Weren't no breakfast, so we fasted breakfast, knowing God would send dinner. I just said to Him, 'Lord, You who own the cattle on a thousand hills, You just run a little heifer by this way!' And He did. A half beef was delivered in time for our meal."

"This time I'd gone to minister in Moundsville. When I went, my stomach's already hungry. I didn't have even a buffalo nickel, but I'm hoping God's gonna bless me with a quarter. Well, they passed the basket, and it wasn't a thing in there, but I ministered like it's been full, cause God didn't call me to collect

an offering, He called me to preach the Word of God. So I went on home. No milk, nothing to eat for breakfast. Then I'm praying 'cause God had given us a beautiful move of His Spirit, and there's a little knock on my door. A poor, precious, shabby little sister stood there and told me, 'You know Sister Willie, I forgot to give you this thirty-cents I had in my shoe!' And I said, 'Thank You, Jesus' I can get the mush tomorrow and eat for a week! Then, you know, I had to stuff my hankey in my mouth to stifle the Spirit groans of my soul. If Scott heard that, I'm gonna sure lose my thirty-five cents and spend this night on the street."

Scott was less than sympathetic to the truth. Although he saw and enjoyed the bounty of God's riches through the faith of his wife, he fought her hard. He benefited from the income of her ministry, yet endeavored to prevent her from ministering. Prayer was a privilege refused Willie Johnson in her home. Her beloved children were used as instruments to control and disrupt her powerful ministry. Time and again, services were called off due to a phone call, revealing the evangelist's children were locked out of their home, or not being fed. Often the report was untrue, but the purpose had been served. In spite of all this, her ministry was effective and she was a loving wife. Before he died, Scott asked her to pray for him.

God's provision for Willie Johnson often came through the channel of His saints. Without telling anyone but Jesus she just waited upon Him, and He moved on them and the needs were met. Often, the gifts had to be secreted, or they would have been taken.

A lady of class, Willie has a flair for style.

Occasionally friends gave her special gifts, a pair of gloves, a lace hanky; some nice things. Although it came none too early and still it had to be hidden when it arrived, yet she asks, "Aren't you glad you're God's business?" Then she sings, "My God has never failed me yet."

When she'd arrive home late at times, after preaching hard and digging deep, it was often to find herself barred from her home, perhaps her few clothes tossed out into the street. As she bedded down across the doorstep, she sang, "My Heavenly Father Watches Over Me." And she says now, "You know, the foxes have their holes, the birds of the air have their nests, but Jesus didn't have nowhere to lay down His head. Now here, I had that doorstep! My Heavenly Father watches over me," she sings.

Not all persecution came to Willie Johnson from her unbelieving husband.

"I was at Moundsville, playing the piano, and it seems there was a lot of folks outside, playing at something else. They could hear us, but we weren't listening to them. But then a rock came sailing in' and God said 'Duck!' So I ducked, and I ducked again, and we just kept on singing 'The Reason I'm in This Church—I don't wanna be lost . . .'"

She has an affinity for those who suffer, for she has suffered so much. She can say with Paul, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" (Galatians 6:17). She has been spit upon, reviled, ridiculed and beaten. She has known hunger and want for the name of the Lord. Willie Johnson believes that suffering is a blessing in disguise; a rare privilege before God. She

bears her suffering with dignity, but indifference is apt to bring her low. Hate she can face with love, wrath she answers with a soft word, physical pain and weakness she prays through to strength, but indifference is a cross she finds harder to bear.

She lives in a small home in Charleston. Her spiritual children seek her out, follow her travels, and pray for her well-being. She is in demand to minister.

"Don't criticize God for your crosses. When He sends you trials, he tries you, asking 'Do you Really Love Me?'" Cross bearing is a favored topic of the Johnson ministry. She teaches that only God knows how big a cross we can bear, and warns that the first cross won't be the heaviest. She pauses to pinch her left hand with her right, and states, "I still live in this, and this flesh still gives Sister Willie trouble! We're not divine yet! Some saints are precious, precious, precious saints. You can't say that about all saints, cause some saints *Ain't* Precious!"

She gestures to the organists to play, draws breath to sing, and then pauses. She draws the humorous "Willie face," known so well by so many, and states quietly, "This is not just Holy Ghost, not just tongues. He's got nine beautiful gifts for you, but you gotta grow up!" She gestures to the organists to play "Some thru the Water."

Again she pauses mid-phrase and holding the congregation in quiet anticipation, she toys with the microphone. Finally, she looks up, smiling her mischievously charming smile and asks, "How many of you are peculiar?" Another pause, and few hands lifted. She shouts, "If we don't act peculiar, and different—hairpins flying

out of your hair, and all that little stuff you got in there fall out on the ground; and act peculiar, ain't nobody gonna listen to us."

"Listen," she screams, "It was raised abroad! Noised abroad! Now noise it abroad!" As the spirit and the word sweep the congregation, ministering conviction in the souls of men, voices join first in tears, then in tongues, and in song: 'I Cannot Fail the Lord.'

"Saints, He's called us for a purpose. We have His work to do. Don't ever let go of your ministry!" says Sister Johnson. Although she is an anointed evangelist, a gifted minister, she has never been, nor tried to be a pastor. She has always brought herself into submission of the local church wherein she ministers.

Brother Scott recalls that, after confirming his call, guiding his development and encouraging him in his ministry, she came under his pastorate, when he was just twenty-four years of age. She offered counsel when asked, but never suggested by word or deed that she was anything but a submitted and dedicated saint of God. Her cooperation with the Pastor was an inspiration especially to Pastor Scott.

Willie Johnson has had profound influence on the lives of many people. She has ministered to needs of salvation and healing; to spiritual and emotional needs. Much of what she's been able to pass on came to her under the ministry of the late B. G. Entsminger, the converted prize-fighter. Sister M. Martle, who first brought the message of the Name to the Moundsville area, early in this century, taught Willie Johnson lessons of faith in action that have shaped her life.

While traveling from Central Ohio to visit a sick

relative in Columbia, South Carolina, Sister Ella May Stark felt a deep need to see her friend, Willie Johnson, again. Sister Stark was physically drained, and carried an undiagnosed malignancy that would require surgery within four months. Passing thru Charleston on the road south, it was much too late at night to call anyone else, and there was no phone listing for Sister Johnson. Traveling north again, Sister Stark and her party stopped at a large fruit market in Charleston, to try again to reach her, and buy food, for they were very hungry. A call to the home of her son Rudolph, a Charleston city policeman, revealed that Sister Johnson was at home, between meetings, and that her home was in view from the market. After visiting for a short time, and drawing from the well of compassion and understanding that is Willie Johnson, Sister Stark felt able to face what was coming. She summarizes the effect of Sister Willie on so many others when she says, "Any woman who has suffered, as she has, and has endured without complaining, as she has, is an inspiration to the rest of us to press on."

"Sister Willie has had an impression on everyone who met her. In 1951, my little girl drowned, and she was able to minister to my loss, because of her loss," according to Margaret Krider, of Morgantown.

Willie Johnson has been a true prophet. Brother Edwin Harper, currently pastoring in Morgantown, had yet to meet Willie Johnson when she prophesied his call to the ministry. She has remained a good friend of Pastor Harper, his family and that church for nearly 40 years. Brother Scott recalls, "She has prophesied over me a number of times, and without exception, they've

all come true. I've learned to expect it."

Sister Johnson has ministered to the physical infirmities of God's people, teaching as always that God's Word stands proving. Sister Opal Whittington of Charleston, a young saint with Willie, tells of meeting again after a separation of years. She attended meetings being preached by Sister Johnson, in constant severe pain due to a back injury. Though they had not had an opportunity to talk together, Sister Willie recognized Opal's need from the platform, and asked Brother B. J. Sowards to pray with her. As she came down the aisle, praising God, it seemed her hand was guided to the injured spot, and as she touched it, Sister Whittington received an instant healing. Brother Scott tells of the annual New Year's revival held during his pastorate at the Open Door Mission, "It was understood that this was my slot every January. So the Sunday following New Year's she would come, and we would start revival. She would pick out different individuals in the congregation and go to them, and without hesitation or introduction, she would pray and that person would be healed. She would name in her prayer the sickness. There were times we knew she could not know, but she could discern it."

Sister Willie Johnson continues to live by faith. Traveling with her daughter, Gloria, to California, in May of 1981 she became weaker and weaker, and expected God to call her home.

"When I got here, to San Jose, I was sick, and the doctor said a few weeks later, I would have been gone, one lung had collapsed. I had a tumor the size of a woman five months pregnant, plus two the size of can-

taloupes, two the size of lemons. They called in a medical team and it made medical history. The twelve-pound tumor had been growing twenty years. Oh, how great God is! I cried for months to die, and go be with the Lord. But He wants me here a little longer, Oh praise His Name. My strength is slowly coming back; there comes a time to lean on Him only. He knows the way we take and when He has tried us, we shall come forth as Gold. Above everything, hold to His hand, hold on, hold to God's Unchanging Hand."



*Young Evangelist, Willie Johnson*



## BERTHA BIRK MANGUN

**By Vera Kinzie**

She was truly a pioneer Pentecostal woman. The word pioneer is an interesting word for it carries the meaning of one who goes before, preparing the way for others, and this, her mission, was well performed.

The industrious farming community in Northern Indiana had never heard of Pentecost. The farmers were happy tilling the fertile soil of their respective farms and all were content with the community school which provided education for the children and with several country churches, which provided enough religion for all—all except a young woman. She was Bertha Ida (Birk) Mangun, born March 16, 1895 in Petosky, Michigan. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward

Birk, had purchased a farm and moved into the above mentioned community. On April 22, 1916, she was married to Walter D. Mangun and to them six children were born: Mildred, Gerald, Gladys, Grace, Ruth and Martha. This young couple, destined to be pioneers of Pentecost in this community, lived on a farm near LaPaz, Indiana. This little village (population 500-600) was the center of business for the farmer as it housed the bank, hardware, elevator, barber shop, post office, garage, ice cream parlor, two grocery stores and a community church called the Union Church.

For some reason, in the will of God, five Oneness Pentecostal preachers, Charles Taylor, Tom McCarthy, Harry Sweet, Hiram Taylor and G. B. Rowe, decided to come from South Bend, Indiana and start a revival in the Union Church (all denominations could hold services in it for six weeks). News gets around fast in a small community and these strange meetings were discussed by many and ignored by others, but not by Bertha Mangun. She had been hungry for a real experience with God and as she was searching for reality, she decided to investigate and attend the revival. The preaching of Truth and the spirit of the service convinced her immediately of her need of prayer. She was always known to be a very shy, quiet and serious little lady, but that night, when she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, she "waxed bold" in God. Soon the whole community knew of her fiery testimony, her shouting and even dancing, and it was determined by many that "Bertha Mangun had lost her mind over religion!"

In this same farming community lived another shy and quiet little woman, Effie Heyde, who was my aunt. Secretly she too, longed for a real experience with God. She had been told by her church that she was "saved and sanctified," but still she was crying out for a satisfying experience. However, at the report of Bertha Mangun's new found religion, she only felt sympathy for her neighbor-friend. One day (perhaps through curiosity), she decided to call Bertha and talk with her and perhaps offer some comfort and good advice. However, as soon as the conversation started, she wished she had not called, for on the other end of the party line a lively and excited voice was praising God.

Along with shouting, she was saying "she had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and spoken in tongues and what joy she had in her soul!" My aunt was aghast and even somewhat terrified, for she had never expected this to happen when she made the friendly telephone call. But the seed of the Word and the experience of Pentecost was sown! Soon Effie Heyde was in "that religion" and she too, was shouting, dancing and praising God, witnessing to the marvelous things God had done. What was happening to our lovely peace-loving community? Others were becoming interested, even my grandmother.

By now you are wondering what happened to Brother Mangun—for where the Spirit of God is, many plans are changed and sometimes the changes create turmoil. He was the Sunday school superintendent of a reputable country church and he took his position and duties seriously, with a certain pride. The night that Sister Mangun received the Holy Ghost was a Saturday

night and, of course, she got home a bit late. She decided that she must be quiet and not disturb her husband—but how could she be quiet? This new found experience was so filled with joy and it so fulfilled every longing in her soul that she found it impossible to contain her feelings. She tiptoed to the door and softly opened it, but as she stepped inside, she started praising God and shouting—she could not contain that which God had so graciously given to her! After a time, she apologized and explained to her surprised husband that God had filled her with the Holy Ghost and she was so happy that she could not sleep. Disgustingly, he replied, "And neither can anyone else sleep!" Morning came and he wondered if she would go to Sunday school with him. Maybe she would stay home—he hoped so, for she was still shouting and praising God. But to his dismay, she was getting ready for Sunday school! What would he do with her there? She would surely embarrass him, yet he could not ask her to stay home for she always attended church with him. Fearfully he started the Sunday school session. He glanced to see if she was still composed and sure enough, there she was, face beaming and smiling that wonderful Holy Ghost smile. These quiet and sedate people would never understand her new found exuberance! Somehow, he got through the Sunday morning session and with a sigh of relief headed home, but how was he going to live with this new way of life in his home? Monday morning he decided to go to the woods and chop wood—that would help his frustrations. As the woodchips flew, he thought on all he had seen and heard from his wife about this Holy Ghost

experience. Soon, tears began to flow down over his face and he decided to "give in" to the Holy Spirit and find this new experience too. As he shouldered his axe and started for his house, two Pentecostal ministers met him, for they had come to visit the Manguns. That day Brother Mangun repented and was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus in the horse watering tank on his farm. These were the pioneer days of Pentecost.

Faith is a wonderful element in the Christian's life. Sister Mangun loved the name of Jesus and trusted in His name for everything. Brother Mangun, who is now eighty-nine years old, tells of a few incidents in their walk with God. One day as she worked in her kitchen, she glanced out the window and saw their barn on fire and already it had spread to the straw mow. One realizes immediately that there is no stopping a fire in straw, but her faith in God, ever active, came into focus. She walked out on the porch and in the Name of Jesus rebuked the flames. The fire went out! This was unbelievable and people came from miles away to see this unusual phenomenon. Another outstanding occurrence that she mentioned many times in testimony was the miraculous healing of their daughter, Ruth. The child was very ill and near death's door with Black Diptheria, but again they trusted in the Name of Jesus and God undertook and she lives today. One more incident that she gave glory to God for many times. In later years as grandchildren came into the Mangun family, they were driving one day in their auto at a rapid rate of speed. One of their grandsons was riding in the back seat and opened the door pulling him out onto the pavement and rolling

him across the cement road. His grandmother, horrified, yet always alert to the power in the name of the Lord Jesus, called His name in prayer. As they stopped the auto and ran back to the child, the child came running and crying to be caressed in his grandmother's arms. He was not seriously injured. How Sister Mangun loved and trusted in Jesus' Name!

After several years of faithful attendance in the church in Mishawaka, Indiana, another venture in pioneering faced Brother and Sister Mangun. They had now moved to Plymouth, Indiana, a town of 6,000-7,000 population, about eight miles from LaPaz. There was no Pentecostal church there. After much prayer, they started prayer services in their home with just a few attending. After three years of prayer meetings every Wednesday night, three were baptized and plans were made to have a tent meeting the following summer. From the efforts of this tent meeting, the Old Time Religion Tabernacle was started and founded in Plymouth, Indiana. The small congregation rented a large, old mansion in a good location and by permission of the owner, removed some of the partitions and made a commodious assembly room. In the spring of 1937, the church was set in order with the help of Elder G. B. Rowe. By fall the church had grown to the extent that the owner, Mr. Hess, who lived in Hawaii, was again contacted to see if the property could be purchased. The property had been offered for $6,400.00 but to God's glory, the church purchased it for $1,000.00. In those days of depression, $1,000.00 was a lot of money so Brother Mangun helped the church and supported his family with a horseradish

and hominy route. Needless to say, his wife was his faithful helper. She not only was an ardent Christian, but an energetic and industrious lady. She helped pioneer this business too, making delicious horseradish and hominy, thus assisting in the building of a church. In July of 1938 the congregation had grown until it was necessary to start wrecking the old house and plans were made to build the Old Time Religion Tabernacle that became so well known in the city. The dedication of the new building scheduled for May 30, 1939, was conducted by Elder G. B. Rowe and Brother Ben Pemberton of St. Louis, Missouri. This quotation is taken from a document of history of the church: "We are truly grateful to the Lord for having His hand on our efforts and for blessing His people with this place of worship." Thus the Old Time Religion Tabernacle stood as a monument to Jesus' Name for over forty years in Plymouth. A new location was purchased recently and a beautiful building is being erected at this writing under the capable leadership of Pastor Robert Schultz.

She was a petite little lady, always neatly dressed with a serious expression on her face. She left a definite influence on you when you were in her company. She spoke little, but very precisely, and left no doubt as to her convictions. I remember so vividly one of my first conversations with her. We had just been converted in a revival that was conducted in the same Union Church that she had been converted in, years past. In those days, it was customary to have "fellowship meetings" on Sunday afternoon in various churches. For some reason unknown to us, they

received permission to have a fellowship meeting in the Union Church. On this same Sunday afternoon a funeral service was being conducted for her uncle, who had lived for many years in this farming community. We had gone by his house to show our respects to the family and then journeyed on to the fellowship meeting. When we walked into the church to my utter amazement there she sat on the front seat, worshiping the Lord. (She always sat up in front and to this day I like to sit on the front seat of the sanctuary.) The service had not started yet so I sat down by her and said, "I'm surprised to see you here because of your uncle's funeral this afternoon," to which she quickly replied, "The Scriptures say 'let the dead bury the dead,'" and she continued to worship the Lord.

She taught me and many others some very valuable lessons by her quiet, yet firm ways. I recall another occasion when I noticed as a young Christian, that she had sewn lace or velvet or a contrasting material on to her sleeves, making them at least elbow length. This was done in good taste. As I stated before she was always neatly dressed, so I asked the church elder's wife, "Why is she doing this?" She informed me that the Lord had been convicting Sister Mangun of wearing short sleeves. I was puzzled indeed, and I replied, "It has never bothered me to wear short sleeves." But months later I realized I was uncomfortable in short sleeves and I mentioned this to my mother, who was buying me a new dress for my birthday. I did not want a short sleeved dress! Mother was surprised at my conviction and replied, "Oh, I don't think that hurts anything," but she did not insist.

Several years later she was in a service one night and all at once she became so uncomfortable with her short sleeves that she tried to cover her arms, vowing to the Lord that never again would she appear in public dressed like this. Sister Mangun taught us that it was always best to dress modestly, especially when we came to worship in the presence of God and the congregation. I still find it easy to choose clothes in modest taste, because of her example. Sister Mangun did not mind being a pioneer (preparing the way for others) in her manner of living and speech and today her influence lives on!

I could mention many incidents that I now realize built Christian character in me and others. She was so genuinely honest and forthright. She played a tambourine softly and rhythmically in the church orchestra, but she always sat sideways, facing the pulpit and this puzzled me again. The rest of the orchestra faced the audience. One day I ventured to ask her why she did this. Again her quick and firm reply was, "I come to church to worship God and listen to His Word, so I don't watch the people, I keep my mind on God."

One other occasion I will mention—we were on a little trip to Chicago to visit a mission and, of course, all in the automobile were talking and occasionally laughing. I noted that she was very quiet, so I asked, "Are you tired or feeling bad?"

"No, I feel fine but the Scripture says I will give account for every idle word, so I'm careful what I say," Sister Mangun responded quietly.

And she lived this way! The only time she was ever excited or loud in speech was when she testified.

Then she was like a "ball of fire," sometimes even shouting down the aisle of the church.

"Did this pattern of her Christian living always exist?" You may ask.

"Yes, even unto her dying day." She became ill with cancer but her trust in God never wavered. She never went to a doctor nor to the hospital. Her faith and firm convictions never wavered. She trusted God completely. She felt she "could not trust in the arm of flesh" as she would say firmly. I visited with her just a few days before she went to be with the Lord. Her faith was still in God for she said, "When I am well again, I'm going to have Pop get me a blender as I really love my vegetables pureed as my aunt fixes them for me."

We were traveling in evangelistic work at this time and were in Illinois when the call came that she had gone to be with the Lord. After the church service that night we came home to show our last respects to her and her stalwart Christian life. As mentioned before in this account, the Old Time Religion Tabernacle was built in the small city of Plymouth and its existence was well known. After the funeral service, I walked to the nice department store downtown and noticed that the clerks were standing together in groups and talking softly. Very few people were in the store and there was an air of solemnity therein. I shopped slowly to hear what the lady clerks were saying. One said, "They say that was the largest funeral ever in Plymouth. The people couldn't get inside—as many stood out on the lawn as were in the church." Another said, "She and her husband started that church in the old Hess house

and it has grown to this." Another lady volunteered: "I hear she never went to a doctor, but trusted God."

As I walked on, I asked myself, "Does it pay to live for God and live completely dedicated?" Oh yes, a thousand times, yes! The city knew of her steadfastness in God; the church knew her sincerity; her family knew her walk with God. Her fervor and zeal lives on in her son, Gerald, who pastors one of our largest churches. I shall be forever grateful to her and her pastor husband. Many members of my family and friends who lived in the farming community previously mentioned were converted in the church that they so faithfully served.

She lived and worked to leave a heritage to the "generations to come, that they might know." I only wish you could have known her.



## RUBY MARTIN

**By Jewell Dillon and Eugene McClintock**

Rose Martin had an ominous feeling as she rocked her little daughter. Ruby, who was twenty months old, was running a fever. Perhaps she was teething again. In 1909 Emmanuel and Rose Martin were living in Olympia, Washington having immigrated from Indiana farmland to a farm in Washington where their two daughters were born.

The young mother laid her sleeping daughter down. Something was terribly wrong. That morning after she had finished dressing Ruby, she stood her on the floor and the child collapsed in a heap, unable to stand. Ruby's sister, Eva, five, had also been acting strangely for several days. Instead of stepping the two

steps from the kitchen to the dining room, she had stopped and crawled weakly up the steps.

Ruby was fevered and sleeping, but she should have awakened—hours ago. Rose tried to awaken her, first softly and then with terrified sobs, but Ruby did not respond. In anguish, the mother called the doctor and explained that her two little girls were seriously ill and her baby could not be roused from her sleep.

The doctor listened closely as she described the symptoms. Then he said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Martin, I need not come. There is nothing I can do for your children." An epidemic of infantile paralysis, now known as polio, was sweeping the west. Very little was known about the disease. The doctor added, "Children across the country are sleeping themselves to death."

Emmanuel Martin, a devout Dunkard Brethren, and his wife Rose, a Mennonite, prayed earnestly that the Lord would spare their children's lives. Their strong faith had anchored them securely in a love for God and His Word. They loved their girls, their only children, and were deeply distressed by their illness.

As Rose prayed she was reminded of the mustard plasters her mother used to make. She went into the kitchen and cooked a flour and mustard paste. She turned Ruby on her stomach and spread the plaster all the way down her spine. The next morning Ruby woke.

The fever subsided and the illness passed, leaving the Martins with two severely crippled girls. Eva, who had not seemed as critically ill, was left much more physically handicapped. She could not walk at all and had to be carried everywhere.

Both Ruby and Eva were exceptionally bright and

happy children. The Martins determined to give them the best care possible. Having heard of the Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children in Seattle, Washington, Mrs. Martin decided to take her daughters there. When she was four, Ruby had surgery on one of her ankles, but Eva was admitted to the hospital and remained there for five months learning how to take care of herself and be useful.

After her surgery, Ruby and her mother went back to their lonely hotel. They would be going home tomorrow. They had already told Eva goodbye.

Next to the hotel was a little Pentecostal mission. Mrs. Martin, in her long black dress, prayer veil and little black bonnet, took her daughter to the mission. The singing was spirited and Ruby remembers how the Pentecostals knelt on the floor and groaned and cried and shouted as they prayed. She had never seen anything like this in the Mennonite church.

A black woman, seeing Ruby's new cast, asked her mother if she would like to have her daughter prayed for. Not knowing what else to say and feeling it could do no harm, she consented. The lady began to pray and rebuke the devil of affliction from the child. Ruby's mother was both offended and amused to think that these people would actually think her child's affliction was of the devil. She began to laugh and covered her mouth with her handkerchief to hide her smile. But as the woman prayed, Ruby had a strange feeling. She explained to her mother later, "It felt something like needles that started in the top of my head and moved through my whole body." She wanted to remove her cast. She felt as though she could walk.

But to remove the cast because of the impressions of a four-year-old child was unthinkable.

Ruby and her mother returned home. Ruby was used to crawling everywhere she wanted to go. Her mother fashioned her a pair of crutches from broom handles and the yoke of a harness. Ruby was soon on her feet and running. She loved to play outdoors with the neighbor children. If they did it, she tried it, and she usually succeeded.

One day Ruby wanted her mother to carry her coat. Her mother said, "Ruby, I want to talk to you. You are going to have a hard enough time being crippled without the burden of being spoiled. Don't expect people to do for you what you can do for yourself." Those words became one of the strong characteristics of Ruby Martin—independence.

Among Ruby's earliest childhood memories was an incident that happened when she was about five. Her father had been off to Wanatchee, Washington, picking apples. She looked out and saw her father returning home with his trunk and strapped to the side of the trunk was a shiny pair of new crutches. They were for her. Nothing could stop her now.

Great revivals were moving through the West. The Pentecostals had meetings where they prayed for the sick and many were healed. The Martins heard of a Pentecostal campmeeting in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Martin decided to take her girls and have them prayed for. She boarded the train and headed for camp.

It was a large campmeeting with tents everywhere. Mrs. Martin and her two little girls camped among the Pentecostals. She, in her long dark dress and little

black bonnet, carried Eva on her hip as Ruby hopped along beside her. She felt conspicuous in the crowd of brightly dressed Pentecostals. Some of the ladies even wore hats decorated with flowers and feathers. Some things she could accept about the Pentecostals but not their worldly hats.

The preaching and praying were fervent and lively. Mrs. Martin sat toward the back with Ruby on her lap. She sat in rapt attention as the preacher, Brother Harvey McCallister, ministered under the anointing. He suddenly said, "It's not a feather on your hat or a feather off your hat, but the condition of your heart that will save you." She felt the power of the Lord go through her. She set Ruby down on the seat and stood to her feet and began to dance and shout. She danced to the front of the tent and all around the altar. The minister began to shout and dance in the Spirit and the whole congregation broke out in praise to the Lord.

She went home from the campmeeting and told her husband of her experience. From that time on, they were hungry for the Holy Spirit.

Mr. Martin had a friend in southern Idaho who had a farm. He invited the Martins to move there and work with him. When Ruby was seven, they moved to Filer, Idaho, a little community near Twin Falls. Ruby started school at the little red brick schoolhouse near her home. She spent eight years there before furthering her education at Filer High School. School was exciting. There were so many things to learn and Ruby was a good student.

Ruby's father was a teacher in the Mennonite

church. When she was about twelve years old, she began to feel her need for God. She knew that she needed to repent for her mother had explained to her, "Ruby, it is not because of *what you do* but because of *who you are* that makes you a sinner. Even though you have not committed some great sin, you still need to repent."

The Mennonites were having a revival. Ruby, Eva and their friend, Berndetta, were out on the lawn discussing the revival. Ruby announced, "I am going to give my heart to the Lord tonight." When the invitation was given, all three responded. The girls felt a great weight lift as they left their sin burden at the altar that night. About three months later, Eva, only fifteen, died of influenza.

