

Bread of Life

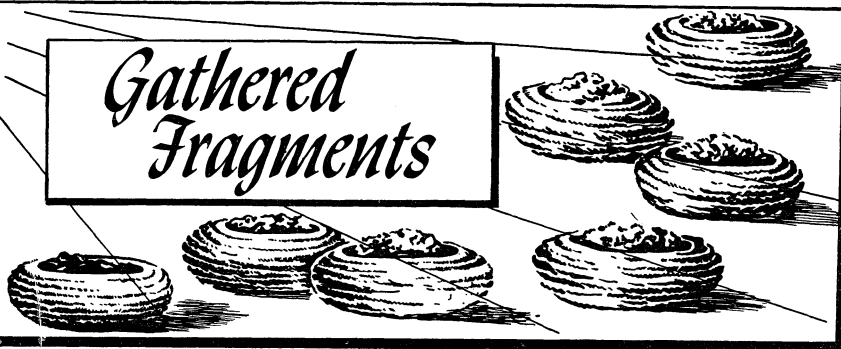
Vol. VIII

October 1959

No. 10



Gathered Fragments



A CHRISTIAN WORKER'S CONFERENCE, held over the Labor Day week-end, climaxed the fourteenth season of Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, New York. *Helen I. Wannemacher*, wife of Pastor Joseph Wannemacher of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sounded the keynote for the meetings in her talk at the Saturday morning worship:—*Guard Your Influence* in which she emphasized the prime importance of holiness in the entire daily life of the Christian worker. (See page 3 of this issue for the report of this talk.) The theme "Holiness unto the Lord" was further developed by other ministering brethren in a variety of exhortations in that and the following services.

* * *

"I would like to deliver my soul and conscience this morning of something the Lord has laid on my heart in keeping with what we have already heard. That confirms my light that maybe the Lord wants to underscore the things we have heard," commented *Pastor Hans Waldvogel*, as he began his address, "The Whole Counsel of God," on Sunday morning. (See page 7 for a transcript, somewhat abridged, of this soul-searching word.)

* * *

The Sunday afternoon meeting was devoted to consideration of Sunday school work. An able and highly successful Sunday school teacher and superintendent for over forty years, Mrs. Wannemacher brought

out of her treasure store things new and old. These will be shared, God willing, in the November issue of the BREAD OF LIFE. Other addresses given during this "feast of fat things" will be shared with our readers in the coming months.

* * *

Most blessed was the time spent around the table of the Lord in the Sunday evening service. Many inspiring testi-

monies were given throughout the conference, especially at the final gathering, the Monday morning worship.

* * *

Pastor Hans Waldvogel, who returned to the United States, in order to be present at the conference, has gone back to Europe to continue his evangelistic mission there. Until October 4th, God willing, he will be ministering in Hamburg. From there he will go to Bremen for services beginning October 5th and continuing through the 9th. On October 11th Pastor Waldvogel begins a week's services in Salzburg, Austria. This campaign will be followed by a conference in Kirchheim, October 13-November 1st.

* * *

Early in September the Lord opened another door of service

(Continued on page 11.)

Holiness Unto the Lord

"CALLED unto holiness," Church of our God,
Purchase of Jesus, redeemed by His Blood;
Called from the world and its idols to flee,
Called from the bondage of sin to be free.

"Called unto holiness," children of light,
Walking with Jesus in garments of white;
Raiment unsullied, nor tarnished with sin,
God's Holy Spirit abiding within.

"Called unto holiness," praise His dear name!
This blessed secret to faith now made plain.
Not our own righteousness, but Christ within,
Living and reigning and saving from sin.

"Called unto holiness," glorious tho't!
Up from the wilderness wanderings brought,
Out from the shadows and darkness of night,
Into the Canaan of perfect delight.

"Called unto holiness," Bride of the Lamb,
Waiting the Bridegroom's returning again;
Lift up your heads for the day draweth near
When in His beauty the King shall appear.

CHORUS:

"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song,
"Holiness unto the Lord," as we're marching along;
Sing it, shout it, loud and long,
"Holiness unto the Lord," now and forever.

—MRS. C. H. MORRIS



Helen I. Wannemacher

Guard Your Influence!

By HELEN I. WANNENMACHER

THE SPIRIT-FILLED life is so fragrant, so beautiful, so anointed, so choice! People expect so much more from such a life, though. And God expects a great deal more from such an one who is so beautifully filled and so anointed than He does from somebody else. Naturally! And when we fail, it makes Him feel real sad, especially if we are teachers.

There's a verse, and it isn't a very pretty one, as a text in Ecclesiastes 10: 1: "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour."

Our influence, the influence that we who are known to be filled with the Holy Ghost, to walk in the holiness of Jesus, who have the anointing, who have the glory, who have everything that God could give to us, may be spoiled by some "little folly." Cooks will tell us just a little foreign substance in that which is sweet will really produce "something," won't it? So "a little folly" in one who has reputation to be an anointed one, a teacher, a leader,—"*a little folly*."

