PENTECOSTAL PIONEER BIOGRAPHIES

PROFILES OF Pentecostal Preachers

VOLUME ONE

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COMPILED BY
MARY H. WALLACE

Profiles of Pentecostal Preachers

compiled by Mary H. Wallace

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FOREWORD

History can be studied from different perspectives—from the record of events, from the social, religious, political and economical movements, and from the lives of people. The latter is perhaps the most appealing and revealing.

This book of biographical sketches of Pentecostal preachers, most of whom were associated with the early years of the Pentecostal movement in this century, reveals the conviction, commitment and courage that characterize Pentecostal people today. Each man made his own contributions and left his mark and personality on the development of the work of God in his area of ministry. From them we have received not only the revelation of truth but also the compassion and commitment to share that revelation with others.

From these stories come insights into the work of God in North America. The ministries of these men stretch from the northern regions of New Brunswick, Canada, to the southern states of Mississippi and Louisiana, and from the western state of California to the New England states of Maine and Massachusetts. Many started their ministries in the early Pentecostal pioneer days before 1920, and all of them started preaching by 1936.

They were of the pioneer spirit in that they blazed sacrificial trails in reaching a wayward world with the gospel of salvation.

These ministers lived, preached, and accomplished their missions, but most of them did not preserve a

written record of their struggles and achievements. This task has been passed to relatives and friends whose lives and faith were deeply influenced by them. Although the writers, for the most part, are not professionals in this field, they have recorded for us valuable pieces of our Pentecostal history.

It would not be inappropriate to place these preachers among the heroes of faith. Their call to serve God challenged them to overcome handicaps of poverty, of inadequate professional education, and of social and religious opposition. But they persevered in spite of the difficulties they encountered, refusing to retire from the field until the battle was won.

You will chuckle at some of the scenes and weep at others. You will sense the spiritual strength that surged through the hearts of these preachers when the sky looked dark and the road weary. Their struggles will pull you into the arena, and their challenge and conquest will encourage you to conquer any fear and doubt that may combat you as you serve in the cause of God.

Mary Wallace has done a great service for our movement in the publication of this book. It will often remind us of the rich heritage that is ours.

J. L. Hall
Editor in Chief

PREFACE

"History with its flickering lamp stumbles along the trail of the past, trying to reconstruct its scenes, to revive its echoes and kindle the passion of former days. What is the worth of all this?" (Churchill in a tribute to Neville Chamberlain.)

That same question haunted me as I wrote letters, talked with officials and made phone calls asking for stories of our own Pentecostal preachers. Whose story should we try to get? Whose story will I be *able* to get? Who remembers him? Who can write the story? Time dragged, progress was slow, empty files mocked my efforts—but slowly I began to compile another book of stories of our past.

As the stories arrive, I find my answer to, "Is it worth it?" One writer exclaimed, "The life of a man faithfully recorded is a heroic poem rhymed or unrhymed."

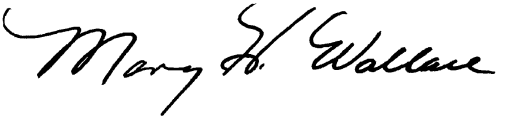
With many writers, skilled and unskilled, recording their memories and research of these Pentecostal preachers of the first half of this century, a picture, a profile emerges. A profile of courage, conviction and commitment to a cause.

The flickering lamp of distant memory when reduced to a page of writing does reconstruct the past. There is a trail all the way from Calvary of heroic men, preachers of the gospel of Christ, who will not bend or bow but with the courage of their convictions and a commitment to truth take up the torch and preach the truth regardless of the cost.

May the passion of Pentecost be kindled anew in

your heart as you read *Profiles of Pentecostal Preachers*.

My grateful thanks to those relatives and friends who wrote these stories. Their patience, untiring efforts, checking and re-checking dates and information make this book the valuable resource that it is. Their interest and enthusiasm in the project encouraged and blessed me.



Mary H. Wallace
Editor
Pentecostal Publishing House



ALBERT ABBEY

By Nellie B. Abbey

Albert Abbey was born February 23, 1904, in Carmi, Illinois. He was the second son of four children—Flossie, Elmer, Albert and Ollie—born to Elzie and Sarah Abbey.

Albert Abbey received the Holy Ghost under Brother B. H. Hite's ministry where his father was minister in the church at Cardwell, Missouri. It was there that I first met Brother Abbey.

A group of girls and I were standing outside after church talking. Brother Abbey and his friends were talking in another group. He said, "I think I will ask her if I can take her out." He asked me and I said yes. He took me home from church. It seemed to me he was a fine Christian young man. So my life was changed from that day on.

We worked hand-in-hand together for the Lord until Jesus took him home.

We were married August 20, 1920, at my parents' home, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGill, in Cardwell, Missouri.

We lived with Brother Abbey's parents awhile to help on their farm. He took another job, working in the woods, cutting timber at 75¢ a cord. He had to walk five miles every day. He left at daylight, taking his lunch (cornbread and beans) in a little bucket. He did not return home until dark—worn out and so tired.

We moved into a little two-room house with only a straw bed to lie on. His mother gave us a feather mattress to throw on top of the bed to make it more comfortable. We still were the happiest couple you ever saw. We did not have many material things, but we had the Lord, the greatest thing on earth.

After a few days working at the timber job, we moved to town into two rooms in an old hotel. Before long, we returned to my mother's home. We lived there until our first baby Dorothy Mae, was born in 1922.

Brother Abbey decided to go to Flint, Michigan, to look for work. His sister lived there. He found a job with Chevrolet Motors, and we lived with his sister.

We attended Brother Abernathy's church, a black church—the first Apostolic church in Flint, Michigan. Our second daughter was born, Shirley June. God was so good to us. He kept His hand on us all the way.

All this time, the Lord was calling Brother Abbey to the ministry to work for Him. We tried to run from it, but God chastises the ones He loves.

Brother Abbey decided to go back to Missouri. He thought he would go into the business of raising chick-

ens instead of preaching.

He purchased three hundred chickens. "Where will we raise them?" I asked. We were staying with his sister Ollie. "I'll make a round fence out of chicken wire in the back yard," Brother Abbey decided. We used any old thing we could find for shelter, boxes and old tubs with holes cut in the side for the chickens to go in and out. A bad rain storm came up, and before we could pick the chickens up, twenty-four drowned. We took some into the house to dry them on top of the oil stove oven. They almost cooked while we were trying to save the others. Although we saved some, we decided to move closer into town.

We moved with Brother Abbey's sister to a house between a railroad and a highway. The chickens we had left were running all over the place. Meanwhile, construction workers began to tar the highway. One of them came to the door and asked, "Are those your chickens?"

"Yes sir," I answered.

Brother Abbey was not home at the time, so I began to pull chickens out of the tar and set them in the yard. They were covered with tar and dead grass.

My husband came home, got a pan of kerosene and started cleaning tar and grass off them. The kerosene took all the feathers off, along with the tar and grass, and the sun blistered the chickens. What a pitiful sight—chickens running around, naked and as red as tomatoes. A sight to behold!

We moved again. This time we lived in a better place. We only had sixteen or seventeen chickens left. In those days, I never had a washing machine. I washed outside on a rub-board. I drew water from a well with a

bucket and heated it in an iron kettle. One day, I was drawing water, and when I raised the bucket there sat a chicken on the bucket! I don't know how it got down in the well, but it seemed to be all right. I sat it down in the yard and went back to my washing. I looked around; there were two chickens in my tub of hot water, scalded to death! "Oh! Sweet Jesus," I thought. "I find chickens everywhere." I finished washing and went in the house to fix something to eat.

I opened a can of food and threw the can outside in the yard as we always did. The can hit a chicken and broke its back. We had only a few out of the three hundred left. I felt it was the Lord dealing with us because we should be paying tithes. The Lord knew our hearts; we truly believed in paying tithes. One time we did not have anything to pay; then his father gave us a milk cow. Brother Abbey sold that cow to pay our tithes.

After everything was over with the chickens—and what a lesson he learned, the hard way—Brother Abbey still would not give up to preach. The Lord kept chastening him.

He got a job working as a mechanic in a garage in Dexter, Missouri. We still lived with his sister Ollie. We did not get to go to church because his job required every day, including Sunday, at the garage.

One night, we heard a fire whistle. We had volunteer men to help in case of fire. Brother Abbey was one of these men. He did not know it was the garage where he worked. When he got there, the garage was on fire. All his tools and the car with a small utility trailer were all he saved. His tools were burned beyond repair.

We moved to Sikeston, Missouri, to his father's farm. There were twelve of the family living there.

While we were there, our third child, a son, Vernon Lee was born. We were so happy for him—the only son we had. God is so good to His people.

After our son was born, Brother Abbey decided he had better go back to Michigan. After all we had gone through, he knew he was not in the will of the Lord. Now he was ready to give his time and work to God. Thank the Lord for keeping His hand on us! He knew our hearts' desire was to work for Him.

Brother Abbey left the children and me in Missouri when he went to Flint to find work. He was hired back in the Chevrolet plant. He was chosen out of several men, so it was God's will. He even got his little house back that he had built when he was there before. Then he sent for us.

The children and I took a train. After a day and night on the train, I got so tired and worn out that I passed out. When I came to, they were bathing my face. All through this I had God's protecting hand. We moved into our little house, and I thanked the Lord for it because we had someplace to take our three children and our possessions. To me it was a mansion, all three rooms!

There was an Apostolic church at 2914 Lewis Street in 1930. At that time there were three ministers there: Brother Drope, Brother Spooner, and Brother McLaughlin.

Brother Abbey was appointed superintendent of the Sunday school. He was just starting to preach. He also had a young people's class which he taught for over a year. One day, Brother Abbey was called to a business

meeting at Brother Chiles' church on Spencers Street. At this time, I did not have the Holy Ghost although I had been seeking for ten years. The sisters of the church took me next door to Brother Chiles' house while the meeting was going on. I really did not want to seek for the Holy Ghost at that time, but the sisters put pillows on the floor for me to kneel on and told me to start praying. The Lord filled me with the Holy Ghost. After the meeting, we went home, and the next night Brother Chiles called an all-night prayer meeting. I received the Spirit all over again. I could not speak English all the way home. Praise God!

The Lord began to anoint Brother Abbey. After a period of time, Brother Abbey and I, Brother and Sister Arthur Ackley, Brother and Sister Hubbard and Brother and Sister McLaughlin left Brother Spooner's church.

Brother McLaughlin was acquainted with the Lincoln school officials, so they agreed to let church services be held in the school. The school officials agreed to furnish the building rent free and to pay the light bill. Services began.

One night we were singing and rejoicing when Brother and Sister Pope came by. Hearing such good singing, they stopped in (they were coming from a dance but were hungry for the Lord). Sister Pope went to the altar with her dancing dress on. She received the Holy Ghost that night, becoming our first convert. Brother Pope still attends South Flint Tabernacle, and Sister Pope has gone on to meet the Lord.

Brother McLaughlin told Brother Abbey one Sunday morning that he did not feel he was called to carry on as pastor any longer. He walked over to Brother Abbey

and placed a Bible in his lap and told him he felt the Lord had called him to be pastor of this church. "May God keep His hand and anointing on you," he said. The church all agreed. From that day, he was pastor.

People began to come in from all over Flint. It was not long until we had to get a larger place. God blessed in a marvelous way.

We began looking for property. We found a lot on the corner of James and Saginaw Streets. South Flint Tabernacle is still there today.

We built our first church, which was a block, one-room building.

We had a Model-T Ford with curtains. We would keep the three children in the car with warm blankets and wood for the stove. I would stay in the car with the children while Brother Abbey started the fire going in the pot-bellied stove in the church before the people would come, although it would not be long until there was "a warming up of the Holy Ghost." The stove pipe went up through the ceiling of the church. When we all started shouting and rejoicing in the Lord, the stove pipe would fall, and smoke would fill the church. What a wonderful time in the Lord we would have, dancing and speaking in tongues.

As the church grew, we needed more room. So Brother Abbey told the saints, "We will dig a basement for more room." The brethren agreed.

They started digging out the dirt with picks and shovels, throwing dirt out the windows of the church by hand. They would talk about the Lord, singing while they worked, never getting discouraged.

When Brother Abbey saw a need for something that

he thought should be done or something we needed, the saints always agreed. Never a time did we have differences between us. Always a good spirit, lots of love and closeness between us. We were really like a big family.

All through the years of his pastoring the church, the saints were understanding, loving and humble. We walked hand in hand; if there was a need, we helped one another.

When we started to build South Flint Tabernacle, two sisters, Sister Bertram and Sister Pope, and I went to all the businesses in Flint to get donations to build. Oh, how we prayed! There was a brewery where they made beer; they gave the most money. Almost everyone gave—even the Catholic church, The Holy Redeemer, gave. We always had good fellowship and the courtesy of the people of Flint. I praise the Lord for all of them, including all the businesses. People loved Brother Abbey and helped us in every way. I shall never forget Flint, Michigan!

One time, Brother Abbey saw the need for a new oak floor in the church. All we had at that time was just the old rough floor. Everyone went to work, singing and rejoicing, sisters and brothers all helping, praising the Lord for our new floor, all in a good spirit, everyone in harmony and love. We had such a desire to press on, always people coming in to help all they could (sinners and all). Some sinners got the Holy Ghost after they helped. Just being with us encouraged them. We were a happy people. They felt it and accepted the love and fellowship in their hearts.

Brother Abbey felt in his heart one day to have a

tent meeting. We had no place to put it, so we put it on our front yard, where we had our three-room house. He was going to have his first revival. The Lord blessed and flooded our souls. The neighbors started coming. It was wonderful. The devil got busy, too. A storm came up one night and blew the tent down, tearing it up. However, we defeated the devil; we went to church and finished the revival. Oh, how the glory of God came down! Through all the testing and trials, we kept pressing through, and souls were saved. More people came.

We were outgrowing our little three-room house. The children were getting older, and when we were entertaining preachers, we had to make beds on the floor. I asked Brother Abbey about getting a larger house, but he would not leave the little house. It was like a child giving up a favorite toy. That was our first home, and he had built it.

I took this problem on myself. This was the first time I ever crossed him. I had to find a house! Sister Pope and I found one closer to the church with two bedrooms, living room, kitchen and dining room. There was no running water, only a pump at the end of the sink. It had no bathroom.

I had some saints come and help pack up the belongings at the little house. One brother had a truck, they were loading the furniture and some of the saints and I were at the new house unpacking, scrubbing and cleaning, doing it all as fast as we could. Brother Abbey was at work at the Chevrolet plant. We had to be all moved before he got home. I knew he would be tired after working all day. Thank the Lord for a wonderful,

understanding husband!

When he returned home, to his surprise, I had moved everything out, and all he said was, "I don't even have a chair to sit on." I really did feel sorry for him.

When we arrived at the new house, we had not yet had our electricity turned on, so we had no lights. We all had prayer and went to bed peacefully, understanding one another. He was so humble about it.

We did not stay there long. We moved again to a house in the same area. It had two bedrooms and a room that was to be a bathroom. The house was small, but we had a little room for our son with a cot to sleep on.

Brother Abbey soon tired of moving and renting, so he bought two lots on Columbine Street, three blocks from the church.

Brother Abbey built our second house. We moved into it before it was finished. About this time, our fourth baby was born, a daughter, Donna Jean, born March 26, 1937. God blessed us again with another beautiful child after twelve years. We felt like we were having a second family again. Our son Vern did not want to accept the baby because he wanted a brother so badly.

We still had no water in the house. We had a well in the yard, but it went dry, so we had to carry water one block up a hill to do washing, bathing and use for drinking water. We knew if we would be satisfied with what we had, the Lord would provide better. Our test was getting harder.

We were expecting our fifth child. One Easter Sunday, I was home with our daughter Donna Jean, then three years old. She was very sick with scarlet fever. Brother Abbey was at church teaching the Bible class.

All of a sudden, the fire whistle blew, disturbing the class. Brother Abbey said, "That could be my house, but the Lord will take care of it." It really was our house!

I ran to get Donna Jean to take her to the neighbor's house (the Folgersonger's) where we stayed until a friend of theirs let us use their home while they were on vacation. We stayed there until Brother Abbey rebuilt the house enough so we could move into it again. We lost everything.

Our precious saints had so much love and compassion; everyone put their shoulder to the wheel. The sisters made quilts and clothing for the children, helping us regain what we lost, even better than we had before. God came through again, as He said He would.

Three months later, our fifth child and fourth daughter, Sarah Ann, was born, July 10, 1940. She was our last child. She is so dear to our hearts.

We sold the house and moved to James Street, closer yet to the church. Our next-door neighbor was another convert of ours. We talked and prayed with Sister Eunice Ming until she received the Holy Ghost. She is still attending South Flint Tabernacle with her husband, Brother Ming.

Our oldest daughter, Dorothy, and Shirley both married. Then our only son decided he would marry. We had only our two youngest daughters, Donna Jean and Sarah Ann, with us.

The church continued to grow. Brother Paddock from Kalamazoo, Michigan, came and with the church elders searched the Scriptures. Brother Paddock showed them how to set up a church system.

In the mid-fifties, South Flint Tabernacle started a major building program. An all-brick building was erected around the old church. Church services continued throughout the new construction. Once the roof was on and the new brick church was finished, they tore down the old building. Church services were held in the basement.

In 1956, the large addition was completed and services started in the new auditorium.

The Lord continued to bless us in a marvelous way. Souls were receiving the Holy Ghost; a revival spirit never left us.

Brother Herbert Pope was the Sunday School Superintendent for thirty years, from 1933 to 1963. Brother Pope is now the oldest attending saint of South Flint Tabernacle from the Lincoln school building. He also was an elder and trustee. Brother Tom Johnson was secretary-treasurer for about eighteen years. He also was an elder and trustee until the Lord called him home. Brother Orvis Bertram was an elder also and is now at home with the Lord.

Brother Gary Richardson was a full-time Associate Minister, Musical Director, Youth Director and Sunday School Superintendent. His untimely death in an automobile accident at Charlotte, Michigan, March 1, 1966, ended a valuable ministry. Brother Abbey was very close to Gary. He was like a son to us. We loved him so dearly. Brother Abbey had Brother Gary in mind someday to take the church, but God knows best for us.

My mind goes back to the time Brother Abbey purchased a Cadillac ambulance. His purpose was to make a camper out of it (he never did). Instead, he left it

around the house for me to drive as a second car. People would stop for me to pass them and would not go on from a red light until I went, thinking I was an ambulance driver, of course. I was totally embarrassed, so I did not care to use it any more.

I convinced Brother Abbey that I could not use it, so he decided to take it to Florida, where we had a cabin. This was a place we went for rest when it was needed. Brother Gary and one of the brethren were to drive it as far as the national conference, and then I drove it the rest of the way to Florida. Brother Abbey was in a pickup truck hauling some things we needed.

I could not wait to get it there because I knew it would be my last time to drive it, although it was not! To my amazement, Brother Abbey decided to make one more trip back to Michigan in it. Back we went. When we returned to Florida again, we took Brother Abbey's sisters with us. While I was driving, Brother Abbey would lie down in the back to rest and would raise the shade so people could see him. They would think he was dead, I guess, staring and carrying on. There I was—embarrassed again! Thank God that when we arrived in Florida Brother Abbey finally traded it off.

At this time, Brother Abbey was having a lot of problems with his health. The doctor diagnosed it as his heart. The doctor told him he could not go on as a full-time minister, that he would have to slow down.

Even though he took frequent trips to Florida for rest, his heart was still with the church he loved so dearly. He just could not give up.

On the tenth of August, Brother May called Brother Abbey from Battle Creek, Michigan, asking him if he

would come for the weekend, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The doctor told Brother Abbey not to preach, that he should preach only once a week since he put so much into it. Brother Abbey told me that he had to go where God had work for him to do. "If I die in the pulpit, it would be a wonderful way to go."

We went by Sarah's house to let her know we were going for the weekend. Sarah looked at him in surprise and asked Brother Abbey not to go. She had tears in her eyes. He told her he would be all right.

We arrived at Brother May's home in Battle Creek. I had to do most of the driving since Brother Abbey was not feeling well then.

He preached on Friday night. Oh, how the Lord blessed in a glorious way! Saturday night the Lord blessed everyone in that church.

On Sunday morning, Brother Abbey began to weaken in strength. He preached Sunday morning. After that his condition worsened, and he felt he should go to bed.

He was not able to preach Sunday night. Brother and Sister May went on to church, and they had special prayer for Brother Abbey. At 3:00 A.M. August 14, 1967, at the age of 63, the Lord called him home. He fought a good fight; he had kept the faith.

He was pastor and founder of South Flint Tabernacle for thirty-five years.

After his death, I moved to Florida where my daughter Sarah lived.

South Flint Tabernacle has had several pastors since Brother Abbey's death: Brother Arthur Pruitt, Brother Herbert Irvin, Brother Nathaniel Wilson and Brother

Robert Henson, who is now the pastor.

God has kept his hand on the church and brought it through many things. I thank the Lord that our labor is still going on, the church is still growing and going on in the faith. That was our desire from the start, to see many souls won for the Lord.

* * * * *

This passage, specially noted in Brother Abbey's Bible, has always stood out to me:

"I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" (Ephesians 4:1-3).



Brother and Sister Abbey and daughters.



Brother and Sister Abbey



Brother and Sister Abbey



Brother and Sister Abbey, her mother, Nora McGill, Merline Stephens and daughter, Shirley.



HARRY BRANDING

By Gladys Plank

As a young boy, Henry Branding came from Germany to Illinois where he got employment working on a farm. Later he met and married Mathilda Winters, and they settled on a farm in Nameoki, Illinois. In due time fourteen children were born into the family, including two sets of twins. They reared eleven of the children to adulthood. Harry W. Branding was born to them on May 23, 1891, and grew up to be a strong, healthy, young man. He enjoyed country life and working on the farm.

His parents were good, upright members of the Lutheran Church and attended services regularly. One day as Harry and his father were walking through the barnyard, his father laid his hand on Harry's arm and asked him, "Harry, will you be my preacher boy some day?" Henry told his son he would be glad to send him

to a seminary for his training.

No doubt this question stayed on Harry's mind, and he pondered it as the days went by. Then one night as he lay in his bed, a bright light appeared. A strange feeling came over Harry. He pulled the covers over his head, but this did not shut out the light. Harry felt that this was the Lord dealing with him, but he did not fully understand it.

Harry attended high school in Granite City, Illinois. As an outdoor boy, he thoroughly enjoyed sports. He played center on the basketball team. Around 1910 their team won the championship for the state. He was very excited and happy to learn he had been chosen all-star center for the state. The team won a free trip to Florida to play a game there. What a thrilling experience for a young Illinois farm boy!

In 1916, Harry met a fine young lady, Georgia Schench. After a time of courtship, they were married. Later two daughters were added to this family, Dorothy Marie and Betty.

In the late 1920s, Harry worked first as a grocer, and then he sold machinery. Times were bad and money was hard to come by. Even though he worked hard and applied himself, the family suffered financially.

By 1928 Harry, while working in the real estate business, made a business trip to Tampa, Florida, in hopes of making a transaction that would increase the finances of the family. It was not easy to leave his family behind, but his hopes were high. However, the business transaction did not mature, and Harry found himself broke and alone, far from home and family. This was one of the lowest points in his life.

Harry heard of a noted Baptist evangelist preaching in Tampa, by the name of George Truitt. He attended service one night, and as conviction swept over Harry, he went forward sobbing and praying. He was asked if he wanted to join the church in Tampa or wait until he returned home. Not knowing what else he could do, he replied, "I'll wait till I get home."

Although prayer had helped, Harry's heart was still burdened. He returned to his room and there by the side of his cot prayed through to old-fashioned repentance. He poured his heart out to God, telling Him of all his problems, of his being broke and far from home and loved ones. The Lord spoke to Harry and told him that He would see him safely home. In a few days the Lord provided a way, and Harry rejoiced to be home with his family.

This experience with God was a turning point in Harry's life. He began going to different churches. He was seeking for something, but he was not sure just what it was. One night he and another gentleman friend wandered into a Pentecostal church. There he saw a group of people clapping their hands, shouting, and speaking in tongues. Harry said to his friend, "Oh, I must not get mixed up with this bunch!" However, it seemed he found himself drawn there again and again.

He began attending services at Brother B. H. Hite's church at 3105 Cass Avenue. Brother Cleve Curley was preaching a revival at this time, and it was through these services that the Lord brought Harry Branding into another great experience. As the preachers would preach, they would give Brother Branding the Scriptures to read for them on being baptized in Jesus' name, or

on the one God. Then after he would read, they would turn to him and ask, "Is *that* the way it reads?" Soon Brother Branding understood and was baptized in Jesus' name and received the Holy Ghost. Later he was made assistant pastor to Brother Hite and worked with him for a few years.

There was a mission hall at 11th and Hickory Streets in St. Louis which was in need of a pastor. Brother Branding had preached there on occasion, and the church felt that they would like to have him for their pastor. Brother and Sister Orville Pratt lived in the upstairs of the store building which was being used as the mission. Sister Pratt put a fleece before the Lord that if it was His will for Brother Branding to be their pastor that he would knock on their door a certain day at 12:00 noon. The fleece was answered. As the whistles were blowing at noon, Brother Branding was at the door.

In the meantime, Brother Branding had also put a fleece before the Lord. He was going to church almost every night some place, and his wife would ask him where he was going to church each night. Brother Branding prayed that if it was God's will for him to take a church, that Georgia would tell him to get a church of his own. As he was preparing for church one night, Georgia as usual asked him where was he going to church. Then she added, "Why don't you get a church of your own since you're gone every night anyway?"

The result of both fleeces being answered was that on April 13, 1935, Harry W. Branding became the pastor of the mission hall at 11th Street and Hickory. This was during the time he was working for the Sarah and

Easton Real Estate Company. This tall, blonde real estate agent made an impressive looking preacher.

The mission hall sat at the edge of the sidewalk with very little frontage. It was a small building, having only two rows of seats with an aisle in the middle. On the platform was an old tank that was used for baptisms. After being baptized the convert was led upstairs, with water dripping, to the Pratt's bathroom to change clothes.

The writer's brother, Robert Tharp, who was a member of the church kept walking ten or eleven blocks every weekend to our house to invite us to come hear a man preach like "no preacher we have ever heard before!" Finally my husband and I and our children started going to church in the latter part of 1935.

At this same time I had another brother who was in the city hospital with pneumonia. The doctors had pushed him out into the hall to die. I told the Lord if He would heal my brother, I would serve Him. Then I asked Brother Branding if he would go and pray for him. He did, and immediately my brother began to recover. Later he came to church and was baptized.

In March of 1936 I had fully repented, had been baptized, and was seeking for the Holy Ghost as were many others.

The mission hall was hot, and the front door often stood open. A lot of people would come in off the streets to see what was going on. Brother Branding felt that we needed some prayer rooms where the seekers would not be disturbed. In the basement, which had a dirt floor, two small prayer rooms were made and an old piece of carpet was put on the floor. Of course, these

carpets were damp and moldy at times, which gave the place a peculiar aroma! After the preaching ended and the altar call was made, a trap door was lifted and we would go down the stairs to these rooms to seek for the Holy Ghost. One room was for the ladies and the other one was for the men.

In spite of the intense heat (it was so hot people were dying on the streets), people continued to seek God, and He blessed them! In the year of 1936, seventy-five souls received the Holy Ghost, and I was one of them!

Brother Branding preached with much enthusiasm and the anointing of God. People came from far and near to hear this man preach. There were not many who had phones in those days, but the news of the revival and the healings traveled fast. Brother Branding was asked to go pray for a lady who had dropsy. As he prayed, her family saw the water run out of her feet and legs.

As the Lord moved, the enemy did, too. There were stink bombs thrown into the mission, but this did not dampen the great move of God.

Those who had cars came and brought others with them. Those who did not have cars or were not able to get rides walked many blocks to get to church.

The mission soon was packed. During this time, Sunday school classes were held all over the building as well as on the platform.

Brother and Sister Black, with their son Winfred, started attending services at the mission in the latter part of 1936. Little did they know at this time that Winfred would play a big part in Pastor Branding's life or that Brother Branding's influence over Winfred's life

would have such great effect in the years to come.

Since Brother Branding did not have a son of his own, he appreciated Winfred. Often he took the young lad riding in his automobile on Saturdays and during the summer as he made his daily rounds.

Winfred was first appointed leader of the young people's service on Saturday nights. Later he became Assistant Pastor of Apostolic Pentecostal Church. Brother Branding often referred to him as his "son in the gospel."

Many of the church people were trying to raise large families during those Depression days. Brother Branding was concerned about us all. He went to the larger bakeries and bought up leftover bread and sold it to us, two loaves for a nickel. The bread was sold in the back of the mission at a week-night service. This was our best-attended service through the week! Brother Branding was still working in real estate during this time, and he put much more money into the church than he received from it.

God was moving and drawing people, and finally there was no more room in the mission. Brother Branding wanted to move with God, so he began to pray and fast, seeking God for a larger building. One night he had an unusual dream. He dreamed he was fishing and pulled out a large fish all prepared and baked. Concerned about the dream, he talked to the Lord about it. God spoke to him, "I have a building all prepared for you." It was then that Brother Branding was led to the church at 13th Street and Gravois. The congregation at 11th Street and Hickory agreed to buy the Bethleham Congregational Church. The name was changed to

"Apostolic Pentecostal Church"—the prepared fish had been landed!

We began to move from the mission, leaving a lot of precious memories there but thankful that God had supplied a place of worship with lots of room. Now we had a basement with several rooms, and the largest room was made into a prayer room. As we entered the church, we went directly to the prayer room to pray before service.

I can remember Brother Branding walking down the aisle of the church with Bible in hand, saying, "Praise the Lord!" He always entered with a praise on his lips.

We had come a long way. At first, Brother Branding feared that the people would not worship God as they had in the little mission. He did not want anything, including a nicer building, to come between us and God or hinder our worship. Not long after this, as we were worshiping and praising God, His presence came down in a miraculous way, and the glory of the Lord filled the church. A blue smoke-like haze appeared, and all the people were on their knees praying and worshiping God. It was almost like reading the account of the dedication of Solomon's Temple.

Shortly after this, a lady by the name of Collins, who had a paralyzed arm for seven years, was present on a Sunday morning. She had not been able to lift her arm or use her hand. She felt led to go up for prayer, and as Brother Branding reached for the oil, the power of God came down. She was healed instantly! This happened even before he had time to lay hands on her. She threw that arm up and then patted her face with her healed arm and hand. There was much shouting and

praising the Lord that Sunday! The people were in no hurry to leave the house of God.

Brother Branding was a man of great faith. He fasted and prayed a lot and depended on God. Many times when the presence of the Lord was strong on him, he would walk back and forth on the platform brushing down his hair with his hand. He felt that his hair was standing on end. I can still see him running his hand down the back of his head, praising the Lord and saying "Hallelujah to God" over and over.

As Brother Branding would enter the pulpit to open the service, we would hear these words: "Children, have you prayed today? Did you get on your knees?" Other times when he would enter and find us talking, he would say, "Visiting hours are over!" No matter how large the crowds were, if one of the regulars was absent, he missed him. The next time he saw him he would ask, "Where do you attend church now?"

Church nights were Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. There were also a Sunday morning Sunday school and worship service and a Sunday night service. In addition to these services there was a Wednesday afternoon prayer meeting. He expected you to attend all the church services, and not many excuses were accepted. He would tell the mothers they had no excuse not to bring their children to Sunday school. After all, his mother had always been able to get her large family ready and take them!

He spoke often of his parents and his brothers and sisters. He loved to reminisce over his childhood days, telling of some comical thing that had happened. He loved to tell things like the time when he and one of his

brothers were churning the old crank type churn, one of them lifted the lid. The end result was cream and butter flying all over the walls and curtains. The Branding children often got a good going over from their mother for being so full of mischief.

We were in need of some transportation for the children since the Sunday school was growing. Brother Branding bought a flatbed trailer of sorts and hooked it up behind his car. (He had visions of getting kids to church by the trailer load!) As he was trying out the empty trailer down Gravois Street, all of a sudden he saw it passing him. Astonished, he stared as it zoomed by him and hit two or three cars. Needless to say, the trailer plan ended and the bus ministry started. The trailer was disposed of, and a bus took its place. Later several buses were obtained and put into service.

Brother Branding was always very thoughtful and respectful toward the elderly. As we had several older people in the church, he felt we should have a limousine for them to ride to church. A limousine would be much easier than a bus for them to get in and out. So the Lord blessed the church to help them get a nice limousine.

The church was well organized with deacons and trustees. These were men of integrity, and Brother Branding never transacted any business without first meeting with his board.

He was a good pastor and overseer of the flock. He preached that tithing and offerings were a part of being a Christian, often reminding us of Malachi 3:8-10, repeating, "Will a man rob God?" and telling us that no robbers would make it into heaven. He had a good

group of people, godly, and willing to obey the Scriptures. Therefore the church prospered financially and spiritually. Brother Branding was very strong in doctrine and held a high standard in holiness. This, too, brought God's blessing!

Several businessmen began to come into the church. There were two or three grocers, those with automobile businesses, some with garages, mechanics, builders, one in the coal business, and later an airplane pilot. God was calling men from all walks of life.

There was a barber to whom Reverend Charley Powers had witnessed. One night the barber was walking up the street and felt very impressed to come in the church. He was a member of the Armenian Orthodox Catholic religion. He was soon impressed by our services, repented, and wanted to be baptized after the Scriptures were explained to him. Our tank was in the basement at this time, and we all gathered around to see this little Armenian, George Vassel, get baptized.

As he was standing on the top step and Brother Branding was praying, he dived into the tank! It was a very sacred time, but who could keep from laughing? Brother Branding grabbed him, saying, "Wait a minute!" As he got George back up, off he went again! Brother Branding finally got a hold on George and got the job done.

Brother George made a good Christian, always praising the Lord. One night in the prayer room, Brother Eugene McCarthy and Brother Winfred Black were praying with George as he was seeking for the Holy Ghost. "Filla me like lightning!" George prayed, and the Lord did that very thing.

In our early days at 13th and Gravois, the ladies went out in the area to gather clothing to help some of the needy families in the church. This gave us a chance to hand out tracts and witness.

In the hot summer our church really affected the neighborhood. Because we had no air conditioning, the windows were all open. One night as the church was really getting blessed, the police came to the back door and asked Brother Branding if he could "turn it down, or shut it off!" Brother Branding let them know that this was the doings of the Lord and he would not dare try to interfere with God or lay hands on the power or move of God. The police retreated!

One summer we had services outside in the back of the church. Brother Branding thought we might reach more people that way. Some people in the neighborhood gathered around, and some came in and sat down. However, others in the community were upset with us, and a few even threw eggs at us. Fortunately, there were only a few direct hits!

Later news got around that the neighbors were getting a petition to move us out of the neighborhood. Some of the church members were very upset and worried about this; however, Brother Branding talked to them and told them to have no fear. We never heard any more of the petition.

A lady across the alley sat outside and listened to the services, and later came into the church. She became a great helper in the Lord's work. Sister Greer was a faithful Christian until her death.

A young boy, Bobby Voyles, along with his mother, attended the church. Bobby became very sick and was

admitted into the city hospital. The police delivered a message to Bobby's mother, Sister Sina Voyles, that her son was dead. Since she had no phone, she went door to door, saying, "Bobby is dead; please help me pray." People began to pray, and Bobby came back to life. Miracles were happening!

Brother Branding went on a seven day fast two different times that I knew of. The power of God was strong in our services during these times. I was healed of a serious nervous ailment that had afflicted me for more than a year. I had been prayed for many times, but during one of the times of his fast, God delivered me.

Brother Branding was a true shepherd over his flock. Our problems and illnesses were his concern. He looked out for us. When he was elected to be the District Superintendent of the churches of Missouri, he often went into the country on district business. When he came back, he would bring cases of fresh eggs and sell them to us at a reasonable price. Also many times after making these trips and seeing the corn crops and fields parched, he would tell us, "Children, the farmers need rain. Pray that God will send them rain." He was thoughtful of all. Always a down-to-earth man, he did not forget his days on the farm. He dressed neat and looked very nice at all times but felt that he never wanted to live too far above his church people.

In the year of 1950, Brother Branding felt led to go to Germany for a short season. There was a young man who came to Apostolic Pentecostal Church from Germany who inspired Brother Branding to go. In Germany, he made the contacts he needed, and in Munich he

preached the gospel and baptized several in Jesus' name in their home bathtubs. They also received the Holy Ghost. So a church was established there. Brother Branding was happy and rejoiced that he was privileged to carry the gospel to his father's homeland. God works in unusual ways to bring about His will in our lives.

Later Brother Branding sent his "son in the gospel," Brother Winfred Black, to see how things were progressing in Germany.

Brother Branding was very faithful, and even if he was feeling ill, he would be at church anyway without complaining.

There were several young preachers who came up under Brother Branding and who went out into the work of the Lord. He taught them good principles and set good examples before them. He could not tolerate slothfulness. A lot of this came from his good upbringing. His German heritage made him thrifty and ambitious, but his main motivation was God in his life.

A good steward, Brother Branding planned for our church to help with the finances to open new works of the Lord. At one time I counted twenty-two churches that the Apostolic Pentecostal Church helped establish. I am sure that there are many more.

Brother Branding was so dedicated to his church that when he would go to the General Conferences, he would fly home to take care of his Sunday morning and evening services. He was especially dedicated to his Bible class. He asked God for a hundred, but when that was fulfilled, he reached out for more, and more came. As the church was filled up and the Sunday school rooms overflowed, Brother Branding and the congrega-

tion agreed to add onto the back of the church. A three-story brick building was erected. Now there was plenty of rooms for Sunday school. God had blessed the church with qualified teachers and Sunday school superintendents.