Pentecostal revival came to southern Idaho when Ruby was seventeen. There, in a big tent in Twin Falls, Mattie Crawford preached the message of baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus and the infilling of the Holy Ghost. Many people came to the Lord. The tent was taken down and a Pentecostal church was started in an old store building in Twin Falls. A few weeks later both Ruby and her mother received the Holy Ghost baptism.

Shortly after receiving the Holy Ghost, Ruby began to attend Link's School of Business, in Twin Falls. She studied fifteen months and then the school wanted to secure an office job for her. But she had a great desire to attend a Bible school. From the day that she had given her heart to the Lord, she had a love for the Word of God. She felt that she would gladly give up a good paying job and even a business career if only she could attend a Bible school.

She heard of a Missionary Training Home in Oakland, California. Her friend, Ruth Scott (Yadon) and her husband, Haskell, along with other young people from the Twin Falls area had gone there. Brother Harry Morse, the director of the school was the missionary secretary of the Pentecostal Church Incorporated. He had opened his large home to young people who felt a call to the work of the Lord. He also pastored the Big Downtown Mission located on the corner of 9th and Broadway in the heart of Oakland. Ruby heard that Brother Morse was in need of a secretary.

Since she had just finished her training in office work, she contacted Brother Morse and told him of her desire to attend his Bible school. The facilities were very limited. Only twelve to fifteen young people could be admitted at one time. Because of their need for help in the office, she was invited to come. The seven years she spent in Oakland as Brother Morse's secretary, are now recalled as some of the happiest days of her life.

She enjoyed the rich Bible teaching and warm fellowship of these consecrated young people. There was a special young man who attracted her attention. Although she had not yet met him, she had heard him praying in the prayer room. She was cleaning up the lunch area in the adjacent room while he was giving himself to prayer. He prayed in the spirit. These two young people became good friends and in time were engaged. Other young men had bid for Miss Martin's attention. But she had felt the call of the Lord so strongly upon her life that she had refused their offers. It seemed now that here was a man who loved the gospel work as fervently as she.

As she wrote letters to the missionaries for Brother Morse, she was in close contact with the need of the mission field. While working in that office, the Lord laid His hand on her life in a special way. She began to feel a burden for missions. She was especially interested in West Africa. She wanted to present herself to the missionary board and ask for an appointment; but she realized her physical condition would be a great handicap, especially in a foreign land. After much prayer she recognized that it would be better for her to remain in the homeland and help train others—others who had strong bodies. They could take the message throughout the world.

Her call to teach young people became clear. Her fiancé planned to evangelize. She realized that she could not follow the call of God in her life and marry this young man. After talking and much prayer they mutually consented to break the engagement.

Ruby spent seven wonderful years in Oakland. After returning home to Idaho, she worked for almost a year as a secretary in the Northwest Bible Training School, Caldwell, Idaho. It was during this time she assisted in the compilation and printing of Bible studies given by Brother John H. Deering. These studies were published and are still in use.

It was during this time that another tragedy struck the Martin family. Ruby returned home from Caldwell to spend the Christmas of 1939 with her parents. The Saturday before Christmas the family went to Twin Falls to shop. Ruby's father did not want to shop with the ladies so he agreed to pick them up at the end of the day in front of Woolworth's when the

stores closed at nine o'clock.

After finishing their shopping, Ruby and her mother stepped outside in the sheltered entrance of the store to wait. Time passed. Mr. Martin did not come. Since he was a very prompt person, they began to worry. About an hour later, a police car drove up. Two policemen approached Ruby's mother and one asked, "Are you Mrs. Martin?" He then told her that her husband had been hit by a car and was seriously injured. "We'll take you to the hospital."

With lights blinking and the siren screaming, they sped through heavy traffic and over icy roads to the hospital. Ruby wondered if they would make it. Mrs. Martin was in the front seat praying. The policeman turned to her and said, "Oh, lady, it hasn't come to this." But it had. Emmanuel Martin died January 2, 1940. Ruby did not return to Caldwell but stayed home to help her mother settle their business affairs.

That fall she was offered a teaching position in the Intermountain Christian Institute in Boise, Idaho. She taught there four years. Her work with the students there confirmed her call. She also became aware that she needed some specialized training. She had received wonderful instruction in the Word of the Lord in Oakland, but had not been trained in teaching methods. She resolved to further her education.

Ruby's mother shared her burden for Christian Education and was willing to sacrifice to see Ruby strengthened in her ministry. Ruby had heard about Moody Bible Institute, in Chicago, which was not far from her mother's old home in Elkhart, Indiana. She desired to go there. She and her mother decided to

move back to Indiana.

Mrs. Martin found work as a maid in the Buckland Hotel in Elkhart. She received a small salary and board and room for both her and Ruby. That winter while living in the hotel, Ruby completed a correspondence course from National Bible College of Wichita, Kansas, and received a Bachelor of Theology degree. In the spring of 1945, Ruby enrolled in Moody Bible Institute.

Pentecostal Bible Institute began in the fall of that year. Brother C. D. Soper, who had been an administrative assistant and teacher in the school in Boise and was now president of Pentecostal Bible Institute, contacted Ruby about moving to Tupelo, Mississippi, and joining the staff. She was glad for this open door. After teaching one year, she returned to Moody Bible Institute for summer school and spent long hours browsing in the school library and selecting texts that would be suitable for use at P.B.I.

Sister Martin, as she was now called, became part of the fabric and pattern of P.B.I. Over the years she ministered to hundreds of students in her classes.

The year 1953 was an especially memorable year. The school built a cottage called "Martin Hall" for her. They were eager to have it completed by graduation. In the flurry of graduation preparations, Audrene Hruza (Scism) and Georgina Rutlage (Williams) helped her move into her new home. She was excited about her home and eagerly anticipated bringing her mother to Tupelo for a visit in the fall.

After graduation, she headed to Indiana to spend the summer with her mother who, was living with her

sister, Libby, in a two-story frame house. Ruby appreciated her Indiana family who were loving and kind to her and her mother.

One summer morning Ruby was up early as usual. Her Aunt Libby was off to work. Ruby's mother who was now seventy-three, was still upstairs. When her mother did not get up at her usual time, Ruby called up the steps. Then she discovered that her mother, had passed away during the night. Now Ruby was alone, the last member of her immediate family was gone.

Ruby buried her mother in Idaho, by the side of her father. She spent several weeks there then she made arrangements to return to Tupelo. Her plans were to take the train to St. Louis where friends would meet her. Two young ladies, former students, of P.B.I., planned to meet Sister Martin and take her on a tour of the offices of the United Pentecostal Church where they worked.

As the train approached the St. Louis station Sister Martin was eager to see her young friends again. The conductor informed her that he had wired ahead and her train would be met by a porter with a wheelchair. The distance from the train to the main terminal was a long walk. When the train arrived, Sister Martin was among the last to get off. About that time the conductor spotted the wheelchair moving off in the distance with another occupant. He was standing near a loaded baggage cart. He turned to her and said, "Lady, we always take care of our passengers. I'll fix you a place on this cart." He helped her on top of the luggage and she went riding into the station. Her friends burst into laughter when they saw Sister Martin enter

the St. Louis depot in such grand style.

In the fall of that same year Sister Martin again rode in style. This time she rode in her new, motorized wheelchair. The students on the campus soon learned to recognize a jingling bell coming up suddenly from behind. Her battery operated motor chair could clip along as fast as ten miles an hour. This took her not only to the classrooms, into the campus dining hall and her home but also to the corner grocery and the mailbox. If she chose to drive at night, the chair was equipped with a flashlight and a rear reflector.

Sister Martin, who was always popular with children for her story telling ability, was now a real celebrity. To take a ride with Sister Martin was a delight to be remembered. Danny Soper, who had just received a new bicycle for Christmas, offered to let her ride his new bicycle if she would let him drive her chair. This was not the last such offer she received.

The years of Pentecostal Bible Institute were full. Sister Martin taught child evangelism courses, Romans, Hebrews and many other subjects, but her special field was the Old Testament. The New Testament message of redemption was made visual to the students in the study of the tabernacle in the wilderness. As a nugget of truth would be uncovered, her students would hear her say, "Now, young people, there's typology in that."

As she grew older, she became very conscious of preserving her good health. She takes in good stride the teasing about her health foods. She sprouts wheat and cooks her vegetables a minimum amount of time if at all. She selects her diet with care. This care has paid dividends in good eyesight, good hearing and

strong bones. She explains, "This is such an exciting day to be alive. The prophecies of the last days are being fulfilled. Jesus is coming soon. I want to live to see what God will do in the days ahead."

Her enthusiasm is catching. Each student goes away, not only with a greater love for the Lord and His Word, but with the indelible imprint of a valiant and dedicated little lady who is giving herself to ministering the Word of the Lord in concept and conduct.

Pentecostal Bible Institute moved to Jackson, Mississippi, in the fall of 1974 and, in the next year, became Jackson College of Ministries.

If you visit the campus of Jackson College of Ministries today, you might watch as an apartment door flings open and a little lady backs her wheelchair out and on to the sidewalk. With a flick of the wrist she is turned around and headed down the sidewalk. The chair hums like a happy bumblebee as Ruby Martin makes her way to class. And there she stands, supported by the two great strengths of her life, a ready mind and a radiant spirit—Ruby Martin, the handmaiden of The Lord.



*Sister Ruby Martin in her mechanical wheelchair.*



## MARGARET GENEVIEVE SAVAGE MCDONALD

### "The Girl Who Changed Her World"
### By Joy McDonald Haney

The movement of the grandfather clock was steady and sure, "tick, tock, tick, tock." The appointed time had almost arrived for the birth of a girl whom God would choose to bring light to her family and change her world toward godliness. On the old homeplace in the country with the cows mooing, the horses neighing, and the birds singing, Margaret Genevieve Savage was born in New Market, Iowa, on November 20, 1925, the fifth child to the parents, Merle and Crystal

Savage, people of character and courage. There were seven children born to that union; Maxine, Viola, Pauline, Bonnie, Margaret, Helen, and Connie.

At an early age, Margaret learned responsibilities. There was bread to be baked, corn to be canned, chickens to be fed, cows to be milked and all the chores that went with a large family living in the country. As a child, Margaret was a lover of nature. She could name almost every bird, she loved flowers, and she was full of compassion for animals.

When she was a little older, her parents moved to Clarinda, Iowa, where her father worked in the coal mines ten to twelve hours a day. He was hardworking man with a hungry family to feed. While they lived in New Market, they went to the Mennonite Church, for her grandparents were staunch in that belief. Her grandfather, who was an artist, had painted a beautiful picture of birds and nature behind the pulpit in the Mennonite Church. After moving to Clarinda, Iowa, however, the Savage family started going to the Free Methodist Church, for there was no Mennonite Church in that town.

When Margaret was about thirteen, the family moved to the West. At the young age of fifteen, she fell in love with a handsome guitar player who sang, yodeled, and played in the local clubs and halls. He was twenty-four, so they decided to be married a few months later. T. R. McDonald and Margaret Savage were joined together in marriage on March 13, 1940.

God had His hand on this young girl, for He knew when she came into contact with truth that she would change her world and influence others. She was dif-

ferent from most girls of fifteen, responsible and quite mature.

Not long after they we're married, T. R. joined the United States Navy and served his country during World War II. While he was in the Philippines down in an "ole foxhole," T. R. made a vow to God. "If You will get me home, God, I'll serve you." God heard the cry of that lonely sailor boy and soon after that prayer, He guided T. R. safely back to United States.

God saw the potential of this couple and He began to draw them by His Spirit. After the war, they started looking for a church to attend. They went to several different churches before they came to the one they were looking for.

One Sunday morning in 1946, they felt a special drawing towards one particular little church. They had four children at the time and when they walked into the little Pentecostal church at 133 Tuolumne Boulevard, they were impressed by the friendliness of the people as well as something else which they did not understand. That night they went back to the Sunday night service and T. R. wanted to go to the altar.

"Don't you dare go down there," Margaret whispered. She had a lot of pride and was not used to worshiping God in the way these folk were worshiping.

The McDonalds went back the next service and Pastor J. E. Rode was preaching. They had an old-fashioned service and Margaret went to the altar before T. R. that night. They both repented and received the Holy Ghost on January 14, 1946. What began that night in their hearts is still going.

They were filled with such a zeal and love for God

that their relatives and friends thought they were crazy and gone off on some binge. They said T. R. would not last six months. This was an entirely new way of life—unheard of for them.

The McDonald home immediately became an open house for Christ-centered activities. Everything they had they dedicated to Jesus. They were so much in love with Jesus that they wanted to pray all the time. They started having prayer meetings with others in their home as well as prayer and Bible study for the family at 6:00 A.M. They added fasting to their prayer and it was not long until they became used of God in many ways. Whether it was a missionary meeting, a prayer meeting, or a Bible study, they always had a lot of things going on in their home. They started giving Bible studies to new converts and were working on their relatives.

I remember our kitchen at one time was turned into a pastry shop for Foreign Missions. Mother had made a pledge, but with six children she did not have extra money for missionary pledges. So every Monday morning at 4:30 or 5:00, she was up making the most delectable and tender peach and apple turnovers you ever tasted. At 8:00 in the morning she would load the back of the station wagon full of goodies and head for the auction about five blocks from our home. As she pulled up, people surrounded the car, waiting for her delicious pastries. She always fulfilled her pledge and more each week.

As she prayed and fasted, Margaret grew in the Lord in such a way that her pastor knew she had a special touch on her life. It was not long until she be-

came Young People's Leader. This involvement led her into youth camp work in the Western District, and she was well loved at the old Frazier Park campgrounds. It was said of Margaret that she carried a heavy load at youth camp and never tried to get off easy. Her teaching was unique and God-anointed. There are many young men and women today who still testify how "Sister Mac," as she was lovingly called, helped them so much as teenagers to be strong in the Lord and to make the right decisions. She used to get the young people and take them up to the "Holy Ghost tree" and have prayer meetings every day out in the open.

Her whole life breathed prayer, sacrifice, and service. She knew how to pray and touch God. She became the church secretary, taught the young married class, served as Sunday school superintendent as well as departmental superintendent. She also served as Ladies Auxiliary leader. Many hours she labored over a hot stove raising money to help build the church that stands at 133 Tuolumne Boulevard today. She served as sectional Ladies' Auxiliary leader.

As her experience broadened, she was asked to preach in the local church. She spoke with such a burden and anointing that many souls were strengthened and found God. She began to be asked to speak at other local churches in section seven. She and Daddy and the children often drove to different churches ministering wherever they were asked. Dad played and sang and testified in his dynamic way, the children sang and Mother preached.

Together they started a children's church in Modesto, California. God smiled upon them and many

children were moved upon by God. These children received the Holy Ghost and were trained to become leaders in their own little church. There are several ministers and ministers' wives who are active in the ministry as a direct result of this endeavor.

Mother and Daddy started the first bus route in the Modesto church. During one revival that lasted thirteen weeks long, they drove that bus every night, prayed till 1:00 and 2:00 in the morning and got up at 6:00 A.M. for family prayer and Bible study.

After thirteen years of serving the Lord diligently, they won their first relative to the Lord. As a result of that breakthrough there are now forty-three relatives serving God and ten are in the ministry as pastors or pastors' wives.

I remember many nights of waking up hearing Mother travailing in prayer. She could touch God so easily. She lived in the Spirit, totally dedicated to God. She took no account for self and self-preservation. Others were in her prayers from morning until night.

Her attitude about life was very positive. She always taught her children and others, "You CAN do all things through Christ." She was always using object lessons, flashcards, and chalkboards in her teaching. Everything she did was first class. People loved her teaching. They never forgot what she taught. Things were never the same when she came in contact with someone. When she entered the room, everyone felt the compelling Spirit of God enter with her. She literally changed "her" world.

She was very fair in all that she did. She treated everyone the same. She never showed partiality to her

children; each one was made to feel important.

I remember when I was about ten, we were walking down the street in the downtown area when we met a blind lady singing and playing an accordion. We could have gone by, but not Mother. She stopped, pulled the lady over by the Bank of America, and talked to her a long time about giving her life to God.

This is an example of her love and care for people no matter who they were. She was always doing, doing, doing for others. Whether taking clothes to the needy on the bus route, lifting up the discouraged, being kind to the unlovely, that was Mother's life.

She was a very disciplined woman. Never a day passed that she did not have her prayer times—not just once, but several times a day. She was given to much prayer.

Because she was such a godly woman, she had great influence. We learned how to live from the tone of our mother and father's voice in daily prayer and their inward trust in God. There was reverence in our home. If we walked while Mother was praying, we walked on tiptoes. She had a way of putting the fear of God into our hearts and making us respect the things of God. Many Sunday mornings at 4:30, Daddy and Mother would go to the church and pray and then come back at 6:00 to get ready for the big day.

In her leadership in the church she never lost her "cool." She knew how to handle the complainers, grumblers, the unprepared, and the slothful, for she was full of the Holy Ghost. She was the most faithful person I have ever seen. She had six children at the time of her leadership and she never missed a thing.

She was involved in everything that went on, yet she had time for her family and carried a burden for her family.

She used to prepare for her 6:00 A.M. Bible study for her children just like she prepared for the young adult class. She used blackboard, flannelgraphs, notebooks, memory charts—whatever it took to get the word of God in her children's hearts. She never tried to embarrass her children, but she was careful to put faith in their hearts. She and Dad saw to it that their children went to every campmeeting, youth camp, youth conference, Sunday school conference, and any other kind of special meeting.

Ministers and friends from out of town enjoyed visiting in our home. We were always having "royalty" for company. Mother would prepare dinners and special pastries as only she could prepare. She put a deep respect in our hearts for the ministry. I guess that is why we all entered into the work of the ministry. I will never forget the day that Brother Winfred I. Black came to our home. You would have thought the President of the United States was coming. Everything had to be just right. That was Mother's way.

Another special characteristic about Mother was that she would always whistle and sing around the house. She had the strongest, prettiest whistle I have ever heard. She always had time to sit down and talk, and she had a sense of humor. Numerous were the times that we laughed so hard that we would roll on the floor holding our stomachs while tears ran down our cheeks. She was a combination of righteousness and merriment.

Time passed; the older children married and another child, Julie, was born into the family in 1964. In 1971 Mother and Dad felt impressed to move to Eureka, California, to help their son, Brother John McDonald, and his wife, who was Marilyn Larson (the grandchild of Brother Andrew Urshan) in the church he pastored.

In Eureka, Mother learned the dreaded news. She had cancer. Upon hearing this there was much prayer in many of the churches for her healing. During her sickness she gave even more of herself. Once again her home was opened to those who needed help and encouragement. The new converts would meet there and listen to tapes, have Bible studies, prayer meetings, and fellowship. Mother and Dad prayed and fasted much and witnessed to many people. All who met them marvelled at their walk with God. While in Eureka, they had a divine visitation of the Spirit. Before Mother passed away, she recorded it on paper. Here it is in her words:

"On January 18, 1974, we had a divine visitation here in our home. We had been getting up praying much in the night prior to this. I had fasted three days and Trav was still fasting. I had gotten up early and came to the family room to pray. At about 5:30 A.M., Trav came out and joined me. While we were praying the doorbell rang. (It was pitch dark outside.) Trav went to the door and said, "Who's there?" No one answered so he opened the door and when he did no one was there, but he felt a presence come in and it filled his body with strength. (He was weak from fasting.) This divine presence came and filled the house.

"Trav came back to the family room and we talked about it and were thrilled but amazed. The Spirit of God moved upon me and I started giving a message in tongues and then interpreted it. Part of it was to us personally, about one of our children. A promise which meant so much to us. Part of it was a repeat of a promise God had given to us before we left Modesto. The rest of it was for this church here. (It was time for us to go out and possess the gates of the enemies and God would bless and multiply.)

"We were almost beside ourselves with great joy and feeling the Divine Presence. About this time Trav heard a noise in the kitchen and he thought something had fallen over. I started to go see what it was. As I stepped upon the step to go into the dining room and kitchen out of the family room, one roar of thunder bolted and the glory of God filled the room and enveloped us. I stepped back down and took a few steps backward speechless and tears streamed down both our cheeks and we could not control them. Finally I said, 'That's the glory of God!' We just could hardly grasp everything that was happening and the Divine Presence stayed with us. We could do nothing but melt in this presence. Tears were uncontrollable.

"Julie, who was asleep when the doorbell rang, woke up and listened for someone to come in and wondered why they didn't. Then she dropped back to sleep. A little later Julie came to the family room and witnessed the Divine Presence of God and the glory filling the kitchen and dining room.

"The new neighbor children across the street had never been to our house before (they had talked to

Julie in the yard once); they came and rang the doorbell about school time and said, 'Julie, we just wanted to come over and see if you saw the lightning that hung over your house this morning. It didn't hang over anyone's house but yours.'

"This established the fact that there was more than a thunder and a flash of lightning. God definitely spoke to us and encouraged us much. We had been going through a very hard trial. He renewed our faith and trust in Him."

About a year after this, all the children received the call to come quickly for Mother was dying. The children rushed to Mother's side. Lying on her bed, Mother, pale, wan, and almost lifeless, instructed us in her feeble voice to meet her in heaven. We were all kneeling around Mother, who was lying on the couch in my brother's home. We were all in the fold, but one who had strayed.

When Mother said, "I hear the angels singing. It's getting so light," and her breath became shorter and shorter, we knew this was it, but we were still not ready to give her up. It was too sudden. Immediately we started travailing as we had heard Mother travail. Some of the ministers who were there said they had never seen or heard praying like that ever before. She stopped breathing and we kept travailing for God to bring her back. While we were yet praying, God did a miracle. She started breathing again and she began quoting verses of Scripture. We were thrilled and elated that we had her awhile longer and that God had performed a miracle before our very eyes.

In March 1975, Mother became too weak to take

care of herself. We insisted that she, Daddy, and Julie come and live with us. (I shall never forget the kindness and understanding of my husband, Kenneth Haney, during this time of trial and anxiety.) Mother was bedfast most of the time and required a lot of special care and foods. Her sisters and two of my sisters came and helped me. Not long after she moved to Stockton, Mother saw her vision come to pass. Her oldest daughter came back into the fold and moved to Stockton where she lives today.

Even on her bed of suffering, Mother never complained. She prayed many hours and loved for people to read the Bible to her. Many nights when she was awake, Daddy sat by her bed and together they prayed and talked to God. They were special people to live with. She was a source of inspiration and godliness to all who walked into her bedroom. During her sickness, at times she would go to church and again rejoice in the Lord. What a life of dedication and inspiration she became to those who met her in Stockton! They would come to encourage her and they would go away encouraged by her faith and love for God and others.

Half a century had passed, and the old grandfather clock was still ticking. The child who had been born had become the young girl and woman that God had intended her to become. She had fulfilled His purpose in her life. She brought light to her family and all whom she came in contact with. Her very life breathed the existence of God and His love for people. She had accomplished in fifty years what it would take maybe several women to accomplish in eighty. She carried a heavy burden for the One she was in love with.

She served Him well, and God looked down and decided that He needed a certain rose for His bouquet of saints that adorned His throne. He looked for one that was rare and one that had given the perfume of love to others and had brought glory to His name. He found what He was looking for when He saw Margaret McDonald, a rare and beautiful soul. So He reached down and plucked her from the garden of life, but her works and her influence lives on.

On December 18, 1975, she went to meet her best friend and Master, the Lord Jesus. Now she is resting in His wonderful peace.

P.S. I could not name all the ministers and saints that she influenced for God, but her children bear witness of her life and testimony. They are now pouring their lives into the greatest cause that ever existed, the kingdom of Jesus Christ: Brother John McDonald, currently serving as Western District Youth President and pastor of Pentecostal Church in Eureka, California, married to Marilyn Larson; Joy Haney, married to Brother Kenneth Haney, pastor of Christian Life Center, Stockton, California, and who served as International Youth President of the United Pentecostal Church; Mary Wilson, wife of Brother Nathaniel Wilson, who served for a time as International Harvestime speaker for the United Pentecostal Church; Priscilla McGruder, who had been active in the past as Harvestime secretary, but is now the wife of Brother Carroll McGruder, pastor of Kennett, Missouri; Janet Morton, working in Christian Life Center, Stockton, as choir pianist and in Sunday school work; Beverly Davies, married to Lewie

Davies, minister in Portland, Oregon.

Mother's prayers are a memorial to God and even now they are pleading daily for her children to be steadfast in the doctrine and faith, never wavering, but giving everything to Him.



*Youth Camp Staff, Sister McDonald, front row, third from left.*



*Sister McDonald teaching senior girls, 1955.*



## ETHEL CORA McGRIFF "MOM" McFARLAND

**By Faith McFarland Spears**

"Wake up, Papa! I'm cold! Wake up!"

Snow had fallen in the night, but the McGriff children were snug and warm under their down quilts, waiting for Papa to build the fire.

"Come in here, Ethel! Papa won't wake up!" called little eight year old Ed, who slept with his father.

Valentine McGriff, Ethel's father, was nineteen years old when he married a pioneer farm girl, Minnie Bardwell. First, they build a one room house, dug a well, then cleared the land, working with yokes of oxen rooting out stumps and gradually improving the farm. Babies arrived about every two years and the house was soon crowded with their growing family.

In 1900 Val built a solid, substantial, two-story farm house that still stands today. The first baby born into this new house was a little girl, Ethel Cora, in 1903.

Val and Minnie worked long and hard to care for their large family. Every morning they all gathered around the long kitchen table where Momma and Papa each had a chair, but the children sat on two long benches. Every head was bowed in the morning as they all recited the Lord's Prayer. At noon the young mother led in prayer, and at night the father patiently taught each child to pray.

The eleventh child, Truman was born in 1917. Five weeks later Minnie McGriff, only forty-two years old, had a severe gallstone attack and died within three days. By this time the older children had left home, so young Ethel had to take much of the responsibility for the care of her younger brothers and sisters.

Early in the year of 1918, Ethel's brother came home from the Army with the terrible flu that later swept the nation. Soon, most of the family was sick, including Ethel. The old country doctor drove out to the farm, but there was little he could do. As Ethel lay almost delirious with a high fever, she saw a path bordered by glossy lilies leading from her bed up to a bright light in heaven. In the midst of the light it seemed she could see her mother. After ten days of desperate illness in the family, word arrived telling of the death of her older sister. Ethel woke up just then, "I'm going to live, I am sure I am not going to die!" She felt assured. "It seemed as though my sister took

my place and walked up that path to heaven," she recalled later.

"Why are you painting the old plow and wagon?" Ethel questioned her father.

"I have decided to sell out, Ethel. We'll go back to Indiana where my sister lives."

So, they sold the farm and its equipment and Val bought a new 1918 Dodge automobile. The remaining children, plus a small dog, piled into it and set out for Indiana. It was a long, hard trip of eleven days over deeply rutted dirt roads. At night the McGriffs made camp, sleeping on the ground. From the farm houses along the way they purchased fresh milk for the one year old baby, Truman. The dampness caused the father to cough a lot; his lungs had been damaged by the 'flu. Young Ethel also had some alarming symptoms, was she taking tuberculosis as an aftermath of that terrible 'flu?

But, the move to Indiana did not solve all the McGriff family problems. "We need to go back to Minnesota, Ethel," Val McGriff said seriously to his daughter. "We can keep the family together there. I may not be with you much longer. Ever since I had the 'flu my lungs have been bad. You must try to take care of the young ones."

