

Bread of Life

JANUARY 1962



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

MY TIME—HOW AM I SPENDING IT?

Only one life, 'twill soon be past;

Only what's done for Christ will last.

WITH THE CHANGE of years we are again reminded how very quickly they are fleeting by. And it is a good season to seriously evaluate the use which we are making of our time. In the parable of the talents Jesus speaks of three men who were entrusted with rather large sums of money. And we are all familiar with the sharp contrast between the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," spoken to the two who had invested wisely and the "weeping and gnashing of teeth" reserved for the one who hid his talent. With what more priceless commodities has God entrusted us than our moments and days? What are we doing with them?

It is a rather sobering thought that a hundred years from now none of us will be here. All that will remain here are a few memories—these, too, soon to be lost. We will have entered a sphere where all our accomplishments, even spiritual accomplishments, will be only dimly remembered, but where we will find an accurate and detailed record of how well we know Christ (see Matt. 7:22-23). And so we ought to plan our lives by this criterion: Am I spending my time in getting to know Jesus better? We ought to face the fact that a moment spent in getting to know Him better is an investment in eternity and a moment spent any other way is wasted.

To bring things to a very practical level, we ought to see the great need of spending much time in His presence—*this year*. This is the only time that counts! We ought to make everything else, our job or studies, our diversions and entertainments, even the so-called necessities of life, subsidiary to the one great necessity of spending time with God. Even religious duties are to be shunned if they rob us of our time alone with God.

Some will object that they are too busy to pray.

We would point out that we are never too busy to do the things we consider important. The busiest men of God have found hours and hours to be alone with God. We would find them, too, if we thought it important enough to look for them. Think of all the time spent traveling to and from work, waiting for an appointment, waiting for supper to be ready. All these moments could be spent with Jesus. Think of the many hours of entertainment or even just plain conversation that we lavish upon ourselves which we could put to profitable use in waiting on the Lord. To be too busy to pray is to be busy preparing one's own coffin.

Some feel that extended prayer takes an amount of patience which they feel they don't have. They are probably right. But the answer to this problem is not in excusing this state, but in doing something about it. True prayer does take discipline at first. Even the great prayer warriors had to start by fairly forcing themselves to take time with God, so we should not be surprised if we encounter difficulties. But we can be encouraged by their later testimony. David Brainerd speaks again and again of the great release he found in prayer. While to many prayer is a constraint and their secular lives a release, he came to the place where it was exactly the other way around with him. And so it will be with us if we exercise diligence in seeking Him.

Beyond all our excuses, the real trouble is that we don't really feel the *need* to pray. We have found we can get by with just enough to make us feel noble. We are largely blind to our desperate need. A very healthy prayer to begin with is: *Lord, let me see my great need of Thee*. Seeing that, we will have little difficulty in spending time in prayer over it.

We feel very strongly that if God had His entire way, each reader would take a significant amount of time every day this year to be alone with God. Most likely a good number would feel the urge to take an entire day or maybe more, sometime this year, to wait on the Lord. The blessing of such a day is incalculable. Perhaps we ought to make some concrete resolutions along these lines. In any event, it will do us well to invest wisely these hours and days that seem to slip through our fingers at break-neck speed. Let us make them count!

If any reader is seriously interested in starting a regular devotional time, a series of helps is available through BREAD OF LIFE. Contact the editor for further information.

Bread of Life

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Concerning Spiritual Gifts

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

THE FIRST time I heard a person speak in tongues, I was filled with great awe. I was not frightened, but filled with the fear of God to think that I had heard the voice of Jesus. And this has been the experience of many when they have heard speaking in tongues for the first time. People should continue to have this attitude toward this manifestation of God, for it is important that one does not regard it lightly.

It is indeed a sad thing that some have played with spiritual gifts so that many people have lost their respect for them. The loss, not only for the assembly but for Jesus, has been very great, for it is by these means that He will and can manifest His presence.

How near God has come to me through His spoken Word! It would be impossible for me to tell what blessing He has sent to me in this way, by His speaking to me. I have always said, however, that God can speak in this way only when we have and keep a hearing ear, when our hearts are careful to keep in His presence. The condition of the heart makes a great difference. God says, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, and who trembles at My Word." And when the Holy Spirit has quickened me and the presence of God has been manifested to me, it has made no great difference where I was.

When I have had to attend a denominational church, I have marveled how God could speak to me there. He saw the hunger of my heart—my desire to know His will, and He has acted accordingly. And in the same way has He met me since I came into Pentecost. How often has He allowed an entire service to be for my benefit so that all my questions were answered. It has been a precious experience to note how God has paid attention to me and to my desire for Him.