As time progressed the old church was in need of repair. Brother Branding again began to seek the Lord for His will as there had been some thought of moving to Grand Avenue. The Lord spoke to Brother Branding and told him that He had not released him from this place. The people were happy to hear this! A building fund had been started, and individuals from the church gave and loaned money. When the treasury grew to $58,000, the old building was demolished by the men of the church and some young preachers of southeast Missouri. They salvaged some of the material. This saved the church $4,000 in demolition cost which again showed Brother Branding's wisdom and thriftiness. The new building, which was built on the old foundation, was completed in the fall of 1958.

During this time of building, we again had outside services under the tent on the church lot. Within eighteen months, a building that cost $237,500.00 was presented to the Lord debt free!

The new church was beautiful, with a baptistry in the back of the platform, new pews, carpeting, and also central air conditioning which was much appreciated. What a long way from those dirt floor prayer rooms at the little mission in 1936!

However, all of these nice things did not change Brother Branding's attitude. He was still very humble before the Lord, his preaching and worship was just the

same. As the church progressed financially, Brother Branding reduced his own salary several times. The church was giving him a percentage of the tithes as agreed on by the board and Brother Branding. As the tithes increased, he felt it was no longer necessary for him to receive that amount. As always, he was interested in the welfare of the church.

The Lord had blessed Brother Branding mightily. He had come a long way since the day his father had said to him, "Harry, will you be my preacher boy some day?" I'm sure that neither Brother Branding nor his father ever dreamed it would turn out this way. We are reminded of the Scripture, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way" (Psalm 37:23).

As God continued to bless his leadership, much was being accomplished in the work of the Lord. The church membership and Sunday school attendance grew to a large number. Brother Branding's steps began to grow slower, and it seemed there was not enough hours in the day to meet all the needs of the church. His health began to fail somewhat, and he seemed to realize he was coming toward the end of his journey. The Lord impressed him that it was time to bring his "son in the gospel" home to assist him.

Brother and Sister Black were pastoring the church in Kansas City at this time. Being obedient to their pastor and to the confirmation of God's will, they returned home. Brother Black was appointed co-pastor on February 1, 1965. Brother Branding told Brother Black that now he was going to slow down.

Brother Black was a tremendous help to Brother

Branding. He would try to save Brother Branding from making some of the hospital calls. However, often when he got to the hospital, much to his surprise, Brother Branding would already be there with that childish, mischievous look on his face. He just could not slow down; his love for the work of the Lord just would not allow him to, try as he might. He had often made the remark that he would rather wear out in the Lord's work than to sit around and rust out.

Some of the happiest times in Brother Branding's ministry were when his family attended the services. His daughters, now grown, had completed their schooling. Dorothy had become a school teacher, and Betty worked for the government as a secretary. Betty had married Ed Manley, and they had three children: Mary, Cathy, and Christopher. Brother Branding spoke affectionately of his wife and daughters and enjoyed his role as a grandfather.

Brother Branding's family was pleased with the way the Lord had blessed him. They were proud of his achievements, for they realized the years of hard labor behind them. Mrs. Branding had sacrificed also; she had shared her husband with the church and the work of God for many years. I shall always remember her kindness when it was necessary to make a call to their home to reach Brother Branding. She was always considerate and would put forth every effort to get the message to him.

Brother Branding's daughter, Dorothy Marie, still resides in their home. Mrs. Branding died March 31, 1983. Proverbs 10:7 tells us, "The memory of the just is blessed."

We will not be able to tell all of the many wonderful accomplishments of this great warrior. In 1944-1945 Brother Branding was very instrumental in bringing about the merger of the Pentecostal Church, Inc., and the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. These were two groups of Pentecostals with practically the same beliefs. Today the great United Pentecostal Church is known around the world. Brother Branding was very happy about this merger. He served as District Superintendent of the United Pentecostal Churches of Missouri for more than twenty years. Many churches were established throughout the district due to his leadership.

Another great achievement was the purchase of the campground at Westphalia, where many souls have found the Lord.

Brother Branding had a dream of a Christian college where our young people could attend and be trained in the Lord's work. He saw this come to pass; Gateway College of Evangelism was established in 1968, and it is now located at 700 Howdershell, Florissant, Missouri. He was privileged to assist in the dedication of this college. Also a Christian school, Crossroads Christian School, is now established at the Apostolic Pentecostal Church, 13th Street and Gravois, in memory of Brother Branding.

Brother Branding lived a rich and full life in the work of the Lord. On September 8, 1969, God called him home as he was driving from a Gateway College Board meeting.

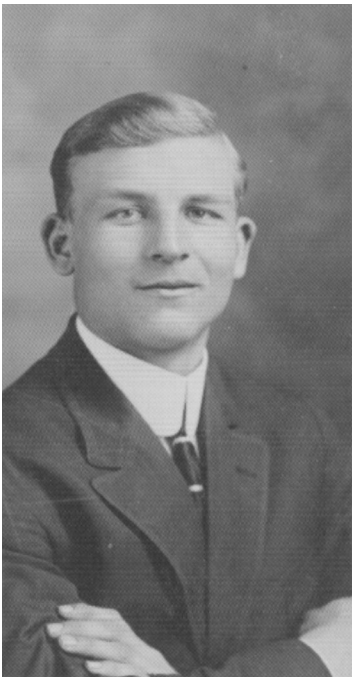
He was faithful to the very end. Only eternity will reveal all the great and mighty things this pioneer

accomplished. If all those who knew him could speak today, I feel they would say, "This world is a better place because of Brother Branding."

Truly he has left us a great heritage. May we feel our responsibility to lift the banner high and march on until the battle is won.



First Apostolic Church, 13th and Gravois, St. Louis.



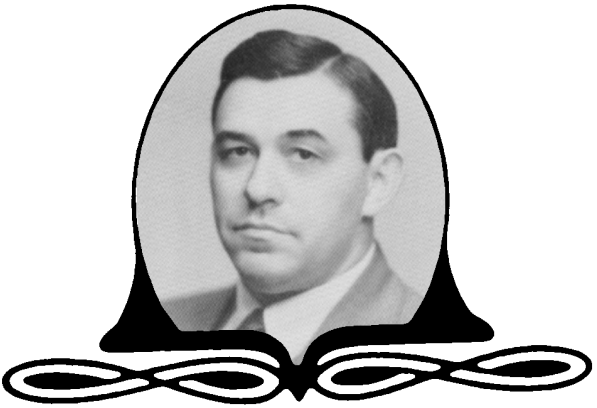
Harry Branding, bridegroom, 1916.



In front of 13th and Gravois church.



Gene McCarthy, Winfred Black, Harry Branding, Lester Thompson at General Conference, 1952.



J. C. BRICKEY

By Mary Brickey Rogers

Judge Chester Brickey did not grow up wanting to be a minister. That was God's idea—not his.

He was born in Jackson, Tennessee, on February 12, 1890, the older of two sons born to Meredith Coleman Brickey and Mattie Jane Brickey. His parents both died when he and his brother, Elbert David, were children, and a relative took care of them.

As a young man, he became known as one of the community's ruffians, riding the rods and carousing in the pool halls and the saloons. He had only a grammar school education, but as he grew older, he became an apprentice to the pattern maker's trade and obtained a position as a pattern maker with Southern Engine Boiler Works, which kept him from serving in World War I.

Sometime during these years, he had a dream. He dreamed he was in a watermelon patch, stealing watermelons, when suddenly the watermelon patch sprang up with lilies. A voice spoke to him from one of the lilies and talked to him about giving his heart to God. At the time, he did not realize the significance of the dream.

One night, when he was twenty-two, he was attracted to a tent meeting, where a seventeen-year-old lady by the name of Ethel Rodgers was preaching, along with her father, Brother Henry G. Rodgers. They preached a message of repentance, giving up your old life of sin, being baptized (in the titles), and then a person would receive an infilling of the Holy Ghost, evidenced by speaking in a heavenly language.

Judge Brickey became the first convert in this meeting. Soon the community could see the transformation that had taken place in this young man's life. He had stolen a hat from McCall Hughes Men's Clothing Store, and one of the first things he did after his conversion was to confess stealing the hat to the management of McCall Hughes and offer to make restitution.

The next year, 1913, he was married to the young lady preacher, Ethel Rodgers. Soon he felt the call of God upon his life for the ministry, and in 1914, both he and Sister Ethel were ordained by the General Council of the Assemblies of God. In this same year, they began to evangelize as the doors were opened to them.

In 1914 a lot had been purchased on 322 Lexington Avenue and a church built and set in order by the pastor, H. G. Rodgers. In the summer of 1915, Brother Rodgers was the host pastor in Jackson to the Third

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

Brother E. N. Bell was then the Chairman of the General Council of the Assemblies of God, and he and Brother Rodgers decided to invite Brother L. V. Roberts to speak to the camp. Brother Roberts had been baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus by Brother Glen Cook in Indianapolis in March of that year. He preached the truth of baptism in Jesus' name. Although Brother Bell and Brother Rodgers knew this, they still sent Brother Roberts a telegram from the camp meeting: "We want your message for the camp; take first train." Signed: Pastor H. G. Rodgers and E. N. Bell.

Brother Roberts took the train at once. After arriving in Jackson, he began preaching Acts 2:38. As a result of his message, Brother E. N. Bell and Brother Rodgers were the first to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Another baptizing was held on Sunday afternoon. Among those baptized were J. C. and Ethel Brickey; Brother and Sister E. J. Douglas; Brother and Sister C. M. Goff; Brother J. A. Bennett; Sister H. G. Rodgers along with fifty-five others.

Since so many ministers and laymen had been baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus by 1916, the General Council of the Assemblies of God prepared a statement of fundamental beliefs which the Oneness ministers could not accept. They were forced to form a Oneness organization of their own. E. N. Bell wavered

and stayed with the General Council of the Assemblies of God.

In 1920, Brother Bell wrote Brother Brickey a letter stating why he could no longer baptize in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. That letter has been given to the Historical Center, United Pentecostal Church International.

This new organization formed by the Oneness brethren was called the General Assembly of the Apostolic Assemblies. The only published ministerial list of the General Assembly of the Apostolic Assemblies contained 154 names. Among those who affiliated was Brother J. C. Brickey. But this organization was short lived. An interracial organization, called the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World, was formed, and in 1919 Brother and Sister Brickey became affiliated with this organization. Their credentials were signed by E. W. Doak, General Chairman, and G. T. Haywood, General Secretary.

In the early 1920s, Brother Brickey became pastor of the Jackson church. During the years of his pastorate, several outstanding preachers ministered to the church. Among those who preached were: Brother Andrew Urshan, Brother L. C. Hall, Brother William E. Booth-Clibborn, and others. It was during his pastorate, in 1925, that a conference was held in which the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance was organized. In 1932, the PMA became the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated. Brother Brickey was a General Presbyter with the PCI until his death.

Brother Brickey had an unusual desire for the Word of God, and he studied constantly. It was remarkable

how the Lord helped him in acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures. He was blessed not only to have an evangelistic ministry but also a teaching ministry.

He became a student of prophecy, and in 1929 he constructed a huge canvas chart, which he used in some of his campaigns. The artistic work on this chart was painted by Sister Isabelle Flowers of Pinckneyville, Illinois. Later, he had an engraving made for smaller, individual charts, which he printed and sold in his meetings when he taught on prophecy.

He held many successful campaigns in different parts of the country, especially in middle and western Tennessee. Many people were baptized in Jesus' name and filled with the Holy Ghost in these revivals. Many summers the family would be gone from home as soon as school was out for summer vacation until school started in the fall.

Sister Berthal Crossno gives an account of a meeting held in Benton County, Tennessee. "Brother J. C. Brickey came to Benton County along with Brother C. M. Goff about 1922. They preached out in the country, south of Camden. One of my older brothers, along with some of his buddies, went. They had never heard such singing and preaching. When Willie told my dad and mother, they told him he had better stay away because the preachers would put some kind of powder on him."

In July of 1924 Brother and Sister Brickey pitched a tent at the old depot in South Camden. They preached for two weeks. The crowds came. At the same time, Brother Goff was preaching a revival near Chalk Level. They had a joint baptizing, and Brother and Sister Cain were baptized.

"In the following September they came back again with the tent. I was thirteen years old at that time, and I told my parents I wanted to be baptized. They agreed. I was afraid of the water, and Brother Brickey sensed it. He told me I could kneel down closer to the edge. When he laid me back in the lovely name of Jesus, as the water rolled over my head, the sweetest peace flooded my soul. Fears went away! I received the Holy Ghost later, but my experience of water baptism I have cherished through the years.

"At the conferences in later years, I always was thrilled with the dynamic preaching of Brother Brickey and the unique way of delivery."

After evangelizing in Southern Illinois during the summer of 1928, Brother Brickey accepted the pastorate of the church in Pinckneyville, Illinois, which he pastored until August, 1929. He became pastor of the Bryan Avenue church in Granite City, Illinois, and stayed at this church until November 1930, when they moved back to Jackson, Tennessee.

Brother Brickey had a beautiful singing voice, and God honored the songs that he sang for Him. (His only son, James, inherited his beautiful voice.) Among some of the favorites which Brother Brickey sang in his meetings and at General Conferences were: "Across the Great Divide," "His Eye Is On The Sparrow," "God's Tomorrow," and "Shall I Empty Handed Be?"

He composed a song, "O,'Twas Jesus," copyrighted in 1930. It was published in an early edition of *Pentecostal Praises.* It was his personal testimony.

As a sheep I had wandered
Far away from the fold
And the face of the shepherd
I could not behold.
Out on sin's dark mountain
I was wounded and cold
But the voice of the shepherd
Called me back to the fold.
I was lost in the darkness
And in sin's dreary night
But my blessed Redeemer
Came and brought me the light.
Now the peace of Jesus
O, it shines so bright!
By His life-giving presence
He has ended the night.

CHORUS:

O, 'twas Jesus; O, 'twas Jesus;
O, 'twas Jesus saved my sinful soul.
O, 'twas Jesus; O, 'twas Jesus;
O, 'twas Jesus made the wounded whole.

Now I walk with the Saviour
With my face to the light
And the sunbeams of heaven
Make my pathway bright.
And some day He will call me
From this world of strife
And will crown me with glory
And eternal life.

Like Paul of old, Brother Brickey became a tentmaker. While pastoring the Bryan Avenue church in Granite City, Illinois, he bought a tent machine. With the help of his oldest daughter, Mary, and his son, James, he made three gospel tents. After moving back to Tennessee in November of 1930, they continued to make gospel tents.

In the summer of 1939, although Brother Brickey was ill with a heart condition, they made a tent for the church in Bemis, Tennessee. In July, when it was completed and erected, Brother Brickey prayed the dedicatory prayer on a Saturday night. God blessed him in an unusual way. The following Saturday morning, July 8, 1939, he was called from this world of strife and crowned with glory and eternal life as his song had said.

At the time of his death, he was pastor of the church in Jackson, which position he had occupied at different intervals for more than ten years. He was forty-nine years of age and was survived by his wife, Sister Ethel, one son, James, and three daughters, Mary, Naoma, and Genevieve.

J. C. Brickey Preaches At Napier, Tennessee by Ruth Sealey Holladay

My mother, Mrs. Alice Sealy, had been sick for many years. In 1922, there was only one church at Napier, and at that time Napier was a bustling community with many families. The one church was a Methodist Church situated near the "Spout Spring" in

sight of the "company store."

No one at that time, to my knowledge, had ever heard of the Pentecostal message. Nearly everyone attended the Methodist Church. My father was continuously searching for a deeper knowledge and experience with the Lord and also searching for someone who could help my mother. We had never heard that the Lord could heal. Occasionally we received a religious publication of some kind, but we never understood the power of God or the promises stated in the Bible.

Earlier in 1921, my father heard of a meeting to be held in Evansville, Indiana, where there was "prayer for the sick." He had to make some sacrifice to get enough money to take my mother there (so much had been spent on doctors), but God did open the way, and he took her by train to the meeting. Although my mother did not receive her healing, they did receive enough light to know there was something deeper than they had. But God has His wonderful way in His own time to shine light on our pathway.

My father had a sister living in Nashville, and she at one time had lived in west Tennessee near Jackson. She visited us occasionally, and on one of her visits she told us about "Pentecost." She told us things we had never heard and explained how the Pentecostal people spoke in tongues and so many more wonderful things that were taking place. She told us about Brother J. C. Brickey, a Pentecostal minister, who at that time was living in Jackson, Tennessee.

My father was greatly inspired by this and decided to write Brother Brickey, requesting him to come to Napier to our home to pray for my mother. In those

days, travel was very slow, but my father told Brother Brickey to come to Hohenwald by train, that he would be met there, and that his fare would be paid.

In a short time, we received a letter from Brother Brickey stating that he would come. My brother met him in Hohenwald in the old "T Model" Ford and brought him to our home. He arrived around noon and walked into the room where my dear mother was bedfast.

After talking to her for some time, Brother Brickey knelt in prayer. We had never heard anything like this before. The Spirit of the Lord moved upon Brother Brickey, and he spoke in a heavenly language. Our hearts were overjoyed! We had never heard anything like this in our church or in the community. To think that God honored our little humble home to bring that glorious light to us!

After prayer, my mother arose from her bed, by faith, and went to the table to eat the noon meal. Let me add here that she was greatly helped, but she never received complete healing. But God works in ways we do not understand. It was through her illness and making contact with God's people that this message was brought to Napier.

My father went out in the community and spread the word that there would be services in our home that night, and our little house filled up with people for the service. On that summer night, in the year of 1922, the first Pentecostal message was preached at Napier. Brother Brickey asked the people if they would like for him to return and bring Brother A. D. Gurley. He would bring a tent and hold a revival meeting if the people desired. To the best of my memory, he and my father

had already discussed this prospect, and my father had invited them to come himself, assuming all responsibility for expenses to cover the cost of the revival. Brother Brickey spent the night with us and returned to his home the following day.

There were a few in the community who made ugly remarks about the "Holy Roller" preachers coming, but plans went ahead for the meeting. Those against it were in the minority.

They shipped the tent by train into Hohenwald, and from there it was brought over to Napier by truck. It was set up directly across the road from our home, in front of the Methodist Church. The seats were put in, some oil lamps were added (there was no electricity in those days), a pump organ was borrowed, and the meeting began.

The first night I shall never forget! Nell Hardin, a young girl in the neighborhood, played the organ. Brother Gurley played his guitar, and my, how he did sing "Love Lifted Me" along with some wonderful "Pentecostal" songs we had never heard.

The message spread like wildfire. People began to come not only from our community, but from all over those hills and hollows. They came by horseback, in buggies, walked, and any way they could get there. The Word went forth, and God began to move.

Some time after the meeting started, Brother Brickey's wife, Sister Ethel Brickey, came. She was also a minister. She, along with Brother Brickey and Brother Gurley, brought the full Pentecostal message to that part of the country. People began to obey Acts 2:38.

The creek ran near the tent's location, and there was

a baptizing almost every afternoon. Brother Gurley would baptize a long line of folks in Jesus' name. The Holy Ghost began to fall, and it was wonderful!

The meeting continued for three weeks. Then the tent was moved to Riverside, leaving a group of people on fire for God. After a great revival in Riverside, they moved to Hohenwald. The Lord blessed mightily there, and later a church was begun there which is still in operation today (1983), sixty-one years later.

After the revival was over in Napier, the Lord continued to move. You could walk down the road and you would hear people in the woods praying for the Holy Ghost. Then, the Pentecostals started holding services in the Methodist Church because many who had attended that church had now received the blessed experience of the new birth, and only a minority remained Methodist. These were mostly officers of the church, so services were held there for a short time.

I can remember seeing people slain under the power of God and later telling how they had seen heavenly visions there in that Methodist Church, something that had never happened previously. Brother Frazier, a Pentecostal minister, pastored the flock for some time. Very soon a church was built near the bridge that crossed Chief Creek, which was near the Pollock Spring.

The Word continued on. The Lord blessed mightily. People were baptized in the creek at night with car lights shining on them. They were eager to obey the truth. Later, many people had to move away from Napier to find work due to the "Furnace" closing at that time. But the little church continued on for several years.

Sometime in the early or mid-thirties, the church

bulding was torn down due to so many having to move away from Napier. Mrs. Mollie Hardin donated land to build a church at New Town. This was only a short distance down the road from Napier. A church was built there, and today it is still going on for the Lord.

Brother Barber is now serving as pastor. Many of the people who were converted in the Napier revival have gone on to meet the Lord, but there are many of their children, grandchildren, and friends that have accepted the glorious experience from the seed which was sown back in 1922. Some fell by the wayside, but many are still continuing on for the Lord. God will count the number when He writes up the people on that great day.



Ethel Rodgers, 1913.



Brother and Sister Brickey at Napier, Tennessee.



The Brickeys after Brother Brickey's death, 1941. Mary, James, Sister Brickey, Naomi and Genevieve.



CLARENCE CRAINE

By Vernita Chloe Reed

The dogwood blossoms dotted the hills around Hot Springs, Arkansas, early in the year of 1911. It was springtime in the Ozarks. A twenty-year-old man began sowing seed in the vineyard of the Lord.

In the pioneer days of Pentecost if a young man or woman felt a deep yearning to work for the Lord and knew he had a "call," he simply volunteered to go out into evangelistic work with a "band" (group) of workers. They cut down trees and bushes and built brush arbors when no other place was available. Often some farmer would let them use his front porch for a pulpit. Kerosene lanterns hung on the porch and in trees, providing illumination for these early Pentecostal meetings. People rode wagons for miles to attend these old-time revival meetings.

Clarence Craine was the name of a young man who had the joy of witnessing one hundred persons filled with the Holy Ghost his very first spring and summer of 1911 out in the country near Hot Springs, Arkansas. He labored tirelessly and long in those sawdust altars every night. A neighboring community invited the band of workers to come to their area for a revival. So from one community to another all summer long these young adults labored in the heat for the Lord.

Harvest time came, and Brother Craine launched out on his own, serving as "pastor" to all the new converts of the past summer. Back over the trail he went—preaching, visiting, encouraging the discouraged, praying for the sick, witnessing miracles of healing and provision, and becoming a true "shepherd of the sheep." For six years he worked in this same area with a band of workers to help.

The next three years Brother Craine continued to evangelize in the vicinity of Eureka Springs, Arkansas. During these early years of sowing the precious seed of God's Word, life's pathway was not always a "bed of roses." There were days of heartache and loneliness, as well as days of joy. When death visited his home and took the young mother of his two small children, he tried to continue to evangelize.

He then became very ill and realized he had contracted the disease which had taken the life of his young wife—tuberculosis. Yet he continued to preach every night. While he was preaching, the Lord gave him strength to deliver His Word, but pain seared his lungs like a hot flame of fire and his body was racked with severe spasms of coughing at the conclusion of each sermon.

One night as he was sitting around the fireplace in a friend's home eating pecans, all at once Brother Craine took a deep breath and realized he could exhale from the bottom of his lungs, something which he had not been able to do since tuberculosis had attacked his body. He immediately recognized that he had received a miracle of healing and began to praise the Lord. Years later when his lungs were X-rayed, a doctor pointed out the scar tissue revealed by the X-ray and asked, "Did you have tuberculosis?" Brother Craine was more than happy to tell the doctor about his miracle of healing. With great joy he gave this testimony of healing whenever he had the opportunity.

Traveling with two young children and no mother to help care for them became too heavy a load. So Brother Craine sought the sanctuary of a Pentecostal orphanage at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, as a home for his small son and daughter. One day he returned to the orphanage for a visit with his children and met a tall, slender, lovely young lady caring for his children. Mamie Florence Myers had dedicated her life to work for the Lord and left her home in Green Forest, Arkansas, to work in the Pentecostal orphanage in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Snow covered the ground that April Sunday in 1920 when Brother Craine and Sister Mamie surprised everyone at church when the pastor called them to the altar, where they pledged their vows to become one in the Master's vineyard. Together Brother and Sister Craine worked in the orphanage and also pastored a church in Eureka Springs. They stayed with this tremendous task until all the children were adopted and sent to Christian

homes to live and the orphanage was closed. Green Forest, Arkansas, was the next field of labor.

To this "ready-made" family of a son, Marcus Preston, and daughter, Willa Bethel, two more daughters were born. Naomi Violet was the firstborn. Then death once more visited the home. A beautiful baby girl who lived to brighten the home only eighteen months, Mary Ruth—affectionately called "Baby Ruth"—went to live with Jesus. Six months later another daughter, named by her mother Vernita Chloe, was born.

Brother and Sister Craine then took their little family and left Arkansas in 1926 for Texas where they pastored a church in El Paso, Texas, for two years. Another daughter, Esther Uldine, was born during this time. A long move then came for this family of seven—from the deep south along a northern route to Abilene, Kansas. Another home mission work of two years and then back to Arkansas, doing pastoral work for the next two years in Arkadelphia. Then came a call to the tiny town of Louisiana in the State of Missouri. W. E. Kidson asked for Brother Craine's assistance.

Clarence Craine was appointed Foreign Missionary Secretary of the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated, which later merged with another group forming the United Pentecostal Church International in 1945. Brother Craine served in this position for three years.

Brother Craine was ably assisted by his wife, a real helpmate who was never too busy with her increasing family to lend a helping hand, whether it was cooking for preachers, making extra beds for missionaries and evangelists, teaching Sunday school, directing Christmas programs, playing the piano, singing, working in the

altar, directing young people's services or visiting the sick. Mamie and Clarence Craine were a team at home and in the vineyard of the Lord.

While working in Louisiana, Missouri, a mother's desire for a son was granted by the Lord, and one big brother and four sisters welcomed their baby brother. Glynn David joined the Craine family.

From Missouri back to Texas, Brother and Sister Craine moved to Dallas where he worked in the headquarters office of the Pentecostal Church, Inc., and also pastored a small church in Dallas.

Later they moved to Garden City, Oklahoma, a suburb of Tulsa. Brother Craine and his family arrived, but when they found no house to rent, they hung curtains across the front portion of the church, and this area became the living quarters of the pastor and family for several weeks until a house was located. The Lord blessed the sacrifice of this family, the Sunday school began to grow and the church flourished.

During this time—in the late 1930s—an epidemic of scarlet fever was raging. One of Brother Craine's daughters became a victim of this dread disease. The Health Department, in an effort to stop the spread of this contagious disease, put a quarantine sign on the doorpost of the house. No one was allowed to leave the premises. So Brother Craine had to move out of the house in order to continue to pastor. For several weeks until his daughter was pronounced well, the only contact he had with his wife and family was across a picket fence that surrounded the yard of their home.

The first Oneness Pentecostal church was founded by Clarence Craine in North Tulsa, beginning with a

Sunday school attendance of thirteen and increasing to one hundred in one year's time.

Brother Craine never tarried long in one place or settled down to a life of ease to enjoy the reaping of his harvest. His call was to go into a church that had been torn by the enemy and restore it into an active, thriving church. He would stay long enough to see that the church had a good pastor. Then he would move on to another field of labor. This was years before the Home Missions Department of our organization was formed to help support this type of ministry.

Brother Craine was a licensed electrician by trade and earned the living for his family with odd jobs, such as wiring houses.

The love of his home state of Arkansas must have tugged strongly on the heartstrings of this pioneer minister, for once more he moved back to Arkansas, where he pastored in Malvern one year, and once again he went back to the Ozarks and Green Forest for the next five years.

The year of 1943 found Brother Craine answering another call to "come over and help us" in the newly-founded church of Jonesboro, Arkansas, then called Bible Hour Tabernacle (now First United Pentecostal Church). He served as assistant pastor for four years, working with Pastor T. Richard Reed. Jonesboro remained Brother Craine's home and "launching pad" for various other calls for help from many small churches nearby, including Carraway, Trumann, El Dorado, Pocahontas and Manila, Arkansas. For two years Brother Craine served as Dean of Men in the Pentecostal Bible Institute of Tupelo, Mississippi, and

Sister Craine served as dining hall supervisor and seamstress.

Brother Craine never asked any men of the church to do any manual labor for the church that he would not do. Realizing the need for a new floor in the church at Manila, Arkansas, he spent many hours on his knees—not praying for the Lord to send someone to fix it. He crawled on his knees and laid a beautiful, new hardwood floor in the church. In spite of advancing age, he worked all day while the men worked on their public jobs, then on late into the night with all the men who came to help at night. He also climbed a thirty-foot ladder to paint under the eaves of the outside of the church.

Brother Craine left Arkansas for a short period of time to work once again in Kansas. This time it was Emporia. He also served as assistant pastor of Faith Tabernacle in Los Angeles, California, for six months.

The remaining years of his life Brother Craine continued to preach wherever there was an open door, filling in for pastors attending conferences, youth camps or camp meetings, and teaching a series of Bible studies.

June 16, 1968, was a day dedicated by the First United Pentecostal Church of Jonesboro, Arkansas, and Pastor James R. Glass to honor Brother and Sister Craine for their many years of faithful service in the work of God. The Craine family, including four children, twelve grandchildren and two great grandchildren, came from Texas, California, Mississippi and Tennessee for this great day. Many ministers and families of Section Five of the Arkansas District joined the church family and the Craine family in giving honor to Brother and Sister Craine.

Two years later on April 5, 1970, Mamie and Clarence Craine celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at their home, 415 N. Fisher, Jonesboro, Arkansas, with an open house. All six children, Mrs. Paul Herrmann, Dallas, Texas; Marcus Craine, Pulaski, Tennessee; Mrs. William Rees, Inglewood, California; Mrs. T. Richard Reed, Memphis, Tennessee; Mrs. Richard Ezell, Jonesboro, Arkansas; and Glynn David Craine, Ft. Smith, Arkansas, joined the Craines in the celebration, along with several of their twenty-one grandchildren and a host of friends.

Clarence Craine departed this life on April 30, 1976, at the age of eighty-seven, after a brief illness. "A beautiful life . . ." was heard repeated by countless friends who paid tribute to this man of God who gave sixty-four years of his life to preaching the gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. During the last few months of his life, no longer able for pulpit ministry, Brother and Sister Craine visited several nursing homes each Saturday, where the "shut-ins" delighted to hear God's Word preached by a pioneer minister.

Mamie Craine, widow of Brother Craine, now eighty-five years old, resides at the old home place in Jonesboro, Arkansas, next door to North Elementary School on North Fisher. Sister Craine seldom misses a church service in her home church and regularly visits the nursing homes of the area with the youth of her home church. She enjoys singing solos, her voice clear as a bell, and has a vibrant testimony for her Lord.

Several of the children have picked up the torch and continue to carry it for a faithful pioneer—their beloved Dad—and His Lord. Naomi Rees, along with her hus-

band William, chose early retirement and now lends a helping hand wherever the Lord leads, often helping to care for aged friends and relatives. Vernita Reed has been a pastor's helpmate for thirty-nine years. Esther Ezell serves as superintendent and teacher of the primary department of First United Pentecostal Church in Jonesboro. She also works with children in the public school system, many of whom become her pupils in Sunday school. Glynn David Craine is the assistant pastor and orchestra director of Harvest Time Tabernacle, Ft. Smith, Arkansas.

Only time and eternity will reveal the harvest of souls that have been touched by one pioneer minister, Clarence Craine, and his family. He left behind not a beautiful edifice with steeple pointing toward the sky but a beautiful life as a witness. His was a simple life with virtues of honesty, sincerity, dedication to God and man. He lived the Word he taught and preached.



Clarence and his first wife, Pearl, with baby Marcus and daughter. Willa Bethel. Algie McClain and wife, Perdida, with their sons, Tuben and Avie.



Rev. and Mrs. Sam McClain, and Rev. and Mrs. Clarence Craine in front of the Pentecostal Orphanage, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.



Clarence Craine and children after his wife's death.



Golden Anniversary



E. J. DOUGLAS

By Jeff Douglas and Ann Luther

Elco Jefferson Douglas was born in the small community of Beacon, Decatur County, Tennessee, on January 24, 1888. He was one of seven children, three sons and four daughters, born to Jefferson and Frances Douglas.

Reared on the farm, E. J. and his brothers were required to do all sorts of farm work including plowing, feeding the stock and maintenance work. His sisters contributed their share of labor to the welfare of the home by cleaning, canning and sewing. Because of inconvenient transportation and lack of financial means, Mr. Douglas could provide his children with only a grammar school education.

Pa and Ma Douglas were very strict members of the

Cumberland Presbyterian Church. They were very particular about the activities in their home. Family life did not include swearing, dancing, card playing, or any other worldly ways. As the children grew older, they also united with the same faith. E. J. was the last of the family to give his heart to God.

E. J. Douglas' conversion took place when he was fifteen. It happened one morning on "hog killing" day as he and his brothers were preparing the meat to hang in the old-fashioned smokehouse. (The process of curing meat in those days was to suspend the pork in midair, then to smoke it with smoldering hickory chips.) On his way down near their freshwater spring for some small, short sticks to pierce through the ham hocks, E. J. became overwhelmed by the conviction that had been laying heavily upon his soul for days. Blinded by tears of remorse and repentance, he stumbled through the wooded area until he came to the roots of a giant white oak tree. There, under its sheltering branches, he knelt and cried out to the Lord for deliverance from the terrible burden of sin. When he felt the burden lifted, he rejoiced in the Lord.

He decided at that time to keep his experience with God a secret; however, this did not seem to be God's will. A few months later he and his parents attended a revival in the Presbyterian Church. During the altar call the preacher asked each individual if he was a Christian. As the preacher came down the line, several thoughts began to run through the mind of the shy young man. Should he leave the building? No. He knew what his father would do to him when they arrived home. The razor strop was most popular in those days. Should he

reply with an evasive answer? No. He could not lie about it. He was "on the spot," so when he was asked the question by the preacher, he meekly nodded his head in the affirmative.

When the services were ended, his parents questioned him further. They rejoiced when he told them of his experience in the woods.

"But I don't seem to be satisfied," the puzzled young man stated. "There seems to be something else I need."

The perplexed parents, not knowing any other answer to give the seeking young man, advised him to join the church and find satisfaction in working for the church. When he did, to his dismay, he found that it failed to fill the void in his spirit.

For a time he was devoted to his newfound religious faith. He sang in the choir and led in public prayer. At times he shouted, raising his hands in praise to God. He continued for some time to attend church and take part in worship and activities. However, the void that he had felt in his heart grew stronger as his faith grew weaker. Occasionally, glancing over the congregation, he would spy a few of his pals who were sinners. He had been carousing with them during the week—stealing peanuts from the farmers' stacks and usually making a detour by the watermelon patches. Conviction would grip him and he would hang his head in shame.

One day as he talked with some of those same buddies, one of them stated, "Douglas, when it comes to religion, I am just as good as you are."

"How is that?" E. J. asked.

"Well," he replied, "you sing in the choir, pray in public and then keep on doing the same things we do.

You commit the exact sins the church teaches against."

The hungering young Douglas was smitten in his heart as he realized the full impact of what his friend had just told him. But it did not destroy his desire for God. The yearning in his heart for something more continued to linger within him as he grew to be an adult.

During the year of 1913, E. J. married his childhood sweetheart, Eula O'Gwin. The following year, 1914, their home was blessed with the birth of their first child. Thomas O'Guuin was the first of six children born in their home over the years. Following Thomas O'Guuin's birth, three daughters were stillborn. On March 26, 1930, another son, Jeff Clark Douglas, was born. Although he was born a "blue baby" as were the three daughters, he survived. In 1932 another son was stillborn.

The year 1914 proved to be a happy and eventful year in many ways, for it was in this year that he and his wife heard a message of salvation preached that was to change the entire course of their lives. This message was concerning the "baptism of the Holy Ghost" according to Acts 2:37-40; it was preached by Brother Billy Mills in Beacon, Tennessee, under an old brush arbor.

Dusting off their Bibles, the young couple searched the Scriptures concerning this great subject. After much meditation and study, they realized that this was what their souls had been longing for! Brother Douglas realized this was what he needed to fulfill the mysterious, perplexing, unknown desire which had lingered within him.

There was much persecution, ridicule, and scornful criticism among the general public concerning the

Pentecostals. The mocking, sneering, and insulting remarks by some of their dearest friends cut their hearts to the quick. But they recalled the Bible's teaching: "They that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Therefore, they proceeded to pray for those who persecuted them and continued seeking for the Holy Ghost.

By this time, what few Pentecostal people there were had erected a small church building in the little community of Beacon. Brother and Sister Douglas began to attend services. On the night of March 22, 1914, while they were in service, someone tied half a stick of dynamite to a nearby tree, lit the fuse with his cigarette, then proceeded to take his seat inside the crowded church to await the results.

When the explosion came, the whole building trembled. Babies screamed as mothers held them close. Several people left the building and never returned.

After the confusion was over and all those who remained became quiet, Brother Mills calmly stated that the time would come when all those who were not in the ark of safety would flee from God's wrath. The wrath of man was only a small example in comparison to God's fury when He poured out His indignation upon the sinful population of unbelievers.

Seated with head in hands when Brother Mills spoke, Brother Douglas was very discouraged over the outrageous proceedings. But the people began to shout, and Brother Douglas received his infilling of the Spirit. Listen to his own description: "Something seemed to come over me; it engulfed my whole being. The power of God fell on me. Standing to my feet I raised my hands

in praise to the Lord. God wonderfully filled me with the Holy Ghost, and I began to speak with other tongues as I had read in Acts 2:4. Great was my rejoicing! Friend, since that moment I can truly state that the longing, yearning desire of my heart has ever been fulfilled."