"But, remember Ethel, don't ever join a church until you find one that teaches the way the disciples preached." So they retraced their steps to Minnesota.

Ethel was just seventeen years old with four younger brother and sisters ranging in age from fourteen to nearly three years of age, when they awoke that freezing day to find their father had died in the night.

An older brother concerned about the load that frail Ethel was staggering under, found a kind lady who raised other orphans and she agreed to raise the three younger McGriff children.

As Ethel sought God, crying and praying for direction for herself and the family, she felt assured that God was still there. Then a letter arrived from a good friend, along with money for a ticket back to Indiana. "Maybe I can get a job and at least help the family in that way," she thought as the final arrangements were made and she left.

In Muncie, Indiana, Ethel found her first job. Soon she met a tall, handsome young man, with curly black hair, and twinkling brown eyes. His first words to her were "Hi, Cutie!" After a short, six weeks, whirlwind courtship, Ethel McGriff and Lester McFarland were married on September 23, 1922.

A few months later the McFarlands moved to Akron, Ohio, where they were blessed with two sons, Robert, born September 23, 1923, and Ray, born September 22, 1925. Then, they moved into a small brown house next door to some devout Pentecostal people who had frequent long and loud prayer meetings.

Although Ethel was aware of their godly lives, she thought, "I'm alright like I am. I don't need to yell and pray like they do." It seemed there was a glow over the neighbors' house, and as their old Chevy passed the little brown house, Ethel fancied it chugged, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

During the cold January weather in 1926, young Bob became deathly sick and then the frantic young

mother turned to the praying Pentecostal neighbors for help.

"Sure, we will come and pray for him," the Lenningtons replied. As they were earnestly praying, suddenly Sister Lennington began to speak in tongues and little Bob was instantly healed.

"What is this?" questioned Ethel. "You healed him."

"It's the Holy Ghost which lives in me that heals him," Sister Lennington answered. "Come over tonight and you can have it also."

Ethel was eager to return to the neighbors for the prayer meeting that evening. "I'll just take the hem out of my dress and let it hang so that at least I will sorta look like they do," she decided. "Are you going to the prayer meeting with me, Lester?"

"No, I'm not going to the prayer meeting," he replied firmly. "I'm going to look for a job."

With faith building in her heart, the young mother took her two little boys and went to the prayer meeting alone. "Praise the Lord!" rang out and five minutes later Ethel McFarland fell backwards on the old board floor speaking with tongues. Suddenly she saw a beautiful light shining from heaven.

"That's a flashlight they are shining on you," whispered the devil as he tried to get her to doubt her experience.

"If that's a flashlight, I like it!" responded Ethel naively as she continued to speak with tongues. About this time Lester came back and wanted to pick his wife up off the floor.

"She's got five holes in her lungs from the 'flu. The wind along this floor will kill her," he insisted. But

Ethel just kept on praising God.

Later, she thought she saw a flashlight on the table and asked her husband about it.

"Flashlight? What flashlight? There was no flashlight on the table!" he answered her.

"That was the devil's voice," Ethel suddenly realized. From that time on, she was able to identify the voice of Satan as he tried to plant doubt in her heart. Another neighbor, Brother Gardner, explained to her that she needed to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And so on a freezing January night in 1926, Ethel begged Lester to go along. He consented and was baptized with her. It was so cold even in the church, that ice had formed in the water they were baptized in.

Lester was concerned, "This cold water will surely kill you!" But, God took care of the problem and Ethel "rose to walk in the newness of life" with a stronger body as God had healed her lungs that night.

Although her husband had consented to be baptized, he still would not attend church, and strongly resented his wife's love for God. His cute little woman who wore short skirts and a shingle-bob haircut was replaced by a new person! Up until this time, they were inseparable. Lester, an only child whose parents were divorced just before his birth, was so glad to find someone who truly loved him, and understood his loneliness as only Ethel did.

Since there was a church service every night, Lester soon became jealous of his wife's involvement in the church. Many times he refused to take her to church and she would take her two little boys into the

bedroom and cry and pray for his salvation.

"If that's all you're going to do, you might as well be at church," Lester would rage, "I'll take you. Get in the car!" Sometimes he wouldn't even slow down for stop signs saying he wished they were all killed as life was so miserable.

For eighteen months he resisted God's call. Ethel steadfastly believed that her husband would eventually receive the Holy Ghost. Many times, when she walked past him as he smoked a cigarette she would say in her heart, "I know you aren't saved now, but by faith I see you shouting and singing, maybe even preaching the Gospel!"

One night after church, Ethel prepared a lunch for her family.

"Ask the blessing, Bobbie," she instructed her three-year-old son.

"You don't have to pray," interrupted his father.

"You can't eat unless you thank God for it," the young saint told the child.

"Look here! It was MY money that bought this food, and I say he doesn't have to go through all that ritual every time he eats. Now, go on and both of you EAT! And I mean no praying first!"

Ethel closed her eyes, raised her hands, and began calling on the One who would stand by her through many trials in the coming years. She suddenly saw the walls replaced with walls of fire. There was an open area, like a door, and looking across the field she saw a figure with a long sickle coming toward the house. She was made to know it was so desperate she screamed and cried out, "Pray, Lester! You have to

pray!" Hearing no response she prayed even harder, as the figure of "Father Time" was closer to the opening in the firewalls. The third time she begged Lester to pray, and he answered her, "I am a prayin'."

"You better really call on God!" she screamed.

Just as the figure with the sickle got to the opening in the fire wall, Lester said, "God, please forgive me!" The fire closed and the figure disappeared.

Not long after that, Lester became violently ill, and was given up to die, by the attending physician. Then he looked to God repenting, and made this promise. "If you'll heal me, I'll do my best to live for you!"

They both kept their promises. God healed him and filled him with the Holy Ghost. Shortly thereafter, he was the song leader at Apostolic Gospel Mission, where Brother John Norman was the pastor.

Two girls were added to the family—Faith in 1928 and Lane in 1931.

The McFarlands moved to a farm in Indiana in 1936. They tried to worship in nearby churches, but were asked not to return when they testified about their born-again experience.

One night the parents had gone to a Nazarene Church, but the children stayed home, and Lane, aged seven, received the Holy Ghost. Not long after that Lane awakened her mother in the night afraid that Jesus would come and she would not be ready.

"Lane wants to be baptized," Ethel told her husband. "Couldn't you baptize her tonight?"

"Where?" was the reply.

So, after much discussion, little Lane was baptized in Jesus' Name, in the family bathtub.

Although Lester had helped in the services when they lived in Ohio, he had never pastored, but he felt that God wanted a church in their area. He contacted preacher friends, telling them he would support them if they would come and start a church nearby, not realizing that God was calling him.

So, after some deep consecration, he submitted, "Yes, Lord! I'll do it!"

About a month before Christmas, 1938, Lester called the family together.

"There's no Jesus' Name church close enough so that we can worship regularly," he began.

"Yes," replied Ethel, "I have been so burdened as I'm sure we will drift slowly away from God like this."

"Would you be willing to give all your Christmas money to furnish a church?" the father asked each child seriously.

So, possibly the first "Christmas for Christ" on record took place that year. Ethel prepared food and a jug of tea, and the whole family spent the day scraping gum off the bottom of the theatre seats they had purchased for their storefront church.

Even though they started the church for their own family to have a place to worship, they pastored there for nine years and God saved many people. During that time, they founded churches in Greenville, Ohio, Winchester and Richmond, Indiana.

By now two more children joined the family. Ronnie, who died at eighteen months, and Martha, born in 1944. All the children remember vividly how their parents always encouraged them to play some instrument to help in the service.

Robert returned from Apostolic Bible Institute in the summer of 1944 to pastor the church in Richmond, Indiana, and Ray had left home to answer the call to serve in the U. S. Army about this time.

"Just play like you're hitchhiking" is still a family saying in reference to one of the many times Ethel tried to make the work seem easier for her children. This particular time, the sun was scorching down, especially hot, the corn rows were long, and the children all had to follow the plow and uncover the young plants with the hoe. When Ethel brought something to drink, smiling brightly she said, "Make a game of it!" So when we have a distasteful job to this day, we say, "Play like you're hitchhiking!"

Lester and Ethel pastored in Columbus, Indiana, and from there they accepted the pastorate in Marion, Indiana, where they erected a new church, on 14th at Adams Street in 1949.

Although God blessed Ethel with many material comforts, these were never the most important things to her.

Lester McFarland had the soul of a true pioneer, and in his wife he found the encouragement he needed. It seemed everywhere her husband pastored there were buildings to be built. Ethel was a hard worker and willing to "do what her hands found to do." It may be helping to mix mortar for her husband to build a church, or cooking a meal for 10 to 15 men from the church who were helping that day. "Run, get some things for sandwiches for these brethern," Lester would send word to her very often. Eager and happy to be helping, she thought nothing of leaving her own

work and going to help at the church. She could go into the kitchen, fix a beautiful and tasty meal for a large crowd, from whatever she could find, even to the point of inventing a new name for the "special dish" she had prepared. While doing all of this she managed to make you feel at home and welcome.

It seemed she always had a salvation tract in her purse. It mattered not if the restaurant was crowded, she would quietly ask, "Do you know Jesus is coming soon. Read this, it will tell you how to get ready to meet him." The thrill of telling others about the Lord is still strong. Recently, on an airplane trip she got off, all thrilled and happy. "The Lord just let me sit by this lady who was hungry for God, and I got to tell her about Jesus for five hours!"

Her children recall many times Mom would cook big company dinners, and then serve everyone, while fasting herself. Her guests were made to believe that she wasn't eating because she was waiting on the table.

Her main motivation in life was to BE READY WHEN JESUS COMES! Ray remembers as a child, he wanted to go down the street to some entertainment. Having asked mother she replied, "Kiss your brothers and sisters good-bye first."

"Whatever for?" answered the surprised little boy.

"Because Jesus may come while you are gone and I'm not sure if He will look for you there. If He doesn't I'm sure we will all be gone when you return."

Whereupon Ray went to the porch and said, "Go on, fellows. I don't want to go."

Ethel was an old fashioned Bible teacher, and

always taught a Sunday school class; be it children or young married. In prayer she decided the class she taught would be called the "True Light Class," based on John 1:9. As a result, close to thirty preachers remember the practical teaching given by this godly woman.

In 1961, Mom and Pop McFarland, as they were now affectionately called, resigned a large and growing church in Marion, Indiana, where they had pastored since 1949. The church they had built was crowded and the plans were being made to build again.

Due to ill health, Pop wanted to go to Arizona where he could "keep his feet warm all year 'round." So, now when they should be retiring, each summer found their Silver Streak trailer parked at the campgrounds, where they worked in the hot kitchen, cooking for the various camps.

Mom baked pies by the dozen, and with a smile as she served those in the cafeteria line, she often joked, "Try the cream pie, I took the calories out of it when I baked it!"

In 1970, they were in Honolulu, Hawaii, helping complete the church there for dedication. The church was pastored by their son-in-law, W. E. Scott, (husband of their daughter, Lane). One day they received a call from Rockville, Indiana, to pastor again.

Even though Ethel was at the age in life where most women want to "take it a little easier," she was excited. They sold everything in Tucson, and went back to Indiana to start all over again.

During the hot summer, she helped her husband as they visited daily to build up the small church attendance.

"Let's build a new church parsonage," Pop sug-

gested. Once again the couple spent days scraping used brick, mixing mortar, happy to be back in the active ministry.

The week they were to move into the parsonage, God had another move planned for them. Pop McFarland moved up to receive his reward on Sunday morning as he prepared for his Bible Class. He had suffered a heart attack and on the way to the hospital, they repeated the words the family had spoken to each other every night just before sleeping, "If I have said or done anything not right in the sight of God, please forgive me." With some words of love to his wife of nearly fifty years, he went to be with the Lord.

Hundreds gathered to pay last respects to this old soldier of the cross. Mom McFarland sat beside the grave of her husband, hands raised in worship, as they sang the old chorus, "O I Want To See Him." Then, there was a message in tongues with the interpretation bringing comfort to those who mourned, with this admonition, "Go back to your fields of labor and keep working, for soon I will return for you."

So, Mom McFarland's life was suddenly changed. Now she must walk alone, as she did when she first found the Lord.

She still enjoys good health and spends the winters with her daughters, Lane Scott and Martha Jones, whose husbands pastor United Pentecostal Churches in Hawaii. The rest of the year is spent with her son, Robert McFarland, General Secretary of the United Pentecostal Church, International, living in St. Louis, Missouri; and son, Ray McFarland, who pastors a United Pentecostal Church in Anderson, Indiana; and

daughter, Faith Spears, whose husband is the pastor of Powell's Grove Pentecostal Church, Jayess, Mississippi.

During Indiana Campmeeting time you'll find Mom McFarland at her little house on the campgrounds visiting with friends and enjoying the fellowship.

She feels God has blessed her very much as she has lived to see each grandchild (and even some great-grandchildren) filled with the Holy Ghost, and many called into the ministry.

The family circle has greatly enlarged since the days on the farm when we would stand, arms entwined, and sing the old song, "Will The Circle Be Unbroken." Each one promised the others to keep the family circle complete.

Now, we are scattered far apart, but Mom, we say, "thanks for all your prayers," and we promise, by God's grace, the circle will be complete some day around God's throne.



*Early family picture.*



*McFarland Family, early 50s.*



*The McFarlands, 1951.*



*Rev. and Mrs. McFarland, 1970.*



## MALINDA COLE MONTGOMERY

**By Rachel Montgomery Cole**

What a miserably cold evening it was! The first snow of the season was still on the ground. The temperature had suddenly plummeted to the low twenties, crusting the melting snow with a solid sheet of ice. Quite a record for Northeast Mississippi in the year 1894.

The B. C. Cole clan, like most of their neighbors, had spent the day before Christmas Eve indoors cleaning, cracking nuts, baking, knitting, making last minute gift items, and a dozen other important things which usually precede the holiday festivity. Into this hustle and bustle of activity, Malinda Cole was first introduced to this world.

At an early age, Malinda learned that hard work, sacrifice and patience were prerequisites to sustaining

life. She also developed a deep hunger for "book learning." When the daily work on the farm was finished, the other children hurried to their games of play while she sought out a secluded spot: a rock in the garden, under the great oak at the edge of the yard, the peach orchard at blossom time, or any place offering solitude. She sat glued to any book available until the ringing of the old rusty bell calling "supper time," with evening chores to follow.

Religion was considered very important to this hard-working Baptist family. Serious thought and training were given to conduct, morals, sincerity and honesty. Once a week the Coles hitched the old plough mule to the family "chariot" for the long, slow ride to the community church to worship God.

In the fall preceding her twenty-first birthday, Malinda accepted her first position as teacher in a small school of the county system adjoining her home county of Itawomba, Mississippi.

When she returned home for her second summer's vacation in 1917, things were happening in the Union Community of Lee County where the family now lived. A revival was in progress, and their denominational pastor had warned her family against the evils of those "fanatics." "Why, they had been thrown out of the Union Methodist Church; and the local school board had also refused to allow them to use the schoolhouse any more, because they had broken down the platform in their wild emotions," were only a part of the rumors circulating among the townsmen.

However, many of Malinda's friends were attending the meetings, so she decided to go and see for herself.

The very first night God begin to melt that proud, religious, self-righteous heart. She unashamedly wept through the service. Never had her own church sounded so alive when they sang those same hymns. Those old songs, which she had heard all her life, now seemed almost brand new! And that preacher had an uncanny way of making her feel very uncomfortable with her lovely "religious" profession. When the invitation was finally given for all to gather around for prayer, she crowded her one hundred five pound, five-feet-two-inch frame into a little corner spot to pour out her frustrations. There, for the first time in her twenty-two years, she really talked to God.

"God, I really want everything you have for me, but don't give me those tongues," Malinda prayed. She later related that she actually thought she smelt the stench of burning flesh as God allowed her to vision herself passing over the rolling, boiling flames of an endless hell and hearing the screams of its victims.

This proud, pious, petite school teacher lost all thoughts of self and those around her. From the anguish of her miserable condition she cried, "Anything, Lord. I'll take those tongues if that's your. . . ." She was unable to finish the sentence before the Spirit took full control. She begin speaking in a language she had never learned. This was her first encounter with the dynamic Pentecostal experience. She read her Bible with new interest and deeper understanding. She decided against returning to the schoolroom that fall, for she felt that she must totally give herself to the Word and work of her new-found Lord.

A few weeks after her initial experience, the preacher, Brother Lonnie Higginbotham, announced a baptismal service down by the river. The minister asked Malinda if she was ready to be buried in the waters of baptism.

"Yes," she eagerly answered, "If you'll baptize me in the Name of Jesus."

"Oh, no!" He emphatically exclaimed. "I can't possibly do that! Who in the world has been teaching you that false doctrine?"

"No one has taught me this, Brother Higginbotham. I just read it in the book. Look!" She excitedly began to turn to several passages of Scripture and read them to him. Of course, he endeavored to defend his trinitarian formula.

"But I can't find a single place in Scripture where anyone was ever baptized any other way than in the Name of Jesus after the Holy Ghost was poured out!" Malinda inspired of the Holy Ghost, for she had never heard a sermon on baptism, declared: "If, as you preach, the same Spiritual baptism recorded in the second chapter of Acts is essential for our salvation today, then reason tells me the same water baptismal formula which Peter preached in the same chapter, and which all the apostles practiced throughout the Book, is also required."

Malinda then, in her new childlike faith, showed him different examples that she had found of baptism used by the apostles after the Day of Pentecost.

"Well," he finally admitted following a lengthy discussion in which he was unable to dissuade the young convert, "I see you have an argument, but I will have

to pray about it. I do not personally know anyone who believes that way, although I have heard of a similar doctrine called the 'new issue' which is causing quite a division in some areas of the country."

The revival in Union continued. A young, curly-haired fellow by the name of Clinton Montgomery, who was destined to become the life-time companion of Malinda, was very hungry for God. His mother and sisters had received their Pentecostal experience earlier in the spring when the meetings first began. Clinton had regularly attended the services and often prayed, but neither he nor his two brothers had been Spirit-filled. He decided to fast until God overflowed his soul with that wonderful new joy. For eight days he took neither food nor water.

Thanksgiving day dawned on an excited, expectant group of young people. Revival fires were glowing bright. Anything could happen today. A special service was held on that morning at the home of a new convert. There God blessed this young group of worshippers in an unusual way. The special thanksgiving service was dismissed about one o'clock with an announcement for all to meet back at the same place for an evening service.

Malinda and her younger sister, Sally, went home with the two Montgomery girls to spend the afternoon. They were so full of God's Spirit that the only pleasure they cared for was prayer. Hearing the girls praying, Clinton and his two brothers joined them. Clinton lost consciousness to all except the Giver of Life. Suddenly the girls' praying was interrupted by a spectacular display of emotionalism erupting from Clinton's corner of

the room. His younger brother, a Nazarene minister who disbelieved the necessity or reality of "tongues," was standing over Clinton observing the uncontrollable display of charisma and shouting, "He's got it! He's got it!"

When that singing, shouting, Spirit-controlled group got to the evening service, a Holy Ghost extravaganza was sure to happen. Among the newly regenerated that night were Clinton's older brother and Malinda's younger brother. God wrought many miracles of healing and salvation. Great faith was established among these new believers.

During World War I, with very little teaching or training, Clinton was called into the United States Army. There he remained for fourteen months until his discharge in the early part of 1919.

Meanwhile, back home, Malinda still had not been baptized, but she was very active praying, witnessing, playing music and speaking occasionally. Brother Higginbotham had left for a meeting elsewhere and was gone for several months. When he returned, he brought another minister, Brother John Alliston, to help in the Union Mission. Unknown to the saints there, Brother Alliston believed the message of the "Name" and the God-in-Christ Doctrine, or the "new issue" as many had begun to label it.

The two preachers, Brothers Higginbotham and Alliston, were falsely accused and put in jail, but God had ordained that Brother Higginbotham be kept still long enough for Brother Alliston to get Truth across to him. After several days in the Tupelo jail, the authorities released them, took them to the city depot, and

put them on a train bound for a distant state with orders never to return. Brother Alliston re-baptized Brother Higginbotham in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ as soon as they found sufficient water. Then he went on his way. Although his life had been threatened Brother Higginbotham returned to those "babes in Christ" at Union.

"Well, Malinda, I'm ready to baptize you the Bible way now," was one of the first things that he said to her. He explained how her revelation of the Name had disturbed his sleep, hindered his prayers and bound his preaching.

"One night, quite by accident," he continued, "I heard Brother Alliston preach on the Godhead and water baptism. It honestly seemed to make sense to me. I was so interested that I invited him to come along with me, hoping that we would get a chance to discuss it further. We were taken in by the authorities before I had a chance to understand it thoroughly."

He was unable to hold meetings in Lee County again for a long time, but these Union converts attended his meetings held in a neighboring county. His revelation of the truth had been so remarkable, and he was so loved by them that the majority were rebaptized in the Name of Jesus, with Malinda being among the first. Almost a year had passed between her spiritual and water baptisms.

A handsome young railroad engineer, who had been Spirit-filled and baptized in the Great name of the Lord Jesus, fell in love with Malinda and proposed marriage. After seeking the Lord in much prayer, she felt God's approval on the union; however she stated

that she was not quite sure of her own feelings toward him beyond a deep admiration for his beautiful relationship with Jesus. Although Alvin was not a minister himself, he was a great blessing and encouragement toward the continuance and development of Malinda's calling. This marriage ended about six months later when he was killed in a railroad mishap.

Malinda was a woman of tremendous thrift. As a public school teacher, she managed to save enough from her small income together with the remaining amount from Alvin's insurance, after expenses, to buy a small farm in the river bottom lands near Tupelo. This property proved a blessing as a home base for her future family. Much later the proceeds from its sale enabled the family to remain actively involved in missions work.

For the next five years, Malinda traveled during the summer with gospel groups; always returning to the schoolroom in the fall.

On February 21, 1924, Malinda married a thirty-year-old bachelor, Clinton Montgomery, who was ten months her senior. She not only felt that it was God's will, but she had completely fallen in love for the first time.

Immediately following their wedding ceremony, Reverend and Mrs. Thomas Clinton Montgomery boarded a train to begin their life and ministry together in Texas. Their first revival was held in Grandsolene. For the next eight months they were in a revival meeting in Texas every night with the exception of four nights.

On a wintery morning in January of the following

year, their first child, a son, was born in a small town near Dallas called Garden Valley. (This son has now been a United Pentecostal Church minister for about thirty years.)

After fourteen months in Texas, during which time they purchased a "house on wheels," Clinton received an invitation to preach in a new area in south Georgia. They prayed together for the leading of the Lord and felt impressed of the Spirit to return East. They arrived in their home state of Mississippi for a few days of much needed rest, visiting with families, and waiting on God.

By faith they left home, not telling the family they had only thirty-five cents. They felt that it was not their parents' place to supply their needs. Malinda, a woman who knew the values of prayer, took the need to the only One that she knew who could turn apparent defeat into victory.

Going as far as they could on such insufficient funds, they stopped in Huntsville, Alabama. Clinton searched the town for a barbershop in need of an extra employee during the next two days. Nothing was available. He returned to his wife and baby discouraged and hungry, but God knew what He was doing.

The following Saturday evening, they attended a service in town and Clinton was asked to preach. He did his best without ever mentioning their desperate need. When the heavenly anointing came, he completely forgot his hungry, exhausted and weakened condition. Not once did he remember that starvation faced them, and they did not even have enough gas to get out of town. Neither did it occur to him that if he

offended these people, his situation might become more complex. He thought only of their souls racing toward an eternal judgment unless he could say something to divert their awful fate. A revival spirit shook the community and the Montgomerys stayed for several weeks.

God gave a wonderful harvest of souls. Through those kind people, on the very first night, God proved Himself more than sufficient to answer prayer. They left much richer in faith, fuller in spirit, and overflowing materially.

Following several successful meetings in Florida they finally arrived in southern Georgia. Clinton had learned to appreciate his wife's anointed ministry, and her great faith for healing for the sick. In those days, they were taught totally to trust God for everything. A high level of faith was required for personal needs because Satan sought to try the believer to the limit. God gave the Montgomerys an extraordinary revival meeting near Fitzgerald, with many baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Brother and Sister Frank Kimble, who lived in another village not far away, invited them to their home for services. This couple had received the Holy Ghost while visiting relatives east of Atlanta during one of Clinton's meetings there prior to his marriage. For several weeks in this virgin territory, the Montgomerys waged a battle against sin and the devil, but the village seemed sealed against the gospel message. A breakthrough seemed hopeless. Had they misunderstood the leading of the Spirit? They had left a successful move of the supernatural

only a few miles away. There faith was moving spiritual mountains. Was it right to come to this God-forsaken abyss? Oh, the immeasurable love of God which prevents His children from previewing the extreme depth of their lowest trial.

Clinton and Malinda, together with other believers, were in an automobile accident before coming to this place, but no one was apparently seriously hurt. However, three months later, when their second son was to be born, normal delivery without experienced help proved impossible. After several hours of labor, a local midwife was summoned. She loosened the baby's foot from about the neck, obviously a result of the collision which had prevented birth. Serious complications attended the birth of that little boy. The long hours of travail had ruptured his skull from ear to ear. It actually appeared to be held together only by his scalp.

Since their early teachings had been so strongly against medical attention, the Montgomerys honestly felt that they would grieve God, hinder their ministry and fail in their mission if they sought for professional assistance. So, for two weeks the couple fought the devil in prayer. Clinton hardly removed his shoes. He walked the floor holding the crying, convulsing infant and praying constantly. The convulsions were worse every time the baby's head was lowered. Due to the regularity of the convulsions he was able to take only a few drops of milk at a time.

The unbelieving neighbors reported them to the authorities. A deputy was dispatched to sit on the steps with orders; "Arrest the father as soon as the

baby dies." Several of the local ladies had gathered into the Kimble home to watch the action. They sincerely thought they were going to be rid of those "fanatics" soon.

By this time Clinton and Malinda were desperate. It was apparent to everyone that the child was dying. Clinton reached for his Bible and read aloud from James 5:14-15. He then laid the baby on the bed by the mother and got down on his knees beside them. The one believing couple and a young man from back home, who was visiting with them, followed his example. They began to pray as they anointed the baby according to the reading of the Scripture. The onlooking scoffers were beginning to bow their heads in reverence when another hard convulsion hit the frail little body. His father could take it no longer.

"All right, God," he cried in desperation, "There he is. I just can't stand to see him suffer any more. If You cannot get the glory through healing him, then please take him. It doesn't matter what they do to me. I still know You are all powerful, and this is but a small thing if You should choose to heal. But if that isn't Your will, then he is totally in Your hands."

Somewhere during that short, sincere prayer with his wife weeping her agreement and tears flowing freely from heretofore unbelieving eyes, the baby hushed crying. The convulsions stopped. Hungrily he accepted nourishment, which he had been unable to take before. Soon he was sound asleep. After several hours, he awoke as normal as any two-weeks-old baby.

That boy, Paul, received the Holy Ghost at the age of seven and preached his first sermon at eleven years

old. He was an ordained minister of the United Pentecostal Church and preached his last sermon in the church which he pastored at the age of thirty-three when he was suddenly taken ill with kidney poisoning and died two weeks later. The only reminder the family had of those dark days of his infancy was a slight limp, which accompanied him to his grave.