How God has met me when I have come to meet Him. For this reason, we have always insisted that when people come to a meeting, they speak to God on their knees before speaking to anyone else. Now if it is not convenient for a person to get on his knees, he can speak to God in his seat. The important thing is that our hearts draw nigh to God in godly fear so that the Holy Spirit can prepare them for the manifestation of His presence.

In Matthew 13 the Lord has described the various attitudes of those hearts who hear the Word of God. Many hearts are as hard as stone so that they cannot receive the Word. The devil snatches the Word away before it can take root. Why should God speak His Word to such? In His great mercy He gives His living Word richly. Especially has this been the great blessing of the Pentecostal

movement—the great measure in which He has given His Word.

And some hearts are prepared to receive the Word, but they are not ready to bring forth fruit. They have not prepared themselves by going before God in true humility and repentance. You find such hearts in every assembly. And there are other hearts which are like a field full of thorns and thistles. Their hearts are so filled with the things of this world and the cares of this life that it is impossible for them to receive the Word of God.

My father used to tell of two farmers who once came to a meeting in Switzerland. While the organ was playing before the service, they were discussing their cattle. Evidently a mouse got into the organ somewhere so that the music stopped, and when it did, one of the men who must have been talking rather loud was heard to say, regarding one of his oxen, "My, but you ought to see his horns!" That is how some people come to meeting. But how glorious it is when a heart comes prepared so that God can speak to it.

What is the purpose of speaking in tongues? Why do we need a message in a tongue unknown to us? It is God's way to remind His people that He is in the midst. I once heard a well-known Baptist minister, a man who was not acquainted with Pentecost, preach in the

THE gifts and callings of God are given by Himself and should be kept by Himself and used for Himself.

—MARTHA W. ROBINSON

Moody Church in Chicago from I Corinthians 12. Speaking of the early church, he said that the gift of tongues was given to make evident that Jesus was in the midst. That is true every time there is speaking in tongues.

No man can speak in tongues. Only Jesus can do this. I know that some people have tried to imitate it, but that doesn't have the right ring. How wonderfully sweet does the voice of the bridegroom sound to a bride. How she pricks up her ears!

And why do we have speaking in tongues? You know how it is when the telephone rings. Why is it ringing. You don't understand the ring, but the telephone rings to attract your attention, to tell you that a friend has something to say to you. That is the meaning of speaking in tongues to begin with. The Lord is ringing the bell, so to speak. He is on the telephone. He has a message to give me. How precious that the Lord gets our attention in this manner, letting us know that He has something to say to us. Sometimes, as the Bible tells us, He does this by the tongues of angels; at other times, by the tongues of men. But in any case, how glorious it is to hear the tender but powerful voice of the Bridegroom.

I have observed in my own experience that my tongues often change. All the tongues of the world are used. Often it has happened that someone has understood me. A missionary from Africa once told me that I had spoken in an African dialect. He was able to understand the

message even if I didn't. But the angels understand and my Lord understands, and how it binds me to the Lord Jesus when I am able to speak to Him in His own language. Paul says, "God knows the mind of the Spirit." The Holy Spirit is able to explain your love to God better than you can.

Paul says, "I speak in tongues more than you all. And he who speaks in tongues *edifies* himself." The word "edify" must be underlined. There is an edification in speaking in tongues which cannot be experienced in any other way. And so it is that when we gather together, there is an opportunity for us to speak in new tongues. That is both scriptural and glorious, and thereby the entire assembly is edified, and every heart is prepared for the Word of God when it is given in preaching.

In many assemblies there is a rule: only three messages in tongues. They do not understand God's Word aright. That is not the meaning of the injunction in First Corinthians 14: "If any speak in an unknown tongue, let it be by two, or at the most by three, and that by course; and let one interpret" (v. 27).

What does it mean, then? In those days, when many, if not all, in the assembly had spiritual gifts, there was a great deal of speaking in tongues. Perhaps everybody spoke in tongues, not just simple, little messages such as we have many times, but truly great and powerful messages from the very throne of God itself, such as were spoken by the voice of God thundering from

Mount Sinai. Therefore, the Apostle Paul had to give them some instruction: when two or three such messages are given, then wait until they are interpreted. The reason for this is that it requires a large gift of interpretation to interpret two or three messages in tongues which are given one after another.

In a single meeting, however, one cannot have a fixed rule as to how many messages should be given. One meeting lasts only a half-hour with perhaps only six people present while another meeting may last three, four, five, or six hours, and perhaps there are two or three thousand there. In the first meeting, two or three messages might be too many, in the second, too few. This is the meaning of this passage. Everything should be done according to the regulations of the Holy Spirit. In the use of spiritual gifts it is very important that they are used for the benefit of the entire assembly. There is much to learn concerning this.

