Please click on the button below to hear the full song of "It's Kindness I've Done" as sang by the Kinzie Party.

See pages 178-179 of this book to read the words to this song.

Click Here

STRENGTH THROUGH STRUGGLE

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by Frederick E. & Vera D. Kinzie

Strength Through Struggle

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Dedicated to our grandsons,
Ryan and Ross Jordan

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Foreword

As a young minister searching for role models, I was struck by the forcefulness, dedication, and candor of Fred Kinzie. My wife and I first met the Kinzies during graduation activities at the Apostolic Bible Institute in St. Paul. He had been selected as graduation speaker for three successive years. To me, such an honor would have only been bestowed upon an outstanding minister in our fellowship held in highest esteem.

Unknown to me, I would one day be working closely with this man in our district Sunday school endeavor. Those ten years opened the doors of friendship. To my utter amazement, he seemed to think I was OK and consulted with me about various projects as though he valued my opinion.

His candor astounded me. During our long drives over the state of Ohio to oversee sectional rallies, he would share some of the problems he had faced in his ministry—his goals, ambitions, ideals, and frustrations opened to me a very human person. I soon discovered I was not alone in my searching and my attempts to fathom the unknown. He did not, however, leave me hanging on a limb of uncertainty. He always possessed an assurance that God would open a door and provide the answer. After all, He had called us and He would direct our paths.

Now Fred Kinzie opens his heart to you. The narrative that follows is not just an autobiography of a successful evangelist, pastor, and leader. Into his story, he has skillfully woven a fabric of truth whose pattern clearly outlines tried and proven principles upon which to build a

successful Christian life and fruitful ministry.

Throughout this work are interspersed interesting facts of our historical heritage not found in the traditional sources of Pentecostal history. Some of the events Brother Kinzie shares provide an insight into the background of doctrinal errors that surfaced. Others help us assimilate some of the factors that precipitated united efforts of our present fellowship.

Thank God for fresh, open honesty from a man who could have forever held secret behind the iron doors of memory weaknesses he overcame. It is this that makes him so believable. He makes no effort to project an infallible, magnificent leader whose rise to the stars leaves us in awe and/or despair. We see a man and woman of God who together achieved greatness through Christ as He worked out His plan day by day.

"Elijah was a man just like us. He prayed earnestly that it would not rain . . ." (James 5:17 *NIV*). Fred and Vera Kinzie are just as human as we are, yet they persevered in faith and God has honored them. Read this absorbing story and reflect.

James K. Stewart

Acknowledgements

Mary Wallace was a tremendous inspiration to me as I worked at penning the lines of our story. She made many telephone calls to monitor my progress and encourage me when I grew disheartened. She constantly urged me on until the story was finally finished. Without her help it might never have been written or published. All I can say is, "Thank you, Mary Wallace!"

Also, I want to thank Mrs. Gerald McLean of Sault St. Marie, Michigan, who volunteered to retype five chapters after I lost them in the computer as a result of my inexperience.

Too, many thanks must go to Brother and Sister James K. Stewart, Columbus, Ohio, whose enthusiasm for our story encouraged me greatly. Brother Stewart edited this book and, although very ill, did it voluntarily and with great enthusiasm.

Finally, thanks must go to the members of the First Apostolic Church of Toledo, Ohio, who provided me a background without which much of our story would not have occurred!

Brother and Sister Fred Kinzie

Introduction

We have written *STRENGTH THROUGH STRUGGLE*, *The Story of Vera and Fred Kinzie* with the hope that those who read it will be inspired to seek the Lord, and find direction for their lives.

When does God start working in a life? Is it at conversion? At the baptismal waters? Or, at the filling of the Holy Spirit? One wonders! Could it be when conviction seizes a heart and brings us to repentance? How long was He dealing and working with us prior to that time?

When the idea to write the story of our lives first dawned, we jotted down fond memories that began to surface one by one, forming a framework to follow. After writing intermittently for over three years, we were suddenly aware that God's work in shaping our lives started much earlier than we had imagined.

Looking backward over seventy years of life, fifty years of marriage and forty-eight years of committed lives to Christ, we can now see that God started when we were very small children, long before we submitted to Him. Evidently, He had us on the potter's wheel from infancy. Event after event has convinced us that He was gently crowding us toward Him all the time. We don't mean to say by this that we believe we were predestined as Shakespeare wrote, "There's a destiny that shapes our end, rough hew them how we will." But we are forced to recognize God at work from our childhood. And to be truthful, He's still at work! We know we'll never reach the place where we need no help from heaven!

As we recall and trace numerous events of our past,

we know now that the Lord was leading us in the choices and decisions that were made. For instance, why did my father decide to move to a community near La Paz, Indiana? Why did he buy that particular farm adjacent to the Bergers?

Why did the Houston McQueen family move from South Bend, Indiana, to a farm adjacent to ours where their two daughters would come in contact with us, and out of it come salvation and two great workers for God?

I'm sure that as individuals we did have a part to play and were not mere robots being manipulated by God. But thrown together as we were by God's grace, He brought us into a relationship with each other and fashioned a place of usefulness for us in His kingdom.

We could not have guided our destinies to be where we are today. All of us, however, were responsive to God, and out of this He molded a team He could use for His glory! It is our sincere belief that every genuine man of God has been fashioned in a similar manner, and only time and circumstances are needed to manifest it.

Every man of God has a story to tell! When God works His miraculous grace in us, He does so to glorify Himself. Through us, we need to tell that story!

We share our story to glorify the Lord, and sincerely thank Him for guiding, directing, working on, over, through and by us to accomplish His will. It is our prayer that this account will benefit others and help them on the way!

There are many unanswered questions, unsolved problems, and calamitous events that we'll never fully understand until He reveals them on the other side! Until then, may God help us to never deviate from the path of

truth which leads to the shining portals of God's glory in Christ!

Sincerely,

Vera and Fred

Chapter ***1***

TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES?

Little did I know that the next two days were to be some of the most important in my life. At the moment, I had just sunk to one of the lowest levels of discouragement in my brief thirty years on this earth.

My doctor had just visited my hospital room. He had asked about the severe pain. It had mounted intensively the last three days. As he carefully studied his chart, he could not have missed the misery etched on my face. Leaving, he spoke encouragingly, but a look of deep concern reflected on his face.

My mind spun! Would I never get better? For the last three days the pain had increased in intensity. Would it continue to get worse? How about the seven or ten days the doctor had predicted that I would be in the hospital? It was now twenty-three days, and rather than improving, I was worse. When he first suggested the hospital it seemed so simple and matter-of-fact. A few days' treat-

ment and I would be on my feet again. But that was not to be.

Things he had talked to me about previously swirled through my mind. Last week he said, "No more farm work (if that were my intention) for at least a year after recovery." Then the subject of the ministry came up. If I were planning on that, it would be impossible for a long time. When he found out I played a saxophone, positively no!

"Oh God," I reasoned to myself, "What am I to do? How will I live? Will I ever get out of here?" Each thought plunged me deeper into the pit of despair.

As the doctor walked out, I heard footsteps approaching. It was then that I overheard the doctor talking to my nurse. "He has too much sulfa drug in his system. Don't give him any more!" That's all I heard, but it was enough.

My mind returned to the conversation in the French's home in Pensacola, Florida, where we were staying. The doctor was called at 10 P.M. that Sunday when I could no longer control my movements. Brother D. L. Welch, Brother and Sister Earl Gamblin, Sister French and Vera, my wife, had concluded that I needed medical attention at once. I was unable to attend services. That evening when I lay down on the couch, I could not get up again. The pain was so excruciating that I cried in agony. "We need to call a doctor," they concluded.

The doctor completed his examination, asked for a history of the previous week, then diagnosed the problem as a positive case of rheumatic fever. Since this dreaded disease often attacks the heart, he suggested the hospital at once. While talking with me he said, "A new drug has

been discovered—sulfa drug. It's the answer to your problem. Seven to ten days should clear up the condition and you will be on your way back to good health."

As I overheard him talking to the nurse twenty-three days later, this conversation flashed back through my mind. No more sulfa drug! Too much in his system! My big hope was wiped out with these few dreaded words.

That day was one of the most miserable I ever experienced. I did not tell the nurse what I overheard, but I did tell Vera. Although she did her best to reassure me, each shot of morphine only deepened my depression.

All that night I was in a state of fitfulness. Awake, then partly asleep, then awake again. Oh what despair and turmoil I suffered! "Why doesn't morning hurry up and come?" I prayed. "When it does come what good will it do me?" I reflected. Added to this agony was another situation that had developed.

We had come south to assist Evangelist Earl Gamblin in two revivals. Rather than being a blessing, I was a detriment. Instead of ministering to others, I had to be ministered to. In order to be on this mission, it was necessary to have someone look after our interests on the farm in Indiana. I had asked two brothers-in-law and my father to look after the farm for five weeks. Now another five weeks had been added, plus the prospect of several more. The two brothers-in-law, Cletus Berger and Perle Lappin, were doing the morning and evening chores, which included feeding and milking the cows and taking care of the chickens.

My seventy-six year old retired father had to work almost every day, driving sixteen miles to take care of cleaning the barn and watering the stock. What a lot of

hard work I had heaped upon these three men! I felt I was imposing upon them. I knew they would not complain because they were concerned about me. Two more discouraging days dragged on.

At dawn three days later, I searched my soul and prayed. Was I running from God? Was I disobedient to His call to minister the gospel?

"Lord," I prayed, "if I've been running from You, I'm sorry. I don't feel that I have been, yet I know this suffering must be for some reason." Tears flowed freely making prayer difficult, but I meant it with all of my heart!

"Lord," I sobbed, "I don't amount to anything. I'm worthless to You, my wife, and myself. If I've allowed fear to rule my life, or whatever the reason, please forgive me. I promise that if You'll heal me and get me out of this hospital, I'll go preach! I don't know where, when, or how, but I promise."

That promise to go opened a big wound in my heart. Day after day, lying on my bed, I relived my life on the farm. An outdoor boy, I loved every minute I spent farming. Such an invigorating way of life! I visualized my cows in their stanchions. The rattling stanchion chains rang in my ears as I saw them devouring their ensilage and ground grain. "Give them up? Never milk them again? Leave the farm where I've lived for twenty-five years?" I questioned myself as I wept. It seemed unreal. In fact, my whole plight seemed unreal!

Suddenly I realized I was at peace. Although there was no significant physical change, I felt gratefully relieved. The tears still flowed, but now they were tears of joy. Something remarkably powerful had gripped me. "Am I experiencing a visitation from the Lord in this hospital? Is

this real or am I dreaming?" I wondered. This wasn't "just a prayer" but a time of sincere communion with God. It was so exhilarating that I could scarcely contain myself until Vera arrived!

In a few moments she came to feed me breakfast. She was so faithful in her devotion during these days of extreme anxiety. At first, it was one meal she helped me with. Now it was all three. My hands were so paralyzed with pain that I could not feed myself. Then too, Vera always had an encouraging word!

Seeing that I had been weeping, she asked, "What's wrong? Are you worse?"

"No," I answered, shaking my head.

"You've been crying," she remarked.

"Yes," I answered. "Pull up a chair and I'll tell you about my prayer this morning and what I promised God."

Then through tears I related that prayer. She could not help but feel it as I sobbed out my promise to God. My commitment involved her too. Her feelings about it were very important to me!

"Whatever God's will is for us, I am ready to do it!" She was ready to commit herself too!

Then came the moment to put our commitment into action. "Vera," I said, "I want you to write two letters. One to my parents telling them we'll be leaving the farm; the other to Evelyn and Perle (her sister and brother-in-law) telling them to push our furniture into the front room, move in, and take over the farm as we had agreed if we ever decided to leave."

After breakfast she wrote the letters as I dictated to her. At one point she asked, "Fred, are you sure this is what you want to do?"

Undoubtedly, she was rethinking our commitment. She had many dreams for the farm. A white board fence surrounding the yard was one of them. But this commitment meant the end of that dream. Although my life was the cows, hogs, horses, and crops, hers was the yard, chickens and an egg route in South Bend. As she wrote the letters giving up our dreams, she felt a tug at her heart.

"Yes," I answered. "I don't know where we'll go, what we'll do, or who'll have us to preach for them. I don't know about that part of it yet. But when I made a promise to God, peace came to my heart, so we must keep it!"

The day dragged on and the pain did not subside. From the first day in the hospital, I had morphine shots every three hours. Evening came and it was time for Vera to leave for the meetings where she was singing at Brother Welch's church. Brother and Sister Gamblin had left for South Bend, Indiana. Brother Barber from central Florida was now preaching for Brother Welch, and they requested her to play and sing in the services.

As Vera left, she kissed me, patted me on the cheek, and said, "Try not to take any more of those shots. You've stepped out by faith and now we must exert every bit of faith we have."

"I'll try," I said, "but I'll not promise."

As she left, she could not have dreamed what would happen before she saw me again. A few minutes later, my nurse came with a shot. I drifted off to sleep and had a horrifying dream. In it, Satan came into my room. Awaking about 11:30, I sensed an evil presence surrounding me. It seemed that Satan was somewhere in the room, looking at me with scorn in his eyes and a hideous laughter in his voice. It was unbelievably real.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" I could hear him mock. "Now where's your God? Healed? He doesn't know you exist! And if He did, He'd not pay any attention to you. You've given up the farm. Now what will you do?"

I looked around the room but in the dimness could see no one. Then it came again. "God doesn't care for you. Look at the condition you're in! What you've believed is all a myth. God's not real. If He were, He would have healed you! You're being deceived. Why don't you denounce the whole thing. You're about to die, kid!"

Cowered down and fearful, I felt as if someone were about to attack me. Was I losing my mind? In a desperate effort to break this insidious fear, I turned on the light signaling my night nurse. The pain intensified. That devilish voice rang in my ears again, "You healed? God's not within a million miles of this place."

"Satan," I cried out despairingly, "get out of this room in the name of Jesus Christ! Leave me alone. I love Jesus and I'll do His bidding. I made a promise and with His help I intend to keep it!"

I heard footsteps. A clinking sound, which I recognized as the syringe needle sliding around in the little curved metal pan as it echoed down the corridor. The nurse was coming to give me a shot.

"I knew you needed this," she explained as she injected the drug into my arm.

"Thank you," I replied, "I hurt so bad."

Really, I was thankful both for the shot and her coming. It broke that terrible eerie feeling that had engulfed me. In a few minutes I was asleep.

Someone was shaking me! "Wake up, Mr. Kinzie Don't you want breakfast?" I blinked my eyes. It was daylight.

Through the window to my right, magnolia blossoms were bathed in bright sunlight. Through the open window the fragrance of those blossoms mingled with the fresh spring breeze. I glanced around the room and then at the nurse standing at my bedside. For the first time in five weeks the excruciating rheumatic pain was missing! I thought back to the last shot I could remember. That was at 12:30 A.M.

"Did you give me a shot at four o'clock this morning?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "I looked into your room and you were sleeping soundly, so I didn't disturb you."

I couldn't believe it!

"I have no pain!" I said excitedly. "Something's happened to me! I'm healed!"



Our barn on the farm in northern Indiana.

Chapter 2

BACK TO THE BEGINNING

*I*n Bremen, a small town in northern Indiana, on February 4, 1914, the last of five children was born to William and Minnie Kinzie. Harry, the oldest, was very upset at the squalling rascal who had invaded his privacy and threatened his sanity. The other three, Hazel, Lois and Lauretta were thrilled with this new baby even though it was their responsibility to take care of him. I was that little fellow!

My father was twenty-nine when he married my mother of twenty-five in Bremen. He was born in 1867, three miles north of Bourbon. My mother was a native of Bremen, born there in 1872. Her grandfather, Daniel Ringle, was one of the founding fathers of the town. It was a very small community when she was a child.

My paternal grandfather, Albert Kinzie, was born in 1846 in Bern, Switzerland, and brought to this country when six weeks old. He married my grandmother, Nancy

Adamson, who was born in 1845 in Whitley County, Indiana. They farmed north of Bourbon, Indiana, where their six children were born.

My maternal grandfather, Levi Ellis was born in 1833 in Lake County, Ohio, of Welsh descent. He had two daughters by a previous marriage. My grandmother, Sarah Ann Ringle, was born in Stark County, Ohio, in 1837. She also had two daughters by a previous marriage. Both of their companions had died. After they married, they had three children of their own. Grandpa Ellis died before I was born and Grandma died when I was three.

My Grandpa and Grandma Kinzie became an important part of my young life in Bremen. I recall many interesting times in their home. One of my earliest recollections is running up the alley from our house to theirs. Most of the time I had just finished eating at home, and as soon as I was excused from the table, up the alley I went.

Grandma's kitchen always had the aroma of meat or stew cooking, and I dearly loved it. When I walked in I'd announce that I wanted a piece of bread, butter and jam. Grandma never refused me. She would lay it on thick, and I still like it that way.

I also vividly remember their times of prayer. Usually they sat in their rocking chairs with Bibles on their laps. Grandpa had thin-rimmed egg-shaped glasses, and underneath his right eye was a small mole he rubbed occasionally as he read. This Bible reading and prayer was an every evening affair. I faintly recall kneeling with them as they prayed.

Both sides of my family were religious. They were instrumental in helping found Grace Evangelical United Brethren Church in Bremen, the ground being dedicated

by my great-grandfather Ringle. This was the first church I attended as a child. Mother always attended church. There I was dedicated to the Lord. When we moved to the farm, Mother attended the United Brethren Church which was nearby.

Although my father was reared in a Christian home, he was not a devoted Christian until his later years. He did, however, maintain some fine principles in life, no doubt the result of his parents' influence. He committed himself to Christ at age sixty-five and was devoted to God until his death at seventy-seven.

Dad was a stock buyer throughout the area and at one time owned and operated a meat market in Bremen. When Mother married, she was a seamstress, working for pennies a day, and by her own admission, happy to get every one of them.

There are not many things I recall about my early life in Bremen, but two things stand out vividly. Watching Mother pack clothing in a box for Belgian children was one of them. World War I was raging and the Belgians were in dire need as their country had been overrun by the Germans. Mother was doing her part to help.

Perhaps my most vivid recollection, though, is this one. Dad often drove into the country to buy cattle and hogs. I always wanted to go along. If he consented, like all kids, I was ready for home before he reached his destination. Consequently, he didn't like to take me. Every time he went I begged to go along, but most of the time he said no.

One day I decided to fool him. When he left home in his 1914 Model T Ford touring car, I noticed he didn't bother to look in the back seat. On this particular occasion, I heard him say that he was going and I asked to go

along. Getting the usual "No, not this time, Freddie" answer, I decided to go anyhow. When he was not looking, I climbed into the back seat and lay down on the floor. He took off, picked up his partner, and headed into the country.

Anyone walking along the road was usually offered a ride in those days. Dad stopped to pick up a man. He opened the door to get in the back seat and almost stepped on me. "What do you have back here?" he asked.

Dad glanced back. "Well, I'll be!" I saw a twinkle in his eye as he looked down at me as if to say, "Now that's cute, isn't it?" They all laughed about the trick I played on him. I felt I had been quite clever. Dad told Mom about it at supper and they both laughed.

Sometime later I wanted to go again and got the usual "No, not this time, Freddie"

"Well," I thought, "I'll fix you. I'll pull my neat little trick again!" I didn't know Dad saw me climb into the back seat. Cranking up the old Ford, we took off, picking up his partner in town. Dad must have tipped him off for looking in the back seat he said, "Hey, what you got back here?"

"Again!" Dad exclaimed. "You mean that kid's back there again?"

"Sure is," his partner answered.

"O.K. Fred, come on and get out. You'll learn not to try that trick again," he said. Taking me by the hand, he led me to the street that went from the town center to our house. "Son, head right down that street for home right now." He knew there was an alley that I was afraid of on that street. But he made me go, though I did put up a fuss about the alley. He watched me approach it.

I turned around and hollered, "I'm afraid, Dad."

"Go right on, Fred. You'll learn not to try this again." That old alley cured me. Dad knew it would.

When I was five years old, Dad traded a building he owned in Bremen for a farm of one hundred twelve acres eight miles west of town. During that summer we moved to the farm and I was no longer a city slicker but a country hick!

It was an exciting move for us kids. The farm was a big place and our playing area unlimited. We didn't have as many playmates on the farm, but it wasn't long until we were acquainted with them all. I never dreamed that one of them was destined to play a big part in my future. But that's the way God plans things in our lives.



Farm at La Paz, Indiana, where Fred Kinzie was reared and he and Vera lived for 5 years before going on the evangelistic field.

Chapter 3

ENTER MY FUTURE

Just kids! She was six and I was five. Pig tails, bare feet, dirty hands, messy hair, the toothless wonders!

When our family moved to the farm, the Berger farm was a quarter-mile to the east. The Mummeys lived about the same distance to the west and the Davenports about a half-mile to the north. These families had children about the same ages as my sister and I. We all attended the same school at La Paz.

My sister, Lauretta, was about Vera Berger's age, and she had a brother, Noble, about my age. We got together about one afternoon a week. When we boys wanted the girls to play with us, they usually gave us the brush-off. We'd usually end up doing something drastic to them like running by and messing up their paper dolls or something else to make them yell at us.

Mr. Berger did not send Vera to school until she was seven years old, but because her mother had taught her

at home, she was soon promoted to the second grade. He was very protective, even carrying her to the horse-drawn school hack on stormy days. It was interesting to ride to school in a school hack, and in winter, occasionally we rode in a bob sled.

The Bergers had a very nice buggy with small draped glass windows that could be opened and closed to suit the weather. The glass windshield could be opened and hooked to the ceiling of the buggy. We were not supposed to play in it. But one day as we were playing in it someone accidentally bumped the windshield and down it came on my head! What a sight I was with my head sticking through the shattered glass.

Someone would be blamed and I assumed it would be me since my head went through it. Out of the corner of my eye I saw one of the kids leap out of the buggy and head for the house.

Visualizing Mrs. Berger coming to investigate, I hopped out of the buggy and headed for home. I don't recall if I was cut with glass or not, I just felt I needed to get out of there fast! Sure enough, I heard Mrs. Berger call, "Fred, come back here!" Running like a scared deer, I wasn't about to stop. When she called again, I gave it all I had and was soon back in the safety of my own home.

Later Mother told me that Mrs. Berger did not want to whip me. But she was concerned that perhaps I had been cut by glass. What a relief! On my way home that day I was sure that I'd never be welcome to play with the Berger kids again.

One thing I was teased about in later years was my rabbit hunting as a small boy. I was accused of tracking rabbits in the fresh snow and it seemed the tracks always

ended up at Bergers. I don't think this was fact, but after Vera and I started liking each other, I was teased about it.

Those early days on the farm hold some very fond memories for me. Dad had a Model T Ford open touring car when we moved to the farm. It was great when the weather was right, but terrible when it wasn't. No roads were paved, in fact, only a few were even graveled.

It was a major operation to go anywhere during the winter. Antifreeze was unknown. In cold weather, we filled the radiator with hot water when leaving home, and if it was freezing, drained the water out upon reaching our destination. We repeated this operation when we headed home. Often the radiator froze while driving. Dad kept a heavy blanket in the car for such emergencies. He'd toss the blanket over the radiator to thaw it out. There were no heaters in automobiles. Our Model T had side curtains that buckled together to form a makeshift wind barrier but there were so many cracks that the wind got in almost unhindered. We kids crawled under a large horse-hide robe that Dad kept in the back seat. In a few minutes we were cozy and warm.

In the wintertime everyone carried a scoop shovel with them because you always expected to encounter snow drifts. Flat tires were common on a trip of ten or twenty miles. No unnecessary trips were made in the winter. It was a treat to get to go anywhere, if only a short trip to town! During spring thaw, the dirt roads were nothing but ruts and you were stuck often if you attempted to travel them. We had to hitch up a horse and pull out many a car stuck in the mud, including our own occasionally. It was years before our road was graveled.

The first winter we were on the farm, Uncle Dick, my

mother's brother, came home from Bremen one Sunday morning with the news that my brother had bought a phonograph. We were so excited about it that we wanted to go to town immediately, but the roads were impassable. The only way to get there was by train, but the next train to Bremen would not run until six o'clock that evening.

There was only one alternative, and that was to walk. Dad asked, "Do you want to wait for the train or walk?" I was six years old and to wait for the train was unthinkable. So about ten o'clock, Dad and I began the eight-mile walk to Bremen. We walked on the cinder path beside the railroad tracks. It was too much for a six-year-old boy, but that phonograph kept calling me. I sat down on the tracks often but Dad wouldn't let me stay there long. About 2:00 in the afternoon I got so tired that he had to carry me for awhile. We finally made it at 4 o'clock.

My mother and sister waited for the train and arrived at 7:00. I had about three hours to play the machine before my sister arrived. I was so tired that night that I vowed phonograph or no phonograph, I'd never attempt to walk like that again.

During those early years on the farm, President Harding died out west and was brought back to Washington D.C. by train. From Chicago on east he was carried by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which passed through our little village.

Our family, along with others, gathered at La Paz that evening. People were lined on both sides of the tracks for a half-mile in both directions. The train slowed to a crawl as it passed through. The men took off their hats and held them over their hearts as it went by. It was a solemn sight to see so many people honor our deceased President.

Everyone was quiet and the only sound was that of the wheels clanking on the rails.

It was great to live on the farm, go to school and Sunday school, and play with the neighborhood kids. Kids reared on a farm have an opportunity to learn things that city kids know nothing about. I thank God many times for those thrilling years of growing up on the farm.



Fred Kinzie, 5 years old.

Chapter 4

GROWING UP ON THE FARM

When boys get together, they can usually cook up some meanness. I was no different from any of the other kids in the neighborhood. I recall one incident when Raymond Davenport, Noble Berger (Vera's brother), and myself decided to do a little experimenting with smoking.

It was threshing time and our parents had allowed us to go to the Davenports' farm where they were threshing.

We played around the threshing rig all morning, wanting to be close when the dinner bell rang. Those threshing dinners were something else! Neighbor ladies helped each other prepare them. Practically everyone, including we boys, overate. Afterward we'd all find a shade tree to lie under and relax for a few moments before going back to work. I enjoyed those times, both as a lad and after growing old enough to be one of the crew.

One day as we sat under a shade tree, we decided it would be fun to have an after-dinner smoke. Since none of

us had access to tobacco, we figured dead corn silk would be a good substitute. We slipped away from the relaxing crew and ran across the road to an old barn where we often played on the Davenport farm. We ran around for a few minutes, then thinking no one was watching, slipped out into the cornfield to try those corn-silk cigarettes.

We had a difficult time finding dead corn silk, as most of it was still green. Finding some that was turning brown, we sat down to roll it into cigarettes. We were trying to light them when a deep male voice bellowed out, "Hey, what do you think you're doing?"

It was Raymond's dad! Someone had overheard our conversation and alerted him. Jumping backward we tried to slip away, but he was too quick. Before we could escape, he had Raymond and me by our arms. Noble avoided him and took off running down the corn rows like a deer. Mr. Davenport yelled at Noble to stop, but he kept on going.

With no uncertainty, Mr. Davenport hustled us two boys back to the old barn. Grabbing a stick, he dropped my arm, and commanded me to stay right where I was. Raymond screamed and jumped as his dad poured it on. I stood and watched the proceedings just as Mr. Davenport had commanded. But when I sensed he was about finished with Raymond, it occurred to me that he wasn't my dad and he didn't have any right to whip me. I took off and headed for the road. Mr. Davenport yelled, "Stop," but I ignored him and kept running. He took after me, but his wind soon gave out and I got away.

Looking up ahead I saw Noble come out of the cornfield and turn down the road toward home still running like a deer. When he slowed up, I caught up with him.

As we walked toward home we no longer were con-

cerned about Raymond's dad, but rather ours. Noble faced his dad that night. He was in bed when he heard his dad coming upstairs. He slipped out of bed, pulled the covers up to make it appear that no one had been in it, then crawled under it. It didn't fool his dad; he looked under the bed and commanded, "Come out from under there!"

Slowly Noble wriggled out then took his punishment—a hard whipping.

My dad gave me a good lecture, finishing with, "The next time will be different!" I tried it again, though, for I still recall the terrible taste of that burning corn silk. It was bad enough that I never wanted any more!

However, like most boys, I did try cigarettes. A neighbor boy, Ned Maxey, and I pooled our money and bought a pack of cigarettes, smoking them as we walked along the railroad tracks so none of the bus kids could see us and squeal on us, but someone did. When I walked into our yard, Dad was there to meet me. His lecture this time was punctuated with threats that got my attention, and as far as I can remember, I never tried tobacco again!

However, that incident wasn't the end of my waywardness. Taking something that doesn't belong to you, I suppose, is a part of every youngster's childhood! I was no different from others despite the fact that my parents constantly warned us that it was wrong to steal or lie.

I vividly recall the incident that cured me of stealing. I'm sure it wasn't my first, but it was the time that ended it forever. Thank God for parents who care and are concerned enough to take whatever steps are necessary to correct problems in their children!

My dad had a bad habit of leaving his money in his good trousers after we'd been to town. Often, when dis-

covering this, he'd send me to the closet to get his money. Noticing that he never counted it when I gave it to him, I decided to take a penny and see if he would miss it.

He didn't and I soon discovered a "gold mine," a way of having spending money for those trips to town that our family made twice a week. The pennies soon became nickels, then dimes, and it wasn't long until it was quarters. Dad didn't seem to miss any of it!

I no longer waited for Dad to request me to bring his change. I checked his pockets every time I was near that closet. He forgot it often enough that it was quite lucrative for me. Like every budding criminal, the stakes soon became higher.

Slipping my hand into his pocket one day, I discovered a half-dollar. I debated whether to take it or not as it could be missed more readily than smaller change. But I couldn't resist; so I took the chance.

The reason it was so attractive to me was a small knife I had been wanting. This was the exact cost and I could visualize it in my hands. Upon arriving in town that evening, I immediately headed for the hardware store. The knife was soon in my pocket.

I was thrilled with it until I began to ponder what I'd tell Dad when he asked me where I got it? My conscience was bothering me. All kinds of schemes came to mind, but every one seemed to have a hole in it. Deciding to tell him I had found it, I sauntered up to him when we were ready to go home and said, "Look at the knife I found, Dad!"

He took it in his hands and looked it over very carefully, turning it over and over. "Where did you find it, Freddie?" he asked suspiciously.

Since I hadn't thought he'd ask that question, I was not ready for it. I had to think fast! "Over behind the hardware store in the grass." I answered hesitantly.

"Why it's dark there. How did you find it in the dark?" he questioned further.

With that question I became uneasy. What kind of an alibi could I give now? My answer, I knew, would have to be very convincing. Feebly I countered, "Two of us boys were wrestling and I fell down. When I did, my hand hit something and it was this knife."

Rolling the knife over in his hands a couple of times, he looked me right in the eye and said, "Freddie, someone has stolen this knife from the hardware store, got scared, and dropped it in the grass!"

What a brilliant explanation, I thought, to come from my dad. "Why hadn't I suggested this?" I wondered. We can go home now and I'd have a knife. "That's probably right, Dad!" I answered hopefully. I wasn't ready for the next suggestion, however.

"Let's go over to the hardware store and see if anything has been stolen," he suggested.

Now I was in hot water! I couldn't refuse to go, but if Mr. Shirk was in the store, the jig was up. My only chance to avoid detection was if he had gone home and left the store in charge of his son. It was worth the risk, so boldly, trying to throw Dad off guard, I remarked, "Why sure, Dad, let's go!"

Thinking that if I acted boldly he'd turn back, I started across the street with him, walking very briskly. When we reached the other side, my steps slowed considerably. My only hope now was that Mr. Shirk was not there.

Approaching the store, I could see Mr. Shirk inside. I

could not allow myself to be embarrassed by facing him. I had to act quickly. We were just ready to turn into the doorway when I turned to Dad and said, "Dad, I'm sorry, but I bought the knife!"

"How much did it cost?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," I replied.

"Where did you get the fifty cents?" he questioned.

Now I was face to face with another problem. It was bad enough that I had lied to him, but now I had to confess to stealing. Too, I'd have to reveal my source of spending money. "I must avoid that at any cost!" I reasoned.

"Well, Dad, I had the fifty cents and I spent it for the knife," I answered.

"Fred, where did you get that fifty cents?" His tone of voice had changed. Usually he called me "Freddie" and when he addressed me as "Fred" I knew things were getting quite serious. He was looking me straight in the eye. When I couldn't look at him, I knew he suspected the truth.

Stuttering, I replied, "I, er—er, I found it on Mother's dresser and took it!"

Then came the words I didn't want to hear. "Are you sure you didn't get it out of my trouser pocket? I was sure I had a fifty-cent piece, but when I went to pay the barber, I couldn't find it!"

There was no sense in lying any longer. He saw the lie in my eyes and I might as well admit it, take my medicine, and have it over with.

He stood looking at me for a moment (we were still in front of the hardware store); his eyes seeming to penetrate right through me. Finally he said, "Fred, remember that new bicycle I am supposed to buy you for pulling all of those jimson weeds?"

How could I forget? I had just finished pulling and counting thirty-two dollars worth of them. Dad had said he'd give me four cents a hundred and I had worked a whole week at it. It took me longer to count than pull them, they were so thick in our cornfield. I had been very careful and truthful in pulling and counting them. When the work was finished, Dad inspected it and said, "What do you want, Freddie, the money or a new bicycle?"

Oh, how my heart pounded when he asked if I wanted the money or a new bicycle. Without hesitation, I answered, "I'll take the bicycle!"

"O.K.," he said, "the next time we get to a bicycle store, I'll buy it!"

How happy and thrilled I had been to hear those words from my dad. But the next day I went to the closet, picked his pocket for fifty cents and got myself into this jam. When Dad asked if I remembered the bicycle, I suspected what was about to happen. Looking me straight in the eye, he said convincingly, "Forget it!"

I don't think he could have beaten me hard enough to make me suffer more than saying those words, "Forget it."

I never got the bicycle! But, also, I never stole anything again. That cured me!

Chapter **5**

SCHOOL DAYS

One of the great influences on an individual's life is his school days. I spent all but one half year of my school days at La Paz, Indiana.

Teachers can greatly influence one's life. My fifth through eighth grade teacher was a young lady by the name of Mary Morgan. She had an impact on all of her students. She was strict, and I mean strict. You either got it, or you "got it!" She didn't accept excuses. As far as she was concerned the word *excuse* didn't exist. She was strict and we walked the chalk. She kept her "board of education" handy and used it frequently. She didn't take you out of the room or wait until school was dismissed. She let you have it in front of everyone. No one teased you about it though, for the next day it could possibly be his turn.

But Mary Morgan was the best thing that happened to me throughout my elementary school years. I didn't

appreciate her discipline at the time, but looking back on it I can see that it added a necessary ingredient to my life. But we were all thankful when we finished the sixth grade. We wouldn't have her to contend with any more!

During the summer, however, we noticed a new building being erected on the school premises and learned it would house the seventh and eighth grades. What a disappointment to learn that our teacher would be, you guessed it, Mary Morgan.

It was useless to attempt any kind of hanky-panky with her. No one got by with anything. Not only was she a disciplinarian, but also she was very exacting about our learning. She taught and we learned.

About the only time I saw much of Vera during those years was going to and from school on the bus. When I finally arrived in high school, our paths crossed often. I remember an incident that I'm not proud of, but it cured me of another of those youthful tendencies—cheating.

We both made the music team and won a trip to compete in a music festival at Goshen High School in Goshen, Indiana. There were five members on a team. We listened to short spots of fifteen classical musical selections and had to identify the song and name the composer. We had trained diligently and I made our team by identifying nine of the fifteen songs correctly in the competition at our school. Of the five contestants, I had the lowest score, but I had done my best.

It was a surprise to our team at the festival when I got fourteen out of fifteen right. "How did you ever do it, Fred?" I was asked. They all congratulated me.

The truth was, I didn't enjoy one compliment. It was

all so empty. I knew I didn't deserve that high score or any of the plaudits I received.

I never told anyone about what happened. I felt too cheap! And even when the results were announced to our school assembly, I was ashamed of it.

Why was I ashamed? Here's the straight of it. The officials placed the contestants at a safe distance from one another to avoid cheating. When they placed me, they put a girl two rows behind and a little to my right. She was close enough that I could see her paper out of the corner of my eye without turning my head.

Several of the songs presented no difficulty to me such as the Blue Danube Waltz. Others I was not quite sure about. Before I'd write anything, I'd watch her pen as she wrote on her paper. I'd say to myself, "Yes, that's right," then write it down. No doubt both of us had fourteen out of fifteen right.

I don't recall ever cheating again. My victory was so empty that I didn't enjoy one moment of the praise that was heaped upon me. It taught me that cheating doesn't pay, for even though no one may ever find out, your conscience will not allow you to enjoy it.

Later when I won some contests honestly, my sense of achievement was so great in contrast that it left me with a great determination to always follow the right path.

High school was something I looked forward to. I loved basketball and though we had no gymnasium, we did have a makeshift basketball court outside, weather permitting, we played games with area high schools.

When I reached high school, a gym was being built. A new principal, John Norman, was the coach and since our gym would not be ready until the first of the year, we

practiced and played our games at a hall in Plymouth or at schools with gyms.

In my freshman year I made the team as a forward. In the first half of the season we won two out of five games. During the second half of the season on our home court we lost every game we played.

The next year with a new basketball coach, we lost every game. We developed a defeatist attitude that was difficult to shake!

As I think back over those days, I developed some attitudes that benefited me. I learned how to accept defeat gracefully. Also, I learned how difficult it was to overcome a defeatist attitude once you had it. It wasn't easy! When I see a fellow minister endeavoring to overcome defeat in his life or church, I remember how I felt and how we finally overcame it. The secret! Stick with it!

In my junior year we won the last game before Christmas break, but we had endured a losing streak for two full years. Overcoming the defeatist attitude took time, and it wasn't until my senior year that it was whipped!

In my last season our coach, Stanley Houser, taught me a lesson I've never forgotten!

In the middle of my sophomore year I was named captain of the team and remained in that position through my junior year.

In our first game of my senior year, the coach appointed me captain again. Evidently I became careless and a little cocky about my position. During the first half of the game, one of our boys, Ralph Emmons, missed an easy lay-up shot with no one close to him. I yelled at him loud and sharp. Our coach promptly took me out of the game.

The first half was nearly over and up to that point the score was close. As soon as he took me out, they started to score. I had been able to contain their center, an excellent player, from scoring but a few points. When I left, he hit several baskets and put their team ahead considerably. I was vexed at the coach for taking me out. I'm sure it showed on my face, especially in light of their scoring.

Looking back on it, I believe my coach was willing to lose a game in order to teach me a lesson. There's no other logical explanation for what he did!

When the half was over, he told me to stay out and practice shooting baskets during the intermission. It was the only time during my entire four years on the team that I did this. In my heart I questioned, "What's wrong? Wasn't I playing well? Wasn't it proven that I was when he took me out, and immediately, the other team surged into a commanding lead? Was he angry at me for yelling at Ralph? What was he saying to me when he didn't want me in the dressing room at half-time?"

I was very upset. In fact, angry! I'm sure he saw it when he returned from the dressing room. When the second half began, I was confident he would put me back in or explain why. But he never said a word.

The second half started with me still on the bench. I was humiliated. It made me so angry that in my mind I quit both the team and school. The team was being buffeted out on the court and with every passing minute, the chances of winning were dwindling.

Finally, when we were hopelessly beaten, he summoned me to his side and said, "Fred, you go back in now." I was tempted to refuse, but decided to cooperate. He gave me no instructions, nor did he explain why he

had taken me out. Almost immediately, the tide turned. We stopped their scoring and made a few points ourselves, narrowing the gap between us. However, we were too far behind to catch up in the time that remained.

At the next week's practice I was in for another unpleasant surprise. I practiced with the first team for only a brief time. This really made me insecure. "Was I losing my position? Was someone gaining on me? Wasn't I giving it my best?" I pondered. As I sat out the practice sessions, I was greatly disturbed. "Would I get to play in our next game? Would he give my position to someone else? Who would be the captain of the team?" The coach never said a word to me.

Watching someone else play in my position got to me. A determination gripped me that if I ever got back into the lineup, I would make an all-out effort to do my best! I made up my mind that whatever was wrong, I would change it or die trying.

Looking back at it now, especially since being a pastor, I realize that my coach was doing me a great favor. He put something into me that I've never lost. Whenever I have a tendency to let down or take it easy, I am reminded of this incident.

When the second game of the season came, the coach called us together and read the lineup. I was greatly relieved to hear my name. I determined when I got into that game, never again would my coach have to take me out other than to rest me. When he appointed a captain, however, it was not me. Now I had more to prove!

He never took me out of a game again except when I had too many fouls early in the game. And never again did anyone replace me as captain. We won that game easily.

In fact, we won one-half of our games and were never again humiliated by any team the rest of the season.

This incident had an impact on my life. Fifty-two years later it's still vivid in my memory. I credit this event as one from the Lord to put persistence in me, and to let me know the feeling of being unfavorable in another's sight. It is probably one of the reasons I learned several poems that speak of "not giving up" when things go wrong. Keep at it with determination and sooner or later God will see that you mean business.

Recently I talked with Coach Stanley Houser about this incident. I had not seen him for fifty years, but after talking awhile he remembered it in part. I thanked him for what he did for me. After leaving La Paz he went on to become a successful physician and surgeon.

Another incident that occurred about this time involved some of the young men who hung around a popular meeting place, the town restaurant. It was after a basketball game when we stopped for a snack. When I went to my car to go home, a young man followed me. He had been drinking (during prohibition days) and had just enough to be cocky. He was determined to force me to drink beer. I declined, but that didn't satisfy him. He called me some foul names and put pressure on me.

I was sitting at the wheel of my car with the window rolled down. He on the outside with a beer bottle in his hand. Sticking it in the window he said, "Here, take a drink. It'll do you good. You don't know what you're missing!"

"No, thanks," I answered, "I don't care to!"

"Well, why?" he questioned, "too religious to drink?"

"No," I answered, "I don't care for it."

"Too good, eh?" he queried.

"No, not necessarily. I've never wanted to get involved in drinking and I think that's reason enough!" I answered.

"I know," he said, "You're just too good to drink!"

With that he stuck the bottle under my nose and grabbed me by the nape of the neck with his other hand trying to force me to drink. He said more derogatory things about me as he did so.

My dander spiraled! Up to that moment I had been cordial to him. But at this point I pushed his hands away forcibly and said, "Get out of my way or I'll run over you. I'll not bow to your pressure!"

Four or five other guys standing close by egged him on. Evidently he had been bragging to them that he'd get me to drink or else!

Starting my car, I succeeded in getting away from him. As I drove away I yelled back at him, "Drink all you want to, but you'll never force me to do it."

He was a bully! His brother, who was my age and on the basketball team with me, complimented me for resisting his efforts as he had bragged that he would force me to drink. Although I was around this fellow quite often later, he never said a word to me about drinking, nor did he mention the incident.

My parents had engrained in me the folly of drinking. I had an apt illustration in my Uncle Dick, who wasted his money on drinking. He got so bad that he saw snakes. Dad read the riot act to him. "Either stop it or get out!" Fortunately for him, he stopped and for the first time in his life was able to accumulate enough money to buy a car.



Vera's parents home, where she was reared in Northern, Indiana.