You say, "Oh well, I can't walk circumspectly all the time, I just can't be perfect." Why, no, but we can avoid a lot of things. We can avoid—just begin with—foolish talking and

jesting. You say, "Oh, I'm a young person, I can talk and laugh." Why, of course, you can! God wants us to be free and holy and lovely and enjoy the things of a young person. But, you know, when you are *given* to it, it doesn't produce that which God wants. I am thinking of a minister who has a real gift to preach. I love to hear that man preach, but I don't think I have ever met that man—and I meet him almost every day in our camp—but he has some silly, little joke. It is almost obnoxious. Some day I'm going to say something to him! You see when you get old like me you can do a lot of things and get by! For instance, one time when my husband was in Europe, one of our young married women, who had some secretarial job in the Sunday school, had gone to a wedding and had mixed with all the worldly friends and relatives. She took a worldly "fling." She just had "a real good time." It wasn't so terrific, but anyhow, she belonged to us, was on our staff, was a member of our church.

Soon it was the time of the year when we had nice things for Christmas, a party and so forth, and she expected to join in with the rest of them. My husband was away and I said, "No, she won't." So I called her on the phone and said, "Look, I

don't think that was good, and if you would like to get up tomorrow morning in church and just say you made a mistake, that'll be fine."

She said, "I didn't do anything, I didn't do anything at all that was out of the way."

"Oh, yes, you did." And we talked some more. Finally, I said, "All right, if you don't want to do that, you're on probation for six months." My children looked at me and said, "But, Mother!" I said, "That's all right!"

This is what I want to bring out. God expects us to walk in that inner touch with Him. He wants us to walk guardedly, holily, guarding our lips, guarding our every mannerism. And oh, how much we can spoil by loose manners, by indulging in the things that are not becoming to us as anointed ones, those who walk before others, and especially before our children. There should be within us a deep call to let the influence of the Holy Ghost be felt.

God is real careful about such things—to "blow our top," for instance. ("That isn't too bad! Well! that's just us, me. I can say what I want to.") Or we can criticize or we can do any of these things. We can be contentious, and how easy it is just really to want our own way and get it too. So what have we got? It isn't much, is it?

*Why should the Lord show you His will if you are
not going to do it?*

—M. W. R.

Moses was God's man. How we love to read about that rugged character of God who led His chosen people unto the Promised Land. But one day Moses, who had dealt with those children of Israel long, borne with their ways, pled for them, who even would have been blotted out for their sake, because he really got riled up about things, said, "You rebels, must I fetch water out of this rock for you!" And he smote the rock—twice. And God had said he shouldn't. He had "blown his top";—just once! He'd borne long, but one inadvertent act out of God, in rebellion and anger, was it. God said, "Moses, come on up the hill!" Of course, he had made his farewell speech, but he was through.

And, teacher, you will be through with your influence, if you continue just to "blow your top." (Excuse the slang.) You just can't do it. You just can't expect to be for those children or those about you *anything* if you indulge.

Then I was thinking of **Jonah**. Jonah was a man called of God, too. God said, "Preach to those Ninevites, preach repentance to them." Finally, Jonah did go. He preached. He preached well, for he could. And those Ninevites repented and turned to God just as Jonah knew they'd do. Of course, that was against his pride. Well, anyhow, he pouted. They say, "He preached

three days and pouted thirty days!" And the end of the story is that those Ninevites turned back into their sin and likely never did repent again. For the rest of the story, you can read.

What do we do with our poutings and our flings and our dumps. You know, you can spoil more by an hour of dumping and self-pity and attitudes of "What's the use! Aw! I'm not going on." You can waste more of the glory and dispel more of that which God has done in your soul by *just one hour of such things*, than you can gain back by much seeking after God. I don't mean that you won't gain it back, but oh, what loss! Oh, what unnecessary loss that we make for ourselves, and what loss it does for those about us. It certainly isn't inspiring. Any teacher that comes in such manners and ways has no influence that is good.

Then I was thinking of **Barnabas**. He was separated by the Holy Ghost, he and Saul. They went forth in that first wonderful missionary journey, for God worked marvels and miracles. And then, they came to the second. Barnabas and Paul were to go again but Barnabas had another idea. He had somebody in his family that he thought ought to be put up. And you know these family connections can work a lot of havoc sometimes. We have folks in our church that just don't say

no to their family. If they come before services, well, naturally, they have to stay home, get a good meal, or at least stay with them. But God doesn't think like that. God's call is mightier than that into our hearts, and our consecration should be deeper than that. Barnabas was determined that Mark should go with him—his sister's son. And there was quite a contention. I'm sure that Paul was not contentious in the way that we would think, but he was very firm in the matter. He knew that God had separated Barnabas and himself. And so Barnabas was also determined. The outcome was that Barnabas took Mark. They went over the hill, and that was the last we hear of Barnabas. He was through. This is my thought, let's guard our influence as we guard our life. Let's walk in the conscious Presence of Him.