Two nights later his wife received the same experience. What rejoicing!

In the year of 1915, the call to preach God's Word was so heavy that he surrendered completely to the Lord. He had made many excuses to the Lord, but he remembered that he had promised that he would do anything if he received the Holy Ghost. He dreamed of preaching to great multitudes, and he could visualize numbers of people pleading earnestly to God for salvation. As his soul became more tormented, he slipped away to his secret place of prayer—a little corncrib. It was there he surrendered to God's will, promising to do his best.

After much discussion, he and his trusting wife sold what property they possessed, including their little home. Combining their resources with that of another minister, Brother Billy Mills, they purchased a tent.

That spring their first destination was the small West Tennessee town of Milan. To their dismay, when they unfolded the tent, they found no ropes or pulleys had been included. They had very little money, but Brother Mills knew the owner of a hardware store and they managed to obtain the missing equipment and put the tent up.

They soon began to realize that some bitter was going to be mixed with the sweet if they were going to preach God's message. The Pentecostal doctrine was

completely new to the population of this territory. They had no one there of this belief on whom they could rely for any kind of support. No one offered the hospitality of their home. Brother Mills was fortunate to have a brother who resided in the area, but there was no room in his home for the Douglas family.

Discouraged, Brother Douglas remembered the words of his mother: "Son, I would not advise you to leave home for the ministry. There are very few Pentecostal people. Your support will be very little, and I am afraid you will suffer." However, the zealous young preacher had given her the assurance that he felt God would take care of his family and their needs.

He inquired at a local hotel and found that the rates were one dollar a day for each family member. That was considerable money for a person to earn during those times. They were not required to pay in advance, and God did supply their needs by the end of the revival meeting. The young, inexperienced preacher stated later that if he had had the money he would have gone home at that point in time and ended his ministry. His faithful wife gave him much encouragement and pleaded with him to stay and rely upon God.

Fifteen people were in the first congregation, but they would take no part in the proceedings. Most of them occupied the back seats and had come to see the "show." The four gospel workers sang, prayed, testified, and Brother Mills preached the sermon. The offering was exactly two nickels.

They saw little results during the four-week campaign. Gradually the crowds increased. Slowly the people began to take part in the services, and the offerings

increased. When the little group closed the meeting, they were able to pay their debts. Brother Mills and Brother Douglas had fifteen dollars each.

Their next meeting was located in the small cotton mill town of Trenton, Tennessee. Happily, a Pentecostal man hauled their tent from Milan free. However, by the time they paid expenses plus hired labor for the erection of the tent, it left them practically stranded again. The privation of the previous meeting was only a sample of the difficulties they were to suffer for God's cause in Trenton.

When the four workers opened their first service, not one person would come under the tent. The congregation of about twenty people assembled across the street. In spite of this, the little gospel band again sang, prayed, testified, and preached as if to a large congregation. No sooner was the benediction said than the few quickly left. They dared not tarry long enough to give the workers time to cross the street for a friendly handshake.

Even the friend who had hauled their tent was unexpectedly denied the privilege of attending services for the first few days. This also left them without a place to sleep, for they had planned to stay with him the first night of the revival.

The service over, their efforts seemingly wasted, Brother Douglas and Brother Mills sadly lowered the tent curtains. Where would they sleep that night? It was late, and they were not acquainted with anyone in the town. They could not afford a hotel room, and they did not want to ask the hotel manager for credit at that late hour. So they opened their suitcases and spread the

clothing on the roughly sawed planks for beds. Their Bibles served as their pillows.

The following morning after prayer, they pooled what little money they had left. Breakfast consisted of a cup of coffee for Brother Mills, who was somewhat older than Brother Douglas, and a glass of milk for little two-year-old Thomas O'Guuin. The others ate cheese and crackers. Lunch for the day was also very meager. However, they were able to acquire a small upstairs room for the women and baby by promising to pay later.

Upon some inquiry they found why the people in the small town were so unfriendly. Not only did they distrust the gospel preachers, they were actually afraid of them. "Preachers are possessed with evil spirits, witchcraft and hypnotism," they thought.

More people attended the second night service. Some ventured to the edge of the tent, and a few occupied the back seats. However, when the service was over, they quickly vanished.

The ladies and children went to their room for the night, and the ministers again made their beds on the plank pews.

The third day found the group with very little money. The greater part of that day was spent in meditation and prayer. Somehow they found the courage and made the commitment to continue their evangelistic efforts.

For about a week the preachers continued to sleep on the seats; however, the attendance increased almost to the full capacity of the tent, and they received a few meager offerings, including a few coat and shirt buttons, in the collection hat. Somehow they managed to

buy food for the women and milk for the baby. Brother Mills and Brother Douglas ate what little they could afford. Although the crowds increased each night, no one invited the preachers to their home.

One day while the hungry preachers were in prayer and meditation, an elderly black lady came to the tent with a tray of fried chicken and hot biscuits saying, "The Lord told me to do this." The preachers quickly called the women and children to enjoy the best meal they had eaten in days.

During the first part of the second week, the campaign began to have visible results. Some people came to the altar, repented, and were gloriously filled with the Holy Ghost; some received healing of different diseases. By the end of the week the altar was filled to overflowing.

However, in the face of all this evidence, several people continued to jeer, criticize, and call them hypnotists. They came to see the "show." What a show produced by God, directed by two of His servants, inspired by His Spirit, with a cast of overjoyed saints speaking in tongues with inspiration from on high!

Out of that revival came two ministers of the gospel, Brother A. N. Graves and Brother Sam Graves. Brother A. N. Graves, who had just left a movie, turned to his friend and stated, "Now, let's go see the other show in town." Before that night was over, he was part of the show itself.

The lighting equipment consisted of the old-fashioned, smoky gasoline torches. Seats were made of rough sawmill lumber. After the mayor of the town paid a visit, he had electric lights and fans installed. Straw

was spread in the aisles. "Free equipment and volunteer labor. Wonderful," said the Pentecostals.

The congregation swelled to overflowing with many coming from long distances. They came by foot, buggy, wagon, and horseback. The largest crowd was estimated near two thousand. More homes were thrown open to the gospel workers than they could visit. Some of their meals were eaten free of charge at the hotel, and a merchant of the little town gave each of the men a new suit of clothes.

"But the biggest blessing is the many souls that are finding God during this revival," they rejoiced.

The next group of services Brother Douglas attended was a camp meeting during the summer of 1915 in Jackson, Tennessee. This was held in a tent which was filled each night and day. Brother H. G. Rodgers, the host pastor, and Brother E. N. Bell conducted the camp. On Sunday night Brother Rodgers estimated the crowd at four thousand.

It was during this camp meeting that Brother and Sister Douglas learned of a new step in obedience they were to take. Brother L. V. Roberts, a noted Oneness evangelist of Cincinnati, Ohio, spoke to the Conference. At the close of his first sermon, Brother Bell and Brother Rodgers were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus in the Forked Deer River. The following Sunday Brother and Sister Douglas, along with Sister Jenny Rodgers and fifty-four others, were baptized in the same river in the highest name in heaven and earth—our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Brother Douglas continued to preach, holding meetings in different sections of the country. God blessed

greatly by verifying His Word.

Once while conducting a revival near the town of Parsons, Tennessee, a sinner was converted and filled with the Holy Ghost. Rising from the altar, he threw his arms around Brother Douglas. With tears streaming down his face, he confessed that he was guilty of setting off the dynamite on the night that Brother Douglas had received the Holy Ghost. Brother Douglas later baptized Brother Graves in Jesus' name, and as the years passed Brother Graves became a minister and founded a church in the state of Texas.

In the year of 1916, Brother Douglas was called to the state of Missouri where he conducted several revivals, introducing the new revelation of baptism in Jesus' name. In one meeting he was blessed with the privilege of baptizing one hundred and forty-three in His precious name.

It was around this time that he preached a meeting in Parsons, Tennessee. His only convert in that meeting was a teenaged boy named Albert D. Gurley, who later, in 1918, received the Holy Ghost at Mt. Tabor, Tennessee. Brother Gurley became a well-known and effectual minister in the Pentecostal ranks.

As time moved on, some of our ministers, including Brother Douglas, realized the need of a firm footing in organization. In November of 1922, Brother E. J. Douglas, along with another Tennessean, Brother J. C. Brickey, served on the planning committee for a great Bible Conference in Little Rock, Arkansas, where Brother Ralph G. Cook was the host pastor.

Certain ones, claiming to be preachers of Pentecost, began to infiltrate into the territories where the

Pentecostal doctrine had been established. Several of these false prophets, of whom the Bible warns, caused some to stray from the true doctrine. For example, one man came through wearing long hair and a beard. He claimed to be sent by God to gather the elect into one location to await the arrival of the Lord. Several families were influenced to sell their worldly possessions and give the proceeds to him. Then he rented an old building for them to occupy in the Hardin County, Tennessee, area. He sent a few out to preach, but the money they received from their labor he took for himself. For a few weeks the false prophet provided for his flock, but one day he disappeared, leaving his followers stranded. He carried several thousand dollars with him and was never seen again.

In February of 1925, the first general conference and organizational meeting of the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance was held in Jackson, Tennessee, at the Lexington Avenue Pentecostal Church. This was not intended to be a general church organization but an alliance of ministers; its purpose was to provide for the needs of the ministry; every local church with its pastor was to have sovereign government of its own.

Brother Douglas had the privilege of being a witness to many wonderful demonstrations of God's power concerning healings and miracles. Frequently he visited the sick late at night.

One morning about 1:00 a farmer came for Brother Douglas to pray for his daughter who was having an epileptic seizure. They traveled several miles in his wagon. When they arrived at the home, the mother was holding a spoon in the unconscious girl's mouth to pre-

vent her from biting her tongue. The girl was very pale and foaming at the mouth. When they prayed in Jesus' name, the girl sat up in bed, raised her hands to heaven, and began to speak with other tongues as she was wonderfully filled with the Holy Ghost.

On another occasion their neighbor's daughter became seriously ill. After consultation, two doctors pronounced the case as an excessive amount of infection formed in her side. Since her condition was considered too critical for moving her to the hospital, the doctors set a time for an operation in the home on the following morning. After the doctors left, the family requested that Brother Douglas pray for the girl. The next morning the doctors were very puzzled because they could find nothing wrong with their patient. The infection was gone.

After closing a meeting about twelve miles from his home, Brother Douglas was called to pray for a fellow who was hemorrhaging. In order to pray for the man, Brother Douglas was forced to sacrifice his ride home. After God wonderfully healed the man, the preacher had to walk home through the snow. He cut a hickory stick, ran it through the handle of his suitcase, slung the suitcase over his shoulder, and plodded off through the slippery snow. When he arrived home, he was weary in body but happy in his soul. "God does answer prayer," he rejoiced.

Another time, Brother Douglas and a friend walked about ten miles to pray for a fellow minister who was very ill. They walked back afterward. They gave it no thought to walk two, three, or perhaps four miles to a prayer meeting. When it was raining and muddy, they

simply donned raincoats and overshoes and went to church. Somehow they managed to attend services rain or shine, sleet or snow. They walked, traveled by buggy or wagon, and occasionally rode the old gray mule if necessary.

More than once Brother Douglas bought a train ticket and left his wife and children the remaining money. After he had preached a few days and received an offering, he would send more money to his family.

Once while Brother Douglas was doing evangelistic work, his wife was stricken with a slow fever, and he was required to remain at home for several weeks to care for her. He owed a friend ten dollars. Wanting to pay the debt as soon as possible, Brother Douglas prayed, "God, You know I need to pay my debt." A few days later he received a letter from a brother in California with a twenty dollar bill enclosed. God had doubled his request!

One night when service closed, rain poured down. There were no comfortable, dry automobiles to ride home in, so everyone remained in the building for quite awhile. "God, please withhold the rain," they prayed, and the rain ceased. Brother and Sister Douglas then rode two miles home in a wagon. Just as they stepped inside the door, the rain started again.

During his early ministry, a person's falling prostrate under God's power was a common event. In one service a lady fell, lying prostrate in the service for about two hours. When she was hauled home in a wagon, her parents, being alarmed, called a doctor. He could not find anything wrong with her, nor could he revive her. Several hours later she awoke, speaking with other

tongues as she was wonderfully filled with the Holy Ghost.

During his lifetime, Brother Douglas held many street services in order to reach lost souls who would never darken a church door. He preached in school houses, in homes, on porches, under brush arbors, under trees, in jails, and once in a barn. He accepted every invitation possible as long as he felt that it was God's will to go.

Brother Douglas and Brother A. D. Gurley blessed thousands of people as they traveled to camp meetings, churches, and brush arbors around the country. They played their guitars and sang the familiar songs, "Fifty Miles of Elbow Room" and "The Old Gospel Ship." Many times they received rotten eggs and tomatoes for their singing and preaching, but these "presents" only kindled the fire that was in their souls.

Brother Douglas' preaching ministry spanned forty-four busy years. He pastored and founded several churches in the state of Tennessee, in addition to traveling in evangelistic work from California to East Tennessee, from Michigan to Texas. Many times he filled in pastorates for fellow ministers in time of trouble or ill health. He pastored Lexington Avenue Pentecostal Church in Jackson on three different occasions; he also pastored Beacon Church, Morris Chapel, Enville, Finley, Poplar Corner, Crump, Mt. Tabor, Camden, Trenton, Darden, Midway and other churches in Tennessee.

On November 21, 1954, Brother Douglas was stricken with a severe heart attack. At that time he was living and pastoring in Trenton. After three weeks in the hospital, he was allowed to return home. Although God

definitely touched his body, he failed to receive healing. His doctor advised a year's rest.

He stayed at Trenton for several months, but he also bought a retirement home on the Tennessee District Campground at Perryville, Tennessee. After one year of retirement and recuperation, during which time he attended the church in Parsons and wrote a short history of his early ministry, he began again a more active ministry. He conducted weddings, funerals, and held small revivals and weekend services in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Missouri.

While Brother Douglas was preaching a revival for Brother A. N. Graves in the spring of 1957, his wife slipped on a rug in the home of their son Jeff. The fall broke her hip. She was confined to bed until her death two months later.

After his wife's death, Brother Douglas sold his home on the campgrounds and moved to Parsons, Tennessee, where he later met and married a widow, Mrs. Carrie Pierce.

Again he accepted the pastorate of the Mt. Tabor Church and became happily engaged in pastoral work.

On the Sunday night before Labor Day, September 6, 1959, Brother Douglas was scheduled to preach at the Parsons Church for the pastor, Brother R. B. Boyd. Requests were turned in for him to sing "Fifty Miles of Elbow Room" and "The Old Gospel Ship." His son and daughter-in-law, Jeff and Frances, were there, and Jeff played for his father. After singing "The Old Gospel Ship," Brother Douglas made the statement, "I'll soon be gone, and I wonder who will sing this song when I am gone."

There was a request made for Brother Douglas and his son and daughter-in-law to sing "It is No Secret What God Can Do" before the message.

Before they rose to sing, Brother Douglas turned to Jeff. "I am very hot, and I need to rest before I preach. You and Frances sing."

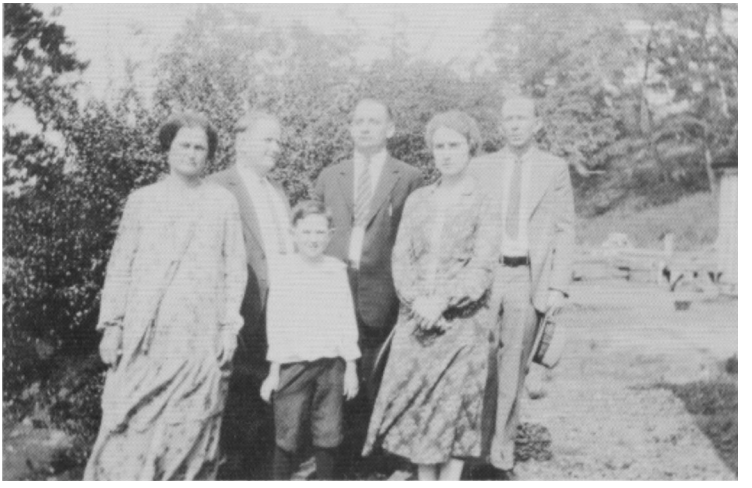
While they were singing, Brother Douglas moved down in the audience to sit by an open window. He turned to the man sitting next to him and then got up to go out. With the help of his friend, he made it to the back of the church where he collapsed and died of a heart attack.

Brother Douglas' funeral was conducted by Brother W. M. Greer, with the assistance of Brother A. N. Graves and Brother A. D. Gurley, in the Parsons Church. Sister Berthal Crossno, a lady pioneer Pentecostal preacher who was converted under Brother Douglas' early ministry, sang.

In Brother Douglas' little book entitled, *My Early Ministry*, he wrote the following statement to younger ministers: "We older ministers have paved the road, but our day is almost spent. God wishes His work to be carried on. The responsibility of lost souls lies on your shoulders. Do your share."



Sister Flatt, Owner, Sister Mollie Edwards, Finley, Tennessee. Brother Nelson Flatt, Brother E. J. Douglas, Brother Kerley. (Around 50 received the Holy Ghost in this revival.)



Sister Flatt, son Owner, Sister V. H. Michell, Brother Kerley, Brother Douglas, Nelson Flatt.



Brother Douglas and Brother Odell Cagle



Brother and Sister E. J. Douglas



CAMPBELL BOYD DUDLEY

By Joyce M. Morehouse

The turbulent Mirimachi River is one of the best-known Canadian rivers on the East Coast. Along its banks has grown a strain of sturdy, succulent vegetation. Likewise, the men who stem its tides, fighting its fervent flow and contrary currents, are of a breed apart—resistant, loyal, strong and "once-a-Mirimachier, always-a-Mirimachier."

From this stock comes one whose legend is far above that of the usual Mirimachi inhabitant, for he is a preacher who combines his unorthodox background with the presentation of the gospel. His style and manner are unique and his approach is one of down-to-earth bluntness. This, of course, can be none other than the well-known C. B. Dudley!

Born to Seth and Catherine Dudley on December 24,

1905, he was christened Campbell Boyd and was the first of six children; he was followed by a sister, Dora; a brother, Waldo; twins, Janet and Alberta; and finally, baby James.

Catherine Dudley was a member of a denominational church but made sure her family was taught to pray and fear God. She taught them that heaven and hell were real places and on occasion read the Bible to them. However, she died in 1927 at the age of forty-seven, leaving behind a son who had caused his mother much grief and worry.

In his younger days, C. B., as he came to be known, attended the nearest school in all types of adverse weather. From early spring until late fall he walked the mile and a quarter barefoot. At times the frost would make his feet so cold that he would search out and stand in sunny patches for a little warmth before leaping across the frosty places again. At times snow was as high as six feet deep on the roads, and in those days roads were not kept clear as they are today.

Due to difficulty in getting to school, C. B. did not acquire much education, in spite of the fact that he frequently accompanied teachers to and from socials and parties. He remarks wryly, "But we didn't talk grammar much, so my education was limited."

By the time he was seventeen, C. B. had started drinking and smoking. He was invited west to help harvest wheat. He made good money there but returned broke as a result of the fast life. He would go to any extent to obtain hard liquor, even drinking lemon extract and vanilla and making his own home brew.

About this time he met a girl from Prince Edward

Island. She was training as a nurse in a Boston hospital. When Margaret McKenzie went back to her training, she began to correspond with the wild young Mirimachier, and on July 26, 1930, they were married.

C. B. became a registered guide for American tourists who came to the Mirimachi fly-fishing, and they were soon furnishing him with drinks as a favor. They would spend days in a big camp upriver where they would enjoy their style of life to the hilt.

In the autumn of 1936, when the fishing season had finally closed, C. B. came home from his guide job and went out to the woodshed where he began to sort potatoes. As he picked them over, a great sense of guilt and remorse swept over him. He began to think of his mother and realized he would never see her again at the rate he was going. Sitting on an overturned lard pail and filled with great contrition, he thought of the many nights she had lain awake while he was out with his unpredictable old car. He turned around, got down on his knees beside the old lard pail and cried out to God: "Lord Jesus Christ, if You'll do something for me, I'll live for You."

Later he recalled: "I came out and stood in the sun and decided I would not be having any more cigarettes. I had eighteen packs left as the Americans had given me a carton. I knew I did not want to swear or drink again and said, nearly out loud, 'Dudley, something's happened to you.'"

At breakfast next morning C. B. asked the blessing at the breakfast table; then he asked for a Bible. After reading it, he had prayer and began to think about his conversion. It was with some surprise that he realized

he had been converted in the absence of a preacher or even without someone's personal testimony.

There were no Pentecostal preachers in the immediate area, but Brother Clement Hyde came down the river to hold meetings at Doaktown; then he held a series of services just across the river from where the Dudleys lived, at a little place called Priceville.

Following his conversion on Thursday night, C. B. walked a mile and a half to attend a house service where Brother Bliss McQuarrie, a great old man of God, was preaching. C. B. went with a group of friends who had come to make fun, and as he contemplated how to break the news of his deliverance from sin, it seemed that the Lord came to his rescue. Brother McQuarrie asked for young men who would step out and kneel down.

"Here's my chance," thought C. B. as he made his way forward.

By Saturday night, he was confused . . . not quite sure what he should do or which way to go. Should he start going to a denominational church in the area? He earnestly sought God about this. He went to bed thinking that perhaps he would have a dream for direction but awoke in the same state of mind.

There was talk that the Pentecostals were having a baptism down at the river that day. As C. B. built the Sunday morning fire, he wondered who was going to be baptized. The thought crossed his mind that perhaps he might be, but he immediately pushed it aside, only to discover that conviction was gripping him. He began to feel so terrible that he soon changed his mind and said "Yes!" and experienced his first blessing. From feeling extremely bad he went to feeling extremely good. This

only reinforced his decision.

Sunday afternoon, October 4, 1936, Campbell Dudley set out for Priceville for the baptismal service. As Brother McQuarrie preached about how the Lord could save from cigarettes and rum, C. B. responded with a hearty "Amen!" and his pals were a little taken back by it all.

"We knew C. B. was bad," one of them commented, "but I never thought he would mock a preacher!" To their surprise, he went even further and walked up to where Brother Hyde was standing at the water's edge. They were singing "At The Cross" as he approached Brother Hyde and asked, "Who's first, men or women?"

"I guess it will be you," he was told. That day, C. B. Dudley was buried in Jesus' name.

A few days after this, Brother McQuarrie came to visit the Dudley home. He was extremely weary and lay down on the couch while he spoke about the Lord. He told C. B. that God had something more for him and added something which the latter will never forget. He ended with the nineteenth chapter of Acts, and his final words were: "You'll talk in tongues . . . you will! You will! You will!"

"I felt like the little boy who said, 'what I had was good, but if there's any more, it's gooder,'" Brother Dudley commented.

Later, Brother Hyde came by to take them to Priceville, and before they left the house they had a word of prayer. That night, for the first time, he heard the other man speak with tongues. He was so overcome with a desire for the Holy Ghost that he said he could not recall what the sermon was about that evening.

From that time on, everywhere he went the desire for the Spirit consumed him. As he walked down the road or through the woods, he repeatedly asked for the Holy Ghost. On his visit to a denominational church, he told the Lord: "It's all right, You can fill me right here."

In the meantime Margaret Dudley, who had nurse's training, was taking care of a sick boy in the neighborhood. Together she and her husband went to visit and have prayer with the boy's mother. As Margaret worshiped God, she broke out singing in an unknown tongue.

C. B. hurried back to his Pentecostal neighbors with the news and became more determined than ever to have the same experience. The next night, Brother Hyde dropped in on them. Although he was in a hurry, when asked to pray, he responded, "There's never too much of a hurry to pray." They knelt in the kitchen area near the stove, and as they prayed, C. B. became aware that Brother Hyde was creeping up behind him, still on his knees. From this position, he reached over and placed his hand on C. B.'s forehead. At the words, "Fill him in Jesus' name right now!" the latter was totally possessed with the power of the Holy Ghost. His predominant thought was that if he opened his eyes, he might lose this, so he continued to worship long after Brother Hyde had gone on his way.

The next morning found Brother Dudley still delighted and preoccupied with his experience. As he leaned over a plant stand, the Lord gave him a vision in which he saw himself speaking to a great host of people. Naturally, he wondered how this could ever be, even though he had a burden for souls. How could an uneducated man fill the pulpit?

C. B. could hardly wait to get to his brother's home to tell of his experience. As he related events to his sister-in-law, she asked where the meeting was to be held that night. He quickly answered, "My house." Both she and her son came that night and went home with the Holy Ghost. Soon the neighbors started coming and receiving, and Brother Dudley lost count of the number who were filled at his place. This was the start of his ministry, and from here he went to help lay a church floor at McNamee.

It was during this period of "finding his way" that he went through his first "Bible school," as he likes to think of it. He went out to help a brother who asked him, "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. What do you want me to do?" was his reply.

"Well, I've got some things to tell you. For the first thing, everyone's making fun of your grammar."

"Well, yes, I know that's possible."

"But you can't preach! And besides, you're not graceful in the pulpit."

C. B. comments wryly, "That day I graduated from Bible school."

A short time after this experience he attended a convention at Newcastle Bridge, and here he found his little niche. Many were seeking the Holy Ghost, and for two nights he prayed until daylight. In a ten-day period, 180 received the Holy Ghost, and Brother Steeves, the pastor of the Newcastle Bridge work, approached him.

"I feel you're the man to take a little church I have in mind."

In response, C. B. went to look at the church and

came away feeling that it was God's will. It was here, under Brother Steeves and Brother Cosman, that he began his actual ministry and began to grow in the Lord.

Upon leaving this church, he started evangelizing and found that there were hard times in the ministry as well as in other fields of labor. There were times when he did not have the necessary twenty-five cents for a haircut. Some mornings he picked berries for breakfast. He carried all his belongings in a suitcase with a belt around it to keep it shut. On one occasion, he put a piece of birchbark in the sole of his shoe where a hole caused his bare foot to scuff the dirt road. Those times when he was fortunate enough to have an old car, he was sometimes forced to put one tire inside another to protect the tube.

Brother Dudley is quick to point out that God has met his needs, however, and today he is well satisfied that he has a new Mercury, a home, suits and clothes enough for any man and sufficient money in the bank for his burial. "I've never asked for money," he adds.

C. B. Dudley has evangelized in many places—Indiana, Columbia, South America, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. He preached two camps in Texas and anniversary services in Louisville, Kentucky. Here, he saw the fulfillment of his vision. He preached to 15,000 people and realized this was the crowd he saw just after he received the Holy Ghost.

"I've seen miracles," he states matter-of-factly, "and baptized a few thousand. Some southerners may not understand about our northern winters, but there are times along the Mirimachi when the temperature goes to

-40°F. I've had to break the ice in the river in January when the ice was two feet thick, then put down a ladder and baptize eight to ten candidates. Everyone said 'you'll kill them,' but they're still alive today although their clothes would freeze stiff at the time. It was nothing like today with our nice modern churches, baptistries, and lots of warm water.

"I've seen thousands get the Holy Ghost, and I've laid hands on preachers. The laying on of hands is my ministry.

"I've seen cancers healed and blind eyes opened. A drinking man brought his dumb boy to me one day with the request, 'He can't speak. Pray for him,' and I prayed. Afterward, I told the man, 'Go home, sir. Your boy will say 'mama' in the morning.' That's exactly what he did. God healed him, and I've heard him speak as plain as anyone since that day."

There have been some tragic events in the life of this Mirimachier. In 1971 he went to Newfoundland to dedicate a church for Donnie Carmont. He decided to leave his car and take a flight across the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. Once there, the two preachers thought they should go to see another New Brunswick preacher, Cole Price, who resided in Baie Verte. Driving conditions were poor, with wet, heavy snow falling. They were travelling in a little French car and Brother Dudley still doesn't know how it happened, but they had an accident.

"I was out for nine hours. I had a broken collarbone and both legs broken. Young Carmont had both jaws broken."

When he regained consciousness, he asked the

orderly what happened.

"You had a *slight* accident." C. B. stressed the word *slight* as he related the details.

"They had to put a steel rod down through one leg, and for seventeen days I laid in the Cornerbrook hospital. Finally, they flew me home to the Fredericton hospital, and I saw as high as twenty-four visitors at one time waiting to get in to see me."

In January, they took him home to McNamee on a stretcher, back to his own bed. His wife took over nursing duties and in his words: "On February 22, she ironed the wash from the day before, brought me breakfast in bed, waited on me, got dinner, sat down and dropped dead."

The funeral was well attended, with over forty other preachers lending support to Brother Dudley as he came in his wheelchair. It was after the funeral that the loneliness struck. Brother and Sister Philip Lyons, from his home church in McNamee, moved in until he got back on his feet, while the neighbors and church helped.

The pastor at McNamee at this time was none other than C. B. himself, who had agreed to come on a temporary basis until they could find a pastor. The "temporary" term stretched into eight years. It was here, sitting in his wheelchair one Sunday morning, that he noticed a widow in the audience. She was sitting with her eyes closed and hands raised, worshiping, and the Spirit said, "Your next wife."

At once, he began to pray about it, and eight months later, after they had gone for a drive, Margaret O'Donnell returned with the news that she had been asked to be the new Mrs. C. B. Dudley. They were married the

following January 13 and pastored McNamee the rest of the winter. From there, they moved to the Bible school (United Pentecostal Bible Institute at Fredericton) for two years, then back to Gray Rapids.

Gray Rapids had been one of the earlier churches which Brother Dudley pastored, and they had helped him go twenty-nine miles away to open a church at Chatham. He baptized twenty-nine before winter came on and found a young man, Bill Drost, to help look after the Chatham work. It was from here that the Drosts left for Columbia, South America.

The Gray Rapids folk and Brother Dudley then went sixteen miles in the opposite direction and opened a work upriver at Upper Blackville. From there, it was Kouchibouguac, where Brother Roy Sullivan helped get things going in an old schoolhouse.

Brother Dudley claims his success in life has been a direct result of his love for God and the Word. He especially likes to relate I Corinthians 1:26-27 to his own life.

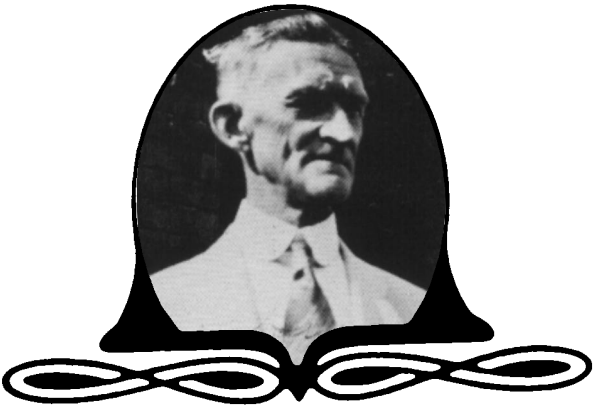
He says that although he has spent hours reading and studying, he has had a struggle over the years with one man—a staunch Mirimachier who still gives him a lot of trouble, "and that," he adds, "is that C. B. Dudley fella."







Speaker on Friday night at the 1974 general conference.



DAN HAYES

By Ethel Hayes Murff

Dan Hayes was born April 8, 1875. He was the second of seven sons and three sisters. He spent most of his early life on his father's farm in Bell City, Louisiana, east of Lake Charles. There he herded cattle and worked on the farm. There were not many idle moments.

At an early age he became affiliated with the Methodist Church and attended Centenary College, from which he graduated. He also attended college in Mississippi.

He preached the Methodist doctrine, conducting his first revival in Grand Chenier, Louisiana, in 1900.

His father bought him a new buggy and gave him a beautiful horse, and as he drove down the road, all the young people were excited about the young bachelor minister who had come to conduct his first revival in

this tiny town.

Dan spied a pretty girl with blonde curly hair, large gray blue eyes and a big smile standing at the window looking at him with the green umbrella on his buggy. He immediately said, "I'm going to meet that girl and marry her." A year passed and many letters were exchanged. They were married in Grand Chenier, Louisiana, July 16, 1901.

The young lady was Susie Doland. To this union were born six children of which five still survive.

Dallas, Dan's eldest brother, attended a brush arbor revival held in LeBlanc, Louisiana, in 1914 by Evangelist Robert LaFleur. Dallas received the Holy Ghost and went immediately to his brother Dan and said to him, "This experience is for you." After much searching the Scriptures, Dan accepted the truth and received the Holy Ghost. They were both baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost as the light on baptism in the name of Jesus Christ had not been revealed. A few months later, a tent revival was held in Kinder, Louisiana, and baptism in Jesus' name was preached. The Hayes brothers saw the light and were baptized in Jesus' name.

After he received the Holy Ghost, Dan's field of labor widened. He first affiliated with the Emmanuel Church of Jesus Christ and preached a number of revivals. He became the State Superintendent of Sunday Schools in Louisiana in 1926.

He left this organization in 1927 and became a member of the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance. In 1932 he was elected General State Superintendent of Sunday Schools for this group and held this office until 1941.

He also served as *Gleaners President from 1933 to 1943. He was very active in promoting the merger of the two main bodies of the Pentecostal Movement. He was also a member of the Board of Christian Education in 1946.

He was active in the Lord's work and departed this life February 24, 1949. His labor ended, but his works still live on. ❑

*The Pentecostal Gleaners was the name of the youth group.

The article that follows was published in tract form by Brother Hayes.

Pitfalls In The Pathway Of Youth

By Dan Hayes

We live, as the Bible tells us, in "perilous times" in these last days. It is a time when evil is wide-spread on every hand. It is a time for all of us to be on guard and to watch all of our ways, and particularly is this true for the youth of this day. In considering this subject, the first pitfall we would mention in youth's pathways is the pitfall of passion.

The pitfall of passion is one of the most dangerous pits in the world. It seems that our parents are too neglectful in trying to guard their children against this enemy in showing them the danger of its force and power. This strong enemy does the most of its deadly

work upon its victims between the ages of 12 and 18. At this period in the life of youth is the time when the girl needs the mother's tender care and advice, and every boy needs a father to advise against uncontrolled passion that seems stronger to youth than reason.

The greatest misfortune that can befall any youth is when father and mother are not able to guard them against the immorality. Remember, young people, that passion uncontrolled will sooner or later dethrone reason and will leave you like a ship without a rudder, and in a moment's time you can be dashed to pieces upon the rocks and sell your birthright to a life of unrighteousness before God. The penitentiaries and the electric chairs tell the story of uncontrolled passion.

When the governor's wife tried to seduce Joseph by the pitfall of passion, he thought first and said, "I must not deceive my master by this terrible sin." And by escaping this pitfall that so many fall into, he was honored next to the king himself. Remember, young people, you are the men and women of tomorrow. Therefore, think right, act right, be virtuous, hold a high standard of morals, and your services are demanded by church and state. Be an honor to the cause.

The second dangerous pitfall is our system of education. The child who does not have religious parents to read the Bible and pray with him, and never attends Sunday school and church will have a hard time to find Christ. Tennessee is the only state that I have had the pleasure of visiting where the Bible is taught in the public schools. Most of our schools teach everything else but the Bible, and by this, we are grinding out a generation of skeptics and novel readers, and most of them

have no desire to attend church nor study the Bible.

We send our children to college and to the university. Most of them come back skeptics because they are taught that we have descended from monkeys and that the creation of Adam and the Garden of Eden is but a fairy tale. I will admit that some who teach this "Darwinism" theory resemble their ancestors very much, but please leave me out or off of your family register. My father and mother did not live in the tops of trees as some seem to think their own did.

It seems to me that if the doctrine of evolution is true and that we evolved from the noble monkey race, that we could find in some part of the world in this day and time some of the monkey family who would soon be eligible to be a co-partner with some of the "Darwinian" scholars in helping them prove their theory or helping them in our modern inventions or as president of some of the educational institutions. All I have ever seen of the monkey race are in cages and trained to act as monkeys by man. This evolution theory is as flimsy as cobwebs and a reflection upon the noble monkey race.

The third pitfall is doubt. This will naturally follow if we lose the vision of inspiration. We are willing, it seems, to take anything else by faith except the Bible. We plant crops by faith, we drink water by faith, we don't have to have our food analyzed to eat it, but when we come to deal with the Bible and its author, we are made to question. Why? Because the first thing that confronts your mind is doubt. You want to reason it out. Friend, we are not saved by reason, neither by argument, but we are saved by faith in God.

"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and

that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

In the fourth place, naturally those who doubt the promises of God become discouraged. Many of our young people are dropping into this pitfall. The pitfall of discouragement is sapping the life out of the church. Many people fail to see that this is the sifting time, or the casting age, and the Lord is getting us ready for the rapture. These troublous times are to refine us.

Remember, this generation is living in five years what our forefathers used to live in forty. If you do anything for God and humanity, you must do it quickly. Don't look back to the ages your forefathers lived in. We must solve the problems of this fast age. Fit yourselves into the "supper-time" of the dispensation. This is the time when many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased. Don't get discouraged in the race. Lay aside any weight and the sin which so easily besets you and run with patience, not looking on the things which are coming upon the earth, but unto Jesus, who is the Author and Finisher of our faith.

The last but not the least of these pitfalls is the pitfall of selfishness. This dangerous enemy is engulfing its victims like a mighty Niagara. The money powers of the earth see the terrible conditions and men in every walk of life are being shaken. They withhold their money, seeing no future for their investments. Perplexity reigns in the midst of this chaotic condition as all nations of the world are entangled in a great economic crisis.