Through this severe battle and victory, God wrought a mighty work in that area. Today an established United Pentecostal Church meets less than three miles of Paul's birthplace.

I was the last of their three children. I remember Mother as a woman of great faith and strong convictions. She was kind and gracious to everyone alike. A perfect mother—full of understanding and self-denial for her three children. To me, she was an ideal minister's wife. The help-meet Dad needed to help him reach for the souls of his generation in his part of the world.

Money was scarce in those days and the old Model "T" had about gone its limit. One day Dad did not return home on schedule. Mother was very concerned when he had not arrived by noon of the next day. She made frequent trips to her "prayer closet." Finally someone brought him home, and he reported having been stranded for several hours on the roadside with "that poor excuse for a car." His help-meet disappeared for a few moments, then returned with a jar filled with "green backs." How amazed he was to learn that she had been able to save enough from their small income to pay cash for a new car!

The saints in Atlanta were without a pastor about

that time, and asked Dad and Mother to consider coming to the "Big A Town." Feeling it to be the will of God, they left another man in charge of their pastorate in Porterdale and moved to Atlanta, Georgia. Dad made a trip back home to Tupelo for the purpose of borrowing money to purchase a church building at 967 Pryor Street in Atlanta. With Mother's consent for her farm to be held as collateral, the bank loaned him the money needed for the Atlanta church.

This organized body of ministers encouraged Sister Montgomery's ordination, and she served as editor of its official organ, "The True Light Messenger" for a while. They began to grow and some felt that the lady ministers were no longer needed. Their attitude was that the women were all right for getting things started, for making the sacrifices, for helping to hold it together until the men could do it alone, then the women suddenly were not to "speak in the churches." The dissension was quite a blow to her previous efforts. Before the questions arose, she did not know that she could not preach, so she did it with God's blessings. Now she was beginning to doubt the call of God on her life. The success she had experienced for the past twenty-two years seemed almost non-existent.

It had never occurred to her before to do less than give all to God and walk through any door which opened to her. Through all the struggles of this major conflict in his ministry, she could always depend on the backing and encouragement from her husband, but this was something she must conquer.

As she evaded opportunities to preach and made

excuses instead of appointments, her health began to fail. She was only forty-five when she became so physically ill that she could not attend the tent revival service only one half block away. This was the first time I could ever remember Mother missing this annual event. Of course, we children did not know the battle she was fighting.

One night she insisted that we all go on to the meeting and leave her alone. I remember, as a ten-year-old, looking at her brave smile trying to feel better for our sake. I had wanted to stay, but the desire to go won out. Things were happening under the tent on the hill, and I did not want to miss it. Some friends came with me to check on her after service. We found her sleeping peacefully.

The next day she related her story of what happened. She had begun to seek God. Not so much for healing, but out of the anxiety of her soul to really know the perfect will of God for her future. She felt God had placed a call on her life and somehow sensed her present condition stemmed from the recent neglect of that call. True, God had sanctioned and blessed her efforts. Yet she was torn between the right and wrong of that calling. Could she feel so great a burden for a calling that did not exist? Or was it possible to experience such anointing with victorious results and yet be so totally wrong? Had she misinterpreted the Scripture all along? The feeling of utter death seemed to pass over her and the thought, "What a relief, if only she had not the guilt of neglect to her account."

"Oh, God," she prayed. "Help me to know Your will. Show me clearly the right. Please, don't let me be

wrong. For what good is a measure of success when purchased with the coins of error?"

In sudden fright, she opened her eyes as a brilliant light flooded the room. A Voice seemed to emanate from the brightness.

"Would you obey the call of God, or fear the voice of man? Will you answer to man in judgment, or to your Lord? Men have their calling and their opposition to overcome. You have yours. Offenses will come, but you must do the work of He who saved you in spite of such hostilities." The brightness faded.

"Yes, Lord, I'll work for You in any capacity of Your choosing. Neither will I allow opposition to hinder my obligation to Your Cause ever again." She fell into a peaceful sleep and awoke completely well. Victory!

Dad resigned as general overseer of the organization with which they were affiliated in order to devote more time to his Atlanta congregation. Being evangelistic at heart, he could not confine himself to any one church for long at a time especially in the earlier years of his ministry.

One day, shortly after my eleventh birthday, he announced that we had been asked to take the pastorate of a church in southeast Missouri where he had recently held a very successful revival. Without any questions, his help-meet began making preparation to move for the third time that year. We were packed and ready when the big truck from Senath, Missouri, pulled in.

Here, they met several brethren of both the Pentecostal Church Incorporated and the Pentecostal

Assemblies of Jesus Christ organizations. At that time neither of these groups were well known in the southeast. However, the Montgomerys had become acquainted with some of the ministers in Texas nearly seventeen years before.

I vividly recall, while in the "boot heel" of southeast Missouri, that Brother George Glass, Sr., came over from Louisiana for a meeting in a neighboring settlement called Bible Grove. He was instrumental in influencing my parents to consider affiliation with the group with which he was associated. I also remember the high hopes of both Mother and Dad as we drove to another state for a campmeeting. We arrived just as one electrifying minister was finishing his message which made the Montgomerys feel that surely it was the will of God for them to join this fellowship. Then another man of prominence was introduced to speak. They understood him to declare doctrinal opinions with which they were unable to agree. Assuming these differences to be the tenants of faith held by the entire body, we left the camp and remained independent until after the merger when Dad became better acquainted with the true doctrinal stand of the United Pentecostal Church. Mother and Dad were then accepted as ordained ministers with this great fellowship, and there they remained until their death.

In the meantime we had moved back to the church in Atlanta where at sixteen I received my genuine experience of Holy Ghost. Mother's prayer life had always had a great influence on my young, rebellious nature. As a teenager I felt that she had a direct phone connection with Heaven. She could walk

from her closet of prayer and tell me "all things that ever I did," which was not a whole lot, I guess, since I was too "tied to her apron strings" and too afraid of Dad's leather belt to venture far in "worldly wisdom."

During the spring of the following year, while all three of the Montgomery children were enrolled in the Pentecostal Bible Institute in Tupelo, Mississippi, Mother was invited to preach a meeting in Augusta, a city about one-hundred-sixty miles east of Atlanta. There she met a young woman with two lovely children: a four-year-old boy and a two-year-old girl. The four-year-old was loved and cared for by his mother, but the brown-eyed, blond-haired two-year-old beauty was sadly neglected.

This was certainly not the first child to touch Sister Montgomery's "mother's heart." Neither was this little darling the first one that mother had brought home, but this was the first to become permanently fixed in all our hearts.

"Who is that?" Dad asked, as the child shyly clung to her new-found mother in the Atlanta bus station where he had come to meet them.

"This is Nancy and she is ours," was Mother's reply.

The unsteady, spastic steps of that little victim of neglect walked straight into our hearts. One of the first things we had to teach her was that her meals would henceforth come from the table and not from local garbage cans. That human instinct called self-preservation, had motivated her to get food wherever she could find it. Being left alone much of the time

with nothing to eat in the house drove her to the alley ways to search the familiar "haunts" of all the other unfortunate domestic animals.

It was evident from the beginning that she was an intelligent child with promise of much talent, even though she could not talk. As an unwanted child, she had been pushed to the background causing her to become timid and withdrawn.

Love, understanding and a little patience soon had her talking like a machine. With good wholesome food she quickly overcame the irregular walk diagnosed "rickets." She developed such a lovely disposition and a real interest in the things of God. She loved the unique Pentecostal way of worship.

The next fall, Mother and Dad had a special speaking engagement and were unable to take Nancy with them. They were to be away for only a week, so I asked them to bring her by Tupelo on their way so that I could keep her. She attended every class and sat beside me with a book on her desk like all the rest. She never once demanded undue attention. Sister Ruby Martin was her favorite teacher.

Our love for this beautiful little girl was growing every day. However, for various reasons, Dad felt that it was impossible as well as unwise to keep her. They made arrangements for her adoption to a childless couple who had attended Mother's revival meeting in Cedartown, Georgia. This couple seemed really interested in Salvation and promised to raise Nancy in Pentecost. However, they failed to live up to their promise due to circumstances and misunderstanding arising in the local church after Mother had gone.

Nevertheless, the feelings of grief and guilt motivated a dream and burden in the hearts of my parents which climaxed in the construction of a Pentecostal Home for just such homeless unwanteds. Today that institution, known as the Tupelo Children's Mansion, has mushroomed under capable leadership and wonderful cooperation to an outstanding program far beyond the wildest dreams of yesteryear.

After Nancy left, Mother was quite despondent. The Montgomery children were still away in school. All doors to her particular field of labor seemed to be closed. Was her work finished, or was there still something else for her to do for the kingdom? She began to seek God for direction. Shortly thereafter, two struggling Pentecostal ladies with unsaved husbands sent her a "Macedonian Call" from a small, unchurched city about sixty miles northwest of Atlanta. With her husband's consent, she began to go one day a week to have Home Bible studies and a prayer meeting type service for the evening, then back to Atlanta for her Sunday school class on the weekends. Dad went with her as often as he could. God blessed these efforts in a great way. Entire families, drunken husbands and sinful neighbors were praying through to an old-fashioned experience with God. A bus load drove down to Atlanta one Sunday afternoon to be baptized after the evening service.

This group was fast outgrowing the Tuesday night cottage prayer meeting facilities. They asked her to stay on as their pastor. Again Dad not only consented, but encouraged his help-meet, to help him meet the need of lost and dying humanity. She began to have

weekend services, also. Land was purchased in a choice location and a lovely new church was erected which was completely debt free when she resigned a short while later to join her husband in the Mansion work. About four men from that church became licensed ministers.

Dad, at the age of fifty-seven, resigned his church in Atlanta, Georgia, to begin deputational work to raise funds to build a home for neglected, unwanted and orphaned children. At first they decided that it was impossible for Mother to go along with him. For, as with many new endeavors, finances were insufficient to carry the extra expense, and they felt it best not to accept expense money from funds raised for the project until the Mansion became more than just a dream. Therefore, Mother stayed with her church in Rockmart a little longer. She joined him in Tupelo about a year later.

During her travels with him, if he slept in the car all night, she was right there to share the experience also. When he cooked on an open stove and sat beside the road all day, she never complained. If he had an opportunity to preach a few nights' meeting between scheduled appointments, he usually insisted that she alternately take her turn in the pulpit when agreeable with the pastor.

While Dad was traveling for the Mansion, Mother received an invitation to preach a meeting at the Pentecostal Church in Huntsville, where they had ministered during the second year of their marriage. A United Pentecostal Church minister, Reverend Dewey Craft, now pastoring in Athens, Alabama, recently

related to me that he was twenty-five years old at the time of her return to the city. He had just been discharged from the United States Army and was a confirmed alcoholic.

"I attended the Huntsville meetings during Sister Montgomery's revival there," he said, "and found her to be a great student of Scripture and especially Revelation." While many other women read their fiction love stories, Mother was reading fact stories of real love.

"She was a woman of great faith and had an inspirational way of inspiring faith in others," Brother Craft continued. "One night during her message, she stated, 'Someone here wants the Holy Ghost, and I just believe if you will stand and raise your hands to Jesus, He will give you the spiritual baptism you desire.' A Mrs. Lawrence, age seventy-two, who had never been in a Pentecostal church before took Sister Montgomery at her word, stood, raised her hands no higher than her head and began to speak in a language she had never heard."

Brother Craft further stated that he also received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and deliverance from his problem on the last night of that meeting.

About five years later, Mother was responsible for having Brother Dewey Craft preach his first sermon. By this time Dad had left the deputational work for the Tupelo Children's Mansion due to health problems, (Later he was healed.) They had started a work and built a Home Missions church in Decatur, Alabama, where the Dewey Craft family lived. Dad's responsibilities as Sectional Presbyter required that he be out of

town occasionally. On one particular occasion, he left Mother to do the preaching and Brother Dewey to take charge of preliminaries. She informed the young man at the beginning of the service that she felt that it was God's will to reverse the arrangements. Thus, she was not only used to bring to him the message of salvation, but was also instrumental in encouraging his future work for God.

While they were in Alabama, Mother began witnessing to a denominational woman, who was very hungry for a spiritual move of God in her life. The lady was admitted into the hospital for surgery, and the doctors had to remove a portion of the hip bone. When the woman was released from the hospital with the understanding from the surgeon that she would never walk again, Mother asked Dad to go with her for a visit to the lady's home. They found her very discouraged and in doubt of the availability of the Holy Ghost or of healing for her body. Mother introduced Brother Montgomery and asked if she would like them to pray for her. The woman gladly consented. The power of God touched that forty-year-old woman, and she began to speak in tongues as the Spirit gave the utterance. She later told them that the doctors were amazed when they looked at her new X-rays and found that a new hip bone was developing. Contrary to the doctor's predictions, she did walk again!

Finally, Mother and Dad felt led of the Lord to return to the state of Georgia to continue their work for God in that area. They left the Huntsville work with their second son, Paul.

When Georgia and South Carolina withdrew from

the Southeastern District to become the newly formed Georgia-South Carolina District of The United Pentecostal Church in 1959, Mother was elected their first Ladies Auxiliary President and Dad was elected as their first District Superintendent.

For the next six years she and Dad worked very closely together in the new district. The district purchased a camp site near Macon where they lived in a mobile home on the campground for several months.

One day, when returning from some of those district duties, a youth following them on a two lane road, ignored their blinker signaling a left turn, crossed over to the left side of the road and hit them from the rear in the camp driveway as they were making their turn. Mother received injuries from which she never recovered. Dad resigned the position of District Superintendent in order to remain home with his invalid help-meet, who had faithfully helped him in the gospel work for many years. She went to meet her Lord during the Atlantic City Conference in 1968 at the age of seventy-four, after fifty-two years of active duty in the service of her King.

Although she has been gone for over twelve years, the many souls that she helped to win, the churches that she helped to establish, the number of ministers that she encouraged over the years and her children whom she endeavored to train in the fear of Him, will never forget her ministry, patience, prayers and examples of love.



## JENNY LARUE ROGERS

**By Carrie Rodgers Brown**

In the year of 1869 on the sixth day of September, a little girl named Emma Jenny LaRue was born to a couple in Perry County, Tennessee, near Lobelville. From a very early age her mother taught this beautiful little girl to love the Lord and pray. She was her daddy's only child and he and her mother loved her very much. She had two older half brothers. Her father did not live to see her grown, but at his death, he left to her the large farm upon which she was raised.

At a picnic one day when Jenny was a teenager, she met a young man by the name of Henry G. Rodgers. When she was sixteen years of age, Jenny and Henry were given permission to be united in marriage. For several years they lived on the farm which

her father had given her. Her mother visited her from time to time to help her, especially when their first baby, a boy, was born.

They did not have this baby boy with them for long. At three years of age, Monroe became very ill and died. Later on, another baby boy was born to them and when he was three years of age, still another male child. The children grew and Henry really loved his little family. For amusement Henry played a fiddle. He would stay out late on week-ends drinking and playing for dances. Jenny would pray, "Lord, send him home alive," because Jenny knew that he was carrying a gun. He threatened to kill a man for something that he had done to Henry.

One day the youngest little boy, Price, took sick. The doctor was called, but it seemed nothing would help. In a few days, Price died. On the way back home from the funeral, the older boy, Thomas, took sick. Five days later he, too, died. At the head of the graves of his little boys, Henry knelt down and prayed for the first time in his life. He told the Lord, "If I go to hell, I'll go there praying." Then Henry told Jenny that he would go with her to church, so they started attending a little country church. Henry went to the altar every chance he had. After weeks of praying, the Lord spoke peace to Henry's hard heart. Later he asked the man that he had threatened with the gun to forgive him.

Henry continued to farm and their family grew. A daughter named Ethel was born to them and another daughter, Etta, who died shortly after birth. Next, a son named Henry Roy and then another daughter named Carrie.

Jenny and Henry believed strongly in prayer and often prayed together for God's guidance. One day when Carrie was three years old, Henry came in from the field. "Jenny," he said firmly, "I feel that God wants me to preach."

Jenny, being a person with a great sense of humor, replied, "Henry Rodgers, you always did think you were smart and it takes a smart man to preach!"

The next year Henry forsook all and answered the call of God. After ministering for awhile, Henry felt a need for more education. He heard of a ministerial school in Nashville, Tennessee, and also about a Christian college out from Nashville that taught lower grade levels. He found the family a place to live close to the Christian college campus. Then he entered Ethel, Roy, and Carrie in the Christian college. He enrolled in the ministerial school where he studied for about a year.

Six years after God called Henry to preach, he and Jenny heard the truth of the Holy Ghost baptism and they gladly received this wonderful experience.

After attending the ministerial school, Henry moved his family to McEwen, Tennessee. There he found a good house complete with beautiful furniture. This pleased the older children very much. While in McEwen, Henry was called to Meridian, Mississippi, for a revival. Jenny was expecting her eighth child, but inasmuch as the child was not due to be born for awhile, she, together with all of the children, accompanied Henry to Meridian. However, before the revival came to a close, the baby was born—another little girl whom they named Mickey.

Jenny now had her hands full trying to care for her family. If at all possible, she would manage to have a good cow to furnish milk for her children. While Henry traveled preaching revivals, Jenny stayed at home and cooked, washed on a washboard, and did all the things that she could to try to keep her children clean and well and to rear them suitably. Most of their wardrobe consisted of hand-me-down clothes which were given to them by friends.

One day, to Jenny's surprise, Henry came in and announced that he was selling out and moving to Corinth, Mississippi. Again Henry found a nice house on the outskirts of Corinth and moved the family, taking just enough of their furniture to get by. When he sold the rest of the furniture that they had at McEwen, the older girls cried and said, "Mama, you will never have this pretty furniture anymore." Jenny also shed tears.

The oldest girl, Ethel, had learned to play the organ. Henry often took her out of school to help him in revival services when he traveled away from home. Most of the revivals he held at this time were in Alabama.

Jenny stayed with the other children in Corinth. While going about her daily duties, Jenny would hold Henry and Ethel up in prayer. She did not always have a certain time to pray, but she could be found on her knees many times during the day or night as she felt a burden or need to pray.

She believed in strong discipline when her children needed it, but she had a unique way of being sure that the offending child received the punishment to meet

the offense. Therefore, she would hold a court proceeding. Being the judge, Jenny commanded all of the witnesses to testify. After hearing all testimonies, the offender or offenders, whichever the case might have been, were sentenced by the judge with a punishment that Jenny felt the offense deserved. This unique procedure was never forgotten by her children or by the grandchildren who were left in her charge for short periods of time in later years.

Later, Henry moved the family to Enterprise, Alabama, to a house out in the country. Roy and Carrie had gotten to be real good helpers for Jenny by this time. While at Enterprise, another baby was born to the couple, but at the age of three months, Joseph died. Jenny again had to watch the burial of a child. These losses and hardships did not affect her faith in God. Through prayer, He was her comfort.

During their stay at Enterprise, Henry got a call to come to Warrior, Alabama, for a revival. He and Ethel were to minister under a large tent. In Warrior, Henry rented an apartment for his family over a combined grocery and drug store. After this meeting was over, Henry and Ethel were called to another revival at a location not far from Warrior. Rather than hunt for another place for his family and inasmuch as they would be close by, he kept the apartment over the store for them.

During their stay at Warrior, Jenny's faith was once again tested. Roy and Carrie took sick with malaria, having high fevers and chills. Jenny did all that she knew to do, which was to pray. The chills got more severe and the fever higher. Finally, a friend

suggested that she seek other help. She went to the druggist and asked what she could do for the fever and chills. He recommended a chill tonic that was to be given at bedtime.

That night, Jenny went to Roy's bed and said, "Son, we have done all I know to do and you're no better. Now here is some chill tonic that the druggist says will help. Do you want to take this tonic or trust God?"

Roy raised up at first to take the tonic, but then he fell back on his pillow and said, "I'm going to trust God."

She then went to Carrie's bed and approached her the same way. Carrie raised up and said, "I'm so sick, give me the tonic."

The next day, Roy did not have a chill and Carrie's chill came on earlier and was much more severe than before. That night when it came time for Carrie's next dose, Carrie said to Jenny, "I'm going to do like brother and trust God." The next day Carrie did not have a chill. Through their simple trust in God, both of them were healed and returned to Enterprise well and strong.

Two years passed and another little girl blessed the Rodgers home. Around the time of the birth of this daughter, Esther, Henry felt that he had done all that he could for the Lord at Enterprise and so he moved to Woodlawn, a short distance from Birmingham, Alabama. A dear elderly lady, who was affectionately called "Grandma Lane," opened her home for the Rodgers family. Grandma Lane and Esther became great friends, but at two and one-half years of age,

Esther took diphtheria, which was prevalent at the time. Prayer was offered often and the doctor was summoned, but for reasons that only God in His infinite wisdom understood, Esther died.

Grandma Lane became concerned for Jenny and advised Henry to get still before the Lord and seek Him to be sure that his moves were of God. Henry did as Grandma Lane advised, and a while later said that he was sure God was leading him to Anniston, Alabama. Here, too, Henry found a nice house at the edge of town right at the foot of a large hill. This hill, referred to by the children as a "mountain," became a good place for the children to play. They had a lot of good times on the "mountain" with other children that came to play. A number of different kinds of trees grew there and the children especially hunted the trees which produced nuts. A game was made out of finding the different kinds of nuts.

The family lived in Anniston by the "mountain" until 1910. While there, Jenny opened her house to some of the workers who were helping in the endeavor to start a work in Anniston. Also, during their stay in the city, Jenny, feeling that it was her Christian duty, kept a neighbor's baby boy from birth until he was around seven months old. The baby's mother had died when it was born.

Another girl, Evelyn, their eleventh child, was born to Jenny and Henry while at Anniston. Shortly after Evelyn's birth, Henry again felt that God was calling him to another town. Upon returning from a street service one day, he announced to Jenny that he felt God was calling him to Montgomery, Alabama.

Again, Jenny packed up and moved, even though her heart was quite weary of changes.

On his evangelistic tours in a new place, often Henry would first hold street services and sometimes jail services. Ethel was with him to aid him with singing, playing, and to Henry's amazement, preaching. It was at one of the street services that Ethel preached her first sermon when she was only nine years old. Henry had asked Ethel to testify, but she took a text and preached. After her sermon, Henry gave a call for repentance and two men who realized their need of God knelt at the curb.

As time went on, it seemed that Montgomery was not ready for the move of God that Henry felt should come. Things were at a standstill. Henry and Jenny prayed earnestly for God to show them what to do.

Roy and Carrie were put in school; but in a few weeks, Roy came home with a hot burning fever. Henry and Ethel were out of town in revival services. Jenny did everything that she knew to do for Roy but he got worse. She wrote Henry to come home.

In the meantime, the school had sent a doctor out to see about Roy. The family lived just one block from the school, and they were concerned that what he had might be contageous. It was established by the doctor that it was not contagious, but that Roy was very seriously ill. Henry and Jenny were told by the doctor that there was one dose of medicine that he could give Roy that would either break the fever or kill him. Henry told the doctor to wait until the next day.

Henry sought the Lord all night, asking God to make him pliable and to show him what was wrong or

what he should do to be in the center of His will. Henry got his answer from God.

The next morning, Henry told Jenny that God had spoken to him to go to Jackson, Tennessee. Jenny said, "Daddy, please be sure, for I'm so tired of packing and moving. We have this tiny baby and it seems that just as we get settled, we have to move again. But if you feel sure that it's what God is telling you to do, then okay." God proved to Jenny that she could be assured that it was His plan for this move, because Roy immediately began to mend and was well in just a few days. Further assurance came to Jenny as they made their move by faith to Jackson, Tennessee.

In late February of 1912, Reverend H. G. Rodgers and Ethel, who was sixteen at this time, left for Jackson, Tennessee. He rented a room for his daughter, while he slept on the benches in Union Station Depot until the station authorities ran him off.

In search of a house for his family, Brother Rodgers met a man by the name of Hicks, whose heart the Lord had moved upon to rent Brother Rodgers a house with the agreement of no payment for the first three months. Finally, in December, he sent for his family, instructing Sister Rodgers to roll up double blankets and bring them as carry-on baggage on the train.

Sister Rodgers and the four younger children arrived at midnight. Since they had no transportation, they had to walk three or four miles to get to their new home. The blankets they had carried aboard the train were laid on hay that Brother Rodgers had gathered. These were to be their beds. They had no money

to get their baggage from the depot, but the Lord moved upon the heart of a black minister and he gave them $18.00. This was enough to get their baggage and their furniture out. For the first six weeks the family survived by eating mush and milk for every meal. The realtor, Mr. Hicks, had given them a cow, with no payment expected, just an agreement to provide the cow's feed.

As usual, Brother Rodgers started his services conducting street meetings. Again Ethel assisted her father. Later Brother Rodgers erected a tent.

Brother Rodgers and Ethel preached the message of the Holy Ghost baptism and a life of holiness, but they had not yet received the revelation of baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus. In 1913 a lot was bought, upon which a church was erected in 1914. This church was to become the "Mother" Oneness church in that area.

Brother Rodgers had attended a conference in 1914 in Hot Springs, Arkansas, held by the General Council of the Assemblies of God. Baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus was discussed. Brother Rodgers left the conference stirred in his soul.

In the summer of 1915, Brother Rodgers was the host pastor in Jackson to the third Interstate Encampment of the Assemblies of God. Brother E. N. Bell and Brother Rodgers had discussed the truth of baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus. They requested Brother L. V. Roberts of Cincinnati, Ohio, to come. Brother Roberts, who had been baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus by Brother Glenn Cook in Indianapolis on March 6, 1915, preached the truth of baptism in

Jesus' name. At the close of his sermon, Brother Bell and Brother Rodgers, along with a few others, were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus in the Forked Deer River. The following Sunday, Jenny, along with fifty-five other people, most of whom had been converted in the meetings, were also baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

The first convert in these meetings in Jackson was a young man by the name of J. C. Brickey, who, in 1913, became the husband of Ethel. They entered the gospel work, Ethel doing the preaching and Brother Brickey leading the singing. He had a wonderful voice, and God honored the songs that he sang for Him. He soon felt the call of God upon him for the ministry and he and Ethel evangelized middle and west Tennessee, northern Mississippi and southern Illinois. They pastored the Jackson church at intervals, Brother Brickey was pastoring this church when he died in 1939. Ethel passed away in 1954.

Two other daughters also married into the ministry. In June of 1922, Carrie married Hobert Brown, who was later called into the ministry and pastored the church in Little Rock, Arkansas, for forty-one years, until his death in 1965.

Mickey was married to Albert D. Gurley in June of 1923. Brother Gurley was well known in our Pentecostal ranks. He was the pastor of the Corinth, Mississippi, church for forty-six years before his retirement. Mickey died in 1974 and Brother Gurley passed away in 1976.

Carrie is the only member of the family who survives at this writing (1980). The only son, Roy, passed

away in 1948 and is buried in Jackson, Tennessee. The baby girl, Evelyn, died in 1978 and is buried in Florida.