Vera Kinzie's Junior girls class at Union Sunday School in La Paz, Indiana. Vera – 4th row – rt. side. Pat Grise, Frances Albert, and Pam McQueen – 3rd row – rt. side. Lawrence Wade – by door.

Chapter **6**

STILL LEARNING

Although I dated several girls in my teen years, I really never cared for any of them but Vera. We didn't date, though, until I was a sophomore in high school.

She was two years ahead of me in school. There was such a shortage of boys in the two classes ahead of me that I was involved in many of their activities. Her senior class put on two dramas in the spring and I was in both of them. This threw us together in practice sessions. Since they were in the evenings, I picked her up and took her home afterward. We started going steady at that time.

I guess we always liked each other. We both attended the same Sunday school and I recall one time when the teacher asked each of us what we wanted to be when we entered adult life. We were sitting together, and when the teacher got to me she asked, "Fred, what do you want to be when you grow up?"

I threw back my head, stuck out my chest, and

replied, "The President of the United States of America."

Turning to Vera she asked, "Vera, what do you want to be?"

Vera looked her directly in the eye and replied, "The President's wife, of course!"

Many years later when she became the President of the Ladies Auxiliary of the United Pentecostal Church International, her first speaking engagement was in Ontario. She spoke in the afternoon service and I in the evening. I recalled this incident and said, "I never made the Presidency, but I did make the President's husband!" It brought a big laugh from the audience.

There's another lesson I learned at this time in life. Card playing was not allowed in our home. My parents both hated it and would not have it, nor would they allow us to play cards away from home. It was a strict rule as well as others such as no drinking, gambling, smoking, cursing, dirty jokes or smut of any nature.

But I was grown-up now and had just graduated from high school. At the alumni banquet that spring I was elected President of the Alumni Association for the coming year. I felt I was now my own boss and set out to do my own thing.

A family moved across the road from us a short time after school was out. Their son had attended high school at La Paz. A short time later he invited me over to play cards. I knew nothing about euchre, so they had to teach me. His mother asked if my parents objected. I'm sure she had heard that they did. Boldly I answered, "That doesn't make any difference. I am my own man and can do anything I want to!"

My folks were at prayer meeting that evening and

when they returned home they could see through the window someone playing cards who looked like me. When Dad didn't find me at home, he decided that I was playing cards. He crossed the road and, seeing who it was, walked up to the window, knocked on it, and told me to come home at once.

I ignored his command telling my friends that I would go home when I felt like it. Finally I went home and started upstairs to bed. Dad called me back. He was sitting in his chair in the living room reading his Bible. He had been converted a few months previously and every evening he read his Bible.

When I stepped back into the room, he turned and looked at me for a moment, then shifted his eyes to a picture on top of our large Majestic radio cabinet. It was my graduation picture. He looked at it for some time without speaking. It made me fidgety. Finally he said, "You know, Son, I was sitting here the other evening looking at that picture." He gestured toward my picture on the radio. I said to Mother, "You know we have one of the best looking and finest boys there is around here. You were so clean-cut looking and were never mixed up in any serious trouble. I felt so proud of you that when I prayed that night I had to weep and thank God for you. But do you know what, Son? Tonight, you've spoiled that image. Now I have my doubts about you. I thought that was you playing cards but I didn't want to believe it. I feel so let down. I'll never be able to look at that picture again and feel the same about you."

By that time big tears were coursing down his cheeks. I looked at Mother and she was crying too. I don't think either of them could have hurt me any more if they had

horsewhipped me. In tears I asked them to forgive me and to give me a chance to re-establish myself in their sight. That was my last game of cards.

Dad had a way of talking to us kids that was tremendously effective. As you can see, his approach to me left a lasting impression. Four years later I finally gave my life to Christ, but card playing was one sin my folks never had to worry about again.

During these years I spent a lot of time hunting. Unlike city boys, most farm boys have ready access to hunting and trapping areas. My dad took me rabbit hunting as a boy and it wasn't long until I could knock down a rabbit with our double-barreled, twelve gauge shot gun. That gun had belonged to Grandpa Ellis and I still have it today. It is over one hundred years old.

Noble and I really loved coon hunting. We had three dogs named Fan, Soup and Rowdy. Every night that was suitable (and sometimes when it wasn't) we were in the woods. Even when we had to husk corn all the next day, we never tired of hunting. Later you'll discover why I've written this about coon hunting!

Another favorite pastime was fishing. My first recollection of fishing was when we boys would tie a safety pin to a cordstring, attach it to a willow stick, slip on a bottle cork, and fish in the little creek that was near our farm. Usually three of us fished together.

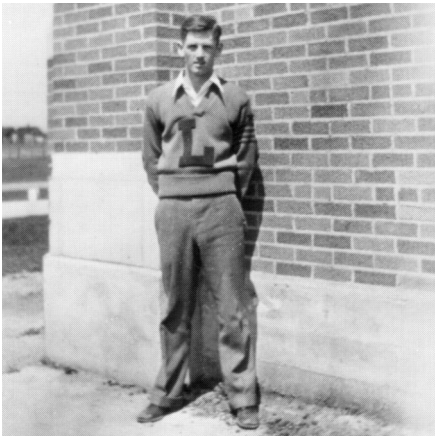
Most of our time was spent untangling our lines. We had to float the worms through the culvert under the road. When we got all three lines in the culvert, the current would soon have them tangled. We couldn't tell when we had a bite, so the first one to pull in his line usually brought out all three. Sometimes not only did the lines get

mixed up but we did too. We had many an argument over those messed-up lines. It was fun anyhow and I still have some great memories of those times.

My father's brother, Uncle Charley, from Detroit, gave me a rod and reel outfit. What a great treasure! I caught my first bass on that inexpensive outfit and was hooked from then on. To me that two-pound bass was a world record catch!

From that day on I started making plans to be a sophisticated fisherman with all the right tackle. Later I would travel to the north country where my brother went every fall and I'd catch my quota of big ones! It took me twenty years to get there, but eventually, I made it!

Both hunting and fishing became a vital part of my life. Many years later when I entered the full-time ministry, I had to drop coon hunting, but I never got over the fishing bug. Later in this story both of these pastimes will be mentioned as they played an important role in my future walk and work for God.



The last week of school, Fred's senior year.



Fred Kinzie's High School graduation picture.

Chapter 7

DEPRESSION DAYS

The great depression held this nation in its tight-fisted grip the year I graduated from high school. Times were tough, the economy devastated, and the future unpredictable. I won a scholarship to Depauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, but since it was not an engineering school, I declined it.

During my teen years I decided I wanted to be an electrical engineer. Helping an electrician wire our farmhouse, I became intrigued with the field of electricity. As a senior I became further engrossed with it in physics class. I bought old radios, tore them apart and made my own. After graduating, I signed a letter of intent to attend Indiana Tech, an electrical engineering college in Fort Wayne.

That summer I helped my dad haul hogs to a packing plant in Elkhart, Indiana. As we drove along in the truck one day, he called my attention to some men working on the roadside. Conditions were so bad that the government

initiated work programs for the unemployed. This helped alleviate the feeling of being on welfare. They shaped the ditches along roadsides with hand tools. Dad recognized a young man and said, "Fred, did you see who that was?"

"Sure," I said, "it was M.M."

"Didn't he just graduate from college?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "last year from Depauw."

"His education has not helped him find a job. You know, Fred," he said thoughtfully, "I think you should reconsider college. Things are so bad that finding a job will be very difficult. If you stay on the farm with me, you'll always have a place to lay your head and something to eat."

The deteriorating economic situation and his invitation gave me something to think about. What he said and the illustration we just saw made a lot of sense. After thinking it over for a few days, I decided to accept his invitation. Although farming was hard work and long hours, it became my vocation.

An interesting sidelight to my enrollment in Indiana Tech was the comments some of my friends made. In discussing it, one of them said, "Why do you want to take up electricity? Don't you know everything involving it has already been discovered? There's nothing new to learn in that field!"

It's amusing to recall that statement, as we now know electronics is an inexhaustable science. Very few devices of our modern age are without some form of sophisticated electronic equipment that wasn't even thought of then!

At one time I might have been tempted to accuse the depression of robbing me of an education. But the longer I live, the more convinced I am that farming provided an excellent education. I spent my next twelve years at it,

and among other things, learned not to be afraid of hard work. That is one of the great secrets of success.

Young men didn't have much money in those days. I was fortunate, however. Dad usually kept a lot of sheep on the farm, and one spring a ewe gave birth to a lamb and then died. Dad said, "Fred, if you'll feed that lamb and take care of it, I'll give it to you."

"O.K." I quickly agreed. Mother fitted a catsup bottle with a rubber nipple to feed the lamb milk. Caring for a helpless lamb was a thrilling adventure.

My sister also raised a lamb and when the two of them and our fox terrier dog ran and chased each other around our yard, we'd laugh until our sides hurt.

Mine was a ewe lamb and bore lambs until I had a flock of eleven. Then Dad sold them for $105.00. He said, "Fred, do you want the money or that holstein heifer?" He pointed to her as she stood drinking at the watering trough. She was a beauty and would freshen in a few months. It didn't take me long to choose the heifer!

It was a wise choice! From that time on until years after I was married, she provided me with spending money. Despite the depression, I always had money in my pocket. It taught me responsibility as I had to milk her night and morning, weigh the milk, and keep records. When the milk check came, I got my share, averaging thirty dollars a month. In those days that was enough to buy a lot of gas, many snacks and theatre tickets.

Only those who suffered through those depression years fully understand how difficult they were. After the stock market crash in 1929, the economy plunged. Businesses collapsed, bankruptcies increased, many banks became insolvent and closed their doors, some forever.

Whole fortunes were wiped out! Anyone retrieving ten cents on the dollar from a bank failure was very fortunate. The misery this caused will never be fully known. Mortgages were foreclosed upon thousands of homes and many lost everything they had. Married children often moved in with parents or relatives to survive. It touched our home when my brother's family was forced to move in with us. Shortly after he returned to work, my sister's family came. Few families escaped unscathed.

When financial empires collapsed, many corporate officers, not able to face the consequences, committed suicide. Dark, dismal, dreadful days swept the whole nation.

Immediately after President Roosevelt took office on March 4, 1933, he closed all banks. It was a scary time! Closing the banks increased the depressing economic situation. Before he closed them, if a rumor spread that a bank was unstable, a run soon developed forcing the bank to close. That's the way most of them failed.

It took a long time for conditions to change from those depression years. President Roosevelt and his "brain trust" tried various ideas to stabilize the economy, but most were failures.

It was during this period that acronyms for government agencies became popular. One of the first I recall was the N. R. A., the National Recovery Act. It was one of the failures; it was later declared unconstitutional. Another was the Works Progress Administration, W. P A. which put the unemployed to work rather than leave them on welfare. Most folks in those days were very sensitive about welfare. Things have changed a lot since then!

An agency, the C. C. C., Civilian Conservation Corps, enlisted unemployed young men and put them to work

beautifying the countryside. There are still many areas where the results can be observed. Most young men my age who were not employed joined it. It was dropped when the draft was activated in 1939-1940.

The depression was still widespread when World War II began. After Pearl Harbor there was no unemployment. Able-bodied men and women were conscripted into the work force as factories engaged in war production. New automobiles were unobtainable until after the war ended.

At the age of twenty-six, I signed for the draft. Farm boys were exempted as there was a desperate need for farm products to feed the allied nations embroiled in war. When I signed, the clerk noticed I was an ordained minister, so he insisted that I receive a 4D classification. I requested a review to shift me to 3C, a farmer's classification, but they refused. Later, I understood why.

World War II was still on in 1944 when I left the farm to engage in full-time evangelism. If the draft board had not given me a 4D classification instead of a 3C, I could not have left without considerable difficulty. Certainly the Lord knows how to work everything out just right.

When the war was over, times had changed! The depression was over and our nation entered a period of unparalleled prosperity.

Most survivors of the depression have not forgotten it. It left an indelible mark that is not easily erased. Most of us from that era are conservative minded, making it difficult to adjust to the high-spending society of this day! Such were social conditions as Vera and I entered adult life, and looked forward to marriage!

Chapter 8

THE FINAL ROUND

*T*imes were tough and the future looked bleak! Thoughts of marriage and providing for a family were not too encouraging. Vera and I talked about it several times, but something happened that threatened it.

She took a job thirty-five miles away for a family where the mother had recently died. This meant we did not often see each other. Thirty-five miles in depression days was a long way. Added to the distance was the fact that I did not have a car.

When Vera lived at home, if I could not have Dad's or Uncle Dick's car I could easily walk to see her, or we could go with another couple we ran around with. But with her thirty-five miles away, the other couple was out of the picture. So I was completely dependent upon my folks or Uncle Dick.

Consequently, I could not make the trip often. The family she worked for had two sons, one older and one

younger than she. The youngest was a happy-go-lucky kid, always interested in a joke or playing a trick on someone. Vera laughingly told me about his jokes and the tricks he pulled.

I was worried, however, about the other brother, especially when I discovered on an unannounced trip that they were dating. As one would suspect, Vera and I broke up, and for a while it seemed that our courtship was over.

I went with other girls but they were "blah" as far as I was concerned. I compared them to Vera and not one of them measured up to her. At first I had been quite peeved at her, but it didn't last long.

I soon realized that she would be a lost cause to me if I didn't do something quick. "But what could I do? She was thirty-five miles away and we had no contacts, so what could I do?" I decided to do something I had never seriously done before, pray!

Sincerely I prayed that God would make a way for us to get back together again! I promised Him that if He made this possible, I would serve Him. I prayed this way for several weeks. One day Mother told me that Mrs. Berger was going to have a baby. I reasoned that Vera would soon be coming home to help. She came and was I ever happy! With her near, I was confident the situation could be changed.

I don't recall all of the details but it wasn't long until we were talking. In a few weeks we were back together and knew we belonged to each other!

Soon we were again discussing marriage. But now that we were reunited, I faced my promise to God.

I knew what I should do. My father had recently been converted, and it was fresh in my mind that I needed to

be a Christian. My dad didn't try to force me to serve the Lord, but I was quite aware of the change that had taken place in his life. I heard him pray for me often.

Dad initiated a time of prayer around the breakfast table. Each of us stood at our chairs, including my unsaved uncle, while one of my parents prayed. Those prayers were not to bless the food. They always prayed about a host of things, among them the salvation of their children.

Added to this were the times I heard Dad praying in the barn early in the mornings. I would be about ready to begin my chores, but would back away when I heard him.

Obviously, I was being affected by this turn of events within my family. I knew that my parents' prayers were bothering me. I wouldn't have acknowledged it at the time, but I was most uncomfortable.

My promise to God about Vera troubled me. It was imperative that I do something about it. I was thankful that we were together again, but fearful when I thought about my promise. If I didn't do something about it, would the Lord overlook it? I felt not! "Foolish vow," one might say. Perhaps, but I was desperate, believing that life without her would be meaningless. No other girl could hold a candlestick to her. She was it! So why not be desperate?

Face to face with my vow, I had to act. A revival meeting in the United Brethern Church was a rarity, and opportunities to go forward were nonexistent. I was troubled, and searched for a way to do something about it.

One night Dad and Mom were having family devotions. I knelt with them and wept as they prayed. When they finished and were still on their knees, I turned and asked them to pray for me. They did, and I told the Lord I was ready to keep my vow. And I meant it!

I went to prayer meeting with them. That's about the only thing I did that was of any religious significance. Too, I stopped going to theatres for a while but that was soon a lost cause. Although I was sincere in my attempt to turn to the Lord in keeping my vow, it was for the wrong reason. I had no spiritual strength. All of my living for Him was in my own strength. It soon ran out! I was ashamed of myself for not being able to continue. I had performed a religious act but it was not a conversion to Christ. Later, I realized that what I wanted was Vera, not Christ.

I've related this incident in counseling sessions and discovered many have had similar experiences. Although I failed, this incident helped me to help others. It also taught me that I had to have real purpose of heart to serve the Lord! Later when I came to God with the right purpose, the past failure only prodded me on. My failure was not a stumbling block, but rather a stepping stone that led to future consecration with Christ.

Chapter **9**

A BRUSH WITH THE TRUTH

Reflecting back on our lives reveals many events that shaped them, allowing us to see the handiwork of God as He led us to His truth. I recall an event that I feel was important in making me aware of God's plan of salvation. The story needs some background.

The Pentecostal Church was unknown in our community as a viable Christian force when I was a lad. Neither my family nor I had heard of it. There were no Pentecostal churches in our immediate vicinity.

In the early twenties, Bertha Mangun received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. She was a very quiet, reserved individual, a member of the Church of the Brethren, located one mile north of La Paz, Indiana. Her husband, Walter, was the Sunday school superintendent.

Both of them were dignified, conservative individuals but when Bertha received the Holy Ghost, she set the neighborhood ablaze. Quiet, reserved, conservative

Bertha turned into a flaming evangel! This was so new to our community that most folks thought she had gone off on a tangent.

Vera's Aunt Effie Heyde was a good friend of Bertha's and the same type of a quiet, reserved individual. When she heard about Bertha she decided to call and sympathize with her. She received the shock of her life. Bertha was so overjoyed that Aunt Effie didn't have a chance. Soon there were two of them in the community, both bubbling over with the same kind of joy!

Walter decided he could not remain as superintendent with what was happening in his home. Consequently, he resigned his position.

The next week he received the Holy Ghost and both of them were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. Soon after Aunt Effie received the Holy Ghost, Welcome, her husband, did too and both were baptized.

This resulted in a serious conflict with Vera's mother. Aunt Effie witnessed to everyone, including Vera's mother. She vigorously resisted, fighting like a tiger and sought eagerly for anything she could find to combat her sister. She was a Lutheran, but attended the neighborhood United Brethren Church. She believed in the Lord but had never had an experience with Him.

In an attempt to prove her sister wrong, she diligently searched the Word of God, but discovered things that verified her sister's witness. She found the places in Acts about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This upset her! Her sister also spoke about baptism in the name of Jesus Christ. This really upset her as she was sure the trinitarian formula was the correct way to baptize. As she studied the Scripture, confused and frustrated, she decided to

question the United Brethren elder.

When he came by one day she said to herself, "This is my chance to find out the real truth about water baptism." He was a fine man, well respected by my parents and those who knew him. During their conversation she inquired, "Brother Masters, my sister has been talking to me about water baptism in the name of Jesus Christ. I've resisted her because I know it's not right. Now will you tell me the truth and where to find it so I can correct her?"

His answer startled her! "Sister Berger, it is right! It is the only way mentioned in the Bible where actual baptism took place. I cannot preach it because I'd be put out of my church. If you wish, however, I'll baptize you that way!"

This answer set her to thinking seriously. Perhaps her sister was not so wrong after all. Although it didn't happen for quite some time, she was on her way to faith. She continued her Bible studies. Later, the United Brethren Church pastor stopped by to visit her. When she asked him about baptism in the name of Jesus Christ, he became exasperated, telling her in no uncertain terms to get out of the Book of Acts. She could not reason with him. He became so furious that, when departing, he told her not to bring up their discussion in his church. If she was thinking of it, she was not welcome!

This was the convincer she needed to help her obey. Added to this was a felon Vera had on one of her fingers. "Why don't you go over to Aunt Effie's and have her pray for it?" Mrs. Berger said doubtfully. Vera went, and to Mother's surprise, she was healed. That did it! Shortly afterward she was baptized in the name of Jesus Christ.

None of her children had been too interested in her religious convictions, but when she told how her pastor had talked to her, they encouraged her not to return to his church. Vera told me about the United Brethern pastor and I mentioned it to my mother. She didn't know if Mrs. Berger had done the right thing or not, but since they were such close friends, Mother didn't criticize her. They started studying the Bible together and soon my mother was baptized. We took all of this in.

The first winter I was out of high school, my dad hired a young man, Ford Maulson, a recent graduate from a United Brethern seminary, to help me cut wood. He was the son of the United Brethern pastor. Every day, weather permitting, we sawed wood with a crosscut saw. (Chain saws had not been invented.)

Ford continually talked to me about giving my life to God. I didn't mind an occasional reference to it, but he kept pressing me. Finally I became disgusted with his constant admonitions and decided to try silencing him. One day he started again. Straightening up from the crosscut saw I looked him in the eye and said, "Ford, why should I listen to you when you don't believe the Bible?"

He straightened up and looked at me askance. "What do you mean?" he said, "I do believe the Bible!"

"Every word of it?" I asked.

"Yes sir," he insisted, "every word of it!"

"I don't believe you do!" I countered.

"Well, I do," he retorted indignantly.

"All right then," I said, "if you believe every word of it why don't you baptize the way the apostles did?"

"We do!" he retorted.

"How do you baptize?" I asked.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," he answered.

"Do you know that no apostle ever baptized that way? Do you realize that every account of Christian baptism in the New Testament was always in the name of Jesus Christ, or Lord Jesus?" I questioned.

"No," he answered, "I didn't know that. What are you talking about?"

"You have your New Testament in your pocket, look it up for yourself!" I said.

He got his New Testament and I gave him the Scriptures in Acts 2:38; 8:16; 10:48; and 19:1-6. He read them, then looked up at me unbelievingly. "Find just one place in the New Testament where anyone was baptized the way you said!" I challenged him, "And show it to me."

"All right," he said, "I will."

That was the last I heard of it. He didn't mention my serving God again. There was no animosity between us. Since he didn't bring it up, neither did I. I admired him for speaking to me about serving Christ, but felt he overdid it.

It was three years before we gave our lives to the Lord, but one thing had happened to me. When it came to the matter of baptism, I knew the Bible way!



Brother Kinzie with the two horses he worked on the farm, a short time after his marriage to Vera.

Chapter ***10***

WEDDING BELLS RING

Someone told us it was a bad omen to get married on Saturday, so we arranged it for Friday evening, July 6, 1934, in South Bend, Indiana. It was at the parsonage of the Evangelical United Brethren Church with Pastor Roscoe Wilson, officiating.

In contrasting to today, we didn't invite anyone. No one was barred; we just didn't make a public announcement. Our plans were to go away quietly and not make a fuss. But we didn't get away with it. While we were waiting, Vera's mother, brother Noble, sister Evelyn, and my mother arrived in time for the ceremony.

When we think back on our "honeymoon" we get a big laugh. We drove forty-five miles to St. Joseph, Michigan, and rented a room on the Lake Michigan side of the largest hotel in town. It cost us the fabulous sum of $3.00 a night! The next morning we decided that it was too expensive and moved to Benton Harbor, a sister city, and

got a room for $1.50. But when one worked all week for $10 to $12 he can readily understand why we thought $3.00 rather expensive.

One of the first things a newly married couple had to think about back then was the "belling" you were sure to get as soon as folks knew you were home.

On Monday evening we stayed around home expecting the bellers. When they came it sounded like they had every shotgun and tin can in the neighborhood. The trick was to see how long we could take the noise before showing ourselves. We finally emerged, passed out our treats and set the shower for the next week. The "belling" was an exciting event, one that you don't forget right away. They took us for a horn-tooting, thrill-laden ride around the neighborhood.

A week later the whole neighborhood converged on us for the informal country shower. Since it was in the summer season, room was no problem. It was the custom to serve cake and ice cream so Vera's father bought seventy gallons of ice cream which was completely consumed! Our mothers and several ladies in the neighborhood baked cakes. We had so many gifts that it created a storage problem. Wedding parties and receptions were not common in that day, but the friendliness and pleasure of a country shower is an experience we will never forget.

When all of the festivities were over, we moved into a house owned by Vera's father, across the road from my dad's farm. We fully expected to make farming our life's vocation. Vera worked at a basket factory in Plymouth, Indiana, and continued to do so for quite some time.

Eventually we hoped to buy a farm, or rent one close by so that I could farm for both Dad and myself. We

almost made a couple of deals to buy, but neither of them succeeded. Later we decided it was good that we did not own land as it would have been difficult to leave it when God's time came.

Neither of us talked much about the Lord and church. However, some things happened that pointed in that direction. We were attending Sunday school at a Union Church in La Paz, and though not saved, both of us taught classes. Vera taught junior girls and I junior boys. The Lord began to deal with her about salvation and His second coming. She decided to let her hair grow. Also, though we didn't have the least idea how to do it, we started paying tithes.

During the fall of 1935, the Lord began dealing with me in a profound manner. It began with a dream. In the next chapter I'll relate the dream and the events leading up to our salvation. The Lord has a way of working His will and nudging us into it.

Previously I mentioned Vera's parents, Elmer and Jennie Berger. Their six children in order were Vera, Noble, Cletus, Evelyn, Laura June, and Wayne. Her paternal grandparents, Samuel and Mary Berger, had moved to that area of Indiana when it was still a woods. Her grandfather cleared the whole area, with crosscut saws, sledge hammers, axes and hand tools. The logs were sold and some were used to erect buildings on the farms.

Her grandfather was German and her grandmother Swiss-German. She was born just outside the city of Interläken, Switzerland. They both spoke German and that was the language of the household. When Vera's father started to school, he had to learn to speak English and then in turn, help his parents learn it. They were aggressive, prosperous farmers and before they left the farm they had

acquired enough land to provide an eighty acre farm for each of their four children.

It is interesting to note that Vera's grandmother came from one of the most beautiful areas of the world. Interläken is a city situated between two large lakes at the foot of the Alps. When Vera and I visited the area, we wondered why she ever left there. Vera can remember her grandmother telling stories about that area and how she used to yodel as she watched their cattle on the slopes of the Alps. She came to America, when she was seventeen with a rich family for whom she worked. Later her immediate family, the Balmers, migrated to this country.

Vera's maternal grandparents were Francis and Clara Seltenright, also farmers, but he was more interested in politics than farming. He was a trustee of North Township for several terms. He had been married previously and had two children when his first wife died. He then married Clara Long, a twenty-nine year old school teacher, and they had three children. The Longs were one of the founding fathers of the town of Nappanee, Indiana.

Chapter ***11***

THE CALL TO SALVATION

There are so many contributing factors to the salvation of a soul that no one person can take credit for it! Usually one person is the direct agent God uses, but prior to that person there are often many incidents, inspired and directed by the Spirit, without which one would not be ready to receive salvation.

Looking back, I recognize many factors that contributed to our salvation. We were constantly aware of the prayers of both Vera's mother and my folks. In a previous chapter, I told how my father was not one bit backward when it came to praying for his children.

Conviction of sin and recognizing our need of Christ pursued both of us. We talked about it occasionally and vowed that someday we'd do something.

One occasion where this was evident was when a youth group from a Bible college conducted a service at the United Brethern Church we were attending. Two couples

sang together as a quartet and each of the young men gave sermonettes. At the close of the service they gave an altar call. Both of us experienced deep conviction to give ourselves to Christ. I know I cried, but I tried to keep it hidden from Vera. We were both deeply affected. That conviction stayed with us.

I recall another incident of the Spirit drawing us to Christ. Added to the many times we'd felt conviction in revival services, an incident happened that awakened me to a specific persuasion of faith.

A group of us young married folks planned the observance of Easter, 1935, to include breakfast together and the attendance at three services that morning. The first service was an Easter sunrise service at the Union Church in La Paz. Following that service our friends came to our house for breakfast. While they ate, I milked my cows. Then we drove to South Bend to a Catholic church for 9:00 A.M. Mass. Following this we hurried to Midway Tabernacle, a Pentecostal church, in Mishawaka, where the morning service was already in progress.

What variety! This was the first Catholic Mass and also the first Pentecostal service I'd ever attended. Quite a study in contrasts!

The sunrise service was nothing unusual. Two songs, a short talk about the resurrection and it was over. But the Catholic Mass was something else. One of our group had attended Mass before, so she said, "Just follow me and do as I do." I did for awhile, but I got tired of getting up and down, so I just sat there and observed. The sermon was in Latin, so I couldn't understand it. However, there were two things that I could understand, one of which was a severe scolding by the priest for not attending a benefit card

party held during the previous week. The other was an announcement of a coming service which he demanded, in no uncertain terms, that they attend.

What a contrast to leave Catholic Mass and walk into a Pentecostal service! Vera had previously attended services with her cousin, so she was not as shocked as I was. There were probably two hundred in the congregation when we entered. They were lustily singing "You Must Love One Another . . . Love One Another . . . And Thus Fulfill The Royal Law of God" while keeping time by clapping their hands. I had never been in a church service where folks clapped their hands with the singing and were so enthusiastic! It made me feel like joining in. In a few moments people were testifying. Although I had gone to church all of my life, I had never heard people testify so energetically!

Here I wasn't bored! It had been pretty "ho-hum" at the Catholic Mass but this was exciting! I kept looking around not knowing what to expect next. The service left a very deep impression on me. Yet I didn't know what to think! I was impressed, but also somewhat shocked. I had no desire at the moment to be one of them!

But something had happened to me! That service stayed with me! Although it has been fifty years ago, I still remember it as though it were yesterday. We didn't return to Midway Tabernacle until the day we were baptized, but that service lingered with me. Although I'd never heard that song before, over the next few months, it kept ringing in my mind. I realize now, that service laid the foundation for the Spirit to quietly and yet firmly lead me to full salvation.

Another incident occurred that I mentioned in the

previous chapter about a dream. The coming of the Lord was a popular sermon subject in those days, and it was on my mind often. The economic situation, coupled with Hitler's rise to power, left me quite fearful. One night I dreamed I was standing in our yard on the east side of the house. It was cloudy, and as I stood there I noticed a bright light shining behind the clouds in the eastern sky. At first I thought it was the moon, but as I watched I saw the misty outline of a man forming in the clouds. It grew brighter and more pronounced as I watched. Suddenly, I recognized that it was Jesus. I screamed out, "It's Jesus! He's coming back and I'm not ready!"

I took off running, heading for the back of the barn. My father-in-law had a large pile of poles stacked there, waiting to be buzz-sawed into wood for his furnace. I ran to the pile of poles and, crawling between them and the barn doors, pulled them over me in an attempt to hide from Him! As the poles came crashing down onto me, I awoke trembling and frightened.

It dawned on me that should He return, I would not be ready to meet Him! Still trembling as I lay there on the bed, now wide awake, I humbly prayed and promised God, that as soon as I could get to revival services, I would give my heart to Him. It would be five months before the opportunity came, but when it did, both Vera and I were ready for it. I did not tell my wife about the dream until after we had given ourselves to the Lord!

Chapter **12**

RESPONDING TO THE CALL

***E**arly in 1936 Vera's mother told us that Reverend Floyd Stump was planning a revival for March 1. Brother Stump came to La Paz, Indiana, and was holding services in the Union Church. One stipulation was that the building could not be used by one group more than six weeks unless no one else requested it. We attended Sunday school there after we married.

Brother and Sister Stump had services every other Sunday night, beginning the first of the year. We attended and became well acquainted with them. They were about five years older than we. Formerly, they were members of the Dunkard Brethren Church. At the time they came to La Paz, they were attending Midway Tabernacle in Mishawaka, Indiana.

They were baptized in the name of Jesus and received the Holy Ghost there. Resigning from the Brethren Church, Brother Stump started preaching the Pentecostal message.

We were excited when he announced that Reverend and Mrs. A. F. Varnell, from Illinois, would be the speakers. Previously they had spent a week at the United Brethren Church in our community speaking on prophecy. I attended those meetings and since they stayed with my parents, became acquainted with them.

The meetings began March 1 and my wife was asked to play the piano. I had not forgotten my promise to God the night I had the dream. Mrs. Varnell spoke on Thursday night and after her message, Vera played for the invitation. I stood trembling at my seat, wanting to go forward but not without her. As Brother Varnell finished the invitation, I noticed Vera asking Brother Wade to pray with her. That's all I needed. We knelt together, committing our lives to Christ!

Neither of us had an earth-shaking experience that night. We were slightly disappointed, feeling that something was missing. When we left service, we invited the Stumps, Varnells, Wades, and our folks to our home for prayer the next afternoon.

After praying for awhile, I asked Brother Varnell to pray for me. In response he asked, "What for?"

"Well, I don't know for sure, but isn't there something supposed to happen when you give yourself to God?" I questioned.

He seemed a little perturbed at that question and responded with, "What do you want me to pray for?"

I didn't know how to answer him, so I dropped the subject, confused by his response.

Although I didn't know what it was, I was sure there was more to salvation than what had happened to us. This was not much different from when I knelt and asked my

folks to pray for me that night at family altar. I wasn't able to hold out then, and I certainly didn't want a repeat of that.

My father had received quite an experience a couple of days after he went forward in the United Brethern Church. He was constantly pleading with God for an assurance of forgiveness. On the third morning, he went to the corn crib to get corn for the hogs. We had a bumper crop that year and built a temporary slat crib to hold the overflow. He had to unwire a section of the slats to get to the corn. He held the bushel basket ready for the corn when it would begin to roll.

Unwiring the slats, he reached up to start the corn rolling and prayed, "Lord, aren't you ever going to forgive me?" Tears streamed down his face as he prayed. The corn began rolling and as it did, something else did too. God flooded his soul and he started weeping profusely. He dropped the basket that was overflowing with corn. He headed for the house weeping and shouting.

Mother said she heard him coming and wondered what had happened. She told us he walked the floor weeping and praising the Lord for a couple of hours and finally said, "Let's change our clothes and go tell our neighbors what has happened to me." His joy was so great that it took him three days testifying to his neighbors, along with friends and relatives in his home town of Bremen.

Since neither Vera's mother nor mine had yet received the Holy Ghost, my father's experience was the only frame of reference we had by which to judge what had happened to us. Personally, I felt cheated. I was sure God had a definite experience for us. Probably this was why I felt so confused when Brother Varnell answered me as he did.

However, I tucked all of this into the back of my mind and we continued attending the meetings every night. In my search for assurance, I started requesting to be baptized. Brother Varnell put us off, stating that at the close of the meetings there would probably be several more to baptize. We would go to Midway Tabernacle where they had a baptismal pool.

On Sunday afternoon, March 15, 1936, eight of us were baptized in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of our sins. It was here that God really touched me. There was no lightning bolt, no corn crib, but I was overwhelmed with praise. When I was baptized, the next recollection I had was standing at the dressing room door, hands raised to heaven, praising the Lord with everything within me.

I felt so light, so uncondemned, so cleansed, that I could not stop rejoicing. It was great! The significance of it would not become apparent to me for some time. Studying the Scripture later made it plain. As I studied, it dawned on me that I had been baptized in the name of the One who had been crucified for me, that He had taken my place in death, that I might have His life. It overwhelmed me. It still does!

When I returned to the sanctuary, an incident occurred that deeply impressed me. Sister Bates, one of the ladies from Midway, came to shake hands and commend me for taking this step. She said, "God has promised you the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Don't give up until you have received the Spirit." This was strange language to me. Quickly I brushed her off! I felt that she was intruding and I walked away, treating her rudely.

I've asked myself many times, "Why was I so igno-

rant? She was telling me a truth that I was too dense to grasp." I could not recall hearing Brother Varnell preach on the subject. If he had, it had gone over my head.

Later I learned that Brother Varnell did not believe the baptism of the Holy Ghost was accompanied by speaking in tongues. He told me I had received the Spirit and there was no need to search any further. When I asked him at what point I had received the Holy Ghost, he said, "Somewhere between the altar and the time you were baptized." I then understood why he asked me the question on the day of our prayer meeting. His answer, however, did not alleviate the hunger in my heart.

Later as I read where Paul questioned the Ephesians, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" (Acts 19:2), I thought, "If a person does not know when he receives, how could these Ephesians have responded to that question with any intelligence? Was Paul asking an unanswerable question?" From the context of that Scripture, I determined it *was possible* for a person to know that he had received the Holy Ghost.

Questioning others, I learned why there had not been much talk about this in our presence while the meetings were in progress. The Lawrence Wades, Homer Krathwohls and Stumps knew that Brother Varnell was a very determined and argumentative individual (something I did not know) and would have resented any teaching he did not approve. Also, they knew that Vera and I thought highly of the Varnells and did not want to say anything that might discourage us.

About a month after we were baptized, we decided to go to Logansport, Indiana, where the Varnells were in meetings. He preached that night on the subject, "The

Baptism and Filling of the Holy Ghost!" I learned later that when he saw us he changed his previously announced subject, "Eight Reasons Why A Christian Should Not Smoke," to accommodate me. I took it all in and was inclined to believe him. When Vera and I talked it over, she was doubtful of his interpretation. She was not convinced of his teaching on the subject although she didn't know why.

When we left that night, Brother Varnell gave me several tracts on the subject. He again reiterated his previous conversations with me about the Holy Ghost, telling me I had received the Spirit and not to allow anyone to change my mind about it.

Reading and rereading his tracts, I almost memorized them. I went through some traumatic moments in trying to believe his teaching. I was confused, but the other couples encouraged me not to take Brother Varnell's word but search it out for myself. I argued his cause to them, then wondered if it was right.

During this time we learned that the Manguns had started a church in Plymouth, Indiana. Hearing that Brother G. B. Rowe, pastor of Midway in Mishawaka, was to speak there, we decided to attend. It was the last part of April, 1936.

We went and were disappointed. Midway Tabernacle was a neat, accommodating church building with fine facilities. But this place in Plymouth was an old house which had been unoccupied for ten years. Brother Mangun rented it, tore out a partition between two rooms and had services. The walls had part of the plaster removed with old lath showing through several places, and bare light bulbs hung from the ceiling.

Fifteen or twenty folks had gathered when we

entered, and the place so shocked me that I did not notice the people or hear much of what Brother Rowe said. But I did remember what I said to my wife when we walked out. I was disenchanted with the whole evening. As we walked across the lawn toward our car I stated, "Here's one place you'll not find me seeking the Lord. I don't ever expect to return. I'll go to Mishawaka when I want to hear Brother Rowe." What I didn't know was that they were working on the building, renovating it to make a much more commodious sanctuary for services.

Before Brother Varnell left, he encouraged our group to begin prayer meetings in our homes. We started in the Wades' home first, early in April, 1936. Vera and I also attended Midway in Mishawaka frequently. We were in and out of there for quite some time, endeavoring to get our feet on a solid foundation. We attended La Paz every other Sunday night with the Stumps. One place we did not go was to the Plymouth church, which was now being called "The Old Time Religion Tabernacle."

Brother Stump announced that Mabel Hensley, a missionary to China, was coming to hold revival services at La Paz. We attended every service. She stayed with my wife's parents, so we had a great opportunity to become well acquainted. She helped us tremendously. Along with her parents, she had attended and participated in the Azusa Street revival in Los Angeles, California. Her family received the Holy Ghost there. She spent time with us personally, explaining the Scripture. She did not attack Brother Varnell's position on the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but carefully pointed out that some of his teaching could not be true according to the Bible. Coupled with her experiences in China,

her messages were interesting, strengthening and encouraging.

During Sister Hensley's meeting in La Paz, opposition arose against us. A Baptist man, who at one time had been our milk hauler, demanded the building for services. We were in the last week of the meetings when he informed us that he wanted the building on Sunday night. Brother Stump asked for the privilege of finishing our meetings that night, but he was very adamant in his refusal. It was our first encounter with strong opposition.

Later the man came to the farm endeavoring to persuade me that what I believed was wrong. He was a seminary scholar and I a new convert. I held my own, even though at the time, I was not fully persuaded myself. His opposition though, helped me to better understand the strong points of the Pentecostal message.

When he so inconsiderately demanded the church building, it upset me deeply. On our way home from Sunday school that morning, Vera wanted to stop and see a friend, so I stayed in the car. Just a "babe in Christ." I had not been through this before. Weeping, I prayed, "Lord, give me a Scripture to help face this situation." I covenanted with the Lord that I'd let my Bible drop open, lay my finger on a page trusting Him for a verse which would help me. When I looked, my finger was on Isaiah 66:5 which read:

> *"Hear the word of the LORD, ye that tremble at his word; Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the LORD be glorified: but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed."*

I doubt there's another verse in the Bible that could fit the situation better! It was the first time I'd ever read it, and when I showed it to my wife, we thanked the Lord for His encouragement. We never returned to the Union Church as a group again, although we did remain in Sunday school there. The Sunday school had nothing in common with any church group that worshiped there at night. Later, I became the Sunday school superintendent and both of us taught. We stayed in those positions until God saved two girls out of our classes who were to play an important part in our future ministry.

The conflict raging within me mounted. I listened as the Holy Ghost baptism was preached at Midway—studied it—read Brother Varnell's tracts—vacillated between the two—and ended up more confused. Puzzled, I asked myself, "If I received the Holy Ghost, when did it happen? If the apostle Paul expected the Ephesians to know, why don't I? (Read Acts 19:1-6.) It must be important to every believer or there would not be so much about it in Scripture."

By midsummer I was discouraged. We received a letter from Sister Hensley informing us she would be preaching a tent meeting in Plymouth. Well, I reasoned, at least a tent was better than the house called "the old haunted house" by people in Plymouth! We decided to attend the tent meeting although I had vowed never to return! We were shocked again.

The tent was a half-tent, pitched against the front side of the house, using the porch as the platform. Benches were set in sawdust, and the tent was as ragged as the inside of the house.

Had I not been extremely hungry for God, I think I

would have walked away and never returned. But Sister Hensley was preaching and we respected her so much that we stayed and returned night after night. However, my pride, which I had a lot of, made me aware of my real need, humility. For who was I anyhow? Just flesh, like everyone else. Sister Hensley being there broke down the feeling I had against the Manguns.

As I reflect on it now, it was probably the best thing that could have happened to us. Before the meeting was over, Brother Mangun announced that another minister, Brother Don Starkweather, would continue the tent meeting. He was a good preacher and we enjoyed his ministry. During this meeting we learned the building was being renovated, and by fall would have a much more attractive interior.

Although my feelings against the Manguns were assuaged, we did not make Plymouth our home church at this time. We alternated between Plymouth and Mishawaka, especially during revivals. Also, we attended revivals at Christ Temple in South Bend. A crippled minister, Charles Taylor, pastored there.

Chapter ***13***

OVERCOMING THE DOUBTS AND THE COON DOG

As we attended services at various churches, my mind was continually upon the Holy Ghost baptism. I recall one incident when I was so determined to receive the Holy Ghost that I fasted two days before we went to the last night of a revival in Mishawaka. I had never fasted before.

It was hay-making time and we were very busy on the farm. I loaded the hay on our truck, then mowed it away in the barn. This was a difficult task. Since July was the hottest time of the year, our haymow was a virtual oven. When I came down I'd be wringing wet with perspiration.

We worked all day like this as I fasted. I did not eat or drink either day. I was eager for church Sunday night. When the altar call was given, I went immediately, anticipating favorable results because of fasting and prayer. But I was so exhausted physically that I could not pray;

my body refused to cooperate with my spiritual desire!

We continued to attend the revival in Mishawaka, and when the invitation was given, I'd go to pray. Midway had a large prayer room below the platform where we prayed.

When the altar calls were given, I'd feel such a conviction of need—a compulsion to pray—but when I got to the prayer room, I'd ask myself, "What am I doing here? According to Brother Varnell, I already have the Holy Ghost, and this is senseless to pray for what I already have!" Often, I became thoroughly disgusted with myself and vowed not to pray again. But the next time we went I'd go through the same routine.

This went on throughout an entire revival. One night in early October, I became so disturbed that I knew something had to change. I read Brother Varnell's tracts at night after we returned home, emotionally upsetting myself, going to bed confused and frustrated. I couldn't seem to arrive at a definite conclusion about the matter.

Returning home from church one night, I went to our spinet desk where I kept the tracts, took them out, and tossed them in our stove. Turning to Vera I said, "If there's anything like the Holy Ghost in this twentieth century, and the Spirit baptism is for us, here's a young man that's going after this experience with all of his heart. I'm not reading these tracts anymore. I'm only going to believe what the Bible says about the Holy Ghost!"