If people who have spiritual gifts would be willing to be taught a little, then their gifts would be perfected. Most people, however, when they have once received a gift—even a little gift—are so sensitive when they are not honored that they fold their wings and will not say anymore. When my father gave me a violin, I first had to learn how to tune it and to hold the bow right. So it is when God gives someone a gift, he ought to be willing to learn, to receive instruction how these gifts may be perfected. This is very important. Unfortunately, because many are not willing for this, we do not have more spiritual gifts in operation.

All those whom I have been acquainted with, at least, who have had pure spiritual gifts have been those who have been

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“The Children Thou Gavest Me”

By PHYLLIS L. GAITHER

EVERYBODY loves a little child! If you don't, you had better have your head examined; there is something radically wrong with you! Children can sense if they are loved or disliked. They make friends readily with adults and other children, because they *like* people. They ask for no credentials, but simply accept you at “face value.” Woe be unto the one who breaks faith or trust with a little child!

What are little boys made of? Freckles, mischief, noisy laughter, that brings a house to life—rough and tumble play, every minute of the day.

What are little girls made of? Sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice; that's what little girls are made of.

I'm accused of spoiling all the babies, all the little kids, but it is not true. I don't spoil them; I just love them!

I feel like the “old lady that lived in a shoe, with so many children she didn't know what to do.” I have “children” in the ministry, on the mission field, in the business world—nurses, schoolteachers, a professional singer, a high official in the government of one of our fifty states, and many, many more vocations represented. Not only have I been blessed with a multitude of children, but grandchildren as well, whom I am extremely happy to teach!

I am asked this question continually, “Have you always taught Beginners?” The answer is no, my first “charges” were intermediate boys; I was a teen-ager at the time. I have taught various classes briefly, but have taught “the little folks” for many years. (I recall that at the wedding Jesus attended, the best wine was served last. Likewise, the best class was reserved for me—last.)

Beginners are the most happy, lovable, affectionate, unpredictable, curious, exasperating, aggressive, domineering, informative, interesting, inquisitive, dramatic, demonstrative people you could ever want to meet. There are actors, bluffers, dictators, mothers, preachers, gossipers, tattletale-bearers, firebrands, comedians, peacemakers, singers, cry-babies, cowboys, and many more too numerous to mention found in their ranks; but

all are adorable, all cherubs, with “halos” slightly tipped or askew.

What a sight when they go trooping through the doorway, gone from me for another week. They're my kind of people. Pull a zipper here, turn a coat sleeve, buckle a boot, tie a knitted hood under a saucy little double chin, put little thumb and fingers in the right places in gloves, yank a pair of trousers up, tie a colorful babushka over golden curls, remove boots and place on correct feet, pat a little head, wipe a damp pug nose, bend low to a little face upturned for a last kiss and hug, wave good-by, and see that they are deposited into the right cars. This is manual labor, and a terrific responsibility, but is it worth it? Yes, a thousand times, yes!

I have been called by many names, such as Miss Phyllis, Sister Phyllis, Killus, Cillus, Fudus (with many more pronunciations), Teacher, Philip, and Mama (this I like).

I have been loved, trusted, slapped, kicked, talked back to, spit on, bitten, etc., but have, through it all, loved each one.

I've kissed more bumped heads and skinned knees (that makes them well; did you know that?) than Woolworth has stores.

I am convinced of this fact—there is a trifle more to being a Beginner Sunday school teacher than what meets the eye, a wee bit more than just telling a Bible story to a bunch of little kids.



Phyllis Gaither with a Group of Her Children

I have washed faces and hands (and ears), have had to wash an article of clothing occasionally, combed hair, sewn a button on here and there (even the safety pins were missing), bandaged a pinched finger or skinned knee, fed children who insisted they had no breakfast, isolated a cougher or sleepy child, comforted a scared little one.

I have had to "make a path" into some homes—have had to awaken, dress, and feed children in order to get them to Sunday school. I have dressed a baby to go home from the hospital. When asked by the nurse, "Are you the grandmother?" I answered, "Well, in a way you could say that I am."

I've been called to the police station to bail out an errant father; have rushed an expectant mother to the hospital (time almost ran out on us); have walked into family "brawls" and even counselled young parents in marital difficulties (which I was drawn into). You might say it was none of my business; part of it wasn't, but they had a little boy, and *he* was my business. (What a job for an "old maid"!)

It has been necessary to make scores of hospital calls. We have taken a doll, a story book, a toy car, or a woolly dog, and have seen them cradled in a child's arms as he slept.