We had a lovely chap who's grown now and an able minister of the gospel. He came to us when he was just a young chap. That boy was different. Of course, he could have a good time. But Willard wouldn't indulge in some of the things that other boys did. He was, perhaps, considered a bit narrow, but as you would see that boy come toward you, you knew that God was in Him. He didn't say, "Oh, I've got God, I'm different, I have the Holy Ghost. Look at me." He didn't say a word. It wasn't one thing that he ever let out. But there was something distinctly different. It was his bearing. It was his carefulness. It was his ability to walk before God as an upright one.

God has called us to a high calling. It isn't a low calling.

(Continued on page 11.)

Bread of Life

OCTOBER 1959

VOL. VIII No. 10

Published monthly by RIDGEWOOD PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, 457 Harman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Editor: Gordon P. Gardiner. Ass't Editor: Caroline Gardiner. Contributing Editor: Hans R. Waldvogel.
Office Manager: Eleanor Perz. Photoengraver: Bingham Photoengraving Co. Printed in the U.S.A.
Second-class postage paid at Brooklyn, N. Y. Address all correspondence to P.O. Box 11, Brooklyn 27, N. Y. Make all subscriptions payable to Frank G. Posta, Treas.

Annual Subscriptions: United States and Canada \$1.75; Foreign, \$2.00. Single copy—15c.

Led by His Dear Hand

A Personal Testimony

By FRANK G. POSTA

Pastor of the East Side Pentecostal Church
New York City



Frank G. Posta

CHURCH had never attracted me. When my parents got me up in time on Sunday mornings, I went to Sunday school, but I had no interest in it whatsoever. More than likely, I conveniently got sick with "Mortibus Sabbaticus"—a disease that makes one sick just before church, but after the service starts, it immediately wears off. So my attendance was very irregular.

Then something happened. My sister was converted and one day asked me if I would like to go to the Peniel Pentecostal Sunday School in Kenosha, Wisconsin, where we lived. At first, I was not at all impressed; but when she said, "Mr. Olson will be glad to pick you up," I consented.

Sure enough, the following Sunday morning Mr. Olson pulled up with his old, open touring Model T Ford. Already the car was crowded, but there was always room for one more. That was my introduction to Pentecost. The Sunday school was good. I enjoyed it. There was something different in that place. It was a simple, storefront church, yet, unbeknown to me, the presence of God was there.

Sometime later came my first Christian experience. In the midst of the preliminaries, the Sunday school superintendent

asked if someone wanted to come to Christ. I thank God that that morning I made the step forward with several others. The brother that dealt with me was very definite, using two scriptures:

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John 1: 9).

"... him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6: 37).

He impressed me to come and I would be received, that if I confessed, He would forgive. I took God at His Word and felt in my heart that the work was done. From that day I never doubted that He had received me. Many times I quoted these verses and in simple faith believed them.

During this time God was leading me on. My parents were not sympathetic. They felt that the Pentecostal Church was too emotional and that it was getting me nervous, for sometimes even in my sleep I would shout, "Hallelujah." The result was that I was hindered from attending meetings, but God opened another way. The Olson home had daily family worship, and after supper I went to see the boys, and the Lord so arranged that I could have family prayers there. So, while I could

not attend church services, these worships helped me much.

Sometime later the truth of the baptism of the Holy Spirit was made real to me. The question arose in my heart when I could pray and seek to be filled. I didn't know, but God gave me a word:

"... tarry ye . . . until ye be endued with power from on high" (Luke 24:49).

This word became very precious to me.

I had learned something of prayer and praise. So, after school, instead of playing with the boys, I went to the mission to praise the Lord and pray. And every opportunity I had I went to a meeting—although I had to be home by 9 o'clock. Then one day God opened the heavens above me. At that time Peniel Tabernacle had Sunday afternoon meetings. Sometimes I was able to get to the Olson home in the afternoon and then on to the service. That Sunday afternoon, January 31, 1926, God poured out His Spirit and filled me. Since I was unable to come to an evening meeting, the Lord filled me in an afternoon service. Since that time I have been partial to Sunday afternoon meetings.

That same afternoon James Modder, now a missionary to In-

dia, was filled. One of the Olson boys, Lawrence, now a missionary to Brazil, was made so hungry that he sought the Lord with all his heart, saying, "These fellows came in after I did and they get filled before me!" He sought so earnestly that the following Tuesday he, too, was gloriously filled. Hallelujah!

During those high school days God was helping me and continuing to lead me on. One afternoon, while a group of us had a day off and were wondering what to do, who should come up to the house but Brother Hans Waldvogel in an old Model T Ford? His question was, "What about coming to a meeting in Zion?" Having nothing to do we went with him. The meeting was small, very small, with perhaps twelve in attendance, but that service changed my life.

During the course of that meeting the Lord suggested by one of His servants that I buy a book and for the next year write down one thing I was thankful for each day. I did what I was told. Some days there were many things to be thankful for; other days it was difficult to find anything, but I did this faithfully. Then one day the Lord spoke by another brother to me saying that I had done what I had been told and the Lord was giving me a thankful heart. When I went to look at the book, the year was over *that day*. God had taught me to be thankful.