I meant every word! I took the Bible and for days read nothing but Scriptures about the Holy Ghost. I researched every reference, read every passage, studied the context of each event, and poured myself into it sincerely and honestly. I doubt if any new convert ever did a more thorough job than I did on the subject.

Finally I became convinced that the Bible definitely taught this experience with God. From my study, it appeared that the Holy Ghost was received when one really believed. Receiving the Holy Ghost was the seal of believing God, the *earnest* of our inheritance (Ephesians 1:13-14). Not only would a person receive the Holy Ghost but he would also know when it happened! (See Acts 10:46.) From my observation, one would speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance, and this would be the initial sign or evidence of receiving (Acts 10:46). Too, as the initial evidence, speaking in tongues was the same in essence as the gift mentioned in I Corinthians 12:10-14, but different in administration. If this were not true, then all of the occurrences of speaking in tongues recorded in the Book of Acts were out of order with Paul's explanation in I Corinthians 14.

Fully convinced, I set on a course to do what I had promised, *seek the Lord with all of my heart.* It took a while to undo some of the things I was falsely taught. My confusion had hindered my ability to believe. There's no doubt this is one of the main barriers that many face in seeking God. Whatever it takes to bring a person to a place of confident trust is necessary to receive the Holy Ghost.

A short time later at a service in Plymouth, Brother Mangun announced a revival beginning November 15. Now I faced a problem I did not realize was bothering me. Previously I mentioned that Noble, Vera's brother, and I were interested in coon hunting. The Indiana coon hunting season opened November 15. When I heard the announcement of revival, immediately there was a conflict of interest within me. What would I do, go to church and seek the Lord or go coon hunting? What would I do about

Rowdy? Paired with Soup, our black and tan hound, they had developed into good coon dogs. I kept Rowdy and had become quite attached to him. Noble was not attending church and would expect me to go hunting with him every night. What was I to do?

This question plagued me as both the revival and hunting season drew near. I knew what I had to do. I could not put hunting ahead of the Lord. That would be idol worship. But what was I to do with Rowdy? I decided to try and sell him before the season opened. "Lord, send someone by who will buy my dog," I prayed. I would not advertise him for sale, and if someone came, unaware of this, and bought him, I'd know it was an answer to prayer!

A few days later as I shoveled corn into our crib, a car pulled up to our front gate. The man, a stranger to me, got out and came where I was working. Introducing himself, he asked if I had a coon dog for sale. I started to say no, but before I got it out, my prayer leaped up at me. "Yes," I answered hesitatingly, wondering if my prayer could be answered so soon?

"What kind of a dog is he?" he asked.

I gave him a brief description and asked if he wanted to see him. After talking awhile he asked, "What do you want for him?"

I made up my mind that it would have to be a good price. Those were depression days, and a good coon dog sold for about $25.00. "I want $50.00 for him," I answered.

To my surprise, he reached into his pocket and pulled out five ten dollar bills and handed them to me. "How long will you give me to try him out?" he asked.

"Since the coon hunting season is beginning Sunday night at midnight," I answered, "you should have him

back by Monday morning."

"All right," he answered. "I'll try him out tonight and tomorrow night and will have him back by Monday morning if I decide not to keep him."

When I went back to shoveling corn I was weeping. I knew that God had heard my prayer. "Well, thank God that's settled," I said to myself. It was plain to me now that a person's heart had to be emptied of everything that threatened to occupy it instead of God. Coon hunting was not wrong, but putting it and the love of a dog ahead of God was!

My mind was settled! Peace flooded my heart as I recognized this almost impossible answer to prayer. I had not uttered one word to anyone about my prayer. But here it was, already answered and the dog was gone! But now, a new worry crossed my mind. What if Rowdy did not prove satisfactory? This man had paid a premium price for him, and he could have some second thoughts. Being with a new master and under different circumstances, Rowdy might not do as well. What would I do if he brought him back? How would I handle this situation? I prayed, "Oh Lord, let Rowdy tree such a big coon that he'll not consider it."

At noon on Monday, I was unloading another load of corn when I looked up to see a car stopping at our gate. I recognized it at once. "He's probably bringing Rowdy back," I thought. "Oh, Lord, no!" I pleaded. "Please don't let this happen. You know I want to follow You. I want You more than anything in life. Please, Lord. Please!"

I watched as the man got out of his car, fully expecting him to go to the trunk, lift the lid and get Rowdy out. But he headed for the crib where I was working. Now my

hopes soared! Perhaps he wasn't bringing Rowdy back after all. When he got close, with a smile on his face he said, "Say, Mr. Kinzie, you don't have another dog like Rowdy to sell, do you?"

"No," I answered, "we have another dog but she's not for sale. My brother-in-law will probably be hunting with her."

The man volunteered some information at this point. "Rowdy didn't do too well the first night, but last night he caught the largest coon I've ever seen. Treed him on a fence post. It was a beautiful sight to behold! Rowdy baying on the ground and that big coon sitting on top of that post, slapping at him."

As he was talking I was saying in my heart, "Thank You, Lord, You've answered another prayer. I know You're going to fill me with the Holy Ghost. Too many good things are taking place for the Spirit baptism not to happen!" My heart cried out in praise to the Lord.

We went to service every night during the revival. I became slightly discouraged, for I was sure when the coon dog issue was settled everything would fall into place. But it didn't happen that way!

Brother Mangun announced an all-night prayer meeting at one of the member's home for the following Saturday night. Most of us went. It was about 2:00 A.M. on Sunday morning when I took a break from praying and went to the kitchen for a drink. While I was there, the husband of one of the ladies came to get her. He was in a foul mood.

I stayed in the kitchen for a few moments as he ranted and raved, demanding that someone go into the room and get his wife. He wanted to go home. His language was not

appropriate for the occasion. When I left to go back and pray, he was still carrying on. He was gone at 5:00 A.M. when we left to go home to do my milking.

That evening I was eager to get to church. We had slept a couple of hours on Sunday afternoon and I felt quite refreshed. The all-night prayer service had sharpened my desire. As soon as the altar call was given, I was there. I had developed a habit during these meetings of sitting on the front row so that there was only one step to the altar.

I had been at the altar but a short time when someone tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I wanted to see someone receiving the Holy Ghost? "Sure," I said, and turned around.

Would you believe who was stretched out on the floor right at my feet? He was speaking in tongues very fluently, his face shining, and a look of great joy enveloping him. You guessed it! It was that big 6'4" fellow who had been so aggravated early that morning when he came to get his wife. I couldn't believe it! I was thrilled to see someone receive the Holy Ghost, but remembering the night before, I figured it should have been me rather than he.

I was upset and annoyed at God! I turned back to the altar, hit it with my fist and demanded, "God, what do you mean? You know how he talked early this morning! He didn't pray a lick last night and we spent the whole night praying. He hasn't been praying, but we have faithfully prayed every night for the last three weeks! Why did You ever do this?"

My tirade didn't get me anywhere. Rather, every bit of prayer drained out of me. I got up from the altar, still upset, and went back to my seat. Added to how I felt was

the fact that this fellow had bought a set of harness from me, and up until this moment, had never said a word about paying for it. Thoroughly disgusted, I contemplated walking out. But then, I decided not to.

The next service night the man apologized and made arrangements to pay for the harness. "Well," I thought, "it did him some good, didn't it?" That apology took the sting out of the event and I felt real happy for him. I found myself more determined than ever to receive the Holy Ghost too. That brought up another problem I was not aware of.

I was attempting to "get" the Holy Ghost as though there was something I could do to earn the Spirit. This is a common error with some people as they seek the Lord. In the final analysis, however, this is what brought me to the right place, at the right time, with the right attitude.

My wife and I were both praying diligently every service night and I had literally worn myself out seeking the Lord. Often we stayed at the altar until eleven or twelve o'clock, and once until 1:00 in the morning. Then we'd go home, kneel at our bedside and pray for another half-hour or so before going to bed.

Added to this was the work I was now doing. After our corn was husked that fall I took a job in South Bend to help with expenses. I had quite a routine: up at five in the morning, get the fire going, pray and study, then milk and feed the cattle, rush to the house, eat a quick breakfast, drive seventeen miles to work, work until five in the evening, drive home, milk the cows, rush to the house, clean up, eat a sandwich as I drove the eleven miles to church, then pray at the altar for one to three hours. Do that for a few weeks like we did and you'll understand why I was

worn out and almost completely exhausted when the "big day" arrived!

Chapter **14**

HALLELUJAH!! HALLELUJAH!!

It happened on Sunday, December 20, 1936, supposedly the last day of revival with Brother and Sister Tommie Stevens, evangelists from Texas. We anticipated this revival to be the one where both of us would receive the Holy Ghost. Vera's mother received the Holy Ghost the first Monday night of the revival.

We had been diligent in seeking the Lord but were still waiting. If waiting patiently and being consistent were necessary, we couldn't be faulted. As far as any holiness issues were concerned—we knew of nothing from a biblical perspective that we were not willing to abide by wholeheartedly.

I was tired, weary and worn out and at the end of Fred Kinzie! No doubt about it, this was the exact place I needed to be. Although none of my inner struggles held any virtue in bringing the Holy Ghost to me, they did bring me to a place where I had exhausted my self-efforts,

and now God could work!

I was so exhausted that I knew if I went to Sunday school on this particular morning, I'd not have any energy to put into praying that night. I was practically washed out!

God doesn't accept one's person, regardless of how holy or unholy he is! The only ingredient any of us have that God wants is our faith. If only I could have understood this earlier! I know folks told us this in one way or another, and ministers preached it, but evidently it didn't penetrate our hearts to the point where we could assimilate it!

I learned there was no way we could "get" the Holy Ghost. "Get" is an erroneous assumption on our part. We can only receive—never "get" or "obtain" this promise from God. In the business world, yes, we have to "get with it" if we expect to succeed, and to a great extent, we bring that attitude into our spiritual lives.

I read the story of Dwight L. Moody. He said his receiving the Holy Ghost was too sacred to talk about. I disagree with his opinion because he made it sound as though only a few "specials" ever received, whereas the Bible plainly teaches that every real believer is a receiver! There are no "specials" with God in this dispensation. We come to Calvary in humility, and all are made to drink of one Spirit!

Walking to the house after doing chores on that Sunday morning, I was so tired that I could barely move. "Vera, there's no way I can go to Sunday school and be rested enough to seek the Lord tonight. I'll stay home and try to rest for a couple of hours.

"Okay, Fred, but don't forget the Stevens and your folks are coming for dinner, so there won't be time for

you to rest in the afternoon," she answered. "I'll bring the Stevens home with me."

I dragged myself back to the barn and finished the few chores I had left undone. When I came back to the house, Vera was gone and I was alone. I cleaned up so I would be presentable when the folks came for dinner, then went to the living room and stretched out on the couch to rest.

"Oh, it's good to rest," I thought. "But I should get on my knees and thank God for a chance to rest my tired body!" I knelt and feebly lifted my hands upward, "Thank You, Lord, for a chance to rest my tired body!" Suddenly a spirit of praise swept over me and I uttered two Hallelujahs—and when the second one fell from my lips, strange words were there wanting to be spoken. The best way I can explain it is that they were forming on my tongue but not consciously in my mind. I simply yielded to God and a flow erupted from within me that just kept on coming. How long I was like this I don't know. Somehow though, this didn't match what I'd always thought it would be like when I received the Holy Ghost.

I knew something had taken place that had not occurred before. I wondered how Elijah prayed down the fire when he faced the prophets of Baal that day. I had been speaking in tongues, in a language I could not understand, and it was wonderful, but was there not something more that accompanied speaking in tongues?

Getting my Bible, I found the account of Elijah and the prophets of Baal. Our back door opened and my unsaved brother-in-law, Noble, came in. I didn't utter a word about what had happened but laid my Bible aside, leaving it open so I could read about Elijah later. Noble talked, and talked and talked! He didn't leave until the Stevens

came from church. Not being interested in meeting the preacher, he left hurriedly!

With the arrival of the evangelists, our house became a buzz of activity and I had no chance to read about Elijah, nor pray. I didn't say a word to any of them about what had happened. "I'll wait until I can slip off and pray," I reasoned.

After dinner my sister from Bremen came to see my parents. I went to invite her over to our house and said, "Hazel, the folks are at my house. Come on over." What she said at that point startled me!

"Fred, do you know what happened to me Friday?"

"No," I answered, "What?"

"I received the Holy Ghost!" she replied.

"Did you speak in tongues?" I questioned.

"Yes, I most certainly did," she answered.

At that moment something happened to me that I'd never experienced before and have not forgotten. The way I can best describe it is in the words of Elizabeth when Mary informed her of the angel's visit, "The babe leaped in my womb at your salutation." When Hazel told me about receiving the Holy Ghost, my whole insides seemed to do a flip flop! At the time it puzzled me, but later I learned that this was the witness of the Spirit! Many times in the future when praying with folks as they received the Holy Ghost, I again felt this same witness of the Spirit.

When we got to my house, I didn't say a word to Hazel or any of the others. But I decided "This had to be a witness of the Spirit. Whether I ever get a chance to read about Elijah or pray, I now know I have received the Holy Ghost!"

Everyone rejoiced with Hazel when we got back to my house. That is, everyone but me! "Why didn't I tell the folks when they got home from Sunday school? How will I ever tell them now?" I wondered. "No one will believe me!"

Hazel left, the folks went home, and I had to do chores. Vera went to Plymouth with the Stevens to practice music. I would go later and take the Wades with me.

I hurried through my chores and rushed home to get ready for church. Although I had not rested one minute, my weariness was gone. I was buttoning up my shirt, praising the Lord as I did, when the Spirit swept over me forcefully again. I was speaking in tongues and the joybells were ringing in my heart. I'll never forget that dressing episode. I almost forgot where I was and what I was supposed to be doing. But all at once it came to a crashing halt when the thought crossed my mind, "How am I going to tell anyone about this?" There were no doubts now. At first, when I was worried about the fire part, I had been a little skeptical, but the events of the day had wiped away every doubt!

I knew I had to tell it! It was too wonderful to withhold! But what will Vera say? I knew her very well, and knew exactly what she'd say! "What kind of a Holy Ghost did you receive that you'd not tell your own wife about it?" I knew she would be upset when I told it. But upset or not I had to do it.

I picked up the Wades and went on to church, not breathing a word to them about it. I was in a quandary about how to tell it. If I told the Wades they would not understand why I had not told it, either. I felt I should tell Vera first, but since the service had started, I could not explain why I had not said anything to her, and that would

only make matters worse. So I prayed, asking the Lord to take over and do it His way. I took my place in the orchestra with my saxophone. The service had just started. Soon testimony service began and I decided, "I've got to tell it now." I prayed, "Oh, Lord, please help me to tell it so it's just right!"

They started singing the chorus of "He's A Wonderful Savior to Me." I tried to play it on my sax but the Spirit came upon me again and I couldn't control my sax. "If I can't play it I'll sing it." But when I did it came out in tongues! I thought, "This has gone far enough." I laid my sax aside, walked to the pulpit where Brother Mangun was leading the service, laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "Brother Mangun, I have a confession to make. May I say a word?"

"Sure go right ahead," he stepped back from the pulpit.

As I started to relate what had transpired that morning, the blessing started flowing. What I thought should have happened when I received the Holy Ghost in the morning did now! I was overwhelmed. I didn't get many words out, just enough for the folks to hear me say I had received the Holy Ghost and I was overcome with the joy of the Lord! I wept, cried, shouted, jumped and may even have danced a little.

As I recall, the whole congregation broke out in spontaneous praise and worship. That is, everyone except Vera! Sister Stevens told us later that her reaction was exactly what I had thought it would be!

Vera leaned over to her and said, "What kind of a Holy Ghost did he get that he didn't mention it to me? I don't want it if that's what it is. You'll not find me at the altar tonight!"

When things finally got back to normal in the service, Sister Stevens had her arm around Vera, and when she thought Vera wouldn't notice, she glanced around at some of the folks behind, pointed at Vera, and out of the corner of her mouth formed the words, "Pray for her!" After a while Vera said to her, "Well, I'll go pray but I don't want him (referring to me) around!"

Altar call came but I didn't know a thing about what Vera had said. She went to the altar and I knelt at the opposite end. Knowing exactly how she would feel, I avoided creating any unnecessary irritation for her. I hadn't been praying long when someone tapped me on the shoulder and said Vera wanted me to come and pray with her.

All of her adverse feelings were now gone. She was in a submissive attitude toward the Lord. When I arrived she called me by her pet name for me (I knew when she did this that all animosity was gone) and asked me to pray for her. Almost immediately she started speaking in another language, so clear and precise that it was a joy to listen.

Afterward she told us that she understood every word she was saying even though we did not! She was dedicating herself to God, to go anywhere He wanted, to do anything He wanted, to say anything He wanted her to! This would all come back to her years later when she was faced with giving up her dreams for the farm.

That submissive spirit opened her heart to receive. Submission to God is the real essence of faith. Faith is not saying you believe, but it's submitting to God, wholly and completely.

Oh, what a time we had! To top it all off, Evangelist Stevens agreed to stay on for three more nights and the

following night my mother, who had been in most of the revival with us, received the Holy Ghost just as we had.

Well, what about afterward, you may ask? We had completely different experiences. After three or four days of rejoicing, Vera became depressed. But it wasn't as bad as it sounds. For out of every difficulty a child of God faces something good and profitable emerges. But Vera did have a difficult time shaking the spiritual blues!

One evening I came home and with tears in her eyes she said, "Listen to the song the Lord gave me today" Then she sang:

Can't you hear Jesus speak peace to your heart?
Though tried and tempted by Satan's fiery dart,
'Tis then He speaks to your weary soul,
"Go on, my child, make heaven your home."

That did it! The touch of the Master's hand alleviated the depressive spirit that had held her in bondage for several days.

I was just the opposite. The blessing of the Lord seemed to roll over me in waves of rejoicing. For one whole month I rejoiced, praises rolling continually. But then, something happened. I don't know what, but the fountain dried up, the blessings disappeared and everything went "blab!" It seemed the Lord had packed up and moved out!

But that had not happened! It is necessary that every child of God learn to walk by faith and not feelings. God teaches us that it is necessary we face difficulties that slow us down and bring us back to earth again. There's not much accomplished spiritually when one's on cloud

nine. Jesus did not keep Peter, James, and John long on the mount of transfiguration. There were people waiting at the foot of the hill to be healed.

In my experience with God I have noted that if some folks are not on a spiritual high they don't amount to much. They haven't yet learned to walk by faith. Some never do learn. They become "spiritual tramps" running from one place to another trying to find some ingredient to get on a "high." But they never settle down to do the work that makes a church go, grow, and glow!

We must learn that when God leads us by His Spirit it will not always be in a place where the blessings flow. A study of the Children of Israel coming out of Egypt will reveal that the leadership of the Spirit takes us to places where God can show His greatness, His care and concern for us.

Soon we were back on course. The rejoicing returned and the blessing flowed again. We had learned some wonderful lessons for the future. We encounter these bad times quite often, but God is always there to give us the victory!

God is so good! He knew just how to deal with both our mothers and each of us to get us to the right place with the right attitude, with full faith so that He could fulfill His promise of baptizing with His Spirit.

Chapter ***15***

OUR LIFE'S WORK BEGINS

E*ventually we decided the Old Time Religion Tabernacle Church in Plymouth, Indiana, was where we belonged. We loved the Manguns dearly. The old haunted house had been torn down and a new building, seating three hundred and fifty was erected in its place.*

Enthusiastically, we poured ourselves into church work. We continued to attend Tuesday night Bible Studies and prayer services at the home of the Wades. Also, we attended Sunday school at the Union church in La Paz as the Plymouth church was more oriented toward evangelism.

Shortly thereafter, I was elected Sunday school superintendent at La Paz. Vera taught the junior girls class and I the young people's class.

We attended Midway Tabernacle for Brother Rowe's Bible studies on Wednesday nights, especially when he taught the epistles. Our car was always loaded, usually

with the Wades and our mothers.

Lucille Grise, a next door neighbor, was an outstanding singer. She sang at many functions and Vera often accompanied her. She had a daughter, Pat, who was developing into a fine singer. Sister Kinzie asked Brother Mangun if Pat could sing one night during a revival. He consented, so Pat sang at a revival conducted by the singing cowboy, Evangelist and Mrs. J. C. Bishop. They were inspiring singers and attracted large crowds.

That night Pat sang beautifully and when the invitation was given, she went to the altar. Mrs. Grise soon followed. Vera went to pray with them and asked, "Lucille, do you want to be saved?"

"Yes," she said, "but I want Peck to come too!"

Hesitantly, Vera went looking for him. She found him at the back door with a cigarette in his hand just ready to step outside for a smoke. "Peck," she said, "Lucille is at the altar!"

"Lucille!" He was astonished.

"Yes, and she wants you to come too!" she remarked.

To her surprise, Peck put the cigarette back in his coat pocket, whirled, took off his overcoat and headed straight for the altar.

I went to pray with him, but he did not utter one word audibly. His lips never moved, nor did he shed a tear. When they wanted to be baptized, I told Brother Mangun about his not praying. Brother Mangun decided to baptize him anyhow. I wondered if he had really repented.

The revival closed that night. Monday evening I could stand it no longer. I had to go see how our neighbors were faring. I walked the quarter-mile to their home and saw a light in the barn, so I went there first. He was milking.

When he saw me, he headed for me, grabbed me around the neck and we stood there weeping and praising the Lord together. Thank God, the Lord had done His work. He told me he hadn't smoked a cigarette yet and had no desire to! He had been addicted to cigarettes for years. I was convinced!

This was so refreshing and exciting to us! Seeing God work with the Grises gave us confidence to reach out to others. That's been over forty years ago and the Grises are still serving the Lord and awaiting His coming. They are some of our most trusted friends.

An amusing incident occurred while Brother Grise was seeking the Holy Ghost. He was faithful at the altar every night. He seemed to get so close and then give up. One night he came to me and said, "Brother Kinzie, can you do something about Brother. . . ? Every time I get blessed he lays his hands on my head and shakes me so hard it takes all the pray out of me. He's such a good man and I'd not hurt him for anything in the world."

That night I watched as this brother came working his way down the altar until he reached Brother Grise. Just as Brother Grise said: he laid his hands on Brother Grise's head and started shaking him. I watched Brother Grise give up. When he arose from the altar, he looked at me as though to say, "See what I told you!"

I devised a little plan to take care of it. A night or two later Brother Grise was being greatly blessed. I stayed close by and watched. Soon I noticed this brother working his way along the altar toward Brother Grise. He kept his eyes closed, so I knelt behind Brother Grise on the side toward the brother. When he was about to lay his hands on Brother Grise's head, I slipped my head under

them and took the shaking.

Can you guess what happened? I absorbed the shaking and Brother Grise received the Holy Ghost. Brother . . . . was such a splendid young man but a little overzealous. We've laughed about this many times!

Sister Kinzie had a special touch from the Lord with her ability to plan different things to get folks to church and see them saved. She used it wisely. Before we left the farm, folks were saved in every direction from us, and to a great degree, she was responsible for most of them.

Following the Grises, she made plans that brought her brother Noble, and his wife Ruth, to church. Ruth could play the piano, so Vera had her play for the ladies quartet. Noble would tell Ruth, "Don't you know what they are doing? They're getting you to church so that you will be saved!"

"I don't care, I enjoy it," Ruth replied. Well, it wasn't long until they both came to God. They became prominent workers in the Plymouth church, Noble as an elder and teacher, Ruth as a musician. Shortly thereafter another brother and wife, Cletus and Jackie Berger, came to the Lord. Later, our Aunt Edith came also. Our whole neighborhood was turning Pentecostal!

While we were still teaching Sunday school in the La Paz Union Church, two girls attended, one in Vera's class and one in mine. They were the McQueen sisters, Pat and Pam. They lived on a farm adjoining ours to the south. Vera organized a girls' ensemble to sing on a Sunday morning at Sunday school. Pat and Pam, and several of their friends were in the group. They sounded so good that we suggested they attend the revival at the Old Time Religion Tabernacle and sing there. We took them when

Evangelist Earl Gamblin was preaching, and they sang on a Sunday night. The girls' excellent singing blended well with the service.

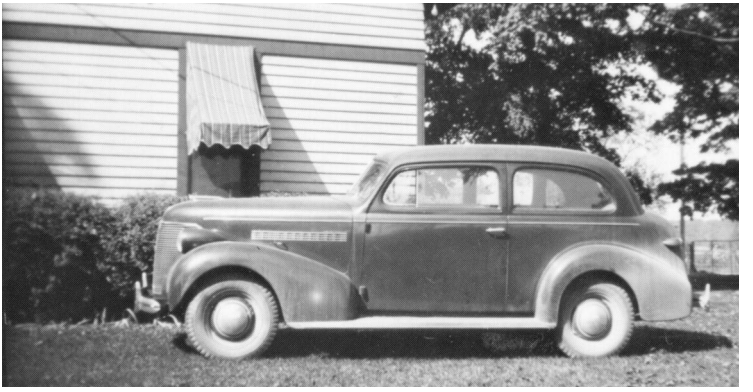
At the altar invitation, Pam and her girl friend, Frances Albert, went to the altar. Both were thirteen years old and Vera felt it her responsibility to talk to their parents. We were willing to see that they were kept in church. The McQueens were very cordial, kind and understanding. "If the girls want to go, it's all right with us," they said.

The Alberts, however, did not feel that way, so Frances was never allowed to return. On the following Wednesday night Pat went to the altar and was the first person I ever baptized. She was so happy when she came up out of the water that she almost baptized me.

From that time on, Pat and Pam became a part of our lives. We didn't realize what the future held, but the girls wanted to be with us all of the time. Whenever we went to church they were with us.



Kinzie family in Bremen from left to right – Fred, Lois, Dad, Lauretta, Mother, Hazel and Harry.



Our first new car, 1939 Chevy.



Pat Grise sings with Brother and Sister Kinzie, 1940.

Chapter ***16***

CALL TO PREACH

We were busy all of the time! I worked the farm and Vera took care of the lawn, house, chickens and managed her egg route in South Bend. We attended church regularly, including revivals wherever they were being held.

On Sunday May 18, 1941, we sang in a meeting in North Webster, Indiana, where Evangelist C. W. Shew was conducting a revival for Pastor Floyd Stump. Our church in Plymouth was experiencing revival, so following the afternoon service in North Webster, we hurried home to enable us to be in service there that night.

In that service Jackie Bergen our sister-in-law, sought the Lord. As I was praying with her, the Lord spoke to me about the ministry. I don't recall all of the details but I do remember the words that came. They came from my lips but were not formed in my mind. "Son, I want you to preach My gospel and bring them back!" This came totally unexpected! Perplexed I did not mention it to anyone for

quite some time. It scared me!

Who was I that the Lord would consider me for such a task? Just a country boy who knew very little about the ministry. Yet, I recalled a verse of Scripture the Lord gave me one morning as I prayed. It was at the time the Baptist preacher came to try to persuade me against Pentecostals.

> *"I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name" (Revelation 3:8).*

Was this verse of Scripture and incident a foreshadowing of things to come?

"What does one do about a call?" I asked myself. First, I went to my pastor, Brother Mangun, who said, "Fine!" A few weeks later a prominent minister, Pastor Raymond Hoekstra, of Calvary Tabernacle, Indianapolis, Indiana, came to Plymouth. I talked to him about it and he gave me some excellent Bible advice, quoting Proverbs 18:16: "A man's gift maketh room for him. . . ." He admonished me not to make a hasty decision, but to commit my life to the Lord.

An evangelist had been to our church whom we really liked. I told him about my call and he got so excited that he wanted us to leave the farm immediately and travel with him. We prayed about his invitation and it seemed the right thing to do. We would be going to Florida to hold tent meetings in the latter part of the winter season.

The invitation to preach and sing with them in Florida seemed like a marvelous way to get started in the min-

istry. We were soon making plans. Dad didn't take my call to the ministry too enthusiastically. It meant he would have to do something with the farm. We had moved onto the farm in the fall of 1939 and had operated it for two years. My parents had returned to their home in Bremen.

Dad decided it would be best to sell the farm and soon had a buyer. Since it was still depression days, the price of land was not good, and he would be taking less than he had paid for it. The United States had not yet entered World War II, although it had been raging in Europe for almost two years.

We went ahead with arrangements to leave. The final papers for the sale of the farm were to be signed on the following Monday morning, and soon after this transaction, we planned a farm sale. Dad told me he'd be out Monday morning and wanted me to accompany him to sign the papers. He was not happy about selling the farm, but we were excited about our future!

At church on Sunday evening, Brother Mangun asked to talk with me. He had a simple question to ask that turned our whole world around. "What do you know about the couple you are going with in evangelism?"

"Well, really not much," I answered. "We have been around them this summer, and since you had them here for a meeting, I took it for granted that they were O.K. Why do you ask me this question? Is there something wrong? If there is, what is it?"

"Let me give you this advice," he answered. "Before you sell the farm, if I were you, I'd do some investigating." He would say nothing further, but it was enough to put me on the alert. Thank God for a good, caring pastor!

Dad came to the farm the next morning ready to sign

the papers. When he came in to get me, I wasn't ready. I looked at him and said, "Dad, if it's all right with you and we can do it, let's forget about selling the farm. We've decided not to leave."

Happily, he walked to the telephone and called the buyer informing him we were backing out on the sale. The man didn't like it; in fact, he was upset at Dad about it. It wasn't Dad's fault, it was mine.

Two weeks later we made a trip to see this minister and his wife. We knew something was wrong, but didn't know what it was. We told them we had cancelled the sale of the farm and would not be going with them.

Sadly, he told us the story which I will not repeat. However, I'm sure, it would have affected our future. This incident made us cautious, perhaps too much, but I determined to be very careful in future associations with people we didn't know too well!

I may have overreacted, but this near-miss caused me to temporarily question my call to the ministry. We went back to the farm and threw ourselves into it wholeheartedly. Discouraged, I tried to forget the ministry.

Satan often attempts to foul-up God's timing or misdirect one's activities. My candid opinion is that he tried to do this to us. No doubt he appealed to my vanity and tried to exploit my inexperience. He'll do anything to render a person ineffective! Failing in his attempt to derail us, he tried to shuffle us onto a sidetrack where we'd be left stranded among the cows, crops and chickens.

However right after this, something happened that I didn't understand. In no way, was I prepared to enter the full-time ministry. It was the fall of 1941 and Bible Institutes were not well accepted by our general ministerial

constituency. The ice was cracking but was not yet broken. Most seminary-trained clergy ignored the truth of Acts 2:38, explaining it away in one manner or another.

An anti-college attitude still prevailed when we came to the Lord. I believe a genuine fear existed that formal training moved a person away from the simplicity of faith in the Word of God. So many trained theologians were casting serious doubts on the authenticity of the Bible that it was frightening. I believe our early ministers, deeply dedicated to their calling, were sincerely trying to avoid this pit!

When my call to preach came, two Bible schools had just started. Apostolic Bible Institute, St. Paul, Minnesota, began in the fall of 1937, and Apostolic College, Tulsa, Oklahoma a short time later.

I thought about attending Bible college and began exploring that possibility.

I talked with Brother Mangun about it. Gerald, his son, had just recently been saved and already enrolled at Apostolic Bible Institute. He was already at St. Paul when I talked with Brother Mangun.

He seemed reluctant to have us go. When I asked why, he stated he didn't feel it was necessary for us. Although I accepted his decision, I didn't understand it.

The Lord, however, allowed us to associate with some of our finest, outstanding ministers, wonderful people, from whom we've gained so much. I continually observed their methods in forwarding the kingdom of God. I shall always cherish the opportunities I've had of learning from others, absorbing their experiences, and observing the results of their hard work!

Later that fall Brother Mangun asked me to be an

elder in the Plymouth church and arranged a service where I could be ordained. We had attended our first General Conference earlier that fall in Mishawaka where I applied for and was granted ministerial license with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ.

Brother Mangun planned the service for Friday night October 31, 1941. Two District Presbyters, G. B. Rowe, Mishawaka, and I. I. Bradley, of Kokomo, Indiana, were there for the service. Both made remarks regarding ordination, then turned to lay hands on me. Just before Brother Rowe prayed, he leaned over to me and asked, "Brother Kinzie, you've been called to the ministry, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"We might as well ordain you to the ministry rather than ordaining you as a local elder."

He then turned to the congregation and announced his decision. Both men then prayed and Brother Rowe gave the charge.

This turn of events shocked me as I was totally unprepared for it. It astonished Brother Mangun also, but he accepted it gracefully. Later I understood why this happened. I believe God has perfect timing in directing our lives!

The bombs exploded on Pearl Harbor less than two months later and we were embroiled in World War II! The draft was intensified and when registering I expected to receive a 3C, a farmer's classification. When the registrar discovered I had recently been ordained, he insisted I should receive a 4D ministerial classification. When my card came it was a 4D. Later I discovered why this was important!

The next few months were frustrating for me. I felt uneasy about farming and not following my call to the ministry. After much praying and fasting, I finally decided the Lord would have to take charge if He wanted me active in it. During the summer of 1942, Evangelist W. E. Gamblin asked us to help him in a tent meeting in Akron, Ohio, during August. Since harvesting of both wheat and hay were over, we decided to go. We furnished the special music and helped in the altar services.

We stayed with the Clifford Murrays, who operated a farm fifteen miles west of Akron, close to Medina. We had many things in common with them. He had been in an auto accident that crushed his left elbow and was having difficulty milking his cows and doing his farm work. I jumped in, milked his cows and helped bale hay and combine oats. Working in the fields all day, milking cows, and participating in church services at night were common experiences for me.

What a great adventure for both of us! The friendship we established with the Murrays is still very much alive. When we returned home from Akron, we kept active on the farm and waited for the Lord to give direction.

Satan places many pitfalls across the pathway of a young man called to the ministry. He uses people, often good, well-meaning people in an attempt to thwart the purpose of God in his life. This happened to us when a couple, whom we dearly loved, tried to get us to help in starting a church in their area. I felt it was in opposition to the Plymouth church, so we refused to cooperate. This refusal ended the prayer meetings in their home. Their church endeavor failed.

The issue of preaching had not, however, been

resolved. Invitations to "fill in" for pastors were numerous, and we were constantly requested to sing. Finally, I decided to stay on the farm and just be a "fill-in" preacher. That would satisfy the call and still provide an opportunity to make a good living. So I poured myself into the dairy business, buying a few registered Holstein cows to implement that phase of farming.

In the fall of 1943, Brother Roy Ooley, pastor at Bourbon, Indiana, asked us to sing for a revival conducted there by Evangelist Kenneth Reeves from Illinois. It was a great opportunity, but unfortunately, it was corn husking time and I was busy in the fields every day. In spite of the inconvenience though, we accepted the invitation.

My daily routine went like this: up at 5:30 A.M., pray and study for a half-hour, then milk thirteen cows and do the morning chores; eat breakfast; go to the field with Dad and husk corn by hand until noon; unload the corn by hand scooping it into our corn crib while Dad took care of the horses; eat dinner; practice two or three songs; then back to the field. About 4:30 P.M. we'd come in. While Dad took care of the horses, I unloaded the corn. He went home and I milked the cows and finished the chores. Then it was hurry, get dressed, eat sandwiches as Vera drove the twenty-two miles to Bourbon; sing in the services and pray in the altar; drive home and get to bed about 12 to 12:30.

At the close of the third week, Brother Reeves went home to see his brother who was going overseas with the army. Brother Ooley asked if I could add preaching to my other duties for the next week.

It would be hectic but I agreed. Now I had to add a few more minutes to my study time. I did my best, but I

was still a "beginner" in the art of preaching. I wore myself down to the point where I got the flu and couldn't shake it.



In front of Midway Tabernacle, Mishawaka, Indiana, Brother Kinzie showing Brother Mangun (right) and Brother Ooley, his application papers with the PAJC, August 1941.



Fred and Vera Kinzie playing and singing in area churches shortly alter his call to the ministry.

Chapter ***17***

REACHING THE END OF SELF!

When the meeting in Bourbon closed, I took the flu. Fatigued from overextending myself, I had difficulty recovering. During this time Brother Earl Gamblin of Philadelphia, Mississippi, called asking us to help in two meetings in Florida after the first of the year. One would be in Miami, the other in Pensacola. "We'll be in meetings about five weeks," he estimated.

What a big chunk for us to chew! We would be away for several weeks. A dairy farmer has a diversified workload that is difficult to leave. Then too, Vera had her egg route in South Bend. She had sixty to seventy customers who depended on her for their eggs weekly. She couldn't just drop this profitable business. From seventy-five to one hundred dollars for one day's work was a good side-business in those days.

We prayed earnestly about the invitation before deciding to go. One deciding factor was that the sunshine and

warm weather might help get the "flu bug" out of my system. We would have to do a lot of improvising to make it possible, but finally we made satisfactory arrangements. Vera's brother Cletus would milk my cows in the mornings before doing his own. He would feed and take care of the chickens. My father would drive out each day from Bremen and do the day-time chores. Perle Lappin, another brother-in-law, would do the evening milking and chores, plus looking after all of these things over the weekends. Evelyn, his wife and Vera's sister, would run the egg route on Fridays. We left for Florida on January 14, 1944—a clear, cold morning.

Before evening we encountered foul weather and bad roads until we got into Alabama. The weight of the responsibilities we were leaving behind caused uneasiness, but we kept going, arriving in Pensacola early the second evening.

We spent the night with Brother and Sister D. L. Welch. Early the next morning we boarded a train for Jacksonville, changing trains there for Miami. We arrived at daybreak the next morning, to be greeted by warm sunshine that followed an early morning shower. It was exhilarating to breathe that fresh rain-cleansed morning air.

The Gamblins met us, and our exciting adventure was on. It had been a hectic trip as both trains were crowded with soldiers transferring from one camp to another. I stood up most of the way between Pensacola and Jacksonville. The trip on to Miami was much better.

We stayed at the home of Frank Maggio, a leader in the church pastored by George Duplissey. Brother Gamblin had been involved in an auto accident, leaving him dizzy, lightheaded, and unable to preach every night. I spoke

every other night and we also furnished the special music. The services were to go three weeks, but they were so effective that the pastor begged us to stay an extra week.

During the third week I preached on Wednesday night. Two women came to the Lord and wanted to be baptized. Brother Duplissey had a stiff neck and Brother Gamblin was ill, so I baptized them. Since the church did not have a baptistery, we drove to a gravel pit. It was a hot, muggy night, but the water seemed extremely cold. I was still perspiring when I entered the water.

Upon arising the next morning, I was stiff and sore around my waist and hips. As the day wore on, the stiffness disappeared. The next morning, however, it was back and I took a little longer to limber up. This occurred for the rest of the meeting.

On Monday we drove to West Palm Beach to be in service that night. Vera and I stayed with her cousin and husband, Reverend and Mrs. Don Etnier. When I got up the next morning, I had a difficult time maneuvering around the house. The stiffness was much worse.

Early that morning we headed for Pensacola with the Gamblins and their two children. The trip would take over a day. When we stopped for lunch, I had difficulty getting out of the car. Getting back on the road, Ann, the Gamblins' small daughter, climbed upon my lap and went to sleep. She slept all afternoon. When we stopped for supper, it was more difficult to get out, but I blamed it on the position I was in for so long.

Driving on for a couple of hours, we stopped for the night. I could not get out of the car by myself. My right shoulder pained so severely that I could not turn around. They helped me out and into bed. My shoulder was

throbbing like a bad toothache and so sore that moving in any direction was extremely painful. The next morning my shoulder was sore but not throbbing, but my left ankle was throbbing in pain. It was impossible to walk as it was swollen badly and as red as a ripe cherry. They practically carried me to the car where I discovered riding caused almost unbearable pain.

After driving only a short distance, they decided I needed a doctor. When Brother Gamblin discovered that all the doctors were at the hospital, I suggested we buy Anacin tablets to dull the pain and drive on to Pensacola. Since we were so far from friends, I didn't want to be left stranded in the middle of nowhere. I knew something serious was wrong, but had no idea what it was.

The Anacin dulled the pain and we made it to Pensacola by early afternoon. When Brother Welch saw me, he called their family doctor, who diagnosed my condition as a rheumatic fever condition, which he thought would clear up in a few days. The pills he gave me were totally ineffective.

We were staying in the home of Inez French and when Sunday came I could not go to church. When the folks returned from the night service, I was on the couch and couldn't get up. I was suffering intense pain. When the Gamblins and Welchs came, they decided to call another doctor.

After the new doctor examined me and after getting a history of the last few days, he said I had a bad case of rheumatic fever. He ordered me to the hospital at once, explaining that there was a danger of the disease affecting my heart and causing permanent damage. He informed us that a new drug, sulfa, had been discovered

and that a few days' treatment should get me back on my feet and headed toward recovery. So about midnight February 18, 1944, I landed in the hospital.

This returns us to the event in Chapter One, where I was in the Catholic hospital in Pensacola. I was supposed to be there no more than ten days, but the doctor was mistaken. Instead of getting better, I grew worse. The fever moved around every day. One day it was in my right ankle, the next my left elbow. When it left a joint, the throbbing pain subsided, but the swelling and soreness remained. After a time, every joint in my body was affected except my left shoulder. Then it started affecting more than one joint at a time. As many as three joints would be throbbing at once. Only those who have experienced such pain can understand the extreme suffering when the fever attacked more than one joint at a time.

Someone asked me about the pain. The best way I can describe it is that it's similar to a severe toothache, but as much larger as a shoulder is than a tooth, the pain is that much more severe. For most of the last week before the Lord healed me, I was completely paralyzed. I lay on my back with my hands folded over my chest like a dead man lying in a casket. From the time I entered the hospital until the last night mentioned in Chapter One, I had morphine shots every three hours, often more frequently in times of extreme pain. It was the only way I could keep my sanity.

My body was so sore that just to bump or lightly touch my bed sent me into excruciating agony. The weight of a bed sheet on my toes was often more than I could bear. The nurse had to find a way to hold the sheet off my feet.

Brothers Welch and Gamblin came and prayed with

me often. Vera was there early every morning and during the last week had to feed me all of my meals. She was very faithful in providing care and courage.

The day the Gamblins left for a meeting in South Bend, Indiana was devastating for me and Vera also. Brother Gamblin felt a keen responsibility toward us as we were on his mission. He was reluctant to leave us. It bothered him to the extent that he did not come to bid me goodbye.

I felt the world had come to an end as far as we were concerned. Both Vera and I questioned God: "Were we out of His will in coming south?" Souls had been saved in both meetings, but what about us?

When the Gamblins left. I felt like the rug had been pulled out from under me. Then overhearing the doctor tell my nurse that I had too much sulfa drug was more than I could handle, and I gave up! This is where I was at the beginning of Chapter One. Over three weeks in the hospital and at the time, completely paralyzed—flat on my back, able only to move one finger—Gamblins gone—no more sulfa drug—now what?

The future? Is there any future? If there is, where is it?



Brother and Sister Kinzie in Florida just before he was sick, 1944.



Brother and Sister Kinzie with Inez French, her sister and three children in Pensacola, Florida just before returning home, 1944.



Inez French, Brother and Sister Kinzie, in Pensacola, Florida before we returned home, 1944.



Sister Kinzie in front of a Fan Palm in Florida, 1944.