I've been called when a child was "low." (On some occasions the child asked for "Teacher.") I have tried to be a blessing to families at the time of bereavement, have had to sing at funerals when my grief was so great I actually felt the child was mine.

A little boy, three-and-a-half years of age, died in my arms. Oh, yes, I've experienced much more than teaching a Bible story on Sunday morning!

Recently I attended a high school graduation, and many who crossed the stage to receive their diplomas were ex-pupils of mine. I recognized the names; also in some faces, I could see that "little boy or girl."

I am often accused of not acting my age. My retort is, "I've never been this old before, and I'm not exactly sure how I should act." If someone should "view my abode," he would probably conclude that I was in my second childhood. A battered teddy bear, a large doll named Sammy (who has seen better days), color books with crayons, and other articles of interest are in prominent places. I have many little visitors, and always try to entertain them with something that they are interested in. I feel honored that children enjoy my company! Perhaps if I had been privileged to have a family of my own, I might not have loved these many children so fervently.

I feel that my part in the Master's vineyard is very small, but who knows how far-reaching a ministry for Christ can be?

Jesus Leads

The responsibility for the child's religious life and education is twofold, the home and the church. Parents and the home life will establish, mold, and influence children's spiritual characters before they are old enough to attend Sunday school, and they will continue to be influenced by this environment, whether good or bad, as they grow. I was blessed with a wonderful mother, one who taught me of the love of God! I had to attend Sunday school and church alone—very frequently—during my childhood, but was always encouraged by my mother to do so.

As a child, I loved "church"—as other children were playing "house" I played "church." I was always the preacher, the singer, the usher, the one who prayed, etc. Sometimes I had no congregation, except for my faithful collie and Tommy the cat (who were always there—rain or shine), but I didn't mind—"we" always had a good meeting!

I was five or six years of age, attending a Free Methodist Church, when God first brought me in touch with Pentecostal services. I was forbidden to attend the "tent," where the meetings were being held—near our home—but I was "attracted" in such a way I just had to go! The singing, praying, and preaching, I didn't understand, but the "noise" was wonderful! I loved it! I was given strict orders, by my mother, never to attend, but really—I couldn't help myself—I was just "drawn" there, and many were the hard spankings I received for disobeying. I would resolve never to go again, but the following night would find me running as fast as I could—to the "tent."

Two incidents which occurred at this time stand out vividly in my mind. On one occasion, I was sent to bed early, and watching for a chance to escape, I rushed from the house, clad in a white (trimmed with rosebuds) "nightgown." I was out of breath when I reached the tent, but sauntered to my seat (center of front bench) and smiled at the minister, as if to say, "Well, I'm late—but I finally made it!" I was heartbroken when one of the kind men picked up the "wayward five-year-old" and carried her home. Needless to say, my mother was mortified and I "received a *good* one"! I recall the minister remarked, "She listens so attentively, watches every move, with her eyes, ears, and mouth—all open!" I couldn't do otherwise—there was always so much to see and hear! I just didn't want to miss a thing! One Sunday evening I arrived at the tent before meeting, and at the opportune time a group picture was being taken, and I was delighted to "pose" with my friends. (I often look at this picture—so funny looking—but I prize it highly.) For three years, during the sum-

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seed-time



and harvest



Seeking the Lost in

Formosa

By JEAN MOULD

GIVE me one." "I want one, too." "My brother wants one," says big sister who has little brother strapped to her back. Eager hands reach out for the tracts we give out after the children's meeting in town. What joy it is to teach these boys and girls about the Lord Jesus! They love to sing the choruses, and "Come, Believe in Jesus" is the theme song. When a few start to sing it, the rest run quickly to the courtyard where we are reaching about eighty boys and girls and a number of adults with the gospel. Now that school is open, we are changing our schedule to an open air Sunday school every Sunday afternoon, not only in this area but in several other places in town, too. Please pray that through these meetings many may trust the Lord Jesus Christ as their own personal Saviour.

Indian Students Enquire After Salvation

By A. G. ERICSON
Partabgarh, U.P., India

HERE things go slowly. We cannot report great results, but we know the Lord is working even in this hard place. Many young students come and want to know something from

the Bible and about the way of salvation. It is a great joy to teach them. Some have already asked for baptism, but most of them are too young, as we cannot baptise anyone under the age of eighteen according to the constitution of India. Most of these attend our church quite regularly. It is good for them to be well acquainted with our teaching and the way a Christian should live before they are baptised. There are many temptations and difficulties before these young people, so we need your prayers for them that they may be able to stand true to the Lord.