Another experience stands out of those days. Like other boys of that age I was interested in sports. After awhile I became quite efficient in tennis and spent a good deal of time at it. One day a good Christian told me, "Watch out! You control *it*; don't let *it* control you."

I kept on playing, but remembered those words. Later a tournament was scheduled, and I entered in the junior division. Being one of the better players I was given a good chance to win.

Several matches were won, and then in the quarter-finals the match was to be played on Friday night. That was a meeting night.

What was I to do? After all, I could go to meeting anytime, but . . . ? Then I remembered the words, "Don't let *it* control you." I defaulted. I lost the match, but won a great victory. I learned, at least in a measure, to control some of these natural desires.

After graduation from high school I went to Chicago where I worked for a large banking concern. It was while there that the call of God to serve Him became more real than ever before. I felt it was time for me to start out and prepare. I sent for information from various Bible schools and was ready to send my application to one of them.

While in Chicago, I attended the services of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Finnern. We did not have an altar service after the meeting, but always gathered at the altar before the service. It was at one of these altar services in 1931 that God led me in another way.

Mrs. A. W. Naylor, one of the ministers of the Faith Homes of Zion, Illinois, came unexpectedly to the service that day. I knew her, but she did not know anything about my plans; in fact, the Finnerns knew nothing about them either. While I was praying at the altar, Mrs. Naylor came and spoke to me by the Lord, telling me not to make the move I was contemplating, but as I would wait upon the Lord, another way would open for me. The following year the Lord opened the way for me to come to Brooklyn.

It was while I was in Chicago my father was wonderfully saved. My father was not a religious man. He said that if he wanted to go to church he would go to the park and there think of God. My mother had

been saved in Europe, but lost her testimony and light when she married my father. Seldom did they go to church.

After my sister and I were saved, many prayed for my parents, especially my dad. The women at Peniel Tabernacle were very faithful in remembering him every week. His name was on the top of their prayer list and, I believe, they prayed seven years for him. Then he started to show an interest. He went to some revival meetings and occasionally to church. During one of those revival meetings God touched his heart, and I remember he told me that the preacher was good. However, nothing definite was done.

But then how well I remember one Saturday afternoon when I stepped off the train and my dad met me. I saw in his eyes that something had happened. He said, "Frank, do you know what has happened?" Of course, I knew—my dad was saved!

It happened in the Simmons factory in Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he was a tool-maker. One day as he was examining a blueprint and planning his work, suddenly the blueprint vanished and he was attracted to some loud noises. He looked up! He saw a procession! There amidst the crowd he saw Jesus slowly walking down the road carrying His cross. Then when He reached my father, He stumbled and looking at my dad said, "I did this *for you*." He could not resist any longer but quickly went to the washroom and there he found peace with God. To his dying day, Dad insisted Jesus had blue eyes!

When he came home the supper was all ready. However, Dad said, "Ma, where is the Bible?" She looked at him and went in search for it. She looked for awhile and then brought it. "Sit down," he said and began to read. And he read on and

(Continued on page 11.)

The Whole Counsel of God

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

"For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. . . . Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (ACTS 20:27, 21).

WE are not going to be good ministers of God unless we declare the whole counsel of God. Paul says, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." It cost him many, many friends and many churches. All the churches in Asia turned away from him. They did not have to go to his church and be told that if they lived in the flesh they would die. You do not have to do that today. You do not have to go to a church where the preacher is always harping on coming down. You take your choice, and you can go wherever you please.

The Apostle Paul said, "I have not shunned—I made up my mind not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Your faith is going to be a farce unless it is founded on that blood that was shed on Calvary's cross, unless you eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man.

And so he did not shun, even though others despised him and said, "He's constantly harping on one thing. We have apostles here. They have their doctor titles; they perform signs and wonders—the blind receive their sight and the lame leap like a hart."

Beloved, I tell you, people today want to be fooled and because they receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved, God sendeth them strong delusions. And there were strong delusions in those days!

The Apostle Paul says the very devil is transformed into an angel of light, and his servants, his ministers, are transformed into apostles of righteousness. But the Apostle Paul had a message and had a job given to him by God, and he said, "I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling." He knew what he was facing. He knew that he was facing all hell. He was facing these apostles that were false apostles, that went through the country warning people against him and his monotone syllables. Yet he shunned not.

Paul, why did you constantly harp on one thing—"if you live in the flesh, you shall die"? He says to Timothy, "In a great house there are many vessels, some to honor and some to dishonor. If a man therefore purge himself from these he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work." And looking across the number of his fellow-laborers, he says, "All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's."

Beloved, we are all like that unless we accept the whole counsel of God. God has a counsel to give to you and to me. What does He counsel us to do?