This is no time to become selfish. Many of us miss God at this point. As long as we have plenty, we have no faith, but it takes faith to keep sweet and be cheerful when the last dollar is gone. The widow in the days

of Elijah, as she gathered sticks to cook the last cake for her son and herself, gave Elijah the last food that she had. By doing this, she had her need supplied for her son, herself and also the prophet. "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."



PCI Houston, Texas 1941.



General and District Boards PCI 1941.



HARVEY M. HOWE

By Lois Howe Chandler

Harvey M. Howe was born on September 6, 1911, at Sherman, Maine, the first of eight children born to John and Alice (Bowden) Howe. John Howe was a Pentecostal minister, but he had not received the truth of Jesus' name. As he studied the Bible, he realized that none of the apostles had baptized in the titles Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When the Jesus' Name doctrine was preached, he readily was baptized in the name of Jesus Christ and later became a minister of the United Pentecostal Church. A quiet, humble man, he was filled with kindness and compassion and listened closely to the voice of God.

With heavy hearts John and Alice watched their son, sixteen, leave home and head for the city. Harvey wanted no more of church, no more of strict living and

no more long family prayers. Behind him was the remote village of his birth, the farm and the woods; ahead loomed the city, excitement and adventure. "I'm free," he thought. "I'll do what I want." A typical prodigal son, he began smoking, drinking, gambling, a real man of the world.

Back in Sherman, a brokenhearted mother and father cried out to God to save this wayward boy. Almost eighteen, he felt grown. One slow Sunday night, he with six other young men attended a Pentecostal revival in a third story hall in Old Town, where Brother Fred Grover was the minister.

As the service closed, all six of his friends went to the altar, including his cousins, William and George Kennedy. Harvey sat there undecided. "Then a man came by and laid his hand on my shoulder," he recalls. "Then the Lord spoke to me. I accepted Jesus Christ that night, and I've never been sorry!"

In October 1929 Harvey attended a ten-day convention in Mars Hill, Maine. "On the last night of the convention," he relates, "I was hungry for God. I had left home so I would not have to go to church, and now I did not want to leave. As my father left the convention, he asked if I wanted to go with him. 'No,' I answered, 'I am staying here in Mars Hill until I get the Holy Ghost.'

"After seeking God some time, I felt God's tremendous power. 'Am I going to be slain on the floor? My new suit will get dirty.' After a while I told the Lord I wanted the Holy Ghost no matter what—suit or no suit!

"I lay on that floor for over three hours, and it seemed that I talked face to face with Jesus. He talked

to me about many things, the most outstanding being the question if I would put Him first in my life. I was an ambitious young man with goals for a worthwhile job, a home and a family. Jesus asked if I would be willing to lay ambitions at His feet and do His will. I said yes, and He filled me with the Holy Ghost.

"Two men led me to the old store downtown used for the convention dormitory. Sleepy older men woke as I praised the Lord.

"I arrived home Monday afternoon shouting. Father and Mother were so glad to see me. Before they had seen me come home late at night or early in the morning from a dance or some such activity, and their hearts had been heavy for their wandering boy."

"He will soon join the old crowd again," some said. But Harvey Howe dug into his Bible. He prayed at length and attended church every time he could.

Harvey stayed at home with his parents for a while then left for the city. "I'd like to go to sea," he explained. In March 1930 he enlisted with the Boston Steamship Company in Camden, Maine, hauling freight and passengers from Bangor to Boston and New York. Later he was notified: "Be ready to go to work the first of May." "I can live for God on a steamship as well as anywhere else," he thought. "Someday, I'll be the pilot of one of those ships!"

But God had other plans. In a Sunday service in Rockland, Maine, Pastor C. B. Staples asked the people to pray that God would raise up a young man to help with the summer tent meetings. Again the Lord spoke to Harvey: "You are the young man!"

"No, Lord, not me," he replied.

"Yes, you," the Lord insisted.

"But, Lord, what about my appointment with the steamship company?"

"Remember your promise to go wherever I want you."

"Yes, Lord." Then he canceled his appointment, thus changing the entire course of his life. That summer he earned a little money doing odd jobs to help with the gospel work and slept in the tent.

One night after Pastor Staples and his wife had left, a group of rowdy young people drove up in front of the tent.

"I believe the Lord wants us to go back to the tent. Something is wrong." Pastor Staples turned to drive back three miles.

The young people had pulled the tent stakes and were inside shouting, "O.K., he's here; we've got him now!" Pastor Staples left to call the police, and the rowdies disappeared.

Fall came with an old Model T Ford which his Uncle Harry Kennedy had given them to "use for the Lord." God led Harvey and Charley Mitchell to the Pea Cove section of Old Town, where they rented the Pine Tree Dance Hall, owned by Fred and Lizzie Briggs. Harvey recalls, "I used to dance there before Jesus saved me." Here he served as all-round helper with Brother Fred Grover, and Brother John Dearing preached.

Fred Briggs not only owned the dance hall and merry-go-round, but he had a big part in the Pea Cove Fair. Aunt Janie (Howe) Kennedy and two other ladies had agreed to fast and pray that the Lord would close the dance hall. As a result of these combined efforts, Mr.

Briggs and his family were saved and the dance hall closed. There has never been another fair in that town. Instead, there stands a lovely United Pentecostal Church, modern parsonage and the Pine Tree District Campground near the town.

The revival lasted almost a year and produced many young preachers whose children and grandchildren are now preaching the gospel. The church formed during this revival was named the "Latter Rain Church of Old Town." Brother W. L. Stallones was pastor with Brother Howe as his assistant.

Brother Dearing had come to Maine from Idaho in the year 1919 and preached throughout the State of Maine and in New Brunswick. He brought the New Testament plan of salvation and the Jesus' Name message. He taught that one simply needs to repent, be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ and receive the Holy Ghost. There had been a teaching that one must repent, be baptized, then sanctified (die out completely to the old man) and tarry for the Holy Ghost.

Brother Edgar Grant, pastor of a church in Woodstock, New Brunswick, received this message, and Brother Dearing baptized him in Jesus' name. This sparked a revival which produced some remarkable men of God: Brother Earl Jacques, and Brother Wynn, Quincey and Milford Stairs, and others.

Brother Dearing returned to Maine in 1923 and helped begin a church in Bangor. He had persuaded Brother W. L. Stallones and his wife Jet* to come to this area. Many ministers in the Northeast credit their success to the teaching and wise counsel of Brother and Sister Stallones and Brother Dearing.

Many of Brother Dearing's Bible lessons are still taught in our churches and Bible schools. His humble manner and burden for the lost made him a great leader. Unfortunately his health broke early in life, and he died in January, 1941. He left not only his lovely young wife Anna and two small boys (Clement and David) but a group of young men aspiring to the ministry.

Late in the fall of 1930, Brother Howe began meetings in homes in Lowell and Enfield. In the spring he rented the Town Hall in Howland, which resulted in an important change in his life.

During the meetings, one of his converts, Pauline Pearl Shorey, was destined to become the "Pearl of his life." Her parents, George and Bessie Shorey, were Baptists and had little use for the young man who came preaching this strange new message. Pauline was the apple of her father's eye, and he was not about to give her up without a fight.

*(Read her story in *Pioneer Pentecostal Women*, Volume II.)

"Papa" was not the only one who was concerned. Brother Dearing noticed the budding romance. "Harvey," he warned, "you must be extremely cautious in the choosing of a mate. She must be dedicated to the work of God and a complement to your ministry. The wrong girl could ruin your ministry," he counseled.

But Harvey was sure. However, when he asked Pauline to be his wife, he made it clear to her that the work of God would always come first. "We may never own a home, and at times we might not even have a

crust of bread to share. We may spend our lives on a mission field. First of all I must obey the call of God on my life. You take a few days to think about this before you give me your answer," he carefully pointed out.

In spite of the strain of everything, Pauline was willing.

On the evening before their marriage, Harvey sorted through his papers and tossed some of them into the woodburning stove.

"Could I see your marriage license? I've never seen one before," asked Pauline's younger sister, Thelma.

"Sure," Harvey replied proudly as he went to get it. A thorough search, however, revealed only the papers which he thought he had tossed into the fire. The marriage license had just gone up in flames! After a quick trip to the home of the town clerk, he got a duplicate, and the wedding was held as scheduled on October 17, 1931, and a true "Pearl" of a preacher's wife Pauline proved to be.

By the light of a kerosene lamp, they studied the Word of God, with the aid of Brother Dearing's lesson, giving themselves to the work of God, learning to follow His leading and to depend on Him to supply their needs.

In Greenville they lived with an elderly gentleman until they found a house to rent for five dollars a month. It was extremely cold, the cupboards were nearly bare, and their wood was all gone. As they watched from their window, a man came into the yard with a load of wood. "But we haven't ordered any wood," the young couple told him.

"Well, I was told to deliver it here, and it's all paid for." So the wood was unloaded and the little house was

warm again.

Later another visitor appeared, this time with a "moosesled" filled with groceries. "I've got a big order for you, Mr. Howe," said the delivery man.

"But there must be a mistake. We haven't ordered any groceries," the young preacher replied wistfully.

"No, there's no mistake, not if your name's Harvey Howe," the delivery man insisted as he began to unload the order. "It's your name on the slip, and it has already been paid for."

As the young couple looked over the ample provisions, they wondered who could have done such a thing. Later they found that the town banker had ordered the supply of groceries.

About this time "Papa" also began to mellow. One day he stopped cutting wood, came into the house and said, "Bess, I want you to address a letter to Pauline for me."

"A letter? Why, you never write letters. Are you going to write to Pauline?"

He did write her, the first and only letter she ever received from her father. Enough money was tucked into the letter to pay their rent and buy some things they needed.

Although it would still be a long time before he would accept this new religion, his wife, Mrs. Shorey, was already reading her Bible. Papa's father, Albert Shorey, also loved to study the Word of God. One day she asked him, "Grampa, can you tell me if there's any place in the Bible that the apostles baptized using the titles Father, Son and Holy Ghost?"

"No, I can't," he replied quickly. "I've looked and I've

looked, and I can't find one place!" Maybe this new religion was right after all.

For a time Harvey Howe and his wife worked in Newcastle Bridge, New Brunswick, under the leadership of Brother Sam Steeves. They returned to Howland for the birth of their first child, Lois, on July 27, 1934. Papa quickly forgot any ill feelings he may have had over the marriage of his daughter to the preacher.

When asked to open a work in the famous resort, Bar Harbor, Harvey responded to the call. The many elite people in this area made him keenly aware of his lack of training. One thing he did know to pray and seek the help only God could give him.

It was here that Dad also taught me lessons in prayer. When I needed a pair of shoes, he said, "You will have to pray that God will send you some shoes." I did pray, but it seems likely also that two others were praying as the answer came in triplicate. I soon had a black pair, a brown pair, and a white pair!

God sent a revival in Bar Harbor, and many people were baptized in Jesus' name. Sister Verlie Davis, first to be saved in that revival, and her husband had been staunch Catholics. Their three daughters were in parochial school. She talked with Dad then to the priest, giving them both a hard time until Dad finally told her, "You've got to make up your mind either to quit the Catholic church or go back there and stay." She made her decision; she took her girls out of the Catholic school and never went back. She is still active in the church in Bar Harbor.

In August 1938 a fun loving little girl, Mary Louise, was added to the family. Several moves took the family

to Ellsworth, Stillwater, and back to Old Town. Sometimes a good revival did not form a solid congregation because little emphasis was placed on organization. This wisdom would be gained later.

In Old Town we lived in a huge old twelve-room house. During the first "Pea Cove Convention" it was used for the dormitory, kitchen and dining room. There were no motels, so the ladies met to sew "ticks" to be filled with straw for beds. Meals were simple. Huge burlap bags of "fiddlehead greens," a succulent treat cooked with salt pork and Maine potatoes, were brought from the woods.

Then there were "bean-hole-beans." Dried beans were placed in a large iron kettle with salt pork, molasses and spices and covered with water. A hole was dug in the ground and a fire started to heat the large rocks on which the closely covered bean pot sat. Then dirt was shoveled back on top of the beanpot and left until the next day when they were served for breakfast as well as supper. This Maine treat was a feature at the campground for many years.

As the family continued to grow, Dad wanted to settle and provide a home and steady income. So he returned to Howland, worked long hours in a plywood mill and built a small house. In January 1941 another daughter, Phyllis Esther, was born.

As the war clouds began to gather, Dad went to work at the New Departure Ball Bearing Plant in Bristol, Connecticut. During this time he assisted Brother George Stanley with the work in Plainville and Bristol, holding tent services all summer with meetings nearly every night. He worked the night shift, 11 P.M. to 7 A.M.,

but never missed one service. Then heart problems developed and the doctor ordered complete rest.

About this time there was a ministers' convention at St. Stephen, New Brunswick. "I'll go to the convention and have the ministers pray for me," he decided. The five-hundred-mile trip was tiring but worth every mile, for God completely healed him. He returned to full-time work without a hint of a heart problem again until he was almost seventy years old.

The family once again returned to Howland. On July 4, 1943, a boy, Delmont Harvey, was born.

Although he had a few converts, Dad's attempt to establish a church in Howland was not really successful. He had rented a hall and bought a piano, but there was no one to play it and hardly anyone came. He brought the piano home and made up his mind that if he wanted a piano player, he would have to raise one. He found a good piano teacher, and I began to take lessons. Eventually all three of us girls learned to play.

Dad was a member of the board of the Full Gospel Ministerial Fellowship. In May 1938 Brother John Dearing had written a letter to the brethren in an attempt to form the Southeastern Maine District of this fellowship. He wrote:

> Because we see the urgent need of putting our Pentecostal message into new fields, especially in Hancock and Washington Counties, some of us feel that it would be the will of God to organize a district fellowship of ministers who are in fellowship with the principles of the Full Gospel Ministerial Fellowship, and form a home missionary fund to be used toward opening

these new fields.

We suggest that the ministers pay their tithe, or part of it, into this fund, and then by it being added to by special and private offerings we would have money to open a new field and get a work going until it would become self-supporting.

Also in our district fellowship we could arrange for monthly or semi-monthly fellowship meetings to be held in first one assembly and then another for a time of feasting in love and unity, and thus putting on a united front against the enemy.

If you feel that you can unite with us in such a fellowship, write the undersigned at once, and we will arrange for a meeting where we can organize.

In the service of the Lord,

John H. Dearing
Stillwater, Maine

Charter members of this fellowship were Stanley Pinkham, John H. Dearing, J. Daniel Campbell, H. M. Howe, Fred L. Grover, George E. Briggs, Robert E. Pinkham, Forrest A. Nickerson, and E. M. Allen.

He had not forgotten this effort of Brother Dearing when in 1945 Dad began to feel the Lord dealing with him in regard to Eastern Maine. He was driving a log truck at the plywood mill, earning about seventy dollars a week—excellent pay for those times. Plans were being

made to add more room to the little house, but the call of God was strong on his soul. He relates: "While driving the truck God seemed to show me a long endless belt, loaded with men and women going over into a place of darkness with nothing being done to stop them. He spoke to me and said, 'Harvey, this is what it is costing you to drive this truck.' I once again examined my promise to go where God wanted me to go. I went back to the mill and told my foreman that I was resigning. I then went home and told my wife."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"We are going down east, in Washington County," he said softly.

He met with some of the brethren who had agreed to pay $329 owed on a building which Brother Fred Grover had purchased but was not using to hold services in Cherryfield. When Dad told them of his burden for this area, one of them said, "Harvey, you and Pauline have just got your home all fixed up and paid for. Do you mean you are willing to leave it all now?"

They were and they did! He drove the hundred miles to Cherryfield, a nice little town on a salmon stream, and tried to rent a room. When the people found out who he was, they refused to rent to him. He then tried unsuccessfully to rent a house. While he prepared the building for services, he slept on a cot and heated beans on a little heater stove for breakfast, dinner and supper.

One day as he was painting the front of the building, the real estate agent came by.

"There's a house for sale I'd like to show you," he said. "Only $850 including all the furnishings."

It was the same house he had tried to rent. "Will you

hold it for me for a $10 deposit?" Dad asked. Ten dollars was all he had.

"I'll hold it for you without the $10," the man replied.

With just enough gas in the car to make the trip, he went to Bangor to meet again with some of the brethren, but there was no money to buy the house. However, Brother Forrest Nickerson said he had some praying friends whom he would ask to pray about this. He told the couple about the need and they did pray. They also did not sleep well that night, and in the morning they offered to loan their savings, amounting to a little over $800, interest free.

"In a few days the truck was loaded, and we were ready to move. In a rather difficult moment, Delmont looked up at me and asked, 'Daddy, when are we coming back home?' I could not answer him, for we were saying goodbye to Howland. We would never live there again," Dad recalls.

Dad preached in nearly all the towns between Ellsworth and Cherryfield, visiting and praying with people throughout the area. In Milbridge he was playing some records on his public address system when he was challenged as to his right to do so. But he was prepared with a letter from the Secretary of State, giving him permission to hold a meeting anywhere as long as he did not hold up traffic. He was not holding up traffic, so he carried on. Later he pitched a tent on the "devil's half acre" in this same town. He was warned about a certain young man who would be sure to tear it down. He made it a point to find this young man and hired him to care for the tent. No one bothered the tent as long as it

remained there.

Life during these years was difficult. There was virtually no employment except for blueberry picking and an occasional handyman's job. A garden provided vegetables, and I think some of our many visitors may have thought we were vegetarians. Then a rabbit which my uncle had given us began to reproduce, and we had meat.

The house, although a lovely old structure, was extremely cold. The wood stoves warmed only a small area, and the fires would go out at night.

In spite of the discomforts, some of our family's most treasured memories are there. I received the Holy Ghost after Daddy had urged, "If you are going to play the piano in church, you need to get the Holy Ghost." Grandmother Shorey sent money for my piano lessons, then she was baptized in Jesus' name. Papa, too, would be baptized later on. Here Mary developed blood poisoning, which threatened to take her life until God healed her.

Daddy was not only a preacher but also a caring husband and father. During these years Mama was ill much of the time. Her weight dropped to eighty-five pounds; when she was so weak that she could not eat, he sat by her bed and patiently fed her spoonfuls of soup. It did not bother him to help her with the housework either. One day some ministers stopped by and prayed for her, and God touched her.

One day Mama had made a list of things she needed. One item was a box of salt, which cost about nine cents. Dad took the list, but there was not even enough money for the salt. He went to the post office first, hoping there might be something there. Sure enough there was.

When he came home with the groceries, Mama asked, "What have you done, gone and run up an account?"

"No, dear," he answered. "Again, God has supplied."

Brother Herbert Farren, who attended the church in Cherryfield, asked Dad to visit his sister (Lucy Fagan) in Gouldsboro, about fifty miles away. Later she and her aunt, Vera Roberts, were both baptized in Jesus' name. Dad went every week to have Bible study with them.

One winter night it began to storm, reason enough not to drive the fifty miles in an old car to have Bible study with only two people. His only dollar put five or six gallons of gas in the car. The storm worsened. As he began the cold, lonely ride back home, the snow drifted across the road. He relates: "As I drove, it seemed that the devil hitched a ride along with me. He even preached to me. 'Harvey,' he said, 'you're a fool to do this.' And I said 'amen' to his preaching. While I tried to fight my way through the storm, about to become overwhelmed with discouragement, all at once the Word of the Lord came to me from I Corinthians 15:58: 'Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord . . . your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' I began to speak with tongues, and with the snow coming down and the wind howling, I left the devil in a snowbank and drove on with the victory in my soul. The next week I went back, and several people made a start for the Lord. These two ladies later went home to be with the Lord with the victory in their souls."

In 1946 the United Pentecostal Church formed a district in the East which included all six New England states, New York and New Jersey. Later Connecticut

joined with New York and New Jersey to form the Eastern District while the five remaining New England states were simply called the New England District. There was one church in Massachusetts, founded by Brother Ralph Cook and pastored by his brother George, and one church in Rhode Island but nothing in New Hampshire or Vermont. Ten churches were in Maine. Having served as a member of the board of the Full Gospel Ministerial Fellowship, Dad also was elected to the board of the new organization.

After some time it looked as though a church would not be established in Cherryfield, but about twenty-five miles to the east was a lovely seacoast town of Jonesport. As they had occasion one day to drive through this town, Mother said, "You know, I feel like we should have some meetings here."

"Why, I feel the same way," Dad replied.

A few days later Brother Clapp, a minister from Portland, inquired as to whether Dad knew anyone in Jonesport. Then Brother Clapp told him of Mr. and Mrs. Peabody, who had attended services in Portland the past winter.

They went that very day to visit these people, and before they left town they had obtained permission to hold services in what was known as the "Green Church" (even after it was later painted white) owned by the Union Church Society.

On September 17, 1946, the first meeting was held here. Dad had an old 1937 Ford, painted all over with verses of Scripture. On the side, a finger pointed, asking the question, "Where will you spend eternity?"

The townspeople wondered, "What has struck town

now?" They were a closely knit, interrelated people, cautiously skeptical of outsiders.

Through the long, cold winter, we traveled to Jonesport. Mama would stay in Cherryfield, where Grampy Howe carried on a service.

One night when Daddy had to go all alone, an elderly lady was the only one who came to church (the building held three hundred people). He sang and preached to her. When she went home, she told her husband, "That poor little dear came all the way from Cherryfield, and I was the only one there. Next week, if no one else comes, I'm going to tell him not to bother to come back, for I won't be there either." But never again was the crowd so small.

At the Reformed Baptist Church, people had been praying for revival. "Lord," they prayed, "send a revival to Jonesport. It does not matter what church as long as you send a revival to our town." They were honest, God-fearing people with strict standards of holiness. When announcements were made of the revival service with Sister Janet, a converted nun, and Sakia, a converted Japanese Buddhist girl, the "Green Church" was filled. Then Brother George Stanley and Brother and Sister Paul Lowenburg came. After nearly a year of struggle and sacrifice, people began to be baptized in Jesus' name—young people at first, then families. The Reformed Baptists would hurry from their service to attend these meetings.

Soon the Union Church Society decided not to let the Pentecostals continue to use their church. The congregation had to move to the second floor of an old school building. The secretary of the Union Church

Society moved too, and for many years served as a most efficient secretary of the United Pentecostal Church in that town.

On Easter Sunday, 1948, Brother and Sister Allan Ellis and her sister Isabel English (now Mrs. Karl Schweiger) began a revival. On April 1, Sister Phebe Chandler was the first person in that town to receive the Holy Ghost along with her son Oscar and another teen-aged girl.

The townspeople told many stories, one of them that the preacher had some kind of powder up his sleeve and that he went around shaking it on people. "Don't get too close to him," they warned.

"How I wish that were true," Dad would say. "I'd go all over town shaking it on everyone."

The house in Howland was sold, and most of the money went into the purchase of a house. The family moved to Jonesport. This house was purchased with the help of the district, and although Dad would later build a lovely parsonage and yet another in New Hampshire, they would never own another home of their own.

Dad dreamed of building a church. Over and over he would draw plans until Mother said to him, "I'd like to see one of your churches on something besides paper." It would not be long. There were no Sheaves for Christ grants and the people were poor, but on the day that he started to negotiate for a piece of land, a couple gave him three crisp one-hundred-dollar bills, the full price of the lot. Finally the church was finished with a debt of only $1900.

The church continued to grow. Always trying to help someone, Dad made many friends by using his car for

an ambulance to take someone to the nearest hospital, eighty-five miles away, or by sitting up all night with someone who was ill.

The family continued to grow as well. Delmont, tired of being the only boy, began praying for a brother. In the next few years there were three more boys added to the family—David Leroy on July 2, 1949; Paul Edward on April 13, 1951; and James Phillip on February 10, 1954. Delmont's only complaint was that he had only prayed for one. If there was anything in our home that was in abundant supply, it was a love for children. Soon the spacious parsonage was ready for the family to move into.

Prevailing prayer was the atmosphere at home. Mom and Dad not only *taught us* to pray but *showed* us how important prayer is. I awoke often to the sound of Dad's praying and felt compelled to get up to pray before breakfast. When we lived in Jonesport, I would sneak from the parsonage over into the church—we children were not allowed in unless it was service time—and tip-toe downstairs just to listen to Dad pray.

Every morning we had a time of family devotions. Dad read the family Bible; then after prayer we repeated the Lord's Prayer. This is also a tradition in our home.

Active in the work of the district, Dad was elected District Superintendent. For many years he served as Home Missions Director.

Once he drove to the southern end of New England through densely populated cities of Massachusetts into Vermont and New Hampshire. Hundreds of miles he traveled without passing a single church that preached the Jesus Name message. In many of these towns he

stopped under a tree or on a hillside and prayed that God would send someone with the gospel to the town. His burden for this unreached area so gripped his heart that in late 1956, he resigned his church.

From a lovely parsonage in a small town, where the sale of any intoxicating beverage was prohibited, to Manchester, New Hampshire, the Howes moved to a crowded second-floor tenement where liquor was sold in every corner store.

Still active in Home Missions work, he canvassed homes, passed out tracts, held park services and tent meetings and helped to start a church in Friendship, Maine.

In 1966 the State of Maine became the Pine Tree District. In 1966 Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire were organized as the Central New England District, with Brother Gene Zinni as superintendent. Dad was elected Home Missions Director. In 1973, he was elected superintendent, a position in which he served until 1981.

Most of the people who had come into the church in Manchester were from the Hudson area, and these soon felt the need to have a church of their own. The two groups worked together to see this accomplished. Dad resigned as pastor in Manchester. On July 4, 1964, the new church was dedicated. A lovely parsonage was also built. Later the church was enlarged and facilities added for a Christian school.

For twelve years Dad spent several weeks out of the district traveling to churches in the south and visiting Bible schools in an effort to share the need of Central New England. He wanted to recruit workers and obtain

finances to help expand the work of the district. Older now, he advanced the work of God by trying to get younger men involved in the work. Many younger men found it difficult to keep up with Harvey Howe.

At fifteen, Paul had been stricken with tuberculosis of the hip. During long months of lying in bed recuperating from extensive surgery, he responded to the call of God to enter the ministry.

David also began to feel the call on his soul. After Paul attended Gateway College of Evangelism, he returned to assist his father. Later he served as assistant pastor in Manchester before going to Ossipee, New Hampshire, where he now pastors. David became his father's able assistant, working hard to get the Christian school established.

About this time Dad began to have some trouble with angina and had to slow down. Later after he improved, David took a home missions church in Belfast, Maine.

David had been visiting Dad on Monday, June 14, 1982, when Dad was stricken with a heart attack. David drove him to the hospital in Manchester, twenty miles away. Refusing the offer of a wheelchair, Dad walked into the emergency room and was admitted to the intensive care unit. Two days later he suffered another major attack.

For ten days the sights and sounds of the unit became a part of our lives. Monitors registering his heart rhythm flashing crazy lines on a screen, the hiss of a respirator doing his breathing, a pacemaker to keep his heart beating, and a maze of arterial lines measuring the various pressures and blood gases all became

familiar sights as we took turns standing by his bed. Finally they transferred him to the U-Mass. Medical Center in Worcester, Massachusetts, eighty miles away, for surgery. The doctors said it was his only chance for survival. But they were unable to do the surgery.

His kidneys failed, and we were introduced to more equipment. They began the peritoneal dialysis, and the doctors told David, "We are only keeping him as comfortable as we can. There is nothing we can really do for him. His best medicine now is his family."

Each day was critical. Weeks dragged on. Finally the respirator was removed, then other equipment as his bodily functions began to improve. In late September he was transferred back to the Elliot Hospital in Manchester. Then he was able to go home.

It has been a long, hard struggle, but his strength is returning. He hopes to become involved once again in the work of God in a teaching ministry, helping some of the younger ministers.

He serves as Honorary Presbyter of Central New England District and has recently become an Honorary Member of the General Board.

A statement he made during these past months portrays his unshaken faith in God. He said, "Just because God hasn't healed me, it doesn't mean He can't and it doesn't mean He won't, for whatever happens, God is still good."



The Howes, 1962.



Brother and Sister Howe, 1981.



GROVER C. McDANIEL

By Catherine McDaniel Hansford

On January 24, 1887, a boy by the name of Grover Cleveland McDaniel was born in Big Sandy, Tennessee. He had an older brother, Homer, and a sister, Emily.

His parents were very religious Baptist people. His mother took pneumonia and died when he was only two months old. He was reared by his grandmother, who never would call him Grover because he was named after President Grover Cleveland, a Democrat. She was a staunch Republican, and she called him Buddy.

Grover's father died when he was only two years old, so he was raised an orphan. His grandmother kept him in school and in church until he was thirteen, when her health failed and she had to break up housekeeping. He was left for the rest of his life to make it on his own. Different ones would keep him in their homes, but he

never had a permanent place to call home all the time he was growing up.

Unusually studious, Buddy possessed a wonderful memory. This was very helpful to him later in life after he became a minister. He memorized many long religious readings. Later he was frequently requested to recite some of them in General Conference and other occasions.

Although he was not lazy, he did not like farming. Instead he liked to work around lumber mills where he learned to be an excellent lumber grader. He seldom got to be with any of his kinfolk. Most of the time he and his brother and sister were placed with families at other places not near any of his relatives. However, he was often near one first cousin, whom he liked very much. When this cousin decided to go to Arkansas to work—a friend in Malvern, Arkansas, had gotten a job for him—my dad thought that sounded interesting. He reasoned, "What have I got to lose? No one loves me and I've been cuffed around. I'd like to go to Arkansas, too."

At this time he had never been out of Tennessee or very far from Big Sandy. He told his cousin, "If you get there and they can use a nineteen-year-old boy, just let me know." His cousin found that he liked the town and the work, so he inquired about the possibility of a job for Grover. He assured the boss that his cousin was a good worker and he felt he would make him a good hand. The boss agreed to give him a job if he came.

In the year 1906, Buddy packed what few clothes he had and caught the train for Malvern, Arkansas. That was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened in his life. Even though he did not know it then, this

move was God leading him.

He arrived in Malvern, got the job, and found a room at the same place his cousin boarded. After the first payday, he bought a new suit, a derby hat, and a pair of shoes. According to a picture he had made of himself, he was some "dude."

Very religiously minded, he went to church on Sunday. As he and his cousin left the church one Sunday, he asked his cousin about the good looking girl walking with a boy ahead of them. His cousin answered, "Oh, that's Mable Mumford, but I heard she's engaged to Hunter Thompson."

"Well, I can tell you one thing; she's mine if I never get her," my dad replied.

They all laughed at his remark, but it finally happened.

The family who owned the boardinghouse had two girls who were very good friends of Mable. One day my dad said to the girls, "Why don't we have a candy pulling some night and invite a group of other young people from the church?"

Mable was a very popular young lady and had been teaching a Sunday school class in the Second Baptist Church since she was thirteen. Something strange had happened to her at this young age. As she was walking from her home to town one summer day, she passed a neighbor's house where all the doors and windows were open. Beside one window lay a very sick woman. Friends were fanning her so that she could get some cool air. Mable had never heard of anyone praying for the sick to be healed. But she said a loud voice told her, "If you will go in and pray for that woman, she will be

healed." This startled her. It bore on her mind so much that she went to her pastor and told him about it.

"Now, Mable, just forget about that—you just thought you heard a voice," he smiled. Wishing to take the advice of her pastor, she eventually dismissed the happening from her mind.

The candy pulling was planned and announced. "Now be sure and invite Mable," Buddy told the girls where he boarded.

Grover and Mable got to know each other pretty well by the time the candy pulling was over. Grover got on Mable's sympathy pretty much when he told her that his mother had passed away when he was two months old. "All I know is that they told me she died shouting," he recalled.

Mable related to this as she also had a sad experience when she was nine years old. She was the oldest child in her family, but she had a brother seven and a sister five. Her father could not find a job. One day he told his wife that he was going down farther in Arkansas to find work. "I'll come back, and we can be together again," he assured his family. His name was Mason Mumford. He kissed them all good-bye and left. To this day he has never been heard from. For years they tried to find some trace of him but never did. It became necessary, therefore, for Mable, her brother, sister, and mother to move in with her grandfather and grandmother Chambers who owned a large farm with a big apple and peach orchard. They all helped with the farm work. Mable's mother, Catherine Mumford, got a job as one of the first telephone operators in Malvern.

Buddy, my dad, bought a nice buggy and horse.

Mable, who became my mother, soon broke off with Hunter. Then she and my dad began going together steady. On July 16, 1908, they were married by Brother Johnny Clem, a Baptist minister, at his home. Since his sons had just opened the first soft drink bottling plant in that part of the country, they had all kinds of soda to drink at the reception. Mrs. Clem had made big tea cakes as large as saucers to help in the celebration.

At this time there were only two cars in Malvern. Mable had never ridden in a car and had said she never would. My dad, wanting to show off his new bride to all the folks back in Tennessee, took her for a honeymoon trip to Tennessee. They went by train.

During the several hours layover in Memphis, while they were sitting in the station, my dad looked at Mable and said, "Honey, there's one thing I forgot to tell you about myself before we were married—I've got a cork leg." He was so serious about it that Mother fell for the joke and nearly fainted. He let it drop at that and never said another word. Instead of feeling of his leg and pulling up his pants leg to see, Mother just thought to herself, "What have I done—married a man with a cork leg?"

When they arrived in Tennessee, one of his cousins met them at the depot in a nice shining car. When Mother saw the car, she became afraid but thought quickly, "Well, Mable, it's ride in that car or else let all these people ask, 'What kind of a silly old girl has Grover married?'" So into the car she climbed and made it safely to the cousin's home. Love always wins out.

They had been on the train all night, getting what sleep they could in the reclining chairs of the train. The

cork leg story had kept cutting in on Mable's thoughts, so she decided that when they got to his cousin's house, she would do something she had never done before in the presence of company.

My dad had noticed how quiet she had been, but he thought, "Well, I guess it is because she is away from her folks and in a strange place."

Mother came up with this idea hoping Dad would fall for it and that she would find out for sure about the cork leg. She kicked off her shoes, which perhaps was quite unladylike for a new bride. Then she said, "Mac, why don't you kick off your shoes and let your feet rest?" (Mac is what Mother always called my dad.) So not wanting to make my mother feel bad, he kicked off his shoes and began to wiggle his toes in his sox. She told us later that when she saw that he had two good feet and legs, it made her so happy that she began to talk and laugh with all the others.

When they got back to Arkansas, they bought a home. The next summer in June of 1909 Raymond was born.

Later that summer Howard and Millicent Goss erected a large tent on a diamond-shaped lot on South Main Street in Malvern. Did they ever have a meeting! It stirred the whole town and nearly broke up all the churches.

My dad wanted to go, but my mother said, "You can go if you want to, but I'm staying away from there." So Dad decided he would go and see what it was like. When he came home from the meeting, he told my mother he had never heard such singing, and the preaching by a woman was something amazing. He

said, "Your good friend Ethel Wright was there, and they said she got the Holy Ghost." (Ethel was the soloist at the First Baptist Church and later became Brother Howard Goss's second wife.) "They said she spoke in another language."

"If Mac says anything tonight about going to the tent meeting, I think I'll go and see what it's like," Mother decided. She had supper cooked and was dressed for church when Dad came in from work. They ate supper, and after Dad had rested a while, he said, "I just believe I'll go back over there and see what they do tonight."

"Well, if you are going, you can take me by my mother's, and I'll leave the baby with her. I'll ride over there with you if you will hitch the horse way across the street so no one will see me but I can hear," Mother bargained. "I just have to see what happens to Ethel."

They went and he hitched the horse as she suggested. He went in under the tent while she sat in the buggy. The people started singing, such singing as she had never heard! She said afterward, "When that woman began to preach, she looked just like an angel." My mother finally got out of the buggy. She thought, "I'll go all around and go in back of the tent behind the choir where I can see and hear better. No one will see me." Was she in for a surprise! When she got around to the back, she ran into a whole group of her friends from the Second Baptist Church. On the back side of the choir was an empty pew, and before the meeting was over that night, she and some of her friends had gotten up on that back seat and were really taking it all in. When dad, who was sitting in the back of the large tent, saw my mother and some of her

friends sitting up front, was he really surprised!

Going home from the meeting that night, he was very anxious to know what she would say about it. But being wise, he never mentioned it. He just waited to see what she would say. Nothing was really said that night, but the next morning as he left for work, she told him that if he was not too tired when he came in from work, she would like to go back again and see what they would do.

They went back every night for several weeks. During this time, my mother received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Although my dad sought every night, he did not receive the Holy Ghost at this time. During that meeting, which lasted sixteen weeks, hundreds received the Holy Ghost. From this number at least sixty-five preachers went out.

Those in the denominational churches who did not accept the Pentecostal experience fought the truth very bitterly. The pastor of the Second Baptist Church where my parents belonged called a church meeting, stating in his letter that the meeting was being held to deal with very important matters that needed attention, urging all members to be present. My dad and mother went. When the meeting was opened for business, the pastor said, "We have two very important matters to bring before the church. They will be voted on by secret ballot."

The first item to be voted on was what to do with two lady members who had had a fight in the church. They had gotten into a very heated argument about the purchase of an organ for the church. One said they needed the organ, the other contended the church did

not need an organ because they had a piano and that was enough. They finally tangled over the matter. The pastor said, "You are to vote on whether we shall forgive these dear sisters and permit them to continue in fellowship as members or else disfellowship them." The vote was taken, and when the ballots were counted, it was almost unanimous to forgive them.

"The second matter to be decided," said the pastor, "is that Grover and Mable McDaniel have taken up with these apostolics, and Mable even says she has received the Holy Ghost. Since she has been one of our Sunday school teachers, I think we should vote on whether we shall forgive them if they will stop going to these meetings or disfellowship them as a lesson to anyone else who might take up with this heresy." The ballots were cast, and when they were counted, the pastor announced that they were disfellowshipped.