Our other activities are as usual. The village and bazar meetings are always well attended, and most every day we pray for some sick folk and the Lord heals. Praise Him.

REMEMBER THE MISSIONARIES IN PRAYER

Monday — India

Tuesday — China and the
Far East

Wednesday — South Amer-
ica

Thursday — Europe

Friday — Africa

Saturday — North Amer-
ica

New Church Dedicated at Orai

By MARGARET MICHELSEN
Orai, U.P., India

Sunday, December 10, we held the dedication service of our new church. Yes, at long last, we have a church room now and how thankful we are! But for more than this are we thankful. The Lord came and filled His house with His glory.

The dedication service was at 10:00 a.m. A few missionary friends were with us. A godly Indian pastor of another church was our guest speaker. His message was a timely one—a challenge and blessing to us. At 4:00 p.m. we had another service, and it was another session of much joy and glory in His presence. Truly God met with us and put His seal upon His house.

Brother Girja Dayal was with us for meetings until Thursday. We were so pleased he could stay for a few days as it was precious to wait upon the Lord together. Our hearts have been stirred to press on in this fight of faith which is not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers of darkness. Jesus is our Captain, a victorious One.

Concerning Spiritual Gifts

(Continued from page 4.)

willing to be taught by the Holy Spirit on this subject. I have known some who have been instructed for years until they could exercise their gifts so that there was no possibility of any particle of fanaticism in their work.

Unfortunately there is a great danger of getting into fanaticism, and unfortunately many go astray. For example, a person receives a little gift, and after using it someone praises him for it. A little root of pride

comes in, and there is a desire to be used again. Then instead of letting the Holy Spirit decide if and when the gift is to be operated again, the person tries to use the gift himself. Then the enemy says, "I will help you." And soon there is a false gift.

Many years ago a prophetess came to our meetings. She got into terrible trouble and drew a number of others with her so that together they all made shipwreck. Once she gave a long message and said that in my sermon afterwards I had censured her for it. (That had never occurred to me.) She became very angry and with a red face came to me and called me to account for what I had said.

"You are a fine prophetess," I replied. "When God gives you a message, after delivering it, *you* are finished and have no further responsibility. Furthermore, you will not try to 'cash in on it' for your own glory. It is none of your business."

She was so sensitive, however, that she would not accept any teaching. She left and went far astray.

On the other hand, there was a young woman in another assembly where I was years ago. She had a number of gifts, including the interpretation of tongues and the word of wisdom. In the beginning her gifts were absolutely correct and wonderful. Some people, however, praised her and told her what a blessing they had received from her ministry. Then in a meeting once she thought, "Now it would be a good time to give a message." The minister recognized that something was "out of tune" about her ministry. He saw that she was in danger of getting into fanaticism and therefore referred her to some ministers who had much discernment and experience in the operation of gifts.

These ministers also quickly saw that her ministry was no

longer "on the beam." What did they do? In great wisdom one of them advised her that for a period of time—two or three months—she should not interpret tongues or speak in the word of wisdom. "Lay your gifts down at the feet of Jesus," he counselled, "and after a few months, you will get straightened out and your gifts will be correct again. You will have learned your lesson." She received the instruction, did as she was told, and later became a powerful prophetess.

If we were wise, we would be willing to receive instruction about these things. The Holy Spirit would like to give us His Word more greatly. It is a weakness in an assembly when only one or two among us are free to speak in tongues and to give interpretation. There should be more whom the Lord uses, but they would have to be willing to receive help about the use of their gifts.

But you will never come to the place where God will use you as He desires to if you always keep still and don't abandon yourself to the Lord. Everybody in an assembly should be in a position to be used of God at some time in some way—not in the word of wisdom or in the interpretation of tongues but to speak a little word, at least, for the glory of Jesus. And then when the Lord sees that it is the time, perhaps He will give you a gift, but the gifts of the Spirit are not given by our own will. How blessed it is that when we gather together, we do so to come for Jesus and to meet Him. When you come in this attitude, He meets you.

It is important for a person to know when and how he should be used. Then there comes a variety in one's ministry. One will be used in one way, somebody else in another way. But unless you are a living offering which is placed at the disposal of the Lord, you will never reach

the place God has for you. And if you are so proud that you are ashamed to make a mistake, then you will never get there either. Often a person learns the most through his mistakes.

For example, when a person begins to learn to play the violin, he scratches, and it doesn't sound right. He has to learn how to tune his violin. That happened to me. I took my violin to my teacher, an old man who was a little deaf. I asked him to tell me how to tune my violin. "I can't show you that," he replied. "You've got to learn that yourself." I realized it was out of tune, so I turned it until it was in tune. It has to be in tune.