You say you are rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing. And you do not know how poor you are. He says, "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire. Except thou repent, I will spue thee

out of My mouth." Dear Lord, we do not like to hear that. We like to hang a motto on the wall, but we do not like Your counsel.

What is that whole counsel of God? "Repentance toward God." Not a few tears of repentance when you have been to a meeting and your heart has been stirred. Not repentance toward a man or a woman or an organization, or a church, but toward God, when I say, "I have sinned against God. Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned."

If I want to know what my sin meant to God, I must go to Calvary and see what it cost God. Every one of my sins has cost Almighty God His dearest and only beloved Son. He says, "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." That is one reason why I always chafe when I declare the terrors of hell and the terrors of God's wrath. I know that all the terrors of hell and all the promises of heaven are not going to change your heart. They won't. Even if the dead rise up and warn men, it does not lead them to repentance. If the drops of blood that fell from the heart of Jesus Christ because of my sin do not turn me to repentance toward God and to confess that I have deserved hell fire, nothing will.

God's counsel to you and to me is to be "holy even as He is holy." But, look, I was born in sin. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and it cannot please God. It cannot be subjected to the law of God.

God does not blame you for

being a sinner. He doesn't blame you for being enslaved to the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. He says, "Repentance toward God," but that is only part of it. The other part is "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

God has provided a life, a holy life, a life that has conquered all hell, for me to have in abundance. That life is the life of the great Shepherd Who is come to His sheep that they might have life and have it more abundantly. And if I do not have that kind of a life of holiness,—God's holiness, that bridal garment that Jesus Christ wore on Calvary's cross that alone constitutes holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, it is because I have not chosen the counsel of God.

The trouble is we do not repent. Our repentance is surface slush. If you repent of your sin, you get rid of it. Jesus Christ came to deliver us from *our sin*. You cannot preach repentance with success unless you are rid of *your sin*.

Thank God for the Apostle Paul who repented so deeply that he was able to say, "I live no more. The life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and who gave Himself up for me." Wasn't that a deep-life Christian? No! That was just a Christian.

That is the kind of a Christian God calls you and me to be. That is why He has a counsel for us. Repentance toward God is so effective because it opens the door into the kingdom of heaven. It opens the door of my heart, defiled as it has been, for the great Deliverer who is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God *by Him*.

So I would like to talk to the servants of God, to myself, and to all the ministers in this place. Beloved, we have to constantly

allow this Word of the Spirit to search the depths of our souls. That is number one. I am going to come up as a foul servant if I don't. The older I am and the more I grow into this ministry, the more I tremble. I have said, "God, I didn't ask you to make a minister out of me." I can honestly say that I have never desired to preach. I have never gone to churches and pawed at the door and said, "Please give me a piece of bread."

That is what the priests, the sons of Eli did. Instead of being holy that handled the vessels of the Lord, they were defiled. They flirted with the women. And God pronounced a curse upon them. He says, "There will be a curse upon your house, but them that honor Me, I will honor."

How do I honor God if I harbor sin in my heart? You say, "Well, we don't." That's what David said until he was caught red-handed, until Nathan came and said, "Thou art the man!" Until God says that to me I am not likely to get rid of my sin. And, as I said, all the threats of hell won't do it and all the promises of heaven won't do it, but a sight of Jesus Christ will.

That sin that you harbor made God hide His face from Him—that sin you indulge in. You call it a trifle; beloved, it crucifies the Son of God afresh if we sin willfully after we have received the knowledge of the truth.

Here is the truth: "If you turn at My reproof, I will pour out My Spirit upon you." And when that Holy Spirit becomes the animation and the life of your soul, sin is eliminated, "He that abideth in Him, sinneth not." Why do we sin? Because we do not repent and because we do not abide in Him.

I want to express my thanks to God for getting me into Pentecost and that when He did, for bringing me into contact with Mrs. Robinson and those saints

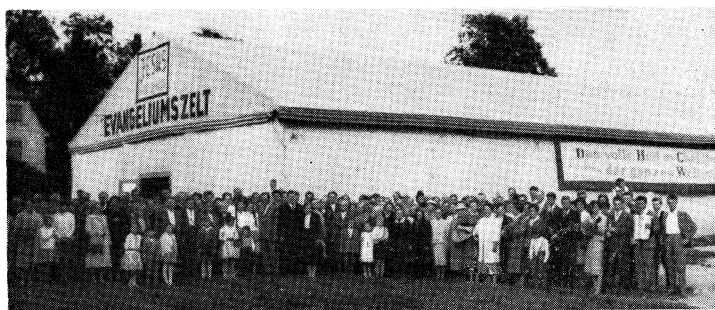
in Zion, Illinois, that constantly harped on one thing, *one thing*: "GET DOWN!" God got after me in those days. He was so severe with me that I thought surely I was the worst of all. When God showed me my need, first of all my pride, I said, "I am going to pray that thing out of my life." I had a vehement desire given to me. I said, "I am going to pray day and night for two weeks." I thought sure I would get rid of it. I prayed for two weeks. I called on God, "O God, get that pride out of me." After two weeks' time I thought, "I must have gotten someplace." Then I got into a small Pentecostal meeting where God spoke His word to everybody. Everybody got a nice message, such as we like to hear: "Oh, if you knew the call God has over your life, you would get up and follow Him swiftly. Oh, do seek the Lord and your reward will be great." I said, "I wonder if that is real. I wonder if that is the Lord speaking." So in my heart I said, "God, I am going to put out my fleece. The Bible says, 'Whom Thou lovest, Thou chastenest,' and if this is You speaking, I am going to expect You to love me." He did. He threatened me with death if I didn't get rid of my pride. I said, "What? After two weeks of incessant praying?" Now *you* try that once honestly. Give up everything else and go after God for two weeks like that, and then you will first find out how bad off you are.