About this time, my dad began to have some hemorrhage from his lungs. The doctor diagnosed it tuberculosis. Dr. Phillips, their family physician, told my mother, "Your husband has the fast kind of tuberculosis. If he lives, he will have to move to Arizona."

To my mother who had never traveled very far, this was like telling someone to go to the far ends of the earth. The devil began to tell her that it was because Dad had prayed so hard for the Holy Ghost. Mother began really to seek God about this. It looked as if she were going to be left a young widow with a little boy to raise. Mother kept praying for Dad, but he kept getting worse. He lost weight until he weighed only 110 pounds. He always had strong willpower, and he kept on working even though he was very weak. My mother

began to fast, and some of the saints began to fast and pray with her.

One day the Lord spoke to her in that same voice she heard when she was thirteen years old. (The voice had told her then that if she would go into the house and pray for the sick lady she would be healed). The Lord told her if Dad would only preach His Word, He would heal him and fill him with His Spirit.

After supper that night, she told Dad what had been spoken to her. He said, "That's what the Lord has been dealing with me about, but I was afraid you would not like it and I couldn't do it."

He went to work the next day, and Mother prayed all day as she went about her housework. While she was fixing chicken and dumplings for supper, that same voice spoke to her again: "Your husband is healed, and he will preach My Word. His life will touch the lives of hundreds of people."

She got happy and began shouting with dumplings flying around the kitchen. It was nearly time for Dad to leave work, which was about two miles away, so she started out running to meet him. Soon she saw him coming in the buggy, and she met him hollering, "You're healed, you're healed, you're healed." From that day for the rest of his life, he never spit up a mouthful of blood.

Dad went to church that night and really laid all his life on the altar. The Lord filled him with the Holy Ghost. That was what had been standing in the way. He accepted the call to preach and began preaching anywhere he had an opportunity. My mother said the first time he preached, she sat in the audience and cried and prayed for him all the time. He looked so thin it looked

as if a good wind would blow him away.

The next year, Brother and Sister Goss were back for another long revival. Millicent was expecting their first child. The whole town was stirred when she died after giving birth to a beautiful girl, whom they named Gloria.

The next year, Brother Goss married Ethel Wright, the beautiful soloist from the First Baptist Church who had received the Holy Ghost in their previous meeting.

About this time a little girl was born in the home of Grover and Mable McDaniel. They named me Catherine.

Brother Goss and his new wife went to Hot Springs, where he rented the Grand Opera House to hold services. It was the latter part of 1913.

My dad and mother were still going to church in Malvern, where they had erected a very plain tabernacle on the same lot where the tent meetings had been held. It was called the Apostolic Church. Brother L. C. Hall and Brother E. N. Bell pastored there at intervals.

It was along about this time when the truth of baptism in the name of Jesus Christ and the Oneness of the Godhead began to be preached. Brother L. C. Hall baptized my dad and mother in Jesus' name, and from this time for the rest of his life my dad never baptized anyone other than in the name of Jesus.

There was much controversy over baptism in Jesus' name. Very few accepted this truth in the church. Not wanting to destroy what had been done by Brother Goss and others, my dad and mother continued attending church on South Main Street in Malvern, where they had received the Holy Ghost. Mother was the only one in her family who was baptized in Jesus' name.

Since that time in 1909 when a tent was pitched on

that big diamond-shaped lot on South Main Street in Malvern, there has not been a single week that services have not been conducted at the same location. I have had relatives through these years who were members there. They have all gone on except one cousin who is seventy-nine years old. She still attends that church.

Through these relatives, I have been knowledgeable of the progress of the church. It is now a large Assembly of God with an attendance between six and eight hundred in Sunday school. The members have been very friendly toward us and toward most Oneness people.

Most all of the old-timers have had great respect and love for Brother Goss down through the years, knowing that it was through his ministry that the church came into existence. He was invited back to have a part on the program when they celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. He came directly to our home in Memphis, Tennessee, when my husband, Marvin H. Hansford, was pastor of one of the Memphis churches. He told us how nicely they treated him and how he enjoyed the day.

In 1914, Dad attended the meeting of ministers which was held in Hot Springs, Arkansas. During this meeting the Assemblies of God were organized. Dad, along with the other ministers who had accepted baptism in the name of Jesus, were later crowded out. It was then that the Jesus' Name brethren formed a ministerial organization called the General Assembly of the Apostolic Assemblies. This organization lasted only a few months, for they merged with another organization, the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World.

During this time, Dad was studying his Bible and meditating on the Word every minute possible. His work

in the lumber mill was grading lumber. This entailed quite a bit of concentration. He felt this hindered him in meditating on the Word, and he prayed for something that would be less tedious. He wanted more time to meditate on the Word while he worked.

He learned of an opening in the Big Wasaw Lumber Mill at Thornton, Arkansas, which was about fifty miles from Malvern. This job was operating a large sanding machine, which made quite a bit of noise and would give him an opportunity to sing and pray audibly while he worked, and it would not bother other workmen in the mill. He had already had some experience with this kind of machine. He made a trip to Thornton, got the job, and we moved to Thornton when I was seven years old.

He preached anywhere he had an opportunity—cottage prayer meetings, community churches, clubhouses and brush arbors. There was hardly any place for people to go in those days, so when there was any kind of a church service in the community, they would really turn out.

We still drove for miles around the country with the horse and buggy. Dad had a nice second seat put on the back of the buggy for my brother and me to ride in. One late Sunday afternoon, while we were coming home from church and dinner on the ground, we were all tired. It was hot and dusty—no paved roads back then. We met a funeral procession and had to get off the road, nearly in the ditch. The buggy was slanted way over, and the dust was very thick. When we got home, we had dust all over us. Dad said, "I have made up my mind. I'm going to catch that afternoon train and go down to Fordyce (about six miles) and put my order in for a new Ford car."

In those days, you had to place an order for a car, and it took about ninety days for delivery. He went to Fordyce the next day, ordered the car, and caught the late afternoon train back.

In about ninety days the salesman wrote him a card saying his car had come in and he could pick it up anytime. He caught the early train next day and went for the car. He had never driven a car before. The salesman asked him if he could stay a couple of days while he learned to drive. Dad said, "No, just drive me around some and show me what to do, and I'll be all right." The salesman let him go, and Dad took off for the six-mile drive home.

Mother was dressed and had us kids dressed, all waiting for him to come back. After a while, we saw him turn the corner and come squeaking up the road to our house in that new black Ford. He stopped. "You all come on and get in. I'll take you for a ride." My brother and I eagerly ran and got right in, but Mother would not budge from that swing on the front porch.

Dad cranked it and got it started with no trouble and we took off down the road. Pretty soon we came to a place in the road where Dad had to stop the car. When he did, the motor died. He had to get out in order to crank the motor and get it started. He cranked and cranked until he got in a lather of sweat before he finally got it started.

On the way back to the house, he said, "Don't tell your mother I killed the motor." He stopped in front of the house and called to Mother. "Come on, and I'll take you for a ride." So Mother said, "Well, I see that you all got back alive, so I guess I'll try it." She got in, and we

took off down another road out in the country.

Soon we came to a place where some men were replacing a bridge. We had to pull off the main part of the road and down an embankment where they had made a temporary bridge for people to cross the small stream. Dad went down the detour, but we hit the temporary bridge going too fast and the motor died again. The jolt threw my brother and me up to the top of the car. Our heads hit the wooden bows that supported the top. We began to holler and hold our heads. Mother began to cry. "Daddy, you've killed these youngens," she wailed.

Hearing and seeing all the commotion, two men came from the bridge where they were working to see about us. One of them said to Dad, "Mister, you don't know much about driving a car, do you?"

Dad answered, "Of course, I know how to drive a car."

The man said, "Let me suggest something. If you will drive on down the road and be gone about an hour, we will have the main bridge repaired, and you can drive back over it." And that's what we did.

After we got the car, we would really go places. When Dad would hear there was a church service or when he would get an opportunity to preach, we would go.

As we were going to one church service, we came to a steep hill on which the motor died. Dad let the car roll down the hill to level ground; then he got out, cranked it up, and started back up the hill. The motor died the second time.

After he made several attempts with no success, a man happened along and told Dad what the trouble was.

In those days cars had no fuel pumps to draw the gas from the tank to the motor. When the hill was long and steep, the gas would cease to flow by gravity to the motor. He told my dad to turn the car around and try backing up the hill, and he would make it. He did this and had no trouble. However, Mother would not stay in the car while he backed up the hill. Neither would she let us kids ride. We had to walk all the way to the top of the hill.

This was the last year that the only way to start the car was by crank. The next year a person could order the car with or without a starter. Needless to say, Dad got so tired of cranking our car until he sold it to a man to use as a taxi and bought a new one with a starter.

Dad preached and held revivals in several of the towns within driving distance—Bearden, Camden, and Fordyce—also out in the country communities. He would work five days a week, come home, eat supper, and we would all be ready to go to meeting. He would preach hard to big crowds. Lots of women and children would attend with the husbands standing around outside. Sometimes a husband would get mad because his wife accepted the truth and was baptized. We have had eggs (some rotten), tomatoes and sticks of wood thrown into the services. Fortunately, no one was ever seriously hurt.

One of the special songs Dad and Mother would sing was "The Eastern Gate." Sometimes my brother and I would help them. When we got to the chorus that says "I will meet you," my brother and I would say real loud, "In the morning." People thought we were good singers, and that song was one of their favorites.

The devil would really get stirred at times when God was blessing. One night there was a black woman in the service at the brush arbor meeting. She was sitting in the back, and my dad could tell that she was really enjoying the service. So he said, "Aunti (that's what they often called elderly black women back then), would you like to say something?" She stood up, testified about how much she loved the Lord and sat back down.

It made some of the sinner men standing outside the arbor very angry that Dad would allow a black to testify. The next day, seven men went to a hardware store and bought a rope. They told the store owner what my dad had done at the arbor the night before. They said they were going to hang Dad. The store owner tried to calm them down, but he could not.

Dad had been to the store several days before to buy some gas lamps to use in the arbor. He had told the man where he lived and worked and what he was doing, and he invited him to the meeting. Dad made quite an impression on the owner.

When the seven men told of their plans, the owner got so worried that he left the store, caught the train to Thornton, came to the mill where Dad was at work and told him about it. He advised Dad not to come back to Bearden that night. Dad told him that he appreciated his kindness and interest in him, but if he lived, he would be back that very night to preach.

When he came in from work, he went to town and bought a large American flag. We asked him why he bought it, but he would not tell us anything.

Dad had one song. Then he took the flag, held it up

where everyone could see, and told them as long as we have this flag it gave us the right to worship God as we wanted to. Then he had prayer and began preaching. The Lord really anointed him. He preached all over the platform and up and down the altar. There was something about that service I will never forget. The seven men who were to take dad and hang him stood outside with the rope. The ringleader was to come in and get Dad while he was preaching. When he took one step forward to come after him, however, he just seemed to freeze. He could not move another step. The others kept telling him to get him, but when he finally could speak, he said, "There is a big blue mist all around that man and following him every step he takes."

Not one of those men ever made a start for God, and in less than a year they all died tragic deaths. Only one of them lived long enough after being stricken to send for Dad to come pray for him.

Dad, mother and two of the saints from the church in Thornton traveled to Little Rock for the Southern Bible Conference, held in 1922 at the church at Fifth and Victory Streets. The Lord blessed that conference with his presence until they hardly wanted to eat or sleep. Brother Ralph Cook was the pastor at that time. When he left the church the next year, Brother G. H. Brown became the pastor. He pastored that same church for forty-two years—until his death.

He and Dad were the closest of friends. Brother Brown was over the work in Arkansas (known later as Superintendent) and Dad was a state elder. The next organization formed was known as the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance. In the General Conference held at

the State Fairgrounds in Little Rock, the name was changed to Pentecostal Church, Incorporated. This later merged with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ to form the United Pentecostal Church.

Dad belonged to each of these as they merged and through the changes in names. He got quite a bit of ribbing from some of his friends about belonging to so many organizations. They said, "What will you call or join next?" He said, "Well, every step I have taken has been better and higher. If they call the next one X. Y. Z., I'll be right in the middle of that until I find something better."

In 1923, Dad learned of a few Pentecostal believers in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. They had no building and no pastor to lead them. He decided to make a trip there and see about employment, check on the possibilities of a building to hold services and make contact with any of the believers he could locate. He had no difficulty landing a job at the Standard Lumber Company doing the same kind of work he was trained to do and had been doing—operating the big sanding machine. He located a building to hold services in with three rooms attached. These rooms would provide living quarters for us. Later a house just across the street from this became vacant, and we rented the house, leaving the rooms we had been living in to be used for Sunday school and evangelistic quarters. This was the founding of the First Pentecostal Church in Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

My brother had been taking violin lessons before we left Thornton. He was able to find a good teacher of violin in Pine Bluff, and he became very good on the violin, guitar, and banjo. Dad purchased a piano for me the

first Christmas we were in Pine Bluff. He arranged for me to take music lessons from a neighbor, a very good teacher. I prayed about my lessons, and the Lord helped me. At the age of fourteen, I was playing for the church services.

Dad purchased a 40' x 60' tent from Brother J. C. Brickey of Jackson, Tennessee, who was a good tent-maker. God gave us some good revivals with hundreds in attendance. For the first revival held under the tent, we had C. P. and Mary Williams as the evangelists. Her sister, Sybil Krouse, and Brother C. P. Williams' dad were a part of the party. From that one revival many received the Holy Ghost and were baptized. Later many received a call to preach. The Williams returned the next year for another big meeting. They brought with them a special singer whose name was Rhoda Brown. She later married Brother Leo Upton. We had big tent meetings every summer until the tent just rotted out.

Sister Isabelle Flowers from Illinois was another fine preacher who preached several revivals for us. Our home was always blessed with preachers visiting us. Brother G. H. Brown at Little Rock would have good preachers to come and preach for him. If they did well, he would contact Dad and send them on to us. In this way we had some of the very best preachers to preach for us. We had good evangelistic quarters for them to stay. They would take their meals with us just across the street and have living quarters at the church. Many said my mother could take a chicken and do more with it than anyone they knew. She would make what they called Arkansas dressing, chicken and dumplings, giblet gravy—add several vegetables, a big potato salad and a

big fruit cobbler. They would really brag on the meals, and most of them could put it away!

We did not have a car after we moved to Pine Bluff because we lived close to the streetcar line. Dad could buy a pass to ride to and from work for a dollar per week. He could ride on that pass anywhere on the car lines as much as he wanted to. He bought a school pass for my brother and me for 50¢ a week since we had to go across town to high school. We could ride on that pass as often and as much as we wanted anywhere the streetcar lines ran.

A Salvation Army captain talked to dad and told him that he had rented a large building uptown to hold services, but he had no one to play the piano. He said they were going to have services on Sunday afternoons. So Dad said, "Well, my daughter plays the piano, and she has a pass to ride the streetcars. If you want her to play, she can." He just volunteered my services. I had him to go with me for several Sundays, and I kept this up for a number of months until someone came in that could play for them.

The First Pentecostal Church at Pine Bluff became a "mother church" for a number of churches in and around Pine Bluff. Dad held a brush arbor meeting in the Hardin Community, about ten miles out in the country then but now a suburb of Pine Bluff. A church was built and established and is still going. It is the Hardin United Pentecostal Church. It has been a good church for over fifty years.

We lived in Pine Bluff eleven years. During this time Dad pastored the church. All during the years of his ministry up to this time, he had worked in the lumber

mills on a full-time job as well as ministering the Word in regular church services and in revivals within driving distance of his home and church. He was criticized by some for not giving up his secular work. His answer was that he wanted to give his children a good education and to provide for them some things that he was deprived of as an orphan. His work also made it lighter on the church financially, and it made it possible to hold revivals in other places. When my brother and I were grown and on our own, he felt led of the Lord to resign the church, give up his job, and offer himself full time for the work of the Lord wherever He might direct. After this was known by other pastors, he received calls to hold revivals in several parts of the country.

In the early summer of 1934, he was contacted by Brother Clarence Craine and Brother W. E. Kidson to consider the pastorate of the church in Louisiana, Missouri. Brother Craine was pastor of the church and Brother Kidson was the General Secretary-Treasurer of the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance. Louisiana was Brother Kidson's home, and he had been the overseer of the church for many years. After he became a general official of the PMA, it was decided to move his office together with the Herald Publishing House to Dallas, Texas.

Brother Craine had been assisting Brother Kidson with his work as well as pastoring the church. He had resigned the church in Louisiana, Missouri, and accepted a church elsewhere.

At the recommendation of Brother Craine and Brother Kidson, the church elected Dad as pastor.

On August 8, 1934, Dad performed the ceremony

for my marriage, and he and mother caught the train that night for Louisiana, Missouri, to pastor people they had never met and to a place they had never been.

Dad pastored the church in Louisiana for seven years. He resigned to come back to Pine Bluff and take the church he had left. The pastor had left the church in Pine Bluff to move to California. He pastored in Pine Bluff this time for fourteen years until his death.

Two years before his death, they relocated the church from the east side to the west side—leaving a nice new church building when he died. He went to be with the Lord on February 17, 1955, at the age of 68.

Over forty ministers attended the funeral service, besides a large number of friends. Brother T. Richard Reed of Jonesboro, Arkansas, and Brother G. H. Brown of Little Rock, Arkansas, officiated.

Dad lived a full life; he was always busy about the work of God. He was a faithful minister of the Lord for over forty-one years. He was active until the day he was stricken; in fact, he ministered the Word of God to his congregation in the Sunday morning service before his stroke that afternoon. He served as presbyter in the Arkansas District for twenty-one years and served seven years as presbyter of the Central District while he lived in Missouri.

Mother was a widow for seventeen years before she passed away in September 1972. Their earthly remains are now laid to rest in Memorial Park Cemetery at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, awaiting the coming of Christ to catch away His church.

My brother and I have many precious memories of a dad who, while we were growing up, was never too

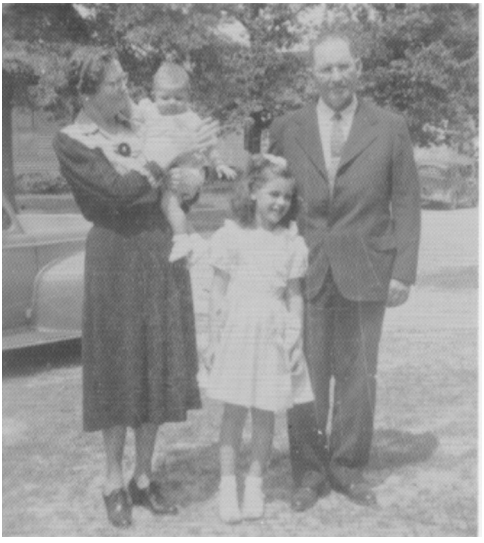
busy or tired to take time for us. He was a strict father. We were never allowed to run and play in the church. We would never have thought of telling either of our parents to "shut up." A certain look out of his eyes told us that he meant business, and we knew to behave ourselves. Many times he said he wanted to raise two good citizens. We can look back and appreciate all that now.



Brother McDaniel, his sister and his brother.



Rev. and Mrs. Grover McDaniel, pastor at Louisiana. Missouri, 1941.



Rev. and Mrs. Grover McDaniel and granddaughters, 1945.



LEWIS ERVIN RABBIE

By Shirley Rabbie Johnson

If you were to visit in Pastor Rabbie's home today, you would get to shake the hand of Grandma Rabbie, who just turned ninety-three, and hear her tell of the conversion of the whole Rabbie family.

The Charles Rabbie family were all faithful members of the United Church of Canada. Their boys sang specials and the girls played the piano in the church. Mrs. Rabbie even helped with the Bible teaching occasionally.

Upon arriving for service one Sunday morning in 1930, they heard an announcement that crushed their spirits. The pastor was going on vacation, and the church would be closed for several weeks. What would this faithful family do with no services to attend? Grandma had the answer! A neighbor had invited them to attend the Pentecostal church, and at the same time

God had spoken to Gladys, one of the daughters living in Picton at that time, to go to the Pentecostal church called the Brick Church. So they did this.

The family climbed into the truck, and off they went to a great revival that was breaking out in Picton, Ontario, Canada. Brother Dan Hayes was preaching the special meetings at that time.

After attending only one service, they felt the convicting power of the Holy Ghost. The next night at the supper table, Mrs. Rabbie announced to her family that she was going to be baptized. Lewis, twenty-four years old and the eldest, said, "If Mother feels it's God's will to be baptized, I am going to be also." Around the table it went until all had decided to follow God's will—except Mr. Rabbie, who felt he was not good enough.

While packing a change of clothes for each one to use for baptism, Mrs. Rabbie felt the Spirit direct her to put in a change of clothing for her husband. During the service the pastor's wife, Sister A. O. Moore, came running to the change room and asked for more clothing. She said, "Your husband sees the boys being baptized, and he can't wait." So it was that the whole Rabbie family became Pentecostal, taking on the name of Jesus all in one night. Shortly after, each received the Holy Ghost.

Out of the family, God called Lewis along with most of his brothers and sisters into the ministry.

The Rabbie family became faithful members of the Brick Church, driving the eighteen miles to service and each time packing around twenty people into their open truck. Through their faithfulness to God, many souls were won to the gospel of Christ.

At the same time in the Brick Church there was a

mother and daughter who had been baptized in Jesus' name and filled with the Holy Ghost and were faithful to the church. Pentecost came to Picton in 1916, and this family was one of the first to attend. The young lady, beautiful and dedicated to God's will, was united in marriage with Lewis Rabbie by Reverend A. O. Moore on September 9, 1932.

In the fall of 1934, this dedicated young couple moved to Wellington and bought a frame house. They converted the downstairs into a chapel and prayer room and made living quarters upstairs. Thus Brother Rabbie began his many years of ministry. Brother Delbert Collier from Ontario came into the church at this time. Brother Wickens, former superintendent of the New Brunswick, Canada, district, also attended the services held in Wellington.

Brother Rabbie pastored in Wellington four years. Then he moved on to Castleton and Colborne, all in Ontario.

During their early ministry, the Rabbies saw God move in many different ways. One evening after service they went to pray for a man who was bedridden with a stroke. The power of God came down in the room, and the bed literally shook under the hand of God. This man was not only healed but also saved from his sins.

Another lady in Colborne drove in for service with a large goiter on her throat. A simple prayer was made to an almighty God and, praise His name, the goiter disappeared.

Around the same time, the family had been for many days without butter. After prayer was made, God supplied, and every day for a week or more someone came

to the door with butter.

Along with the many miracles, there was much persecution. Stones were thrown at the door and sometimes things piled against the door so the believers could not get out without moving the obstacles.

In June of 1947, Brother and Sister Rabbie and their five children, Laverne, the only son, and four daughters—Madeline, Shirley, Mary and Sandra—moved to Hamilton. A hall was rented and chairs were carried up and down three flights of stairs for services. To the children it was fun, but for Dad and Mom, cleaning up ashtrays and dirt after someone else's party in order to hold a gospel service was not a game to play.

Soon a lot was purchased on Concession Street on the mountain. After much opposition, a church was erected to the glory of God.

One time during their ministry in Hamilton, Brother Rabbie was sick in bed with the flu. It was spring, and the ice was breaking up on the lake and piled high on the shore. There were five people ready to be baptized, so into the icy water the faithful pastor and saints went.

As well as in the city of Hamilton, services were held in areas nearby such as Winnona and Stony Creek. One young lady fought conviction so badly that she admitted to scribbling in the hymnals and thinking about letting the air out of the pastor's tires.

Brother and Sister Rabbie witnessed miracles in their own home as well as in the church. Shirley, the second daughter, at one and a half years old, became deathly sick. The doctor did not know what the trouble was. For days the family waited on God for the answer. Late one evening the doctor took a second look at the X-ray that

had been taken and realized the child had osteomylitis in her right leg. She was immediately rushed to the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto. God marvelously intervened, and her life was spared. From this time until the time she started to school, every time she would fall or get a bad bump, she would break out in abscesses, but again the Lord delivered her from these.

Madeline, the eldest daughter, also suffered a time of illness for about six years, but God completely delivered her.

Wouldn't it be nice to live in the capital city and visit the parliament buildings and see the Mounties in their red coats? Well, that was where God called the Rabbie family next—to Ottawa, the capital city of Canada. Services were held in rented homes arranged so the family could live in one part and have church in the other. One home I remember, the owner wanted to use for a funeral home and the city would not give him permission, but the Pentecostals obtained it for a house of God. While there as a child I received my baptism.

For many years it was the practice of the Rabbie family to go to Sunday morning service, rush home, gulp down some lunch, trek off to an afternoon service, and then hurry home in time to prepare for the Sunday evening service. Ottawa was no exception to the rule. Services were often held in Hammond, a little town forty miles away. The schoolhouse was usually full of hungry souls, but sometimes it was so cold that my sister Madeline played the piano with her gloves on.

During their ministry in Ottawa from 1950 until 1955, they drove across the border once a week into the province of Quebec for services. On one occasion, while

preaching on the oneness of God and water baptism in Jesus' name, a gentleman became very upset with the message. When Brother Rabbie met him at the door, he shoved $2.00 in his hand and ran out quickly.

In Canada the winters are bitterly cold and long. One night while we were endeavoring to go to church, the car got stuck in a snowdrift on the road. The family had to walk back home. As a child I thought we would perish in that storm.

Much of Brother Rabbie's ministry was accompanied by building churches and parsonages as he pioneered most of the works where he served. Times were not easy, and with five growing children to clothe and feed, there were many days when the Lord provided out of His abundance.

Children today may scarcely know what secondhand clothes are, but we hardly knew what new clothes were. How times have changed, but the Lord and His Word never change!

While Brother Rabbie was pastoring in Ottawa, there were a few families who lived in Pembroke and wanted a work started there. So Brother Rabbie accepted the challenge. Going to Pembroke meant leaving a son and daughter-in-law in Ottawa.

In the summer of 1955, a tent was pitched for services, and the family lived in a borrowed, leaking trailer and under the open skies. Water had to be carried up the hill from a spring, but I do not recall that Mother ever complained under any of these circumstances. It did not take long with the busy hands of my dad and a few helpers before Emmanuel Lighthouse and a parsonage were standing on McGregor's Hill. Here again many

precious souls found the Lord. It was in this little church that Brother Everett Corcoran, missionary to Pakistan, felt the call to the ministry.

While in Pembroke, the Rabbies were blessed by the birth of another son, Dale, born in December 1956.

I could hear the hammers ringing and the saws buzzing. What was going on? An old house had been moved a mile over hills and fields and placed on a lot across from the church in Sand Bay. It was a sad sight, but within a short time it became a comfortable parsonage. Brother Rabbie pastored here for eleven years, between 1957 and 1968. It was during this time that our present superintendent, Brother Cooling, and his family came to Ontario. They were in our home often, and Brother Cooling preached a revival for Dad in the church in Sand Bay.

During the Rabbies' stay in Sand Bay, the four girls all married; two married United Pentecostal ministers. By the next move to Beaverton, the family had diminished greatly.

Beaverton boasted a beautiful old church, but it was badly in need of repairs. Again there was no parsonage. By this time Brother Rabbie was in his sixties, but his spirit was still young and his desire to see the work of God go forth was alive and well.

Across the street from the church an elderly man sat rocking comfortably on his porch watching Dad and others putting new shingles on the very steep roof of the church. My husband jokingly said, "Dad, wait 'till you are in your sixties and you can sit in your rocker and watch the others work." Many long hours of toil from hands that were ready and willing to work were spent

here from the years 1968 until 1972.

"Now," the family thought, "perhaps Dad will rest awhile and start to slow down."

In the meantime, the Lord had called my husband to North Bay, and we purchased a lot on which to build a church and a parsonage. When a carpenter was needed, who should volunteer to help but Brother Rabbie with gray hairs starting to ring his dark head. He made many trips to North Bay, staying a week at a time to help construct another place of worship where weary, sin-worn souls could find salvation.

Retire? What's that? When the time came for them to leave Beaverton, Brother Rabbie decided to semi-retire. He built a lovely little home across the road from the Dulcemaine school where Brother Ralph Reynolds had taught many years earlier. (Read the story in *Upon the Potter's Wheel* by Ralph Reynolds.) It was on the road going to our old campground at Outlet, Ontario. It was an ideal location as Brother Rabbie served as camp registrar and custodian for twenty-five years. At our new campgrounds at Orland you will still find him busy in the office registering campers.

Meanwhile a group of Oneness people started holding meetings in homes in Tamworth, Ontario. They needed a pastor. Brother Rabbie drove the approximately seventy miles every week, often twice a week, to pastor these dear people. Finally he sold his retirement home and bought one in Tamworth in 1970, where he is currently pastoring.

Brother Rabbie is the oldest active minister in the Ontario district. He started pastoring in 1934 before a district formed. In 1940 there was much pressure put

on some of the ministers about baptism in Jesus' name. Until this time some of them were even called "Jesus Only." So they held a meeting in the home of Brother C. L. Cross. Present at this meeting were Brother and Sister Cross, Brother and Sister Rutter, Sister Mary Edgley, Brother Pair, Brothers Harry and Lewis Rabbie, along with a few others. Another meeting was held on October 3, 1940. This became the Apostolic Church Pentecost in Canada. Later in 1946, Brother Rabbie went to a meeting in New Brunswick, along with some other ministers. Eventually the Apostolic Church Pentecost became the United Pentecostal Church

After about twenty-seven years of service, Brother Rabbie is still serving on the district board. He has worn out a lot of cars going to board meetings, conferences, rallies, and other meetings. He has helped a lot of young men in the work of God. And he has preached a strong message of holiness; he has never compromised or backed up for anyone.

As well as ministering in Canada, he has preached in various locations in the United States and visited the countries of Jamaica, and Colombia, South America.

In September, 1981, most of the Rabbie children gathered home for a surprise 75th birthday party for our dad. He is still pastoring with no thought of retiring. All through his ministry, Brother Rabbie has built churches and parsonages, moving and leaving behind buildings of wood and stone, but more importantly, he has left fleshly temples where dwells the Holy Spirit.

I believe the next move for him will be to a more beautiful home than any Dad has ever constructed. It will be celestial, of gold, silver and precious stones.

There will not be long hours of toil and sweat in the heat of the sun, for the work will be finished, completed, and ready to move into.



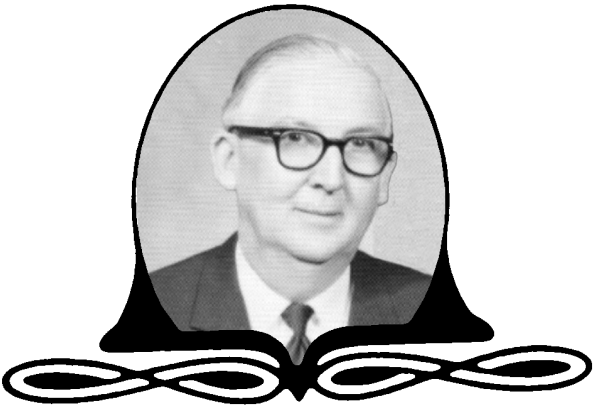
Wedding Day, September 9, 1932.



Brother and Sister Rabbie, Ottawa, 1953.



Tent meeting in Pembroke while church was under construction.



CHARLES E. RIGDON

(1906-1972)

By Calvin L. Rigdon

The genealogy of the Rigdon family traces a direct line from the current generation to about 1655. The ancestors at that time came from England to the New World and settled in the Maryland area—120 years before the new nation was begun. (It is said they may have been Royalists in England.) The Rigdons through the years moved east through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri.

Elisha Thomas Rigdon (father of Charles Rigdon) came to southeast Missouri in the 1800s. He lived in a country community called Buncombe. This rather thriving area (a family on almost every forty) was near the Arkansas line, about twenty-five miles southwest of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, and about eight miles from

Corning, Arkansas.

Mr. Rigdon was an educated man, especially for that time. He was a man of many talents. He was a doctor, a surveyor, a farmer, a law officer, and also a "Campbellite" preacher and debater. It was said that he was the chief debater for the church.

For some reason Elisha Thomas Rigdon did not marry until in his late thirties or early forties. He met Cephronia Woodard of Naylor, Missouri. Cephronia was about twenty years younger than her new husband. She was partly of French background. One of the conditions that she required before marriage was that Mr. Rigdon give up his doctoring. (This was probably a mistake, for Elisha was never a real success at anything following this.)

The new couple lived in the Buncombe community, about six miles south of Naylor. Six children were born to this union: two girls (Ida and Evie) and four sons (James A., William—"Willie"—J., Jesse Vincent, and Charles Ervin). Charles was the youngest of the children, born August 30, 1906. The farm family lived above average (perhaps because of extra income from various activities of the father).

In 1914, an exciting and important event took place in the community—a happening that would change the direction of many lives. The Pentecostal experience which had begun in Topeka, Kansas, January 1, 1901, was brought to Buncombe. H. E. Reid, pastor of the new group in Corning, and Oliver Marine, his assistant, came to the country community.

Cottage prayer meetings were held, and forty or fifty attended. A bench was used as the altar. Evie, one of the Rigdon girls, and her husband, Henry Hamlett, received

the Holy Ghost. Their enthusiasm and faith in the new experience were excitedly related to other members of the Rigdon family. They also began to attend the prayer meetings. Four of the children received the Holy Ghost. One son did not attend, and Charles was too young. The two girls, Ida and Evie, were Methodists before receiving the Holy Ghost.

Before the church was built, brush arbor meetings were held each summer. Brush arbors were a simple assembly place. Poles were set up, and a framework was built for the roof. Brush was then piled and scattered over the top. Often, tree trunks cut in proper length were set up in appropriate places, and boards were laid across them. These were the seats—no backs of course. Sometimes sawdust was placed on the ground—so people could actually "hit the sawdust trail" as conversion was sometimes referred to.

Large crowds attended the brush arbor meetings at Buncombe—the open sides made it possible for large crowds to gather, both inside and outside. Lanterns hung here and there to provide a dim and flickering light.

Miracles, worship, testimony, music, singing and preaching were parts of these exciting meetings. Baptists and Methodists received the Holy Ghost, and there were more Baptists than any other group. "When you speak in them tongues, your name will come off the church membership roll," the new converts were told. Thus they were forced out of their churches. None of them wanted to remain anyway. (Brother Reid and Brother Marine baptized all of the new converts in the titles of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in 1914.)

In 1917, a church was built in Buncombe. It was a simple, frame building seating perhaps 175 people. Today, in 1983, a Pentecostal church is at the same location. It is, I am told, the very same building built in 1917. Of course, improvements and changes have been made, but it is still a very plain frame building. (It could be the oldest original Pentecostal church in existence.)

August of 1917 was most important for a young lad, the youngest of the Rigdon children. Charles was now eleven years old, and he received the Holy Ghost in a cottage prayer meeting. In 1915, only one year after the Holy Ghost message came, the revelation of baptism in Jesus' name was brought to the young church. Although some were reluctant to accept this new preaching, all eventually were baptized in Jesus' name. There were no trinity Pentecostals in this area in those days.

The country church that Charles came into was a thriving group that grew to about 150 saints. Church services were held every other night, beginning at 7:30 and lasting until 11:00 or 12:00 at night. Music was rendered by a pump organ, guitars, mandolins, etc. The church used the R. E. Winsett and L. C. Hall songbooks. Oh, what singing!

The Word of God was considered most important and vital. Shouting and rejoicing were common, but it was rare for shouting to prevent the Word being preached. Sometimes the church and its leaders were challenged in the services. Opponents would stand in the services and dispute the beliefs of healing, tongues, baptism, Godhead, and no doubt other subjects. They asked for proof. It was said that the truth always prevailed and the gainsayers were defeated. Sometimes they

were later converted.

This was the spiritual atmosphere of those early Pentecostal meetings that influenced and formed the faith and character of the young boy, Charles. He loved and appreciated his pastors. H. J. Frost was the first pastor.

Other pastors were Brothers Brimmage, Cox, and Patterson. Brother Ben Blunt was one of the best preachers anywhere in those days, and he held several revivals in Buncombe. He was to become a close friend and advisor to Charles Rigdon.

As the years slipped by, Charles began to preach while yet in his mid-teens. Naylor, Missouri, had one of the best churches. G. A. Russell was Pastor and District Elder. Charles attended here quite often, and Brother Russell also became a close friend, associate, and advisor to the young preacher. This friendship lasted until death separated them.

It was at Naylor that Charles met a young evangelist, Lulu Newkirk. Naylor was her home church although she lived several miles away near Oxley. Evangelist Lulu Newkirk had traveled and preached for several years and was reported to be an unusually good preacher.

In 1925, Lulu Newkirk and Charles Rigdon were married. They moved to the Buncombe community. Like so many others, life was very plain and hard. They were very poor. Charles tried to make a living raising cotton on rented land. During this time he was moving, perhaps not realizing it, toward a more active ministry. Some evangelistic work was done. He was supply pastor in Success and Moark, Arkansas.

On February 12, 1926, the first child was born to Charles and Lulu. He was named Calvin L. (They were happy for their new son, but they had no idea of how ill the infant would later become. It was doubtful at one time that the son would live.)

One day, while Charles was getting wood for cooking, a copperhead snake came out of the woodpile and bit him. He killed the poisonous snake and showed it to a neighbor who warned Charles that he had better get to the doctor, for a copperhead bite was fatal. However, Charles left it in the hands of God, and no ill effects were felt. God performed a miracle!

Charles felt the call to a more active ministry. He was ordained by Brothers Blunt and Russell in 1924. He was reluctant to give himself completely to the ministry. However, the complete failure of his cotton crop (beautiful cotton but so cheap it was not worth picking) helped influence the young man to accept his first church pastorate. It was just a few miles away at Neelyville, Missouri.

Not too long after this, a call came to Brother Rigdon to come to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to pastor. Here Calvin started school. The pastorate was a full-time position with a salary of $4.50 per week. But this allowed him to have an attractive Model T Ford coupe.

A little more than six years after the son was born, a daughter was born to the Rigdons. She was named Vana Mae.

After a couple of years, an invitation came from Hillview, Illinois. This church was a result of a mighty revival by "the girls," Sister Florence (Cluny) and Sister Grace (Cook). Approximately 150 received the Holy

Ghost in this revival. Many of these did not remain faithful.

Hillview was a rugged and rough little village in the hills of West Central Illinois. Some of the best apple orchards to be found anywhere were located near Hillview.

Church services were not the most orderly at first as outsiders caused disturbances. When the new pastor went to the county seat at Carrolton and had one of the disturbers arrested, it put a stop to the problem. (It reduced the crowd also.)

One of the greatest trials ever faced by young parents struck while they lived in Hillview. Diphtheria was common in the village at the time. One morning their young son became sick. As the hours passed, he grew rapidly worse and lost consciousness. All the signs pointed to diphtheria. Sister Rigdon had lost her only sister, Fannie, to this disease when Fannie was a little girl. This had left a horrible fear and dread of the sometimes fatal sickness.

The parents refused to call a doctor. Prayer was made. There was no improvement, but matters grew steadily worse. Sometime in the night, Brother Rigdon sent for "the girls," Florence and Grace, who were pastors at Greenfield, Illinois. Urgent prayer continued in to the night. About 3:00 A.M. the boy went to sleep. When he awoke about 6:00 A.M., he was conscious and felt good though weak. He was completely healed! However, since diphtheria called for a three week quarantine, he did not go to school until that time had passed. This was another miracle not to be forgotten by the parents or the son.

Brother and Sister Rigdon did not retain this complete avoidance of medical help from doctors or medicine. Later, though still trusting God and believing in His power to heal, they recognized the fact that sometimes it seemed wise to secure the help that medical knowledge and surgeons could provide.

After the Rigdons had been two years in Hillview, the small church in White Hall (eight miles west) invited Brother and Sister Rigdon to come and pastor. Not feeling to leave Hillview at that time but wanting also to pastor in White Hall, he became pastor of both churches. This meant an extremely heavy load and schedule. On Saturday night, he preached in Hillview. On Sunday morning, there was Sunday school in Hillview. At 2:00 or 2:30 on Sunday afternoon, there was Sunday school at White Hall. On Sunday night, Sister Rigdon preached at Hillview and Brother Rigdon preached at White Hall. Of course, extra services were necessary during the week. On all of his trips to service at White Hall, he had a companion—his son.

After a year the Rigdons resigned the Hillview church and moved to White Hall. (It is very doubtful that they thought when they accepted the White Hall church, the pastorate would be for a total of thirty-nine years.)

The church in White Hall, population of 3000, was on the better side of town, but the building was surely not good. It was an old mill that had been converted into a church. Located in a little valley, it was often referred to as "the church in the holler." The outside was covered with rusted corrugated tin (later brick siding). Inside it had wallboard walls and a rough, unfinished

plank floor. The small auditorium had to accommodate all of the Sunday school classes.

Here for many years the battles that come to a pastor were fought. Great services, revivals, and growth were often followed by hard trials and disappointment. It was not too long after moving to White Hall that the pastor and family moved to an apartment over the church sanctuary. Five rooms (without bath) had been made available. An outside stairway led to the second-floor porch and entrance to the "pastor's manse."

The day, perhaps in the forties, was a big day—especially for the pastor's son. This was when the family was able to purchase its first radio. A crude little shelf had been built, and the simple Montgomery Ward radio was placed on it. It was the source of extreme joy and great excitement. It put the pastor's son "on top of the world." They had a real radio!

Here the small family lived for years. Here the evangelists stayed—slept and ate (and the pastor's wife did the cooking). Regardless of the hot summers, the non-air-conditioned rooms were home. Some respite was found by sitting on the porch in the evenings.

Brother Charles Rigdon was a member of the Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ (ACJC), led by Brother Whittington of St. Louis. Later this group and the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World (PAW) "merged," and Brother Rigdon became a minister of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ (PAJC). (The merger was not a complete success. Instead of one organization, there were now three.)

When the PAJC became a part of the United

Pentecostal Church, the White Hall pastor became a minister in that great church. He remained there until his death. The Illinois District of the United Pentecostal Church was organized shortly following the merger. Brother Rigdon was chosen as a presbyter and continued in this office until his death.

The highlight of his years in White Hall was the building of the new church on East Douglas Street. It meant months of planning. The pastor, also architect and foreman, had to oversee the largely volunteer work. For the pastor, it also meant long days of physical labor. However, one of the pastor's greatest thrills was to be able to lead the congregation into the brand-new building. Dedication of the 40' x 70' church with additional Sunday school rooms brought a satisfaction and a sense of accomplishment that was difficult to equal.

The coming of an evangelist for a revival was a good day for the Rigdons. Revivals were rather frequent. It meant a lot of extra work for the pastor's wife, but the visiting preacher brought company to them. This was especially important after the children had married and left home. The White Hall pastor had a sense of humor, and he enjoyed talking and laughing with an evangelist (and a bit of teasing was common). I believe that evangelists enjoyed the homespun hospitality of the home. (As times got better, the Rigdons moved to better homes, the last being a very nice older home on West Bridgeport St., one of White Hall's best streets.)

Perhaps it was a trait of character that he inherited from his father, but Charles Rigdon was a stern, firm, determined man of strong convictions. He taught and guided the church in the "most narrow" of roads. To

some, he was too strict, but most of those who sat under his leadership appreciated his honest convictions. Sometimes his stand placed him on opposite sides of important issues with other ministers. He would retain an unretreating attitude unless convinced to be wrong. He was strong on doctrine and most firm in the manner of life he expected from the people of his church.

He maintained the home with the same strict discipline. The two children knew they were loved, but they also knew they could not get by with doing wrong.

The ravages of time began to take their toll. It was a sad day when the family was told that Brother Rigdon had cancer in the right lung, and it would have to be removed in a few days. It was a long operation—about seven hours—but it was successful.

Sister Rigdon's health was also failing. Lulu Newkirk Rigdon died June 12, 1968—following months of sorrow. Apparently a stroke had affected the brain, and she recognized no one (unless possibly her husband) for nearly six months before death. It was the passing of one of God's most noble ladies, one who had cheerfully served the Lord since her young and vibrant days. She willingly gave her strength, counsel and encouragement to a sometimes discouraged pastor-husband.

The pastor's health remained good for about two and one-half or three years. About two years after his wife's death, he married Imogene Cook. They enjoyed a successful though brief marriage.

It was a day of deep disappointment and concern when the doctor said a fungus had developed in the other lung. This continued to grow. Breathing gradually became more difficult. It is not easy to watch a person

gradually weaken as he makes his way to inevitable death. The pale, weak, frail body prompts grief as one knows that there is probably no way of escape. Death, the last enemy of man, was now firmly stalking its victim. Loved ones wish that things could return to days that were better—when the body was healthy.

On August 13, 1972, the strong heart could labor no more. A massive heart attack struck at about 9:30 P.M. in Passavant Hospital, Jacksonville, Illinois. As the pastor of White Hall Pentecostal Church for just one year shy of twoscore years was wheeled out of his room to intensive care, he lifted a pale, weak hand. He turned to the saints he loved. His last words were "Whichever way it goes, it will be all right!" (His children arrived, but were about one-half hour too late. They will always regret that they could not be there.)

The long fight was over. The miserable struggle with poverty was through. Excruciating pain was gone. The care for the family and the saints fell from his shoulders. It had been a long road (mixed with joy and sorrow) from the sandy roads of Buncombe in the early 1900s to the conclusion of a ministry that had spanned about one-half of a century.

His much used, loved, and worn-out Cambridge Bible was under his arm as he lay in the casket. (It, together with the mother's Bible, rest in his son's office of the Historical Center at World Evangelism Center, Hazelwood, Missouri.)

A large crowd attended the funeral in the church he had caused to be built. The funeral service was conducted by Brother M. J. Wolff, Illinois District Superintendent. The procession then slowly made its

way just south of town. The faithful, victorious Charles E. Rigdon, saint for fifty-five years, pastor-minister for fifty years, was buried on a beautiful, green hillside by his wife Lulu.

To the passerby, the gray stone marker tells a brief story of two people who came to the poor of the earth and lived through hard but good days. A silent sermon is on the stone: "The Just Will Shine Forth. Matthew 13:43."

After more than threescore years, they made their exit. They are loved and remembered with pride. Children and grandchildren often wish they could see and talk with them once again.

Lives of failure? Never! They met the Master. They were part of this century's Pentecostal revival—our heritage. They, to the best of their abilities, tried to live like Him. They pointed the way of life to others. The almost daily visits of the pastor to the church to pray were not in vain.

The thousands of sermons live on in the lives of saints. When they are remembered by those who knew them best, it is with love, respect, and confidence.

They live on in their children and grandchildren. The son, Calvin L., is a minister of forty years—pastor, district official, general official. The daughter, Vana Mae, is the wife of Reverend Oliver P. Spencer, pastor and former Home Missionary to the Spanish people of New York City. One grandson, Dan L. Rigdon, who followed in the steps of his father as General Youth President of the United Pentecostal Church International, is now pastoring a growing church at Plano, Texas, just north of Dallas. Their lives are an influence on two granddaughters,

Judith and Rebecca, and another grandson, Mark Spencer.

Charles and Lulu Rigdon tried and did live "big" lives, for as Disraeli said, "Life is too short to be little."

Good timber does not grow in ease,
The stronger wind—the stronger trees.
—Edna Grob

Written by his son, Reverend Calvin L. Rigdon. Some information of early Pentecost came from taped interview with the late Reverend W. J. Rigdon, Modesto, California.



Lulu Newkirk



Charles E. Rigdon, Corning, Arkansas.



The Rigdon Family



"The church in the Holler" White Hall, Illinois.



Rev. Charles Rigdon baptizing his grandson, Dan Rigdon, at Carbondale, Illinois.



The Rigdons with their extended Family.



WILLIAM HENRY RING

By Joyce Morehouse

Perhaps if one could choose the place of one's birth and it had to be in eastern Canada in the month of January, Saint John, New Brunswick, would be a good choice. The climate there tends to be a bit milder than in other parts of the province, and although it is shrouded in the fogs of the Bay of Fundy for a good part of the year, its winters are less vicious than those of surrounding cities and towns.

On January 18, 1886, a third child made his appearance in the family of George and Margaret (Estey) Ring. He was christened William Henry and was later followed by four other children.

W. H. Ring had a God-fearing mother, whose prime interest was to lead her family in the way of righteousness, and so it was that she took her son to the

Salvation Army Citadel and had him dedicated to the Lord. God must have taken note of her sincerity, for some years later, while walking the streets of Saint John, young Bill Ring was experiencing turmoil and confusion in his life when he heard the voice of God: "Son, trust in God and be of good courage!"

At those words, he felt the burden of uncertainty lift from his mind and his heart and was immediately filled with great peace.

On December 1, 1909, Bill Ring became a member of the Holiness faith (this later came to be called Reformed Baptist) and was baptized in the titles. This decision was influenced by a member of that church, Ada Pearl Ferris, with whom he was keeping company. She had a great influence on his life, and not too long after he joined the church, they were united in marriage. One of their first acts was to establish a family altar in their home.

With great anticipation the young couple awaited the arrival of their firstborn, William, Jr., who was the first of four children to join the Ring household. At this writing, he resides in Connecticut, where he has spent a good deal of his life.

A sister followed. Adeline was later involved in the work of God as the wife of Brother George W. Stanley. As did his father-in-law, Brother Stanley also came from the city of Saint John, N.B., and for a number of years was Superintendent of the New England District for the United Pentecostal Church. Together, the Stanleys started the work in Bristol, Connecticut, and Sister Adeline's delightful testimony can be found in Volume II of *Pioneer Pentecostal Women.*

Another son was born to the Rings. Walter spent many years of his life in California and just recently moved back to the area where he has taken up residence in Hampton, New Brunswick.

The last of the children born to Bill and Ada Ring was another daughter, Marjorie, who still resides with her husband, Bill Jackson, in the homestead at Black's Harbour. It was Marjorie who provided much of the information for this resume.

In addition to his home and family responsibilities, Bill Ring had dreams of working for God. He found what needed to be done in his local church and became an active member by doing what he could.

In his early life, W. H. Ring was stricken with a serious stomach ailment. No treatment helped, and in spite of his trips to various doctors, he continued to grow steadily worse. Although he had never heard of Pentecost, he felt that there was more than he had actually experienced, and from this innate knowledge, he had an experience which proved that what he sensed was not without foundation. He was sick and desperately trying to find a source of healing. He decided that he would ask God to restore his health. The Lord responded audibly: "You are healed. Use wisdom."

His healing was complete, and with great rejoicing, he went his way, telling others what God had done.

In the early 1900s, two preachers came to the city of Saint John with a message that was to catch fire in many hearts. Twin sisters from Macon, Georgia, Carol and Susie Davis, brought the Pentecostal truth. They proclaimed repentance, baptism in Jesus' name and the Holy Ghost infilling. The local denominations felt the

impact of their message and rose up in rebellion. On every side there was persecution, hatred, and outrage as people came from miles around to receive this joyous experience.

It was at this time that W. H. Ring and his wife saw their need to be rebaptized in Jesus' name, and both received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Obviously they were no longer welcome in their old church, so they became members of the local Pentecostal assembly under the guidance of the Davis sisters. Not too long after this, Brother Ring was called on to establish a Sunday school at Redhead, the eastern section of Saint John City. Later, he filled in as preacher for the Black Assembly when they were without a pastor. In the meantime the Lord dealt with him about a full-time ministry. Finally, he gave up his job and the home they were buying, moved down along the shores of Charlotte County, and began a work for God.

Brother Ring had no car, and a man who worked on the train, Peter Deveau of Montreal, supplied one so that he could get started. At that time, not many people had cars, so many walked to those first services at McKay's Dance Hall in Pennfield. They especially enjoyed coming to hear the Pentecostal-style singing, and two young ladies from the assembly in Saint John assisted with this. One was a violinist and the other served as song leader.

Through the Pennfield meetings they were invited to a home in Black's Harbour, and the host family was converted. As a result, they rented a hall in that community and started holding meetings.

One Sunday afternoon they were called to go to

Back Bay to pray for a man who was seriously ill. Following the prayer, they decided to hold an outdoor service. Sister Ring used the autoharp for music, and the car's hood became the pulpit. The old song,

Come ye sinners, lost and hopeless;
Jesus' blood can make you free,
For He saved the worst among you
When He saved a wretch like me.

rang across the waters of the Bay of Fundy. Just as they were singing, the Christ's Disciples Church was dismissing Sunday school. They surrounded the singers, and after the service was over some men approached Brother Ring.

"What are you doing here?"

"Well," he responded, "we came over to pray for a sick man." Then he proceeded to relate the purpose of the service. The men, deacons of the Christ's Disciples Church, then surprised him by saying, "But why stay outdoors in the cold? We have a nice warm church on the hill and no pastor. Come up and tell us more about what you are preaching." This opened the door for a great revival in Back Bay, which eventually affected all of Charlotte County.

Word has a way of getting around, so the head of the parent denomination of the Christ's Disciples Church got wind of what was happening and immediately tried to smother the flames of Pentecost which were burning under their church roof. The deacons were pressured to force the Pentecostals out, so after seven months, they were asked to leave. Undaunted, the new

church members began to clean and paint an unused clam factory on the wharf, and on Sunday the entire congregation marched from the old church to their new meeting place on the waterfront. Revival followed.

While weatherworn fishermen worshiped God, the devil got fighting mad. There were those who decided the fire most definitely had to be extinguished, and in an effort to do so, they called the Board of Health. This department sent their inspectors to examine the revitalized clam factory, but they found no reason to close its doors.

Brother Ring was ordained in Saint John at the Full Gospel Assembly by Brother Clearbourne. Then he proceeded to leave his job as a stationary engineer to go into the full-time ministry.

Although it was during the Depression years of the '30s, this did not stop the group from building, and they began putting up the Seaview Full Gospel Church of Back Bay. In late summer, they left the old clam factory to move into their new building. Revival was in full swing. Many professing Christians were baptized in Jesus' name and filled with the Holy Ghost.

Bill Ring was more than just a spiritual mentor. He was a friend and neighbor to those in need. It was not unusual to see him with both Bible and bucksaw. When he went to visit the sick, he not only prayed but shovelled the snow, filled the waterpails and sawed their wood. After nine years of such a ministry (1933-1942), he felt that it was time to leave Back Bay. He went to nearby Black's Harbour and founded the Pentecostal church in that community.

This latter was no small feat, for there was much

opposition. However, an influential man came to his aid.

This man was the president of Conners Brothers, the largest fish-packing plant in the world. He gave Brother Ring the privilege of using the jail facilities for the summer months. During that first year, the denomination which had assisted Brother Ring in Back Bay now allowed him to lease their church in Black's Harbour.

While they worshiped in this little church with the aid of a kerosene lamp and a potbellied stove, many were saved. Conners Brothers once more intervened on their behalf with the offer of giving the church electricity.

It was not unusual in this community to have people from the surrounding islands stop by for a service. On one occasion a lady from Campobello Island asked to be baptized. She had repented while listening to The Old-Fashioned Revival Hour and wanted Brother Ring to come to her home for a service.

With a small boat, the Captain Howard Anthony and Brother Ring took the "Gospel Ship" weekly to Campobello. They got the use of a small building and began another new work. These Sunday ventures were not always pleasant as the boat would occasionally break down and they would float around all night in the Bay of Fundy with its violent tides.

As time progressed, Sister Ring's health failed, and she was put to bed under doctor's care. After several months the Lord called her home on February 19, 1952. This left a great vacancy in Brother Ring's life, but Marjorie, his youngest daughter, and Bill, his son-in-law, moved in to take care of him.

Brother Ring was a happy, joyous man. It was a rare

sermon which did not contain his "whoo. .ooooo" of great joy, and frequently he would pause to say "Now, that's good preachin'!" after he had made a vital point. He also had a familiar exhortation of "no pills and no powders," and he would relate what the "Great Physician" had done for him.

W. H. Ring was a man of prayer, and he believed in its effectiveness. He liked to say, "Brother, if this is that and that isn't this, then where's that and what is this?"

There were frequent demands for visits from those who were sick and in the hospital, and Brother Ring tried not to disappoint anyone in this respect. He liked visiting the hospital and won many friends during his lifetime. He also encouraged many young preachers. In 1956, he resigned his church and began evangelizing or simply filling in where needed.

After many years of service, he fell ill in 1973 and in three days time went to be with the Lord. He could easily say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (II Timothy 4:7-8).

Those who walked the shores of the Bay of Fundy will most certainly find the footprints of William Henry Ring in the sands of time. ❑



Brother William H. Ring



W. J. ROLSTON

By Joyce Morehouse

So this was it! The closing chapter of life!

The wasted young Irishman cast an uneasy glance at the bouquet of flowers on his nightstand. His eyes swept the dismal hospital room, and the certainty of his critical condition overwhelmed him. To think that he had survived the ravages of war only to end up in this forsaken country without a friend—no one to care, no one to comfort except this total stranger from his own hometown of Ulster who had come with a bouquet of flowers and a Bible, of all things! She was quite obviously a forerunner to warn him of his impending doom. Just as the doctor had said—there was nothing more they could do!

If, at that moment, the young man could have seen the events of the past few days as they had unfolded in

the life of his youthful visitor, Sarah Forsythe, he might not have been filled with such gloomy prospects for his future.

Sarah could do nothing but weep and pray, so great was her burden. For three days and nights she had failed to eat or sleep and felt as if she were bearing an impossible load.

"Lord, show me! Let me see what You want me to do!"

At once, the face of her dear friend came before her, and her friend was repeating the request of a few days previous. "Please, go to the hospital. There is a young man there who needs someone to visit him. He hasn't a friend on this side of the water."

Now Sarah understood! She had already made a decision not to go back to the hospital where she had worked for six years as a volunteer, but now, with God answering her prayer in such an astounding manner, she immediately called Sister Hines to say she would go, and lightheartedly she went on her way.

Ward 8 was occupied by the young man she had been asked to visit, and he was so thin that he appeared to her to be a mere boy. The fact that he was extremely ill was obvious, and she readily understood why the doctors thought they might not be able to save him.

Sarah told the patient about her Lord and left him a bouquet of flowers and a Bible, promising to return.

With the ethereal fragrance of his "hospital flowers" filling the room, the disquieting presence of the Holy Bible on his nightstand, and the late afternoon shadows reaching their fingers across the room, William Rolston was sure he was going to die!

To the contrary! He began to recover and was soon ready to leave the hospital . . . with no place to go.

William J. Rolston had drifted into the city called Vancouver after having left Ontario, where he had worked in the city of Toronto and other centers for the Dominion chain. Almost immediately, he became seriously ill and spent fifty-one days in the hospital. When he had recovered enough to leave, the doctor in charge of the case learned of his predicament and approached Sarah, who had been his patient's only visitor. He explained that young Rolston was in need of a place to stay; could she provide it?

The request plunged her into a state of despair. How could she, a single young lady, take this man into her home? She did the only possible thing. She talked to her landlord, who said he would provide proper care for the fellow and even arrange a room downstairs for him if Sarah would prepare the nutritious meals he would require for complete recovery. She was glad to oblige.

It was not by mere coincidence that these two young people had come together. They had been born to Protestant parents in the same city in Ireland; Sarah, on May 6, 1885, and William Rolston on June 2, 1898. It was most surely the hand of God that had led them out of Ulster only to meet in this manner.

Sarah Forsythe had come to Winnipeg, Canada, in 1912 and had received the Holy Ghost in a trinitarian Pentecostal church. Likewise, William Rolston had stilled the youthful restlessness in his own life by coming to Toronto, Canada, after having served in France during World War I and returning briefly to Ireland.

Sarah was bent on soulwinning, and it was not long

until William accompanied her to the Pentecostal church. He had seen nothing like it and certainly had never had an experience as the one he had that night. Since returning from the war, he suffered from a heart condition. His heart was so bad, in fact, that he took terribly ill in service; his nails turned blue and he began choking. Finally he staggered out of the meeting room. The preacher followed him out and offered prayer. Brother Rolston recalled: "It was like an electric shock going from the fingertips of my hand right through my body. It was a miraculous healing by the power of God . . . not gradual, as is the case sometimes, but instant and complete."

Not long after this experience, he felt the call of God on his life. He also decided he wanted Sarah Forsythe to share the future with him, so he proposed to the young lady who had been instrumental in leading him to the Lord.

William Rolston had previously known nothing about the Lord's Word, so he gave himself to the study and searching of the Scriptures. Line upon line and precept upon precept God was revealing Himself.

The Rolstons attended a little mission work in Vancouver. One night a strange man entered the building, went to the piano, and began to sing "He leadeth me, O blessed thought" with an intensity that witnessed of the Spirit. Prior to this service Sister Rolston, while praying, had given a message in tongues and asked the Lord to let someone at church interpret it. This man, who had been a Baptist, let it be known that he had a message from God for the people, and they permitted him to speak. Brother Rolston testified of this account: "For the

first time, we heard the truth on water baptism in Jesus' name."

The Spirit of God used this messenger mightily, and in the course of his message, he asked, "How many would be baptized in Jesus' name right after this service if we should have a water baptism?"

Immediately Sister Rolston responded. Brother Rolston likewise raised his hand along with others. Then they proceeded to the river and were the first in that area to be baptized in the name of Jesus.

As the preacher was baptizing Sister Rolston, Brother Rolston, standing in the water nearby, noticed he was having some trouble and he began to pray. Immediately, the Holy Ghost came upon him, and he was marvelously filled with the Spirit.

The preacher who baptized the Rolstons spent some time in their home after this. It was his custom to move from place to place as he felt the Lord leading. One day he felt led to move on and made his way to the railroad station. Not long after he left, Sister Rolston said, "I feel we should give that man four dollars."

"Why not give him a five-dollar bill?"

"Because the Lord said four."

"All right."

With this response, Brother Rolston took the four dollars and hurried off to the railway station. The man was standing by the ticket office as he approached.

"I have a little money for you."

"How much?"

"Four dollars."

"That's just exactly the amount I need to enable me to purchase my ticket."

The train was getting ready to leave, but Brother Rolston stood watching as the man got the ticket and made it safely aboard. He did not say where he was going, but Brother Rolston knew that he was a man of God and that God was directing him. In like manner, he sought the Lord's direction in his own life.

For a period of six months, William Rolston had been unable to find work, and he therefore spent practically all his time in prayer and study. One morning as he began to pray, the Holy Ghost moved on him and he was unable to speak English. Finally, the Spirit spoke two words through him: *Woodstock* and *go*. Neither he nor his wife knew where Woodstock was, so they could only wait on God for further leading.

As they sought the Lord about their future, a letter arrived from the brother to whom they had given the four dollars. In it he stated that he had visited a town called Woodstock in New Brunswick. The Pentecostal people were looking for a new pastor as theirs had passed away.

"This," said Brother Rolston, "was the confirmation to the call in the Spirit we had been waiting for. A short time after receiving this call, we were directed to go over to Vancouver City proper. We knew not why, but we went. While walking up Granville Street, we saw the sign Upper Room Mission over a door, so up we went. We knew no one, so we sat at the rear and enjoyed the service. One thing I remember happened in that service. The pastor's son had just had an accident and was brought in bleeding profusely. As his father prayed, the boy was instantly healed.

"As the service drew to a close, we attempted to slip

out, but the pastor came down and shook our hands. At that instant, I spoke in tongues and Sister Rolston did also. This preacher interpreted, telling us God had called us to labor for Him. Here was a strange pastor confirming by the Holy Ghost our call to the ministry.

"As we prepared to go to Woodstock, our brother wrote and gave us the names of two ladies in the assembly that we should contact."

As they boarded the train for eastern Canada, the Rolstons became more concerned about which lady to call and have meet them. They began to seek the Lord for direction, and the Spirit witnessed to the one they should contact. They phoned her at once.

"At exactly 11:00 P.M. on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, with eleven inches of snow on the ground, we reached our destination." Brother Rolston related their unusual experience of the next day: "As we got ready to go downstairs to breakfast the next morning, Sister Rolston said, 'I feel there is an enemy downstairs.' We went down to meet the other lady whose name we had been given, and she did, indeed, turn out to be an enemy."

One morning in service, after disobeying God, this lady simply got up and walked out. Brother Rolston followed her, saying, "Sister, you look sick!"

"I am sick!" she answered.

"Won't you come back, and we will pray for you," Brother Rolston offered.

The lady came back inside, stood up before everyone and confessed: "God will not heal me unless I repent and acknowledge what I did." She proceeded to tell them how she had the wrong attitude toward the

Rolstons and then added, "I am sorry. Please forgive me." Immediately, she was healed.

Revival broke out in Woodstock, so much so that the trinitarian church had to close its doors. From far and wide people were being led into the light of Jesus' Name baptism. One lady was traveling to another church on horseback and began to pray, "Lord, I want to be led of Thee. If there is any more light, lead me to the church. . . ." She dropped the lines, and the horse went directly to the Pentecostal church.

From Woodstock, the Rolstons felt led to go to Westfield, Maine, and Brother Rolston felt the need for a tent. As they prayed about it, Brother Ray Hathaway of Westfield had a vision of a partly finished building, tools and nails. About this time, Brother Rolston chanced across an ad "Tent For Sale" and proceeded to contact the man. The man explained that he was starting to build a church but had to put everything aside for lack of funds, thus finding it necessary to sell his tent. In this manner the Lord verified Brother Hathaway's vision and fulfilled Brother Rolston's dream of purchasing a tent. With the erection of the tent, the crude tent platform became "home."

During the Westfield meetings, two men came from Tilley. As they told Brother Rolston about the place, the Lord began to redirect the Rolstons back to New Brunswick. Since they did not have the "duty" or excise money to bring the tent back into Canada, the Canadian officials told them to send it in, and it became available in their services.

The Lord moved tremendously in Tilley. Over one hundred people came to the Lord, and the work still

stands to this day. But again Sister Rolston began to feel the urge to move on. She was impressed, as she sought the Lord, to move to the regions beyond Tilley. She thought this must mean Quebec since they figured they were as far as they could go in the Tilley woods. She further sought the Lord, and He gave her a vision. Brother Rolston took her up and down the surrounding roads in search of the place.

"Dear, I think we are going into the wilderness," was Brother Rolston's comment, but at that moment she saw the spot. It was called Bell Grove and was just big enough for their tent. Although there was not a human in sight, people came from far and near, and another great revival was underway.

From Bell Grove, they went to New Denmark and started a work. Again it was Sister Rolston who felt the call to the small town of Plaster Rock, twelve miles east. Brother Rolston tells the story: "I remember our first visit to the town—a little lumber mill town of perhaps 1700 population. I recall we stopped in a grove about a half mile out of town, and it was around noon. I got out of the car and immediately began to dance in the Spirit. I did not understand the reason for the victory dance just then, but the reason soon became apparent; I was dancing almost on the very spot where later we were to erect our tabernacle."

In an effort to keep the Rolstons out of Plaster Rock, officials of the town found out where they were going to pitch their tent. Even though the holes had been dug for the pegs (and some of the pegs in place), this delegation proceeded to talk the landowner out of his offer to the Pentecostals. In fact, they paid for the

piece of land and let the man retain it. "Immediately," Brother Rolston explained, "an emergency prayer meeting was called. During this meeting a young girl (from the first home I had visited in the town) by the name of Lillian Brown learned what the trouble was and hurried off to tell her daddy, who worked a half mile away. Presently, Daddy Brown was on the scene. After hearing what had happened, he gave us a parcel of land. Actually, it was much superior to the first piece of land, and we paid him a mere dollar to legalize the transaction. The tent went up and a church building quickly followed.

"The Spirit had made us aware that we would have persecution, so we were ready for it—disturbances and near fights, our building dynamited twice. In one case, the young man who lit the fuse was a Baptist deacon's son. This chap, named Oscar, later came back and begged my forgiveness, but he never did get right with God. He later died an untimely death. It does not pay to oppose the work of God."

It was also in Perth-Andover that a Communist gunman came "to get that man, Rolston." Brother Rolston had previously made some remarks about Communism and the man, Fillmore, had either been present at the meeting or got the remarks secondhand. At any rate, on the day that Fillmore arrived, the Rolstons were doing laundry in the basement. Out of the blue, Sister Rolston said, "I feel we should leave the house."

Without further ado, they got in the car and drove away. They had been gone about ten minutes when, according to the next-door neighbor, a man appeared in the Rolstons' yard. After a bit, they heard a knock at

their own door.

"Is the preacher here?"

"No, they went out somewhere just a little while ago."

"It's a good thing!" With that response, Fillmore pulled a gun from his pocket. Not too long after this incident, he was deported from the country as an undesirable alien. Brother Rolston commented later: "We were thankful for God's protection . . . another time!"

It was in Plaster Rock that Brother Rolston originated the Plaster Rock Convention on July 27, 1931. It was first held in a tent, then in a church building which finally gave way to a new tabernacle structure with seating capacity for 600; and finally, in a convention site complete with dorms and cabins.

During the early years of their work for God, the Rolstons held evangelistic meetings in Perth. However, it was not until 1945 that the meetings resumed. In 1946 Brother Rolston moved into Perth-Andover as pastor, and for a number of years, they maintained four works: Tilley, Plaster Rock, Perth, and New Denmark. Eventually, the burden became too heavy, and he turned the Perth-Andover work over to a new pastor.

In later years, they were able to visit their homeland of Ireland and also make missionary visits to Jamaica and South America. They both had a genuine love for missions and have instilled the same spirit in the churches they established. A number of missionaries have gone out from their works, and many are presently laboring in mission fields around the world because of Brother Rolston's burden and outreach.

As earlier mentioned, Brother Rolston's dream of a

convention site had become a reality early in his ministry, and as the word spread among Pentecostals, crowds came from miles around to assemble themselves for fellowship in the presence of the Lord; people came from Ontario, the Atlantic Provinces, Maine, and several other states. Brother Rolston was especially particular about who should be selected as the camp speaker.

One of the first men to be featured (who also turned out to be a favorite) was Brother Oscar Vouga. It seemed a fitting thing that he should be the man to preach Brother Rolston's funeral service in January 1976.

On December 23, after having been hospitalized for a period of time, Brother Rolston determined that he would spend Christmas with his friends, the Morehouses of Perth-Andover. As they had their devotional time that night, Brother Rolston read the Christmas story from Luke's Gospel and went off to bed; however, by the following day, he had to be rushed back to the hospital where he died on January 3.

Five years previously, his wife Sarah had passed away suddenly with a heart attack. He was laid to rest at her side in Tilley, New Brunswick.

Although Brother Rolston has gone, the work of his hands still stands, a testimony of dedication to the cause of the Kingdom of God.



Brother and Sister Rolston at the parsonage, Plaster Rock, N.B.



Baptizing at Tilley, N.B., 1940.



Brother and Sister Rolston



Plaster Rock, N.B., 1936.



CHARLES J. RUTTER

By Charles A. Rutter

Charles J. Rutter was only eleven years old when he came home from school one day to find his mother near death's door. "She cannot live," said the doctor.

"Spare my mother! I will serve You, Lord," young Charles prayed earnestly. Later, he read a book called *Christie's Old Organ* which told of men being washed and made whiter than snow. "That's what I want, Lord," he prayed. That was his first touch from the Lord.

In May 1931 at the Pentecostal Church in Picton, Ontario, both Brother Rutter and his mother gave their hearts to the Lord. They were baptized in Jesus' name, and the Lord filled him with the Holy Ghost. Then God began to speak to him about working for Him.

In the same year that Brother Rutter gave his heart

to the Lord, Brother Harold Adams united him and Grace Rabbie in marriage.

In January 1936 they moved to Lyndhurst, Ontario, and started services. The work there had been dropped. It was a Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada (PAOC) work. Brother Rutter took out papers with the PAOC. They knew that he believed in baptism in Jesus' name and the oneness of the Godhead.

In 1940, a group of young ministers with the PAOC became very stirred up over doctrine, so at a district conference at Cobourg Campground, they presented this resolution:

> "Whereas Article 2 on pages 7, 8, and 9, and Article 14 on page 12 of the 1939 yearbook of the P.A.O.C. on the Godhead and also Article 24 of the application for affiliation; and whereas it is commonly accepted that there is a certain amount of New Issue or Jesus Only activity in this district, be it therefore resolved that this district go on record as disapproving of such New Issue activities (especially as related to employing evangelists in local assemblies and campmeetings) and that we make it clear that we stand unshaken in regards to our official statement of doctrine; and if there are workers in our fellowship who cannot conscientiously subscribe to same and manifest loyalty in their ministry in this regard, they should be advised to withdraw."
>
> The last sentence was revised and read as follows: "and that we stand unshaken in regards to our official statement of doctrine; and if there are

> workers in our fellowship who cannot conscientiously subscribe to our statement of doctrine and manifest loyalty in their ministry to our statement of doctrine, they should be advised to withdraw."

A group of men who could not subscribe to the resolution passed at Cobourg met at Brockville, Ontario, on September 9, 1940. The following statement was sent to the PAOC It was moved by Brother C. L. Cross and seconded by Brother C. J. Rutter.

> "That inasmuch as the P.A.O.C. in session at Cobourg, Tuesday, August 13-15, 1940, have requested that all those ministers who could not conscientiously subscribe to their doctrine regarding the teaching of the Godhead and water baptism formula, to withdraw from their fellowship, we the undersigned, being in session at Brockville this 9th day of September, 1940, feel it our duty to comply with their request and accordingly send in our credentials with the request that the secretary of the P.A.O.C. send us a letter showing an honorable withdrawal."

They refused to send the men the requested letter.

Brother Small came from Winnipeg and ordained them in the Picton Church. This started the Apostolic Church of Pentecost (ACOP) in Ontario.

The Rutters had been in Lyndhurst only a short time when he received an invitation to have services in Charleston. Then he was asked to start services in a schoolhouse at Long Point. Both of these communities were about seven miles from Lyndhurst.

It was at Long Point that he was asked to go and

pray for a young lady, Bertha LaRose, who had been sent home to die. The doctors could not help her. God answered prayer, and she was able to get out of bed. She came to the services and gave her heart to the Lord. But she still had the old trouble. Her body would twist out of shape. One night in service she took an attack. Brother and Sister Rutter took her home. There they prayed for her, and God instantly healed her. Her healing was a great testimony in the county.

In 1943 the Rutters moved to Beecher, Ontario, about eleven miles from the Michigan border. There he left the ACOP and took out credentials with the United Pentecostal Church. At Beecher God gave them a real move of His Spirit. People came and gave their hearts to Jesus until the church was full and the children had to sit on the altar benches. They also started services in Chatham.

One night a lady came to the services, and one of the sisters said, "Brother Rutter, you should go and pray for her husband." He had been operated on for cancer of the throat and had not said a thing for over a year.

When Brother Rutter called at their apartment, he was not prepared for what he saw. There was a man with a cloth catching the saliva running out of his mouth, unable to make a sound. The doctors said he would never speak again. He wrote messages on a pad. That was the way he communicated with Brother Rutter. At last he wrote, "Will you pray for me in Jesus' name?"