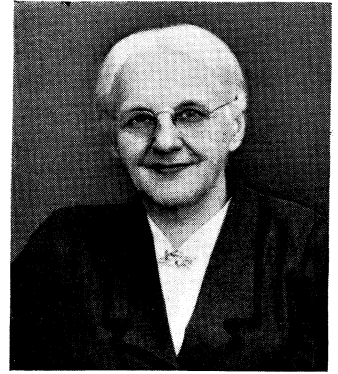
We are in school. That is why it is entirely wrong when someone makes a little noise for others to jump on him. That often happens. How will people learn to be free in the Holy Ghost if they cannot cry out at all? This is necessary for some. If you would experience a true baptism in the Holy Spirit, then you must open your mouth. Give the Lord your voice so that He can "tune" it. Praise the Lord! Make a little noise! Most people don't like noise until they make it. Then it pleases them. The Lord is not as rigid as we are. He meets one in one way, and another in another way. Many people receive their blessings in all quietness. We like it that way. But there are some others who must first experience a revolution. They must first be loosed from all kinds of bondages.

How sad it is when men who love God get in the way and call out "the fire department" to put out the fire when God begins to work. And we all are in danger of getting in the way of God because we are not childlike enough. And I believe the Lord has permitted me to give this word as a little help, for there is coming a powerful move of the Spirit in this world, and we need to be ready.

Like Dorcas of Old –
This Woman Was

Full of Good Works

A Tribute to Sister Frieda Goetz



Sister Frieda Goetz

AN UNNUMBERED MULTITUDE of people have lived in or visited the Faith Home in Woodhaven, N. Y., since it was opened in 1929 as a home for the ministry of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church. Repeatedly throughout the years guests from all over the world have remarked on the unusual order and hospitality found there. Much of the credit for this atmosphere was due to Sister Frieda Goetz, for many year's the Home's efficient, faithful, and sacrificial housekeeper, who on November 28, 1961 literally fell asleep in Jesus.

Born in Germany, April 9, 1881, Frieda Goetz early gave her heart to the Lord and consecrated her life to His service. To this end she moved to the United States and became a nurse deaconess in the German Methodist Church, thereby receiving the title, "Sister Frieda," by which she was known to all. For almost twenty-five years Sister Frieda ministered in the Bethany Deaconess Hospital of Brooklyn where she became one of the head nurses. As such, she literally gave her services to the Lord, for deaconesses receive only their room, board, and a small weekly allowance for their work.

Shortly after Pastor Hans Waldvogel came to Brooklyn in

1925, Sister Frieda attended his services at the invitation of her own sister, Martha Hoss. Having done so, she soon became convinced of the truth of the Pentecostal message and desired to be filled with the Spirit. To follow this path, however, meant that she choose between her position as a deaconess in the Methodist Church and the light God had given her. There was a price to pay, and from the human standpoint it was high.

After all, she had been professionally trained for her work, and although her material returns were small, there was the promise of care and security for all her life. Furthermore, it was understood that upon the retirement of the then Head Sister of the hospital, she was being considered for that position. This implied that she was recognized to have abilities of such worth as to be entrusted with the management of the hospital. And then there was the rather tempting reward which she was soon to receive for her twenty-five years of service—a trip to Germany. Turning her back on all this, however, she stepped out in faith, not knowing what God had in store for her.

During the months before she left the hospital, Sister Frieda had let her light shine with the

result that several nurses came to the services of the Ridgewood Church. The number of nurses in the church was an outstanding characteristic of the congregation in the early days of the assembly.

Upon leaving the hospital, Sister Frieda's immediate concern was to be baptized in the Holy Spirit, and for some time she gave herself to tarrying for her baptism. At length the Lord filled her and she recorded in her journal, September 20, 1926: "Today the good Lord met me and put a new song into my heart. Glory to His name! He came into my heart with His Spirit. O praise His name!"

Various doors of service opened for Sister Frieda. Her training as a nurse enabled her to render invaluable help to many saints in their sickness. With the opening of the Evangelical Deaconess Hospital on Chauncey Street, Brooklyn, she was asked to organize the nursing staff there and to undertake the management until a suitable supervisor could be secured. When this task was performed, Sister Frieda retired from public professional nursing.

Throughout this time the work of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church was expanding so that it was necessary for Pastor

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"The Children Thou Gavest Me"

(Continued from page 6.)

mer months, I attended these services, as God made a *way*—where there was no *way*—for me! The impression made upon my small heart and mind was imbedded deeply—and was to remain there! As I have taught these little ones, my prayer has been, "Grant that even a greater impression and a more devout desire 'to know Jesus' be made on their lives!" We are not teaching "just children" but "living souls"!