Chapter ***18***

A WHOLE NEW WORLD

Healed! What a magnificent word! Better than the word, though, is the fact! It was miraculous, marvelous and amazing! No pain! Sore joints, yes, but no excruciating, unbearable, throbbing pain! It was like awakening from a horrible nightmare. At any moment I expected to feel the throbbing again. Ten minutes went by—thirty minutes—one hour—still no pain! It was almost too good to be true!

"Did the Lord actually visit me here in my room and heal me during the night?" I asked myself, fascinated with the thought.

My nurse came with a basin of water to bathe me and we discussed what had happened. She was happy to see me smile as we reviewed the sequence of events. The last shot at 12:30 A.M.; her checking and finding me asleep at 4 A.M.; then awaking me at 7 A.M. and hearing me ask if she gave me a shot at 4 A.M. When she left I continued

pondering the events.

"If my problem was my reluctance to give myself totally to the ministry, why did it take me so long to discover it? Why did I have to suffer like this?" I questioned. Anxiously I waited for Vera to come and feed me my breakfast. I thought, "Oh, what a time of rejoicing we'll have when she discovers my miracle."

I don't recall all of the details, but she found me with a big smile on my face as she walked into the room. She knew at once that something extraordinary had taken place. She could hardly believe what had happened, but was thrilled as I told her the story. We rejoiced together and as she fed me breakfast, we talked about the future. At that time, no obstacle seemed too big for God to overcome.

The doctor came on his daily round. Obviously my nurse had already informed him of what had happened. He was not exactly skeptical, but when I approached the subject of leaving the hospital he cautioned me not to expect too much. He thought the pain would possibly return.

No more morphine! No more shots! No more medicine! It felt good to be completely free from that terrible pain. I had lost forty pounds during the past five weeks and I wept as I looked at my skinny arms and legs.

Each day I begged the doctor to dismiss me. When Sunday morning came, convinced that I was healed, he granted it. When the ambulance pulled away from the hospital I was so happy that I cried!

One of the remarkable features of my healing was that I was not addicted to morphine. Almost everyone having had that many shots would have to go through the traumatic experience of withdrawal. It didn't affect me!

One of the things we had worried about while I was in the hospital was how we would pay the big hospital and doctor bills. Medical insurance was practically unknown in those days. When my wife went to pay the hospital bill, she discovered they had discounted it fifteen percent. It was $192.15. When I saw the doctor for the last time, I asked about his bill. He smiled and said, "Reverend Kinzie, it was my privilege to treat you. I'm thrilled it has turned out this way. You do not owe me one cent!"

Chapter One was named, "Tragic Circumstances?" Was it really a tragic event? No, a million times no! It was difficult to experience, and I wouldn't give a dime to go through it again, but I wouldn't take a million for what happened to us during that time. Money could not buy what God gave us when He healed me. A confidence flooded our hearts that allayed the fears that had plagued us before. We knew the Lord was in control and our future was in His hands.

Recovery was slow as the soreness took quite a while to leave. I had to learn to walk again. It was a great moment when I put my weight on one foot and took that first step from the bed to a chair. I went to church on our last Sunday in Pensacola, the only time most of the members had seen me. They had been very good to us and helped Vera carry the load of my sickness. One family, the Gilmores, were especially helpful to both of us. We never needed help like this before and that church deeply endeared themselves to us through their unselfishness. Sister French and her mother, Sister Knight, were also very kind and thoughtful. You don't forget kindness like this when you're so helpless. It means so much!

Three weeks after my release from the hospital, we

were on our way back to Indiana. Vera drove most of the way. Our folks were happy to see us, but no more so than we were to see them.

This trying, painful ordeal launched us into our future. We arrived back in Indiana about the middle of April, and soon my father, brother-in-law Perle, and myself made the transactions involving the farm. My father rented it to Perle on the same basis as he had to me, and Perle bought my interest. We then moved in with Vera's folks.

My father was greatly concerned about us. One afternoon he came to the Bergers' home and advanced a plan he had worked out to rent the farm to me, and I, in turn, would rent it to Perle. It would have deprived my folks of much of their farm income. It upset me that he would not trust the Lord with us. I knew my parents dearly loved us and were deeply concerned, but after such a wonderful healing, I did not understand why they could not grasp faith for our future. We were not upset, so why should they be?

Dad kept insisting that I had to be involved with the farm until his persistence unnerved me. Weeping, I asked him to leave and not press this upon me. I knew it hurt him deeply. Sadly he walked away, and I'm sorry to say, it was our last conversation together. I saw him but a moment the next day—just hollered hello as he was shelling corn in the corn crib.

About an hour later, as he was returning to Bremen from the farm, he failed to stop as he approached U.S. 6 from a side road. A large semi-truck loaded with steel hit him broadside. Evidently he approached the intersection too fast and could not stop. He was notorious for having bad brakes on his cars and trucks.

His unexpected death placed an additional burden on me. Now I had to look after mother's interests. She knew nothing about any of the arrangements we had made about the farm. Now it was up to me to do what I had tried to avoid with Dad. But, since it was necessary, I did it willingly. Truthfully, I can say my mother never wanted during the next thirty-four years of her life. She became very diligent in working with the renters and my responsibilities decreased considerably.

My doctor in Florida had discussed my future with me on occasion while I was still hospitalized. One of the things he told me was, "No farm work for at least a year after recovery." Perle wanted to expand the capacity of the dairy barn and this entailed a lot of cement work. He was inexperienced, so I offered to do it. Three months after being released from the hospital I was pouring concrete and working like my old self around the barn.

One day I was helping Perle sprout potatoes when Pastor Lloyd Eby stopped by to see me. He was from the Plymouth church but was pastoring Morningside Gospel Chapel in South Bend. He asked me to preach a tent revival about one-half mile east of Notre Dame University. This began our full-time ministry forty-two years ago.

While in that meeting, Pastor C. W. Shew of Shelbyville, Indiana, came by and invited us to preach a tent meeting there. We accepted his invitation, and promised to go as soon as we were finished in South Bend. A few days later two elders from the Bourbon, Indiana, church, Forrest Faulkner and Orval Buss, stopped by and invited me to become pastor. I requested time to fast and pray about it, promising an answer the second week in Shelbyville when they planned to visit us.

When we started the meetings at Morningside, Pat and Pam were with us. Pat was working in South Bend and came after work every day to sing with us at night. Our party was not yet a solid unit, but it was the beginning. When we told the girls we were going to Shelbyville, Pat quit her job and both went with us.

I asked the Lord to lead us into the phase of ministry that was His perfect will. Since I had no plans beyond Shelbyville, I asked for two meetings to be waiting for me when I arrived if He wanted us to continue evangelizing. If not, I'd consider Bourbon, for there were many inviting things about it. It was close to home, which would make it convenient to help Mother; we knew the people; we had preached there; and it would present a great opportunity to start in a pastorate.

When we arrived in Shelbyville, Sister Shew had cold Cokes waiting for us. While drinking them, Brother Shew asked if I could go directly from this meeting to one in Vevay, Indiana. His church was sponsoring a new church in that community about one hundred miles south on the Ohio River. "I see no reason why we can't," I replied.

A few minutes later he said, "Oh, I forgot. I've a letter here for you." The letter was from Pastor Howard Dyer, Hartford City, Indiana, asking us for a meeting as soon as possible. It dawned on me that what I had covenanted with the Lord was now happening! We had been there but a few minutes and I had the two meetings.

These two invitations mapped our future. Before the elders arrived from Bourbon, we had meetings scheduled for all winter. My answer to them was, "I have meetings to last until spring, so I will be continuing in evangelistic work."

"We'll be willing to wait until spring if you will come," they insisted.

"I do appreciate the invitation and your thoughtfulness, but you'll have to get someone else. I'm sure the Lord has already charted our course," I answered.

It was all in the will of God, for shortly afterward, Brother Harry Shearer came to Bourbon and remained as their pastor for many years before retiring. He became an integral part of the Indiana District, serving as Secretary-Treasurer for several years. I felt good about what we were going to do, although I never dreamed that we would continue in evangelism for the next nine years.

Before we went to Vevay, we took Pam back home for her junior year in high school. Since Pat had graduated the past spring, she went to Vevay with us. After we had been there nearly two weeks, her mother had a very serious auto accident and was severely injured. Pat went home to help during this crucial time.

We went on alone preaching meetings in Indiana at Hartford City, for Pastor Howard Dyer; Lynn, for Pastor Lester McFarland; Bluffton, for Pastor Freese; Columbus, for Pastor Paul Bayne; Muncie, for Pastor T. J. Miller; Newcastle, for Pastor Earl McElhaney; and Winchester, for Pastor F. Kenyon; in West Virginia at Charleston, for Pastor Bud Ensminger; and Valley Point, for Pastor Jack Scott.

By this time school was out and Pam joined us again in a tent meeting in Columbus, Indiana, for Paul Bayne; at Gary, for Pastor Glenn Bogue; North Webster, for Pastor Floyd Stump; Indianapolis, for Pastor Ray Hoekstra; Terre Haute, for Pastor Lloyd Romine; Bloomington, for Pastor Orville Frame; Columbus, Ohio for Pastor W. T.

Witherspoon; and St. Louis, Missouri, for Pastor Walter Guinn.

Until now our meetings were localized. Beginning in 1946 our schedule changed. The doors opened for a nationwide ministry which we pursued for the next eight years. Pat joined us early in the year and the four of us traveled together from then on.



Kinzie's trailer parked by tent in St. Louis, Missouri during revival with Brother Guinn in 1945.



Announcement of revival in Indianapolis, Indiana 1945.



Brother and Sister Witherspoon shortly after their marriage, standing before their church in Columbus, Ohio 1945.



Our first picture as the Kinzie Evangelistic Party, 1945.

Chapter ***19***

LOCALIZED EVANGELISM

From the plow to the pulpit, we were right off the farm competing against forces that keep men from God! What a momentous task faced us!

Several things were in our favor, however, as we left the security of the farm and our local assembly. We loved the Lord and were concerned for others, demonstrated by what had happened in our farming community. We were enthusiastic, honest, and sincere, believing the Bible way of salvation. Since we were reared on farms, we were accustomed to hard work and understood the law of sowing and reaping.

How were we prepared for our ministry? Vera studied piano for eight years, the last two with the Sherwood Conservatory of Music in South Bend. She was competent as long as the music was set before her. She played at various functions while attending La Paz High School. However, Pentecostal music was different and now she

had to get accustomed to playing without a musical score.

Reatha (Rowe) Proctor and Violet McPherson, both of Midway in Mishawaka, were helpful to Vera. In her teen years she studied guitar which helped her with chords. This was a bonus when learning to play "Pentecostal style."

When we started attending the Plymouth church, Mrs. Edna Miller was the church pianist and quite competent playing Pentecostal music. We purchased an accordion and it wasn't long until Vera was playing in the church orchestra.

When I was twelve, my parents purchased a saxophone for me. I played in the high school orchestra. After we were saved, I was soon playing in the church orchestra.

Later, we heard Chester Yazel of Midway playing his bass viol in their services and so we purchased one, although we had no one yet to play it. We were soon playing and singing at church and fellowship meetings.

After Pat and Pam found the Lord they were with us constantly. Both girls had studied music, so they were knowledgeable in music principles. Pam enjoyed the bass and soon mastered it. Their parents bought Pat an accordion and Pam a Hawaiian guitar, unaware that they would use them on a gospel team.

One morning while milking, I heard a group playing and singing on my barn radio. One of the instruments was a marimba. Mentioning it to Vera, we both became aware of the beauty of its music. Shortly a brand new Deagan marimba was setting in our living room. Vera now studied this instrument and soon became an accomplished player.

Vera believed in good music. It had to be played properly, and the only way to do that was to learn correctly Anything she played, she studied diligently.

When we sang, it had to be nearly perfect! We worked at our music. I mentioned in one chapter about practicing at noon while we were in from the field for lunch. She always had the music ready and knew exactly how it was to be done. We practiced and practiced!

After our party was organized, we practiced at least two hours every afternoon during revivals. Anything we did music-wise had to be right or Vera kept us at it until it was!

After being on the evangelistic field awhile, I bought a new Buescher 400 saxophone and Pam took my Conn. With a little help from others, she was soon playing it beautifully. Pat learned to play both the bass and marimba. I learned to play the bass and guitar. In 1946 we added a vibra harp which Vera and Pam played.

It's impossible to detail every meeting we preached in almost ten years of evangelism. But I do want to mention a few highlights that reveal how much we enjoyed it. Most of our meetings were three weeks long, a few four weeks, and on occasion, five.

An amusing incident occurred one night while we were preaching in Vevay, Indiana. Vevay is in the heart of tobacco country along the Ohio River. Brother Shew rented a closed service station and fixed it up so that it was presentable. Several came to the Lord, among them an area tobacco farmer.

He testified enthusiastically about how God had delivered him from tobacco. His wife confirmed that his pipes and tobacco had disappeared from their home.

One Saturday evening I went into town to buy toothpaste. I walked the back way where there were no street lights. Walking close to a large brick building, I saw

someone round the corner up ahead and turn toward me. My eyes were now accustomed to the darkness, so it was easy to make out his profile. It was the man who had testified about deliverance from tobacco! When he rounded the corner, I saw a faint light near his face. I suspected what it was. I kept close to the building so that he couldn't see me clearly. As he neared, I could see that the light came from a pipe. Every time he drew on it, the faint light glowed and then receded.

As he approached, I stepped away from the building and said, "Praise the Lord, Brother ---------!" We were close enough to see the expressions on each other's face. Recognizing me, he grabbed his pipe and humbly said, "Preacher, you caught me and me pipe, didn't you?"

We discovered his pipes and tobacco had disappeared out of his home all right, but somehow they got to the fence corners on his farm. Since it was hilly country, his wife could not see him. He had a pipe and tobacco hid in every fence corner where he could smoke at the end of a row as he worked in the fields.

I've never forgotten the incident and have used it often in a sermon on "Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out!" His poor wife was humiliated.

Another amusing incident occurred in our next meeting at Hartford City, Indiana, where Howard Dyer was pastor. I had bought a set of biblical commentaries on Nehemiah, Ezra, and Esther. I loved the study of these books, and my sermons in Hartford City came from them. I was enthralled with these books and thought everyone else would be too. But after a week, Brother Dyer grew tired of it. He came to me one evening and said, "You know, Brother Kinzie, there's a lot more to the Bible than

those three books. It might not be a bad idea if you could get a sermon somewhere else!"

He said it in such a humorous way that I accepted the rebuke gracefully. We laughed many times about him getting me off the Ezra track.

Later we preached two meetings that helped thrust us into a nation-wide ministry. At the time, in the fall of 1945, Calvary Tabernacle, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Apostolic Gospel Church, Columbus, Ohio, were the two largest churches in the newly merged United Pentecostal Church. I knew Pastor Ray Hoekstra, the pastor of Calvary Tabernacle, many years previously, and in the early spring of 1945 he invited us to Indianapolis for a meeting that fall.

The invitation to Columbus, Ohio, occurred while we were preaching a tent meeting during July, 1945, in St. Louis, Missouri, for Pastor Walter Guinn. It was my privilege to be the chauffeur for the leaders of the two merging organizations. The two men were Superintendent Howard Goss of the Pentecostal Church, Inc., and Chairman W. T. Witherspoon of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. Both of them came to one of our services one night and Brother Witherspoon, the pastor of Apostolic Gospel Church in Columbus, invited us for a meeting at his church. It worked out that we preached back-to-back revivals for Indianapolis and Columbus.

Being so young in the ministry, I felt it a great honor to have the opportunity to preach for such distinguished ministers. It was at the meeting in Indianapolis that Brother Hoekstra named us "The Kinzie Party." Later we inserted the word *Evangelistic.* From then on we were known as "The Kinzie Evangelistic Party!"

An incident happened in Columbus that I must relate.

Brothers Paul Box and Lester Thompson were assistants there at the time. Brother Box gave me a book on prayer by E. M. Bounds, entitled "The Preacher and Prayer," and made his office available to me for prayer and study.

Reading that book put me under conviction about prayer. I prayed so much and so hard that I lost my voice. Preaching on Saturday night finished it off. I couldn't speak on Sunday morning. After eating dinner, I begged Brother Witherspoon to let me off for the night service too. I couldn't speak above a whisper. He wouldn't consent but said, "Somehow, God will help you, so go ahead and do it!"

It was my first time to preach like that. I whispered into the mike, picking my words very carefully—no embellishments—and I probably preached one of the most effective messages of my evangelistic days. It turned out to be the best night of the revival. I had to depend completely on the Lord and He came to my rescue.

"See," Brother Witherspoon said later, "the Lord came through, didn't He?"

The last meeting of 1945 was a strange one. We were at Pastor Orville Frame's church in Bloomington, Indiana. The flu was raging and I took it just before we arrived. About half of the congregation were sick when we started and the other half got sick before the revival was over. When the first half came back, they were so weak that they were ineffective, and the second half never made it back.

We went for three weeks in a flu-ridden revival. The worst part of it was that Brother and Sister Frame took the flu too. Since they were confined to bed, Vera and Pam did the cooking, and were nurse-maids to the Frames while I looked after the furnace.

The Frames missed the last half of the meeting but kept insisting we had to go on. In spite of the flu and all of the inconveniences, God gave us a good revival with many souls coming to the Lord and praying through. But it was difficult! I guess that's when God loves to work. The more difficult the task, the greater His blessing!

Most of our ministers were pleased with the merger of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ and the Pentecostal Church, Inc., in the fall of 1945. There was no significant difference in doctrine. The main difference was that the PCI was a church as well as a ministerial organization whereas the PAJC was only a ministerial organization.

Committees from both organizations met prior to the joint conference to draft proposals for merging, and to correlate the by-laws into an acceptable document. It is my understanding that most items presented no serious problems. One question, however, caused some heated discussions and seemed threatening to the merger.

The question was, "What constitutes the new birth?" A majority of the PCI brethern believed exactly as the PAJC, that is, that the new birth consists of water baptism in the name of Jesus Christ and the infilling of the Spirit as recorded in John 3:5. However, there were some in the PCI who did not accept this interpretation. Toleration had prevailed within the framework of the PCI, but when this same toleration was asked from the PAJC, it caused some dissatisfaction.

The joint boards, however, worked out a compromise which both accepted. The compromise allowed each side to pursue its own views without creating undue dissension. As to church affiliation, we became a ministerial-church organization with each affiliated church having

the right to send a voting delegate to both District and General Conferences.

The two organizations met separately in the daytime services but jointly at night. The PAJC had day sessions at White Way Tabernacle, pastored by Brother Walter Guinn, and the PCI had services in Kiel Auditorium. The night services were also in Kiel.

When the Conference voted for its future officers, it was agreed that an equal number from each side should be elected to office. Howard Goss, former PCI Superintendent, was elected General Superintendent, and Pastor W. T. Witherspoon, former Chairman of the PAJC, as the Assistant General Superintendent. Brother Stanley Chambers was elected as Secretary-Treasurer.

One of the interesting sidelights to the merger was a wedding that took place during the Conference. Pastor W. T. Witherspoon, newly elected Assistant General Superintendent, from the PAJC married Sister Jet Stallones of the PCI. Both of their companions had gone to be with the Lord. Since they represented both sides, it was fitting that they were wed during this conference as a symbol of the merger.

The United States and Canada were divided into districts and each had its own district conference at which officers were elected for a term of one year. The District Superintendent also served as a member of the General Board.

Many districts experienced difficulty electing officers, especially if their ministry was equally divided between the two organizations. One had to receive two-thirds of the votes to be elected. I recall very vividly the first two conferences in Indiana.

The first United Pentecostal Church Indiana-Michigan District Conference was held in early December, 1945, at Calvary Tabernacle, Indianapolis. We voted all one forenoon, but at lunch time we had not elected a superintendent. The two being voted on were Pastor G. B. Rowe, Mishawaka, and Pastor N. J. Bibbs, Marion. They had been the chairmen of their respective district organizations. In the voting, neither had come close to the required two-thirds. After lunch break a number of former PCI men changed their votes and Brother Rowe was elected.

The next year we faced the same problem. Many ballots were cast before a number of the former PAJC men finally shifted their votes and Brother N. J. Bibbs was elected. He retained that office for many years.

The United Pentecostal Church is a great, but not perfect organization. Many revisions have been necessary to keep things running smoothly, and some who have disagreed have dropped out. At the writing of this book, 1986, it has grown to more than 6,500 ministers, more than 3,500 churches, and forty-seven districts. There are missionaries working in sixty-six nations with churches and representatives in more than ninety.



Kinzie Party, 1946, with original instruments.

Chapter **20**

NATIONWIDE EVANGELISM

Our first revival in 1946 was at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Pastor and Mrs. C. G. Weeks had returned from Indiana to his native state to start a home missions church. Pam accompanied us there, finishing her senior year in high school by correspondence through the American School in Chicago.

The newly elected Louisiana District Board decided that Brother Weeks' new building was too near Pastor Marshall's church and must be moved. Before the merger, Brother Weeks had been a member of the PAJC while Brother Marshall had been a member of the PCI. Brother Marshall's church had priority since they had been at their location for several years.

Our revival was at the church that had to be moved. It was a good revival with souls coming to the Lord. Brother Weeks requested that we return when the building was finished.

Leaving Baton Rouge, we went to Florida for a vacation. Brother and Sister Mangun, our pastor at Plymouth, met us there. Cletus and his wife came and brought Pat with them to rejoin our party. When we arrived in Miami, Harry Geiger, pastor of the United Pentecostal Church, was hospitalized. His wife, Mary, persuaded us to take charge of their services and later begged us to stay for a revival.

While we were there, we stayed in Sunday school rooms adjacent to the church. The Geigers had sold their home and had purchased another. Before taking possession of their new home, however, he was released from the hospital and they had no place to go. Consequently, they arranged for us to stay in another Sunday school room while they moved in where we had been. The girls were placed in a home with some new converts.

Everything was fine until we picked them up the next day. They came to the car crying. Bed bugs had kept them up all night. The only alternative was to move them into the church with us. I gave up my part of the bed, and for three weeks the girls and Sister Kinzie slept in one bed.

Me? You won't believe where I slept! On a pallet on a pew, and I did a fantastic job of sleeping soundly! And would you believe it, God gave us a great revival! The Geigers were embarrassed, but we laughed about it!

We left Miami to preach two revivals, one in Pensacola for Pastor D. L. Welch, the other in Panama City for Pastor A. W. Hicks. It was rewarding to return to Pensacola, drive by that Catholic hospital, and thank God for the great victory He had given us.

We were to stay in a home where the folks were away on a trip. The Gamblins were making Pensacola their

headquarters and Sister Gamblin accompanied us to look at the house before we moved in. She had heard a rumor that made her skeptical. Walking into the house, she headed for the bedroom. Lifting up a corner of a mattress, she peered underneath—bugs went everywhere.

"The rumor is true," she said. "Can't stay here for if they are that thick now what will it be like after dark?"

When we informed Brother Welch, he just laughed and said, "We'll not invade the land of the living creatures!"

Always interesting, isn't it? We ran into bugs again before going home. That made three times in three months, but never again for the remainder of our evangelistic days. The third episode was a classic!

A new parsonage was being built and an old house was rented for temporary quarters. No one had yet slept upstairs. The first night, Sister Kinzie awakened me crying. "Fred, something is crawling all over me." Getting up, I flipped on the light, pulled back the cover and bugs scurried everywhere. The next morning I embarrassingly told the pastor about it.

They were unaware of the bugs, but "bombed" the room. The girls' room was next to ours but they were not bothered.

When we went to bed that night, I looked under the bed and couldn't believe what I saw. The floor was covered with dead bed bugs. The next morning I looked again and counted but three. "Was I seeing things last night or had the bomb just stunned them?" I asked myself.

Early the next morning Pat called us. They were frightened by a scratching sound emanating from a closet. I got my flashlight and cautiously peered in. There was an old fashioned porcelain carry-out commode with

three mice inside trying to get out. They ran up the sides, but the curvature of the commode only allowed them to go just so high and then they would slide back, clawing the sides.

That solved the problem of the dead bugs under our bed. The mice, no doubt, had enjoyed a gourmet meal, probably ending in a case of overstuffed mice! We've laughed many times over the acrobatic stuffed mice and vanishing bugs!

In June of 1946 we held the first of five meetings at the Apostolic Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, for Pastor Frank Curts. The Curts were influential in our lives while we evangelized and also when we pastored.

We preached throughout Ohio, Indiana, and West Virginia the remainder of the year. While preaching for Pastor George Taylor in Fort Wayne, Indiana, I learned to fly. Two planes were available to me free of charge, Brother Taylor's Aronca, Champion, and Dick Mellott's Taylorcraft.

My first solo flight was successful but the second was nearly fatal. Coming in for a landing, I glided over a thirty-foot high electric line. I had no problem with it at first, but approaching it this time, I eased back on the stick slightly. It was a tactical error. Immediately, I sensed the "mushy" feeling that occurs just before a stall.

At that moment I knew why the instructor had made me do so many stalls at higher altitudes. He wanted me to be aware of this "mushy" feeling for just such a time! Immediately I knew what to do. Either hit the throttle or push the stick ahead.

It dawned on me that I was at least fifty feet over those wires and easing back on the stick was foolish. I

pushed the stick forward, lowering the nose to pick up air speed. Fortunately, I reacted quickly enough to avoid a stall and was soon back on my proper glide angle. Meanwhile, a slight side wind was drifting me off course.

Greatly relieved, I looked up to see I was heading for a soy bean field. Another crisis within seconds! The beans were two feet high and if I set down there, I would crack up for sure.

Turning to the right slightly I made it back over the runway. What relief! But alas, I "landed" about ten feet in the air! The plane dropped, the tail wheel hit the ground first and snapped off, but thankfully, I was down. To replace a tail wheel was cheap in comparison to a whole airplane. I had no more trouble after that.

In 1947 we returned to Baton Rouge to hold the first services in the new church. The meeting was a tremendous success. The Watkins brothers and Lloyd Williams, including their wives, all unsaved, had helped build the new church. They observed Brother Weeks and the men of the church carefully, wondering if they were genuine. Later, they related to us what had happened.

Brother Weeks had made quite an impression on them. One day while they were working among the trusses that formed the roof structure, Brother Weeks smashed his thumb. "Now," they thought, "the real man will come to the surface."

It did, but not as they expected. He leaned against a crossbeam momentarily, almost fainting, but the only words they heard were, "Thank you, Jesus!" After that they really admired Brother Weeks.

The first Sunday night all of them attended the service. When the congregation began singing an invitation

hymn, I barely got the word *altar* out of my mouth and Myrtice Watkins rushed forward. Soon others came and before the meetings closed, all of them had come to the Lord. It was a great victory for Brother Weeks and the church!

A highlight of 1947 was becoming acquainted with the S. G. Norris family of St. Paul, Minnesota, while attending a conference in Columbus, Indiana, where he was preaching. He insisted that we preach for them in St. Paul. Later we worked together during that summer in the tri-State Camp meeting at Buckeye Lake, Ohio. They taught the youth classes during the day, and we preached and sang at night. One service at that camp we'll never forget.

It was a Monday night area-wide youth rally. While practicing, Sister Kinzie had an idea I firmly opposed. She wanted to play and sing one of our songs, then shift into the chorus of "It's All Over Me and Keeping Me Alive." One of its variations was, "It's down in my feet and keeping me alive." When we started singing this, she suggested we turn and start walking to our left across the platform. Finally, she persuaded me!

That night as we turned and started walking, we hadn't gone ten feet until the Spirit of the Lord moved over the audience. I don't think I've ever experienced anything like it, before or since. That crowd, including the ministers, exploded! That's as far as we got in the service. A volley of praise erupted that didn't stop until after midnight. People received the Holy Ghost throughout the tabernacle.

A bus load of young people attending from Parkersburg, West Virginia, started home, still praising the Lord. The driver stopped the bus while a young man received

the Holy Ghost, then resumed their journey.

It was a grand youth rally, one to be remembered! To my utter surprise, I had to admit that Vera was right!

That fall we made our first trip to St. Paul, Minnesota, to preach at Midway Tabernacle and Apostolic Bible Institute. It was a delightful time with thrilling services.

While there, we went fishing in the far north. My brother had made many trips to that country and when I saw his pictures, I longed for the day when I could go. Now it had come! One Sunday night after service, Brother and Sister Norris, Brother and Sister Murray, Sister Kinzie and I drove one hundred thirty-five miles north to the Norris' cabin on Long lake.

When I awoke early the next morning and saw that lake I thought I was on the edge of paradise. It was October, and the leaves had dressed the countryside in a variety of gorgeous, bright fall colors. The scenery was magnificent! The air was nippy and fresh.

Our fishing was limited due to the wind and we didn't get the first strike. But nonetheless I was thrilled for I had finally fished in the north country. It whetted my fishing appetite for the future, and did a good job.

The last night of the revival, a young man came who had attended several times with his wife. As I gave the invitation, it was evident that he was under deep conviction. I couldn't close the service without going to him. While the congregation softly sang "Just As I Am," I invited him to come to God. He wept but wouldn't budge. He said, "Some other time!" I warned there may never be another time, but he didn't move. The next day we left for Dallas, Texas, where our General Conference was convening that week.

One night Brother Goss, our General Superintendent, asked me to give the invitation. Ten minutes before time for it, Brother Norris came and whispered, "Fred, do you remember the young man you pleaded with last Sunday night in St. Paul?"

"Yes," I answered. "I've been thinking about him and wondered why he didn't come to God. Is there something wrong?" I questioned.

"I just talked to my wife in St. Paul," he said, "and he was killed this evening in an auto accident."

You talk about feeling an altar call, I did that night. I don't recall how many, but I remember there were a lot at the altar praying. That incident did something for me!

"Why didn't I stay with him until he came?" I asked myself. "Why wasn't I more insistent? If I had known he would soon die, what would I have done?" After that incident I left the platform many times to plead with people to come to God. When they would say, "Some other time," I'd tell them about this incident. Since it had happened to me I could speak with deep feeling and concern.

It wasn't often we preached two meetings in one year at the same church. After the Dallas Conference we went back to Beaumont, Texas, where we had been in February. Brother R. D. Gibson, Vesta Layne Mangun's father, was pastor of the church.

Herschel Foster, who later married Ruth, youngest of the Norris girls, attended the revival with his parents. Herschel's father had suffered a heart attack four months previously, and although still recovering, he attended every night.

One night before service, Herschel's father came to talk with me. He was so happy that he had to express it

to someone. It had been his best day since the attack. He felt he was recovering well and was anxiously looking forward to going back to work. He returned to his seat beside his wife.

The service began. As we sang the second song, I noticed him get up, make his way to the aisle, and walk toward the back. He told his wife that it felt stuffy in the building and he needed to get some fresh air. As he reached the back row of pews, I saw him stagger, then grasp hold of the end of a pew. He stood there momentarily, swaying.

Jumping off the platform, I rushed back in time to catch him before he fell. The rescue squad said he probably died while he was still on his feet.

We also had an outstanding healing. A lady who had an ulcer of the stomach was on a strict half-milk, half-cream diet. She had not eaten anything solid for several months. During a healing service, she came for prayer. She was unsaved, but liked the church and enjoyed the meetings. When the service ended, she came to tell us she was healed!

Later she related what she did when she got home. She was so hungry that she cooked two squirrels and ate most of them. It didn't bother her and from that moment on she was well. I wish I could say that her healing brought her to God, but she didn't come!

Fellowship between ministers is one of the greatest joys of a minister's life. The year of 1946 brought two tremendous couples, Brother and Sister C. G. Weeks and Brother and Sister F. E. Curts, into our lives. The next year, 1947, brought two more whose friendship and association has lasted through the years—Brother and Sister

A. D. Varnado and Brother and Sister S. G. Norris. We spent many thrilling times with both of these couples.

Because I've only mentioned four couples does not mean there were not many more great people with whom we became associated. The list is endless, but there are just some folks whose natures blend with yours and with whom you feel very comfortable. Every year we traveled we added more friends to the list.

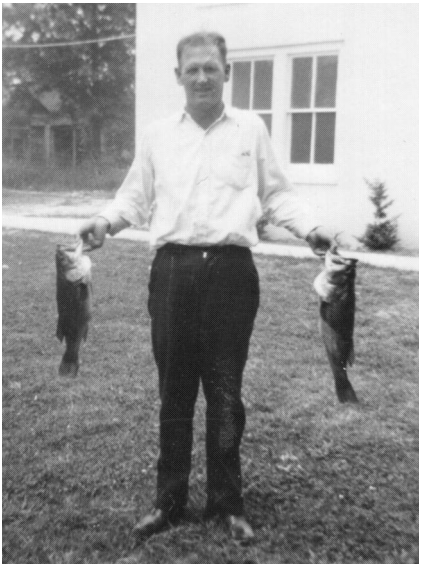
When we gave up our home in Indiana, although we did it willingly, we faced an uncertain future. Now we recognize that we sacrificed nothing. True sacrifices almost always turn out to be no sacrifices at all.

At one time in our evangelistic work I stated that we had given up one home, but found a hundred others. We could have traveled almost anywhere in the U.S.A. and found the welcome mat out in many homes. Folks were so gracious, and their hospitality so rich, that it would have been a shame to remain on the farm and miss all of the great things God had in store for us.

Not everything, however, was always rosey. Occasionally we were faced with problems that left a bad taste. One which I'll relate in another chapter I call the "Florida Affair!" But before I go into that, I want to let you in on some of the "specialties" in which we became involved.



Brother Weeks and Brother Kinzie catch bass from Morganza Spillway in Louisiana, 1948.



Two bass caught while on fishing trip with Brother Weeks in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Chapter **21**

MUSIC NIGHTS, SUNDAY SCHOOL, & RECORDS

While in Miami during the winter of 1946, the Humbard Family, in a revival at an Assembly of God Church on North Seventh Avenue, invited us to sing at a special music night. Dad Humbard was an early Pentecostal pioneer and, with his singing family, conducted revivals throughout the United States. Later Rex, the oldest son, founded and pastored the Cathedral of Tomorrow in Akron, Ohio. Their music was smooth and beautiful.

We accepted their invitation and sang, "I've Got That Old Time Religion." Vera played the accordion, Pam the bass, and I the saxophone. When we sang the chorus, "I've got that old time religion in my heart," we'd pause a second and Pam would say, "Where?" Then we would continue, "a-way down inside!" At the close of the chorus we

would pause while she asked, "Where did you say?" and we'd finish with "a-way down inside!" Folks always enjoyed it when Pam asked "Where?"

After the service the Humbards invited us back stage where we spent some time getting acquainted. I questioned Rex about recordings and how to get started. He knew what to do since they had made several records. Rex enlightened me, and out of this session came two things that were to enhance our ministry.

The first was the idea of a music night during revivals. They had a large, enthusiastic crowd that night. If it worked for them, why wouldn't it for us? Since Pat had now joined us, the variety of our instrumental and singing combinations were almost unlimited.

We had our first "Music Night" at the Panama City, Florida church, pastored by A. W Hicks. The Hicks, a musical family, received it with enthusiasm. The music nights played a big part in the good revival we had there and opened to us their tremendous potential.

Large crowds attended with gratifying results. Once I discovered their appeal, I knew better how to plan and promote them. At first, we picked the songs, but discovered when the people chose them, interest increased.

I didn't preach on those nights, but during the program, while the girls rearranged our instruments, I testified about what God had done for us. Two things in particular that I told about were: our receiving the Holy Ghost and my healing in Pensacola.

Our Music Nights became popular. When pastors saw the results, they were thrilled. The special music made it convenient for their members to invite others to church. Brother George L. Glass, Sr. said they were tremendous in

attracting outsiders into Pentecostal services.

We had them on Thursday nights. Usually it was the slow night of a revival, so we livened it up. I'd promote the Sunday school drive and many came as a result!

These Music Nights were not meant to be a talent display, but rather to help break down prejudices. So many far-out stories had been told about Pentecostals that many people were actually afraid to attend services. Folks found out we were not what they had heard and came back, many to find the Lord and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

The Music Nights set the stage for Sunday school drives that soon became a part of our evangelistic meetings. The two services complemented each other.

A year after Rex Humbard gave me details on making records, I made a survey at the Riverside Apostolic Church in Morgantown, West Virginia, pastored by Brother W. T. Poling. We had no idea how many members had record players. No one in our organization had made musical records, so we had no marketing statistics.

I asked how many would be interested in purchasing records if we made them. Their response excited us when twenty-one families indicated they wanted records. Most of them had no equipment to play records, but knowing they could get them, they wanted to buy it. Making a similar survey in Cincinnati, we found the same response. These two surveys convinced us. I contacted a recording firm and a representative came to the church to record our songs.

He would not allow us to monitor our recordings. He cut the master as we played and sang and no needle was allowed in those grooves afterwards. I was sure I had made a mistake on my saxophone but he refused to play

it back or do it over. We should have paid him off and gone elsewhere. What we did was risky business. Not once, in future recording sessions, did any of us make an acceptable recording on our first try. In fact, to make one on the second was unusual. One time we gave up after the eleventh time, but after a break we did it on the first try.

Six weeks later we received our first box of records and discovered the mistake as I had suspected. It was a good lesson, one to pass on to others to help keep them from making the same error. The mistake was not noticeable enough to hinder their sale. We soon made two more, one in a radio station in Duluth, Minnesota, and the other in a Los Angeles recording studio. We now had three records to use in our Sunday school promotions.

Our Sunday school promotions were conducted in this manner: we had an 8" x 10" picture of our party we gave to anyone who brought five new visitors to Sunday school on that Sunday; ten visitors earned a picture and a choice of one record; fifteen won a picture and two records; and twenty, a picture with all three records. We gave away many pictures and records and seldom failed to break a Sunday school record.

One thing I noticed as we traveled was that churches with enthusiastic Sunday schools were growing churches. It put me on the Sunday school bandwagon, and when we came to Toledo, it became my primary promotion for growth.

In 1949 the Urshans, Paslays, and our party formed the Gospel Melodies Record Company. We practiced at either Calvary Tabernacle or the church in Cincinnati. The Paslays spent each winter in Cincinnati taking care of the church while the Curts were in Florida. All of our

records were recorded at the Herzog Studios in Cincinnati except the long plays, which were made at United Studios in Detroit. Mr. Herzog and his chief engineer Charley had both been engineers at W.L.W. radio station in Cincinnati.

We spent three days practicing and two days recording. These were tremendous times of fellowship. Later Harry Slattery joined the company and that added the Davis Sisters to our group. Many others recorded with us including Helen Anderson Cole, Verle Pilant, Hugh Rose, and a quartet we called the Gospel Melodies Quartet, which included Buddy Guidroz, James Hosch, Hugh Rose and George L. Glass, Jr.

When we began, our records were 78 rpm's. Then 45 rpm's became popular; and a short time later the long plays took over. Due to other pressing duties, we dissolved the Gospel Melodies Record Company in 1964. It never was a money-making venture but interesting and rewarding. The Urshans have gone on to make many more recordings, mostly with members of their own family.

Recently Harvestime produced a series of long play recordings called Harvestime Reflections which are rerecordings of some of those old 78 rpm records made in the latter forties and early fifties. They use them as a promotion for our international radio broadcast.

What was a typical Kinzie Evangelistic Party service like? Let's take a walk together down memory lane and relive some of them!



Kinzies eating dinner with S. G. Norris family.

Chapter 22

IN SERVICE

By participating in services and practicing continually, our party blended together until we had a smooth and efficient operation.

To help us feel a part of everything that was going on, all of us played our instruments in the song service. We never felt that we were the stars—our objective was winning souls to Christ and helping them mature.

When the service had progressed to the point of our introduction, the pastor usually said, "And now, the Kinzie Party!"

At this point Sister Kinzie was ready with her accordion, Pam was at the vibraharp, Pat at the bass, and I with my sax. Sister Kinzie did an arpeggio on the accordion, then Pam did a similar run on the vibraharp and we joined together playing our theme chorus, "It's The Kindness I've Done!" When we had played the chorus one time, Sister Kinzie sang it and I harmonized on the sax.

It's the kindness I've done that makes me happy
It's the sorrow I've caused that makes me sad
And it's largely up to me, how happy I can be
For I cannot wear a smile and wear a frown.

While Sister Kinzie sang, Pam moved to her steel guitar. When she finished singing the two of them went through a series of chords, changing keys that led to a verse which the three girls harmonized on.

Did you ever pick a flower
Have you ever pulled a weed
Do you always hope to harvest
Where you've never sown a seed
Can you say that you are happy
When you've never turned a hand
Along the path of life
To help your fellow man?

Then Sister Kinzie sang the first line of the chorus, backed away from the mike and I moved in and quoted one of my favorite poems. I had a lot of them, but the one we used for our recording of the theme chorus was:

My life shall touch a dozen lives
Before this day is done,
Leave countless marks for good or ill
Ere sets the evening sun.
So this the wish I always pray,
"Lord, may my life help other lives
It touches by the way!"

As I finished my poem, Sister Kinzie came back to the mike, and at whatever point they were in playing the chorus, she finished singing it. Then I'd say:

"Now, here's Patty with a thought for the day!"

Pat would be ready to step to the mike and quote one of her pithy little sayings, such as:

"There is no elevator to success. Step up the stairs, don't stare up the steps!"

While I made a few introductory remarks, the girls arranged the instruments and I'd announce the first song. They were always ready to go.

We practiced for smoothness in everything we did. If we had to change instruments, it was done while someone was testifying or announcing our next number. As soon as the name of the number was announced, the strains of music began. We practiced this. We wanted to project that we knew what we were doing and where we were going. This brought a positive attitude into the service. Once in a while we had a breakdown, and when we did it was an occasion for the congregation to have a hearty laugh.

During every service the girls played one song on the marimba, vibraharp and bass. We usually sang three songs, the last one after the marimba number helped set the mood for the Word of God. By this time in the service, all of the things that needed to be said relative to our being there, appreciating the things that were being done to make us comfortable, had already been said. When I walked to the pulpit with my Bible in hand I was ready to preach without any further remarks.

I had several themes I preached on in every revival. On the first night of a revival I usually preached on "Faith," emphasizing that we must hold on until revival came. One

of my favorites was: "The Mighty Power Of A Little Faith." This was a positive, faith-building message that I hoped would help set the mood for the entire revival. Many times I'd refer back to it while preaching other messages.

Some may object to this approach, saying it is too stereotyped, but I believe it always helped us to be in the right frame of mind for revival.

During a revival there were several themes I always ministered on. When I preached on hell (which I did in every revival) there were two sermons I frequently used: (1) "A Broadcast From Hell!" (This title was suggested by a message I once heard Earl Gamblin preach). (2) "The Largest Mouth That Was Ever Opened!" My favorite on judgment was "Called Into Judgment!"

There were sermons on sin, repentance, Calvary, forgiveness, the Second Coming, prophecy, cooperation, the church, restoration, and many others. My favorite on Calvary was "The Joy Of The Cross." On forgiveness it was "Charge That To My Account."

Prophecy preaching was not one of my strong points, but I did preach on the Second Coming quite often, sometimes more than once in the same revival. To preach on the Beast, or Antichrist and do a lot of speculating on who he was, or when he would appear, was a "no-no" for me. I heard so much prophecy during pre-World War II days which didn't happen that I stayed away from speculation and predictions.

When I preached, I wanted a message from God! Almost every sermon I preached, had a background of some experience I received in prayer in which the Lord inspired me, either through His Word or that still small voice. Many, many times a whole sermon outline came to

me while I was on my knees.