After founding the church in Jackson, Tennessee, Brother and Sister Rodgers and the family moved to Stuttgart, Arkansas, where he started a work. The remaining years of their lives were spent working for God in Arkansas, northern Mississippi, Picton, Ontario, Canada, and in 1938, they moved to Hohenwald, Tennessee. Six months before Sister Rodgers died at the age of seventy-one, they moved to Nashville, Tennessee, to the home of their youngest daughter, Evelyn. Here Emma Jenny LaRue Rodgers passed away in 1940. She was buried in Dyer, Tennessee. Brother Rodgers lived to be eighty-six years of age. He died in 1950.

Among many other precious memories, Jenny's children remembered their mother's great faith in God, the many times she gathered them around her to pray, her trust in God during adversity, and her thanks to Him in victory. They especially remembered the many times she went about her daily duties singing and praising the Lord. In song she would proclaim her faith and trust in God.

*"There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,*
*No, not one! no, not one!*
*None else could heal all our soul's diseases,*
*No, not one! no, not one!*
*Jesus knows all about our struggles,*
*He will guide till the day is done,*
*There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,*
*No, not one! no, not one!"*

The influence of Jenny and Henry Rodgers and this dedicated family has touched lives and brought truth to many souls. Through the dedication and ministry of their surviving child, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, Jenny and Henry's faith in God still touches and influences the destiny of many people.




*Brother and Sister Rodgers, pioneers.*



## CLARA LOIS MILLS ROHN

**By Ruby Martin and Carl Adams**

Clara Lois Mills Rohn was born August 19, 1910, in Austin, Minnesota. She had an older brother, Leon. She was named after her grandmothers, godly women who helped to shape her life. Grandmother taught her granddaughter such things as how a lady should act, the principles of modest dress, and how the Bible taught a woman's long hair was her glory. She also stated that the day would come when women would wear pajamas (as she called them) out on the street. Grandmother Lois would not allow a deck of cards in her house for an innocent game of cards might lead a man into gambling.

Clara's first recollection of being attracted to the Word of God was in Cowichee, Washington. The Mills family attended a little white Evangelical church. Four-year-old Clara was thrilled with Bible stories as they were illustrated with colored blocks on an old fashioned handmade table. She watched intently as the teacher marched the blocks back and forth across the table. To small Clara the characters of the Bible lived again.

A baby boy was born in the close-knit family. Leon and Clara took turns rocking little brother George to sleep.

When his wife's health began to fail, Clara's father moved them to Yakima, Washington. Here he opened a prosperous auto paint shop. In Yakima the family was completed with a baby brother, Paul. Her grandmother Lois came to help with the growing family.

Graduation from grade school came in June of 1923; however, before graduation, Clara left with her mother and two younger brothers to visit her grandparents in Northfield, Vermont, on a maple sugar farm. Here young Clara observed how the Lord blessed the whole family because of her grandmother Clara's love for God's Word. What a joyous, well-ordered family it was! Returning home, Clara graduated from high school in June, 1927.

During these four years Pentecost came to town. First there was the Garr Tent Revival followed by the Mattie Crawford meetings in the old stone Methodist church. Here Brother Rohn came into Pentecost and was baptized in Jesus' name, but Clara attended only one service, and understood little of what was hap-

pening. She did not find out about the reality of Pentecost until her senior year, when a tent was put up across the street from the Methodist church for Brother Andrew Urshan.

While walking to church one evening, Clara heard beautiful singing coming from the gospel tent. A deep baritone voice soared above all. At this time she belonged to a fifty-voice choir, but had never heard singing like this. What was even more amazing was their shining faces all aglow with a light from within. Someone would say, "Amen"; another would say, "Hallelujah!" She turned around to watch these shining-faced people.

When Clara was sixteen, she attended her last dance with a high school friend. The son of one of the ladies at the tent informed her, "A dance is no place for nice girls." He introduced Clara to his mother, Sister Cook who began telling Clara more about the tent meeting and about the Holy Ghost experience. Then Sister Cook invited Clara to a Sunday afternoon dinner for Brother Andrew Urshan. It was a new and unforgettable experience to listen in on Pentecostal conversation across the table from this servant of God whose message was to revolutionize Clara's entire life.

Brother Urshan took his text from James 4:4; "Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." He followed with, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (I John 2:15). Clara wanted to love the Lord, but was faced with the fact that she still loved the world with its movies, dances and the glitter of what the

world had to offer. She must repent.

"The only way the apostles ever baptized was in the name of Jesus!" proclaimed Brother Urshan. He proved this by the Word of God. Clara, steeped in tradition, was determined to search this out. To her surprise, there it was! It was first at Pentecost, then at Samaria, at Cornelius' house, and at Ephesus.

The following Sunday she wished to be baptized, but she was plunged into a state of confusion. Was she wrong to be baptized before her heart was changed? As hungry as she was for the Holy Ghost, the love of the world had not been taken out of her heart. A still, small voice gently said, "You do your part, and I will do mine." Fearing her parents' refusal, she borrowed clothes for baptism from Sister Cook. At last it was her turn to be buried in the name of the One who had died for her. After coming up from out of the water, she again looked into her heart. To her amazement, all those worldly desires had vanished! Had they gone to the bottom of the Yakima River? It really didn't matter. The miracle had already taken place. She was a new creature with new desires to be filled with His Spirit and to please her lovely Lord.

When she was a small girl, her parents asked, "What are you going to do when you grow up?" Beyond the possibility of being a teacher like her mother and grandmother, Clara had no notion of what she might do until one summer her father took her to a "Chatauqua" that came to Yakima under a big tent. For several evenings they listened to the finest of musicians, artists and lectures. The performer who left the greatest impression on her mind was a world traveler

and lecturer who spoke about making the world a better place. After that when her parents would ask her what she wanted to become she would reply, "I want to be a lecturer. Something like the man at Chatauqua." They would smile and say, "Well, you are going to have to have something special to lecture about!" She simply said, "Surely there is *something* the world needs to know and when I find out what it is, I am going to go everywhere and tell people about it."

Stirred by the message under a big tent, she told her folks, "I have found out what the world needs to hear and I am going to travel everywhere and tell them about it! The message is that believers can receive the Holy Ghost today exactly as they did at Pentecost." This was the "good news" everyone needed to hear! Her father took a dim view of his daughter becoming so excited about these strange teachings.

Finally, her father forbade her attending any of the meetings. Hungry to hear more about the Holy Ghost, Clara began to scheme how she could get in on some of the services. Since she had to go to the library once or twice a week to gather material for a high school debate, she rode her bicycle downtown, went up the alley and entered the street mission from the back. They placed a chair for her behind the piano where she could not be seen. She would stay fifteen or twenty minutes to hear a few testimonies or part of the sermon, then go on to the library and finish her task.

One evening she got bold enough to sit in the audience. However, her father must have "smelled a rat" and she glimpsed him out on the sidewalk. She

hurriedly borrowed a jacket and a large hat from a lady next to her and sat tight until her father left. Then she quickly got on her bicycle which was parked in the alley and was home before he arrived.

In the meantime, Brother Ralph Bullock had taken the pastorate in Yakima. One Sunday he announced he was starting some "Through the Bible" classes every Tuesday night. Oh, how she prayed, "Lord, I feel it is your will for me to hear these studies. Please work a miracle and somehow overcome my father's opposition."

Obediently she attended the Methodist Church on Sundays, but she told her mother about the studies that were beginning the following Tuesday. When Tuesday came she wondered what she would do. Should she ask her father if she could go? He was sure to say, "No," and that would end it. She dressed for church, put on her coat and picked up her Bible. Her father asked, "Where are you going?"

"To the Tuesday night Bible studies," and slowly walked out of the house. To her surprise, her father said nothing.

Some of the young women began to make remarks to her about their would-be romances. One said, "Now don't get any ideas in your head about that song leader. All of us girls have tried to go with him, but he won't pay attention to any of us." Well, Clara thought they need not be worried as she did not have any "ideas." The song leader was Emanuel Rohn, a confirmed bachelor.

Weeks passed. Then one day, the song leader asked her if she would like to go to the prayer meeting at the home of Brother and Sister Swier.

From then on, Clara and the song leader saw each other frequently. They became engaged to be married and set the date for June 30, 1929. Emanuel carefully explained to her his call into the ministry.

Pearl, Clara's high school chum, often invited the couple to her home where she accompanied them on the piano while they practiced singing together. Pearl was gifted to "play by ear" and Clara coveted her for Pentecost. Pearl had received the Holy Ghost several years before and felt a call to the mission field, but she was keeping company with an unsaved young man and was planning on marrying him instead.

"Pearl needs to get into a good prayer meeting," Clara thought. "I'll ask her to come to church and play for us! Their friendship continued to grow so Clara asked Pearl to be a bridesmaid in her wedding.

"Mother is an expert seamstress, and she has made wedding gowns for others," Clara planned. "She will be disappointed if I do not ask her to make my dress!" Her parents, nevertheless, would have nothing to do with the wedding plans. Emanuel and Clara tried to please her parents. They wanted a Pentecostal preacher but instead they arranged to have the wedding at the Methodist Church.

The ceremony followed the Sunday morning service. The church was crowded, balcony and all. Scanning the audience Clara thought, "I can't see Mom and Dad in this large crowd." As the reception began, she was stunned when she realized that neither her mother nor father were present. Instead they had driven to the country taking her two brothers with them.

Encouraging one another as best they could,

Emanuel and Clara started to Tacoma for their honeymoon. They were driving the Model T over the winding, mountainous roads of Snoqualamie Pass. On the right side of the narrow road, canyons hundreds of feet deep yawned below. A sort of "wind" struck Clara in the midriff. She shouted, "Stop the car! Something is wrong."

"I feel the same way," Emanuel said as the car screeched to a halt. No peculiar sounds. No odd signs—just a shocking feeling of, "something is amiss," stopped the couple. Emanuel checked the motor, walked around the car then looked under the chassis. A bolt was loose in the crossbar that steered the wheels. He reached for the bolt and it fell into his hand. "This car could have gone straight ahead and crashed way below!" "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it and is safe?"

"Remember what Brother Urshan said about that scripture as he told of deliverance in Persia?" The couple rejoiced.

After two weeks in Tacoma, they packed the car and left for Moses Lake to hold their first meeting in an old deserted town meeting hall complete with a piano and benches. A side room was living quarters. Full of paper plates, decorations and trash, the room had to be shoveled out then swept and mopped.

"Look, here's an old table and a bench but the window has no screen."

"We'll tack this old flag over it. Gotta keep out the mosquitoes and flies. Here's a two burner camp stove, but what can we use for a bed?" They lined up two long benches and Emanuel insisted that Clara use

the pillows for a mattress. "I can use this quilt."

Handmade announcements, a few calls and they were ready. Six dollars paid the first week's rent and bought a few groceries. "Where's the bread?" Clara inquired. "I've got a dime left. I'll just get a nickel loaf." But small loaves were all gone and so was the last cent.

The offering that night was 95 cents but a kind man added, "We live close by. Help yourself to our garden." And in the mail one day was a $5.00 offering from home! Thank You, Jesus.

Emanuel's cousin invited them out to the wheat farm.

"Potato sacks! Stuffed with straw they'll make a great mattress." Soon it was apple-picking time. Emanuel earned enough for a visit home. "But what will father's attitude be?" Clara wondered. She was not disappointed; he was love and kindness itself.

While at home she thought, "How inconvenient it is not to be able to play by ear. I am a slave to the notes in a hymn book."

"If you will go to the piano, you will be able to play by ear," a still small voice whispered.

"Can this really be true?" She sat down at the piano, chose a simple song and played it by ear. She still can play by ear.

For six months the Rohns ministered in Naches, then in Clarkston, Washington, then in Roswell, Idaho and their last field before they came to Caldwell was Grangeville. While at Grangeville, they met Brother John Deering's mother. "Brother Deering is a gifted teacher," the saints told them. "He is pastor at Bangor, Maine."

When they began their ministry in Caldwell, Idaho, Brother Rohn dreamed of having Brother Deering help with a school for ministers and gospel workers. The dream was realized in the fall of 1938 when Brother Deering came to Caldwell and taught the Pioneer Class for six months. Ruby Martin was his secretary. Daily two classes were taught by Sister Rohn and Brother Deering. Brother Rohn devoted his energies to building the new parsonage next door. It was also to be a girls dormitory.

This was the year that the Pentecostal Home Study Course was written. Sister Rohn's lessons form Volume One, followed by church history by Brother Myrl Nutting. Volume Two contains the cream of Brother Deering's ministry together with Sister Martin's lessons on divine healing. Thus a correspondence course was offered to Pentecostals.

The demand for these courses has increased from year to year. Brother George White (now deceased) who was at the time a missionary in Indonesia was the first to translate the course into a foreign language. Brother Jun Nukida had them printed in Japanese. Hundreds of prisoners are studying them under the ministry of Brother Charles Mahaney, Brother Ellis and others. It is estimated some 15,000 have been sold. The course is now being handled exclusively by the Pentecostal Publishing House.

A new joy was added to the Rohns on September 17, 1930 when their son was born in Yakima. Emanuel James of Los Angeles is their only child. His daughters, Lynda and Cyndy, are their only grandchildren.

Sister Rohn has had several marvelous healings.

She has X-rays showing six spots on one lung and five on the other, but each one healed perfectly. At the doctor's office, they asked her what sanitarium she had been to since the picture showed both lungs "eaten up with T.B." When she explained that she had not been to a doctor, but the Lord had graciously healed her, the doctor's nurse said, "We have to believe your testimony. The story is here in the picture!"

In the early sixties she battled heart trouble for four years. A constricted coronary artery was the culprit, caused by steady tension without relaxation. The doctor said, "Just overdo one time, and you will have a cardiac arrest." Because Brother Rohn was superintendent, he had to travel several days at a time.

"Perhaps I should resign," he suggested.

"No, just leave me in God's hands," was her firm reply.

Sister Dosha Lyda was having special meetings in her church in Boise. The Rohns decided to attend the healing revival where Sister Lyda's nephew, Harold Atkins, was speaking. The first time Sister Rohn was prayed for, nothing happened. The next evening the sermon, "Setting the Captive Free," caused her faith to soar. "The prison door is open," she mused. "When prayer is offered all I have to do is *walk out*—healed!" That is exactly what happened. Five days later, the doctor told the nurse, "That artery has opened up all by itself, and she won't need any more medication!"

If Jesus indeed came out of the tomb and is alive today: He can do the same things He did when He was on earth!



## FAYE ROE ROMINE

**By Brenda Muzzarelli**

On May 2, 1903, a baby girl was born in Johnson County, Indiana to Bertha Maude Myers Roe and Isaac B. Roe. They named their new little arrival, Faye. Faye was the fourth child; later a brother and sister were born.

Faye's father was not a Christian; rather he was a very heavy drinker and worked very little. Although Faye's mother did not find it easy to raise six children, she was strong and healthy and did not shy away from work, but faced it head on.

Many times her mother would take the four little ones with her to pick blackberries which she would either sell to the farm lady nearby or make jelly for her household.

When Faye was seven her family moved to a small town, Bargersville, Indiana, where her Uncle John owned a furniture store. He had another unusual job. When he saw a person, he would always wave and say, "I'll see you later!"—he was the town undertaker. When her Uncle John had a funeral, the hearse was pulled by two beautiful trained black horses who pranced right in step—going down the road to the cemetery. The children went to school on a bus that they called a school hack pulled by horses.

Several people rented an empty store building and began to have church in it. Here they sang, clapped their hands, shouted then knelt and prayed. It was here that "Little Faye" felt the Spirit of the Lord but she did not understand what it was and, as a child, she was afraid. All the people of Bargersville called these people who acted so strange, "Holy Rollers."

When Faye was twelve years old, the Roe family moved to Indianapolis, Indiana. Faye, her younger sister and brother, went to a large school where she graduated from grade school. It was a big affair to graduate from the eighth grade complete with a commencement exercise.

Faye met her lifetime sweetheart at a class party given by Lloyd's mother. Homemade ice cream and cake were served and later a game was played, "Count the stars." The leader said, "I choose Lloyd and Faye to go count the stars." The game was to go outside and for every star you see—kiss each other. Since Lloyd and Faye were picked, they decided to be obedient and went outside; but when they got out there, Faye said, "Lloyd, I'm not going to kiss you!"

"OK," he agreed and they went back into the house to join the party.

"How many stars did you see?" everybody enquired laughing.

"No stars! We just talked a little," the couple replied but there were stars in their eyes and they made plans to meet again.

Faye Roe and Lloyd A. Romine were married October 27, 1919 in Jefferson, Indiana.

Their first child was born in December 1923. When "Little Harold" was a year old, Lloyd said, "Let's get this baby in church!" Faye was willing to start taking her baby to church until Lloyd said, "We will go to Oak Hill Tabernacle here in Indianapolis."

"No, I don't want to go there, that's a 'Holy Roller church,'" Faye resisted.

Faye loved Lloyd so much that she got herself and "Little Harold" ready to go to church one night. On a Sunday night they opened the door and went into the Oak Hill Tabernacle. "Oh, what a crowd! They were singing, clapping their hands and making an abundance of noise. Even the preacher, Brother T. C. Davis was clapping his hands."

For several Sunday nights the Romines attended. Then one Sunday in March 1925, a lady began to speak in an unknown language. Another lady sitting close to Lloyd and Faye began to interpret. Faye was scared! Her heart beat fast! Lloyd was holding "Little Harold" but suddenly he put the baby on Faye's lap and said, "That is for me!"

Faye punched him and said in a low voice, "You're good enough!" However, he did not pay any attention

to her; but got up and went to the altar. Faye was so troubled that she did not know what to do.

"Give me the baby and go too," said Sister Cole who was sitting in front of Faye. Faye gave her "Little Harold" and went crying to the altar, although she hardly knew what she was crying about.

"Now, honey, just ask the Lord to forgive you of all of your sins. Then you need to be willing to be baptized in Jesus' name," instructed Sister Spillman. So that is exactly what Faye did. After fully repenting of her sins, Sister Spillman took Faye to the dressing room and helped her to get ready for baptism. When they opened the door, there stood a huge crowd of people. As Brother Davis led Faye down into the water, all the people began to sing about God's bosom being a pillow when the world's on fire.

Well, Faye really was scared then but she permitted Brother Davis to baptize her. She felt something but at that time she did not fully realize that it was the Lord. Lloyd began to rejoice. How happy he was that his wife had been baptized.

Then he told her about being baptized when he was fifteen years old. Lloyd soon prayed through to the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Later he knelt by Faye's side and helped her to tarry for the Holy Ghost.

Every night the church doors were open, Faye prayed but was hindered because she could hear "Little Harold" crying for her. On July 25th at 2:00 A.M., Faye received the wonderful gift of the Holy Ghost.

On October 3, 1926, the Lord sent Lloyd and Faye a little girl, Esther. The Romines faith was severely tested when this child was just five. She became very

ill! Lloyd and Faye prayed and prayed for her. Although Brother Davis taught the saints to trust the Lord for healing, when he saw how sick "Little Esther" was, he advised them to call a doctor.

When the doctor came and diagnosed the child's illness as ptomaine poisoning, the whole church prayed and the Lord delivered "Little Esther" from the terrible sickness. On another occasion when "Little Harold" was only seven, he had scarlet fever. After much prayer, Harold began to improve. "God's Word is true. He does heal!" In 1929 the Lord blessed the Romine family with "Little Rebekah."

The Romines not only attended Oak Hill Tabernacle faithfully but also drove to West Indianapolis to pick up other people who did not have money for a street car. "Faye's husband comes and gets us in his 'Gospel Chariot,'" the saints were grateful.

One day Faye was talking to a Mrs. Fields on the telephone. "I'm going to have surgery soon," said Mrs. Fields.

"Will you go to church with us?" Faye inquired. "Yes," responded Mrs. Fields. They picked her up for church that evening; she was prayed for and the Lord miraculously healed her.

The Romine family stayed at Oak Hill Tabernacle several years. Brother Romine was the Sunday school superintendent and Sister Romine taught the small children's class and they both were also the young people's leaders.

One night the young people had a candy making party. Lloyd and Faye decided they did not want to attend. During the party, the boys had gone to the

tabernacle across the street to pray. While praying, they began to intercede for the unsaved young people in the class. As the evening wore on, Lloyd and Faye heard someone pounding on their door. "The girls, the girls!" gasped two boys. Lloyd drove them back to the house and called, "Girls, turn the fire out and come to our house for a prayer meeting." Some of the candy was almost done but some was ready to beat. The girls left anyway and what a prayer meeting they had! Brother Romine's sister received the Holy Ghost and one young man was baptized that night.

In 1942 Lloyd quit his work and went full-time in the ministry. Faye helped at every available opportunity.

In 1944 Brother and Sister Romine along with Esther and Rebekah moved to Terre Haute, Indiana. "Terre Haute needs a good church," they decided. Brother Witherspoon visited them and he, too, saw the need for an established church. The Indiana District endorsed their efforts in Terre Haute. They worshiped with a few faithful saints in a two-car garage and saved their money to build a church. One of the sister's husband received the Holy Ghost in the first meeting they had in the garage. He came back the next night with a new Bible that one of the saints had given to him. How thrilled he was with his new Bible. He came to Brother Romine and said, "Look, Brother Romine, this is a Jesus Only Bible!" They had revivals, Sunday school and Vacation Bible School in the garage.

In 1947 they purchased two lots on South 7th Street and Wheeler and began to build a basement church. They moved into it on Labor Day in 1949 and

had their First Bible Conference.

The Bible Conference became an annual event at Kings Highway Tabernacle. The Bible Conference lasted from Friday night, all day Saturday, Sunday, and throughout Monday (Labor Day). People came from all over the United States to hear marvelous preaching from God's Word and anointed singing. Pictures of those who attended were taken on Monday afternoon on the outside of the building in front of the church. My mother served at the registration desk giving out Bible Conference ribbons complete with date and church name. Sister Romine has a collection of Conference Badges that she and Brother Romine collected throughout their years of traveling. They are mounted on a bulletin board to serve as a reminder of many services that she has attended.

One night a sister brought a lady to the revival that Brother Bibbs was preaching. Only the sister who brought her knew that the visitor could not see. Brother Bibbs, Brother Romine and all the church began to pray. She was anointed with oil then began to jump up and down shouting, "I can see! I can see!"

A young couple came to the altar one Sunday tarrying for the Holy Ghost. He received the Holy Ghost, but his wife was disappointed.

"Well, I'll get it Wednesday in the Sister's Prayer Meeting," she insisted. That is exactly what happened. Sister Romine was right at her side and all the other women were praying with her. Soon she began speaking in that heavenly language.

Brother and Sister Romine and the congregation at Kings Highway Tabernacle went step-by-step with

the building of the new auditorium, paying for it as they built. In 1948 they moved into the new auditorium.

Usually Sister Romine quietly sat and prayed for the saints, as she well knew the trials they were going through. On one occasion there was a real good spirit in the service and quiet little Sister Romine began to shout. Another one of the sisters began to shout also and it was a fact (I can vouch for that) that a person better get out of that sister's way when she started shouting. Sister Romine heard her voice close by. Suddenly the sister bumped into Sister Romine causing her to fall on someone's lap. Sister Romine knew she was on someone's lap. Suddenly she heard her son-in-law Carl Baker's voice say, "Bless her, Lord."

"What a relief!" Sister Romine thought. Carl enjoys teasing her about sitting on his lap.

Each Christmas Eve the young people went caroling. Brother and Sister Romine always had a special treat of homemade candy for them. Those were happy days but the future held dark days.

Brother Romine worked so hard continuously at the church that one day in 1960, he began to have severe chest pains. He had never taken any medication all the years he had been serving the Lord.

Sister Romine called Esther and they rushed him to the doctor. He diagnosed the case as several heart attacks, one right after the other.

"You must be admitted to the hospital for a three week's bed rest," advised the doctor.

"No, I am not going!" Brother Romine resisted.

Sister Romine and Esther persuaded him and he

was hospitalized three weeks. After being discharged, he rested at home for about two more weeks. All this time Sister Romine and the faithful saints were praying continuously for God to heal him but Brother Romine kept having the severe attacks. In 1964 due to continued poor health, Brother Romine had to give up pastoring the church. How it hurt Brother Romine to give up the church, Sister Romine recalls that the transaction was so painful that she felt as if she were giving up her children.

Brother and Sister Nathaniel Urshan's daughter and son-in-law, Carl and Sharon McKellar were voted in and pastored the church from March 1964 until 1971 when Brother McKellar felt his work was done at Kings Highway Tabernacle and he resigned. Brother and Sister Simeon Young were voted in to pastor the church in May 1971.

In June 1971 Sister Romine's oldest great granddaughter, Kimberly, daughter of Jess and Rebekah Lyford, died. This was a heartbreak for Sister Romine and her seriously ill husband.

Still another severe heartbreak was ahead for Sister Romine. On a Saturday in 1976, Sister Romine knew her dear husband was slowly and progressively growing worse. She told him that she would not leave him to go to Sunday school that next morning. Sister Romine called Esther, "Daddy is much worse."

Esther called the doctor then came quickly to the house. When the doctor arrived, he examined Brother Romine. Then told Sister Romine and the rest of the family that Brother Romine was a very sick man and that he would not live until morning.

As the doctor had predicted, Sister Romine's companion of fifty-eight years went to meet the Lord Sunday night, June 13th, 1971. Brother Young came to the Romine home the next morning to pay his respects and offer to help. He called several ministers long distance to tell them of Brother Romine's passing.

Just this year a man attended one of the services and went to the altar. He did not know that Sister Romine was in the congregation. As a young child over twenty years ago, this man had attended Kings Highway Tabernacle but his parents moved away while he was still a small boy. That night when he went to the altar, Sister Romine did not know him but when she started praying with him, he opened his eyes and said, "Well, Sister Romine." He had remembered her voice as a small child. Later after renewing old acquaintances, she recalled that his parents had attended the church.

Brother Romine was a well known Bible Teacher of prophecy and traveled throughout the United States teaching from his informative charts. I remember Brother Romine's chart teaching, but as a young child I always thought that those events would happen perhaps when I was old or many years in the future. Twenty years have passed and many of the events he spoke of have taken place in God's time-clock and the next great event is the coming of the Lord. I thank the Lord for my roots in God's Word and the many wonderful teachings I was privileged to learn under Brother and Sister Romine's teaching.

When she stands to testify, Sister Romine always admonishes the saints to stay close to the Lord because, "He's coming very soon."



*Wedding day!*
*The Romines. 1919.*



*The Romine Family Evangelistic Team, 1942.*



*Brother and Sister*
*Romine, 1963.*




*Golden Wedding Day!*
*Brother and Sister Romine, 1969.*



## LENA SPILLMAN

**By Bertha L. Foley**

A baby girl was born on Valentine's Day, February 14, 1879, to Frank and Catherine Calvert, who lived on Georgia Creek in Henry County, Kentucky. The youngest of several children, she was named Lenora but was called Lena throughout her life.

Lena lived with her parents on Georgia Creek until she was a young lady. Life was not easy for the family. Lena went barefoot and stumped her toes on the rocks and was frightened many times by the numerous snakes that were prevalent in the area.

In the town closest to the Calvert family was a well-known judge named Wright. Judge Wright had a

son named Dan. Dan noticed Lena as she and her family came and went. He became interested in her; in fact, his interest became so great that he asked her to be his wife. She consented and they set the date for their wedding. He told her he would pick her up and take her in his buggy to be married. While she was getting ready, her family said, "He'll never come to get you. You are just a little common girl and he is the judge's son."

She said, "Oh yes he will. He said he would." In a little while she heard the noise of buggy wheels and horses hooves on the road and her bridegroom came for her. She used this as an example later in her ministry to encourage folks to expect the Bridegroom to come because He said He would!

About a year after Lena and Dan were married, a baby girl was born to them. They named her Addie.

But trouble soon came to this young family. After two short years Lena's beloved Dan became ill and died.

When Addie was about four years old, Lena met and married Jim Spillman. A daughter was born to this union. When the baby was about two and one-half-years old, she asked her mother to rub her back. Lena rubbed her back and cuddled her, but the baby would say, "It hurts." This was the beginning of an illness that took the little girl's life a short time later. So sorrow again moved into Lena's life.

The family, Jim and Lena Spillman and little Addie, moved to Indianapolis where Lena joined the Christian Church and was baptized by immersion.

Years passed. Addie was a teen-ager when Lena's

health declined. A doctor was consulted, and he told her that she was in such a condition with leakage of the heart that she could not live more than two and one-half months. Addie quit high school to be with her mother and to help her.

Meanwhile a Pentecostal work had started on Roosevelt Avenue in Indianapolis. It was called Oak Hill Tabernacle. Brother L. V. Roberts was the pastor.

In late October 1914, while Brother Lemuel C. Hall was preaching a revival at Oak Hill, Lena's cousin invited her to go to the service on Sunday afternoon. When they arrived, the cousin took Lena right up to the platform because she took care of the pianist's sons during the service. The building was just a shell with sawdust floors, but God's Spirit was there and Lena was exposed to it at close range.

Brother Hall preached about that "Pearly White City" coming down out of heaven. While he preached, conviction seized Lena Spillman. Realizing that she was lost, she rushed to the altar, fell down, and cried out, "Anything, Oh God! Just save my soul!"

She fell under the power of God, received the Holy Ghost, and at the same time, she was healed. A sister went to pray with her; but when she reached Sister Spillman, the sister cried out, "Bless God, she don't need anybody to pray with her."

Sister Spillman became a real prayer warrior, and God began to talk to her about working for Him. Since she was not too well educated, she felt that she lacked the ability to preach. Consequently, she ran from the call to preach for ten years even though the Lord's hand was on her in a great way.

One day in the midst of her crying and praying she questioned, "How would anyone know I could preach?" Her daughter, Addie, who had received the wonderful Pentecostal experience also, replied, "Mom, the same God that called you could tell them that He called you." When Lena Spillman at last said, "Yes," to God, her gift made room for her and she began to preach revivals.

God spoke to her about going to Orchard to hold a revival. She did not know if Orchard was a town or a street. After some inquiry, she was informed that there was an Orchard Street outside the Indianapolis city limits and that an old school building was at the corner of Orchard and Thirty-Fourth Streets. The building was no longer used as a school.

She called the school board to see if they would rent the building for a revival. "Sure, go ahead. You can use the building free of charge," was the response.

"There must be some mistake. Surely they would not let us have a building rent free," she wondered. But she got in her old car with wornout tires and drove by to see the building for the first time. There was no mistake. It was rent free. As she looked at the building, she understood why. All the windows were broken out and the building was in bad condition.

She went home and prayed and asked God to show her His will, and if this was His will, to make the way. Her husband worked, but his wages were low and he had not yet believed this message. After some time she still felt impressed that it was God's will to hold a revival in the school building, so she drove by the building again. To her surprise another church group

had gotten it for services. They had put windows in, cleaned it up, and built a small platform inside. It relieved her anxiety to find that this group was building a new church building and would only be using the schoolhouse temporarily.

A short time later Sister Spillman saw in the local newspaper notice of the dedication of that new church building. Realizing that the Lord had helped secure the building for her, she told the Lord, "I don't have chairs, a piano, or a Bible stand, but I have my Bible and I know You will provide everything else." He did. Her husband gave her five dollars to buy an old piano that actually played. Then he built a Bible stand out of used box car lumber. A Klu Klux Klan group had a number of chairs with no bottoms. They let her have them. She sent to the dime store and purchased bottoms and put them on the chairs herself.

She had her first service on August 4, 1929. Since it was quite hot, the windows were opened. The group sang the song:

*Jesus has a table spread*
*Where the saints* of *God are fed,*
*He invites His chosen people,*
*"Come and dine."*

They sang the hymn loudly and clearly. A family living almost a mile away heard the singing. Since they were already Pentecostals, they recognized the song. "That is the sound of Pentecost! Let's go over there." Soon they, along with others in the area, joined in this first service.

Sister Spillman had moved an old tin tank into the building and had, hauled water from a block away on a little wagon to fill the tank. God blessed and they needed the "baptistry" that night. Two were buried in the name of the Lord Jesus!

One of the two candidates was Sister Nellie Anson. Later Sister Anson became a minister and pastored a good church in Anderson, Indiana, for many years.

Good crowds attended the revival in the school building and several were converted. The services went on until October of that year, when Sister Spillman planned to take the piano home and close the building. She said, "The Lord had said, 'Have a revival,' and we have had it." Those who had believed wanted her to pastor them and they found a little storefront which would hold about fifty people on Adams Street.

"I don't intend to have a church, just a revival," Sister Spillman explained. She would not even go to see the building.

One day while going downtown with her mother, Addie suggested, "Mother, let's go by and see that little place."

"No, I am not going to have a church," Sister Spillman insisted.

On the way home Addie asked again. Once again she refused. However, she finally agreed to go by; and before Sister Spillman left that little place, she was under conviction and paid the rent on it for one month. The rent was eighteen dollars. They moved into the store front and had services there until February, 1930. Fifteen were baptized in the Name of the Lord Jesus and were filled with the Holy Ghost.

The Lord again spoke to Sister Spillman and told her to rent the Old Grande Theater in the Brightwood section of Indianapolis. This time the rent was one hundred dollars per month. That was quite a sum in those days. When she told the people what God had told her, some doubted. "Now Sister Spillman, you know there are just a few of us. That is just pride in you." However, the Spirit of the Lord prevailed and they did move into the Grande Theater.

Although it was winter, the first meeting was a street meeting. Brother Eddie Meredith played his violin and the saints sang and God blessed. Sister Spillman spoke for a few minutes to the crowd that had gathered! "These seats are free!" she invited. "We are starting a revival." Although the theater held more than five hundred people, it was about full every night for six weeks. There was another theater a short way down the street which showed movies. The revival almost emptied that place of business. The people came to the old Grande to "see the show," as some of them commented. Sixty-three persons were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus, and most of them were filled with the Holy Ghost during the six weeks' time.

God opened up the way for the group to purchase the lot and a small building on the corner of Twenty-eighth and Sherman Drive. Then work began: cleaning and remodeling were the first of several changes that were made.

Sister Spillman helped haul dirt out in a wheelbarrow to dig a basement under the building and she helped lay the floors and many other things.

There continued to be a wonderful move of God. People came and received the Pentecostal experience. Among them was Sister Spillman's husband, Jim. She affectionately called him, "Daddy Jim."

As the number grew, the building was enlarged and an "upper room" added. This upstairs was needed for the growing Sunday school.

When they moved into the building on Twenty-eighth and Sherman Drive, Sister Spillman pointed out, "They were first called Christians at Antioch, so I would like to call this church Christian Tabernacle." And that is what it has been called ever since.

The first dedication of the building was in November 1931. The mortgage burning and dedication of the greatly enlarged building was in 1944.

In the years between, many souls found God as a result of Sister Spillman's dedicated ministry. Many healings took place, demons were cast out, and people were slain under the power of God. God blessed and folks danced and shouted. Some who wanted to make fun of Sister Spillman likened her to the Ford fliver cars of that day. These were called "Leapin' Lenas" and they called her "Leaping Lena." Several of these mockers came into the church later and leaped higher than she did.

One woman who had cancer came for prayer. Sister Spillman anointed her and laid her hands on the woman, who began to cough violently. In a short while she spat onto the platform a horrible looking mass with roots on it. The woman was well from that time on. Another woman had a large growth on the side of her jaw and neck. When Sister Spillman prayed for

her, the growth fell off. The place where the growth had been healed up in a few days so well that a person could not tell that anything had been wrong. On another occasion, a man had to be lifted from his wheelchair into the tank to be baptized. But when he was baptized, he leaped up, walked out of the tank, and received the Holy Ghost.

In the early days at Christian Tabernacle, Brother N. J. Bibbs was scheduled to preach a few nights revival. He could not come, so Sister Spillman decided that she would preach the revival herself. This "few nights of meetings" continued for fifteen weeks without a single night off. Over one hundred people were baptized and received the Holy Ghost.

When God works, the devil works. At Christian Tabernacle, the devil reared his ugly head. As a result, the police were called several times during the services.

One time someone told the police that there was a dead man in the church and those people were just letting him lie there and were shouting around him. The police came in and asked where the dead man was to be found. Sister Spillman said, "He's just died out to his sins, and he's over there."

Finally charges were filed by some of the men in the neighborhood. A time for a trial was set. One of the main ones filing the charges lived across the street from the church. This man had instructed his wife what to say when she was called to the witness stand against the church. She went with her husband but when they called on her, instead of saying what he had told her to say, she said, "I enjoy the church. The

music and singing are wonderful and I sit out on the porch so that I can hear it better." Her husband was thunderstruck when he heard that and almost forgot everything he had intended to say.

When all those who were against Sister Spillman finished talking, the judge asked Sister Spillman to describe the services. Since she was nervous before she had left home for the court, she had prayed, "Oh God, what shall I say?"

The Lord had spoken to her and said, "Think not what you will say. I will put the words in your mouth."

As she described the church service, the words flowed from her, and she had a glow about her like an angel.

The judge began to smile. "You are doing a good work." He turned to the people who had pressed the charges and said, "We need more of these kinds of places in our city. Case dismissed!"

The first convert after Sister Spillman moved to the place she called Christian Tabernacle was Clifford C. Deckard. Brother Deckard later pastored a fine church in Benton Harbor, Michigan, for many years. He had been a man of the world and therefore used the expressions common to the world. The next day after he got the Holy Ghost, Sister Spillman found Brother Deckard at the church with his Bible and a pencil. He looked up at her and said, "I'm marking my Bible to beat the devil." He immediately realized he had used an old worldly expression and he felt convicted. Sister Spillman confirmed that we do want to "beat the devil."

"Read it and learn all you can," she encouraged.

Well, he did and he used that Bible many times for that purpose.

Sister Anson and Brother Deckard are just two of the many fine ministers who were sent forth from Christian Tabernacle. Some have gone to the foreign mission field. Sister Spillman was very faithful in supporting missionaries and had them in her home often.

She was very sensitive to the needs of people, both spiritually and naturally.

Sister Spillman passed away August 1953, but the work she built is still going on. The church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in November 1979.

Those who visited her in her last hours did not realize she was so near the end because she did not talk about her illness. She encouraged and lifted up those who were at her bedside. Ministers came away saying, "She told me to, 'Preach It!'"

She loved the church and had a burden for it until the end. She told Brother Paul Jordon, one of her converts and her assistant pastor, that she wanted him to pastor the church. Her last words to him were, "Keep the church clean."

Even though it has been twenty-seven years since her death, people still say, "I miss her." I am one who has missed her very much, but thank God for the heritage she gave us. I am looking forward to seeing her again.



## MARY ADELINE RING STANLEY

Mary Adeline Stanley, wife of Reverend George Whitefield Stanley, was born on June 11, 1913, in Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada, the second of four children born to Ada and William H. Ring, members of a Holiness Baptist Group, known as the Reformed Baptist.

"At an early age I often attended cottage prayer meetings with my dad," she recalled. "How God moved in those prayer meetings! The people wept and prayed earnestly for a move of God to come to Saint John. One elderly lady prophesied, 'There will be a great outpouring of the Spirit of God, and many will come to God!' There will be a great persecution and the churches will fight it." Although Mary was quite young, this prophesy made quite an impression on her and she questioned her dad about these things. "I loved to

attend these services with my dad. I could feel God there."

"Shortly after this in the early twenties the Davis twins, Carrol and Susie Davis, from Macon, Georgia, came to Saint John, preaching repentance, baptism in Jesus' name, and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost according to Acts 2:38—Acts 2:4. The Davis sisters were converted under the ministry of Reverend Andrew D. Urshan in Chicago.

"When they came to Saint John, they were persecuted by the other churches, but God sent a great outpouring of His spirit just as had been prophesied. It was glorious. The people from all walks of life began to flock to the Pentecostal services. People were being healed and filled with the Holy Ghost everywhere in streetcars, on the street corner during open air services. They had to put extra policemen to direct traffic during the street services. The crowds came, blocked the streets and the traffic was held up.

"People fell out of their seats into the aisles, slain under the power of God, and spoke in tongues during this wonderful outpouring of the Holy Ghost. The seven o'clock streetcar leaving the East side was known as the 'Pentecostal Trip.' They sang from the time they got on, until they arrived at the church in the city, which was about six miles. Their theme song was:

*Pass the blessed news along!*
*Jesus waits to pardon sin.*
*Pass the news along!*
*All may now forgiveness win.*
*Pass the news along!*

*If no more you wish to stray*
*And you come to Him today,*
*He will wash your sins away.*
*Pass the news along!*

"They sang the chorus a few times then they began to praise God and clap their hands. The street car conductor, even though he was not a Christian, sang right along with the people."

In March 1924, Mary Adeline was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Some of the saints had to push the ice away in order to baptize the converts. It was bitter cold weather. There were heated tanks in those days. On April 3, 1924, she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, speaking in other tongues. One of the songs she sang was:

*I'm going through with Jesus;*
*I'm going all the way.*
*I care not where He leads me,*
*Or what I have to pay.*
*I promise I will follow,*
*If He will be my guide.*
*I'm going through with Jesus*
*Whatever may betide.*

Mary Adeline was just a little eleven-year-old girl but she meant every word. "I knew that if He would be my guide, I need not fear. 'For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' II Timothy 1:12." This scripture meant a lot to her.

Her father, Brother W. H. Ring, a lay worker in the Baptist church, was filled with the Holy Ghost and wonderfully healed of stomach ulcers. He began to preach the apostolic Pentecostal message, and was greatly used of God.

Mary Adeline felt that she wanted to do something for God. Perhaps she could help her dad in his church. One thing she knew was that she needed to study to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing the "Word of Truth."

In 1932, Mary met George Whitefield Stanley. He came into the church through a wonderful healing. He was baptized in Jesus' name and filled with the Holy Ghost. Later they both graduated from Bible school. In July 1936, Mary Adeline Ring and George W. Stanley were married.

The first few months of their ministry was in Canada. In September 1936, Brother Stanley accepted a small country church in Maine where they remained almost a year.

Then they moved to Houlton, Maine. Brother Stanley's heart was open to truth. God was dealing with him about the Oneness of God. For a year he studied, fasted and prayed for direction from God. Since Brother Stanley had been raised as a staunch Episcopalian, he still held on to the trinity teaching, although he had been baptized in Jesus' Name and had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Brother John Deering, a fine evangelist and Bible teacher, was used of God throughout the state of Maine and was a tremendous help to Brother Stanley during this time.

In 1937, Brother Stanley became affiliated with the

Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. Brother W. T. Witherspoon was the General Superintendent at that time. They were holding church services in an upstairs auditorium in the Richard Block. God blessed and the congregation grew.

Brother Stanley began looking for a larger building. He purchased an old building on Pearce Street which was formerly used by the Primitive Baptist. During their ministry in Maine from 1936 until 1941, God met in many ways. Since these were the depression years, the Stanleys learned to trust God for housing, food, raiment, and all their needs.

When their first daughter was born, the Lord provided a new home, rent free. A brother who had recently come into the church rented this bungalow for them for one full year. When they moved into it, they had furniture for the living room, dining room, and two bedrooms all supplied by the hand of God through His saints. During these five years of ministry in Maine, two daughters were born.

"With the birth of my children came the consciousness of the great responsibility that was mine to rear these children and teach them the Scriptures and urge them to seek God early. My great desire was not only to be a good mother. To be successful in these duties. I realized that a prayer life must be uppermost," Sister Stanley recalls.

"We had many answers to prayer and miracles in the ministry. The winters were long, cold, and stormy in Maine with lots of snow. One winter the accumulation of snow was high enough to reach the top of telephone poles. This made traveling very difficult at times.

For sometime we did not own a car and walked while visiting or making sick calls.

"Once we prepared the last can of milk for the baby's formula, wrapped our baby up and pulled her on a sled to make a sick call. We were hoping that the people would invite us to supper. We prayed for the sick child and God touched the child. The fever broke and the child sat up. However, we were not invited to supper.

"We wrapped our little girl up snug and started back home. When we arrived, someone had delivered a cord of wood to our door. When Brother Stanley climbed over the wood to open the door, he stumbled over several boxes of groceries at our back door. No one knew our predicament but God. While we were out doing His work, He met our need. There was everything in those grocery boxes—milk for our baby—even some luxuries we would not have bought if we had bought the groceries ourselves. He promised that He would supply all our needs. He never fails!"

The work was growing—lots of visitation to do and new contacts to make. The Stanleys really needed a car but they just could not afford one. They began to pray. God sent a backslidden man to the church. He heard the message, repented, and God restored him.

Then the man felt that he wanted to repay God for the years that he was away from God. So the grateful man bought the pastor a car and made the monthly payments. He delivered the car to their door and presented Brother Stanley with the keys. Although it was not a brand new car, it was in excellent condition and best of all there were no car notes to meet.

Time and time again, God supplied the Stanleys'

needs. Even the saints learned to trust God for things that seemed impossible.

In the spring of 1939, Brother Stanley took a short trip through Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut. For some time he had been praying and felt strongly that God wanted him to take this trip. He prayed, "Open up the way financially, Lord." Brother George MacLead, who had been ministering during the winter months with Brother Stanley, discussed the possibility of the tour. During family devotions, the Lord had reminded Sister Stanley of the dimes, which she had been saving. After devotions while she was busy with the household chores, she heard Brother MacLead telling Brother Stanley that he felt assured that the Lord would supply the need this day.

"Well, I am not giving you my dime collection," Sister Stanley snapped. "I can still see the surprised look on Brother Stanley's face. He didn't know I had a piggy bank. No one knew I had them—only God. Finally I surrendered and we sat down to count the dimes. To my own surprise I had fifteen dollars. We put them back in the jar and I passed them to Brother Stanley and said, 'I sure didn't know I was saving them for this.' The donation was gladly accepted. 'The rent will come due while you are gone, also the light bill and the food is getting low,' " I reminded my husband.

"God always supplies the needs," was his reply.

In Rhode Island while attending a church service, a financial need came up and they were endeavoring to raise the amount required to meet this need. Brother Stanley felt that he should give what he had in his pocket, which amounted to five dollars. As he made his

way down the aisle to give what he had, he was surprised to see Brother MacLead headed down the aisle on the other side of the church. Both emptied their pockets out and they were both financially broke, but happy that they obeyed the Lord. After all the Lord could make five dollars go further than they could.

At a home where they were staying at the time, the lady of the house was very ill. They prayed for her and God healed her. As they were leaving the house, this lady's husband handed each one a five dollar bill—the exact amount that they each had put in the offering the night before. God blessed Brother Stanley's ministry in Massachusetts and Connecticut. When he arrived home, he had enough to pay for the rent, the light bill, and the groceries. You can't outgive God. The Scripture says, "Give and it shall be given unto you." There never has been a depression with the Lord. He will supply our needs. He never fails!

For some time Brother Stanley felt burdened for the eastern states. While a student in Bible school, he had preached in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, and also in Mystic, Connecticut with wonderful results. He often prayed for these states, especially since he had received the Oneness message. He felt that sometime the Lord would allow him to come back to those states and minister and preach the Oneness Truth.

In the fall of 1940 while they were still ministering in Maine, Brother Stanley was stricken with pneumonia, then the youngest child became quite ill with pneumonia. For a while Sister Stanley was afraid that she would lose both of them. For several nights she sat up all night holding the baby. At times she thought

that the baby would smother, her breathing was very poor. There was a spiritual as well as a physical struggle going on in Brother Stanley's life.

"We had a good work going in Houlton, Maine, after five years of labor. We were contented there. I really did not want to go any further away. Nearby my parents were pastoring in Canada and I could visit them quite often," Sister Stanley recalls. She loved her parents dearly! As Sister Stanley sat holding their baby and praying most of the night, the song came back to her once more.

I care not where He leads me
Or what I have to pay. . . .

"I was quite broken up as the Lord spoke to my heart and made me willing to go wherever He was leading.

"In the meantime, a Christian Missionary Alliance pastor heard of Brother Stanley's illness. He came to call on him, bringing bags of fruit juice and fresh fruit. He prayed for Brother Stanley then told him to obey God. 'Do what God wants you to do and then God will raise you up and heal you.'"

In the spring of May 1941, the Stanleys left Maine to go to the state of Connecticut to preach the apostolic message. They sold all their worldly goods. What they could not sell, they gave away. All the children's toys—even their cuddly teddy bears.

"I remember how two little girls cried for their teddy bears at night. Even though we purchased new ones, they still did not quite take the place of the old ones. They were part of them," she recalled. They packed what was left neatly in their car trunk and started out.

There were lots of adjustments to make. The summers were extremely hot and humid. There was no air conditioning then. That was a luxury! But God furnished the grace and with His help, they furnished the "grit." The closest Apostolic church was Brother Lambert Talbert in New Haven, Connecticut, a Pentecostal Assemblies of the World church, then Brother R. G. Cook's church in Foxboro, Massachusetts. No other churches! They were loners.

They had services in Plainville, Connecticut, about a year. The first summer, they had tent services in Plainville and had one convert—a young man who repented and was baptized in Jesus' name and received the Holy Ghost one night. A little later, this young man attended Apostolic Bible Institute in St. Paul, Minnesota, and became a minister.

For sometime Brother Stanley felt burdened for the city of Bristol, Connecticut. For two consecutive summers Brother Stanley had tent services. When it got too cold for the tent, they had services in the Odd Fellows hall. Later they rented a store front on Judd Street in the Mahle end section of Bristol, across from where they had conducted the tent services. The Stanleys felt that the people of that area knew who they were and they hoped to reach some there. It was only a small room but sufficient to accommodate the people who were coming at that time.

While they were renting the storefront, Brother Stanley became very discouraged. "Am I facing defeat?" he wondered.

Brother Harvey Howe, who at this time had been working in Connecticut in a defense plant, decided to go back to Maine. Brother Stanley had just about made up

his mind to go back to Maine also. While in prayer one morning, he told the Lord that if it were His will for him to remain to send him a certain sum of money to meet the rent for the building. He even specified the time by twelve noon. He was still on his knees praying when Brother Howe drove by in his car all packed to return to Maine. While he was talking to Brother Stanley, a young man who was Brother Howe's brother-in-law, got out of the car and came over to where the two preachers stood. Then the man took out his wallet and handed Brother Stanley the exact amount needed to pay the rent on the church. He knew nothing of Brother Stanley's prayer. God is never ahead or behind time. Before the men said their goodbyes and went on their way, Brother Stanley said to Brother Howe, "I can't leave here, this is the answer." So the Stanleys remained in Connecticut to carry out God's plan. Brother Howe went back to Maine also to do God's work. Both men were in the will of God.

There were many victories to be won. Sometimes the struggle was hard. Apparently the enemy did not want a "Name of Jesus" church in Connecticut. Satan would rise up in areas where he was least expected. But God proved Himself to the Stanleys over and over again.

It was just a short while until they were able to purchase property at 48 Lewis Street and a building program was begun.

In May 1948, Calvery Gospel Temple at 48 Lewis Street was dedicated for the Name of Jesus.

One Thanksgiving, the Stanleys did not have grocery money to purchase a turkey. They knew that their girls were looking forward to that celebration. They both loved the festivities and the turkey dinner. They

inquired of their dad as to when they were going to get the turkey. Their dad replied, "It will be here." Finally Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving arrived, the oldest girl was still inquiring and her dad assured her that there would be a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner.

"Well, where's the turkey?" she asked as she opened the refrigerator door. Sister Stanley was getting a little disturbed knowing that there was no money to purchase a turkey. Bedtime came; the girls retired for the night; the stores were all closed.

"Just how are you going to explain this to the kids? Even if we had the money, we could not buy the turkey now. The stores are all closed."

"Well," answered Brother Stanley, "God knows where we live." Mary Stanley tried to believe but her faith wavered.

As they were sitting at the kitchen table, suddenly she saw a car drive into the front driveway. She wondered, "Who could that be? It is past midnight!"

A knock came at the door! When Brother Stanley answered the door, there stood the mailman.

"Happy Thanksgiving! " he said and in his arms was a box. It was a huge, big turkey. Not only a turkey—but fruit, grapes, nuts, candy, pumpkin pies, everything to make a Thanksgiving dinner complete. He explained that his wife, who was an invalid, said that they had two turkeys. They only needed one, so they packed a box and brought it to the preacher. No one knew their circumstances except God. The Stanleys rushed out to the car where the invalid lady was and had a great time of rejoicing and thanking God for supplying the need.

On Thanksgiving morning the girls came downstairs

asking, "Where's the bird, Mother?" Sister Stanley opened the oven and let them peek in. The big turkey was already roasting. Then they sat down at the table and told the girls how God supplied the dinner. They all rejoiced and wept together as they sat down to another miracle. The Stanley girls learned early in life that they could trust God for their needs—not only the physical needs but the spiritual also.

The state of Connecticut needed more Apostolic churches. In 1945, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ and the Pentecostal Church Incorporated merger took place and became the United Pentecostal Church Incorporated at a meeting held in Foxboro, Massachusetts, where Brother George Cook was then pastor. The ministers of the district met with the General Superintendent, Brother Howard Goss. The district then included the New England States, also New York and New Jersey. Brother Stanley was appointed as the Superintendent of what was then known as the Eastern District in 1948. Later Eastern Pennsylvania and Delaware were included.

These were busy years for the Stanleys. The church in Bristol, Connecticut was finished and dedicated in May of 1947. They were endeavoring to open up other new works in the state. At this time they were holding services in Manchester, Connecticut, meeting in an upstairs Lodge Room. Also the church in New Haven, Connecticut, was founded under Brother Stanley's ministry. Brother Jean Hill was now in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and a small work was going in Waterbury, Connecticut. They were gaining ground and the devil was mad. Fellowship meetings and youth rallies were

something to look forward to.

The Lord was now sending reinforcements. Brother Clifford MacDonald came to assist Brother Stanley in the Bristol church. This gave Brother Stanley more time to serve the Eastern District and attend to the new works. There were lots of miles to cover and many problems to be solved with God's help. The Eastern District now had approximately thirty churches stretched over a large territory.

"I can truly say, 'Hitherto the Lord helped me.'"

Mary Stanley's life as a pastor's wife and later as a district official's wife had many eventful experiences. There were times of anxiety, tears, miracles, and rejoicing. But her testimony was, "Never one time did the Lord fail me."

The answers did not always come the way that she thought she wanted, but she learned that God knows what is best. The tests, trials, and disappointments which came only served to strengthen her faith. "I am thankful for those that the Lord sent my way to encourage me," she testified.

Once she talked a serious problem over with Sister Morgan. "Sister Morgan, I can't understand why such pressures and disappointments come when we are doing His work."