Jesus Christ says, "I counsel thee to repent, or I will come upon thee and I will kill you with death, and ye shall know that I am He that searcheth the reins and the hearts."

That is the kind of a Saviour I need. The Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword, but you can escape it if you want to. You can. You can drive to

(Continued on page 12.)

*Part of congregation on closing day
of tent meetings in Ulm, Germany.*



The Glory of His Presence

By BERTHA WALDVOGEL

OUR beautiful gospel tent was erected on a lovely piece of ground in the city of Ulm, and its erection was the cause of much joy among the people of our congregation there. It was significant to notice how many of the young people and brethren arranged their vacations in order to be able to take advantage of this opportunity to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn more about Him. One of our most faithful brethren greeted us one Monday morning with these words, "I've taken my two weeks' vacation, and I'm so glad that I can come to every meeting now. It's much better than if I took a trip to sunny Italy!"

Before long the invitations were all given out and we ordered again from our printer—soon these too were gone and

the young people were busy inviting others. Each evening at 6:30 they gathered at the Münster Platz, the large arena surrounding the Ulm Cathedral, for a time of singing and testifying. Passers-by stood and listened to this keen group of young people telling what Jesus means to them, and sometimes one or two would come along to that meeting.

The meetings were the best ever. The Word of God was blessed to our hearts both mornings and evenings. Most striking in Ulm was the way people filled the prayer tent to wait upon the Lord. Even after the morning meetings, when most people begin to think of their mid-day meal, people would quietly sit in the presence of the Lord and His presence was

mightily in the prayer tent continually. It was really holy ground to all of us, and we know that victories were won and that God met His people in a great way. He fulfilled literally His promise that if we seek Him we will find Him.

Soon after the meetings began a fine couple began to come and were keenly interested. In our conversation with them we learned that they were from a city somewhat distant from Ulm but were visiting their sister in Ulm. They were from the Catholic Church in the city, but we soon knew of a surety that they had met Jesus face to face. Their faces just beamed with the peace of God which had come into their hearts, and they were two of the candidates for baptism on the Sunday following the close of the tent campaign. They testified to their new-found joy. Now we learn from them that they are going to bend every effort to move either to Ulm or Kirchheim in order to be able to attend the meetings. They told us that they were homesick all week for the meetings.

Another woman came on a Sunday afternoon and stayed for prayer at the close of the



Candidates for baptism and Pastors W. Paetsch (seated) and G. Maile (speaking) while Walter Waldvogel prepared for baptismal.

service. As we dealt with her she continually reiterated that there was no hope for her. We told of Jesus' love and how He loved to save great sinners. We saw that the Holy Spirit was working and prayed silently that the Spirit would reveal the love of Jesus to her heart. After a short while, she looked up and smiled and began to say, "Oh, what has happened to my heart? I feel so different. What is it that has come into my heart? I feel such a peace and joy!" It was a wonderful thing to see the Spirit work in such a marked and definite way. She told us that she had to go right home and get by herself and pray more. Please pray for this woman that she will be kept, for there is a great need in her home and family.

God met us in a blessed way in our baptismal service on September 6th. Thirty-one precious souls followed their Lord in this step of obedience. It was touching to see their happy faces beaming with the glory of God. One young boy of 12, after reading a small booklet through on the subject of baptism, wrote a little note to his mother, "Mama, I want to be baptized too." They both stood in the water together and what joy it brought to all, especially the father, who is the young man whom we have written about in the past who lost both hands and an eye in the war. He testified on that day of how faithful Jesus is and how that now his whole family is joined in serving the Lord.

In our meetings here in Kirchheim we feel that the Lord is

doing a deeper work among us, and our hearts cry out to God to visit us with a gracious outpouring of His Holy Spirit. We see in the lives of many that God is working in a supernatural way. The other night in our choir practice God came to us in an outpouring of a spirit of prayer after the practice. Different ones cried out to God to take us and use us as soul-winners in His kingdom.

One of our most faithful brethren spoke very earnestly of how he was compelled to miss the Friday night prayer meeting the week before because of a family gathering which he felt obliged to attend. He said he was very much against going and the day following he knew something was missing from his life. He said that it was the first time in three years that he has missed a prayer meeting and it seemed that a link was missing in his chain. The blessing of the Lord returned to him Sunday evening at our street meeting, and he said emphatically that it would never happen again that he would miss a prayer meeting—even if the emperor of China invited him to be with him.

You, who are so faithfully standing by the work of the Lord in Germany, can be assured that God is rewarding your faithfulness. Each year it seems the tide is rising and "what will it be when we see Him?" God help us all to give ourselves unstintingly in His service—to lose our lives for the kingdom's sake. Surely we will find it in that day when Jesus comes!

Going Forward

By ROSE KLOB

Iringa, Tanganyika

WE ARE thankful to the Lord for the way He is supplying the needs for the building project here in Iringa. Mr. Hunter and the boys have been working hard on the church building each day. The brick walls are up already to the windows. We trust the walls will be finished this month. Then there will be still the roof, floor and plaster, doors, and other furnishings. God has not failed us and we are trusting Him to meet every need. There is a good group coming to the services in the tent as they see the church building is going up.

A week ago I went to visit the mission in Nyasaland and was so glad to see the Christians there once again. God was so good in protecting them and the mission station during the troubles there. The work is going ahead and the preachers are reaching the distant villages, preaching the gospel. The Sunday I was there two came to repent from another village. I was very happy to hear the Christians praying and seeking God. It did seem strange to just be visiting there as it is like home to me. The Christians are anxiously waiting for a missionary to return to the station there.

They treated me royally—I had invitations out for every meal. Nice chicken cooked in their earthen cook pots with rice or African porridge. I did enjoy myself, too, especially seeing how happy they were to serve me. They do not have much to offer, but what they have and their welcome spirit make you feel right at home.

The old Bible school house at Igali, our mission in Mbeya area, is being remodeled. It needed a new roof very badly and the walls needed plastering and

*When God gives you something to do which is His call,
and your flesh fights hard against it and you do it, that
is loving the will of God.*

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

whitewash. I trust you will be praying that God will help in getting the building ready and in everything concerning the Bible school. There are many young men wanting to study God's Word and to prepare to go to their own tribe with the gospel. Pray for these boys that God would fill them with His Spirit and power and put the Word of God in their hearts and send them forth.

Guard Your Influence

(Continued from page 4.)

It's a high calling. You say, "There's no joy." Oh, there's plenty of joy. You say, "There's no fun." There's a lot of difference between fun and joy. Fun is fun. It's good. But the joy that God gives is the inner consciousness that I'm pleasing Him, walking carefully and softly after Him.

That was what this boy Willard was. You just loved to be with that boy. And so, if Dad would ever have tent meetings or something that it was necessary for a young strong chap to do, Willard was always there. He didn't care whether there was a ball game or a picnic. Willard's time was God's time. You could count on him to put up the tent, to arrange the chairs, to do for my husband that which he needed. Though he didn't understand a word of Hungarian, he sat there, played his instrument, enjoyed the meeting—the presence of the Lord. There he was. How did he get into the ministry? He got there just because his aim was to please Jesus, of course, to walk after Him with great care, guarding his influence, guarding his thoughts, guarding his ways very carefully.

Oh, I tell you God wants us to watch, to pray, to take care that we do not hurt that work which He would have us do by anything in our lives.

Led by His Dear Hand

(Continued from page 6.)

on and on . . . from six at night until two in the morning. He was saved. And with it came a great love for the Word.

Now I felt a little easier to tell my parents about my call. They felt that one day I was to become a minister, but they had secretly earmarked me for the medical profession. When I told them that I planned to go into training for the ministry, they were a little disappointed, but did nothing to hinder me. In fact, they helped me in every possible way.

It was a blessed time when I came to Brooklyn in 1932. I learned many lessons. The East Side work started with street meetings that summer, and the mission on Thirteenth Street was opened in December the following year. Those street meetings were an education in themselves. The young folks from the Ridgewood work came faithfully every Saturday night. In 1933 we decided to hold street meetings until the hall was ready.

One particular night I will always remember. It was in November and it was cold. We had our overcoats on and wondered if anyone would stop to listen. We went to the corner and started to sing. No one stopped. Then a drunkard stopped, staggered, and tried to disturb. Out of nowhere a man came to him and said, "Stop that or else—" and showed him his fist. He did not stop. A few minutes later we heard two noises! One, that of the drunkard being hit on the chin, and the other, when he fell against a parked car. Then we had our crowd! We never found out who our friend was, but God sent him around to show us what He can do.

Later it was my joy to be able to help out in the work in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and also in Pelham Bay, the Bronx.

Those times were very blessed and I learned many lessons at each place.

In 1941 the Lord sent me a helpmeet. Miss Emma Schuschat and I were married on May 10th of that year and since then have been laboring together on the East Side. We have seen God move in wonderful ways and have seen lives changed under His power.