One thing we did during the latter part of our evangelistic ministry, was have 10:00 A.M. daily prayer meetings. Attendance was usually good and we had some fine times of prayer. All of us attended. Also, we remained and prayed during altar services. We prayed as long as one soul was there. It was a joy, never a chore.

One of our favorite, amusing activities was the girls playing a familiar song backwards on the marimba, vibraharp, and bass. We gave folks a chance to guess the song, giving our picture as a prize to anyone guessing correctly on their first attempt. Some songs were not too difficult, others never were guessed.

When I announced they would play a song backwards, most people thought it was a gimmick of some kind. They imagined the girls would turn their backs to the audience and play. But they didn't! They worked hard to get it down pat. Folks enjoyed it and we had many guessers! I think most of the winners did just that, guessed!

It was exciting to plan and practice for a Music Night. At first, we planned the program, but later we just passed the basket when we began. Reaching in the basket, I'd pull out a request and then we would play it. In soliciting requests I restricted them to numbers they had heard us play and sing. Sometimes I pulled out a song we had already played, especially the Train Song. I'd say, "This request is for the Train Song and we've already played it." People would call out from the audience: "Play it again." And, we would. On one Music Night we played it three times.

We anticipated their requests. On the afternoon previous to the service, we practiced about twenty songs we were sure would be requested.

In reflecting back over those times, I think one of our most exciting Music Nights was held in the farming community of Iola, Illinois. Hiram Byers was pastor of the church. It seated about 250 people and extra chairs were set out. Since it was summertime, all of the windows and doors were kept open. The church filled up early, and it was thrilling to see folks standing at all of the windows and doors, eagerly stretching their necks and standing on tip-toe to watch us. No one wanted to leave for fear they would lose their seat. It was here we played the Train Song three times. They really liked it!

While writing about our evangelistic services, I'd like to write a little more about the girls, Pat and Pam. You've become quite well acquainted with them in previous chapters. You've read about their early lives, but I want to add a few details.

Pat and Pam were outstanding girls. I don't think two girls ever lived who were more genuine and sincere. They were cooperative and willing to give of themselves wholeheartedly. They were neat and clean and always kept themselves presentable. They loved what they were doing. They weren't giddy about boys and always kept their place!

Like all girls passing the twenty-one mark, they became somewhat concerned about their future! Traveling as we did was not too conducive to permanent relationships.

We often reassured them that when "Prince Charming" came along they'd thank us for not sanctioning a boy in every port. They both lived to see that day and thanked us for it! God gave each one of them a fine dedicated husband who would fulfill all of their wishes and desires for happiness, security, and companionship!

The association of Pat and Pam with us throughout these intervening years has been a pure delight. They have been like daughters to us. In July of 1953 Pat married Coy Jackson of Bemis, Tennessee, and together they worked in various churches all of their married lives. They kept the faith and constantly demonstrated publicly their love for God.

Pat has since gone on to meet the Lord, a happy woman who kept the beginning of her confidence steadfast unto the end. For two years she put up a terrific fight against the dreaded disease of cancer, but on December 2, 1983, she yielded to the call of her Savior and slipped off to meet Him! It hurt deeply to lose her, but Coy's and our loss was heaven's gain. Jesus has a star with Him in the soul of Pat Jackson.

Pam married James Hosch in February, 1954. They spent a year in evangelistic work, then went to Monroe, Michigan, where they are still pastoring a great church. They are a terrific couple, dedicated to God and His work.

When Sister Kinzie and I look back on the days I've just written about, it brings such a wonderful satisfaction to our hearts to know God gave us two wonderful girls and then gave them such wonderful husbands. It all worked out in the will of God. What more could anyone ask?

Chapter **23**

THE FLORIDA AFFAIR

Early in 1948, we headed for Florida to help Pastor and Mrs. Harry Geiger in a special meeting that had been planned for Miami.

In 1947 a boy evangelist, Little David Walker, was being widely circulated in our fellowship. Because of his youth (thirteen) and the fantastic story he told of being caught up into heaven for five hours, at which time he supposedly talked personally to Jesus, he attracted large crowds.

He was carefully trained and was a good preacher for his age. He became well known in our organization through the promotion of Pastor Ray Hoekstra of Calvary Tabernacle, Indianapolis, Indiana. He was a sensation, and news of his appearances traveled fast. Any time he came to one of our churches, crowds flocked to hear him.

A "Little David" tent meeting was planned for the winter months in Miami, Florida, and was scheduled to start the second week of January. The church in Miami,

pastored by Harry Geiger, agreed to sponsor the meeting. They raised several thousand dollars to help defray the expenses of this undertaking.

Contemplating this tent meeting, the Geigers felt a need for someone to help protect their interests. Since they were investing thousands of dollars, they were anxious to see results from it, so they asked us to come and represent their church in the meetings.

We accepted and planned to be in Miami on the first Sunday of 1948. Agreeing to this, Brother Hoekstra asked me to arrange for studio facilities in South Bend where we could make several fifteen-minute radio programs with Little David, advertising the meetings in Miami. These were broadcast over high-powered stations on the Texas/Mexico border.

The first meeting in Miami was an organizational service designed to acquaint Miami Pentecostals with Little David, and also to raise money! The object was to raise enough so that no offerings would need to be taken during the crusade.

Accommodations were made for us to stay together in an apartment with a combination kitchen, living room and four bedrooms. There were eight of us; Ray and Dorothy Hoekstra; Little David and his father, Jack Walker, Pat and Pam, and Vera and I. We ate our meals together with Dorothy, Vera, Pat and Pam doing the cooking and dish washing.

A large tent, seating between 1500 and 2000, was put up during the first week. We were to furnish the special music and take charge of the altar services, praying and counseling with those who came forward. Their names, addresses, and any other information were to be

given to the church for follow-up.

Crowds ranging between 300 to 400 attended during the first week. Several folks came forward, some quite sincere and others merely to argue and promote a personal religious quirk. We concentrated on those who seemed to be sincere.

After the first week, the services were closed and the tent moved several miles farther west on Flagler street. When the meetings began again, a full page ad was placed in the *Miami Herald* and crowds increased considerably. When Little David announced he'd tell about his five hours in heaven, the crowd filled the tent.

During this time I became deeply troubled. When baptism was mentioned it was: "be baptized in Christian baptism." I felt this was hedging somewhat. When I mentioned it around the table one evening, Brother Hoekstra asked, "Isn't it Christian baptism? Is it necessary to explain fully and perhaps drive many away? It's not denying Jesus' name, so what's wrong with it?" Since it was their meeting, I dropped the issue.

After this discussion about baptism, Dorothy Hoekstra started taking us into her confidence. She was very upset about what was taking place. She desperately wanted Brother Hoekstra to return to Indianapolis and the church there.

Their altar invitations were quite different. While Little David was supposedly in heaven, Jesus promised him that on whomsoever he laid his hands and prayed, they would be saved.

This then was the procedure. Brother Hoekstra gave the invitation. "God's talking to many of you tonight. Do you wish to be saved? Remember, Jesus promised Little

David that anyone he prayed for would be saved. If you want Little David to pray for you, raise your hand." Usually there were several.

Then Brother Hoekstra suggested it was difficult for Little David to see their hands unless they stood. Most of them would stand. Then he'd imply it was an inconvenience for Little David to come to them, but if they came to him, he could lay his hands on them at the altar.

They came, sometimes just a few, but often quite a number. Hastily, Little David walked along the altar, merely touching them on the head. At the end of the line, someone was there to rush him to the car and take off for the apartment. This procedure was followed each night.

After a couple of weeks a call came from Orlando. The Branham Party suggested a switch with Little David's group. William Branham had a healing ministry that at the time was sweeping the country. Jack Moore, a Oneness minister from Shreveport, Louisiana, and Gordon Lindsey, an Assembly of God minister, were his managers. The agreement was made and we changed cities.

Our meetings in Orlando were in a high school auditorium. The projected stay was two weeks and our accommodations were in the Angilbilt Hotel. Sister Hoekstra had returned to Indianapolis, so Brother Hoekstra and I stayed together.

Every morning Jack, David, Brother Hoekstra and I met together in the Coffee Shop for breakfast. Jack was continually griping about a "touchy" issue regarding Geigers and their church. Because of my responsibility to the Geigers, one morning he and I had a sharp clash over this, creating a severe breach in our relationship.

The consequences were that Brother Hoekstra and

my party returned to Miami a few days early. The meetings in the school, being unsuccessful, were closed. We had to wait for the Branham party to finish in the tent so that we could return to it.

When the Branham party heard we were back, they asked Brother Hoekstra to help with the prayer line and my party to furnish special music. Brother Hoekstra helped them, but I declined.

A couple of young Nazarene evangelists, Bruce Thum and Charles Verness, whom we met previously in Cincinnati, were in town and I recommended them to sing. Later, while we were preaching at Geiger's church they were both baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost. They were known as the Sunshine Evangelistic Party

According to William Branham, God not only gave him the gift of healing, but also of discerning diseases. He would place his fingers in the palm of a person's hand and by the particular vibrations he felt, claim he could discern their disease. A typical healing procedure went like the following.

A person would be ushered to center-stage. William Branham would take the person's hand, put his fingers in the upturned palm, hesitate momentarily, then tell him what was wrong. Usually, the person agreed. He would then explain that he would pray. Whenever the vibrations stopped, it was an evidence the person was healed.

Usually, after he prayed, he would look at the person sympathetically, shaking his head in a negative fashion and say, "The vibrations have not ceased. I will pray again!" One could see the anxiety on a person's face, a look of keen disappointment. Then he'd pray again.

Usually after the second prayer he'd exclaim, "The

vibrations have stopped, you're healed!" In a state of ecstasy, the person would leave the platform praising God. Some things left a question in my mind!

A *Miami Herald* reporter, a friend of Brother Geiger's, attended the meetings a couple of nights. The healings impressed him to the point he planned an article in the newspaper. He obtained names and addresses of those he thought had been healed and planned to feature them.

Brother Geiger requested him to go to their homes and check them out before publishing the story. "Come by my house and I'll send a man from my church with you," he offered.

The next day the two men visited several homes. When they returned, the reporter thanked Brother Geiger for his suggestion. "You've kept me from being embarrassed," he said gratefully. "We didn't find enough evidence of healing to substantiate the claims. I am so disappointed."

Here are two incidents that I was personally acquainted with. Hearing about the healing meetings a family took their eight-year-old daughter to the tent for prayer. She had a roving eye which swiveled in all directions. The other eye was perfect. When prayed for, the eye stopped roving. The family was so elated they wished to express their gratitude and invited the Branham party to have dinner with them. When they couldn't go, Brother Hoekstra and we were invited. We went, genuinely thrilled with what happened.

Upon arriving we noticed a definite coolness. They said little and the exuberance we had seen previously was missing. At first, the little girl was absent. Sitting there waiting for the meal we wondered what was wrong.

While eating, the girl showed up. The minute we saw her, we knew what was wrong. It hurt us to see it, and how much more it must have hurt her family. The eye was roving again.

If you ask, "What happened when she was prayed for?" I'd have to answer, "I don't know" I only know it did not last and her family was sadly disappointed, and so were we! What does one say to a disappointed family like this?

Another incident I was acquainted with was a young mother of four children who had been ill with tuberculosis for some time. She had been in bed for four months, unable to walk or do any of her housework.

Her husband called and asked Brother Hoekstra and me to come and pray for her. After prayer, we talked a while. Her husband told us he had taken her to the tent every night, but since she could not stand in line, she was never prayed for. Brother Hoekstra told him how to get under the tent flap and into the room beside the platform. Brother Branham came in that way and they could ask him to pray for her.

They went, and soon after the service started, Brother Branham came to the platform, interrupted the service and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, before we have a chance to get to the prayer line we have a miracle."

Turning toward the tent room he called the mother to the platform. It was an unbelievable sight to see her climb the stairs and walk across the platform where Brother Branham was waiting. Remember, she had not walked for several months. When we talked to her during the day she could not speak above a whisper.

When Brother Branham asked her to relate what had happened, she spoke very forcibly in a strong voice. It

was absolutely amazing! She walked on across the platform, down the steps and sat on the front row for the remainder of the service.

The next day she went to town and spent several hours purchasing clothes for her children. Three days later Brother Hoekstra and I officiated at her funeral. If you ask me what happened, again I'd say, "I don't know?" Meanwhile a major upheavel interrupted the Little David party and campaign. As the Branham Party was leaving Miami, we heard that Little David was across town preaching at a "rebel" church. This upset all of us. The tent was taken down and to counteract what Jack Walker and Little David were doing, Geigers asked Brother Hoekstra and my party to start meetings at their church. We consented and the meetings started off very well.

We were hearing disturbing news from across town. After a couple of phone calls from Little David about the desperate situation he was in, Brother Hoekstra picked him up at school and they took off for Jamaica. This created a near-crisis with David's father.

Even though there had been some upsetting incidents connnected with these services, folks were coming to the Lord in the church meetings every night. Many of those who had made a start in the tent were now coming and finding God. We were baptizing folks in almost every service and several received the Holy Ghost while in the water. I recall one young man who seemed to explode under the water and came up speaking in tongues.

After Brother Hoekstra took David and left for Jamaica, it didn't seem to matter who was doing the preaching. Folks kept right on coming to the Lord. If I recall correctly, thirty-three more received the Holy

Ghost. During this part of the meetings Bruce and Charles, the Sunshine Party I mentioned earlier, were baptized and received the Holy Ghost.

Bruce Thum, the leader of his group and who called himself an Indian chief, told me he felt strange about going to an altar after having preached for so long. He asked permission to pray in a side room. I agreed, and later stepped in to pray with him. I found him telling the Lord he had preached the gospel for many years and because of this, God was obligated to give him the Holy Ghost!

I don't think I ever stepped into such a cool atmosphere. I listened to him pray, then said, "God doesn't owe you a thing, Bruce! If you want the Holy Ghost, forget about your goodness. Ask His forgiveness for the way you feel, cast yourself on His mercy at the foot of the cross, and you'll get some place with God."

Evidently this helped him! He was standing praying when I entered, but suddenly he dropped to his knees, burst out weeping, asked forgiveness, and the most glorious presence of God came into that little room. It wasn't five minutes until he was speaking in tongues as the Spirit gave the utterance and joybells were ringing. He shouted all over the room, then joined the others around the altar. All of his inhibitions were gone. He didn't care who saw him now. Bruce was now a Holy Ghost filled Indian chief evangelist. Charles received the Holy Ghost the next afternoon.

I remember an eighty-four year old Christian Scientist woman asking for prayer one night. She told me she wanted the Holy Ghost but the folks she came with were ready to go, so she couldn't stay. I told her God didn't need a lot of time, but could fill her before she got to the

car. She was praying as she left and started walking down an aisle; one-half of the way back through the sanctuary, she turned and walked between the seats, crossing to the next aisle. While walking between the seats, she stopped, lifted her hands and was filled with the Holy Ghost. She hardly stopped walking. The next night she testified that this is what she had been looking for all of her life.

In the meantime Brother Hoekstra and Little David were holding meetings in Jamaica. When they returned to the States a lawsuit followed in Indianapolis to which I was subpoenaed. It was finally settled out of court. Later, a full page ad in a Dallas newspaper suggested that everything was patched up and Brother Hoekstra was still the manager of Little David!

These experiences were learning times for me and made me very cautious. During my lifetime I've seen a lot of big and sensational things come to naught. We are admonished to "Know them which labour among you" (I Thessalonians 5:12). One needs to be careful in following after these "big things" when they come by! They can be quite disillusioning!

Chapter 24

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST!

Toward the end of 1948 the Latter Rain Movement[1] was in its embryonic stage and several of our ministers were seduced by it. Some United Pentecostal Churches were affected, but most of them survived and were strengthened as a result.

Brother N. A. Urshan became the pastor of Calvary Tabernacle and survived the Latter Rain onslaught against both himself and the church. It caused some anxiety, but as a result he emerged a stronger young man and the church became a pace-setter among us!

Following a summer revival in St. Paul, Minnesota, we headed west on our first trip to the west coast. The Badlands of South Dakota—Mount Rushmore—the rolling terrain of Wyoming and the Big Horn mountains kept us wide-eyed and awe-stricken. We thrilled at every murmuring mountain stream and hairpin turn.

Heading up into Yellowstone National Park we came to a sudden halt when my car refused to go one foot farther. I was pulling a small luggage trailer loaded with our equipment, but the trailer was too heavy for the steep mountain climb. On the left side of the two-lane highway was a sheer drop-off of over one thousand feet. On the right was the sheer side of the mountain from which the road had been cut. To back down that steep slope was unthinkable! Vehicles soon were strung down the slope for as far as I could see.

The girls got out of the car to lessen the load, but to no avail. It was less than one hundred feet to the pass, but we were stuck! What a tense moment! All of us were praying. The girls tried to push as I attempted to move. I'd speed up the motor, let out on the clutch, move about five feet, but by the time I got my foot from the accelerator back to the brake, I lost all I had gained. Cars behind began honking! It was an imposition for them to be forced to stop on such a steep slope.

To our welcome relief, a jeep moved out around several cars and pushed us over the pass. My problem, I later learned, stemmed from the carburetor not being set for high altitudes.

The sights in Yellowstone with all of its bubbly paint pots, boiling hot springs and Old Faithful geyser were awesome and thrilling. After spending two days there, we drove on into Utah, stopping at several national parks. From there we went on to the Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, Las Vegas and through the blistering hot Mojave Desert to San Diego.

Our General Conference was held in Long Beach, California. Before the conference we spent two weeks in

revival in San Diego with Pastor David Gray.

After a two-week meeting in Phoenix, Arizona, we drove to DeQuincy, Louisiana to be with the Varnados for three weeks, but God extended the revival. Large crowds attended and people came to God. As Sunday approached Brother Varnado implored us to stay at least another week. Since I had two meetings between then and Christmas, to stay would hinder one of those commitments.

After Sunday dinner, just as I started for the church to pack some of our instruments, the phone rang. It was Brother McFarland calling from Columbus, Indiana to say that he had encountered some difficulties and was resigning. "Come if you want to, but I won't promise anything," he said.

We decided to stay in De Quincy and soon discovered it was the will of God. The next two weeks confirmed it, as the flames of revival continued to sweep through the church!

Going back north we held a four-week revival in Lancaster, Ohio, for Pastor Ralph Cook. Not only did we have a good revival, but getting acquainted with the Cooks was important. Later they would play a significant role in our future in Ohio. They were such lovely hosts. He was one of the most prayerful men I had ever met. You would hear him at five A.M. pouring out his heart to God.

In spite of some good revivals, the year of 1948 was hectic. It seemed the unpleasantness in Miami never really cleared out of our minds. Then there was much turmoil in world affairs. Israel declared itself a nation, and with that declaration came the war with the Palestinians. Moreover, the events that led to the Korean conflict were fomenting, causing world unrest. Television, entering the American

scene, was drastically changing the lifestyle of most homes.

With these unsettled conditions surrounding us, we allowed ourselves to become discouraged. People had been saved, but these other events seemed to have overshadowed that joy. In facing 1949, I requested that all of us go on a three-day fast while home for the holidays and entreat the Lord to help us be more submissive to His will and sensitive to His Spirit.

The new year started off slowly. We preached two meetings, one in our home church and one in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, for Pastor Ace Summers. The meeting in our home church was almost a "blackout!" We set up our instruments in the church on the day we were to start—and would you believe it—when we came back for service that night, the furnace had blown up and the building was filled with smoke and soot. It had not started a fire but everything was one grimy mess. It took two days to clean it up.

We headed south as soon as these meetings were over. Evangelist Clifford Murray and his party traveled with us. They had been evangelizing in Ohio. Joanne Crutchfield of Frankfort, Indiana, a graduate of Apostolic Bible Institute, was traveling with them. Just before going south, Faith Hanby, of Logan, Ohio, joined them. It was a time of great fellowship between the two parties as the four girls were about the same ages. We attended the Louisiana District Conference in DeRidder. Following the conference the Murrays went to DeQuincy to hold services for the Varnados and we remained in DeRidder for Pastor George L. Glass, Sr. and church.

I will never forget that meeting! It was one of the most outstanding of our evangelistic days. The conference

closed on Friday night and our meeting started on Saturday night. After we were set up and were ready to go, I went to the pastor's office to be greeted by a man I discovered was as discouraged as I. He had asked to talk with me.

"Brother Kinzie," he said, "we are so delighted to have you folks. You were such a blessing during the conference. I hesitate to tell you what I'm about to say, but I feel compelled so that you can join us in prayer. Not one soul has received the Holy Ghost in this church for one year. I don't know what's wrong. I don't know of any sin or trouble that could be causing it. If things don't change during this revival, I've made up my mind to resign."

I could not believe what I was hearing! Brother Glass was prominent in the United Pentecostal Church, and he served as the Louisiana District Secretary-Treasurer at the time. He was discouraged, almost despondent? Ready to resign? How could this be? I had assumed that I was the only one who ever got discouraged!

In the two previous meetings nothing had happened worth writing home about. We broke all-time Sunday school attendance records at both churches—and great crowds attended our Music Nights, but neither one produced the results we desired. Very few were saved. Both pastors were thrilled with the crowds, but souls, not crowds, was our objective.

And now DeRidder! Two men, pastor and evangelist, equally discouraged, sat looking at each other. One was ready to resign and the other was frustrated! It seemed as though our fasting and prayer had been an exercise in futility.

It would have been a lamentable tragedy for either of

us to have succumbed to Satan's temptation at that moment. Both would emerge from this meeting with a new vision and an unflinching determination to press onward in the battle!

I never dreamed of the long-range effect that one revival could have on the future of two men and one church. A poem I had learned during my senior year in high school suddenly took on new meaning. I quote it often—and to quote it in difficult times causes me to recall this revival, tighten my belt, return to the battle and get "with it!" (Author unknown.)

No one is beat 'till he quits,
No one is through 'till he stops,
No matter how hard failure hits,
No matter how often he drops.
A fellow's not down 'till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate can slam him and bang him around
And batter his frame 'till he's sore,
But you can't say that he's down
When he bobs up serenely for more.
A fellow's not dead 'till he dies
Nor beat 'till he no longer tries!

Michael Ray, who at one time assisted me in Toledo, used to say, "When you've come to the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hold on!"

I'm convinced that both Brother Glass and I did just that! Revival started the very first night. The crowd was great! New people occupied the pews. The anointing was

on the music! The ministry of the Word penetrated people's hearts. Deep conviction permeated the altar call, and there never was, from that moment on, a dearth of seekers at the altar. Someone new every night! The Holy Ghost began falling and folks were baptized. And whereas there had been a drought for one full year, these meetings helped generate a revival that outlived the drought! We only planned to stay three weeks as we had a tight schedule, but we went a fourth week with continuing results.

We went to Kinder, Louisiana, for the B. L. Clarks, and for four weeks revival fires burned. We were on fire, and coupled with their enthusiasm and prayer, their church flamed spiritually too!

Our next meeting was in Baton Rouge where we had previously enjoyed two outstanding revivals. We were so fired up that we fully expected a third. But to our surprise, nothing happened! Oh, the crowds were good and a new Sunday school record was set—which was great! Many brand new folks came and the church had a whole new group of prospects to follow up on, but only one or two new converts. I could not believe it! How could things cool down so soon? It seemed as though a cold snap had hit overnight!

As we were preparing to leave Baton Rouge, Brother Glass called asking us to return to DeRidder for a week. The revival was still on! Arrangements were made with Brother Caughron, and we delayed going to Monroe so we could return to DeRidder.

It was as though we had never left. The crowds came, the spirit was great, and souls were still coming to God. As I previously stated, I had never been in anything like it!

Just before we left the first time, a lady came to the

altar and was baptized. She had a son, Tom Fred Tenney, who came to service a time or two while we were there. When we returned, he had come to God, was baptized and received the Holy Ghost!

I'll never forget Brother Glass saying that here was a boy destined to do great things for God! One tremendous attribute that surfaced almost immediately was a spirit of sacrifice and prayer. His lunch breaks at school were not spent in the cafeteria, but in the church prayer room!

Brother Glass' prediction has proven true. Brother T. F. Tenney has been in the forefront of this movement for a long time. He served as the Louisiana District Youth President, the General Youth President of the United Pentecostal Church, the Director of Foreign Missions, as pastor of his home church in DeRidder, and, at present, the Superintendent of the Louisiana District.

During an additional week, the revival never abated. Night after night God wrought with men's hearts, and they came to Him!

When we finally left, Brother Glass mentioned that he had another evangelist coming in a few weeks and they were anxiously awaiting him. After we were in Monroe for a couple of weeks I received a letter from Brother Glass. On the back of the envelope was written, "The nineteenth one received the Holy Ghost last night." I wondered what this was all about? His evangelist was not due yet! What had happened?

Anxiously, I opened the letter to read that he couldn't wait for the evangelist to come, so he started preaching and up until the writing of the letter, eighteen had received the Holy Ghost.

These things had a thrilling effect on our party. We

went from deep despair to pure delight!

The meeting in DeRidder went on for one full year. Many of the converts became ministers and are preaching the gospel today. Two discouraged preachers were transformed and "almost defeat" was turned into "glorious victory"! Neither Brother Glass nor I have forgotten those days; when we get together we talk about them and rejoice!

We went back north in June to preach a meeting in Duluth, Minnesota. From there Vera and I went on a vacation with the Norrises, Summers, and Merle Edsons (Summers and Edsons from Mt. Vernon, Illinois) to Falcon Lake in eastern Manitoba, Canada. Two interesting things happened on that vacation.

Early one morning, the four men and Sister Norris portaged to High Lake to fish for northern pike. It was a beautiful morning. The lake as smooth as glass, but the boats we had were not too stable. Brother and Sister Norris went their way and we three men went ours.

We set the time to be back at the portage that evening, but when we three men arrived, Brother and Sister Norris were not there. We waited about half an hour before we finally decided to look for them. Two of us went on the search while the other stayed at the portage.

We spent about an hour searching, but found no sight of the Norrises. Deciding we had missed them, we returned to the portage, only to discover that they still were not back! We didn't know what to do. Since they were punctual people and not likely to forget, we knew something was wrong. We decided that one of us should return to camp and alert the authorities.

Merle carried the motor across the portage, but

before he headed to camp, he came back to check if the Norrises had arrived. It was getting dark. As Merle lingered with us, we noticed a boat coming about a mile away. We could see that the Norrises were rowing. Since the motor was on the other side of the portage, no one could go to meet them.

Upon their arrival, we heard their story—a hair raiser! Sister Norris had cast a bait toward shore where it caught in a low-hanging tree branch. It was back in a cove with a steep rock bank. Brother Norris rowed the boat in and when he stood up to unloosen the bait, the boat flipped. Both of them, tackle and all, were dumped into the lake! Brother Norris found a ledge big enough to get Sister Norris on. Then he swam around looking for a place to get her to shore. Finding a spot, he helped her swim out of the cove, around a little bend to the spot he'd found.

All of the time he was helping her, the boat was slowly drifting out into the lake. When he saw that it was already forty feet out in the lake, he knew he had to do something immediately. He plunged in, swam to the boat, and towed it back to shore. It was filled with water.

The only thing they could find to bail the water out with was a small can. It took over an hour. Then Brother Norris discovered that the motor would not run. There was nothing left to do but row back to the portage. He saw the plug that had been up in the tree now lying on the surface of the water. He rowed by, picked it up and pulled in the line. Her rod and reel were attached to it, and that was all they saved of their tackle.

This incredible experience scared the Summers and Edsons so much that they left for home. No more fishing for them! After a day or two, Brother Norris and I

returned to the spot and tried to find their tackle box, but we had no success.

After the Summers and Edsons left, we moved into the cabin with the Norrises. One morning as we were eating breakfast, Ruth, their youngest daughter, was telling about a bear story she had read. As we sat there talking about bears, Brother Norris went to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee.

When he turned toward the dining room, he faced the back door. We heard him yell, "Kinzie, here's one now!" We jumped to our feet, chairs going every way and so were we. A bear was standing on his haunches, front paws leaning against the screen door and trying to look into the cabin! When Brother Norris slammed the cabin door shut, the frightened bear scrambled to a tree, climbed it and stayed there until a park ranger came and shot him. Unknown to us, the bear had been creating havoc around the camp, upsetting garbage cans and scaring folks.

Quite a tall bear story, isn't it? But it's a true one we've never forgotten and laugh about often!

[1]The Latter Rain movement began during the latter part of 1948. To convey the error of it, a quote from the book, *United We Stand* by Arthur Clanton, pages 143-144, is given below.

"In February of 1950, the Executive Board passed a resolution condemning this error. Following this, the 1950 General Conference passed a strong ten-point resolution, showing in detail its objections to the movement:

(1) The promiscuous laying on of hands for the bestowing of spiritual gifts.

(2) The teaching that the church is based upon present day apostles and prophets;

(3) The teaching that Christians must sever themselves from all church organizations;

(4) The compromising of the truths of Oneness and water baptism in the name of Jesus Christ;
(5) The teaching that one can receive the Holy Ghost baptism without speaking in tongues;
(6) The teaching that candidates for the Holy Ghost baptism should not praise the Lord while tarrying for this gift;
(7) The sowing of discord among assemblies and ministers;
(8) The prophesying of prophets who speak out of their own human spirits;
(9) The fellowshipping of those whose lives are ungodly;
(10) The teaching that the true church is composed of all who call themselves Christians, regardless of doctrinal belief.



Our first trip west, 1948.



The Kinzie Evangelistic Party, Phoenix, Arizona, 1948.

Chapter **25**

A NEW DIMENSION ADDED!

The year of 1949 closed on a high note! After our vacation in Canada, I preached the Illinois camp meeting in Murphysboro. Brother S. G. Norris was the Camp Bible teacher. Brother M. J. Wolff was the district superintendent and camp leader. Camps always seem to be good!

We held meetings in Vandalia, Illinois, J. H. Reeter pastor; Kettle River, Minnesota, Benjamin Urshan interim pastor; attended the General Conference in Duluth; back to St. Paul for three weeks with the Norrises; on to Carrollton, Kentucky, with the Cecil Ellisons; and to Portsmouth, Ohio, with the Richard Davises to close out the year.

To start 1950 we held a meeting for the Lester McFarlands, who now pastored in Marion, Indiana. It was the first of four meetings we held there. God gave us favor with the church and we had great revivals.

Our fellowship with the McFarlands was amiable. It

had been that way since we first met at the General Conference in 1941 at Mishawaka, Indiana.

We headed west going through Terre Haute for a one-night service, stopping by DeRidder and DeQuincy, Louisiana, for a service at each church. We had a new lift in our voices, a little more drive and desire in what we were doing. At DeRidder, the service was especially refreshing, reminiscent of a year earlier. That revival was still in full swing. Brother Glass asked us to stay and hold another revival, but we were scheduled in Phoenix, Arizona.

Our itinerary took us to San Diego, with David Gray; Visalia, with Otis Petty; Vallejo, with John Klemin; Fresno, Youth Conference with John Klemin, president; and Stockton, California, with Clyde Haney. All of the meetings exhibited the good revival spirit we enjoyed in 1949.

While in Stockton, we learned that our family would be blessed with another member! This was a brand new dimension for us! After sixteen years of marriage, we felt like Abraham and Sarah. But it was a good feeling. All we could think or talk about was what lay ahead in a few months. We asked, "Would this cause a cessation to our evangelistic ministry or could we go right on as before?"

After returning from the West Coast, we preached in River Falls, Wisconsin, for Pastor Mike Wasco; Madison for Pastor Vernon Johnson; Cincinnati, Ohio, for Pastor F E. Curts; Columbus, Indiana, for Pastor Paul Bayne; Indianapolis, for Pastor N. A. Urshan; Bloomington, for Pastor Orville Frame; Plymouth, for Pastor Walter Mangun; Richmond, for Pastor Robert McFarland; and Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, for Pastor Oscar Vouga. I don't recall much about any of the meetings except Richmond.

When we started in Richmond, Brother McFarland

said they had a problem. Brother Kinzie, "Could you add some wisdom to the situation?"

They had discovered that a next-door neighbor had built his new house one foot onto the church property. Should they ask the neighbor to move his house?

We came up with this answer: "Let's get the church involved in praying about it during the revival and ask God to save these folks. Then the problem will solve itself."

God heard us and things began to happen just that way! Someone invited the Westerfields to church, and they came (either during a Music Night or to Sunday school). Then they attended the revival and both came to the altar.

The night we took them to the river to be baptized was memorable. Since the river could be forded at a shallow spot, a young man drove his car into the river and shined his headlights down the river to the baptizing area. It was a great sight!

Sister Westerfield had a unique experience as she sought the Lord for the baptism of the Holy Ghost! Her husband received his personal Pentecost a night or two before, and she was very anxious about herself. "What if the Lord should come and I've not received the Holy Ghost?" she asked. She answered her own question, "I'd not be ready, would I? I must receive the Holy Ghost tonight!"

As she asked those questions, she was kneeling at the altar just to the right of the pulpit. I was on the platform, in front of her. She looked up at me. "Oh, Brother Kinzie, what shall I do?"

After explaining the Holy Ghost baptism to her, I said, "Sister Westerfield, you must believe with all of your heart

that Jesus Christ died, was buried, and arose on the third day—that's the gospel! He's promised you the Holy Ghost and you must believe that promise."

"I do believe, Brother Kinzie, I do. I believe it with all of my heart. But I haven't received. What do I do now?"

"If you believe His promise as you say," I replied, "then just praise the Lord for that promise. Praise is the language of faith. When you know the promise is yours, and it is, then just praise Him for the promise, wait on Him and He'll baptize you with His Spirit."

"I know," she answered. "I have been praising Him, but nothing seems to happen. What do I do now?"

"Let's praise the Lord, together, Sister Westerfield," I answered. "Hallelujah is the highest expression of praise. It's so great that it's spoken the same in every tongue. So why don't we just praise Him with that great expression fo exaltation?"

With that, both of us starting praising the Lord using the word *Hallelujah!* In a few minutes she stopped, looked up at me, shook her head in a negative fashion. "It didn't work, Brother Kinzie, it didn't work!"

"Look," I said, "*Glory* is another great expression of praise. Start glorifying the Lord from the bottom of your heart. Let the *glorys* roll."

She didn't need any further prodding. She took off with the word *glory* for a couple of minutes. Then she stopped, looked up at me sadly. "That didn't work either."

"We Pentecostals say 'Praise the Lord' a lot," I said. "Use that expression joyfully, allowing it to come from the depths of your soul!"

Again she needed no further prodding. "Praise the Lord" came gushing out for about a minute. With a pitiful

look on her face, she said, "That didn't work either!"

"Jesus is the One who must do the work. He's the baptizer with the Holy Ghost. Why don't you just say 'Jesus' with a reverent . . ." I didn't get the last word out until she was off again. But only for a moment or two.

"None of them work, Brother Kinzie," she said hopelessly. "None of them, Brother Kinzie, none of them! Oh, what will I do now?" As she said these words she stood to her feet and was wringing her hands distressfully.

"Sister Westerfield," I said, "I don't know what to tell you. You'll have to praise the Lord in your own fashion!"

She dropped to her knees, hands uplifted, tears streaming down her face and with a desperate tone in her voice, cried out, "Oh, Lord, You promised me the Holy Ghost and I must receive right now. Right now, Lord, right now! Right now! Right now! Right now! Right now!"

Would you believe she started speaking in tongues as she was crying out "Right Now!" With this, the joy started rolling. Oh, what a time we all had! I'd never heard anyone receive the Holy Ghost like this. It was a time of great rejoicing!

The Westerfields were a happy couple! Their testimonies thrilled us night after night. God had saved them, filling them with the Holy Ghost with great joy.

Brother McFarland was rejoicing too! He went to the Westerfields a few days after they received the Holy Ghost and mentioned the problem about their property. They were surprised to learn about it, and they promised to take care of it at once. The matter was settled when the church purchased their property.

Later, the Westerfields entered the ministry and pastored a church in Kentucky.

Wasn't that a tremendous solution for a troublesome problem?

I distinctly remember another incident that happened while we were living with the McFarlands. We were going to have a baby, and I was set on a boy! I could visualize myself taking him fishing, hunting and doing all of the things that dads do with little boys. It was a thrill to contemplate. Vera asked me a couple of times what I'd do if it were a girl? I wouldn't even think about it. I knew it was going to be a boy. He'd grow up and take my place in the ministry. We'd teach him to love the Lord. I just knew this was the way it would be.

But there was a little cute convincer in the McFarland household that I hadn't reckoned with. Her name was Lois. She must have been between two or three years old at the time. Every time she saw me sitting in the big chair with a book or paper in my hands, she would come over, slip up under the paper and get on my lap. She'd cuddle down in my arms, look up at me with her great big eyes as much as to say, "I adore you, sir!" After a while I couldn't take it. Man, this was something else! She was doing something to me! Convinced, I dropped the boy bit. Now I wanted a girl.

During the Thanksgiving holidays, Sister Kinzie went back to La Paz since it was nearing time for our baby. Pat, Pam and I finished the meeting in Richmond and also held a revival for two weeks in Plymouth, our home church. My mind was absorbed with the thought of the "heavenly event" about to take place.

The doctor gave us some frightening news. The baby was not turning in the womb as it should. We were greatly concerned. Vera was thirty-seven years old and

this was her first child.

I went on a three-day fast and God gave me an inner assurance that everything would work out just fine. But my faith was not shared by others. As Vera's mother and I waited early one morning in the hospital waiting room, she became upset. In desperation, she said she was going to call Brother Mangun, our pastor.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," she replied, "I'm afraid things are not right, and I want them to be praying."

"It's all right for them to be praying," I said. "But there's really no need. I took care of it last week and I have perfect confidence that everything is all right. The baby's on God's time-schedule just as it's supposed to be. Call him if you want to, but everything's all right!"

"You just don't understand, Fred," she replied. "I've had several babies and know when things are right."

As we were talking about this, a nurse walked by and asked, "Are you Mr. Kinzie?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, you are the father of a 6 pound, 14 ounce daughter! Everything's fine! Mother and daughter are doing splendid."

When they finally brought Vera back to her room, I went in, sat down by the bed, took her hand and there we were, both of us crying like babies! The nurse brought Cassandra Freida Kinzie into the room, and we saw her for the first time! What a thrill to hold the little bundle from heaven in our arms.

Twenty-five years later we learned that the doctor had called her his little "miracle child."



Grandma Kinzie, 79 years old and Cassandra. 1 week old.



Pat and Pam with Sandy, 1951.

Chapter **26**

KEEP ON DOING WHAT YOU'RE DOING

With the advent of our little girl, things took a decidedly different direction for us. Almost immediately we were face to face with problems never before encountered. Since Sandy was born over the Christmas holidays, we did not have to take off extra time from our revivals. On the first of January, 1951, Pat, Pam and I started a meeting for the Lester McFarlands in Marion, Indiana.

Vera and Sandy joined us the third week. Pat had to go home for a couple of weeks due to an accident her mother had. The care of a baby slowed Vera for awhile, but everywhere we went we got plenty of help from the pastor's wife or someone in the church. We soon had our new family member under control and were back in full swing with our musical program.

Throughout that winter, spring and summer, we held revivals in Marion, Indiana, for Pastor Lester McFarland;

in Kokomo, for Pastor Clifford Bryan; in Indianapolis, for Pastor Nathan A. Urshan; in Newark, Ohio for Pastor Howard Dyer; in Lancaster, for Pastor Ralph Cook; in Iola, Illinois for Pastor Hiram Byers; in Duluth, Minnesota for Pastor Benjamin Urshan; in St. Paul for Pastor S. G. Norris; in Beausejour and Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada for Pastor Oscar Vouga; and in River Falls, Wisconsin, for Pastor Michael Wasco.

An amusing incident occurred while we were at Beausejour. Pastor Oscar Vouga of Winnipeg was also responsible for the church at Beausejour, a small community about thirty-five miles east of Winnipeg. He had rented the community hall for the meeting.

We stayed on a farm about three miles out of town. It was reminiscent of our early farm days: no inside restroom, no running water, a kitchen coal range to cook on, and no refrigerator. Sandy's milk had to be kept in a water-cooled tank in the milk house, about three hundred feet from the house. To get it, I had to go through the barnyard where the cows were. Sandy had a bad habit of waking up at 4:00 A.M. wanting her milk.

Try to visualize this: Sandy starts crying. Vera shakes me and says, "Fred, get up and get her milk." So half asleep I stumble around dressing, slip quietly out of the house bumping into everything along the way and head for the milk house. It's still dark! Carefully, I pick my way through the barnyard, trying to avoid the cows! Milk in hand, I pick my way back through the barnyard to our car where there's a battery-operated bottle warmer. This morning it is cold enough to frost. So I sit in the car, motor running to keep warm, heating the milk while Sandy screams insistently in our bedroom.

Vera's walking the floor, baby in arms explaining that her daddy is a slowpoke, but eventually will get here. When she slips that nipple into Sandy's mouth, "O blessed be the name," we all sigh with sweet relief.

We loved to play tricks on folks when we could do it in good humor. In one of the revivals we preached at Winnipeg, we stayed in the Vougas' home while they preached the New Brunswick camp meeting. They would be gone for three weeks.

Sister Vouga had a parakeet that was quite adept at talking. We could understand it very well. After the Vougas left, we decided to teach the bird some new tricks. Everytime we passed the bird, we'd say, "Hello Ruth, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

After the second week the bird was really getting with it. He got so excited that he'd often end up the phrase "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" by saying "Father, Son and Holy Goly!" After the meeting closed we left on Monday and they arrived home that evening.

Several weeks later we attended the Minnesota/Manitoba District Convention in St. Paul. The district board met at Midway Tabernacle, 464 Pierce Street, in the glass enclosed office situated in the back of the sanctuary.

Upon entering the building, I heard a door open and someone calling my name (No services were in progress.) There was Brother Vouga beckoning me to the office. When I stepped inside he turned to the members of the board and said, "I have charges against this man. He does not preach the truth. He has strayed from the message and I have evidence to prove it." He had not explained anything to the board, and by this time they were looking askance at me.

Brother Norris asked, "Brother Vouga, what charges are you talking about? What has he done that you'd interject this into our board meeting?"

"Brother Norris," Brother Vouga replied, "this man is not a Jesus Name preacher anymore. You ask me for the evidence and I'll give it to you first hand right now."

The incident had slipped my mind and I wondered what Brouther Vouga was up to. Then I remembered. So the bird had done its duty. I looked directly into Brother Vouga's eyes and saw mischievousness shining there. I was sure of what he was going to say and I smiled. I know it must have confused the men on that board.

"Sister Vouga and I went to New Brunswick to preach the camp meeting," he explained, "and left the Kinzies at our church to hold a revival. When we arrived home and entered our house, we were shocked at what we heard. They had stayed in our home and looked after things while we were away. I know it will be hard for you to believe this when I tell you."

He dragged the account out to make it dramatic and mysterious. "When we walked into our living room, our parakeet blurted out, 'Hello Ruth, Father, Son and Holy Ghost!'"

When Brother Vouga said this, he broke out laughing and so did all the men on the board. Everyone had a look of relief on his face.

In relating this incident later, the Vougas said they were very surprised when their bird started relating its new words, but they really laughed when it got so excited that it said "holy goly" instead of Holy Ghost. We had many laughs about that incident when we got together with the Vougas.

Another incident occurred during that meeting that taught me a good lesson. While we were at the church practicing one afternoon, a man came in and asked for the pastor. I told him that the pastor was not at home and inquired what he wanted.

He did something that I've since learned should be a caution sign. He wanted to see me alone. I took him to the basement where he poured out his story. He had come to Winnipeg from Flin Flon, a town some 500 miles northwest of Winnipeg. He had a job in Winnipeg but wouldn't be paid until Monday. This was Thursday, and his room rent was due today. If he didn't pay, he would have no place to go. Could I help him with $7.50 to pay his rent. He would pay me back on Tuesday of the next week.

I was skeptical but made a deal with him. I'd let him have the money if he'd promise to come to our Music Night. I really didn't believe he'd be back, especially when I told Sister Kinzie about it. She said, "That's the last you'll see of him and your $7.50."

Well, it was the last I saw of the $7.50, but not of him. As we were playing that night he walked in the door.

"Well," I thought, "maybe the guy is honest and we misjudged him." I was feeling pretty good about it as I watched him out of the corner of my eye. He stood back in a corner for quite some time. Finally, he moved toward the big exit doors, turned, pushed them open, turned back toward the pulpit, waved at me and disappeared. I've never forgotten that wave.

Sometime ago another man got some money from me, and when he left, he waved at me in the same manner. I said to those who were standing by me, "Oh, no! I've seen that wave before, and I've been taken again!"

This second man had also asked to see me alone. I now know that's the first sign that you're about to be ripped off or at least it's going to be an attempt. It's a caution sign and I'm on my toes immediately now when a stranger asks to see me alone. No more!

Traveling with Sandy was difficult, and I felt that God was going to send us in a new direction soon. General Conference time found us in balmy St. Louis where Brother A. T. Morgan was elected as our new General Superintendent.

The next day Brother Morgan asked me to pastor his church in Port Arthur, Texas. He insisted it was the will of God, both for him and us. It was a complete shock to me for I hadn't dreamed of such a thing. I told him I would need time to pray about it.

Shortly afterward Brother M. J. Wolff, Illinois District Superintendent, told me that the church in Mattoon, Illinois, had asked him to contact us as a potential pastor there. Would I consider it? I told him of Brother Morgan's request, but he insisted that I give serious consideration to Mattoon. The next day Brother S. G. Norris, North Central District Superintendent, told me the church in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, had requested him to contact us about coming there.

To add to my confusion, when we arrived back home there was a letter from the First Pentecostal Church in Miami requesting us to come there as pastor.

Our first meeting after General Conference was in Harrisville, West Virginia, with Pastor Clarence Forbush. I now had a new burden to pray about. Praying about these four churches, I believe I could have been happy at any one of them if it were the will of God.

Brother Morgan called several times during the first three weeks to see if I had made a decision. "No," I answered, "we're praying but I've had no direction as yet!"

The last time he called he said he could wait no longer. "I must know by Wednesday morning. I have to be in St. Louis soon and if you're not coming, I need to consider someone else. As you know, that takes time," he explained.

"Brother Morgan," I answered, "I know what you say is true. We have diligently sought the Lord, but the only answer I've received has been total silence. However, I'll give you an answer Wednesday morning without fail."

What made it so difficult was that I was not praying about just one church, but four. In my heart I really had no preference. I only wanted the will of God!

We fasted on Tuesday and I spent most of the day in prayer. When service time arrived, I had no answer! It was discouraging. I went to the pulpit burdened. I had no word for Brother Morgan in the morning even after fasting and praying. When I finished preaching, I turned the service to Brother Forbush. Turning to my chair, in desperation I dropped to my knees.

"Oh, Lord," I cried out. "Please give me some kind of an answer. I don't care where You send me just so it's Your perfect will!"

Surprisingly, the answer was there in seconds, not what I wanted, but an answer nevertheless. "Keep on doing what you're doing!" It was unbelievable! I was so sure that one of those churches was the one I was to pastor. It was just a matter of which one! I didn't expect this answer! The prospect of keeping on evangelizing was almost more than I could take. It was so disappointing! I didn't understand, but the Lord had spoken and it

brought an end to the confusion and gave me direction!

When Brother Morgan called the next morning, he tried desperately to change my mind, and even though I would have desired to change it, I couldn't. That day I wrote to the other church and the two superintendents, declining their offers also!

Four or five days later, while still at Harrisville, I received a call from Pastor George L. Glass. He wanted me to take his church in DeRidder and he would return to Port Arthur where he had previously pastored. I told him no, even though I didn't understand what was going on. I felt flattered that Brother Glass would invite me to take DeRidder since it was a very good church.

After Harrisville we moved on to Parkersburg where we had a good revival with the J. C. Coles. They were great people and had a fine church. One of the things I remember about this meeting was Sandy's scooting. She never crawled on her hands and knees but she could move around just as fast scooting. I can see her yet bouncing along. Everyone thought it was cute.

From Parkersburg we went to Sunbury, Pennsylvania, for the last meeting of the year with Pastor Lewis Manuwal. The Manuwals had done a great work in that state. I remember the day we were trying to break their existing Sunday school record; would you believe, we got up that morning to find six inches of snow. No one believed we'd break the record, including me, but we broke it by just one!

One thing we'll always remember about Sunbury was that Sandy took her first steps there. In fact, by the time we left she was walking very well. However, if she couldn't go fast enough on her feet she'd drop down and start scooting.

In 1952 we held two revivals in Marion, Indiana, for Pastor Lester McFarland, the first and the last of the year. In between we held meetings at DeRidder, Louisiana for Pastor George Glass, Sr.; at Baton Rouge, for Pastor C. G. Weeks; at DeQuincy, for Pastor A. D. Varnado; at Alexandria, for Pastor Gerald Mangun; at Monroe, for Pastor E. W. Caughron; at Port Arthur, Texas for Pastor D. J. Whitten; at Cincinnati, Ohio for Pastor Frank Curts; at Columbus, for Pastor George Chambers; at Canton, for Pastor Clifford Murray; at Muncie, Indiana, for Pastor T. J. Miller; at St. Paul, Minnesota for Pastor S. G. Norris; at Cochrane, Wisconsin for Pastor Colby Churchill; and at Iola, Illinois, for Pastor Hiram Byers.

As 1953 rolled around, we did not know what all would transpire, how our lives would change and where we would finally locate. But that's the way it is when your life is totally surrendered to God. God is good, and His ways past finding out!



My hair is parted in the middle! What hair? Patty with Sandy, 1951.

Chapter 27

TOLEDO BOUND & WEDDING BELLS!

A revival in Hartford City, Indiana, with Doyle and Faith Spears, launched us into 1953. During the fourth week of January we made several records in Cincinnati with the Paslays, Urshans, Davis sisters, and others.

We were scheduled to be in Frankfort, Kentucky, but just before leaving for Cincinnati, that meeting was cancelled. Brother Dyer had asked us to come to Newark, Ohio, if the Frankfort meeting was cancelled. So we were in Newark for some unknown reason. There was nothing unusual about the meeting. Good, yes, but nothing out of the ordinary. But in the middle of the second week I knew why we were in Newark!

Sister Kinzie, Brother Dyer and I were talking in the living room when the mail came. There was a letter for me. Dismissing myself, I went to our bedroom to read

about a campaign in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The Gospel Melodies group—the Paslays, Urshans, Slatterys, and Kinzie Party—planned to come together for one week in an effort to start a church of our faith there. It was a pilot program and Brother Lewis Manuwel was looking after all the details.

The plan called for this group to sing the first week in the city auditorium. Then each individual group would donate another week to hold services in a rented building somewhere in the vicinity.

We had looked forward to this endeavor. If it succeeded, we would do it often.

But Brother Manuwel's first few words indicated something was awry. He explained that all the dates for spring were filled at the auditorium and he could find no other suitable building. This was disappointing. But when I read the next paragraph I was startled at what happened to me. He stated that we might as well forget the project as Brother Marlin Odom from Toledo, Ohio, had contacted him about starting a church in Harrisburg. He felt to give his support to Brother Odom and forget our plans.

As I read the part about Odoms leaving Toledo to go to Harrisburg, something flip-flopped inside; a strange feeling swept over me. "What is this?" I questioned. I reread it and it happened again. "Could God be calling me to Toledo?" I pondered.

Meditating on this "strange feeling," I thought, "I'll read this to Sister Kinzie and Brother Dyer." I walked out and told them I had an interesting item to read.

When I came to the part about the Odoms leaving Toledo, Brother Dyer came out of his chair. Pointing a finger at me, he said, "Kinzie, Toledo's your city!"

Vera said when I read the part about Toledo it hit her too!

Brother Dyer called Sister Dyer to the room and immediately they began making plans for us! Of course, at this stage it was pure conjecture, but as far as he was concerned, we were in Toledo. Though I knew nothing of the details, I was sure of it too!

On Saturday we met with Brother Ralph Cook, Ohio District Superintendent, in Lancaster, where he pastored. My letter was news to him. If it were true, he would consider us. When I told him how I felt when reading the letter, he commented that it was a little unusual, but he would be thrilled if it worked out.

Returning to Newark, Brother Dyer and I made plans to drive the 160 miles north to Toledo on Monday morning. But Monday morning brought a snowstorm, making the roads slippery. We had arisen at 6:00 A.M. to get started early, but the weather detained us.

Since I'd never been to Toledo, I decided to go in spite of the weather. About 7:30 I asked Brother Dyer to draw me a map of the city showing the location of the church. I had my atlas and was planning the route.

"You're going anyhow?" he questioned.

"Yes," I replied. "I've made up my mind. I must do it. I've driven on treacherous roads before and I'm not afraid to give it a try! If you don't feel up to it, I'll go by myself."

Finally he concluded that if I was so determined he might as well go along and keep me company. So about 8:15 A.M. we headed north encountering snow all the way.

We drove by the church building at 3017 Detroit Avenue, and down the alley directly behind it, getting a good look at it from all angles. I'll admit the building wasn't

anything to get excited about. At one time it had been a store but had been remodeled to resemble a church.

Back in Newark, the more we talked about Toledo, the higher our excitement became.

The next morning we left for Bemis, Tennessee. The trip was filled with questions of what would happen to the Kinzie Evangelistic Party in the event we went to Toledo. Neither Pat nor Pam had any designs for marriage, so we included them in our plans.

The Dyers had filled us in on what the building was like inside. It had a six-room apartment in the rear which would be adequate for all of us. Our discussion centered around what we could do to this apartment to make it convenient and livable. Pat and Pam discussed the possibility of getting jobs to help out. The thoughts of marriage seemed a million miles away!

By the time we left Bemis for Orange, Texas, however, things had changed. Pat met her future, Coy Jackson, at the Bemis church and a romance budded. Coy had been married previously, his wife expiring after giving birth to a baby boy. The child lived for some time, but died while we were there. The outcome of this would be wedding bells in July!

While in Bemis, a call came from Brother Cook requesting us to meet him in Toledo. Boarding an Illinois Central train at midnight, I arrived in Toledo at 3:00 P.M. the next afternoon. During dinner before the church service, Brother Cook told me what he knew about the church. The church owned the property, but finances were not adequate to meet the expenses involved in operating it. He warned me it would not be easy to develop a solid financial basis where the church could support a pastor.

He also told me of the problem the church had experienced while Brother Miller pastored there five years previously. It had not recovered from that problem. Later Brother Odom said that the problem was the main cause of his resignation. Brother Cook felt it could be resolved, however, but that it would take much patience. "Be assured," he stated, "you are not coming to a Utopia!"

At the service that night, including the Cooks and myself, there were nineteen in attendance. Brother Cook gave a brief summary of our evangelistic party and of our interest in the church. Then he introduced me with the request that I recite a poem that was one of his favorites, "It Couldn't Be Done" by Edgar Guest.

After quoting the poem I talked to the people, telling them about our evangelistic party and our impression about Toledo. I did not ask for moving expenses or salary. In fact, I don't think those things even crossed my mind. I had confidence that if God sent me, He would take care of us.

I had one request before they voted: all officers of the congregation would have to resign. When I asked if they would, the Sunday school superintendent and secretary-treasurer stood, indicating their willingness. I then asked all who would support our coming to stand. Everyone present stood.

On the day we left Bemis for Orange, Texas, Brother T. J. Miller, who had formerly pastored in Toledo came by to say hello. He was surprised to learn that we were thinking of Toledo. He took the time to relate fully the problem he had encountered there. I listened knowing that according to Brother Cook, I would have to cope with it sooner or later.

On our way south to Orange, we stopped by to see the Varnadoes, who were pastoring in West Monroe, Louisiana. We met S. L. Wise, District Superintendent of Louisiana, who disclosed that due to his failing health he would decline to let his name be considered for another term. It appeared that Brother C. G. Weeks from Baton Rouge was favored to become the next district superintendent. Brother Weeks had asked Brother Wise to talk with me about becoming the pastor in Baton Rouge if Brother Weeks were elected. They had heard we were thinking about taking a church. I promised I would not make a decision until after the election, but informed Brother Wise that I was almost 100% sure of my decision for Toledo.

Brother Weeks was elected and soon afterward he called to give us a formal invitation to Baton Rouge. It was flattering, but I felt assured that Toledo was where we belonged. He was disappointed but accepted our decision.

After the Louisiana election, I sent a telegram to Toledo telling them we felt it the will of God to come there. I followed with a letter and requested that both the telegram and letter be read to the church. We were now committed.

When we started the meeting in Orange, I asked Pastor Staunton about having 10:00 A.M. prayer each morning. One morning I was in the choir loft walking back and forth weeping and praying. The presence of the Lord was great and folks were being greatly blessed. Prayer seemed easy.

It occurred to me that this would be a fitting time to pray about a job in Toledo. From what Brother Cook had told me, it was obvious that I'd have to go to work. This

was not objectionable, and I planned on it. Hence, I began praying about a job. "Lord," I prayed, "I don't know much about factory work or much else of city ways, so You'll have to help me find the type work I can do!" I had brought a copy of the *Toledo Blade* with me and had scoured the work ads many times.

In the midst of that prayer, suddenly without my thinking, words flowed out of my mouth, in my voice: "Son, haven't I always taken care of you in evangelistic work?"

This startled me! Regaining my composure, I thought for a moment and then answered: "Why yes, Lord, You have!"

Then it came again in the same manner, "Don't you think I'm just as able to take care of you in Toledo?"

"Why, yes, Lord!" I replied.

That was all, but it was enough. A tremendous confidence surged through me as I meditated on what had just happened. When Sister Kinzie, the girls, and I left the prayer meeting that morning, I said to them, "I'll not be doing any secular work in Toledo. I've heard from the Lord this morning and He's promised to take care of us."

Only God knows what that experience has meant to me through these years in Toledo. Although I've had to go back to that promise many times and on many different occasions, God has proven true and not once have we been disappointed!

After leaving Orange we had a meeting scheduled in Bogalusa, Louisiana, where Brother Johnn MaGee pastored. It was while we were there that the other part of the wedding situation started evolving. When we arrived in Toledo, direction for all of our lives was fairly well established.

Sister Kinzie and the girls did the cooking for the party. One day while working, Sister Kinzie remarked that a certain person was a fine young man. She made sure Pam heard her. Since Pat was already "swept away" with Coy, Pam knew it was directed toward her.

Her comment in answer to Vera's remark was, "So is Jim Hosch!"

That did it! When Sister Kinzie heard this she went right to work. Jim had always liked Pam but things never seemed to work out right for them to go together when they were around each other.

Jim was attending Apostolic Bible Institute at the time. Sister Kinzie wrote to Eleanor Norris in St. Paul, informing her that she believed if Jim would invite Pam to the Graduation Banquet, she would accept. She assured her that we would see to it that Pam would be in St. Paul for the occasion.

Eleanor did her part and though Jim was a little hesitant and doubtful at first, it wasn't long until the letter came and plans were made for St. Paul. The rest is history.

Wedding bells rang for Pat and Coy in July, 1953, two months after we came to Toledo, and for Pam and Jim in February, 1954, nine months after our arrival. God knew exactly how to work everything out *just right!*



Church building in Toledo when we came to pastor, 1953.



Picture taken for advertisement for Toledo Installation, 1953.



Standing in front of our church in Toledo. Kinzie family, 1954.

Chapter 28

ON LOCATION

After sending the telegram and letter to Toledo advising the church that we were coming, time seemed to drag. We were excited and anxious that after ten years we'd have our own home again!

We loved what we were doing, but we'd been on the road a long time—sleeping in every kind of a bed—eating at another's table—and with Sandy getting older, we very much wanted our own home.

I mentioned that the three girls slept in one bed for three weeks while I slept on an unpadded church pew. But one of our last meetings capped this one!

We were to sleep in the church basement, which was clean and acceptable. The pastor asked members of the congregation for spare bedroom equipment, but he evidently did not check it out!

Slipping into bed that first night, we discovered it a bit unfitting for us. Investigating, I found an old bumpy

cotton mattress draped on a set of springs that looked like an inverted question mark! They sagged like a hammock. You may think I'm exaggerating, but I'm telling the absolute truth.

We knew there was no rest if I couldn't solve the "sag" problem. Prowling around in the basement I found a 4' x 8' sheet of 3/8" plywood. Laying it on top of the springs, I threw the mattress back on, remade the bed and crawled in.

It felt better for a while, but then we knew it wouldn't do! The plywood wasn't stiff enough to alleviate the sag. I had to find something more.

On my next prowling venture I came up with a wooden folding chair and slipped it between the plywood and mattress. That helped, so I got one for Vera. We slept that way for four weeks. If you rolled off your chair, you were in trouble!

In spite of the discomfort, we had a great revival. The meeting was scheduled for three weeks, but the pastor insisted we go on another week. You should have seen the look on all of our faces. But we made it and we've gotten a lot of mileage out of that "bed" experience when relating some of the hardships we faced while evangelizing.

In this same meeting, the church had about thirty folks praying to receive the Holy Ghost. Every night they came, filling the altar so that no space was left for others to kneel and pray. It presented a perplexing problem. If they had been seeking diligently, it would not have bothered me! But most of them just filled up space. Ten minutes after they came, they were gone.

One night I became so desperate about the situation that I preached on "desperation." Making the altar call, I

limited it to just one person. I qualified it by saying, "I want one person to come who really means business with God, who will stay until he is filled." No one came at first. Then from the back of the building a woman came running down the aisle, weeping as she came.

She stayed until! She had been deeply involved in drugs, but God did a wonderful work in her heart that night. Filled with the Holy Ghost, she became a stalwart member of that church. The revival broke and it was after that service that the pastor decided we had to go on for another week.

But a strange aftermath occurred. A few of the "chronics" got mad at me. They didn't return to the altar during the remainder of the meetings. Some of them became stirred, however, and received the Holy Ghost.

Since we were going to Toledo, we had to change our itinerary. I notified several pastors that we'd have to cancel our meetings with them. Some asked if we would come by for one night. Instead of going for a revival, we agreed to a Music Night service. This involved a week of music nights before we headed for northern Indiana.

On Wednesday, May 13, 1953, Vera and I drove to Toledo for our first service. The people had not met Sister Kinzie, so the service was for us to get acquainted and to prepare for the installation that would be held on Monday, May 18. Brother Cook had written suggesting I rent larger facilities. He had learned a large number were planning to attend. I rented the O TON TA LA GROTTO building next door. It would accommodate about four hundred.

In our first service, I introduced Sister Kinzie to the congregation and then spoke briefly. Sister Kinzie called

the ladies together to plan refreshments for the installation service. When she related the number and type sandwiches she wanted made, she encountered immediate opposition from one of the ladies, who suggested that Sister Kinzie was asking for too many sandwiches and that we were overestimating the attendance.

Vera felt it unfortunate that she ran into opposition in her first attempt to lead the ladies. However, she also felt she had to handle the situation correctly or surrender her leadership. She merely ignored the lady's opposition. In the next few years, we heard the echoes of this event which culminated eight years later with a nasty sneer in words, spoken to me, but aimed at Vera.

On Thursday, May 14, we returned to La Paz. I rented a U Haul truck, and Cletus, Vera's brother, and I hauled our furniture to Toledo on Friday. Pam, Vera and I arranged our furniture on Saturday so it would be presentable for the weekend.

Our Evangelistic Party started a two-week revival on that first Sunday night. Since Coy was in South Bend, Pat had not come to Toledo with us, but he brought her on Sunday afternoon.

An amusing thing happened that we have laughed about many times. Pam brought most of the girls' clothes with her when we came on Saturday. Pat kept back a blouse and skirt the girls planned to wear that first Sunday night revival service.

When Pam went to put on her skirt for Sunday morning service, she discovered that Pat had kept the wrong skirt. She had to wear Pat's skirt. Since she was much taller than Pat, she had a difficult time with its length.

During the morning, Pam mused, "You know, Pat's so in

love that she'll never notice she's wearing my skirt." Coy and Pat arrived just before service. When they came walking in, we all burst out laughing. Pam's skirt on Pat came down close to her ankles. But Pam was right. Pat had not noticed. We all kidded her saying, "Isn't love wonderful!"

We started revival that night with our usual musical program. The Toledo folks, who had never heard us, became enthused immediately. That night I preached my first sermon in Toledo on a subject that I've repeated twenty-one times at our anniversary services. It was entitled, "The Mighty Power of a Little Faith!"

It does not take great faith to have revival—mustard seed faith will do. My text came from the story in Acts 12, the apostle Peter was in jail and the saints were praying for his deliverance. They didn't believe in immediate results; this is shown by the fact that when Peter was released and stood knocking at the gate, Rhoda, investigating, came rushing back into the house to inform them Peter was at the gate. Unbelieving, they accused her of being deluded. Then when she convinced them it was Peter, they imagined he had been killed and it was his angel. Even when they saw Peter, they were astonished. In simple terms, they didn't have a lot of faith for a miraculous answer to their prayers.

Their little faith, however, was enough to keep them praying. The essence of my message was that if we have enough faith to keep on praying in the face of all odds, we have enough faith for revival!

In closing my message, I used an illustration on perseverance I had read in the *Reader's Digest.* The true story occurred in 1942, when two men read in a New York City paper about a diamond find in a dry river bed in

Chile, South America. They decided to pool their resources, buy provisions, and go to Chile in search of diamonds. For two years, their efforts were unsuccessful. Then one morning one of them walked to a large stone, sat down on it, and took off his hat. Looking at his buddy, he said, "I've picked up 999,999 pebbles, and there's not been a diamond in the bunch. I'm finished! I'm through! I've had enough of this! I'll not pick up another one! I'm going home and forget the whole thing!" He stomped his foot to emphasize the finality of his decision.

It struck his partner as being humorous. "Well, if you've picked up 999,999 pebbles and there's not been a diamond in the bunch, why don't you pick up one more and make it a million?"

Grinning sheepishly he replied, "I'll take you up on that!" He reached down, and with his eyes closed, grasped hold of the first pebble he found. What he thought was just another pebble turned out to be up to that time, the largest diamond that had ever been discovered. They sold it back in New York for $200,000, which was a large sum in those days.

PRAYER—Don't quit praying though it's hard to believe! PERSEVERANCE—even when you're about to give up, don't! I stressed that these two ingredients could be the foundation stone of a church in Toledo. Through the years, I have often reminded the people of these ingredients. Prayer and perseverance have worked even when things looked impossible. God always comes through in time!

Our installation service, which was a time of great fellowship, established our ministry in the minds of those present. Brother Curts was the main speaker and Brother

Ralph Cook the emcee. Folks came from Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana to make it a grand occasion. Brother C. C. Kirby, Royal Oak, Michigan, brought his choir and orchestra. Sister Marilynn Gazowsky, now in San Francisco, was the choir director. The O TON TA LA GROTTO building was full and the installation service was a great send-off for us!

On the afternoon before the installation service, the district paid the back taxes on the building. Brother Cook did not say whether it was a grant or a loan. Because I accepted it as a loan, it irritated a family in the church. When I started a building fund about a month after we came to Toledo, I announced our first project would be to pay back the tax loan. The family spread word throughout the church that they'd not cooperate with the building fund until after the tax bill was paid. This was their way of protesting my accepting it as a loan rather than a grant. Thank God their rumors did not keep others from cooperating. In just a few months the $854.00 tax bill was repaid.

Our revival was rewarding. For one thing, one brother paid his back tithes the first week. With this money and the evening offerings, we were able to survive financially during the time. Then five people, all wage earners, came to the Lord in the meeting. Every one of them started paying their tithes immediately. From that time on, we had sufficient financial support. We were not rolling in money, but we had enough to get by. That never changed in all of our years in Toledo. God kept His promise. When things got a little tight, I'd remind the Lord of Orange, Texas, and, strange as it may seem, the money always came!

Chapter **29**

WAKE UP! IT'S SUNDAY SCHOOL TIME!

Slowly though quite unconsciously, throughout my early years as a Christian and almost ten years as an evangelist, I developed a philosophy for a growing church. Now it was time to put these things to work—to get out of the theoretical and into the practical stage of action.

I have mentioned that faith is an important ingredient in my church growth philosophy. I preached in my first sermon in Toledo that when faith is accompanied by prayer and perseverance, it will get the job done!

Our years on the farm taught us to be unafraid of hard work, so *work* became another important ingredient! After every evangelistic service, all of us worked at the altar. We stayed as late as anyone else. It was work! We loved it, indulged ourselves in it, and rejoiced in its fruit. When we came to Toledo, *work* became a part of my church growth philosophy.

No one in our group was any more energetic than Vera. As you've already read, she was a hard worker on the farm, and kept all of us at it throughout our evangelistic years. She kept it up after we came to Toledo.

She went right to work on a choir and musicians. Her first choir consisted of seven members. When they sang only a few people were left in the congregation as listeners. With just eight pre-adolescents in the church, she started a hobby club on Saturday afternoons. Their musical talents soon surfaced and they developed into a good singing group.

To fill the musician gap, she started giving music lessons on the piano and organ to many of our youth. Thirty years later she is still giving lessons, but has branched out to others rather than just our own people. We have never had a dearth of musicians in the church as she kept a constant supply moving up. A list of musicians that she has trained reaches into the hundreds. She trained Baptists, Wesleyan, Nazarene, Church of God, Church of Christ, Catholic, Missionary Alliance and others. Her students include children of dentists, doctors, lawyers, psychologists, ministers and many other professions. The consequences of reaching to the outside has resulted in many being won to the Lord through this means.

She was never "pushy or argumentative" with her students but seized every opportunity to mention special things that were occurring at the church. She believed that getting one to the church where the Spirit could speak, was much more powerful than any thing she could say. That is her method. An example of this is the Harold Rickards family. Vera gave music to their two daughters.

One evening as she was giving a lesson, Rickards, a

Toledo businessman, walked into the room and asked, "When are you going to invite us to your church?"

She was both surprised and embarrassed! He had listened to "Harvestime" and was ready to come when she told them about a revival we were having. Later the whole family was baptized and received the Holy Ghost. He is now a deacon and Sunday school teacher; she is a teacher and one daughter teaches and is involved in many singing groups.

It isn't unusual for a mother or an older student to say, "I don't want to take a lesson today. I'll pay you, but I just want to talk!" Vera has helped many a person to talk through their problem and find help, often through prayer.

As the music director of the church, she poured herself into that work wholeheartedly. First Apostolic Church never lacked for good, spiritual music! Choirs, quartets, trios, duets and solos were all a part of her training program.

Her work consisted, however, of a lot more than music. She taught Sunday school and was always out front with every type of a ladies' activity. Baby showers, wedding receptions, church picnics, etc. She fully believed in the work ethic as a means of accomplishment!

Throughout our evangelistic days, it dawned on me that the alive, growing churches had an enthusiastic Sunday school. Pastor A. D. Varnado in DeQuincy, Louisiana, urged us to conduct a Sunday school drive while we were there in 1947. We did, and on a rainy Sunday, broke their all-time record! Everyone was so enthusiastic that the excitement carried over into the night service. Soon we were pushing the Sunday school theme wherever we

went. From that time on, rarely did we fail to break all-time Sunday school records when we put on our drive. A side effect of these were new people in the evangelistic services with many coming to the Lord. Sunday school drives and Music Nights during revivals reached a lot of people and the two services complemented each other.

I developed a philosophy that as a pastor, Sunday school would be my main emphasis; from it, revival would filter into other church activities. My first office after I became a Christian was as a Sunday school superintendent, which acquainted me with this phase of the work of God.

So my church growth philosophy consists of *faith*, *prayer*, *perseverance*, *work*, and *Sunday school!* These five points influenced the many activities of the church. For example *work* was the first project—to spruce up the facilities. Water had seeped through the basement walls and peeled patches of paint from the tile blocks making an unsightly appearance. Volunteers scraped and repainted the walls. We repaired doors that partitioned the basement for classrooms. We prepared one of the rooms in our apartment to use as a classroom for young adults. One of the new converts, took it upon himself to build a large, beautiful, wooden framed bulletin board to advertise our services.

The Sunday school had been averaging about thirty-five. Our first Sunday it went to fifty-one. The second Sunday it dropped back to forty-six, then surged upward, never returning to the thirties or forties again. Soon, as a result of pushing the Sunday school theme, we came within one of tying the all-time record of seventy-nine.

This urged us onward! I set the third Sunday in July as

a record-breaking Sunday with an attendance goal of one hundred. Brother Clarence Condon the Sunday school superintendent, became so excited that he said, "If we reach that number, I don't think I'll be able to handle them!"

As the record-breaking Sunday drew near, I learned one family was planning a trip to Niagara Falls for that day. This would take five folks away from our number. I tried to persuade them to go the following Sunday, but it was the husband's only weekend off, so they had to go then. Finally I acquiesced, stating by faith, that we'd reach the hundred mark anyhow!

And we did! We had exactly one hundred! Brother Condon was so thrilled that he could talk of nothing else! That Sunday set the pace for the fall attendance drive.

The Norrises were conducting the youth school at our church camp in Millersport, and I persuaded Sister Norris to accompany us to Toledo over the weekend. When she spotted the great enthusiasm, she gave us a boost with a pep-talk on Sunday school. Later she returned to conduct a teachers training course.

During camp meeting, I challenged the church in Canton, Ohio, pastored by Brother Cliff Murray, to a nine-week Sunday school contest. From that humble beginning, Sunday School state-wide contests emerged. These are still conducted every spring and fall in Ohio.

During the contest, which our church won, we set several attendance records, finally ending up with a new record of one hundred thirty-seven. We were off and going! The church in Canton, who had to come to Toledo and hold a special service as our award for winning, added greatly to our enthusiasm.

Our efforts led to a constant adding of new converts to the church. We were reaching new people every week through the Sunday school.

In the fall of 1954, with the Ohio District Sunday school director, the contest became a state-wide effort. Brother Ragon, drafted me to travel the state with him in Sunday school rallies prior to the contest. As we always received offerings at these rallies, Brother Ragon requested I take care of the money and keep records of it. From that I became the first District Sunday School Secretary-treasurer, an office I held for the next twenty years.

In 1966, shortly after completing our new sanctuary, we installed the "Center of Interest" teaching method, developed in the United Pentecostal Church by Mary Wallace, wife of the Sunday school director. It proved a great success with a subsequent advance in attendance and teacher enthusiasm in our church. The inspiration of this teaching method spread throughout our fellowship with our Sunday school becoming a focal point in the central and northeastern region of the nation. Over one hundred churches sent delegates to our church to view and learn about it. It was a great joy to be able to help others.

Our Sunday school has been a great feeder of the church as most of those saved have come through it!

When we came to Toledo, I set a goal to reach an average attendance of 500 per Sunday. We attained this goal in 1974. For the next seven years, the average attendance exceeded 500, the largest being 592 in 1977.

Our move to 5701 Sylvania Avenue has not brought growth to our Sunday school as yet! In fact, just the opposite is true. When we reached our peak in 1977, we should have been in a building program. But we weren't!

We had been working at it, but for some time were in a dilemma as to what to do. We had bought six houses in the vicinity of the church on Jackman Road, thinking that we'd build and stay there. But the more we explored that idea the more unreasonable it seemed. There was no way to eliminate the parking problem. Nothing that we could do would facilitate a larger capacity for Sunday school. So we had to change our plans and search for another location.

The last weekend in August, 1977, we signed the option to buy the twenty-five acres the church now owns. Our church was at its highest peak. Up until that Sunday we had averaged 640 per Sunday throughout the year. But that very next Sunday it started downward, and it has been a real struggle to turn it around. But that turn-a-round day will come! Things will change because what we did was in the perfect will of God and only time is needed to confirm it!

Chapter **30**

EXPANDING—BUILDING I

*T*he facilities in which a church body worships contributes an important part in its progress or lack of it. By experience, members of First Apostolic Church are aware of this!

Church statisticians suggest that when a church building or a classroom reaches eighty percent of its capacity, expansion plans should be on the drawing board. No group of people stays status quo or grows under extremely crowded conditions. Uncomfortable conditions prevail in direct proportion to diminishing elbow room!

Most of the problems we experienced in Toledo occurred when we arrived at our maximum growth numerically, but we were not financially able to expand our facilities. That's a tough place to be! After renovating the basement, we provided a classroom in the six-room apartment attached to the church structure. Then I vacated my office for another classroom.

After the contest between Canton and Toledo, Sister Kinzie and I decided that the church needed our apartment for classes. In the early spring of 1954, we purchased our first home at 3827 Wallwerth Drive.

We were looking for suitable property for a new church building when I noticed a piece of property on Jackman Road, about one block north of our home. The land was owned by a group of investors whose president was Bob Reese, a Ford dealer in Toledo. They offered to sell the property for $12,500 on land contract with a down payment of $3,000. We had only six hundred dollars in our building fund, so there was no way we could buy it immediately. We needed $2,400. The task of raising this amount looked almost hopeless, but we decided to use dime folders in an effort. To our delight, in six weeks the congregation had raised slightly more than $2,400—exactly what we needed. The land contract was signed in November 1954, and seventeen months later, March 1956, we paid it off.

We started building with only $2,000. We put our property on Detroit Avenue up for sale, hoping to sell it by the time we finished. It didn't work out that way, but perhaps a better way.

It was obvious that $2,000 would not go far in building. Additional finance was necessary. The Toledo Trust Bank, with whom we banked, would not consider a loan since we had no previous loan record. "When you have it completed, come back, and we'll consider a mortgage," I was told. Other banks were not even that accommodating.

We did find an individual who agreed to loan us $10,000. The papers were not yet signed when we began

building. I told him we would be doing the work ourselves, contracting out only what we could not do!

The day we started building, thirteen men who worked for a contractor started laying blocks. For some reason, the man loaning us the money drove by and watched the men working. Unknown to me, this would create a problem.

At the close of the day I went home, a happy man. My dream was materializing! Our building was started. The corners were laid, and tomorrow the sidewalk would start up!

As I sat in my easy chair reminiscing over the events of the day, my phone rang. It was the lawyer who was drawing up the loan agreement. "My client," he said, "drove by your property today and saw a contractor at work. Since you told him that you would be doing the work, he decided that you are not a man of your word. He is withdrawing the proposed loan."

"But sir," I pleaded, "I told him we would have to hire some of the work done and this is it!"

"I'm sorry," he replied. "This is his word and I can't do anything about it!"

Nothing I said, no explanation I gave, seemed sufficient. The loan was off!

The happiness I felt a moment before drained away. I never felt so foolish. "Why did we start to build without a signed loan agreement?" I scolded myself. "Don't you remember the admonition of Jesus about starting to build a tower without sufficient funds to finish?"

I was distraught! What would I do now? At that moment I would not have cared if the earth had opened and swallowed me. I saw no alternatives! We'd have to stop. I

was sure the contractor, when informed, would pull his men off the job.

How could I explain this to the church? What kind of a leader was I to get folks enthusiastic and not have made proper arrangements to finish the task?

When Vera arrived home, I told her, and both of us momentarily plunged to the bottom. It was such a grand adventure to be involved in for both of us, but here we were, down and almost out!

As we talked about it, she revived a bit. "Fred, there has to be a way!" She reminded me of Orange, Texas, and my prayer meeting. I'll admit, that in the crisis of the moment I had forgotten. She continued, "If we look for it, we'll find the way and it will probably be far better than the path we started on."

We dropped to our knees asking God to show us His will. I asked forgiveness for starting without proper finances. I reminded the Lord of Orange, Texas, and His promise to me!

Strength comes through struggle and this was one of those struggles that opened the door to a better way.

We talked about the building all evening, even after going to bed. While discussing the situation, I remembered an idea that had crossed my mind before I met the individual who was to loan us the money. Two families in the church had homes, one paid for, the other owing but a few hundred dollars.

A sleepless night followed, but out of it a plan emerged that could solve our problem. I would ask the two families if they would mortgage their homes, loan the money to the church, and in turn, the church would mortgage its property back to them. This way, neither of them

would be taking a risk. We'd make the monthly payments on both of their mortgages so that they would not be out one cent. In addition, the church would pay all mortgage closing costs.

The two families agreed. Other things emerged that would also help. The brick contractor agreed to work until we got the mortgages processed if we paid him for the first week's work! Gallant Lumber Company and other suppliers agreed to carry us through the entire building program without compensation. These agreements enabled us to survive financially until the building was completed and we could apply for a mortgage at the bank.

When we got further into the building program, I saw why God arranged for the man to back out on loaning us $10,000. It would have fallen far short of our needs; when we could not finish, the man could have foreclosed on us.

It was a great lesson to learn and I'll ever be grateful to God for it. I never allowed myself or the church to get into that position again. It could have been disastrous, but the goodness of God helped us avoid it.

We set December 31, 1956, for our first service in the new building. It was a watchnight service. We had our last service at Detroit Avenue on Sunday night, December 30, and moved on Monday to the new building on Jackman Road.

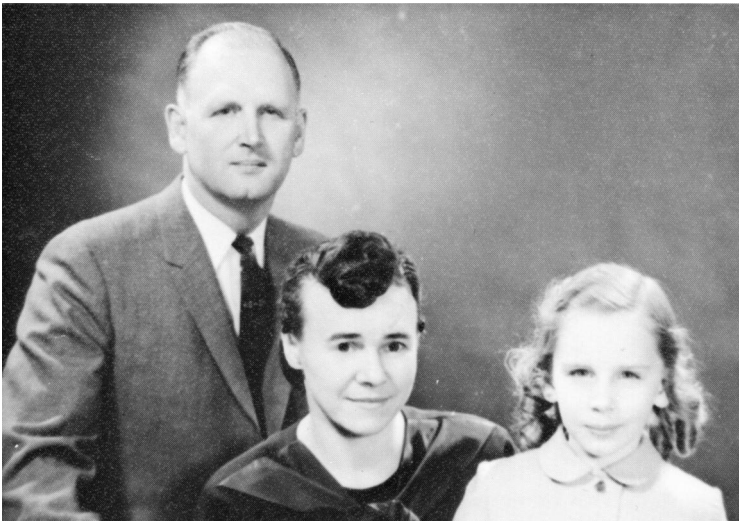
Two men spoke in that service: Pastor George Thompson, Van Wert, Ohio, spoke first followed by Pastor James Hosch, Monroe, Michigan, who had helped us so much on the building, closing just before midnight. It was a night of great victory for the church, rejoicing that we were in our new facility.

By dedication time in April, the mortgage was

secured, all creditors paid, and a pastor was happy, although tired and worn out!



Brother Ernest Jolly, Vera and Fred Kinzie, 1956.



In 1958 the Kinzie Family.



Sister Kinzie, President of Ladies Auxiliary of Ohio District, and Sister Florence Thompson, Secretary of Ladies Auxiliary of Ohio District accepting awards for 2nd largest offering per church in National Mother's Memorial from Brother F. E. Carts, Superintendent of Ohio District.



Burning of mortgage of first building, 1963.



The church we built in Toledo, left part in 1956, large right part in 1965.

Chapter **31**

A CHURCH IN CRISIS: A PASTOR UNDER FIRE

*I*n relating the events in this chapter, I have refrained from using any names that could cause embarrassment to any individual. I write with neither malice nor bitterness in my heart. I have but one motive and that is to show the effects of this crisis on my life and how God added a needed dimension to my ministry.

Strength comes through struggle! No successful church has attained a position of strength without facing and struggling through a crisis, or a series of them.

No minister reaches his God-given potential who has not felt a hot blast from hell threaten his spiritual equilibrium and nearly floor him! The first moment the

apostle Paul opened his mouth to proclaim Christ, hell turned loose a legion of demons that hounded him continually.

Evidently, God has a purpose in allowing these things to happen both to churches and in the lives of His ministers.

The apostle Peter made a statement relative to this:

> *"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being mach more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (I Peter 1:6-7).*

There are seasons of necessary temptations, trials, and difficulties that mold one's faith into an enduring substance, bringing glory, honor and praise to God. The reasons for these problems will be manifest, and the necessity of them clearly understood, when Jesus Christ returns!

When the writer marched that great host of heroes across the stage of time in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, he wanted us to take notice. In essence, he said, "Look, these men and women endured everything they encountered, all opposition that crossed their pathway. They stood the test and continued to walk with God in spite of unfavorable circumstances. Now brace up and follow their example. Keep your eyes on Jesus; note what He endured, follow Him, and you'll come out on top too!" None of us can afford to lose sight of victory in the end.

Both the First Apostolic Church and I experienced the crisis and the fire simultaneously. People are usually involved in these affairs, but behind the people, one must recognize the insidious attack of Satan.

Any person is vulnerable to satanic influences in his life, especially at thoughtless moments. If we allow our attitudes to sour, or if we permit rebellion, arrogance, anger, or pride to rule our spirit, we open ourselves to Satan's manipulation. Even the apostle Peter was addressed as "Satan" by Jesus: "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me" (Matthew 16:23). Jesus recognized that Peter was speaking words of satanic origin. At that moment, Peter was on Satan's wavelength, succumbing to his delusive suggestion in an attempt to keep Jesus from the cross.

The situation that both the church and I faced was the result of some events that had transpired in the past, and other situations that I had to deal with as the pastor.

The background reverts to the first United Pentecostal Church minister in Toledo, Pastor T. J. Miller. To help you understand, I'll relate a partial history of the church.

The church was started by a Four Square Gospel Church minister, Leo Carver. He was pastoring a small group in Toledo when he came to the knowledge of the Oneness of God and biblical baptism in the name of Jesus Christ.

He resigned from the Four Square Gospel Church organization in 1937 and began preaching the truth to his group. Most of them accepted it. They worshiped at various locations in the city before finally purchasing church property at 3017 Detroit Avenue in 1943.

In 1945 Pastor Carver resigned, consigning the church

to the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated. Brother T. J. Miller, a member of that organization, came to Toledo and pastored until 1948. In the meantime, the merger of the Pentecostal Church, Inc. and the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ took place, making the church in Toledo a United Pentecostal Church.

There was a couple in the Toledo church that frequently irritated the pastor, often to the point of exasperation. These problems usually end in an explosion of some kind, and this one was no exception.

The occasion was an anniversary service and guests were invited from various churches. Brother Miller planned for the church to provide a meal.

Just prior to the anniversary services, funds were raised to liquidate the church mortgage. Brother Miller, knowing he'd need money to buy food, decided not to pay the loan off until after the services. Offerings would be received that would reimburse the church for all that was spent on food. Then he intended to pay off the loan.

A lady in the church came to him prior to the service and asked, "Brother Miller, our church is paid off, right?" The question and the manner it was asked, suggested a mistrust of him on her part. This irritated him!

"As far as you and the church are concerned, yes!" he answered in an annoyed manner.

Brother Miller's answer upset her. She took the matter to her husband, who took it to others. An investigation by a couple of men in the church revealed the final payment had not been made. This set off the explosion! The lady claimed the pastor had lied to her. Before it was over, accusations flew in every direction, tempers flared, turmoil reigned, and unfortunately, the

story ended up in the newspaper.

The end result of all of this was that Brother Miller, recognizing the situation as impossible, resigned and returned to the church in Indiana where he had previously pastored.

Marlin Odom from Florida, then became pastor. The church made some progress under Brother Odom's ministry. By their own admission, however, the Odoms were frustrated by situations that seemed beyond his control. Brother Odom found it difficult to pastor the husband and wife who had confronted Brother Miller. They had a strong influence on the people. It finally boiled down to the point, he told me, that either that couple or he had to go! The Odoms decided it was best for them to leave. This was the situation when God sent me to Toledo.

I took the matter to God in prayer and fasting. Under the circumstances, I determined that each individual would have to stand on his own merits in responding to my leadership. I let the matter rest with my decision.

About one month after we were in Toledo, an incident happened that laid the foundation for the problem we had eventually to face.

Pam's foot-lever for her amplifier needed repairing. It was manufactured in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and I planned a trip there to have it repaired. It would take a whole day, so I asked the husband of this couple to accompany me. This would afford an opportunity to become better acquainted and perhaps discover a way to help alleviate some of the antagonism I knew existed.

We enjoyed talking about his work and our being in Toledo. I shared my vision for Toledo and tried to be very amiable. As we were driving along he turned to me.

"Brother Kinzie, there's something I must talk with you about."

"Sure," I replied, "if it's about the church or something I can help you with, go right ahead!"

"It's about one of the men in the church," he said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Clarence Condon," he replied.

"What about Clarence?" I questioned.

"Well, he hasn't done right."

"What do you mean?" I queried.

"From the time Brother Odom left," he said, "Clarence withheld his tithes. I don't think that's right. It's my opinion you need to get rid of him!"

That last statement was a shocker! He was suggesting I should put the Condons out of the church! I knew I was in a ticklish situation. I could not allow this statement to go unanswered or unchallenged. I desperately needed direction, not next week, but right then!

I silently prayed for wisdom, knowing full well that the way I answered would set the course for our future in Toledo. There was no way I could honor his suggestion. It was unthinkable! Though not yet too well acquainted with the Condons, I could visualize them as being an important part of our plans for Toledo. They were the only young couple in the church and I felt them capable of being molded into useful vessels for God. "O God," I prayed under my breath, "give me wisdom right now!"

Then it came! Remembering the suggestion that a former pastor had made, I said, "I agree with you about Brother Condon withholding his tithes. He's paid them now and explained why he withheld them. I told him he was wrong and that it created difficulties in meeting church

expenses. He hadn't realized the hardship this caused."

The brother interrupted me angrily. "I don't care if he did apologize, this church will never go until you get rid of him!"

"Now wait a minute, Brother!" I explained, "When I came to Toledo, I decided that every person would stand on his own merits by the way he responds to my leadership. I said that I would not listen to past complaints and accusations. Fact of the matter is," I continued, "if I had taken another's advice, my first act of business in Toledo would have been to disfellowship you folks. I did not take that advice because I wanted to give everyone an equal chance. I will not accept your suggestion concerning Brother Condon. He will stand or fall on his own merits and by his response to my leadership!"

That ended the conversation on that subject for the remainder of the trip. One of the difficulties I would face in the inner-working of the church was now very apparent. I had not had any forewarning of it!

This conversation came up eight years later, and when it did, I recognized it as being the one thing that put me in the saddle with the reins in my hands. If a pastor is not in the driver's seat, pity the poor man—he's only going where someone else wants him to go. Most of the time that is some other city! Although I did not recognize it at the time, God was answering prayers I had prayed before coming to Toledo.

What I said to the man in the car had an intimidating effect upon the couple. When it came up later, he expressed that they never felt the same toward me after that conversation. They had an equal chance, however, to prove themselves to me as being worthy of fellowship the

same as Brother Condon.

It seemed there was a steady stream of incidents until the matter finally came to a head after the marriage of the couple's daughter. I made many concessions to them in a sincere effort to keep peace. Perhaps they considered concessions a weakness on my part and therefore kept pushing me, incident after incident. After a time, a pastor must call a halt to these things, but when he does, it extracts a big payment in many ways.

On the first Sunday after the newlyweds returned from their honeymoon, the son-in-law went to his mother's-in-law young people's class rather than the young marrieds' class. I noticed it, but didn't think too much about it. When it happened the second and third Sundays, I knew something was amiss. Now what?

We had reasonable discipline in our Sunday school and infractions such as this were not tolerated. After the third infraction, I called the lady, who was the teacher of the young people. I requested that she talk to her son-in-law about attending the proper class. She readily agreed to take care of it. Her cooperative manner was reassuring.

But then something happened as we continued to talk! Her attitude changed. She accused me of picking on her kids. Then she blurted out, "You have never been a pastor to them!"

"If I have not been their pastor, it is because they would not allow me to be!" I replied.

A coolness pervaded over the phone line. The tone of her voice had changed from willing cooperation to one of animosity. Finally, in an exasperated voice, she cried, "You can just take your old class and give it to Sister Kinzie."

"I'll take the class and give it to whomsoever I please,

and I don't need any advice!" I answered firmly.

Without saying good-bye, she slammed down the receiver. I stood holding mine, dumbfounded at this turn of events. She seemed so cooperative at first, but changed in a flash. Prior to this I had noticed no disrespect. I knew her real attitude had surfaced. I had sensed it toward others, but never toward me! The incident with Sister Kinzie and the sandwiches was now in its proper perspective! This incident confirmed my suspicions.

Where to from here? Knowing I could not allow such arrogant disrespect to go unreproved, I wrote an official letter in which I reprimanded her for her attitude and disrespect toward her pastor. In the letter I made this reflection: "Since you so abruptly effected a disconnect, it shall remain that way in all matters as pertaining to any participation by you in public assembly."

A month later, since she had not made any attempt to reconcile the matter, I read a statement to the church in her presence that called on her to apologize without ceaseless arguments. She was given a deadline; if she did not comply, she would be automatically suspended from fellowship in the assembly without further action. I quoted the section of the church by-laws that authorized this action.

She did not comply. At a specially called saints' meeting on the following Monday evening, with District Superintendent F. E. Curts present, the congregation gave me a standing vote of confidence, sustaining the action that had been taken.

The lady had chosen to disassociate herself from the life and fellowship of the church.

This incident was one of the most devastating experi-

ences in which I was ever involved. I had worked, prayed, fasted and made many concessions in an attempt to keep peace during the past eight years. Now we had ended here! I had prayed that there would be a way to settle these issues without this happening. When I failed, I almost came "unglued"!

In my ministerial life, I have had two fear-ridden encounters with satanic forces. The first is noted in Chapter One after I made my commitment to Jesus Christ for the ministry, just before my healing from rheumatic fever.

The second took place immediately following the stand I took to bring peace to our assembly. The above episode had covered a period of eight years, the last three months being filled with intense anxiety. It took its toll on my nervous system.

During the night, following the order to apologize, deeply disturbed, I arose to pray.

Satan attacked me in a similar fashion as he had in Pensacola, Florida, implying that I was a big fool, I had destroyed the church, and in a few days would have to leave the city. It was a fear-ridden devastating hour! He challenged my being in the ministry and insinuated my call to Toledo was a product of my own imagination! He had just about convinced me of these accusations when he alluded to my healing in Florida as being a myth. My dad always said, "Give a calf enough rope and he'll hang himself." When Satan reflected on my healing, he overplayed his point and I realized who was talking to me!

Satan often comes to one as an angel of light. (See II Corinthians 11:13-15.) I thought God was talking to me up until that time, but when Satan questioned my healing, I came to life and rebuked him in the name of Jesus Christ.

My wife heard me agonizing, and immediately stepped to the telephone and called Brother Condon requesting prayer. It was four o'clock in the morning, but a few minutes later he drove up. Coming in, he walked directly to me, bowed down beside me and said, "Brother Kinzie, this is a battle for authority!" And with that statement, he began pouring out a prayer that I knew was coming from deep down within him. I am convinced that at that moment he exercised the Bible gift of discerning of spirits. (See I Corinthians 12:10.)

Though Satan used people to attack me, behind it all was his plan to force me out of Toledo. However, this encounter with Satan did something for me which nothing else could have done. It made me realize that God's promises are true, and that He fights our battles even though they get distressingly rough at times. Moreover, from this and other similar incidents, I've learned that there is something drastically wrong with any individual who, consciously or unconsciously, continually disrupts church life. Invariably they involve innocent people in an attempt to transfer their own guilt to others. But to God be the glory; He deserves all of our praise and thanksgiving!

The conflict in my heart during this time often overwhelmed me. Prayer was my only consolation!

One day the weight of the situation seemed to be crushing me. I went to the prayer room, deeply burdened, and was soon in serious intercession. To my knowledge, no one was at the church. I had left the doors locked so that no one would disturb me.

I don't know how long I had been in prayer when suddenly I became aware there were two other people in the

room, one on either side of me, I felt their arms slip around my shoulders, and a volley of prayer flowed from each of them that I knew had to be in the Spirit!

Only God in heaven knows what things like this mean to a pastor who is under attack by satanic influences. They asked no questions, but I could tell by the words streaming from their lips that they understood perfectly what I was experiencing—and the help I desperately needed at that moment!

These two men were Michael Ray, my assistant pastor, and Clarence Condon. They were working at their respective jobs when both felt led to come to the church. The leading was so strong that neither could resist. Both coming quite a distance from their work met at the front door of the church and each asked the other why he had come. Neither of them knew except that they had this strong urge to go to the church!

Unlocking the door, they stepped inside and could hear me praying and weeping in the prayer room—and then they knew! They were at my side quickly and stayed until victory came!

When they told me the story how they both had felt to come at that precise time, all I could do was weep and thank God that He had sent two "angels" to strengthen me in this time of crisis—when the fire was being intensified by Satan!

One never forgets these times! It's reassuring to realize that God knows exactly where you are and what to do to help in the time of need!

After another serious time of prayer, God intervened with an answer from His word that put faith in my heart that He had the whole situation under control. It took

awhile to resolve the issue, but eventually victory came. God did know what He was doing, but somehow I seemed to be so impatient in waiting.

Chapter 32

EXPANDING—BUILDING II

The crisis described in chapter thirty-one was over and both the church and pastor had survived the onslaught of Satan!

From this experience I learned that every pastor needs a place where he can get away and refresh himself in both body and spirit. Healing often comes slowly from such conflicts. It took me some time to recover. During that time I spent many days searching for an ideal spot, and the searching itself acted as a therapy.

Remembering the healing balm of the Norrises' Long Lake cabin in northern Minnesota, I set out to develop such a place for my family. I drove hundreds of miles in southern Michigan looking for the right spot. Eventually, I found it seventy miles northwest of Toledo and purchased it. It was a peaked hill overlooking a lake. We bulldozed the peak down to a level I could pitch my tent on during the summer months.

In 1967 I built the cabin I had longed for since we first went with the Norrises to Long Lake. It is a place of rejuvenating therapy for a weary preacher.

We could not have bought and built without the help of my mother, who loaned me money, and the Clyde Browns, our next door neighbors, in Toledo. Sister Kinzie had befriended these folks throughout the years of Mrs. Brown's long illness with Parkinsons' disease. So Sister Kinzie was included in their will, and we used that money to help build at the lake.

The church was actually strengthened by the crisis and was soon moving forward. A compensatory blessing which followed that fall, was the Roy Sawyer family moving from Duluth, Minnesota, to Toledo. They became a balm of Gilead to both the church and my family. Too, we sold our property on Detroit Avenue and liquidated the mortgage on 3864 Jackman, which paved the way to make a new sanctuary possible.

In the meantime, two unfortunate things happened that brought much discouragement. The secretary of the church, a prominent lady, sent the books in one Sunday morning and quit attending. That hurt! (Thank God she came back fourteen years later.)

A short time later, one of our leading men, a deacon and a teacher, suffering pain from an unknown source, took his life. This was one of the most crushing experiences we ever went through.

It hurt so deeply that I felt I could not preach the funeral. When I talked to his widow about getting someone else, she said, "Brother Kinzie, if you can't make it, how do you expect me to?" In response, I vowed I'd do it if it cost me my life. It was the most difficult funeral

I've ever officiated.

His wife, who was left with a crippled child to care for, recovered from the tragedy admirably and is still a stalwart member of our church.

These things are hard to understand, but all a person can do is leave them in the hand of God. He knows the "whys and wherefores."

Sister Kinzie and I, needing more room to entertain ministerial guests, built a new home in the summer of 1963. Vera's father loaned us the money to buy the lot at 4840 Elm Place. This is still our residence.

A grateful blessing came our way as we set out to accomplish this. Paul Evans, who had drawn the plans for our church, drew the plans for our new home. When we sat down and went over the cost, our finances were inadequate. We decided to postpone building.

But as we started to leave his home, he said, "Wait, I want to talk to you." Then he explained what he wanted. "Every year," he said, "I build a house for a friend as a gift. This year it will be you folks. There will be no contractor or architect fees. Plus, I'll buy all materials at my contractor's discount and pass it on to you."

"But Paul," we said, "we don't want you to do that. You don't owe us anything."

"Oh yes, I do owe you something," he said. "You and the Hoschs are two of the finest couples I've ever met. I am going to do this out of appreciation for who you are."

You can't turn down an arrangement like that, can you? It's one of those compensations for committing your life to God. When the house was finished, we were ready to start planning a new sanctuary for the church.

In the late fall of 1960 the church purchased the

house next to it on the south. It was needed for Sunday school classrooms and additional parking. As 1965 arrived, we were ready to build again.

At this time, the United Church Builders of Illinois was building churches throughout the midwest. President Roy Mast came to Toledo and plans were soon prepared to add a sanctuary to the south side of our existing structure.

The United Church Builders did most of the leg work and furnished a superintendent to oversee the work. Our church was obligated to pay the superintendent's salary, plus seven percent of the total cost, to the company as a fee. It was a fine setup!

Later, the company came under a lot of fire, but as far as I was concerned, the men of the Illinois District were to be complimented for the vision they had to start this company. Their trouble came a short time after our building was completed, and they were forced to dissolve. I was sorry to see the company dissolved as it was providing a needed service to our constituency.

Even with a company like the United Church Builders and their superintendent Bill Stephenson, of Indianapolis, Indiana, there were still many headaches left for the pastor. As I had acted as the contractor on our first unit, I thought using this company would alleviate the problems I had encountered. But that was not to be! There was a constant flow of new problems to solve.

The biggest problem was finance. The United Church Builders estimated the cost of the building and I secured a loan from the bank based on that estimate. But three months before we got into the building, I could visualize a cost overrun of several thousand dollars. It made me

sick and I couldn't shake it. Looking back on it later, I was ashamed for allowing a cost overrun to get me down like that. It all boiled down to a common problem I have faced so many times—I simply did not trust the Lord as I should have!

I went to Florida and spent some time with Brother Curts. That helped, but I really didn't straighten up for several months after the church dedication. The doctor said I had a heart attack, but I was not convinced of it though x-rays showed scars on my heart. It's possible that what I felt (a lack of faith) had something to do with my heart.

As on our first building program, the men of the church pitched in like the great men they are. The cost of the building, excluding our labor, came to $105,000. Bill Stephenson, building superintendent, estimated our men did at least $75,000 worth of labor.

Our first service in the new sanctuary was on February 20, 1966. Brother Condon stayed up all night Saturday night in an effort to keep the carpet-laying gang on the job. They tried to walk off several times, but he demanded they stay. They finished at 8:00 A.M. That morning we set a new Sunday school record of three hundred seventy.

The District Conference was held in Toledo that spring. It was a great week of blessing as Harvestime, our International Radio program, had a rally on Monday night with Brother James Lumpkin, Harvestime Director, leading the service. It was a musical songfest with many of our own singers participating. Brother N. A. Urshan, Harvestime Speaker, closed the service with a gospel message. The dedication was Tuesday night with the conference beginning Wednesday morning. Brother S. G.

Norris was the dedication speaker.

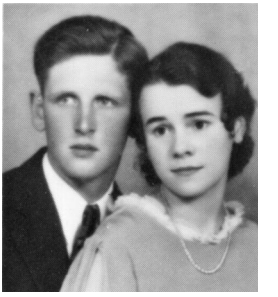
After all of the festivities were over we settled back into the routine of building the congregation. It was not accomplished over night. As I stated after the first building program, it took quite some time for our men to recover from the extra hours of work and get back to the business of winning souls.

Unfortunately, shortly after we settled in to get back to spiritual matters, our district went through a heart-rending, critical problem. Although it affected me deeply, I do not choose to relate the details. But as a consequence of this situation, Brother Curts, our District Superintendent, then seventy-nine years old, did not allow his name to be voted on again. Brother George Thompson, Van Wert, Ohio, was elected as our new superintendent. On the following Sunday as Brother Curts was crossing a street on his way to a restaurant, he was struck by an automobile. A few days later he went on to meet the Lord. This left all of us saddened as he had been such an inspiration to many of us.

Our First Apostolic Church, after instituting the "Center Of Interest" Sunday school program, started inching upward in attendance. It was not a rapid, but gradual climb.

During the General Conference in St. Louis in the fall of 1969, the Faith Promise, Partners-In-Missions program was introduced to the constituency of the United Pentecostal Church. That program heralded a new day for the First Apostolic Church of Toledo. It was like a cool breeze on a hot summer evening!

Season's Greetings



1934



1964

Season's Greetings from the Kinzie's, 1964.



Cassandra Kinzie, 1970

Chapter 33

REVIVAL FIRES BURN!

As our church moved into 1970, a new vision possessed us—a vision for Foreign Missions! It had been stirring in my heart since the early sixties, but we were not yet adequately involved. The Faith Promise, Partners-In-Missions program became the Foreign Missions vehicle for raising missionary funds.

In the early sixties our church adopted Billy Cole, who was going to Thailand, as our personal missionary. We committed seventy-five dollars a month, and we often struggled to keep that commitment.

The First Apostolic Church's acceptance of the Faith Promise program and its subsequent results has been publicized throughout North America and around the world. When we instituted it, I had no idea what was about to happen.

A short time after Brother Paul Leaman, pastor of the Apostolic Church in Detroit, instituted the Faith Promise

plan at his church, we met at a rally. He told me about his church committing $8,000 to Foreign Missions through that program. At that very time I was preparing the church's 1969 financial report. I noticed our foreign missions giving for the past year had been $1,755. I felt ashamed, embarrassed, and challenged to do something about it!

The next week, Brother Paul Cook, our missionary representative for Ohio, conducted Ohio's first Missionary Conference at Lancaster. Speakers for the occasion were Brother Edwin Judd from the Missionary Division in St. Louis, and Brother Tommy Craft, pastor at Jackson, Mississippi.

Brother Judd presented the Faith Promise plan for the local church. Following his presentation, Brother Craft related what had happened to his church since instituting the plan seven years previously. His church was now giving $1100 a month to foreign missions. Then he related the remarkable account of what happened to the church's tithing program as a result of what he felt was Foreign Missions giving.

"After being involved in Faith Promise Partners-in-Missions for seven years," he said, "our church received $73,000 more in tithes last year than it did seven years ago"!

That statement staggered me! "O Lord," I prayed, "if You can do that in Jackson, Mississippi, You can do it in Toledo, Ohio." And with that prayer, I determined to have Brother Judd come to Toledo and introduce the plan to us. Moreover, I planned to keep account of our tithe to see if anything comparable to Jackson happened in Toledo!

Brother Judd came the first weekend in March 1970.

As a result, our church made a commitment that resulted in giving $5,334.30 to foreign missions that year. Following is each year's giving record and the subsequent rise in tithe and Sunday school attendance for the next seven years:

Year	**Faith Promise** giving	**Sunday School** Attendance	**Gain in Tithe** over 1969
1970	$ 5,334.30	320	$ 3,048.46
1971	8,667.67	332	11,575.11
1972	12,053.76	384	29,181.13
1973	16,662.30	447	41,038.83
1974	21,534.38	482	50,269.75
1975	26,380.55	536	64,350.76
1976	33,078.31	577	84,387.38

It is easy to see that God is as great one place as He is another. We gained over $84,000 in seven years!

Is this a convincer? Would it make a believer out of you? It certainly did me! If nothing more than this had happened, I still would have felt justified in following the Faith Promise plan! However, the rest of the story is equally exciting!

As 1970 drew to a close, signs of revival appeared! A "hippie" came to the Lord and his conversion brought an excitement to the church.

An incident happened involving him that was very humorous. Every service night found him in the prayer room, praying to receive the Holy Ghost. He had long, flowing, well-groomed hair falling below his shoulders. One of our lady's went in the prayer room one evening to pray with him. I overheard her prayer, "Lord, bless her!

Lord, bless her and fill her with the Holy Ghost!"

As I listened I decided Sister Madeline Ward thought he was a lady. I slipped over to her and said, "Sister Ward, this is a young man you are praying with!"

She stepped to one side and, in her own characteristic manner, bent over where she could see his face, straightened up and never missed a word of prayer. The only difference was she now prayed, "Bless him, Lord, and fill him with the Holy Ghost!" We had a big laugh over her experience of praying with the "she" hippie.

His coming to the Lord, along with two others, ignited a flame in the church and when 1971 rolled around our new son-in-law and daughter, Mark and Sandy Jordan, began a revival. They had been married in November and this was their first revival as a team. He had evangelized alone for two years previously.

After the meeting closed, Sister Kinzie and I went to Florida. My assistant, Danny Bowe, had gone into evangelistic work, so I asked Sandy and Mark to remain in Toledo and take care of the church. When we returned, several new folks greeted us who had been saved while we were away. A revival was on!

During youth week in February, many others came to the Lord. Before we reached the month of March, more folks had been saved in two months than we normally had for an entire year. During March, Billy Cole, who had been our missionary to Thailand, was with us for a weekend. Twenty-eight received the Holy Ghost. Toward the end of the month, Mark and Sandy came back for two weeks and fourteen more received the Holy Ghost. In March, fifty received the Holy Ghost.

Faith was high at First Apostolic Church. We expected

someone to either be baptized or receive the Holy Ghost in every service. Our caretaker's son, Mike Hensley, just a lad at this time, was so filled with expectancy that before service he'd say to his folks, "I'm going over and run hot water into the baptistery. I'm sure someone will be baptized tonight!" One night seventeen were baptized.

Many folks received the Spirit their first time at the altar. Some received the Holy Ghost as they were being baptized, others immediately afterward. There was not much tarrying at the altar during those days. Faith gripped people's hearts quickly!

It was great, comparable to the revival in DeRidder, Louisiana, that I wrote about in Chapter Twenty-Four. I wish it could have gone on forever!

On Easter a young lady attended Sunday school and said she was coming back that evening to receive the Holy Ghost. I was standing at the door when she came in. "Brother Kinzie, I've come to receive the Holy Ghost on Easter."

She meant it, too! She went to the altar, then requested to be baptized. She didn't receive the Holy Ghost in the water, so she started for the dressing room. She stopped at the bottom of the steps and told one of our workers, "I must have the Holy Ghost on Easter, and I'm not moving until I receive." And she didn't. Within minutes she was speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gave the utterance. It was amazing!

One night one of our young girls was praying but did not seem to get anywhere. One of our ladies who was praying with her motioned to several others to join her in prayer for this girl. She held out her hand and signaled the others to join hands as they circled the girl. As the last

two hands came together, the girl leaped off her chair speaking with tongues. It astonished these five ladies as they had not begun praying!

Looking about, they saw another lady seeking the Lord and decided to join hands around her. As the last hands clasped together, this lady, too, began speaking with tongues as God filled her with the Holy Ghost. It was fascinating!

On another occasion, several who were ill came for prayer. When the last one in line came to be prayed for, he said to me, "I've received what I came after." Rejoicing as he turned to go back to his seat, God filled him with the Holy Ghost.

Others, seeing this, started worshiping at different locations in the sanctuary. I saw a man in the back raise his hands in worship. Knowing that he had not yet received the Holy Ghost, I hastened to him and asked several men to gather in and pray with him. Looking around, I saw a young man, Joey Hutchison, in the front of the sanctuary with his hands raised. I hurried to him, gathered four men around him to help him pray. Then I rushed to the back of the church where another young man was praying. As I left each one of these folks, God filled them with the Holy Ghost within minutes. Eight received the Holy Ghost in about ten minutes. It electrified the whole church!

Amazing things happened! During the revival two men received the Holy Ghost as they were driving their cars on city streets. Can you visualize what happened? It's a wonder they didn't get involved in an accident! It made no difference where you were or what you were doing, God was there to meet the hungry heart!

One young lady, attending Toledo University, was rid-

ing her bicycle across the campus and met one of our young men. She stopped and talked with him about receiving the Holy Ghost. During their conversation he reassured her that the baptism of the Holy Ghost was for her.

Inspired by the conversation, she spotted a tree on the campus and said to herself, "I'll ride to that tree and pray for the Holy Ghost!" She didn't make it. God filled her with the Holy Ghost before she reached the tree! She's now a minister's wife.

Other great things happened that are equally inspiring! For instance, two women at different times, while driving by the church, felt a strong drawing toward the Lord, then came and were saved.

One mother whose two daughters had been baptized in the name of Jesus and filled with the Holy Ghost came to watch another of her girls baptized. Before coming, obviously upset that her girls were attending a different church, she had gone to her pastor inquiring about baptism in the name of Jesus. He stated that he would baptize her that way if she so desired. While waiting for her daughter to be baptized, she mentioned this to Sister Jo Hensley.

When her daughter came up out of the water so blessed by the Lord, she immediately requested to be baptized, too! She is still one of our stalwarts! It was all so wonderful!

When those who experienced this start recalling some of the inspiring times, tears will flow and the warmth of God's presence comes once again to refresh us. It is our constant prayer, "O God, renew the freshness of that tremendous time in our hearts and let us see it once again!"

As I sit here writing, I'm weeping and praying, "O God, help me to recapture the spirit of that marvelous revival on this piece of paper!"

Before that revival diminished, it touched the lives of over eight hundred people. Reminiscing those days, I am convinced they made our church! Many of those who came to the Lord during the revival are no longer with us. Some are out ministering: pastoring, evangelizing, serving as school principals, music directors, and ministers' wives. Twelve have gone on to meet the Lord. With our blessings, some are attending other United Pentecostal Churches in this area. Others have moved to different parts of the country and are working in churches there.

But others allowed Satan to rob them of the greatest treasure they ever possessed. One great consolation we have is that God knows everyone in whom He has deposited His Spirit, and thank God, He doesn't make mistakes! Many who wandered away have returned, and others are in the process of returning. Every time someone returns, it is an occasion for great rejoicing among the saints! I'm sure the angels rejoice also!

Although I am sure foreign missions giving played a big part in the revival, I also recognize there were many other factors involved. Having recuperated from the building program, our folks were thinking and praying revival. Our Sunday school had been steadily climbing in attendance since the introduction of "Center Of Interest" teaching. New people were coming to church every service. For fourteen years we had faithfully had Saturday evening prayer services, and often had folks fasting every day for weeks at a time. However, when we added Faith Promise to our initiatives, revival was on!

Chapter 34

WORLD TRAVELERS!

*N*earing the sixty-year mark of my life, I became dejected, thinking I was just about over the hill! It must have been a case of self-pity. Moving from the forties to the fifties hadn't bothered me. At this stage I think one begins to measure life more by the years he has left. At fifty I could say, "Fifteen more good years left!" But at sixty, there were only—and I stress *only*—five more left and they seemed so short. Ten years had slipped by so quickly!

Praying earnestly one day, I lamented to God that my usefulness would soon be over. The strongest impression came to me, "Don't worry, son, the next decade will be the greatest of your life!"

Renewed in spirit, I now began looking forward to my sixties, wondering what the Lord had in store for us. We were in the midst of the revival I wrote about in Chapter Thirty-Three, and I couldn't visualize how things could get much better.

We had traveled to other nations on several occasions: to Jamaica, Israel, Egypt, Lebanon, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, the Caribbean, Columbia and Ecuador. In the fall of 1973, I was invited by Brother Hulon Myre, European Mid-east Regional Field Supervisor, to come to Europe with Brother Jerry Ward, and travel throughout Yugoslavia, preaching the gospel there.

It was an interesting trip, with many anxious moments. When Jerry and I discovered we would be flying Icelandic Airlines with a stop in Iceland, we decided to stay over a day. It was late November and the plane landed at 9:00 A.M. in Reykjavik, the capital city. When we arrived at our hotel a few minutes after 10:00 A.M. it was still dark.

We went to bed and woke up a few minutes after noon to find the sun was up, hanging low on the horizon. We took a tour through the bubbling pots, geyser area, and by 2:00 P.M. the sun had almost set. When we returned to the city at 3:00 P.M. it was already dark. We didn't see much as the day was too short.

I was amazed at the scarcity of trees in Iceland. Too, the whole area around the capital was heated by steam from the hot thermal springs piped into the city. It was extremely interesting.

Space is not available to relate every interesting thing that occurred on this trip. I'll pick out a few of them. To get to Yugoslavia, we drove across Hungary. For the first time in my life I was behind the Iron Curtain.

There was a clear contrast between Austria and Hungary. Once inside Hungary, we soon noticed the drabness of the buildings. It was depressing to see the gloomy expression on people's faces. Everyone looked hopeless

and sad. Smiles were nonexistent!

I was glad to cross the border into Yugoslavia. Although still somewhat drab, it was much better than Hungary.

We stayed in the home of one of the believers in a little farming village. A light snow was on the ground and farmers enroute to the country with their horses and wagons passed the house frequently. Everyone lived in the village and commuted to their small farms outside the village. Their barns, livestock, and grain bins were in back of their village homes. Gates between houses screened these farmyards from passers-by.

Driving down a village street, one would never suspect what was behind those gates. I was shocked the first time I walked through a gate and faced a yard with cattle, horses, chickens and farm machinery! Driving through the countryside we saw no houses, barns, livestock or any of the tools of farming.

It was much different from America, and I thought it interesting enough to take movies. I went outside our first morning there to take movies of our party as they came through the gate out onto the sidewalk.

I walked a half-block up the street so that I could get a good picture of them. Looking up, I saw a wagon coming loaded with sheep. I focussed my camera on the wagon, taking pictures as it came toward me. When it was almost in front of me, I stopped. After it passed, I began again and continued as it went away from me.

When I finished, I heard someone yelling loudly. Lowering my camera, I looked toward the sound. Across the street from me stood two policemen. They were gesturing with their arms, indicating they wanted me to

come over where they were.

Was I ever scared! I couldn't understand them. But by the look on their faces, I knew I was in trouble. "What have I done wrong," I wondered. I looked around for help but none of our men had come out of the house yet.

Obeying their gestures, I walked toward them, trembling as I went. I kept glancing back toward the house where we were staying hoping someone would emerge. When I got close to them, one of them reached out and took me by the arm. I could tell by his hold that it wasn't a loving touch.

They looked at me and kept talking, but I stood there staring at them. When they saw I didn't understand, the one holding my arm started pushing me toward the building behind us. I didn't resist, but just as I was about to disappear around the building, I looked up to see Brother Myre and Sam Balca, our interpreter, come walking through the gate. I yelled, "Sam, I'm in trouble. Hurry, I need you!" Both he and our host came running, yelling at the policemen to wait on them.

When Sam and our host arrived, the policemen took us into the station. They thought I was a spy taking pictures of the police station.

A drastic mistake had been made by our hosts. No one was allowed to stay in that village overnight without being registered with the police. They had forgotten to do this the evening before when we arrived.

The police and government officials had a long discussion with our host, Sam, and Sam's father, John Balca. They talked for a long time, and finally the head man walked over, returned my camera to me and patted me on the back. Was I ever relieved! As I stood waiting

during their discussion, I made up my mind they could have my camera, film and the pictures on it. But they gave it all back, and when we walked out of that police station our host took my camera and didn't give it back to me until we were ready to leave.

As we drove through Hungary, Jerry Ward tried to stop me from taking pictures. He was scared we'd be stopped and all of our possessions confiscated. I laughed at him, but after this escapade my laughing stopped.

Many other humorous things happened on that trip I don't have space to relate. I arrived home from Germany on a Saturday evening, watched our annual church drama on Sunday night and took off the next morning for Puerto Rico to preach their National Conference. Brother Ron Newstrand, Newark, Ohio, accompanied me on this trip.

In the spring of 1974 Sister Kinzie and I returned to the Caribbean area to speak at three graduations, and also to teach in the Puerto Rico Bible School. I spoke at graduations in Haiti, Dominican Republic and St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

In February 1975, we started on one of the most interesting trips of our lives. I had been invited by Brother Harry Scism, Asian-South Pacific regional field supervisor, to preach conferences in Pakistan, South India, Northeast India and Burma. Sister Kinzie was to conduct Ladies Auxiliary services at these conferences. The Sunday School Division was represented on this trip by the Director, Brother J. O. Wallace, his wife, Mary and children Rosey and Joe.

We flew to London, England, and spent two days with the Mervyn Millers, United Pentecostal Church missionaries to the British Isles. They were great hosts and

we enjoyed their fellowship, the sights, and ministering in their church.

From England we flew overnight to Karachi, Pakistan—changed planes and flew to Lahore, Pakistan, where the Wallaces met us. We stayed with our missionaries. Two days before we arrived, Don Hanscom's boy had fallen off the garage roof and was in the hospital in a serious condition. It took a lot of grace on the part of the Hanscoms to put their boy in that hospital. Missionaries often put up with a lot of inferior care in such places. Thank God the boy is all right now!

The conference in Lahore was good with many souls receiving the Holy Ghost. It was held under a sha-mi-ana, a tent-like structure that reflected the sun but not the rain. It was slightly damp on a couple of occasions.

From Pakistan we flew to India. On our way to Adur, South India, where one conference would be held, our plane developed a leak in the hydraulic system and had to return to Bombay. We were given the option of staying overnight in Goa, where we had landed, or returning to Bombay with the plane. We chose to stay in Goa over night. It was the right decision.

While riding the bus into the city from the airport, we asked a passenger what interesting sights could be found in Goa. He told us about the beaches, where American hippies congregated, then happened to think that the next day would be the last day that the body of St. Francis Xavier, a Spanish Catholic missionary, could be seen at a church there. He urged us to go see it.

So the next day we went to the Basilica Bom Jesu Church, which had been built in the early part of the sixteenth century. St. Francis Xavier died on an island off the

south coast of China in 1552 as he waited for an entrance permit into China to do missionary work. The headquarters for his extensive missionary activities in the East had been Goa, the capital of the Portuguese Indian Empire. The authorities decided to bring his body back to Goa for burial. He had been buried eight months when his body was exhumed for transfer to Goa. It was then that they discovered his body had not decomposed, but was exactly as when buried.

When his body arrived in Goa, the notoriety of this strange phenomenon had preceded its arrival. A vault was built in the Basilica. Bom Jesu Church to contain his body so that it could be observed periodically. Every ten years it was removed from the vault, examined by doctors, then put on public display for thirty days. This had been going on for four hundred twenty years when we stopped that night at Goa.

It was an interesting experience! We were ushered into a room some eighty by fifty feet, in the center of which was the glass encased mummified body of St. Francis Xavier. At least we were told it was his body. Since mass was in progress at the time, just a few people were in the room. We had a chance to look the body over carefully.

Our guide told us there had been no sign of decomposition until the 1880s when doctors noticed one of his toes was decomposing. They felt this was a result of being touched so often by visitors. Later a finger started decomposing, so a glass enclosure was provided to protect his body.

When mass was dismissed, people flocked into the room to view the body, the last time for ten years. As they walked by, many crossed themselves, rubbed the glass

tenderly with their hands and wept. Mothers with little babies took their children's hands and rubbed them over the glass and made the sign of the cross. Others came with loaves of bread and rubbed it on the glass, weeping as they did so. The devotion these people showed toward the body of this deceased man was unbelievable!

After the conference in Adur, we traveled to Madras for services, then on to New Delhi. Our next stop was Shillong in Northeast India. This conference was perhaps the best one we attended. Shillong was the end of the road for the outsider. No one was allowed beyond that point. The church folks gathered there from all over that country. Their worship was quite different from what we had experienced at the other conferences.

Their song service caught our attention at once. The only musical instrument was a homemade drum. When they started to sing, people stood and many moved into a large, open area directly in front of the platform and began a shuffle-type dance. They shuffled in a circular motion. As more people joined, they kept squeezing into the center so that the folks in the center were hardly turning. Mothers with babies strapped to their backs, joined in like everyone else. Everyone clapped hands and sang as they revolved in the circle.

I asked Brother Scism what they did if someone got out of order. "Oh, they just shuffle him into the center and there's no place left for him to go!" he answered amusedly.

It was no dead, dried-up song service, but very much alive! They sang with spirit and the shuffling dance exhibited the enthusiasm with which they worshiped. The drummer kept time and everyone participated! It was

spiritual and very refreshing.

Leaving Northeast India, we flew back to Calcutta where we saw some never-to-be-forgotten sights. The beggars, the street people, who never knew what a house, table, chair, stove, bed or decent meal was, were everywhere! They are born, live and die on the streets. It is estimated that at any one time there are one million of them living like that.

At night, every building that had any kind of a canopy would have several folks sleeping under it on the hard concrete walks. Whether you were walking the streets or riding in a taxi, there were always beggars with outstretched hands, wanting something to eat! It's difficult to forget that sight!

From Calcutta we flew to Rangoon, Burma, for a conference. We were not allowed outside the city. The main attraction was the Buddhist Temple. An interesting sight at the temple was a man splashing water on his small statue god to keep the god cool during the heat of the day.

Meeting Brother Bauai, leader of the Burma church, inspired me to have our church furnish the finances to build a headquarters church there.

From Burma we flew to Bangkok, Thailand, driving into northern Thailand to conduct a Sunday school conference at Ellie Hanson's church. Neither the Wallaces nor we will forget the hotel where we spent one night. It's almost indescribable. Sister Kinzie drew water into the lavatory, and after washing, pulled the drain plug only to discover the water ran out on the floor instead of down a drain. I won't try to describe the restroom facilities! Big water bugs, like cockroaches, but about three times larger, played tag over and on our bed. We fought them

for an hour, finally getting most of them. There were no sheets on the bed, so Sister Hanson had to return with some. Comparing notes with the Wallaces next morning was amusing! I understand there is a new modern hotel there now.

We left the Wallaces in Thailand and traveled with Brother Scism to Hong Kong, which is noted as the city where one can go broke saving money! We had a great time shopping with Brother Scism as he is an interesting and considerate shopper!

We flew on to Manila, Philippines, where Sister Scism met us. We visited the Carl Adams family, one of our outstanding missionaries, while we were there. At the time they were building the great Philippine Evangelistic Center. While there we went to Corregidor, a reminder to us of World War II days.

We spent the next weekend with the Bernards and Bantas in Seoul, Korea, then flew on to Tokyo, Japan. After spending a day there we flew to Honolulu, Hawaii. The Scotts entertained us royally for a couple of days and saw us off to Toledo to finish our round-the-world trip. It was a never-to-be forgotten adventure.

When we arrived home, we discovered that sixty-two people had been filled with the Holy Ghost while we were away. When we counted those who had received the Holy Ghost in our overseas services, it came to sixty-one. In all, one hundred and thirty-three received the Holy Ghost during those seven weeks.

Our next trip was to the World Conference in Jerusalem in the fall of 1976. In thankfulness for the goodness of God and fellowship with the Hoschs, we took them with us. It is always a pleasure to walk where Jesus

walked and imagine the scenes of those bygone days.

In 1977, our church, as a token of appreciation for twenty-five years of pastoring in Toledo, sent us on a trip to Europe. Flying to Frankfort, Germany, we rented a car and drove to Bern, Switzerland, where my grandfather Kinzie had been born. The objective of this trip was to travel in and through the country of our forefathers.

A thrilling part of the trip was spending a couple of days at Interläken, where Vera's grandmother Berger lived until she was eighteen. Her maiden name was Balmer and we found that name quite frequently in Wilderswill, a small community just outside Interläken. It was a wonderful feeling to have a background in such a beautiful country. The sight of snow-covered mountains, rushing streams, bright green grass, and blooming flowers in every Swiss Chalet window was magnificent! While we were on this trip we attended the European Conference that was held in Wiesbaden, Germany.

We were scheduled to leave the United States for New Zealand and Australia on December 29, 1977. Brother and Sister Newstrand of Newark, Ohio, were going with us. We were to preach the General Conference in Canberra, Australia, the first week of January. My mother, however, now one hundred six years old, was nearing death. She died at 8:30 A.M. Christmas day, the last possible moment if we were to be able to depart as scheduled.

Although our hearts were saddened by her departure, our family was thankful that the Lord had left her with us for so long. Up until the last week before she died, her mind was clear and her memory still excellent. She had lived for thirty-four years after the death of my father, and enjoyed good health most of that time.

I think the highlight of the trip to the South Pacific, in addition to the splendid scenery, was meeting such wonderful people in both Australia and New Zealand. Brother and Sister Holden, superintendent of Australia, were such gracious hosts. Among other folks we met were the Ted Slacks, who were very accommodating to us while in Sidney. The Mauri people we met in Auckland, New Zealand, won our hearts. Brother and Sister Hei Hei are folks we'll never forget.

On our way home from the South Pacific, we stopped in Manila, Philippines, where I spoke at the graduation of the Bible college. From there we flew on to Kyoto, Japan, to spend a couple of days with the Paul Dennis family, missionaries to Japan from our church in Toledo.

One of the highlights of that trip was a three hundred mile ride on the Bullet Train to Tokyo. Fortunately, the Claude Thompsons, missionaries to Japan, were there to meet us and help us get to the airport. I'll never forget the conglomeration of railroads, changing trains and carrying luggage up and down so many flights of stairs. If they had not been there, I think the Newstrands and Kinzies would still be searching for a way out of that station! But we made it, thanks to God and the Thompsons.

The year of 1979 saw us on our way to Africa, for the first time. We stopped in Dakar, Senegal, with the Edward Allards. We had a thrilling experience preaching out in the bush. We stopped in Sierra Leone with the O'Keefes for four wonderful days, speaking at their National Conference. From there we went on to Ghana where Sister Kinzie spoke at the Ladies Auxiliary Conference, which was postponed because of a serious water shortage. So many people came, however, that

they went ahead with the conference.

That water shortage was something else! The Robert Rodenbushes, our missionaries to Ghana, were embarrassed but could do nothing about it. The water had been shut off to most parts of the city a day or so before we arrived. All of the water we used at the Rodenbushes had to be brought in.

We flew from Ghana to Kinshasa, Zaire, then on to South Africa. The E. L. Freemans, regional field supervisor for Africa, met us in Ghana and we traveled together throughout South Africa, and Rhodesia (renamed Zimbabwe later). We spent time with Sister Ruth Nix and the Sam Lattas, both missionaries to that country. Sister Kinzie bought a lot of Ladies Auxiliary awards there.

One of the main objectives of our going to Africa, was to speak at the graduation of the Bible school in Kenya. John Harris was missionary superintendent. It was a privilege to meet the young men who will be carrying on the work in that part of the world. We enjoyed an overnight stay at one of the game reserves where we saw a variety of wild animals. On Sunday morning we traveled into the interior, attending a morning service and stayed to eat with some natives in a grass-covered hut. It was enjoyable!

In February of 1980, we went to El Salvador where Sister Kinzie spoke at a Ladies Auxiliary rally about fifty miles out of the capital city of San Salvador. She spoke in the afternoon and I at night. An estimated crowd of fifteen hundred attended. When the altar service was over that night, twenty-four had received the Holy Ghost.

Sitting in the service on Sunday night at the headquarters church in San Salvador, I had an experience I'd

never had before. An impression came to me that fifteen would receive the Holy Ghost that night. After the service was over, Brother Drost came to me and said, "Brother Kinzie, fourteen received the Holy Ghost tonight."

"Brother Drost," I said, "you must have miscounted as the Lord let me know there would be fifteen." Later, a woman was baptized and received the Holy Ghost as she came up out of the water, making the fifteen!

There was much fighting in El Salvador at that time. As we sat around the table in the Drosts' home talking about the gun fire we could hear nearby, Brother Drost got up, went to his room, came back and tossed a spent bullet onto the table.

"A week ago," he said, "this bullet came through the ceiling of one of our bedrooms. I don't want to tell you which bedroom as I don't want to scare anyone." Brother Paul Leaman was there, so we had no idea whose room it was. On Sunday afternoon while lying on our bed resting, I looked up at the ceiling and noticed a hole in it over our bed. Then I knew it was our bedroom!

Later in the fall of 1980, we attended the Second World Conference in Jerusalem. It was our third trip to Israel.

Brother Paul Leaman had heart surgery, which necessitated canceling some of his activities in South America. Sister Kinzie and I attended two conferences in South America in 1981 in his stead. The conferences were at Buga, Columbia, and Sao Paulo, Brazil. It was a rich, meaningful experience, meeting the missionaries and workers in these countries.

On the way from Cali, Columbia, to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, we stopped at Manaus, Brazil, and spent a day with

Brother Bennie DeMerchant, our missionary to the Amazon River basin. He flew us around the area, landing at one of the villages where we were privileged to view one of their churches.

In the fall of 1982, I went back to El Salvador as a representative of the Foreign Missions Division to attend a banquet honoring the Wynn Drosts. They were leaving El Salvador to assume the superintendency of the church in Guatemala. It was the first time that church members in El Salvador had ever attended a banquet. It was a gala affair and everyone seemed delighted to be a part of it. The Drosts did a wonderful work in El Salvador and no honors bestowed upon them could ever reward them sufficiently for that work.

Our last adventure to foreign soil was in the spring of 1984 when we traveled to Santiago, Chile, to be with another of our missionaries who had been a part of our church in Toledo, Brother and Sister Roy Well and family. I preached the National Conference and Sister Kinzie spoke to the Ladies Auxiliary of Chile. The Wells were thrilled at the good attendance and remarkable services. It was a very pleasant trip and we especially enjoyed the fellowship with the Wells—and also the trips to downtown Santiago.

The trip to Chile closed out the ten years I had been promised would be the greatest of my life. The travels to foreign lands were great. But this only represented a part of those tremendous years. The rest of the story will be told in Chapters Thirty-Six and Thirty-Seven as I relate other avenues of service that opened to us. God is good—even to a couple of farm kids who never expected to get too far from home!



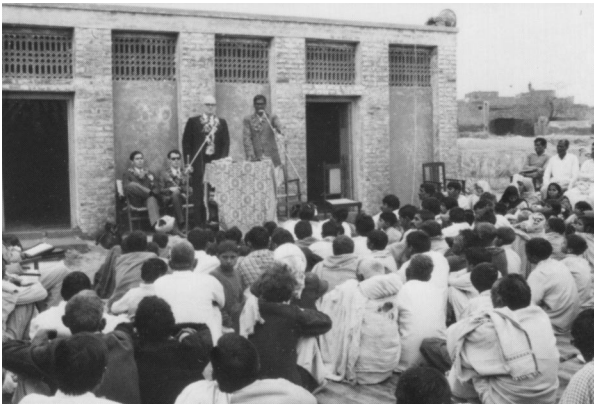
Thailand church outside Prankedai—Sister Hansen engineered the building, 1975.



The six ordained ministers and Brother Kinzie. Brother Buia stands on left of Brother Kinzie.



Sister Kinzie in an Indian Sari which is 6 yards of silk material draped in Indian fashion, Madras, 1975.



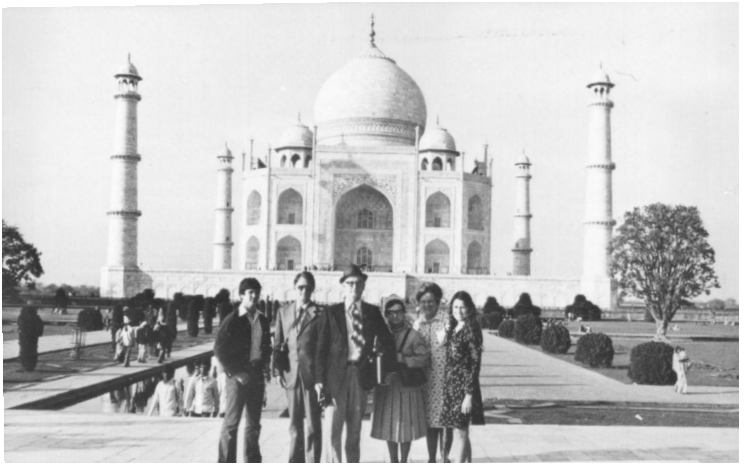
Brother Kinzie speaking at the dedication of a church in Pakistan.



Church in Shillong, Northeast India, the open area is where they did the circular shuffle dance when singing.



Sister Kinzie with ladies at Adur, South India.



Kinzies and Wallaces at Taj Mahal, India.



Brother and Sister Kinzie and Brother and Sister Glen Smith Leaving Santo Domingo for Haiti, April 1974.



Brother Hobday and Kinzies at Adur, South India, 1975.



Kinzies and Wallaces at Bible School in Adur, India.



Conference in Pakistan in shamiana.



Kinzies and Wallaces with Brother Banai at Buddist Temple in Rangoon, Burma.

Chapter 35

SERVING

When one commits his life to God, he never knows where he'll end! God charts our course, even though we may not be aware of it at the time. The apostle Paul in II Timothy 4:7 called it "my course!" Everyone who serves God faithfully has a "my course!"

When Vera and I entered the evangelistic field, neither of us ever dreamed of being in official positions of any kind. We were content to serve God in any capacity He designed for us.

My first involvement in any organizational work came in 1952 when I was appointed as the secretary of a Home Missions committee, set up to form a Home Missions Division for the United Pentecostal Church.

Brother Stanley Hanby was chairman, I was secretary. The other members of the committee were Arnold Browning from the Texico district; Henry Dunn from Texas; and another minister. We met at the General Conference in Little Rock, Arkansas. It was a brand new experience for me, but one I thoroughly enjoyed.

At the spring conference of the Ohio District held in Newark in 1954, I was elected as presbyter of the northern part of Ohio. Other members of that board were Ralph Cook, Superintendent; L. J. Roshon, Secretary-Treasurer; Roosevelt York, presbyter for the southern part; and Frank E. Curts, presbyter for the central part. Presbyters were not elected from sections at that time. The following year, the district was divided into sections and presbyters were elected from their respective sections. I served as a presbyter for twenty-five years under five superintendents: Ralph Cook, Frank Curts, George Thompson, James K. Stewart, and Ronald Newstrand. When I resigned as presbyter of Section Seven, Brother David Kuhtenia was elected to serve, and the District Board voted to make me an honorary member.

In Chapter Twenty-Nine I mentioned that in the fall of 1954, I traveled Ohio with LeRoy Ragon for the Sunday school department and acted as the secretary-treasurer. Later I was appointed to that position by the District Board; then the following year I was elected. I held that position for twenty years before resigning.

In the fall of 1954, I was appointed as secretary of the resolutions committee for the General Conference held in Columbus, Ohio. I served on the resolutions committee four times, the last time in 1973 as chairman.

In 1960 the Harvestime Radio Commission came into being, charting the course for our International Radio Broadcast. I served on that committee for sixteen years.

In the meantime, Sister Kinzie was appointed the first Ladies Auxiliary President of the Ohio District. She held that position until 1964 when she was appointed Ladies Auxiliary President for the United Pentecostal

Church International.

In 1976 Brother Paul Cook was appointed as regional field supervisor for the Asian-South Pacific area of the world. That left a vacancy on the Foreign Missions Board and I was appointed at the General Conference in Anaheim, California, to finish out his term. The next year at the General Conference in Indianapolis, Indiana, I was appointed to a full seven-year term. In 1984 at the General Conference in Anaheim, I was reappointed to a second term.

Serving on the Foreign Missions Board has been one of the highlights of my life. It is one of the most fulfilling experiences one could ever have. We are in the greatest work of the kingdom, one of the nearest and dearest things to the heart of God. It has its rewards and disappointments, but anything one does for God and eternity, has these elements!

The missionary department has experienced its greatest growth years during this time. Revival on the foreign field is the flaming torch of the hour!

Brother Harry Scism has been the director and Brother Edwin Judd the secretary during all of my years on the board. It's one thing to be responsible for Toledo, Ohio, quite another to be responsible for the whole world. While I have been on the board, Hulon Myre, Paul Cook, Paul Leaman, E. L. Freeman, Robert McFarland, Harold Glen Smith, Mervyn Miller, George Shalm, and Robert Norris have been regional field supervisors. The team at headquarters are Harry Scism, director; Edwin Judd, secretary-treasurer; Jack Leaman, promotional director; and Robert Rodenbush, coordinator of overseas ministries. The seven ministerial members are Voar Shoemake, San

Jose, California; Wayne Rooks, Miami, Florida; Carl Stephenson, Toronto, Ontario, Canada; R. P Bell, Lewisville, Texas; T. C. Bonnette, Alexandria, Louisiana; L. William Schmidt, Marion, Indiana, who replaced J. C. Cole after his death in 1983; and myself of Toledo, Ohio.

Part of a board member's job is interviewing candidates for both full-time missionaries and associates in missions (AIM) before they meet the Foreign Missions Board for appointment. This takes us into all parts of the U.S.A. and Canada. All of us count it a privilege to meet and talk to these people about their call to mission work.

In 1980, at the General Conference in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I was elected as Executive Presbyter for the northeast region of the United States and Canada. In this office one serves on both the General and Executive Boards of the United Pentecostal Church. One of the duties is conducting district conferences throughout the United States and Canada. While serving in this capacity, I conducted conferences in Enfield, Connecticut; North Augusta, South Carolina; Terre Haute, Indiana; Winona, Minnesota; Appleton, Wisconsin; Albany, Oregon; Newton, Iowa; Sioux City, South Dakota; and Kenia, Alaska.

In 1970 I chaired a committee selected to formulate a new judicial procedure for the United Pentecostal Church with Brother James Stewart, Columbus, Ohio, as secretary. Members of that committee included Clark Lott, Galena Park, Texas; Arless Glass, Pasadena, Texas; Norman Rutzen, Caldwell, Idaho; and David Wheeler, Santa Rosa, California.

Regardless of the position or office, I always counted it a privilege to serve the brethren. I've been a member of the United Pentecostal Church since the merger in 1945,

and was a member of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ, one of the merging churches since 1941. God has been good to the Kinzies, for which we thank Him over and over again. All glory belongs to Him!

Ladies Auxiliary Work
by Vera Kinzie

Permission to organize the Ladies Auxiliary Division on a national scale was granted in 1950, but was not officially organized until 1953.

Mary Cole, Parkersburg, West Virginia, was the first International Ladies Auxiliary President. She served seven years and deserves the credit for getting the division organized and on "its feet." It was a difficult task, but she managed very well, as she had a real burden for the work and a good sense of humor.

She resigned in 1960, but continued to serve as an honorary committee member until her death in 1970. Ilah Ashcraft of Oklahoma was appointed as the next president in 1960. She served until her death in February, 1964.

Lona Thames of Texas was the first General Secretary, serving from 1953 until 1961. Florence Ripley of California was then appointed and served until 1965. Melissa Anderson of Oklahoma was appointed in 1965 and continues to serve.

The Mothers' Memorial Offering Program was introduced in 1955. It assists on a national scale the Foreign Missions Division, Home Missions Division, Tupelo Children's Mansion, Harvestime Division, Educational Division, and Editorial Division. Each district retains 50% of the Mothers' Memorial funds, using them

at their own discretion.

I was appointed the first Ladies Auxiliary President of the Ohio District in 1956 and Yvonne Murray the first secretary. The potential of what ladies could contribute to the work of God was a challenge. We helped at our campground financially and served in many other capacities. Through the Mothers' Memorial Program we had the opportunity to assist foreign missionaries. This was a new venture and very rewarding. Our first adopted missionary was the A. D. Varnado family, who was ministering in Jamaica.

District Superintendent F. E. Curts and Secretary L. J. Roshon were most considerate and kind to us.

A humorous incident happened that we enjoy relating. All district funds were handled by the district secretary, so when the ladies wanted to contribute to a project we needed to ask both the superintendent and secretary. One day Sister Murray and I asked Brother Roshon for some money. In his dry, solemn and humorous way, he said, "You ladies remind me of the story of Pat and Mike. They owned a cow. Pat owned the front half and had to feed her. Mike owned the back half and took all of the milk. One day Pat decided he was tired of the 'deal,' so he killed the cow and took his half, leaving Mike his half which meant no more milk." Brother Roshon looked at us seriously and said, "And I'm about to kill the cow!"

I detected it as a joke, but Sister Murray did not. She thought he really meant it. In all seriousness, she said to me later, "I'm going to tell Brother Curts on him." It was so funny that I let her fret over it until she was about to contact Brother Curts and report the incident. I decided the joke had gone far enough, but it was easy to convince her that Brother Roshon was not serious. We all

have laughed many times over this.

Sister Murray later resigned and Florence Thompson was appointed to fill her office. We both served on the General Ladies Auxiliary Committee until 1964 when I was appointed as International Ladies Auxiliary President of the United Pentecostal Church. Sister Thompson then became the Ladies Auxiliary President of the Ohio District.

I never will forget the day in March 1964, when Brother A. T. Morgan, General Superintendent, called and asked, "Would you consider being appointed as the Ladies Auxiliary International President?"

Astonished and a bit frightened, I answered, "I'll need to talk to Brother Kinzie and pray about it,"

The next day he called and asked, "What's your decision?"

I answered, "Brother Kinzie and my daughter gave their permission, and if you feel I'm capable, I will try."

Brother and Sister Morgan were very kind and most considerate, as were Brother and Sister Stanley Chambers, then General Secretary. They helped and advised me in many ways, making the task truly enjoyable.

The Ladies Auxiliary General Committee consists of the district presidents and secretaries and we meet each year at the General Conference. I enjoy meeting and working with these wonderful ladies. I always leave the General Conference inspired and with a desire to move forward in the work of God. Their efforts in spiritual matters and material contributions in their various districts are to be highly commended. By their untiring efforts the Mothers' Memorial offering has increased from $4,930.63 in 1956 to over $985,000 in 1985, affording us all great pleasure in being able to minister to our fellow Christians.

The annual Ladies Auxiliary banquet is a highlight at the General Conference. I always look forward to it and I heartily agree with the comment once made to me by Sister A. T. Morgan: "I wouldn't miss this for anything!" The banquet is planned and hosted by the ladies of the district where the conference convenes. It is always a beautiful and exciting affair with the Foreign Missionary wives as speakers. Their extra efforts are appreciated so much!

The Ladies Auxiliary Conference program is another highlight, usually featuring a speaker and the presenting of the national awards.

I am grateful for the trips abroad I have been privileged to take on behalf of the Ladies Auxiliary. It affords an opportunity to meet many of the missionaries and observe their fields of labor, acquainting us with the work of a missionary. I have thoroughly enjoyed purchasing the awards abroad, making them very meaningful. I also enjoy traveling to the different districts and participating in their respective functions.

It is a great pleasure to work with Sister Anderson and the General Officials of the United Pentecostal Church; they are very kind and considerate of our Ladies Auxiliary efforts.

Chapter **36**

EXPANDING—BUILDING III

Expanding includes more than erecting buildings. One area of expansion during the years has been enlisting and training competent pastoral assistants. A growing church demands the aid of associate workers. The larger the church, the larger the staff needed to administer it.

Shortly after coming to Toledo, I asked Brother George Thompson of Monroe, Michigan, to assist me. Having finished his course work at Apostolic Bible Institute by mid-term, he would not receive his graduation until spring. He agreed to assist me until then.

I labored alone for the next four years. In July of 1958, the Michael Ray family came to Toledo after graduating from Apostolic Bible Institute. They were with us for eight years. Our church loved the family and he soon developed into a very effective preacher. In July of 1966 they felt led to go to Sandusky, Ohio, and start a new church.

After the Rays left, Brother and Sister Roy Well came

to assist us. They were with us for three years, leaving in 1970 to pioneer a church in Findlay, Ohio.

Six months after the Wells came to Toledo, Brother Dan Bowe graduated from Apostolic Bible Institute and came to work with us. It was the first time I had two assistants. Brother Bowe left at the close of 1970 to enter evangelistic work.

Previous to these two men coming, we always had a short drama presented by the youth of the church at Christmastime. It was usually a Christmas-oriented one-act play. Brother Well suggested we do a longer drama, not tying it to the Christmas story. He directed this first full-length drama on the Bible story of Noah and the flood. From that time on, it has become a yearly tradition for our youth to dramatize a Bible-related story.

A few titles of these dramas are: *No Hiding Place*, a drama on the end-time tribulation period; *For Such A Time As This*, the story of Esther; *Fugitive From Love*, the story of the prodigal son; *The Price Of Forgiveness*, an Apostolic Bible Institute drama on the story of Hosea and Gomer; and *God's Dreamer*, the story of Joseph.

In the summer of 1971, Brother and Sister Robert Stroup came after graduation from Apostolic Bible Institute. They assisted us for two wonderful years during the great revival. Whenever his name is mentioned, a smile wrinkles the faces of those who were with us while he was here.

He had never baptized anyone previously, so his initiation came soon after he arrived in Toledo. He had a very difficult time baptizing without splashing water over himself, the church platform, and even the orchestra on occasions. It was humorous to watch! When he

stepped into the baptistery with the candidates, the folks in the orchestra and on the platform began moving out of reach. One soaking was enough to convince them to get out of the way. Eventually he got the knack of it, but has never lived it down. He was my first full-time, paid assistant. He left in July 1973, to become pastor of the church in Sister Stroup's home town of Virginia, Minnesota.

In August of 1973, our son-in-law and daughter, Mark and Sandy Jordan came to assist us. They remained in that capacity until my retirement in May 1983. He was installed as pastor of the First Apostolic Church during the festivities surrounding that event. During Brother Jordan's tenure as assistant, Brother Victor Bentley, a home boy, became a full-time second assistant pastor. He was with us for three years, married Donna Whitmore from our church, then went to assist in the church in Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Shortly after Brother Bentley left, Brother and Sister Ray Young from Lancaster, Ohio, moved to Toledo. He and Brother Jordan started the Apostolic Christian Academy, a kindergarten through the twelfth grade Christian school. Brother Young was principal of the school and also assisted in the ministry of the church. He left in the winter of 1981 to become an assistant pastor in Groveport, Ohio, but came back to Toledo in 1984 where he is now teaching in a public school and helping in our church.

When Brother Young resigned, Brother Gary Trzcinski, a graduate of the University of Toledo and Apostolic Bible Institute, stepped in to become principal. He is still serving in that capacity, and he assists in the ministry of the church. He is making a great contribution to the

church in both capacities. Brother Trzcinski was saved in our church and married Monica Bentley, one of the church's musical directors. She also was a graduate of the University of Toledo and taught in Apostolic Academy.

In June 1981, Brother and Sister Wayne Dummitt, Columbus, Ohio, a graduate of Apostolic Bible Institute, came to teach in the school and assist in the ministry.

During the years of my pastorate, one of my greatest joys was to help young men get started in the ministry. Having them as assistants was a great help to me as well as a boost to them.

Another of our great joys was to see young men and women from the church have successful ministries. Among them are Dolly Loeffler McElhaney Nashville, Tennessee, a successful writer; Gayle George Elledge, a minister's wife; Ed and Mina Nichols, pastor in Medina, Ohio; Victor and Donna Whitemore Bentley, pastor in Marietta, Ohio; Charles and Sharon Condon Hurst, pastor in Bangor, Maine; Dennis and Sue Condon pastor in Groveport, Ohio; David Olsen, assistant pastor in Salem, Oregon; Paul and Shirley Dennis, missionaries to Japan and Okinawa; David Ward, missionary to Kenya, East Africa; Joe Hutchison, pastor in Kinston, North Carolina; Bruce and Linda Sanders Bennett, pastor in Maine; Gary and Monica Trzcinski, principal and assistant in Toledo; Mike Hensley, music director in Newark, Ohio.

When young men and women leave to be involved in the ministry elsewhere, it is an extension of the church's ministry and influence. I value this immensely. No greater honor could be bestowed upon a pastor or church!

As a result of the great revival that visited our church during the seventies, it became very obvious that expan-

sion of our facilities was again needed. Something had to be done!

We were using all of the facilities in the building itself, plus Sunday school classes in three houses we owned. This was not an ideal set-up. Other areas of our church were also experiencing continuous growth. At one time I counted forty-four "eligible" (for marriage) young men, and thirty-three "eligible" young women. We were being forced into expansion! We desperately needed to build.

In 1973 I asked Paul Pillau of Miami, Florida, an architect in Brother Wayne Rooks' church, to come to Toledo, assess our facilities and outline any procedures we could take to enlarge them. He drew preliminary plans for a new sanctuary at our Jackman Road site. We soon determined, however, that this was not feasible and started looking for acreage.

We found seven acres priced at $195,000 and made an offer of $113,000 on it. It was rejected, so later we increased our offer to $160,000.

While this offer was being considered, twenty-five acres were advertised in our newspaper for $150,000. Investigating, we discovered the advertiser only had an option to buy. Eventually we purchased the land through the Toledo Trust Bank, trustees for the Stranahan (Champion sparkplug people) estate, for $75,000 which was a real buy.

This twenty-five acres is a beautiful piece of property. It is 2800 feet long and 520 feet wide at its widest places it has a 2800 foot frontage on Interstate 475; a four-lane highway on the west, and Sylvania, a four-lane avenue to the north. Six acres are open land with the remainder in woods.

The unbelievable price of $3,000 an acre was actually $11,000 per acre less than we paid twenty-three years

previously when we built on Jackman Road. I credit this savings to our ever-growing involvement in foreign missions giving.

Brother Jordan and I were extremely happy with the acquisition of this property. We visualized a tremendous future for both the church and school.

We needed a permit to erect a backstop for a softball diamond and confidently we drove to the township hall for that purpose. Never having been there before, we walked in and heard folks talking in an office. Walking over I asked, "Where will I find the office to obtain a permit?"

A lady walked over and introduced herself. "I'm Lucille Laskey, a township trustee. What permit do you want?"

"We want to put up a softball diamond backstop on land we just purchased," I stated.

"Where is the land you're talking about?" she asked.

I gave her the information. Immediately she turned cool toward us. "So you're planning to build a church on that site, are you?"

"Yes," I replied, "that's our plans."

"You might as well forget it," she stated, "for I am opposed to anything being built on that property."

That statement startled both of us! "Why do you say that?" I questioned.

"Because the people in this community want an interchange on I-475 there and we intend to get it." She said some other uncomplimentary things I'll not repeat. Then she pointed to the stairs where we'd find the permit office. We got the backstop permit and left.

I can't speak for Brother Jordan, but I never felt more let down in my life. I went from the sublime to the ridiculous in just a few moments. "What have we bought?" I

asked Brother Jordan, "a pig in a poke?"

"I don't know!" he answered dejectedly.

This so discouraged me that I didn't go by the property for two weeks. I felt we'd made a fool of ourselves in not having investigated more thoroughly before buying the land. But gradually I recuperated and made plans to fight back. Our weapons of warfare were not lawyers and litigation but prayer and fasting, which the church did for several weeks.

We had the architect prepare a plot plan and preliminary plans of construction. Our first project was a maintenance building. Since we needed a zoning permit for this, requesting it would test the strength of our opposition.

For the township zoning board meeting, I asked our deacon board to dress in their finest clothes and accompany Brother Jordan and me to the meeting. Counting the architect, Bob Seyfang, there were sixteen of us at that meeting.

We took sixteen chairs close to the boardroom table. Folks started coming in and I saw each one as a potential opponent. When the meeting was called to order, I looked for Lucille Laskey, but did not see her.

The chairman opened the meeting by explaining that two of the five-member board were missing and any issue to pass would need a 3-0 vote. This was disturbing news. We were given an opportunity to postpone our case until the next meeting, if we so desired.

Leaning over to Bob Seyfang, I asked. "What shall we do? Do you think this might be to our disadvantage?"

"I really don't know. It could go either way!" he answered. "Why don't we take a chance and see. If it

looks unfavorable we can ask for a postponement." We decided on this course of action.

The first case was postponed for lack of information, and another was withdrawn. When it came time for us, I was somewhat apprehensive.

After presenting our case, I asked Bob Seyfang to speak. As he was speaking I noticed the chairman eyeing the men seated in front of him. Looking at me he asked, "Sir, are these men from your congregation?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Are they for or against your proposition?" he asked.

"For!" I answered.

"If I may ask, who are they?" he questioned.

"All are members of our official church board except Bob Seyfang," I replied.

"And you're sure they are all behind the case you've presented?" he asked. As he was asking the question, the men were shaking their heads in the affirmative.

I saw the head shaking and replied, "I'm sure you can observe that they are behind this one hundred percent!"

"Is there anyone present who is opposed to this case?" he asked as he surveyed the crowd.

This was the crucial question that I feared. If there were opposition, we would soon know. But no one objected! Before the chairman could speak again, one of the ladies on the board made a motion to accept our presentation and it carried. The chairman saw the smile on our faces and said, "This is the first time since I have been on this board that anyone brought such a delegation as this to a meeting. Reverend," he said, "you must have a good church to have such fine men as this standing behind you!" They had really impressed him!

"I'm grateful," I replied and before I could say any more he called for the next case.

We walked out of that meeting with a triumphant expression of praise to God in our hearts and on our lips. The threatened opposition never materialized.

"Where were they?" you may ask.

Well, God works with perfect timing! A week before the meeting, the *Toledo Blade* published an article stating that the Ohio Highway Commission had vetoed any future consideration of having an interchange at the corner of our property. That did it! When one trusts Him, He knows how to do all things just right!

This was an important victory and it set the stage for our future building programs. We had the permit in our hands and were soon erecting the maintenance building.

As soon as we were sure about the permit, we authorized the Seyfang-Blanchard Architectural firm to proceed with the working drawings on the church proper. Brother Jordan and I had done our homework, having driven hundreds of miles and visited many areas looking at church buildings for new and fresh ideas. Then we designed what we thought would be the most commodious building for our congregation.

Brother Paul Pillau from Florida made many valuable contributions to this design. Since he was so far away, we paid him for his work, and assigned the working plans to this local architect. We planned to build the entire structure at one time. I made temporary arrangements at the bank to borrow $700,000. Everything seemed to be falling into place.

Driving through Adrian, Michigan, one day, I saw a new church being built. Since I was interested in

churches and church designs, I stopped. There I met Dave Crane, an independent church construction manager, and became well acquainted with him on subsequent stops. We talked about his building for us in Toledo. He had one more church to build before he could come. This fit into our plans perfectly.

In February 1980, Sister Kinzie and I made a trip to El Salvador, Central America, for speaking engagements. While we were gone the prime interest rate started that horrible upward climb. By the time we arrived back home, I realized we had to take another look at our building program. Prime had reached the fifteen percent level and I could foresee trouble. There was no way we could pay that interest rate on $700,000 and keep our heads above water. Consequently, we decided to drop the sanctuary from the plans and arrange for a worship center in the educational part of the building.

We started building on April 28, 1980, and had the dedication on May 15, 1981. It was a tremendous experience for the whole church. Dave Crane was easy to work with and our men thought highly of him. His patience with their inexperience was gratifying. We hired Bill Cook, who worked with Dave, to help us. He was highly skilled in the building trades. He unselfishly shared his expertise with our men, which was a valuable asset to us. It was a case of hard work and long hours. Several times the police stopped by late at night and discovered fellows working into the wee hours of the morning.

We enlisted every available person to work on the building. When finished, I estimated that over one hundred men, women and boys had worked on the structure. Some took their vacations and spent the entire time work-

ing on the building. The recession was on and many who were laid off came to work day after day. Those who were still working came after work. The sacrifices of both the men and their wives were tremendous. One young man took a two-month leave of absence from his job to work on the building.

The cooperation of our people was so noteworthy that Dave Crane talks about it wherever he goes. When we started building Dave estimated the cost at $525,000. The finished structure came to $520,000, excluding our labor. This did not include water lines, sewer hook-up, parking lots and a host of other outside items that were necessary but not a part of the building proper. Adding these items together, the final cost came to just over $700,000.

In both previous building programs I ended up sick. This time, however, I ruled that out. I realized the other times we built I had allowed stress and anxiety to overpower me. This time I said "No" to these forces and determined to enjoy every moment of the building program, and God helping me, I did! Perhaps one of the redeeming factors for me was having Brother Jordan to share the decisions and responsibilities. This made a tremendous difference in the stress factor. This building program was a part of the promise God gave me when I turned sixty—that the next decade would be the greatest of my life. This building was a part of that decade!

Space will not allow me to honor those of our congregation who so admirably cooperated in this building program. If I named names I would be sure to omit someone important, and that I do not choose to do. The bank estimated the worth of the building at $1,360,000, so we can readily see what tremendous savings were realized by

our participation in the labor force. There were no unpleasant disagreements to mar the unity of the workers. I can wholeheartedly say it was one great time of pleasant fellowship, cooperation and satisfaction. *To God be all the glory, both now and forever.*

Chapter 37

RETIREMENT & FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Evidently there comes a time when all good things must come to an end! Time has a way of slipping by swiftly and age creeps up almost unnoticed. Suddenly, seventy was but one year away! It was time to step back and push a younger man into the fray. We had been preparing for this day and the aging process made us readily agreeable to it!

As I grew with the church it seemed I'd be pastor forever. But little things began happening that told me things were changing. Forgetting to plan an event—an appointment forgotten—and other tell-tale signs appeared that said, "You're not the same anymore, son, and you'd better start thinking about stepping down!"

To me, planning for the future of the church should be considered as one of the most important things a pastor

can do. To labor for years building a congregation and suitable buildings and not make preparations for its continuity is out of harmony with the Word of God. Jesus built His church and trained His future leaders. The apostle Paul trained Timothy, Titus and others to carry on his work. It is something that should not be neglected or put off to the last moment. When it is, most situations end in disappointment and often disaster for those left behind!

I don't claim to have any super insight into spiritual matters, but ten years beforehand, I felt the need to prepare for it. When Brother Stroup left for Virgina, Minnesota, I knew it was time to take steps to assure the future of the church.

I didn't know exactly who it would be, but I had always felt that our daughter, Cassandra, was a God-given miracle child, born for a specific and definite purpose. I had this intuition that she would marry a young minister who would fit into the program God had designed for us. When she married Mark Jordan, I felt it to be the perfect will of God.

It was now time to bring them to Toledo and allow the training process to begin. I did not push them on the people but put them in a position where they could earn our people's respect. This took time! One writer said, "Confidence is a plant of slow growth," and I believe it.

When talking with young men who were leaving our church to enter the ministry, I always admonished them that when they took a church, not to be in a hurry to change things even though they thought they had a better system. One must build confidence before successful changes can be made without disrupting the life of a church.

I wanted Brother Jordan in on every decision that was

made in the last building program. If the church accepted him as the next pastor, he needed to know every detail of the construction process. When we finally entered the new building, I made plans in my heart to proceed with a smooth transition of leadership. At our twenty-ninth anniversary services in May 1982, I read a prepared statement that, the Lord willing, and if the church affirmed Brother Jordan as pastor at our next business meeting, I would step down at our thirtieth anniversary services in May 1983.

At the annual business meeting in January 1983, the church affirmed Brother Jordan, and plans began to take shape for the transition in May. A retirement banquet was planned with our former Gospel Melodies Record Company group being featured in the ceremonies. Brother Norman Paslay of Cincinnati, Ohio, was to be the emcee and Brother Nathaniel A. Urshan, General Superintendent of the United Pentecostal Church, would be the speaker for the occasion.

Arrangements were made to have the banquet at the facilities of the Gladieux Complex, a large catering service in Toledo, on May 13, 1983. Committees were formed for decorating, entertainment, and music. They arranged a great program. Invitations were sent to ministers within driving distance of Toledo and a great number were present. In all, over four hundred twenty-five attended the banquet. It was a gala affair.

The Paslays and Urshans sang, along with several others. The highlight of the evening was when Brother Paslay called Sister Kinzie and me to the platform. Brother Jordan then came and called Brother Herman Bentley, our head deacon, to the platform. As Brother Bentley was

coming, Brother Jordan presented us with a small replica of an old-fashioned car, probably to throw us off guard. When Brother Bentley arrived he dangled a set of car keys before us and said, "These keys are to a new 1983 Ninety-eight Oldsmobile Regency Brougham sedan that is waiting in the parking lot for your inspection."

You talk about being shocked! I had heard rumors that this might take place but had dismissed them as just rumors. One such remark was made when I was talking about trading cars the past fall: "Why don't you wait awhile before you trade?" That made me suspicious, but somehow I never thought it would happen like this. Too, I knew that the people in our church had made many sacrifices in the building program and didn't expect them to be able to do anything like this so soon!

When they led us out to see the car, it was positioned so that the lights from the building focused on it, making it shine beautifully. Ribbons were wrapped around it with a large bow tied over the hood close to the windshield on the driver's side. Vera and I both wept when we saw it and felt the great love it represented flowing to us from the members of our congregation.

We felt uncomfortable with all the wonderful things that were said about us that evening. However, I guess it was better to hear good things rather than bad! If anything worthwhile has been accomplished by or through our lives, to God be all the glory! He had to save, fashion, guide and direct our lives according to His will! All in all it was one glorious night for the two of us.

The next afternoon, May 14, Brother Jordan was installed as the pastor of the church with Brother Urshan as the speaker. At the close of the service, I read the follow-

ing statement to Brother Jordan charging him with the welfare of the people and the care of the church.

* * * * * *

"Through His own grace and direction, the Lord placed the burden and responsibility of this church upon us in February 1953, while we were conducting a revival in Newark, Ohio, for the late pastor, Howard Dyer. From that delightful moment to this, this church has been our life. We have literally spent ourselves physically, emotionally, and financially for the Lord.

"Pastoring these people has been the joy of our lives. The rewards have come back to us time and again, and we're sure they'll continue to flow, even throughout eternity. With very few exceptions, the people of our congregation have been most outstanding, cooperative, thoughtful and courteous. Our only reluctance in relinquishing our position of leadership is that so soon we grow old when we still feel so young in heart.

"As we survey the future of this congregation, we are optimistic. A whole city is at our doorstep. The surface hasn't been dented. The spiritual potential, if the Lord tarries, is limitless. The task will be staggering, but we're sure the Lord has prepared you three, Brother and Sister Jordan and Ryan, for it. Though we could be a little prejudiced, we feel He could have chosen no better.

"So today, May 14, 1983, both of us, Mother and I, gladly and without reluctance, hand over to you, Brother and Sister Jordan, the reins of this church. For a while it will survive on the memories of past achievements, but not for long. You must draft your own profile. Your action,

reaction, and interaction with this people will soon start shaping an image of the future. At this stage you'll be on your own.

"David gave some wonderful advice to his son, Solomon, when he relinquished the throne to him and I'd like to quote it for you. It's found in I Chronicles 22:11-13: *(paraphrased)*

> *"So now, my son, may the Lord be with you and prosper you as you do what He told you to do and build the Temple of the Lord. And may the Lord give you good judgment to follow all His laws when He makes you king of Israel. For if you carefully obey the rules and regulations which He gave to Israel through Moses, you will prosper. Be strong and courageous, fearless and enthusiastic!"*

"The prayer of our hearts is that God will continue to direct your lives in fulfillment of His commission. You can count on our loyalty, cooperation and allegiance to the very best of our ability. We are sincerely thrilled with this moment!"

* * * * * *

One of the great moments of that service was when, after reading the above, Brother Jordan and I locked arms around each other's necks and wept with joy! I'll never forget it. It was a moment charged with the presence of God. It brings tears to my eyes just to write about it. It was as though the Lord was saying, "You've done the right thing!"

The next morning, which was Sunday, for the first time in many years, my wife and I went to church together. Always before, I went to the church at 7:30 A.M. Brother Jordan had to do it now! It was great to be free of these responsibilities.

I might add that neither of us have ever regretted retiring when we did! The transition went very smoothly. Our people were already accustomed to Brother Jordan and were happy we'd be around in a sort of grandparent relationship. It is a real joy to worship the Lord in the church we pastored for so long!

Probably the greatest relief was that of not having to deal with the problems that arise in a church. In our office complex, when one comes in the main door, the first office to the right is mine with my name on the door. Now when anyone knocks on my door and I know it involves some type of a problem, I give them the thumb sign which says, "Next door, please!" That's Brother Jordan's office!

Something that almost every couple looks forward to is the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Ours was July 6, 1984. A gala affair was planned by Sister Jordan and the church. Sister Kinzie didn't want to spend all afternoon shaking hands and talking, so she requested a musical program. The celebration was held at the church on a Saturday afternoon with a full house present. A table was prepared in the front of the church were Brother and Sister James Hosch, Brother and Sister Jordan and Sister Kinzie and I were seated.

The musical program included trios, a solo by Sister Grise of Plymouth, Indiana, our first convert, with Ruth Bergen another we led to the Lord and also of Plymouth, accompanying her. A skit by some of our young people

depicted our lives from our early married days up until the present. It also portrayed our evangelistic party playing and singing. Two of our recordings were played over the sound system while three young ladies and one young man pantomimed our party as the records played. They did such a fantastic job that one almost thought they were actually playing and singing.

The skit was given a resounding applause. Many wonderful things were said about us that we felt were undeserved, but sounded so wonderful that we just hoped there was a measure of truth in them. It did make us feel that our lives had had an impact upon a host of others. Friends from high school days in La Paz, Indiana, were there to celebrate with us. Some dear friends from Cincinnati were there with Bill Hinkle and his group singing for us. A dinner was served with a beautiful large wedding cake and punch, as the dessert and beverage.

Another lovely event took place in the program. Two years earlier our home had been broken into and our silverware stolen. We had decided not to replace it at the time. Lois Anne Newstrand, Ladies Auxiliary President of the Ohio District, presented us with a twelve-place setting of gold flatware given by the Ladies Auxilary International. Vera said, "It matches our china beautifully!"

All in all it was a great day, one that Sister Kinzie and I will remember the rest of our lives. To top it off, friends and church folks gave us more than $1,000 in gifts.

Before I bring this book to a close I feel there are two other events that have enhanced our lives as nothing else could have. Those two events were the adoption of Ryan Jordan in 1981, and Ross Jordan in 1983, by Brother and Sister Jordan. These two boys have brought a dimension

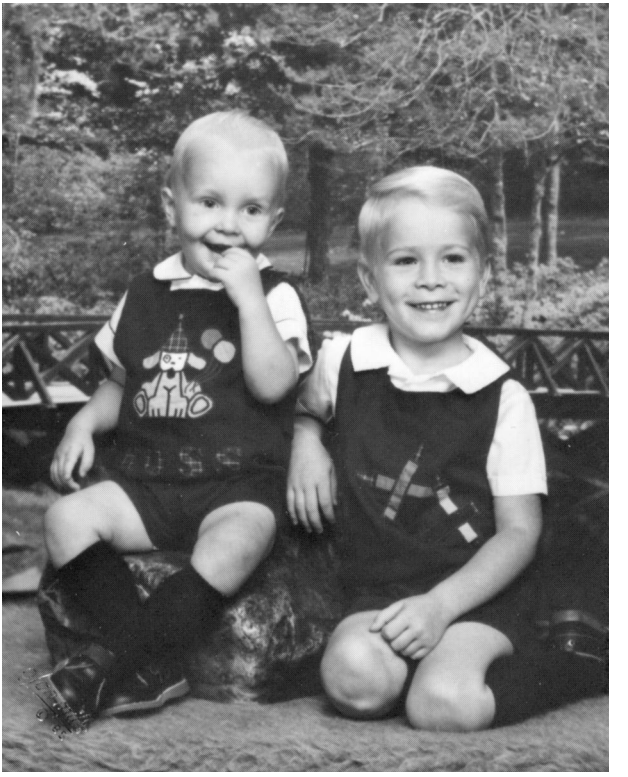
of love into our lives that only grandchildren can bring. They are making our lives complete!

Several years ago, Brother and Sister Hosch adopted a baby boy, Kevin, who has constantly looked to us as his grandparents and we have loved him as our own. Thank God for our boys! God is so good!

Yes, God designed our pilgrimage! He has given us strength through struggle. It has been our goal for over forty-nine years to walk with Him, and the Lord willing, we expect to finish in victory through the grace of our God. Both of us join together in giving Jesus Christ, our wonderful Lord and God, thanks now and forevermore for the life, both natural and spiritual, He gave each of us to live for Him!



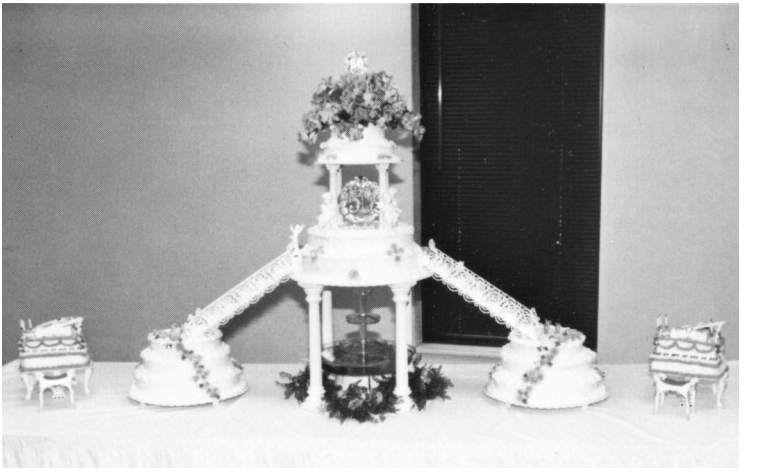
Mark and Sandy Jordan, Ross (baby) and Ryan (older child).



Ross and Ryan Jordan, 1985



50th Anniversary with Kinzies, 1984.



50th Anniversary Wedding Cake.



Hugh Rose was Master of Ceremonies at 50th Wedding Anniversary.



50th Wedding Anniversary, Brother and Sister Hosch on the ends of table. Kinzies in center, James Ward Jr., Ricky Condon, Clarence Condon, and James Ward Sr. singing in quartet.



Brother Urshan speaking at retirement banquet.



Head table at retirement banquet, at left. Brother and Sister Jordan; Sister Paslay, and Brother Paslay at podium; Brother and Sister Kinzie; and Brother and Sister Urshan.



The 98 Olds Regency Brougham given at 30th Anniversary retirement banquet.