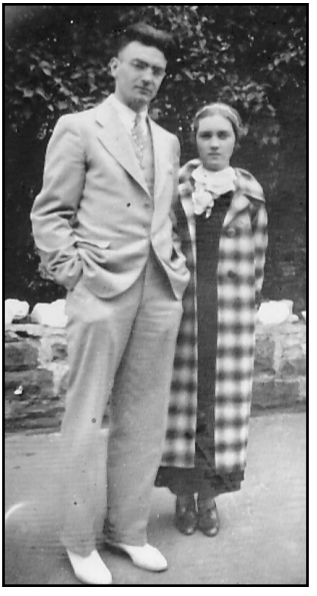
"Sister Stanley, the Lord knows you are trustworthy and will not fail Him," Sister Morgan replied. Thus the elder woman gave Sister Stanley new courage and strength.

This comment encouraged her to stand strong—like a mighty shield—to help others in the storms of life and surround them with love. She learned to say,

"The Lord will never leave you or forsake you. Lo, I am with you always!"

After forty-four years of serving the Lord in the ministry, Sister Stanley reflects, "I can look back now and see His footprints in the sands. He carried me over the dark rough places. He has given me songs in the night!"

In 1971, because of poor health, Brother Stanley retired from active ministry. "It was one of the hardest moves we had to make. I just wish we had forty-four more years to give to the ministry. We are still in the Lord's army. Just in the reserves now," is her testimony. "But we surely can say without a doubt, hitherto the Lord helped us!" she adds.



*The beginning of their ministry. Brother and Sister Stanley. 1936.*



*Sister Stanley and her daughters, 1954.*



*The Stanley Family, 1942.*



*Brother and Sister Stanley, 1960.*



*Mary Adeline Stanley*



## ELEANOR ELSIE HUDSON STARR

**By Philip Cornell**

The daughter of a coal miner, Roy Hudson, was named Eleanor after her grandmother Eleanor Ruth Hudson with a middle name, Elsie, after her mother. "Poppy," in addition to being a coal miner involved in the union organizing efforts of the United Mine Workers, was a fundamentalist Methodist minister and evangelist. Eleanor Elsie Hudson was born in Cloverdale, Indiana, Vigo County, the youngest daughter in a family of six, on May 20, 1906. Her father's marriage to Eleanor's mother ended in divorce when Eleanor was very young. As a result of this divorce, Eleanor was forced to live with an elderly couple in the country quite some distance from Terre Haute. Separated from the rest of her family because her

mother could not feed, clothe and shelter six children on a cook's pay, Eleanor retained a great affection for her father "Poppy." It was only through others that Eleanor's children and grandchildren ever learned of many of "Poppy's" other deeds. Separated from those whom she loved dearly, Eleanor was often lonesome for members of her family. Her older brother, Monroe, (who later became Brother M. M. Hudson, ordained minister of the United Pentecostal Church), often came to visit her.

Never bitter or resentful, she cherished moments together with her father whenever they occurred. At times she traveled with him when he held services and sang at such services. The singing of the pretty little girl with flashing eyes and coal black hair contributed to the success of "Poppy's" services. At times she and "Poppy" traveled by train. Her brother, Monroe recalled her being given an umbrella in one of the towns where he was evangelizing. When they arrived at the next town, "Poppy" discovered that Eleanor had left the umbrella on the train.

"That's all right, they'll give us two in the next town." Eleanor replied by faith. For the little Hoosier girl, a victim of hard times and misfortune, with little or no possessions save those she carried on her back, this was a strong statement of faith. It was also evidence of a character trait that would allow Jesus Christ to work through her life.

*Do you measure your acts by the books that you've read*

*Or do you look in the Bible to see what God said?*
*Do you do it because someone else does it too*
*Or do you measure your acts by God's golden rule?*
*Do you try to get by in measuring short*
*And say it's no difference or something of that sort;*
*Or do you lay down God's measure and hew to the line?*
*If you do that, my brother, you'll find God's gold mine*

*By Eleanor Elsie Starr*

At thirteen (although she seemed older) Eleanor became a telephone operator at Terre Haute. Then she moved to Heltonville near Bloomington, and ten miles east of Bedford, Indiana. Its main street along the railroad tracks remains much the same today as it did in the twenties. The job in Heltonville gave her an opportunity to meet a certain hard-working country boy from a nearby farm in Barletsville, Indiana. His name was Hebert Starr. Shortly after observing him at a distance, she decided that he was the one for her.

One evening when Hebert and Eleanor were taking a horse and buggy ride in the countryside near Bedford, Indiana, they came upon some Ku Klux Klan members, dressed in white sheets. Frightened Eleanor moved closer to Hebert. Then Hebert realized his big opportunity. "If you will marry me, I'll always protect

you," Hebert promised. She agreed. Another interesting story regarding Hebert and Eleanor's courtship was sometimes told. It seems that they walked around the courthouse in Bedford several times because Hebert was unable to make up his mind that this was the right time to get married. Eleanor, sensing his indecision and anticipating the right time to say something to move Hebert to the proper determination said, "One more time around the courthouse, Hebert, and I am not going to marry you." Hebert hesitated a moment, looked around the country square, took hold of Eleanor's arm and they walked into the courthouse.

A skilled stone cutter, Hebert and Eleanor settled down in Bedford, Indiana. There Eleanor gave birth to all five of the children, William Richard, a son; Gloria Eleanor, a daughter; Oweetah Ellen, a daughter; Phyllis Leora, a daughter; and Hebert James, a son. Hebert built his own house, on Sixteenth Street in Bedford. With Hebert's skill in cutting stone and the good economy they settled into good, comfortable, secure existence. Then came the great depression. Hebert distinctly remembers being paid in cash at the end of each week for quite some time prior to the start of the depression. Suddenly, he was no longer paid in cash. Soon he did not even have a job.

With money short, and Hebert out of a job, Eleanor somewhat on a lark suggested that they go down to the "holy roller" church by the dump to "watch the show." Eleanor had understood that the evangelist, J. L. Patton, who was preaching there was noted for walking the church rails in a dangerous manner. So they went to see the show. During the

preaching by the evangelist, Hebert, a decent and honest man, was convicted, went to the altar, and repented of his sins. Proud Eleanor, there just to see the show, grabbed hold of his coat and would not let go. She threatened him with all sorts of things if he went to the altar. This was one of the few times in their life together when Hebert was not influenced either voluntarily or involuntarily by the words of Eleanor. He slipped out of his coat as she was holding it and went to the altar. Hebert was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus and filled with the Holy Ghost. Eleanor was intensely upset with his move to Christ. She was as disagreeable with Hebert as she knew how (and she knew how!). She threw shoes at him when he prayed at home and asserted to him, his family and their friends that this absurd move to Christ had ruined their lives. Soon after, their eldest son, Bill, followed his father into the church and was also baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost. Eleanor was losing ground.

It was not long before she came to know God as her son and husband had. Then she brought all five children to every service. The revival, lasted six weeks, J. L. Patton was the evangelist. Reverend Jim Davis was the pastor of the Bedford Pentecostal Assemblies of the World church at that time. Seventy-five people were baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost. This was an outstanding revival, since the Bedford church had a very small congregation.

Church in Bedford revolved around the teaching of Pastor Jim Davis. Eleanor recalled the first scripture which he taught and which she learned (she valued it

the rest of her life) Hebrews 10:25 "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." Pastor Davis taught the saints to be present at every service, and to bring a Bible to every service. He insisted that if any member did not have a Bible to pray for one. "It represents the blueprint for salvation."

Soon after Hebert's conversion, he was called to preach and for a period of two years, (1935-1937), he was the assistant pastor. Hebert and Eleanor felt led of the Lord to go to Flint, Michigan, to assist A M. Hudson. Since the great depression was in full swing and Hebert had no job, they lost their home and savings in Bedford. By faith they moved to Flint although Hebert had no job. These hard times provided Hebert and Eleanor with powerful proof that God could and would meet their needs no matter what difficulty they encountered. God helped them through the depression, kept them and their family together, and had revealed to them His plan of salvation.

In 1939 Hebert felt that God had called him to Lansing, Michigan. He got a job as a skilled planerman in the local stone mill. The only person he knew in town was his foreman at the stonemill.

Hebert and Eleanor first held services in the living room of their home. Services were also held in other rented homes. Soon they rented a hall above an Italian food store and ignored the problems of holding church in the midst of a constant stench of garlic and cheese. From the Italian food store, church was moved to a storefront. Later, Hebert found a lot on the corner of South Francis and Elizabeth Streets on the east side of Lansing. With a congregation of eight, including every

member of the family, Hebert began to build a church. Hebert and his son, Bill, with the ever-present assistance and guidance (direction) of Eleanor did most of the building. During the construction of the building, they received the help and donations from the congregation of Brother Abbey in Flint and Brother C. C. Kirby in Royal Oak, Michigan, two Pentecostal pioneers in Michigan. Help came from other places and people many times through the mail from complete strangers. It most often came when the need was the greatest. Those offerings and gifts solidified Eleanor's belief that God took care of His own and maintained a particular personal interest in the affairs of her own life. The experience of building the church and the earlier time of God's help in the depression proved to Eleanor that she need not worry about tomorrow God took care of her. With little or no interest in personal and real property, she did not aspire to pride in ownership. These items of real and personal property in which she had an interest were looked upon as tools for the furtherance of God's work. She saw her role as more of a trustee of a trust setup by God. A trust setup for the benefit of the church. God provided and it was Eleanor's duty to dispense according to need.

Eleanor had one characteristic she understood as normal but which others in her family, including Hebert, found puzzling. Where Eleanor saw a need and had the ability to relieve it, she did so. She did so with her own property or that of family members. She often gave away such property to another without notice. Objection to this type of behavior was purposely and summarily rejected and ignored. Justification for such

action was that someone else's need was greater. Daughter Phyllis recalls that when the church was young, Eleanor often invited blind young people to dinner. The Michigan School for the Blind is located in Lansing. Eleanor often provided the opportunity for these children to spend an entire day away from the school. Phyllis recalls that when the church was in the house on Hickory Street, on Lansing's near east side, a man who lived next door had no white shirt to wear to his wife's funeral. Eleanor gave him Hebert's only white shirt. The only problem was, Hebert was to preach the funeral. However, Eleanor firmly believed that God would provide for Hebert and God did. Constantly concerned about the poor, the needy and the unhappy, she used to call poor little children into her home on cold winter days and kneel down and hold their hands and warm them with hers. She would speak loving words to them, hug them, button them up and send them on their way. Anyone who ever knew Eleanor and had a need knew that he had a friend. She was able to communicate with complete strangers and immediately understand their need. She was perceptive and clever at getting past the barrier of pride which often masked a need. She could never pass a person with an obvious need, problem, or trouble without attempting to assist him at once. If she were unable to provide the necessary assistance herself, she called instant prayer meetings, soliciting aid in prayer of anyone and everyone in her presence; saint or sinner. At times she sensed that someone not present was having a difficult or terrible time. She would instantly fall to her knees in prayer and insist that all those pre-

sent join her. Daughter Phyllis recalls that people around her became irritated. They would suggest to her that her present troubles were significant and sufficient so it was not necessary for her to worry and pray about those who were not present. People who were the subject matter of these prayers would often later verify that at that particular time they were encountering a desperate situation.

Subsequent to the commencement of her work with the Lord, Eleanor developed a keen interest in education. Much of what she learned was self-taught. She loved to read and did so whenever she had a chance. She encouraged her children to do well in school. All of them did quite well. She also began to write poems, articles, and songs to exalt the Lord.

Eleanor was a great motivator of people. She was often able to get action out of individuals when no one else could. One amusing story is told about her son, Jimmy when he was a child.

Eleanor loved to wake him with her voice loud and stern saying, *"Jimmy, I've got a thousand things for you to do!"* One would assume that she wished Jimmy to work around the house. However, this did not have that effect on Jimmy. Many friends and relatives have enjoyed speculating as to whether Jimmy's success in the courtroom, as a lawyer, was in any way connected to his ability to slip out the window of his second story bedroom, down the tree and into the neighborhood without being apprehended by Eleanor. Usually he was not seen again for the rest of the day.

When a job needed to be done or a decision made and Eleanor was convinced that such should be done,

it usually was done and done promptly. She was fond of telling her children, grandchildren, or whomever; that she would be more than happy to, "supervise their work."

Sometimes I'm so down hearted
I'm sick and dismayed and blue;
And it seems there's just nobody
I can tell my troubles to.

Chorus
Till Jesus said, "look above,"
Yes, Jesus said, "look above."
If you'll just lean on me when you're troubled,
Then I'll prove to you my love.

My road was so dark and so dreary;
My burdens so heavy to bear.
I looked for a friend who would help me
But I found out that nobody cared.

When the ones I have loved, oh, so dearly
Have all turned their back upon me.
Well, then I'm so discouraged
And for tears sometimes I can't see.

This was a song Eleanor had written soon after coming to Lansing.

Eleanor and Hebert worked at the Lansing church until their retirement in 1970. During their ministry over six hundred people were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus and most of them received the gift of

the Holy Ghost. Numerous other people were ministered to during this period of time.

In the course of such ministry it is inevitable that one would have many low periods. Eleanor was no exception. There were many times when she became very burdened. She had a very certain sense of right and wrong, and was quick to point out the error of another's way when she felt that such a person had veered from the path of a proper Christian life. Many people resisted her counsel in these matters. This did not deter her from giving it, however. She felt that it was her duty as a Christian to uphold that which was right and to condemn the wrong, whenever and wherever she found it. Sometimes people who had received this counsel and advice did not accept it as such. Many were upset. Perhaps, they misunderstood her true intention. Many of these people were people whom Eleanor had helped in meeting a basic human need. A certain theme of realism runs through her poetry when she writes about people. She sang and prayed herself out of any depression. Whenever she reached one of her low points, (because she cared so much for so many people) she would think about the Lord and how good He had been to her. She found great security and purpose in her life because of her relationship with God. Though people sometimes disappointed her, God always loved her, always stood beside her and comforted her. There was never an obstacle that God could not overcome, there was never a problem that God could not solve. There was never a friend as true as Jesus. These themes also ran through her poems and the songs she wrote.

More often than not, if you visited her in her home, you would hear her singing. She wrote several songs, including the following: "'Till Jesus Said Look Above," "The Perfect Sacrifice," and "Are You For Jesus."

Eleanor suffered from Bell's Palsy, which affected the right half of her face. This happened in the later 1950s. For the remainder of her life, this had the effect of adding to weight of whatever burdens she endured. She always prayed for God's complete healing. She enjoyed telling the story of asking one of her very young grandsons, "How does my face look?" and having the grandson tell her that if he told her the truth, his mother would whip him. Again, through the burden of dealing with her handicap, she still sang, wrote poems, and prayed.

Of her children, her eldest son, William Richard Starr, is an ordained minister of the United Pentecostal Church and District Superintendent of the Michigan District, and his wife June Anderson Starr and their five daughters are all living for God with the four married daughters being wives of Apostolic Ministers: Mrs. Martyn Ballestero, Mrs. Rick Olson, Mrs. David Trammell, and Mrs. Joseph Hutchison. He has held this position for over twenty years. He has a master's degree from the University of Michigan. Her daughter, Gloria, is the wife of Pastor Douglas Stephens of the First United Pentecostal Church of Grand Ledge, Michigan. From its inception, Gloria has been the editor of the Michigan District News, United Pentecostal Church. She is a graduate of Michigan State University. Her daughter, Oweetah Ellen Starr, is a resident in the

city of Lansing, Michigan. She attended Michigan State University. Her daughter, Phyllis, is the wife of Ralph Cornell, faithful member and treasurer of the First United Pentecostal Church of Grand Ledge, Michigan. For the past several years, Phyllis has been the circulation manager of the Michigan District News. She has also been head cook for family camp and district conventions. Her son, H. James, is a prominent and respected attorney practicing in Lansing, Michigan. Reverend David Stephens, a grandson and an ordained minister in the United Pentecostal Church, is continuing Hebert and Eleanor's work in Lansing, Michigan, on the corner of Jolly and Starr Aveune. This is a large, beautiful, and modern building with a new addition for a daycare center and school. Other pastors and ministers have been saved under Brother and Sister Starr and many saints who no longer live in Lansing or in the state of Michigan.

To her children she was always "Mom," to her grandchildren, "Grandma." She died at the age of seventy-one on September 10, 1977. She had five living children, sixteen grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

She left her mark on all who knew her well; straight forward, honest, sure of herself. Those things were important to her. Unyielding in her belief in one God and unafraid to stand alone with it. Steadfast in the Apostolic Doctrine to the end. A keen sense of right and wrong governed her behavior like expediency does a politician or profit a businessman. Where she saw wrong, she tried to right it, never accepting it as a necessary part of life. She expected those who came

under her influence to reflect these values.

She was gentle, loving, concerned about the feelings of others. She could sympathize or empathize with the sufferings of one she had just met but minutes before, in the same sincere and warm way that she suffered with the misfortunes of her children and grandchildren. Her loyalty to a friend or relative was complete and beyond question so long as the actions of friend and relative were consistent with truth and righteousness. Her reproof was guaranteed (without regard to person) to those who fell short of this consistency. These were her expressions of love transmitted freely to everyone she met: "What doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8).



## PAZIA (CHAY) STREPKA

**By Judith M. Bentley**

In a small village in Galicia, Austria, tucked in the heart of the Ukraine in southeastern Europe, a mother gave birth to a child. The family sat hushed as they prayed silently for both mother and babe. Strange cries came from the bedroom—cries of a woman in extreme pain. But in a little while those cries were accompanied by the plaintive yells of a healthy baby girl.

The date was September 8, 1896. John and Martha Chay were the proud parents. They promptly announced that the baby's name would be Pelagia Chay.

Their happiness was soon tempered by distress, however. While Pelagia grew bigger and stronger, the mother grew weaker. Mr. Chay and family and friends tried diligently to nurse her back to health, all to no

avail. Two months later Martha Chay gasped her last breath. Pelagia was motherless.

Little did Mrs. Chay realize that she had given to the world a lovely tiny girl who, in years to come, would affect the lives of many. This devout Greek Orthodox family could never know what strange and wonderful events God would bring to pass in the life of their newborn infant, Pelagia Chay.

There were many busy, trying days ahead for John Chay. His beloved wife lay in a cold grave and there were four children to be cared for. The baby demanded attention. The house sadly lacked a woman's touch. Most of all, John Chay was lonely. It was a wonderful day for all the family when Poppa Chay brought home a new wife, Catherine.

So it was that Pelagia came to be raised by a loving and devoted stepmother. Although the family lacked the finer things of life, they were always immaculately dressed and lived in a neat, well-kept house. Farming was the way of life for most people living in the fertile Ukraine, John Chay included. Thus, the family was always assured that there would be food on the table.

Pelagia (who came to be called Pazia) grew taller and prettier as the months passed. Her dark hair grew long and her eyes seemed to get bluer each day. Her quiet ways and strong character made her a favorite with many. As time passed, there were more children added to the family and Pazia was given the task of helping to care for the younger children.

Pazia was but a young girl when tragedy struck her home again. John Chay contracted a severe case

of pneumonia. One day he weakly announced: "I will die today at 12:00 noon." Much to the grief and dismay of the entire family, John's prediction came true. Mr. Chay died at exactly 12:00 noon that day. Pazia's stepmother was left with the burden of raising her large family alone.

Life was very difficult for the next few years. The Chays managed to survive these difficult times by working together. Each member of the family was given a particular responsibility. Pazia continued caring for the children and helping with the farm chores.

There were now whispers in the village of a terrible war that was imminent in southeastern Europe. There was also talk of a wonderful distant land that offered many opportunities for young people. It was said to be a place where there was abundance of food and where there was no threat of war. Together, Pazia and her older sister, Katherine, dreamed about living in that wonderful land of opportunity called America.

It was a sad day for Pazia, however, when Katherine announced that she and several of her friends were leaving for America. She tearfully kissed her sister goodbye and told Katherine, "Some day, if God helps me, I will see you in America."

Months passed and Pazia was not happy. She dreamed of America and longed to see Katherine.

One day an uncle of the Chay family came for dinner. "I will be leaving for America soon," he announced to his sister, Mrs. Chay. News quickly spread through the village. Many young people wanted to accompany him on his journey.

"No," the gentleman shook his head, "I can only

afford to take one of you. I have made my choice. I will take Pelagia Chay to America. Her gentle quiet ways will make her a good companion for me on this long trip."

It was a simple choice that the kind uncle made. He did not realize that he was a tool in bringing about God's will in the life of this seventeen-year-old girl and in the lives of her children-to-be, and her childrens' children, and even to as many as the Lord would call through her womanly ministry.

The glamour of America seemed dim as long days passed aboard the westward-bound ship. Many were seasick, but Pazia survived the wearisome days with good health. Finally the day arrived when she first glimpsed the American shoreline and she knew that her long journey was nearing an end.

Pazia strained her eyes eagerly as the boat came to port. She was looking for that familiar face. Then she spotted the petite 4'10" Katherine among the crowd of people gathered eagerly near the dock.

Pazia scarcely could wait to be off the boat. Soon she was happily embracing her sister and other friends and chattering about news of the family back in Austria. A new life had begun for Pazia Chay.

After several days of resting and visiting with friends and relatives from her homeland, Pazia began to look for a job. Her search brought her to an employment agency in the heart of New York City. Fearfully, the timid girl sat in the crowded waiting room. Her courage was waning and her thoughts drifted to the peaceful rolling lands of the Ukraine. Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by a crisp voice

that announced, "All girls seeking domestic work, please come into my office."

Bravely, Pazia pulled herself together and worked up enough courage to join the line of girls filing into the office. Inside the room was another woman—a distinguished lady, smartly dressed, but with kind eyes. She looked from one girl to another and then made a strange request: "Please hold out your hands."

"Which girl will it be, Mrs. Newhouse?" the agency worker asked.

Pazia's heart sank within her. She was certain she could not measure up to the demands of the handsome Mrs. Newhouse.

Suddenly, Mrs. Newhouse put her hand on the shoulder of Pazia Chay. "How old are you, child?" she asked.

"Seventeen," Pazia managed to stammer in her best English.

"I will take you. Your hands and nails are immaculate. Any girl whose hands are this clean will be the kind of person I need."

Pazia could hardly believe her good fortune. Quickly she arranged to move to the Newhouse home. Mr. Newhouse was a successful lawyer. Pazia was taught to cook and to graciously serve meals in this elegant home. Soon she became a part of the household and was a favorite with the entire family. She learned to help prepare and serve food for the many elaborate parties held at the Newhouse home. It was the beginning of a long lifetime of cooking and bringing pleasure to others through her skillfully prepared meals. Pazia's friendship with the Newhouse family was

to continue until the death of the Newhouses many years later.

Meanwhile, an old friend from the homeland, Peter Strepka, had arrived in America. Every time Pazia met with her Ukranian friends, she would see Peter. Immediately he was attracted to this pretty blue-eyed girl. He made every opportunity he could to see her. Sometimes he came to her home. Ardently he declared his love for her and proposed marriage. And so it was that on May 24th, 1919, Peter and Pazia were united in holy matrimony by the priest of the Greek Orthodox Church where they were both members.

The Strepkas made their first residence on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, New York. Peter was a cook in a nearby restaurant, while Pazia continued in part-time employment at the Newhouse home.

To this union, God sent three children; Catherine, Marie Josephine and David Robert. All the children were born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, where the rich culture of many ethnic groups became a part of their lives.

Religion was a dominant part of the Strepkas' life in America just as it had been in the homeland. Masses were attended regularly and religious holidays were always carefully observed. Pazia was a firm believer in God and in her religion.

But the lives of the Strepka family were to be vitally changed by an event that occurred in the year 1927.

Immigration laws had changed since Pazia and Peter had come to America. Europe had been beseiged by war and Austria was divided. Joe Kowalyck, a

nephew of Peter's, wrote to the Strepkas telling of his strong desire to come to America. Immigration laws, however, required that someone sponsor him.

Peter wrote back, "I will sponsor you. Come to America and we will help you."

A few months later, Joe arrived. He moved into the Strepkas' home. During the day he worked and in the evenings he attended classes to learn the English language.

It was at these classes that Joe met a gentle, loving, Polish-German man by the name of Ignace Reitmeier. They became friends, and one day Joe invited Ignace to the Strepka home for dinner.

Eventually the conversation that evening turned to religion. Ignace began telling the Strepka family a strange story of a new religious experience that he had received. A pleasant, smiling, little Polish man by the name of John Rubin had shown him the "plan of salvation" in his own Bible. Ignace had begun to study the Bible for himself, and discovered that everything John Rubin had told him was true. What's more, he himself had repented of his sins and had been baptized in the name of Jesus.

A great thing had happened to Ignace while he was praying one day. He had begun speaking in an unknown language. Great joy came over his soul as this spiritual phenomenon occurred.

The room became hushed as Ignace spoke. This was indeed a strange story to which Pazia, Peter, and Joe were listening. But the face of Ignace Reitmeier glowed as he spoke to them and somehow a holy presence filled the room. Joe Kowalyck shook his head in

disbelief, but Pazia and Peter believed.

A short time before this visit took place, the Strepkas had experienced a great disappointment in their church. It was on Easter Sunday that Pazia had prepared an elaborate Ukranian meal of kielbassa, ham, paska (homemade bread), pesanca (colored eggs), pierogi (a potato dumpling), pickled beets potato salad, cole slaw, cheese, and pickles. As was the custom, the priest was called upon to come to the Strepka home and bless the meal. This must be done before friends and family could partake. When Peter called upon the priest requesting his presence, he was informed that he was behind in the payment of his finances to the church. The priest would not bless his home.

"What kind of a church is this?" the brokenhearted Peter asked himself. "Is it only my money they want? How can I tell Pazia that her diligently prepared meal cannot be blessed? Has God turned His back on me?"

When Ignace Reitmeier came with his message of hope, the Strepkas were ready. God had prepared their hearts.

The Strepka family began attending service where Brother Rubin was ministering. Usually it was in a rented church building from 3:00-5:00 on Sunday afternoons. There was time for singing and preaching, but not enough time to seek the Lord. So the little band of believers would meet in homes to seek for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost. The Strepka home became a frequent meeting place for these prayer meetings.

Pazia and Peter began witnessing to all their

friends of their new-found faith. Others from the homeland joined in these prayer meetings. Some would not.

On June 2, 1928, in the Strepka home on Bergen Street, Brooklyn, New York, seven-year-old Catherine Strepka, along with two others, began speaking in heavenly tongues during an evening prayer meeting. The glory of God filled the living room and there was shouting and rejoicing throughout the house.

On June 12th the group met in another home. The power of God moved and Pazia was filled with the Holy Ghost. On June 20th Peter was filled.

Prayer meetings continued from house to house nightly. The noisy gatherings often upset the neighbors and sometimes the police were summoned. They warned the zealous group to quiet down, but the meetings continued. Such joy was difficult to suppress. Once a month, Brother Rubin would rent a Baptist Church to baptize all the believers in the name of Jesus.

Katherine's daughter, Rose, began attending the meetings, but Katherine and her husband, Joseph Korlatowitz, were very opposed to such unorthodox religious nonsense. They forbade Rose to attend these meetings, but the Lord filled Rose with the Holy Ghost and she could not stay away. As a result, eventually Katherine and Joseph consented to visit the services. It was not long afterward until they and their son, John, became a part of this band of believers.

The great days of revival continued among these immigrants. The Strepka home became a center of hospitality as well as a place of prayer. Pazia now used

her culinary skills to bless visiting ministers and friends. Her great delight was in serving others in the way she knew best. God had brought her to New York for such a time as this.