As they prayed, the presence of the Lord filled the room. Brother Rutter said, "Brother, say hallelujah."

"Hallelujah."

"Say praise the Lord."

"Praise the Lord," he responded.

Suddenly it dawned on him that he was talking. What a time he had in the Lord!

Something else happened while the Rutters were at Beecher. For some time, Brother Rutter was afraid to tell it for fear that some would think he had gone off the deep end. Sister Rutter was away. He was all alone. Satan had been trying him. He was alone upstairs praying. He does not know how long he had been praying when he felt the presence of someone in the room. He looked up. On the other side at the foot of the bed stood a man clothed in a suit of armor. Upon his head was a helmet with a raised strip over the top of it. In his hand was a sword. The strangest feeling came over Brother Rutter. He wondered if the Lord was going to take him home. Not a word was uttered. After standing there looking at Brother Rutter for some time, the being disappeared. Brother Rutter did not mention this experience until his fiftieth wedding anniversary. At that time, upon hearing Brother Rutter's experience, Brother William V. Cooling, the Ontario District Superintendent, told him that Brother Earl Jacques in New Brunswick had the same experience; however, the angel told him that he was Captain of the Lord's Hosts and they would fight his battles for him. Truly the Lord has fought Brother Rutter's battles.

In June 1949 the Rutters moved to Sand Bay (Landsdowne), Ontario. God again met them in a real way. Many young people gave their hearts to the Lord. Two of the young men became the Rutters' sons-in-law. One of them is Brother H. C. Heaslip, now pastoring in

Winnipeg, Manitoba. The Rutters' youngest son was also born there, giving them three daughters and two sons.

God again met them in a real way by healing the sick. One of the ladies in the church, Sister Eddie Running, was unable to walk because of arthritis. After praying for her, Brother Rutter told her to get up and walk in Jesus' name. Jesus instantly healed her, and she is still healed to this day. Another sister, Grace Kelsey, had cancer of the breast. The doctor wanted to perform surgery to remove it. Brother and Sister Rutter prayed for her, and God took away the cancer.

In September 1956 the Rutters moved to Picton to become pastor of his home church. God blessed their ministry. Some came back to the Lord, and new ones came to know Him as their Savior. Many of the old prayer warriors were called home, and Brother Rutter conducted their funerals.

God again blessed with many healings. One winter day Brother Don Hennessy, one of the men in the assembly, placed his two children, Jim and Donna, in the bucket of the tractor. Donna fell out in front of the tractor, which was on ice. He could not stop the tractor. The front wheel ran over her body. The Rutters were called, arriving before the doctor. Donna was in terrible agony, but once again God answered and healed. The father told Brother Rutter that at least one thousand pounds had run over her. One could see the marks of the skid ring of the tire where it rolled over her body.

One of the young ladies in the church, Mary (Leavitt) Martin, went to Brockville to train to become a nurse. While she was there, she came down with stomach ulcers. She came back to Picton for a weekend, able

to eat very little and in much pain. Jesus again answered prayer. Shortly after, Brother Rutter watched her eat a hot dog, mustard, and relish, yet she was without pain.

There were many outstanding miracles. However, the greatest blessing was not in the physical healings but in seeing men and women being born again.

In 1965, the Rutters moved to Westbrook, a suburb of Kingston, Ontario. While residing there, they pioneered a work in Kepler, a small community north of the city of Kingston. They rented a hall in Kingston, and Brother Rutter pastored both assemblies. Again God blessed their ministry. Many were healed. One of the church members, Sister Beverly Garbett, met a lady, Joan Gordon, who was terminally ill with two active cancers in her body. Sister Garbett told the lady that her pastor, Brother Rutter, would come to pray for her.

Brother Rutter found that her husband was a Jew, and he was not in favor of his wife having anything to do with them. When they went to the hospital, Brother Rutter hoped she would be alone, but her husband was there. They talked casually for a few minutes. Then Brother Rutter said, "Mrs. Gordon, we have come to pray for you."

"My doctor says that it is impossible for me to get better. They are going to operate tomorrow morning," she replied. However, they prayed for her. The next morning the doctor came in and wanted another X-ray. This time he could find no cancer. It was gone! Isn't that just like Jesus? Praise His name!

In 1971, the Rutters moved to Brockville, Ontario, and he became pastor of Brockville Tabernacle. They were there for eight years. During this time the attend-

ance doubled, and again the Lord met them in many wonderful ways. One of the men in the church, Brother Hugh Edgley, went to Brother Rutter and said, "Brother Rutter, I am going to have an operation."

"What for?" Brother Rutter asked.

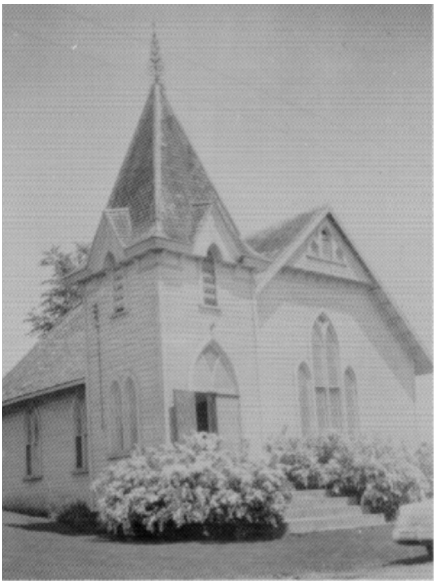
"I have a growth in my stomach," he told him. "I have seen it on the X-ray plates."

"God has healed cancer before. He can do it again," Brother Rutter replied. They prayed for him. When he went back for more X-rays, the cancer was gone.

One of the young men, Brother Ted Campbell, became ill with leukemia. He went to Brother Rutter one Sunday night and told him he had to be in the Civic Hospital in Ottawa the next morning for treatments. The doctor had told him that 24 percent of his blood cells were cancerous. They prayed for him. When the doctors tested his blood the next morning, they could not find one cancer cell, so they sent him home. Thank God for His healing power!

All through Brother Rutter's ministry, God has allowed him to see many miracles. "It has not been our ability, but all because He declared that these signs would follow if we would only believe," Brother Rutter declares. "Praise His name!"

Brother Rutter does not take credit for what has been done. It is all for His glory!



Sand Bay, Ontario, 1956.



Reverend and Mrs. C. J. Rutter, Jean, Doreen, Freda, and Charles—Beecher, Ontario, 1948.



Kepler, Ontario, 1966.



Charleston, Ontario, 1940.



FRANK VOAR SHOEMAKE

By Georgia Smelser

As Voar and Blanche Shoemake shopped in a Muskogee, Oklahoma, department store, a friendly clerk rang up the sale of the item purchased. "Would you believe," Voar volunteered, "that I was run out of your fair city over fifty years ago by an angry sheriff? In fact, he made me promise to leave Muskogee and never return in exchange for my release from the city jail."

The clerk looked at Voar with amazement. Could it be that this tall, distinguished, white haired gentleman with the bushy white eyebrows had that kind of past? "I'd never believe it," she mused.

"However," Voar continued, "since that night I have preached in your civic center and visited your city many times—with invitations, of course.

"It's hard to believe that a young man as mixed up as I was could change from a troublemaker, a fighter, and a drinker into a respectable preacher, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," she nodded in agreement.

Memories far back in the thicket of time flooded Voar's mind that day as he and his wife left the store—memories of a period of his life before he and Blanche Kilgore married.

Harmon Albert Shoemake ("Bony" to those who knew him), a tall, gaunt man, and his red-headed wife, Nancy Linda, had eleven children, Voar being the tenth. There was Rosie, James, Noah, Mattie, Rex, Ella, Oscar, Lola, Lee, Voar, and Freemon.

Bony, a kind and gentle man, worked hard at farming to keep food on the table and a roof over their heads. Providing for a family of this size during those lean years was a big job. Nancy helped by raising a garden and canning food.

Though they had no religious background, there was love, security, and strength in the Shoemake household.

Young Voar was a sensitive child who cried easily and much too long. His family tagged him "Crybaby" for it.

"One day," Voar recalled, "in an effort to break me from excessive crying, my mother sat down beside me on the porch and held a keen switch in her hand. Each time I stopped crying she switched my legs so I would cry again. She wanted me to get it out of my system. But although she kept at it for quite a while, she never did break me from crying. In fact, I still cry—only for bigger and better reasons!"

Voar's oldest daughter, Regina, remembers as a

young child awakening many mornings to the sound of her daddy and mama praying. "Daddy rarely ever prayed without crying. I remember pulling the pillow over my head to muffle the sound. I just didn't feel like hearing all that crying that early in the morning."

Those who have heard Voar Shoemake preach through the years will remember how often streams of glistening tears coursed down his cheeks during a sermon. His voice, however, usually did not disclose the fact that he was crying.

A minister once asked Voar, "How is it that you can preach such straight things without making people mad?"

Voar replied, "I suppose it's when there's a tear in my eye when I say it that it makes it easier to take."

The tenderheartedness of Voar's childhood has carried over into his golden years. The saints he has pastored through the years are grateful that he could be touched with people's needs and also grateful that his mother did not win the battle to defeat tears that day on the porch!

The wells of memory bubbled gently as Voar recalled other incidents about his mother. "Mama was a believer in discipline. Although she was small in stature, she was powerful in authority, dealing with problems as they arose and not waiting to load our tired old papa down with them when he got home from the fields. Many mornings Lee, Freemon and I got into arguments and fights before going to school and had to be disciplined—usually with a belt.

"When I was about twelve years old, I disobeyed Mama someway and ran to get out of her reach. She

didn't chase me, and I thought it was all forgotten. But I was wrong. That night supper was as usual with no mention of my disobedience. Then we went to bed. After I dozed off, I was suddenly awakened—rudely awakened, to say the least! Mama pulled back the covers and began whipping me good and proper. 'Don't ever run from me again, Voar!' she said between belt-licks, ''Cause I'll get you if I have to wait till you're asleep!' That was the last time I ever ran from Mama."

Bony and Nancy were hardworking, honest people who tried to impart their values to their children. If a debt were made, it would be paid if it meant working overtime or selling the last cow.

Bony Shoemake died when Voar was thirteen. The graveworkers started filling in the grave before the family left the gravesite. The echoing sound of the large clods of dirt and rocks hitting the casket was almost more than Voar could bear. It made a lifelong imprint on his memory. How he loved his papa! And how much he would miss his influence! Only the next several years would reveal how deeply this kind and gentle man would be missed.

Nancy was wiry and unafraid of work but had little experience in making a living. She baked pies for a restaurant in Porum, Oklahoma, for about a year to eke out a living for her four children who were still at home and for herself. Some of the married children helped her as much as they were able. Nancy and the children moved to Morris and maintained a home there for two years, but when she was no longer able to make her own way, she moved in with one of the married children.

It was hard on the whole family when they broke up

housekeeping, but young Voar may have felt it the most keenly. It was about this time that Voar began to rebel and get out of control. Perhaps it was his insecurities brought about by the lack of a family structure that made him feel that he had to compensate for his lacks with aggressive acts—or perhaps he would have rebelled even under normal circumstances. At any rate, the years from sixteen through twenty-one became five wasted years in Voar's life.

Voar became a teenage alcoholic, drinking everything he could get his hands on. Fighting became a way of life. His ready temper needed only a small spark to ignite it. It was God's mercy that Voar did not kill or get killed during those times.

Hopping a freight train to hither and yon was a common experience during this time. Emptiness and restlessness drove Voar from one empty experience to another. But his futile search for fulfillment was like ploughing water.

Although Voar projected a tough image, inside he was crying for help. Every night he would beseech God and all His holy angels to watch over him and save him before it was too late. He knew there was a heaven and that there was a hell, and if he died, he knew where he would go. Strangely, his morbid fear of dying would sometimes get crisscrossed with the secret desire to get killed and get out of his misery. Not one person witnessed to Voar during those years about the love of Christ and His power to change lives.

When Voar was nearly twenty-two, he visited a Pentecostal church in Morris. A group of young people were in charge of the service. "I was so impressed with

the singing and the testimonies. I left church wanting to be like them—wanting what they had," Voar recalled.

Six weeks later Voar and his friend, Charlie, stopped by the same church one night during a revival preached by C. P. Kilgore. When the altar call was given, Voar turned to his friend, "Charlie, I'm going to the altar." Charlie did not try to talk Voar out of it, but he did not join him.

Voar knelt at the altar and wept his way through to Calvary. He was sick of sin and eager to make a change. As he repented, it was like an enormous weight being lifted from his shoulders. A deep joy and peace he had never known flooded his being. He had stepped out of a mind-boggling maze into a world whose beginning and ending was God.

Brother Kilgore baptized Voar in Jesus' name in the new baptismal tank at the church. After the baptizing, with his sticky, wet clothing still on, Voar rode on the fender of a car in near freezing weather for several blocks to get to a place to change. He did not mind the cold because he felt so warm inside.

Three months later, Voar received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in a cottage prayer meeting. There was a large group of saints there at the beginning of the prayer service, but as the night wore on, many grew tired and went home. Just as the sun was rising the next morning, Voar stood up and began to speak in other tongues. He danced and shouted around the room as he worshiped God. He fell backward and hit something. He remembered thinking, "I'm sure glad I hit that over-stuffed chair." But later he discovered it was a cane-bottomed chair. He was not hurt at all.

Repentance was a life-changing experience for Voar, but receiving the Holy Ghost opened up a whole new world. Life was broader and higher and brighter than it had ever been before.

While walking down the street Voar could be heard hollering to a friend, "Hey! Waldo! I got the Holy Ghost this morning!"

Another friend was working in the field. "Hey! Bob! Guess what? I got the Holy Ghost!" It was the most wonderful day in Voar's whole life.

It was not long until Voar became aware that God had another blessing in store for him on connection with the Morris church. One of Brother C. P. Kilgore's charming young daughters, Blanche, and Voar fell in love and soon were married. They made their home in Morris. If you want to start an interesting argument between the Shoemakes, ask them if their first home was a chicken coop. She will say, "no," but he will say, "yes."

Shortly after Voar received the Holy Ghost, he felt that God wanted him to preach. He could not pinpoint a definite time of hearing God say, "Voar, go preach!" Or seeing a bold message written in the sky, or seeing a vision or bright light. But in his heart Voar knew that God had laid His hand on him, and he made himself available for God's leading.

As doors opened, Voar moved in and preached every opportunity. Very soon he held a revival in the small town of Braggs, Oklahoma.

The Shoemake's first child, Jimmy, was born in 1934. Then in 1935 Voar Shoemake became the pastor of the Morris church.

While pastoring in Morris, Brother Schrader, an

older evangelist with his wife and two daughters, came to visit Blanche and Voar.

Brother Schrader spoke of the difficulty he had in getting enough revivals to keep him on the field, and as a result his family had suffered.

Impulsively, and without hardly a prayer, Voar said, "Brother Schrader, if the Morris church will accept you as their pastor, why don't you take this church, and Blanche and I will evangelize. We're younger and only have one child." And so it was that the roles were switched, and the Shoemakes stepped out by faith to evangelize.

Later in 1935, after a time on the evangelistic field, the Shoemakes took the pastorate of the Altus, Oklahoma, Pentecostal church.

They had saved $25.00 and bought a nice little car. When one of the deacons heard about it, he became very upset. "Brother Shoemake, you said when you came here that you were willing to fare like the rest of us—and here you have a car and I don't have one."

"Well, Brother, I guess that proves I'm a better manager than you are," Voar replied. Voar had a knack for discouraging this kind of pettiness.

This is not to say that Voar always fared so "sumptuously," for there were many revivals when the offering was from $2.00 to $3.00 per week and on one occasion the offering consisted of five cents; and there were times when his trousers wore thin and his shoes had holes in them and Blanche only had two "better" dresses. Knowing that he could make a decent living for his family by settling down to a regular job, Voar nevertheless stayed on the field, refusing to take matters into

his own hands.

Blanche Shoemake supported her husband in revivals by praying and singing special songs, accompanying herself on the guitar as she sang. "Homesick for Heaven" and "Naaman" were two of the many songs she sang. One night toddler Jimmy got loose from his daddy and followed Blanche to the platform. She sang "Naaman," and each time she got to the part where Naaman plunged into the "beautiful stream," Jimmy would jump off the low platform and run back to get ready to plunge again. There was more amusement than worship in the singing that night!

After the Altus pastorate, the Shoemakes evangelized again. In 1936 Voar preached his first camp meeting in Guthrie, Oklahoma. He and C. A. Nelson preached on alternate nights.

The 40' x 90' tent was crowded each night, plus being surrounded by people standing seven or eight deep around the raised tent flaps. There were no microphones. Lung-power was all they had, but it seemed quite adequate.

Frustrated neighbors called the police one night complaining that the altar service was too noisy.

When the police came to shut down the service, Brother C. P. Williams told them, "I'm a minister, and I wouldn't think of interfering with seekers, but you are free to perform your duty if necessary."

The policeman quickly backed away. "No way. Not a chance in the world! I wouldn't touch any of them."

After the Guthrie meeting, Voar held a tent revival in Oklahoma City. The Lord blessed with several souls being filled with the Holy Ghost, one being an eighty-

five-year-old woman. There is a church there today where the tent meeting was conducted.

Voar felt that fasting, prayer, and reading God's Word and storing it in his heart and memory were three essentials in his ministry. He averaged reading ten chapters of the Bible per day on a regular basis and twenty per day when holding revivals. He usually read the Book of Acts through during each revival to keep the facts about and the spirit of the New Testament church fresh in his memory. At one point in his ministry, Voar almost had the New Testament memorized.

Voar was raised in a household that was afraid of storms. When threatening black clouds came up, Nancy Shoemake would hurry the family to the cellar. Blanche's family, in contrast, seldom went to cellars. They felt that God could take care of them just as well in one place as another, and too, the spiders and snakes in little used cellars seemed more dangerous than the storms.

When Jimmy was a toddler, a storm came up, and Voar insisted that they all go to the cellar. Blanche sat on a little bench with her feet propped up out of the water that had flooded the cellar, hoping that a spider would not drop on her. She held Jimmy, who by this time was fretful and wiggly. There was just no way to be comfortable.

"Voar, we have a nice bed at home. Let's go home," Blanche urged.

The storm was not quite over, and Voar was reluctant to leave the cellar. But after a time, he finally gave in. On the way to the house Voar said, "You'll feel sorry if this storm blows me away. I've been feeling for a long time that I was going to die this year." Well, the storm

passed and so did the year without Voar's getting blown away.

Collinsville, Oklahoma, was the next pastorate. Blanche and Voar's second child, Regina, was born . . . more evangelizing . . . pastoring at Sperry, Oklahoma . . . evangelizing again . . . pastoring at Morris the second time . . . another child, Nita Kay, born . . . then their last child, Dayna, was born.

While ministering in Oklahoma, Brother Shoemake served ten years as District Vice President of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ of the Oklahoma-Kansas District. He held this position until this organization merged with the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated in 1945.

Brother Shoemake also served fifteen years on the Advisory Board of the Apostolic College in Tulsa of which C. P. Williams was president, and eight years as vice-president of the same school. He also served for a time as Chaplain of the House of Representatives in Oklahoma City while Bill Shiply was State Representative.

Trusting God for healing was a common practice in the 1930s and 1940s in Pentecostal circles. When Regina became very ill with an undiagnosed illness, the Shoemakes trusted God to heal her. They tried to inspire faith in their children for healing but not to the point of forcing their beliefs on them. "Do you want me to call a doctor?" Voar asked Regina.

"No, Daddy, you just pray for me," Regina replied.

After much prayer, Regina's condition worsened, and they believed it to be critical. Voar drove into the country to get alone with God and to sob his heart out in prayer. He called preacher friends to join them in prayer.

Still no answer came. It looked like Regina would die.

A fine man from the church came to Brother Shoemake one day. "Brother Shoemake, if you let that little girl die, they'll surely send you to prison."

"I'm not concerned about going to prison," Voar replied. "I only want my daughter to get well."

Later that night Brother and Sister Ashcraft, dear friends of the Shoemakes, came over to join them in prayer. Sometime during the evening they anointed Regina with oil and prayed again. God instantly took away the fever, quieted the breathing and totally healed Regina. There was much rejoicing in the Lord that night!

One of the saints in the Morris church called Brother Shoemake one day. "Would you come over and pray for my wife? She's been bitten by a black widow spider and is in very serious condition." Because almost everyone trusted God for their healings in those days, it was common for the pastor's phone to ring at any time of the day or night asking for prayer.

The Shoemakes went quickly to the woman's house to pray for her. Though they prayed and prayed, the woman grew steadily worse.

One day the husband called in desperation, "Please come quickly! I believe my wife is dying."

The Shoemakes hurried to her home and found her smothering for breath. They fell on their knees and earnestly sought God. While praying, the Lord spoke to Brother Shoemake and said that He would heal the woman if they would obey Him.

Brother Shoemake conveyed this message to the couple. In a short time, the man left the room and

returned with something in his hand. He placed this paper in Brother Shoemake's pocket.

Brother Shoemake was disturbed when he discovered that it was money. "I don't want any money for praying for anyone," he said quickly.

The man reassured Brother Shoemake that he and his wife had promised to pay some tithes and had failed to pay them. The woman was instantly healed. God honored surrendered wills and fulfilled vows.

One of the interesting memories Nita Kay recalled about her father was his concern when any of the children became ill. He gave them so much attention that it almost made being sick desirable. "Daddy would get so worried when we were sick. If he could get us to eat, he'd feel that the crisis was past. So all during my sickness I remember him bringing me all sorts of good food to tempt me to eat. Food was the cure for all diseases! 'Just eat a little bite,' he'd beg. And he'd even feed me if I was sick enough. He'd buy us just about any special thing we wanted, if he could possibly afford it, to help us get well. Those are very special memories."

Nita Kay went on to recall, "My parents encouraged us, above everything else, to live for God. They made serving God a pleasure instead of a drudgery and used God-given wisdom in raising us in the love and fear of God.

"One of my earliest memories of Daddy took place in the Morris church when he was the pastor. I was in the nursery class, and I suppose I was three or four years old. Our class stood up to recite the memory verse as we did every Sunday morning, but instead of saying

the verse, we just blabbed—making lots of noise but speaking no words.

"After we finished this recitation, everyone sat down but me. I saw Daddy motioning me to come up to the platform. When I got there, he promptly turned me over his knee and gave me a spanking I'll always remember! One lesson I learned that day was always to respect God's house and His Word. Another lesson was to be careful when you are called to the platform, for you may get the surprise of your life!"

Voar Shoemake has derived much pleasure throughout his lifetime from giving to needy causes. The cliche "giving the shirt off his back" was taken literally one day when Voar met a young acquaintance downtown. "Aren't you supposed to be at your graduation ceremonies?" he asked the boy.

"I don't have a clean shirt," the boy replied.

"Come with me," Voar said.

They went into the back of the store, and Voar took off his newly starched and ironed shirt and exchanged it for the young man's dirty one.

After the exchange, the young friend proudly walked out of the store and attended his graduation.

A newly married couple, Tut and Betty Edgemon, told of the time they lived in Morris. Tut was attending school on the GI Bill. They, like so many others of their day, did not own a car.

A close relative had been seriously ill in the Oklahoma City Hospital and had recovered sufficiently to be discharged. Tut and Betty needed to provide a comfortable ride home for this relative. Someone told them, "Why don't you see Preacher Shoemake? I think

he'll loan you his car."

"But we don't know him and we aren't members of his church," one of the Edgemons responded.

After some reassuring, the Edgemons asked to borrow the car.

Brother Shoemake was glad to loan them the car and showed them how to work the windshield wipers (it was raining), the radio and other gadgets.

"I don't know how much time Brother Shoemake spent praying for us while we were gone on that 240 mile round trip, but we had an uneventful trip," Betty said.

When the Edgemons' thoughts turned toward God and attending some church, it was only natural that they were drawn to the church Brother Shoemake pastored. They became faithful saints in the Morris church and in later years were members of the San Jose church that Brother Shoemake founded.

Tut, who became a professional electrician, contributed his services generously to two new churches built under Brother Shoemake's leadership. "Bread cast upon the waters" was multiplied as it returned.

A saying Voar Shoemake was often heard to say from the pulpit was, "I don't want to own anything that's too good for God's people to use."

Lonnie Smelser was about seventeen years old when he first met Brother and Sister Shoemake at the Tulsa Bible School. "Brother Shoemake weighed about 240 pounds and had black, wavy hair. He seemed a rather stern and imposing figure. Since he was the vice-president of the school, it usually meant 'carpet call' when he showed up.

"In the summer of 1945, a five-member evangelistic party from the school held a revival at the Morris church where Brother Shoemake pastored. I was one of the party, and when the party disbanded, I stayed behind and lived with the Shoemakes. It didn't take long to discover how wrong my early impressions of Brother Shoemake had been.

"Brother Shoemake and two other ministers took me to Okmulgee to Polly's Clothing Store and bought me a tan suit. It was the second suit I had ever owned.

"The Shoemakes kept a large bowl of loose change in the cabinet. I was told to help myself whenever I needed money. Those were such strange words! I don't remember ever using any of it, but it made me feel good just knowing that it was there.

"Later Brother Shoemake loaned me $75.00 to get married. You don't forget people like that!" Lonnie concluded.

"You can't outgive God" was a motto Voar Shoemake practiced and preached throughout his ministry. Being missions minded early in his Christian experience, he admired self-sacrificing people who left all to go to other countries to minister to the lost and felt it his duty and privilege to back them with his prayers and finances.

One day in 1942 while Voar was praying for the missionaries, the Lord spoke to his heart. "If you love the missionaries as much as you say you do, sell your car and give the money to them." This was not a "second" car but his one and only.

Those were war years when auto factories had cut back on production due to shortage of materials. Being

a minister, Voar had appealed to a special board and had finally received permission to buy a new car—a 1942 Oldsmobile—one of the prettiest cars he had ever owned.

It took Voar several days of praying and "making sure" that it was really God dealing with him, but the clear understanding soon came and the car was sold.

"I'm certainly not meaning to brag about this incident," Voar said, "but perhaps these experiences might encourage someone else. Since the day I sold that car, there has never been a time in my life that I couldn't afford to buy a new car. You just can't outgive God. That concept has really worked in my life."

While in prayer one day in 1948, the Lord impressed Voar that he should leave Morris and move west. Blanche's parents, the Kilgores, were in Santa Cruz, California, at that time, so they went to visit them.

Brother Kilgore told Voar that he had heard that the pastor of the South Modesto church was getting ready to retire. He and Voar felt to drive over there, and within thirty minutes after arriving at the pastor's house, Voar gave the pastor a $500.00 deposit on his church building. Voar told him to hold the title in escrow so that the church could be owned by the people.

The first service at this church was the next Saturday night. Brother Kilgore acted as master of ceremonies and announced to the people that Brother Shoemake was to be their new pastor.

The Shoemakes brought their furniture from Morris and stored it and then moved into the back of a run-down church. They stayed there six months while a big remodeling job on the church was completed. The

Lord blessed and the church became a thriving congregation.

After pastoring in Modesto for two years, Brother Shoemake learned that the Morris church was going through a difficult time and a church split seemed to be in the making. So after much prayer, he resigned from the church and went back to Morris. This church held a special place in Voar's heart. It was where he was converted, married, and started his ministry. But after being there nearly a year, the two factions seemed not to be making any real headway in coming back together, and he felt to move on.

Hirah Thomas, a member of the Modesto church, came through Morris about that time and asked Brother Shoemake if he would move to San Jose, California, and build a church. Brother Thomas was moving there and promised to help build the church.

After some prayer and seeking God, a message in tongues and interpretation made the Shoemakes to know that God was leading and that there would be people there to hold up their hands with much support.

The Shoemakes soon learned that their good friends, Hazel and Woody Rutherford, were leaving Tulsa and moving to San Jose and then later the Turner Merrills. The pieces seemed to be falling into place. Furniture was loaded on a truck, and the Shoemakes with their four children ranging in ages from four to sixteen moved into a small two-room apartment. It was not a pretty place, to say the least. The sink water drained right outside the kitchen window, and the bathroom door opened into the kitchen. In spite of the fact that it took over six months even to find a hall to rent for the

church services, they did not doubt God's leading.

In the interim, prayer meetings were held in homes until a VFW Hall was available. The church began with eighteen people present (six of whom were the Shoemake family). Later Brown's Hall in Willow Glen could be rented on Sunday afternoons on a regular basis, and the services were held there for three years while permits, property, plans, and finances were coming together for building a church.

By this time, the church had grown until there were several men in the church who had much expertise in several facets of building and were able to contribute significantly.

Fifty-six people were present the first service in the new church at the corner of Saratoga Avenue and Piper Drive. God continued to add to the church until in about eight years a larger church was needed.

About three hundred people moved from the Saratoga Avenue church to the big new one on Boynton Avenue, and the church continued to grow. Babies grew up and started families of their own . . . people moved to town while others moved away . . . births . . . graduations . . . weddings . . . funerals . . . and the cycle of life kept its rhythm.

Regina married David Theobald, who later became a minister; Jimmy, who started preaching as a young teenager, married Bobby Thornton and pastored in Houston; Nita Kay married Verbal Bean, who also pastored a church in Houston; and Dayna married Jimmy Jones, and they pastored in Austin, Texas, for several years.

From these marriages the Shoemakes were given

twelve grandchildren and three great-grandchildren (at this writing).

"About the time you breathe a sigh of relief after you get your children raised and working for God—the grandchildren come along," Brother Shoemake said with an amused grin.

In 1970 Brother Shoemake was appointed to the Foreign Missions Board of the United Pentecostal Church. He is now serving his third term. The burden for missions that he felt at the start of his ministry is still in full operation.

Brother Shoemake's health became poor over a long period of time, and in 1975 he felt that he should resign the San Jose church. His son, Jimmy, took the torch. The church has continued to grow under his leadership.

During the years Brother Shoemake pastored in San Jose, approximately eighteen ministers have entered the ministry through his leadership.

In 1979 Brother and Sister Shoemake moved down to Visalia, California, for eight months to help pull the church together and raise money for a church building. God helped them to encourage the church to raise $75,000 to pay down on a $300,000 building. A new pastor was installed while the Shoemakes were there.

The Shoemakes celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on December 22, 1982. It also marked fifty years of ministry. "People smile when I preface a sentence with 'I was just telling Blanche,' but she is my best friend and in fifty years we have never run out of things to talk about—we talk by the hour. We travel by car or motor home just so we can be together and talk. She has been my understanding counselor and constant

companion. God was so kind to me—giving me such a wonderful wife and children."



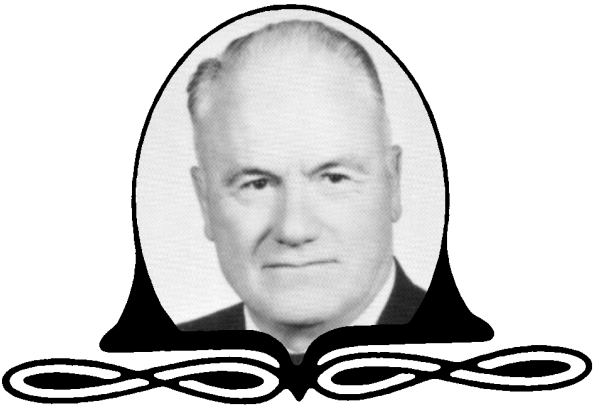
Blanche and Voar Shoemake early in their marriage.



Ground breaking at San Jose.



Voar and Blanche Shoemake on their 50th wedding anniversary.



OSCAR VOUGA

By Paul H. Box

Oscar Vouga, who was destined to become one of the widely respected early pioneers of Pentecost, was born July 29, 1903, in St. Louis County, Missouri. He was one of ten children born to John and Madeline Vouga. Oscar had four other brothers and five sisters.

Oscar's parents were staunch Presbyterians, and the children were raised by their God-fearing parents in the tenets of this church. Oscar attended the public school system of St. Louis County and was a very good student. After his graduation from high school, he took a special course in business administration.

Active in sports, he grew up in St. Louis as any average young man would. In those days St. Louis County was somewhat forested country with plenty of room to romp and play in the broad expanse of fields and forest.

When Oscar was nineteen, his uncle who lived in California wrote to his parents inquiring if one of the boys would be willing to leave St. Louis and join him in California to help him with his grocery business. Since Oscar was the only son willing to leave St. Louis, in the spring of 1921, he left by train to Oakland, California, where he took up the grocery business with his uncle for the next three years.

One day while Oscar was working in his uncle's store in Oakland, a young lady came for the purpose of changing some money for her mother. Oscar immediately liked her appearance and engaged her in conversation. The next day happened to be a holiday, and Oscar asked Ruth if she would consider going somewhere with him for the day.

When she answered yes, Oscar asked her where she would like to go, and she told him, "To a Pentecostal meeting." His desire was to attend a movie, but he agreed to go to the meeting with her. The young lady's name was Ruth Daniels, whose home was in Oakland. The meeting was a tent meeting under the auspices of the Downtown Mission of Oakland, which was conducted by Brother Harry Morse, a Pentecostal minister. Oscar met Ruth's mother and stepfather, who willingly gave their consent for Ruth to go out with this young man. They were quite impressed with Oscar, considering him to be a clean-cut and very nice young man. Ruth and Oscar went to the tent meeting, but Oscar did not say very much as to his impression of the Pentecostal service under the tent.

The following Sunday Oscar and Ruth again went to the meeting this time at the Downtown Pentecostal Mis-

sion. It was a rather plain meeting hall, but it was crowded with all races of people from various religious persuasions. A policeman was stationed at the door of the hall to make sure that only a certain number of people would be allowed into the services.

There was a large prayer room to the rear of the main auditorium where people prayed twenty-four hours a day. This prayer meeting was greatly blessed of the Lord and contributed much to the success of the mission.

The people were hungry for the reality of the blessing of the Lord and were not disappointed. God moved in a wonderful way, and great things were done in the services for the glory of the Lord. The meeting was greatly blessed of the Lord with the people singing, shouting, praising the Lord, and speaking in unknown tongues as the Spirit of God moved upon the hungry hearts of the people gathered for service. Many testified of the goodness of God in their lives, and the service would have continued on in such a manner had Pastor Morse allowed them. He wanted the congregation to hear the Word of God.

On the Sunday Oscar visited with Ruth, evangelist Herbert Huffman preached his usual text on "hellfire" and "brimstone," giving his message that day the title, "Hell." The message was very soul-searching, and Oscar could almost feel the fires of hell.

After the service Ruth and Oscar went back home. Ruth's mother asked Oscar how he enjoyed the meeting. He told her that it was all right but that the people were "strong minded," which seemed to be a rather confused answer. However, Oscar was impressed, and he went

back to hear the evangelist again. One night he went to the altar, repented of his sins under great conviction, and was baptized in water in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of his sins. When Oscar came up out of the water in the baptistry, he spoke several words in an unknown language. Oscar was not satisfied with this brief speaking, however. He went home and prayed earnestly for more of the Spirit of God in his life. The Lord blessed him, and he spoke in tongues for over one-half hour, which satisfied him with his experience in the Lord.

Oscar was now fully satisfied and on fire for the Lord. When he testified of his experience in church, he said, "Come up and get the Holy Ghost, and let the Lord knock you for a home run."

Ruth and Oscar became better acquainted in the days that followed, and one day Oscar asked her if she would marry him. Without hesitation she answered yes, for she had grown to love him very much.

Oscar had to leave the city for a time to return to St. Louis. After he returned to California in about a month, Ruth and Oscar were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. They were married by Ruth's stepfather in the living room of Ruth's mother's apartment in Oakland.

The happy couple went to Santa Cruz, California, for a week's honeymoon. When they returned to Oakland, they secured an apartment of their own and settled down to a normal married life.

It was not long, however, until Oscar felt the Lord's call to preach the gospel and also a missionary call to Hawaii. Oscar was unaware that his wife had also

received a missionary call to Hawaii before she met him, but she had given it up. Now the Lord had plans for the couple, and He renewed the call in her heart.

After much prayer they decided to go to Hawaii to answer the call of the Lord. When they arrived, they contacted a Pentecostal minister, but he rejected them because they were "Oneness" and he was of the "Trinity" persuasion. They finally rented a small, storefront building where they held services. They also conducted street meetings in front of this building. They were located in a very rough neighborhood, but the people who lived there were very kind to them and protected them from the rough elements of the place.

There were threats of violence over Oscar's straightforward preaching. One night after service as the Vougas were locking up, about fifteen boys came to the door and asked if they could come in to pray, but that was not their real intention. They had intended to "break up the place" and possibly do bodily harm to Ruth and Oscar, but God intervened. After a brief prayer the boys got up and left, much to the disappointment of an unruly crowd that had gathered outside the building in the hope of witnessing the "taking care of the religious fanatics."

Oscar and Ruth supported themselves in Hawaii by Oscar's working as a salesman for the Kraft Cheese Company.

The Lord blessed their ministry in Hawaii, and many were baptized in Jesus' name and filled with the Holy Ghost. Others were healed of various diseases after being anointed with oil in the name of Jesus. The Lord put His stamp of approval upon Oscar and Ruth Vouga dur-

ing their stay in Hawaii.

After spending one and a half years in Hawaii, they felt they should return to California, where they went into evangelistic work. God greatly blessed and used them in this ministry in various places. As an evangelist, Oscar was constantly in demand, and in 1924 he was formally ordained to the ministry.

In 1932, after a successful ministry in evangelism, Oscar received a call to pastor in Nampa, Idaho. In 1934 while attending a convention of the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated, of which he was a member, Brother Vouga was appointed a member of the Foreign Missionary Board. Later in 1934 he received a call to pastor in Houston, Texas, but his stay in Houston was brief. Later he received a call to Bemis, Tennessee.

After remaining in Bemis a short time, he was invited to Winnipeg, Canada, where God blessed him in a wonderful way with a very blessed and successful pastorship. One of his converts in Winnipeg was a young man by the name of William Cooling, an alcoholic, whom God wonderfully saved and who subsequently became a great man of God. At this writing Brother Cooling is the District Superintendent of the Ontario District, Canada, of the United Pentecostal Church.

The Lord filled many young people in Winnipeg with the Holy Ghost. Brother Vouga's ministry in Canada was not without its problems, but the Lord was gracious and gave him wisdom and knowledge and helped him to have a very blessed ministry in this great Canadian region.

Later in Hot Springs, Arkansas, at a convention of

the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated, Brother Vouga was made editor of the official paper of the organization. He was also elected to fill the position of General Secretary. He served in these capacities until 1945, when the merger of the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated, and the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ occurred. Brother Howard A. Goss, who was the General Superintendent of the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated, and Brother W. T. Witherspoon, Chairman of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ, together with other officials of each organization were commissioned to explore the possibility of bringing about a merger of their respective organizations into one body. Conferences were held in St. Louis and other places, and various differences between the two groups were resolved.

In 1945 in separate conferences held in St. Louis at the same time but in different places, the merger proposal which had been worked out between the representatives of both groups was approved by the official boards of the groups and then by the ministerial constituencies of both organizations. A merger was finally consummated with great rejoicing and the blessing of God upon ministers and laymen gathered at the Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis where the merged group held a conference together. The name adopted by the merged body was the United Pentecostal Church, which was later changed to United Pentecostal Church International.

Brother Oscar Vouga was one of those who had a large part in the preliminary work of the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated, and the Pentecostal Assemblies of

Jesus Christ, and he helped in the final culmination of the merger of the two groups. This was a great step forward in the progress of the work of the Lord.

After the merger, Brother Vouga felt that he should pursue some other part of the Lord's work. He accepted a call from the church in Winnipeg as pastor of the church there which he had pastored years previously. He stayed there about seven years. Leaving Canada Brother Vouga went south to Pritchard, Alabama, where he built a new church for the glory of God and the saints of that place. He enjoyed a very successful ministry in Pritchard.

In 1969, the Lord called him to another phase of His work when he was made the Director of Foreign Missions of the United Pentecostal Church. The Foreign Missionary work greatly expanded and progressed under his very capable leadership. The financial structure increased tremendously, and the number of missionaries appointed grew considerably. It was during his administration that the "Partners in Missions" financial plan of the Missionary Department was adopted by the organization as the official fund raising method for support of missionaries. Brother and Sister Vouga traveled to all parts of the world where United Pentecostal Church missionaries were on location to encourage them in their work for God. The office part of the work was carried on by Brother Paul Box, who had been appointed as Foreign Missionary Secretary in 1956. He and Brother Vouga worked hand in hand for the upbuilding of the foreign missionary work of the United Pentecostal Church. Brother Vouga left the missionary work after directing its course for about seven years. Brother T. F.

Tenney was elected Director of Foreign Missions, and God used him to expand the missionary endeavors of the United Pentecostal Church.

Brother and Sister Vouga accepted the pastorate of the United Pentecostal Church in Macon, Georgia. They were greatly beloved of the people, and God blessed their ministry for the next seven years. In 1978, Brother Vouga became fatally ill and died on August 6. A great minister of God passed on to his eternal reward, having amassed a wonderful record of ministry for the Lord and leaving his mark upon the world of a "job well done and faithfully executed for the Lord," whom he loved with all his heart.

Brother Vouga was known for the great power and authority of his preaching God's Word without fear or favor.

Sister Vouga moved from Macon to Houston, Texas, where she attended Brother C. L. Dees' church for several years. She then moved back to Georgia and lives in Atlanta.

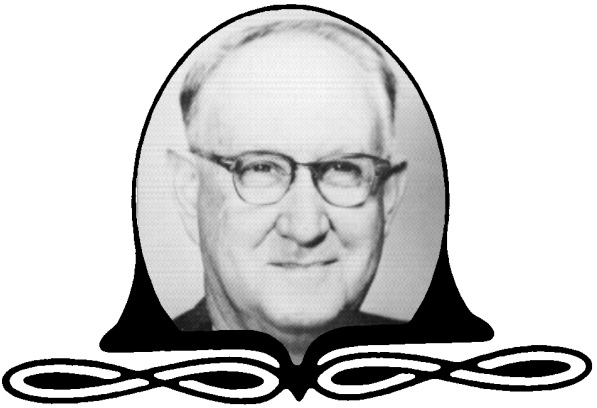
It was the privilege of this writer to work with Brother Vouga during his tenure of office as Director of Foreign Missions. He was wonderful to work with, and I appreciated his dedication and zeal for the furtherance of the work of the Lord in the Missionary Department. Our relationship was of the best, and we worked together hand and glove for the Lord. He was truly a man of God.



Oscar Vouga, Assistant Superintendent, (Eastern Zone) 1953.



Oscar Vouga, A. T. Morgan, O. F. Fauss.



JAMES WELLS WALLACE

By Mary H. Wallace

"Where is that light coming from, Allie?" the young farmer was washing his tired, dusty feet after a long, hot day ploughing in the fertile fields of the Decatur County farm.

James Wells Wallace stared in amazement as the light coming from above played over his feet and shined down between the cracks in the crude back porch of the tenant house by the creek. His young wife, Allie, and their small children saw the bright light and wondered, "What does this mean? Where is that light coming from?" There were probably no street lights in all of Decatur County, Tennessee, in those days. No cars on the remote country dirt road and certainly no airplanes.

Then the young Methodist lay exhorter remembered

the verse of Scripture that Paul had quoted from Isaiah 52:7 in Romans 10:15: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" Was God sending him a special message?

Already a good thing had happened in Decatur County. In 1918 a little known Oneness minister, Brother Kennedy, had built a brush arbor for a revival.

The Wallaces along with other relatives had attended that revival, and there they first heard of the infilling of the Holy Ghost and the oneness of God, baptism in Jesus' name. J. W. and his wife Allie had both gladly heard the Word and were soon filled with the Holy Ghost. But when they returned to the little community church at Corinth, they found that young Wallace was not welcome to take leadership as a lay exhorter in the Methodist church any longer.

But this did not stop the Spirit-filled believers. They met in brush arbors, storefronts, cottage prayer meetings, as well as in the community church one Sunday a month. Young J. W. Wallace became a leader of the Pentecostals in that community, especially to his own relatives. His sister Maggie, who had married Allie's brother, Tommy Robbins, along with several of Allie's sisters including Parilee Stanfill, Minnie Mannus, and Lulu Shelby, plus numerous cousins all followed "Uncle Jim's" example. Soon a number of friends and relatives sought and received the Holy Spirit.

J. W. Wallace had been a spiritual leader in his family since childhood. His father had deserted the family when J. W. was only twelve, and he began to assume leadership then. The twelve-year-old was able to borrow

money that first year to make a way to support his mother and his brother and sisters, so he matured early and established habits of honesty and responsibility. When he and Allie Robbins married, they moved into a small cabin near the Robbins and Wallaces.

But times were hard back then. Jim Wallace had bought a farm right after World War I. The economic crunch hit the farmers before the 1929 crash, and the Wallaces were also affected. The bank sold the good farm for a pittance, and J. W. Wallace undertook to pay off the balance. He felt it was an honest debt, and he did not want to file for bankruptcy. So his three boys, Cleatus, James Onell (his family always called him Onell, but later he was better known as J. O. Wallace) and Glenn along with their father struggled to make the family living and pay their debts.

"Maybe we ought to give up farming, Allie. They tell me there's work at the cotton mill in Bemis." In 1922 after a bad year in the Forked Deer River bottoms when all the children had malaria, the family moved to Bemis.

But the cotton mill was not the best thing in Bemis. The best thing was the Pentecostal church.

Soon J. W. Wallace did get a job as a mechanic in the cotton mill, but his paycheck still was not sufficient to repay the bank for the farm. Before Cleatus finished high school, his father told him that he needed to get a job in the mill. Cleatus soon got a job with another young Pentecostal man, W. M. Greer, in the supply room.

However, James Onell not only wanted to go to Bemis High, but he also had dreams of going to the University of Tennessee at Knoxville and becoming an engineer. The summer after he finished eighth grade,

Onell got a job as a doffer in the weaving department. There were no child labor laws, so the boy worked twelve hours a day for five days a week.

That fall he persuaded J. W. to let him go to high school in the daytime. "I'll work eight hours a night on the night shift, Dad. You can have my check. I don't need the money." So that was what he did.

But there was fun at the Wallace house, too. Onell was often the ringleader. He caddied at the golf course next door to their house and got free lessons from the pro. He built a tree house, and together with Glenn he stayed up in it for three days, pulling food up but refusing to come down.

The last two children were girls, Naomi and Bonnie. The little mill town house rang with the laughter of five children. Allie, short with big brown eyes, kept the kitchen smelling good with hot cornbread and vegetables, not to mention her delicious apple pies. She also had an infectious giggle and a keen sense of humor. But J. W. Wallace, six feet one, over two hundred pounds, ruddy skin, keen twinkling blue eyes, was the anchor of the family. Steadfast, reliable, a man of peace and faith, he soon became a leader in the Pentecostal church.

The Pentecostals were not allowed in the city limits when they first came to Bemis. Albert D. Gurley held a tent meeting across the highway in "Happy Holler." But finally they were permitted to build a small, white clapboard building, and it was here that the Wallaces worshiped.

It was not long before Brother Gurley, a great administrator and a leader of men, asked Brother Wallace to

be his assistant. For more than ten years the two men worked side by side. "We never had a cross word" was Brother Wallace's testimony about their work together. Brother Gurley was a mighty evangelist who traveled widely and preached revivals. Brother Wallace was the assistant who preached in the pastor's absence and taught. He also had a definite ministry in praying for the sick. In fact, when an urgent call to pray for the sick came while Brother Wallace was at work in the mill, his boss often said, "Go ahead, Brother Wallace. Someone else can watch your machines."

All the Wallace children repented, were baptized in Jesus' name and filled with the Holy Ghost as they grew old enough to understand the gospel. Cleatus married a beautiful girl, Mildred Weaver, a gifted pianist. Onell finished high school, but he was not encouraged to go to the university. "The Lord's coming soon, Son. Why don't you just stay here and work in the mill." Then he decided to go to a local Methodist college, Lambuth, but due to the long hours of night work at the cotton mill, plus the extra strain of college study, his eyes were affected and he dropped out.

"I'll go to Memphis, Dad. I want to see if a change will help. Maybe I can get in Draughn's Business College." So that was what he did. After finishing the business college in 1940, he went to work for a certified public accountant (CPA) in downtown Memphis.

In November 1940 young Onell Wallace registered for the draft. "But I registered as a conscientious objector, Dad. I could not kill anyone—a German, a Jap, or anyone." J. W. Wallace, man of peace, had influenced his sons.

"I understand, Onell. Uncle Lute's boys are Church of Christ, and they are refusing to serve even in the medics. They may have to go to some sort of labor camp. W. L. and all the Shelby boys are signing up as c.o.s too." (A conscientious objector was commonly called a c.o.) The Wallaces knew what they believed, and they stood for their beliefs.

J. W. Wallace had served several years as an assistant. He had preached revivals in Finley, Tennessee, and many other small villages. In Chester County, he assumed the responsibility for beginning a church at Pleasant Ridge. Now it was time to move on.

"I am fifty years old, Allie. God has called me to preach. If I am ever going to build a church, I must get busy. For years I have had a burden for Nashville. You know, we don't have a single Oneness Pentecostal church east of the Tennessee River. I have prayed God to send someone. Maybe He wants me to go."

So J. W. Wallace heard a "different drummer"; instead of "Go west, young man, go west," it was "Go east, older man, go east." But Allie did not hear any drummer at all. Always quiet, shy and reserved, a homemaker, she dreaded the thoughts of leaving the security of a weekly paycheck from the cotton mill, let alone the host of friends at the Bemis church. In 1939 the Wallaces had finally paid off their farm debt and now they at least had a good car, a Willis Overland, although they still lived in a company house.

In Memphis, however, young Onell was also hearing a different drummer. He had his first professional job, assistant to a certified public accountant. He enjoyed attending Brother E. E. McNatt's thriving church at 4th

and Keel. Onell served as church secretary and treasurer. But he knew that war was imminent. "I'll soon be drafted. I believe I'll go home." Always a homebody, he felt he wanted those last few weeks in Bemis with his family.

Meanwhile J. W. Wallace prayed about his call to middle and east Tennessee: "Lord, if this is Your will, let me know definitely." He laid two fleeces before the Lord. "Lord, I'll need help. Move on Onell to go with me. Also I have a brother in Nashville who needs you." The brother's wife, Jewell, had received the Holy Ghost earlier, but Lester and Jewell did not attend any church.

With a call in his heart, J. W. Wallace packed his bag and drove to Jackson to catch the bus to Nashville. What a surprise at the bus station! "Onell, what are you doing home?"

"Dad, where are you going?"

Like ships in the night the father and son met. "I am going to Nashville to start a church, Son. Why don't you go with me?" So two Wallaces caught the Nashville bus. In the city they contacted others of like precious faith. The C. H. Phifer family, the T. W. Goolsbys, the A. L. Binkleys, Mr. Leo Mitchell, Esther Turnbow and Daisy Turner. Later the I. A. Dugans and the Noble Carson family moved to Nashville from Mississippi. The Tom Scotts and E. H. Woods families were attending the First Assembly of God church in East Nashville.

"But we do believe the one-God message, Brother Wallace. We will be interested in what you can do here."

So the work began in the Nashville area. First there were just cottage prayer meetings. Later they met in a

small storefront on 51st street on the west side of town. Brother Wallace and Onell both got jobs, Brother Wallace in the Werthan Bag Company and Onell as bookkeeper in the Spur Oil Company. They rented a house for the family on 1816 Pearl Street.

Allie, Glenn, Naomi and Bonnie moved up, but Allie had a hard time adjusting. Although she did not complain, she had terrible headaches, and more than once J. W. caught her in tears.

Not too long after the Wallaces moved to Nashville, others joined the extended family; Uncle Tommy (Allie's brother) and Aunt Mag (J. W.'s sister) and a whole bunch of double cousins, Pauline and her husband Kenneth Stephens, Irene and her family, the Collis Stanfills, Lucille, Mildred, Faye and Vadean all moved up and most of them found jobs in the busy capital city.

By this time J. W. Wallace, ever a builder, had found lots on the corner of 51st street and Delaware. "They are just fill in lots, but 51st is a busy street right off Charlotte, which goes clear up town past the capitol. This will be a good location. I think we ought to buy." So they bought two lots for $800. They paid $100 down. Then they decided to break the debt into twenty-eight notes of $25.00 each. The saints and friends then took as many of the notes as they could, and soon the debt was paid.

In the meantime Brother Wallace rented a large tent from Crown Tent and Awning Company to hold service temporarily. Onell served as the first Sunday school superintendent. The first Sunday forty-four attended the Sunday school.

From the first venture into the city, J. W. Wallace

envisioned not just one big super church but several Pentecostal churches to reach the entire city. "We will call this first church West Nashville Pentecostal Church. Later there will be churches in the north, south, and east parts of town," he planned.

The Second World War was escalating. Industry was booming. Grapel and Lunelle Shelby, nieces of Allie, came to town and found work at the cotton mill. Later all the Shelbys moved up, increasing the Sunday school. But soon W. L. Shelby along with Onell got their letters that began: "Greetings from the President of the United States of America." Eventually seventeen young men from the small congregation of about seventy-five souls left to serve in the armed forces. Every Sunday afternoon the saints met to pray for "our soldier boys." Not one of the entire seventeen was even wounded although several were in the Battle of the Bulge and other front lines.

Although the Lord did answer J. W. Wallace's fleeces concerning the work in Nashville, after he made the move it seemed that one by one the supports were removed. Was he fully committed to the venture? First Onell left for the army; later Lester and his wife Jewell, who had begun attending services, dropped out again.

Another real problem was the lack of musical talent. Then, there was the frustration of trying to build any sort of building during the war. Most building materials were needed for the wartime industries. Supplies were often restricted and always scarce. But the good saints were faithful tithers.

George Hill, one of the first converts, was the first church treasurer. Every month a balance sheet was

posted promptly with each individual name and contribution as well as each expense meticulously recorded. J. W. Wallace was a man of his word, and his credit was impeccable. He paid his debts even if it took ten years and deprived his family. For several years he had served the Tennessee district of the United Pentecostal Church as presbyter.

During his four-year army stint, J. O. double tithed, once to the local church he attended near his army base then again back home to West Nashville Pentecostal Church. Other soldier boys also sent their small tithes home.

Excavation for a small 40' x 60' gray native stone basement church was begun. "I want to build a firm foundation. Let's make those thirty inch stone walls," Brother Wallace planned. The basement church was dedicated in September 1942.

In July 1942 the Wallaces welcomed another member into the clan when J. O., then stationed in Santa Barbara, California, at Hoff General Hospital, sent back to the country village of Finley, Tennessee, for a bride, Mary Martha Hardwick.

In 1944 God honored prayer in an outstanding way, and J. O. was transferred by the army to Thayer General Hospital on White Bridge Road about a mile from the Wallaces' home.

What a joy it was to have the children home! The Wallaces had finally bought their first home on Robertson Road, and two small apartments were arranged for J. O. and Mary and also for Glenn and his wife Marie.

Marie's mother, Gladys Robinson, had moved to Nashville in 1942. In 1947, Gladys accepted a call to

Africa, and the small congregation sent out their first foreign missionary. (Read her story in the book *Life-line for Gladys* by Nona Freeman.)

During the early forties several revivals were held. One outstanding meeting was held in 1942 by the evangelist Brother A. D. Gurley, District Superintendent. During this meeting the group of saints were officially organized and the West Nashville Pentecostal church was set in order with thirty-eight charter members.

Not long after J. O. and his wife were stationed in Nashville, her family, the L. H. Hardwicks, also moved to Nashville.

"Sister Maria Hardwick will be such a help to us with her piano playing." And she was a help. In time she became the Ladies Auxiliary leader and was responsible for raising the funds for the first Hammond organ, as well as a new piano.

About this time Grady Moore, a local music teacher, began giving music lessons for strings, guitar and mandolin. Jane and Barney Hardwick were among the music students, along with Lunelle Shelby, Faye Robbins and Jack Hill. Sister Hardwick also started the Goolsby girls, Nadine and Violet, as well as Montelle Carson and Vadine Robbins, on piano lessons. So "there was music there."

But J. W. longed for the church to be completed on top of the basement, and it was. March 1948 was dedication time. What a day! Mildred and Cleatus and lots of other old friends drove up from Bemis. J. W. Wallace stood every inch of his six foot one inch that day, and Mom Wallace, at peace with their venture, looked lovely at his side. All the children were married by now, and

grandchildren made the homeplace on Robertson Road ring with laughter. There was Marilyn, the first grandchild and the only child of Cleatus and Mildred who still lived in Bemis. Mary and J. O.'s Jimmy, Jr., was born while J. O. was still in service. Then came their Margie, Jack, Jeff, and Rosemary and also Naomi's three boys, Johnny, Tommy and Jerry. Bonnie had one son, Alvin. (Joe Glenn was the last grandchild and was born after his grandfather's death.)

But J. W. Wallace still dreamed of reaching the whole city, so while J. O. was in army uniform, the two of them held a revival in the small suburban town, Goodlettsville, east of town. Again they pitched a Crown Tent and Awning tent in a pasture and preached. After the revival, J. O. got permission from his commanding officer to reside in Goodlettsville and pastor the little group of fourteen souls. J. W. Wallace and the West Nashville congregation backed this effort with their interest, prayers, and finance. They purchased a small Church of Christ building on Depot Street for $1400. J. O. and Mary pastored there until he was shipped out by the military. Then W. T. Scott assumed the pastorate.

"Well, Goodlettsville is our church in the east," said J. W. Wallace.

In 1943 the Southern District under the leadership of Brother Gurley purchased property for a Bible school in Tupelo, Mississippi. C. D. Soper from Idaho served as president.

After the war was over and J. O. was mustered out of the army, he went to Cleveland, Tennessee, to Bob Jones College to study for the ministry. Later his father encouraged him to take a teaching position on the staff

at Pentecostal Bible Institute. After teaching there a year, he returned to Nashville.

"Son, Sister Nina Meadows pastors a little church, Immanuel Church of Christ (a small group of Oneness churches in middle Tennessee). She is building a new church, and her old church on Rose and Sadler in Woodbine is for sale. Why don't we buy it and you and Mary start a work out there in the south part of town." So J. W. and J. O. Wallace signed another loan for $1800 and bought the building. Nine persons attended the first Sunday. Soon Mary's seventeen-year-old brother, L. H. Hardwick, Jr. (Barney), who had just finished Cohn High and needed direction in his life, moved to Woodbine with the J. O. Wallaces. Barney, a former drum major with Cohn High, took charge of the music.

By this time the old Southern District had divided, and Brother Gurley had moved to pastor a church in Corinth, Mississippi. Brother W. M. Greer was the new District Superintendent of Tennessee, and he asked J. O. Wallace to be his assistant pastor. Later J. O. was elected District Secretary. L. H. Hardwick Jr. then became pastor of the Woodbine church.

About this time J. W. Wallace began to look further east. "We need to carry this message beyond Nashville, Allie. Someday we will have churches in Chattanooga and Knoxville."

Glenn Wallace, the youngest Wallace son, and his wife Marie worked on the secret Oak Ridge Manhattan project. "I don't know what they are doing there, Dad. No one knows."

But J. W. knew he wanted to found another church.

So he began to hold services in the high school building in Oak Ridge. He drove his old Packard over winding mountain roads (no interstate highways then) week after week, leaving the services in Nashville with Brother Ellis from Michigan. Later J. W. Wallace located a beautiful five acre plot of land on the east side of Oak Ridge, and he helped the small group of Pentecostals to purchase it. In 1953 L. H. Benson came and built the church on this property.

In 1951, Brother Wallace, still active in district work as a presbyter, was delegated as the builder when the Tennessee District purchased their own campground. Pickwick campgrounds, of the old Southern District, now belonged to the Mississippi District. J. W. Wallace drew up the plans and was the head carpenter, building first of all a dining hall then later the tabernacle. "And we need our own cabin, Allie." Soon the little four-room brown camp cabin was crowded with children and grandchildren every year at the old Tennessee campground.

In 1951 Brother A. T. Morgan, General Superintendent of the United Pentecostal Church, asked J. O. Wallace to serve as Publishing House manager. By this time J. W. Wallace, who had crammed a lifetime of ministering into a few short years, began to have health problems. "Building that camp tabernacle took a lot of his strength," friends noticed.

In October at the General Conference of the United Pentecostal Church, J. W. and other friends came to the conference and stayed at his son's apartment on Compton and Haliday. During this time he confided his health problems to his sons. "Can you come back to

help me, Son? I have tried three names of fine Pentecostal preachers, but the congregation has not agreed on anyone."

So J. O. resigned his publishing house position and returned to Nashville to assist his father. They divided the small $65.00 per week salary so that there would be no additional burden on the church. Later J. W. Wallace and his wife decided to take a leave of absence to Jackson, Tennessee, and pastor a smaller church on Sullivan Street for about a year.

Later he returned to co-pastor West Nashville with J. O. "I want us to pay off this church debt completely, Onell. Then we'll burn the note." Still challenged and setting goals, J. W. Wallace did just that. What a satisfaction it was to burn that note at the special service when the beautiful brick church, complete with Hammond organ, oak pews, handmade cherry pulpit, pulpit chairs and altar rail, was dedicated to the glory of God free of debt in sixteen short years.

But Brother Wallace's big heart was about gone. "Reverend Wallace, you have angina. Your heart is damaged. Every bit of strength you lose now, you can never regain," Dr. Wyatt warned the grand old preacher. Allie was failing, too. Several strokes left her dizzy, and she spent a lot of time resting.

"Let's have a special Founder's Day celebration for Daddy," J. O. and Mary planned. It was all a big surprise, but the church was crowded with friends and loved ones gathered to honor this pioneer Pentecostal preacher who had done so much to spread the gospel east of the Tennessee River. Several churches were established and growing.

But the days were growing shorter. "I'll buy that nice cabin of Cleatus and Mildred's at the camp. I can get in some mighty good fishing on the Tennessee River." So J. W. Wallace retired, and J. O. resigned and moved to Knoxville.

"Perhaps we can help spread the gospel as Dad dreamed." Brother L. H. Benson was elected pastor at West Nashville. Later J. O. was chosen to pastor the work in Oak Ridge. There were twenty-eight that first Sunday.

After a year at Perryville at the campground, the senior Wallaces moved back to their duplex back of the West Nashville church. "Dr. Wyatt thinks I need to be back."

In 1958 Brother A. T. Morgan again approached J. O. about serving at headquarters. "Would you consider helping us with the Sunday School work?" So he was appointed director. "I think we ought to go back to Nashville to be with Mom and Dad, Mary. He is failing fast. I can travel for the Sunday School Department from Nashville."

It was a short time, full of memories, fraught with fear because it was very obvious that Brother Wallace was about gone. Always a preacher, a doer, J. W. began to take an interest in African violets while he was bedfast.

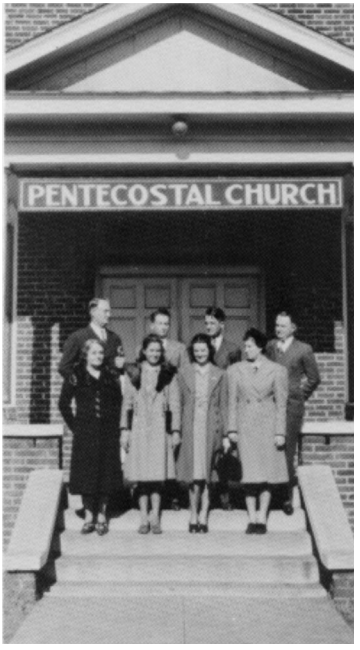
"I'll build Dad some window shelves," J. O. planned. In a few short weeks several plants brightened the room.

"Son, pray that God will heal me. I've got one more sermon." He fingered the new Thompson Chain-Reference Bible, a recent gift. But God had other plans. After two weeks in the hospital, tended lovingly by his

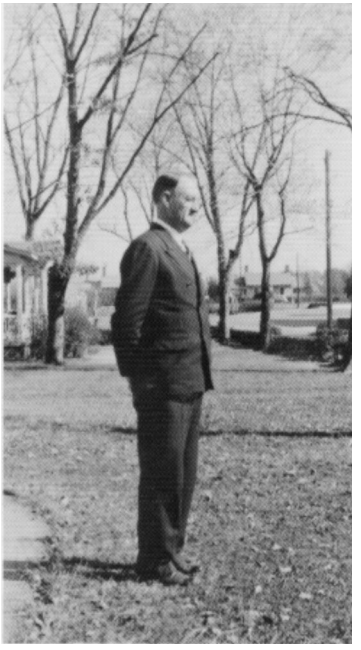
sons, J. W. Wallace finished his course. But Pentecostal churches stand as testimony to what a man can do even after fifty.

About ten years after Brother Wallace's death in 1959, memorial services were held for him in the two churches he served longest—Nashville and Bemis. Brother C. M. Becton called J. O. Wallace to tell him that he was planning a Founder's Day meeting in honor of J. W. Wallace. "Will you speak for us?"

That same summer an old friend, Sister Ollie Black, asked, "About that new altar bench, let's dedicate it in memory of J. W. Wallace."



The Wallace Family at Bemis, Tennessee about 1940.



"Go East, older man, go East."



First Pentecostal Sunday School, Nashville, Tennessee, 1941.



W. T. WITHERSPOON

By Catherine Chambers

Although slight of build and of medium stature, W. T. Witherspoon towered as a tall giant in the early days of the "Jesus Name" Pentecostal movement. His gift of wisdom and discernment was exercised in the formation of a powerful church in the city of Columbus, Ohio, and a strong Pentecostal organization.

His keen insight inspired him to forge ahead into new areas of leadership and growth, and some of the programs he initiated are still enjoyed by the Pentecostals of today. Many outstanding leaders were developed and trained under him, and his influence lives on in the ministries of such men as S. G. Norris, G. C. Chambers, Robert Whalen, Paul Box, Stanley Chambers, and many others. He was a tremendous leader of leaders, and he has left the United Pentecostal Church a beautiful heritage.

William Thomas Witherspoon was born August 7, 1880, in Wampum, Beaver County, Pennsylvania. He was the eldest son of John Hamilton and Emma Paden Witherspoon. There were seven children in the family, four boys and three girls.

According to W. T. Witherspoon's personal testimony, he was reared in a home that was not religious, but he had a wonderful mother. Because of the illness of his father, he was forced to quit school after the tenth grade to help support the family and see to it that his younger brothers received an education. He wandered away from Sunday school and the church in his youth and became involved in his work.

After several odd jobs, he went to Pittsburgh and was employed by the Remington Typewriter Company. He later moved to the L. C. Smith Typewriter Company, where he met Julia Blanche Crane. She had been a sincere Christian all of her life and a member of the old North Avenue Methodist Church in Pittsburgh. He attended a revival in the Methodist Church with her, and it awakened in him a desire to be a Christian.

On September 10, 1902, William and Julia were married in Somerton, Ohio, in the same house where she was born and raised. They continued to worship in the Methodist Church. To this union were born five sons: Ralph, Edward, John, Chester and Arthur.

When Brother Witherspoon joined the church, he determined to serve God with all his heart and gave himself unreservedly to the work of the church. Soon, however, he realized that church socials had become very strong, and it left his hungry soul desiring more of God.

When he heard of a people who believed in holiness, he began attending their meetings. He felt the Lord's presence in the meetings, and the reverence for the house of God and His Word fed his hungry soul. In the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church, he learned about the second coming of the Lord, divine healing, and the spreading of the gospel in missionary endeavors around the world. (This particular class of people prayed much, and they became, more and more, very hungry for an outpouring of the Spirit of God. Sad to say, however, when people began to receive the Pentecostal experience with the evidence of speaking in other tongues, it upset the theology of those who contended that the second work of grace was the baptism of the Holy Ghost. They branded the speaking in tongues as "one of the gifts" and thus repudiated the very answer to their prayers. As the grieved Spirit withdrew His presence, the so-called "Holiness" folks lost the sweetness of their experience and became fighters of the "tongues movement.")

In August of 1912, Brother Witherspoon received the gift of the Holy Ghost, speaking in other tongues, and according to his testimony, "No other experience this side of heaven can be compared to it."

Those who had received this wonderful experience were soon put out of the Christian Missionary Alliance, or they were made to feel that they had fallen from grace. Thus they were forced to assemble with those of like precious faith, going outside the camp, bearing His reproach. The despised little company who had the "sign," which was everywhere evil spoken of, continued to enjoy the blessings of God and to preach strongly the

message of repentance and restitution.

The Holy Ghost continued to lead into all truth. Three years later God revealed to them the oneness of the Godhead and baptism in Jesus' name.

In August 1914 W. T. Witherspoon was promoted to the position of district manager and was moved to Columbus, Ohio. He remained with the L. C. Smith Company until he resigned by faith to fulfill his calling as a full-time minister.

The Lord blessed his efforts, and the small group of believers continued to grow. The Apostolic Gospel Church worshiped on Brehl Avenue in a small building with a seating capacity of one hundred. In 1920 a second church was built on Hayden Avenue. This building had a seating capacity of 250. An addition was added to this building, which increased the seating capacity to 450. As the blessings of the Lord continued, there was a need for a larger building. In 1935 a large building, formerly used as a laundry and dry-cleaning establishment, was purchased. It comfortably seated 700 and was later enlarged to accommodate an even larger crowd and to host conferences and special meetings.

Brother Witherspoon loved to teach from the epistles, and the church flourished and grew under his ministry. His keen spiritual vision also led to the establishing of five branch churches in Ohio—West Jefferson, London, Ironton, Springfield, and Dayton. He also started Italian services in Columbus. All these churches were presided over by the elders of the mother church.

Elder S. G. Norris was a great organizer. He led the group of young people in the Columbus church, and the

number continued to grow and produce future leaders in the Pentecostal church. He directed the young people's services and choir.

The church also sponsored a radio program which spread the gospel throughout the city of Columbus, and many were brought to a saving knowledge of the gospel by this means.

When Brother Norris left Columbus for New York and later St. Paul, Minnesota, some of his work was carried on by Brother Witherspoon's youngest son Arthur. George C. Chambers was also a senior elder in the church.

Brother Witherspoon edited a church paper, "The Messenger." He was capably assisted by his wife, who was a very efficient secretary and stenographer in the secular world. She wrote many articles and helped with the office work of the church. She was a wonderful mother and hostess and was greatly missed when she departed this life February 15, 1942.

There was a deep longing for unity among God's people. Several merger attempts were made in the 1920s, but the different groups could not come to a mutual agreement in all matters. Brother Witherspoon worked on several committees to consummate a merger.

In September 1931 a Unity Conference was announced to be held at 50 Hayden Avenue in Columbus, Ohio, in the church pastored by W. T. Witherspoon. Four Oneness organizations were represented at the meeting, and a resolution was passed to bend every effort toward an amalgamation of all Jesus' Name organizations. When this failed, the Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ turned to the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World and

offered to merge with them. The name of the combined organizations would be the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. In spite of some opposition, this merger was consummated, and the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ came into being on November 18, 1931. (Editor's note: However, the merger did not work as planned and the PAW charter was renewed before its expiration. [see page 136 of *20th Century Pentecostals*]).

W. T. Witherspoon was the first Foreign Missionary Chairman of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. While in this office, he traveled extensively in the United States and Canada and visited the Hawaiian Islands, Jamaica, Palestine, and many of the principal countries in Europe promoting the work of foreign missions. He kept this position until 1944.

In 1938 W. T. Witherspoon was elected General Chairman of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ and continued in this office until 1945. The headquarters of the PAJC was in Columbus, Ohio, during this tenure since the PAJC did not own any headquarters' property.

There continued to be a heartfelt longing in the hearts of Oneness ministers and laymen for an even greater merger of organizations.

W. T. Witherspoon wrote these words: "While in prayer a few days ago, the Lord burdened me with the terrible conditions, not only in the world, but in the Jesus Only church. It seems to me that God is letting enough happen to show the brethren of like precious faith the absolute necessity of getting together, regardless of machinery or offices. No one group can point their fingers at the other. Division is keeping back God's

power. The only division there should be is between righteousness and unrighteousness; holiness and sin."

Leaders from the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ and the Pentecostal Church Incorporated continued to promote the idea of merger. Resolutions were passed by both organizations authorizing their General Boards to negotiate the merger. Much discussion of the fundamental doctrine of the church was considered. After some discussion, W. T. Witherspoon left the committee room, borrowed a typewriter, and wrote the following Fundamental Doctrine which was accepted by the committee:

> "The basic and fundamental doctrine of this organization shall be the Bible standard of full salvation, which is repentance, baptism in water by immersion in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost with the initial sign of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance.
>
> "We shall endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit until we all come into the unity of the faith, at the same time admonishing all brethren that they shall not contend for their different views to the disunity of the body."

Through the years, the fundamental doctrine of the United Pentecostal Church has stood as originally adopted and written.

It was decided that the name of the merged groups would be the United Pentecostal Church and its headquarters would be in St. Louis, Missouri, at 3449 South Grand Boulevard, in a building owned by the Pentecostal Church Incorporated.

Inasmuch as W. T. Witherspoon declined to give up his pastorate and leave Columbus, Ohio, Howard A. Goss was practically the unanimous choice for General Superintendent. W. T. Witherspoon was chosen Assistant General Superintendent, and his son in the gospel, Stanley W. Chambers, was elected to serve as General Secretary-Treasurer.

W. T. Witherspoon summed up the successful merger with these words: "Truly it was nothing less than supernatural, the way the blessed Spirit of God enabled the brethren to overcome. It means more than the average preacher can understand to bring about the uniting of two such bodies, with the many matters that have to be considered. There were practically no dissenting voices, and as we look back over the proceedings of the convention, we can only exclaim, 'What God hath wrought!'"

Thus began the greatest of all Oneness Pentecostal organizations—the United Pentecostal Church.

It was in this same General Conference that W. T. Witherspoon was married to Mrs. Jet Stallones, a well-known minister, teacher and writer. With his new wife, he returned home to Columbus, Ohio, to resume his pastorate of the church and to assist in the leadership of the United Pentecostal Church.

He died on October 27, 1947, in Columbus during a General Conference which was being held in Dallas, Texas. Shortly before his death, when his religious activities had been greatly curtailed and the work was being carried on by his elders, led by George C. Chambers, he said, "I am having the time of my life." He meant that, though seriously ill, the Lord had grown

even more precious to him.

The life and ministry of W. T. Witherspoon still lives on in the hearts of those to whom he ministered. He has made a lasting contribution to the world and to oneness Pentecostal people around the world.

May I add a note of thanks to the following people who were personally acquainted with W. T. Witherspoon and were so willing to help with pertinent information: Margaret E. Kiner, John K. Witherspoon, Stanley W. Chambers.



Brothers S. W. Chambers; W. T. Witherspoon and Paul Box, 1943.



The Apostolic Gospel Church, Columbus, Ohio.