I attended and joined many churches during my childhood. I was seeking God, in my own little way, and knowing the church was God's house, I felt I would find Him there. I was made to know, during these years, that Jesus dwells in our hearts! I have not always had a "hunger" to know Him; as a teenager I had many responsibilities and problems (some a child should never have to encounter), and I lost sight of my "call"; but the Lord did not lose sight of me! Often, when in dire circumstances—in need of clothes, food, money, etc., I would pray and ask God to help me, and the need was always met!

I was twenty years of age when again God brought me in touch with Pentecost, and as before, it was a "tent meeting." I re-consecrated my life to Him, and my desire was to serve Him, on the field, as a foreign missionary. But who knows the "ways" of God?

I like to believe "my children" constitute my "field," and what is more precious in the sight of God than a child?? It is true, to many people, teaching a Sunday school class (especially Beginners) is merely a step in training for greater service, but I'm so happy that Jesus has had this little "place" for me. What a high and holy calling! I want to go on serving, as long as I have breath, "introducing" little ones to Him!

Full of Good Works

(Continued from page 9.)

Waldvogel to have various assistants in the ministry. To house and care for these helpers a home was needed, and for this purpose an apartment was secured and opened, September 15, 1928. About a year later the present home in Woodhaven was purchased. For the supervision of this part of the work, the Lord had a prepared vessel in Sister Frieda Goetz. Within a few months she was joined by Pastor Waldvogel's sister Rose,

and together they lovingly ministered to the necessities of the saints both resident and transient.

In addition to the duties in the Home, Sister Frieda ministered extensively to the sick, the poor, and the aged in the congregation. For about thirty years she taught in the Ridge-wood Sunday School. Foreign missionaries claimed a special interest in her prayers and labors.

One of her last labors, performed the Saturday before she went to be with the Lord, was

"Jesus Loves Me"

Our theme song is always the same—"Jesus Loves Me."

"And they brought young children to Him, that He should touch them: and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God! And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them" (Mark 10:13, 14, 16).

I have always been so happy that Jesus spoke these words! They prove He truly loves children and is mindful of them. He actually stopped preaching, teaching, and healing the older ones to comfort and minister to little tots. He rebuked His disciples for brushing the children aside, and there are many "disciples" who need to be rebuked today. There is little time for the children in many of our churches. Shame on these present-day disciples!

*"Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to Him belong; they are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so."*

My purpose and desire has been, throughout these many years, to introduce little children to the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. If the Bible stories are all forgotten and scripture verses, once learned, are hard to recall, (and I will be forgotten, of course) one truth must remain vivid, imprinted deeply in each heart—the fact that Jesus loves them. No matter where their lives may lead them or what vocations they may tread, this one favor I ask of God—"Please, let them never stray from this knowledge—that Jesus loves them!"

(To be continued.)

to see that a visiting missionary who had just come to the Home was comfortably situated in her room. The following day she attended the services as usual. On Tuesday she mentioned that she had had a headache and little sleep the previous night, and therefore asked for prayer and indicated she would endeavor to get some sleep that morning. Then, like the patriarchs of old, she went to bed and peacefully, without the knowledge of anyone else, closed her earthly life. Thus Sister Frieda Goetz entered the Father's House.

GATHERED FRAGMENTS



THIS YEAR marks the centennial of the birth of Ernest Shurtleff, author of the hymn, *Lead On, O King Eternal*, which he wrote just seventy-five years ago "as a parting hymn for his class and fellow students" upon his graduation from seminary in 1887. A Congregational minister, Shurtleff held pastorates in California, Massachusetts, and Minnesota. In 1895-96 he was in Germany when he organized the American Church in Frankfort. Later he had charge of a school in France.

* * *

The New Year's Text for 1962 for the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church is Philippians 3: 7-11. At the New Year's Day service the Holy Spirit gave some special words of encouragement and admonition for this year:

"Many are My promises and faithful is My word, and those who put their trust in Me shall never be put to shame. And if there be a faithful heart and those who will believe Me more implicitly, I will become more precious to them as they believe according to My holy word."

"If you really desire to prepare yourself for My coming, to purify yourself even as I am pure, I offer you all the graces and all the help and all the power that will be necessary to finish the work which I have begun graciously in every one of you."