Looking back from the day that I stepped out into the work of the Lord, I can say that the Lord has been very faithful. After leaving my work and saying good-bye to my parents to come East, as I boarded the train and meditated and wondered what the future would be, this song came to my heart:

*Oh, I delight in His command,
Love to be led by His dear hand;
His divine will is sweet to me,
Hallowed by blood-stained Calvary.*

*Jesus shall lead me night and day,
Jesus shall lead me all the way;
He is the truest Friend to me,
For I remember Calvary.*

*Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear,
Happy with Christ, my Saviour, near,
Trusting that I some day shall see
Jesus, my Friend of Calvary.*

And I still love His leading.

Gathered Fragments

(Continued from page 2.)

to the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church when Radio Station WHOM, 1480 KC, offered time for a *weekly gospel broadcast in the German language* to begin Sunday, September 20, 6:30 P.M. "As far as we know," says Edwin Waldvogel, associate pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, "it will be the only religious program in the German language in all of New York City on Sunday. We feel that it is a great door and effectual that God has opened. We can all share in this work by making the broadcast a matter of daily prayer; and then by making the program known."

The Whole Counsel of God

(Continued from page 8.)

the ice cream parlor after this meeting and wash it down. You have a menu there of all kinds of frappes and it will cool your ardor.

You don't have to take the counsel of God. Isn't that comforting? You can go to church, you can preach the gospel, and you don't have to repent,—at least of that little monkey that you like so well. Have you a cage there, somewhere in the depths of your soul, something that you harbor? Oh, well, you don't have to take the counsel of God because preachers will counsel you, "That's all right." Why is it that today the churches are letting down the bars of morality and allowing their members to get divorces and remarried. Beloved, a marriage that is founded upon the Rock Christ Jesus doesn't go to pieces when the storm blows.

That is what is the matter. Sons of God, as in the days of Noah, look at pretty women and are gone goslings! Even preachers. What do many go to Bible school for? What do the girls go to Bible school for? One preacher advised my sister to go to a certain Bible school saying, "Four of my daughters got husbands there."

Beloved, we are not a bit better than the generation in the days of Noah. Sons of God!—they preached against Noah. They wrote eloquent sermons against him. They were sons of God that had studied theology, but God was grieved in His heart that He had made them. He says, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man. They don't want My Spirit. They do not want to live in the Spirit."

What does He say of *me*? Here is the counsel of God, "repentance toward God." What does it mean? It means that I acknowledge that my sin is

guilty of the blood of Jesus Christ and that that blood cleanses me from all sin. Not only repentance toward God, but *faith* toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Thank God that He raised Him from the dead. He is alive. He is here. Jesus Christ is here for you and for me.

Savior, I know You did not come to populate heaven with a lot of hypocrites, but with those who have washed their robes, those who have made them white. Have you washed *your* robe and made it white?

God dealt with me likewise as a young man, about the lust of the flesh. I was never bad off; I was trained and raised in a Christian home. But I found out there is something in every human heart that is of our father Adam. It is that fallen nature that has to be purged out of our souls. When I saw young men falling in love, right and left, like logs during a hurricane, I said, "God, you did not make me for that."

A couple invited me for supper. When I came there, they lamented because "Marie" had not come. They had invited Marie, but she had more sense than they did. They said, "We thought she would be a nice girl for you." I said to them, "What! If there is ever going to be marriage in my life, it will be God that will propose it, not man." They laughed at me and said, "We never thought of that."

All the temptations that come to young men came to me, but when Jesus Christ spoke to me, when those blazing eyes shown through me, I fell in love with the lowly Nazarene. I really did. Then I first knew what real love was. I really fell in love with Jesus Christ. I was really "sick of love." We all ought to be "sick of love."

Sons of God, beloved, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. That is God's counsel.

That is God's call. He has called me from the dunghill to sit among princes and to inherit the throne of glory. But you do not have to go very far to see the lust of the flesh, this monstrous demon of hell, defiling the temple of God.

Beloved, these things are in the Bible. These things are in the New Testament. The question is, do I accept the counsel of God or do I listen to the counsel of men or the counsel of my own deceitful heart? If I repent toward God, He will wash me, He will take that bondage out of me. Beloved, there is nothing so ennobling, nothing so tremendously wonderful, as that Jesus came down from heaven to purchase for Himself a bride here on earth.

"Waiting for the coming of my Lord Jesus Christ from heaven, Who shall change this vile body that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body!" We like to quote that scripture, but is that hope prodding us on? Are we forgetting everything that is behind and counting it but refuse? We won't unless we accept the whole counsel of God.

In these last days God is resurrecting the apostolic doctrine, the whole counsel of God. And we might be surprised, we who sit here, how many others in other churches, even in the Roman Catholic Church, do better than we do. What price those people pay, and they do not have the light that we have, but they have the light of Jesus, many of them. And they are paying the price. They are laying down their lives; they are bringing their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God.

"Pure, even as He is pure!" Listen, young man, young woman, is that your goal? Has God Almighty been able to make you appreciate that call to be pure even as He? Faithful is He that calleth you. Let Him do it. Let *Him* do it.