Her ministry continued over the many years she spent in service to the Lord. Her life was one of consistent daily prayer. She read her Ukrainian Bible each day. She loved her God supremely.

Pazia's love for her family came next. She raised her children well. All three grew to love the Lord as Pazia and Peter did. As each of the children married and moved from Brooklyn, it left an emptiness in her heart, but she did not hinder them from seeking God's perfect will in their own lives. Her prayers and love continued to follow them.

Each year Pazia would manage to save enough money to fly to St. Louis where her two daughters now lived. Her visits were always fondly anticipated. As grandchildren were born, it became her great pleasure to delight them with her famous Ukrainian dishes prepared so diligently.

It was always one of Pazia's great delight to serve others. Among her guests were many great Pentecostal preachers and leaders: Howard A. Goss, Andrew D. Urshan, Harry W. Branding, Arthur T. Morgan and his wife, John B. Thomas, Winfred I. Black and his wife, Paul H. Box and his wife, Nathaniel A. Urshan and his wife, J. O. Wallace and his wife, and many others.

On March 19, 1966, Peter died of a heart attack near his home in Brooklyn, New York. His life was a testimony of God's goodness.

On April 23, 1980, Pazia died in St. Louis,

Missouri, where she made her home with her daughters. At her request, her son-in-law, Brother Stanley W. Chambers, paid his final tribute to her. In his message entitled, "She Was Both Mary and Martha," he described how her hands were always busy serving others while her heart was fully consecrated to her Lord and Savior. She will always be remembered for her prayer life and her love for the Word of God.

A poem that so aptly describes the grandchildren's love and respect for their dear grandmother was written by Kimberly Joy Strepka, her youngest granddaughter.

**"My Tribute To Grandma"**

I remember
The visits with Grandma Strepka,
Homemade Ukrainian food,
Farina and paska.

I sat upon her lap
When I was only three,
From my big storybook Bible
Each night she read to me.

She rocked me in her arms
Humming and holding me tight,
Helping me with my prayers
Before we said goodnight.

Seeing Grandma reading her Bible
With closed eyes was no surprise.

When I asked if she was sleeping
She said, "I'm just resting my eyes."

Sometimes I would see her
Scurrying all over the place,
Asking if I saw her glasses?
I laughed, "Grandma, they're on your face!"

Often she would play,
Chasing us with a towel
Or telling us funny stories
Guaranteed to make us howl.

But, what I remember most
Is her likeness of Christ,
Always loving and kind
Her standards she wouldn't compromise.

I know I will miss her
While she lies asleep
But I will be comforted
Each time I begin to weep.

Because I will see her again one day,
Though in the flesh she's gone,
For I have the blessed promise
That with Christ Jesus she lives on.

At the close of the service, her eight-year-old great-granddaughter, Kristin Marie Bentley (fourth-generation, Spirit-filled, Pentecostal) rendered the beautiful solo, "I'll See You In The Rapture." Her

funeral was a tribute to a life well lived.

Pazia still lives in the lives of her children and grandchildren. David and Dorothy Strepka and their children, David and Kimberly, are members of a Pentecostal church in Massachusetts. Edward and Marie Yarbrough are members of a Pentecostal Church in St. Louis, Missouri. Edward is the Art Editor for the Pentecostal Herald and for eleven years, Marie served as bookkeeper for the Pentecostal Publishing House. Catherine married a minister, Stanley W. Chambers, who for thirty-two years served as a leader of the United Pentecostal Church International. Their son, Larry, was a minister of the United Pentecostal Church and their three daughters, Jean Cowell, Judith Bentley and Jerolyn Kelley, all married Pentecostal ministers.

The Strepkas were blessed with seven great-grandchildren. Several have been baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Pazia left to each member of her family a legacy of her strong character and faith and her desire to serve.

Who can say how it all happened? Who can say where it will all end? "God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." Pazia was one of His wonders.



*Pazia as a young woman.*



*Sister Strepka and her grandaughter, Judy Chambers Bentley.*



*80th Birthday Celebration with members of her family.*



## JET WILSON STALLONES WITHERSPOON TOOLE

**By Jewel Dillon**

The horse stirred gently under the tall girl's reign. Jet sat comfortably astride her mare and surveyed the flat, dry Texas desert. This was home. Her father, Robert Wilson, had died while she was still an infant. Later, her mother, Ione, married Mr. W. M. Ashby, a Texas rancher. Jet was born near Arapaho, Oklahoma, August 22, 1897. She had moved from her birthplace to Texas and then to New Mexico. Now she was back in Texas.

She and her four half sisters enjoyed riding the wide open ranges. Her horse stomped with impatience as she became lost in the thought of how things were changing in her family. She would be moving again,

leaving her horse and the ranch. The Ashbys were separating and Jet was going to live with her grandmother Wilson. She was now fourteen and the carefree days of youth were slipping behind her—just as the big old Texas sun was slipping behind the low hills in the west. She sighed heavily and gave the reins a quick tug. She would go home—wherever that was.

Grandmother Wilson was a fine Christian woman. She took Jet to church and Sunday school at the Alexander Campbell Christian Church in Comanche, Oklahoma. Her faithfulness and fine Christian character earned her a place of respect and love in young Jet's heart. The Ashbys had never been a church-going family. Jet's mother had joined the Christian Science Church, but Jet did not follow her mother in this.

Her first remembrance of church was that of attending a community Sunday school in New Mexico when she was about nine or ten years old. She memorized a number of Psalms and was given a little Bible for her efforts. Later she attended two or three revival meetings held by the denominational churches of the town. Even though she was influenced by these meetings, she made no move toward the Lord. It was her grandmother's life and influence that persuaded her to be baptized into the Christian Church.

Jet lived with her grandmother until she completed her last year in high school. She then joined her mother and sisters in Wichita Falls, Texas.

The neighbors next door in Wichita Falls were different. They loved the Lord, lived clean lives and seemed excited about the work of the Lord. They were Pentecostal. They invited Jet to attend some meetings

with them. She could hardly believe that they were meeting in a tent, but she went with them.

The Pentecostal minister preached from Matthew twenty-four about the coming of the Lord. The man obviously expected Jesus Christ to return to earth soon. Conviction seized her. She tried to fight it off and continued to attend the Christian church on Sundays. The conviction she felt only seemed to deepen.

It was Saturday night and Jet, who was now seventeen prepared for bed. As she knelt by her bed to say her prayers, the Lord began to talk to her. She did not hear a voice, but His presence was so real that it seemed like having a conversation with Him. The Lord said, "If you *are* wrong, had you rather go on as you are and come to the end of your life unprepared to meet God, or had you rather give up your way and take the Lord's straight and narrow way?"

This message was so real that she answered aloud, "Lord, I can't afford to miss heaven! Eternity is too long." Eternity seemed to stretch out before her as she prayed. "I want your way no matter what it is."

Then the devil seemed to get in the conversation. He whispered, "The Pentecostal way is a persecuted way. If you go that way, your friends will turn against you."

She prayed again, "Lord, I'll stand alone with You rather than miss heaven. If You will show me Your way I will walk in it at any cost," the young girl promised as she prayed.

The next night she went again to the Pentecostal church and the Lord answered her prayer. He showed her beyond any doubt that the Holy Ghost was the

right way. That night she began to seek the Lord for this experience, and exactly two weeks later, March 1915, she was filled with the Holy Ghost. It was a glorious infilling which has remained alive and fresh all the days of her life.

It was about a year later that Brother Howard A. Goss brought the message of God in Christ Jesus and baptism in the name of Jesus Christ to the church in Wichita Falls. He preached this message and the whole church accepted it and were all baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. Jet was keeping her promise to the Lord. He was showing her the way and she was following on with a glad heart.

To be used of the Lord in spreading the gospel became a consuming desire with Jet. She was a beautiful young woman, but she hardly seemed conscious of her natural graces. Her fine taste in clothes enhanced her womanliness with gracious modesty. As she listened to the testimonies of the other young people whom the hand of the Lord seemed to be singling out, she often wished that the Lord would call her.

One day she received a call from two ministers and their wives to come and help in a meeting in a neighboring town. How excited she was to be called to help! She prayed, testified, and worked in the altar. Then others began to call her to assist. Sister Bertha Clinton, Jeanette Rexford, and an older lady, Sister Groner, asked her to join them in meetings. They held meetings in Henrietta, Texas, for some months and started a small church there. Then, on the advice and by the help of Brother Goss, they went to Fort Worth, where they held tent meetings all summer. This was

the beginning of the church in Fort Worth.

It was in Fort Worth that Jet met a young evangelist, Brother Wilner Leroy Stallones. Brother Stallones was a man of faith and prayer and a student of the Word. He also enjoyed painting and many of his paintings still grace the homes of early-day Pentecostals and their descendants. Brother Stallones was attracted to the lovely young girl. Jet, too, fell in love and some months later they became engaged and were married in January 1918.

For the next three years, the young Stallones were in evangelistic work. They were joined by Brother and Sister J. A. Johnson and traveled together as a team. These were times of testing and blessing. The Lord proved Himself a wonderful companion and provider.

Eloise, Reuel, and Newell Arlen were born during these early years of their ministry. They lost two infant sons. Brother Stallones was a man of great faith and took everything to God in prayer and the children grew up without the aid of medicine or doctors. There were many healings and some miraculous instant healings. God was their resource and they drew on Him in faith and prayer.

The three children were soon old enough for school and the family could not travel as before. The Stallones began to pastor for two and three year commitments. Perhaps because of Brother Stallones' burden for evangelistic work, they moved from pastorate to pastorate rather frequently. Some of their minister friends said Brother Stallones had pastored more churches than anyone in the fellowship. Sister Stallones was not always happy with such frequent

moves. Just when she was beginning to become acquainted with the people and feeling nicely settled, it was time to move. She understood, however, that the Lord's hand was in it all.

Some of Sister Stallones relatives could not understand this Pentecostal faith and lifestyle. The frequent moves seemed irresponsible to them. One warned, "Your children's education will suffer by being dragged from school to school." But the Stallones' children excelled.

Eloise had three years of college before going to Tupelo, Mississippi to teach in the Bible school. She has been involved in missionary work with her husband, Claude Malan, for some years.

Reuel was sent through medical college while in United States military service, graduating from Western Reserve in Cleveland, Ohio, and interning in Letterman Hospital, San Francisco. After serving in Korea as a doctor, he took specialized training in public health and served as professor of epidemiology in the University of California, Berkeley. After a few years there, he was called by the University of Texas to build the School of Public Health in Houston. He has been dean of this school for approximately twelve years.

Arlen graduated from high school in Twin Falls, Idaho, an agricultural community. Shortly after his graduation and marriage, he began farming. He still operates a fine farm in that community. His mother is now living in a house adjacent to the farm.

Moving may have made the children's education a bit more of a challenge, but to this devout, studious family each move became an expanding education in itself.

Canada was the Stallones' next home. They lived in Montreal for a few months and from there went to New Brunswick. They spent a few months in St. Stephens, New Brunswick, where Brother Wynn Stairs was pastor. Brother Stallones evangelized and Sister Stallones assisted in the St. Stephens church.

From New Brunswick they went to Bangor, Maine, where Brother John Dearing was pastor. He had become too sick at the time to continue his ministry. The Stallones pastored there for two years. While in Maine, Brother Stallones held a revival meeting in Mars Hill, Maine, where more than one hundred people were filled with the Holy Ghost.

California and Texas were to be their next homes. They pastored the church in Baldwin Park, California, for about two years and some time later went to Dallas, Texas.

The headquarters office of the Pentecostal Church Incorporated was located in Dallas at this time. Brother Stallones was again in evangelistic work and Sister Stallones worked in the office under Brother W. E. Kidson, who was the secretary of the organization. It was while they were there that Brother Stallones received a call to the pastorate of the church in Exeter, California.

The next three years in Exeter were happy years for the Stallones. But then Brother Stallones' failing health began to overshadow their happiness. Sister Stallones noticed that her husband was beginning to tire easily. He did not feel well much of the time. His health slipped away quickly and in December 1939, he died of an enlarged heart. He had given his life and

strength to ministering the gospel.

Jet was now alone with three children. She realized how heavily she had leaned on her husband. Now she must learn to lean heavily on the Lord. The church in Exeter asked her to remain as their pastor. She felt this was the thing to do and called upon the Lord for wisdom and strength. She once read the testimony of a black sister who said, "When Ah works, Ah works hard; when Ah sits, Ah sits loose; but when Ah worries, Ah goes to sleep." Jet tried to practice this philosophy of life. She found special comfort in the Psalms. Some of her favorite passages were Psalm 3:4-6; 4:8, and 56:2-3. The Word and the Spirit were her companion, joy, and strength.

After a time she resigned the church and in 1943 Brother Odell Cagle took the pastorate. Eloise was away at college and Reuel had been drafted into the military service. Sister Stallones and Arlen moved to Fresno, California, for a while.

Soon after moving to Fresno, Brother Ellis Scism, who was pastor of First Pentecostal Church in Twin Falls, Idaho, asked her to come to Twin Falls for a revival meeting. After arriving she learned that Brother Scism had resigned as pastor and planned to leave when school was out. The Scisms would soon be going to India. Before the revival was over, the church asked her to come as pastor. So it was that she and Arlen moved to Twin Falls.

Something very special was happening in the Oneness Pentecostal movement. In the fall of 1945, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ, superintended by Brother W. T. Witherspoon, and the Pentecostal

Church Incorporated, superintended by Brother Howard A. Goss, were merging to form the United Pentecostal Chuch.

Something special was also happening in Sister Stallones' life. Brother Witherspoon asked her to marry him. So it was that at the close of the conference that united the two organizations a wedding was celebrated uniting these two lives.

Sister Jet Witherspoon moved to Columbus, Ohio, where Brother Witherspoon was the pastor of the Apostolic Gospel Church. She taught a Sunday school class composed of married people between the ages of thirty and forty-five. This was a wonderful opportunity to invest herself in these fine people.

Brother Witherspoon was not well. Two years after their marriage he passed away. He had worked hard all of his years ministering the gospel until his strength was gone. Jet was once again alone.

It was the following summer, the summer of 1948, that Brother C. D. Soper, president of Pentecostal Bible Institute in Tupelo, Mississippi, asked her to join the faculty. Her daughter, Eloise, was teaching English and other related subjects there. Sister Witherspoon began teaching there that fall. The school was still in its formative years and the Pentecostal students were eager for a Bible education. She lived in the dormitory as house mother. The beauty and graciousness of this dedicated gospel worker made a lasting impression on her students.

Arlen, who had married a lovely wife, Ruth was living in a house Sister Witherspoon owned in Twin Falls, Idaho. He planned to move to the farm with his

father-in-law, Brother Elmer McGinnis. They had built a new house on the farm, so it was necessary for Sister Witherspoon to return to Twin Falls and make some disposition of her house. Soon after her business trip to Twin Falls, she was called to pastor the church in Rupert, Idaho, fifty miles from Twin Falls. Brother Carl Adams had resigned and was eager to leave for his new pastorate in Yakima, Washington.

Sister Witherspoon began pastoring in Rupert in February 1953. She helped paint and redecorate the parsonage. By this time she had lived in so many parsonages and had redecorated so many of them that she was quite an expert. She could hang wallpaper and have herself and her house looking ready for company in record time.

Things were going well in Rupert. The fine people there loved her. But there was another call she had to consider. The Northwest District of the United Pentecostal Church had acquired property in Portland, Oregon, for the establishment of Conquerors Bible College. Brother Haskell Yadon, District Superintendent, and Brother E. G. Moyer, college president, asked her to come and teach. She was happy in Rupert, but she felt she should go to Portland and look over the situation before making a decision.

As she travelled across the desert in southern Idaho and through the rolling wheatlands of eastern Oregon, she prayed for God's guidance. The road followed the Columbia River through the Cascade Range into the forested slopes of western Oregon and, at last, to Portland—beautiful Portland, the city of roses.

It was about nine P.M. when she arrived at the

school. Everything was dark. The school was locked. Everyone had gone to church. She sat in her car waiting for them to return and wondering what the future held for her. Little did she dream that this would be her home for the next twenty-two years.

There was another apartment to decorate, first a small one, then a larger one. There was a great deal of housework to be done before the students arrived. Sister Witherspoon worked with her scrub brush and mop pail with the same enthusiasm that she exhibited in preaching the gospel.

The twenty-six and one-half years spent in Bible school work in Tupelo and Portland became some of the most joyful and productive years of her ministry. Teaching the wonderful Word of God and working with young people became her life investment. Many of these people are now in the ministry, both at home and on foreign fields.

While teaching at Conqueror's Bible College, she felt the need for a textbook on Acts that would bring proper emphasis to the Pentecostal doctrine. Brother Edwin Judd, college president at that time, encouraged her to begin work on a texbook. The next two years were spent in study, research, writing and rewriting. When the manuscript was ready for the publisher, the Pentecostal Publishing House bought the manuscript and published the book—*Acts—The Amazing History of the Early Church.* This book benefited not only the classes in Portland but became a text in other schools as well as being used for individual study. Moreover, Brother John Hattabaugh translated it into Spanish to be used in Central and South American countries.

While she was working on the manuscript, Sister Witherspoon was asked to prepare a small booklet to be used in prison work. So the book, *Born In the Fire*, was published. These were only part of her published material. She had written lessons for the Adult Teacher's Quarterly for the Sunday school department for about ten years before the inception of Word Aflame Publications. Among her other writings for Word Aflame Publications, she wrote some lessons on the Book of Job. These lessons were later printed in a booklet entitled, *A Study of Job*.

One cannot continue to teach and write without continuing to study. Sister Witherspoon enjoyed the challenge of study in her ministry.

When Sister Witherspoon reached her seventy-seventh birthday, she was still teaching. However her hearing was beginning to hinder her in her classes. Arlen, who still farmed near Twin Falls, wanted her to come there, and she felt it was time to leave the Bible college. Arlen offered her a home adjacent to the farm, and she moved again to Twin Falls to enjoy living close to her son and his family. But another life adventure lay ahead.

Brother Earl Toole, an old time friend who had pastored for many years in California and was now retired, asked her to marry him. In July 1977 she became Sister Jet Toole. Her "young" pastor, Haskell D. Yadon, whom she had known from infancy, called them into his office. "I always counsel the young couples before I marry them," he said. "But I don't know just what to say to you." These were two very special people and they were as happy and in love as any two teenagers.

The Tooles continue to live on the farm. Brother Toole's vision is not too good, so Sister Toole does most of the driving for them. Brother Toole, who has a wonderful sense of humor, tells everyone he goes everywhere by Jet.

The Tooles enjoy traveling and recently prepared for a trip into California, including in their planning some preaching stops.

To the little girl who promised to follow Jesus wherever He leads, it has been a glorious journey.



*Brother and Sister Stallones, their daughter, Eloise, and friends.*



*Sister Witherspoon teaching at Conqueror's Bible College, Portland, Oregon.*



*Sister Jet Witherspoon with Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Wallace*



*Still a lovely active minister.*



*Sister Witherspoon and students from P.B.I.*



## MARIE FARROW WEEKS

**By Edna Nation**

"You'd better nip that in the bud, Garland, before it causes trouble among the churches!" Marie Weeks was using her perceptive insight with problems which might start off small, but she had the keen ability to see the end results if small problems were left unchecked.

On a wintry day, the first day of the year, 1910, Marie Farrow Weeks was born. Little did her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Farrow, dream of the impact their tiny bundle of joy would have on the progress of the Louisiana District of the United Pentecostal Church. Marie was born in Victoria, Louisiana. The family later moved to Fisher where her father worked in a sawmill.

Marie was an ambitious woman. It was her desire to be a nurse. She was persistent in her drive, and soon after graduating from high school, she moved to Shreveport, Louisiana, in order to begin nurse's training. How she enjoyed caring for the sick! But this was not to be her main calling in life, for God had something else for her. Just before finishing nurse's training, Marie Farrow met and married C. G. Weeks. And who could blame her? He was a young and dashing college student, fresh out of Louisiana Normal, now known as Northwestern State University of Natchitoches, Louisiana. Garland Weeks seemed a promising young man, indeed! And Marie Farrow, with her usually keen perception, saw what he could become.

The parents of Marie strongly objected to the Weeks union. At that time, they had no definite church affiliation and they knew that the Weeks family had strong connections with the Pentecostal Church. However, love won, and Marie and Garland Weeks were united in holy matrimony.

Soon after marriage, Garland moved his bride to Walnut Hill, Louisiana, so that he could be nearby and look after his widowed mother and two brothers. It was here at Walnut Hill that Marie Weeks was first introduced to Pentecost. From all accounts, she was not too impressed with the whole scene. She appeared rebellious at first, but was the first one to receive the Holy Ghost in the revival meeting in progress at the small community. Her earlier feelings were dissipated as she became persuaded and convinced of the knowledge of the truth! She went to

church afraid and skeptical; she came home filled with the Spirit of God with evidence of speaking in other tongues. She knew that her experience was real! But why should it take Garland, her husband, so long to receive the Holy Ghost? He surely knew that Pentecost was real. He knew that the promise was for him, too. And so he prayed. And he prayed. For several months he prayed. Finally, one night on the back porch of a dear saint of God, Garland Weeks received his personal Pentecost. Sister Wisby's porch must have been a sacred spot for prayer, for C. G. Weeks received an overwhelming experience in the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which he would never forget. Walnut Hill became a sacred trail to personal Pentecost, a trail back to Calvary for Marie and Garland Weeks.

Soon Marie's husband was called into the ministry. He answered that call without reservation. Marie was uprooted from a comfortable home in order to travel all over this great country. Life wasn't easy. The sensitive young woman, who was trained to be a nurse, found that she had many adaptations to make.

Garland and Marie Weeks evangelized all over the United States. The depression years were on, and times were hard for everyone. However, the evangelistic team remained undaunted. Many times night time crept upon them and there was nowhere to sleep. So Marie and Garland slept in the car. When their shoes were worn out, they wore cardboard in the soles of the shoes. But they were greatly used in revivals wherever they went. Their main interest was to reap the harvest of souls. During one of their revivals in Noble, Louisiana, a

young teenager by the name of J. T. Pugh was gloriously filled with the Holy Ghost. Scores of others too numerous to mention were filled with the Spirit.

Marie and Garland were involved with a revival in Urania, Louisiana, during the year 1938 when a mighty and strange thing happened. On August 27, Marie was struck by lightning! Now, almost everyone knows that when a person is struck by lightning, that person is dead! All those around Marie gave her up for dead. There was no pulse or sign of life. Her clothes were ripped from her body, her glasses melted, the heels were knocked off her shoes, and it seemed there was no hope for Marie Weeks. But much prayer was raised toward heaven. God, the Great Physician, so full of mercy, saw there were some who needed Marie. Her life's calling was not over. After much fervent prayer, God answered and raised Marie! What a miracle! Many of the people of the community came to see her for themselves and to hear her testimony. A great revival came to Urania.

After a time of evangelizing, Garland and Marie Weeks felt a call to pastor a church in Bloomington, Indiana. God used them mightily in that work. It was in Bloomington that their daughter, Wanda Marie Weeks, was born, on June 16, 1941. The birth of a child was another miracle, for the doctors had said there would be no children after having been struck by lightning. Wanda was a miracle.

The following year, the Weeks family moved to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to start a Home Missions church. There was much sacrificing, much prayer, and dedication. Marie never forgot her experience with

God or her commitment to His cause. As a result of the Weeks' dedication, a great church was established in that city.

The Weeks family enjoyed thirteen years of pastoring. Then Garland Weeks was elected to fill the position of District Superintendent, Louisiana District. The year was 1952, and they moved to Alexandria. Life on the old campgrounds was a new challenge and a real adjustment for one so used to the role of pastor's wife. However, Marie Weeks rose to the occasion and did a superb job. Everyone loved her.

While living at the campgrounds at Tioga, near Alexandria, Louisiana, Marie began losing her health. At one point, she had cataracts on her eyes and went almost totally blind, yet she remained faithful. Many serious illnesses came her way; but she remained true. During her illnesses, she listened to the Bible read to her for hours. She also spent her time writing poetry.

Marie never ceased to be an encouragement to people. The big meals prepared at midnight for visiting ministers showed she cared. She always had a kind word for children and people in trouble. Being the observant person she was, she saw needs and shared clothes and money. She was a reader. She was known to recite famous quotes from literature and history. She was artistic, sensitive, a lover of poetry, a thinker, a writer.

On March 20, 1976, Marie Farrow Weeks passed from this life. Thousands mourned her death, but none grieved more deeply than did her husband. Brother C. G. Weeks shared with the ministers and their wives Section Eight Banquet this thought and admonition,

"Ministers, love your wives! When I lost my wife, I lost my right arm. She kept me going. She gave me direction. Ministers of the gospel, love your wives! You won't know what they've done for you until they're gone!" There was not a dry eye anywhere as our beloved C. G. Weeks admonished us at the Ministers and Wives Banquet at Natchitoches, Louisiana.

Marie Weeks passed from this life on her 46th wedding anniversary. Many times she had looked death in the face, but she had never feared it. She wrote in her Bible these words: "Lord, let me not die until I've done for thee my earthly work, whatever it may be. Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled, let me not leave my space of ground untilled. Impress this truth upon me that not one can do my portion that I leave undone." What a magnificent tribute to a great woman! Marie Weeks was the "woman behind the man" in the truest sense of the words. We give our tribute to a marvelous woman who held fast to the truth, no matter what the circumstances.



*Marie Weeks as a young girl.*



*Sister Weeks and her daughter Wanda.*



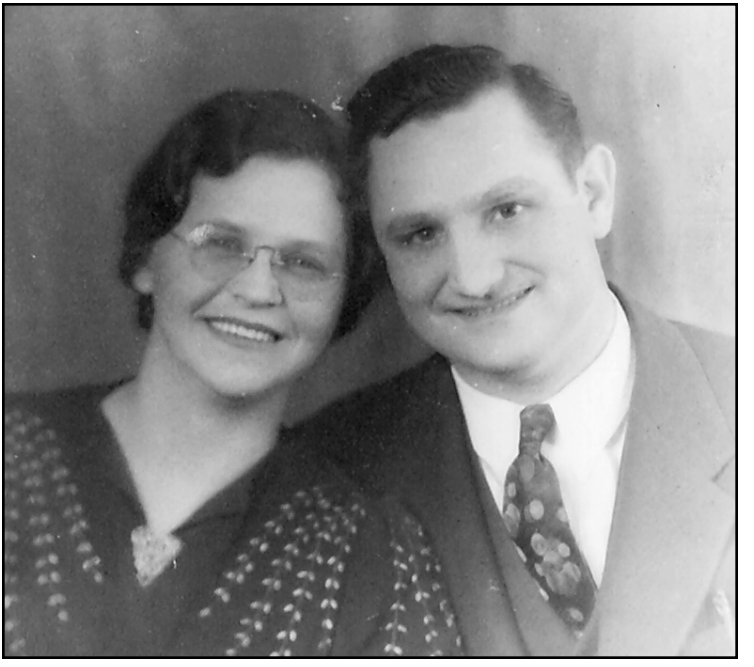
*A minister's wife but also a mother.*



*Early years of the ministry of Rev. and Mrs. C. G. Weeks.*



*Ready for church!*



*Brother and Sister Weeks*