* * *

"That's *the great call* for 1962—to make use of every oppor-

tunity God gives me to gather oil in my vessel because the day will come when that will be decisive—how much oil I have," stated Pastor Hans Waldvogel in his New Year's Day sermon. "You let one prayer meeting go, you let one opportunity go, one day go without waiting diligently upon the Lord, and you'll find that somebody else will be waiting upon you. The devil's waiting to get in. How many have been filled with powers of the devil, and they claim to be ready for the coming of the Lord. They don't know that they're whited sepulchres. I must be strengthened with might by His Spirit in my inner man; with love that never fails, a love that gives me power to love my enemies and everybody; with the joy of the Lord that is my strength; and the peace of God that passeth all understanding. 'They that were ready went in.' Beloved, there is no time to waste. Am I ready, *today?*'"

With this issue we begin a

number of articles on working with Beginners in the Sunday school by Phyllis Gaither who has been a successful teacher in the Sunday school of the Full Gospel Tabernacle, Waukegan, Illinois. Out of her experience Miss Gaither has written a very interesting story, "*The Children Thou Gavest Me,*" the first installment of which you will find in this issue.

* * *

Later this year the exciting, faith-inspiring story of the late *Elder Eugene Brooks* of Zion, Illinois, will appear in *BREAD OF LIFE*.

* * *

Champion of the Kingdom, The Life of Philip Mauro, by Gordon P. Gardiner (*BREAD OF LIFE*, \$1.25) is now available. An illustrated paperback, this book is a revised edition of the biography which first appeared in this periodical. It carries an endorsement by Isabel Mauro Tharp, daughter of Philip Mauro.

* * *

Many of our readers will be interested to know of the publication of another book—an abridged, paperback edition of the invaluable spiritual classic, *The Autobiography of Madame Guyon* (Moody Press, \$1.29). This and other devotional books may be secured from Rev. Frank G. Posta, 9216 - 92nd St., Woodhaven 21, N. Y.

IN THE NEXT YEAR

*those who will do what they know,
will live what they know of the Bible,
will at the end of the year know what they don't know now.
Those who do not do what they know
will, at the end of the year, not know what they now know,
and at the end of another year,
they will think the things they know now are foolish.*

—MARTHA W. ROBINSON

Beyond the Opening Gate

THE Old Year has ended, and before us opens the gateway of a New Year, like a new book with unscanned pages. What does the opening year hold for us anyway? In such uncertain, ominous days as these, this question is uppermost in everyone's mind. What lies ahead? What will the New Year bring? We could all feel apprehensive if—but see what hangs on this IF—we did not know the God in whom we trust.

His Word gives us precious assurance as to what lies ahead even in these uncertain days. He tells us, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." Genesis 8:22. And to us this means the continuance of the natural blessings we all love and appreciate. Please God, there will be bursting flowers after this winter's snows have melted, and returning birds, flowing streams, blue skies with fleecy clouds, and darting butterflies. And God always speaks to His pure-hearted, redeemed children through these simple realities of nature.

Then there are sure to be blessed days ahead for all of us, for "the path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Whatever forebodings we may have, there will be bright days in the New Year, times of special communion with God and of tender fellowship with His dear children. There will be some mountain-top places of vision and glory, perhaps greater than you have known in any past year. Some comfort here all right. The eyes of our loving God will be running to and fro throughout the whole earth to accomplish some rich surprises for His faithful, trusting children. All the dread stirring of godless nations will not hinder God's gracious purpose from being fulfilled in you. Only believe and rest upon His faithfulness—and you shall surely see His salvation in your life.

There will be shadows too, for sunlight and shadow always travel together, you know. God's Word says, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and the cups life brings us of His mixing contain both sweet and bitter things. Otherwise life would be incomplete and our characters never develop properly in God's grace unless we have the valley experience and the hour of testing.

You need not anticipate these times with apprehensive fear. When you come to the swelling waters, God will be right there to guide you through; when some fiery furnace confronts you, "the form of the Fourth like unto the Son of God" will stand with you in the heat of that conflict. Yes, the New Year holds some hard things for you and me; but out of these we shall emerge stronger Christians than ever before.

*"For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."*

You will touch lives whom you have never touched before, and all so needing your Saviour. Sad, lonely, hopeless, desperate, weary people will pass our way, and we shall be tempted to see them merely as individuals; but all need Jesus, and this may be our last year for spreading to them the glad news of a living Christ who satisfies.

Will the New Year bring back our Jesus for His ransomed own? The situation seems especially portentous this year with the whole earth in turmoil, men's hearts failing them for fear, and the increasing urge within our hearts to cry out, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." We are making ready with a bride's loving, eager expectation, and this blessed hope gives us peace and joy whatever the days ahead may bring.

*"Resting on His promise, what have we to fear?
God is all sufficient for the coming year.
He will never fail us, He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant He will never break."*

—ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER