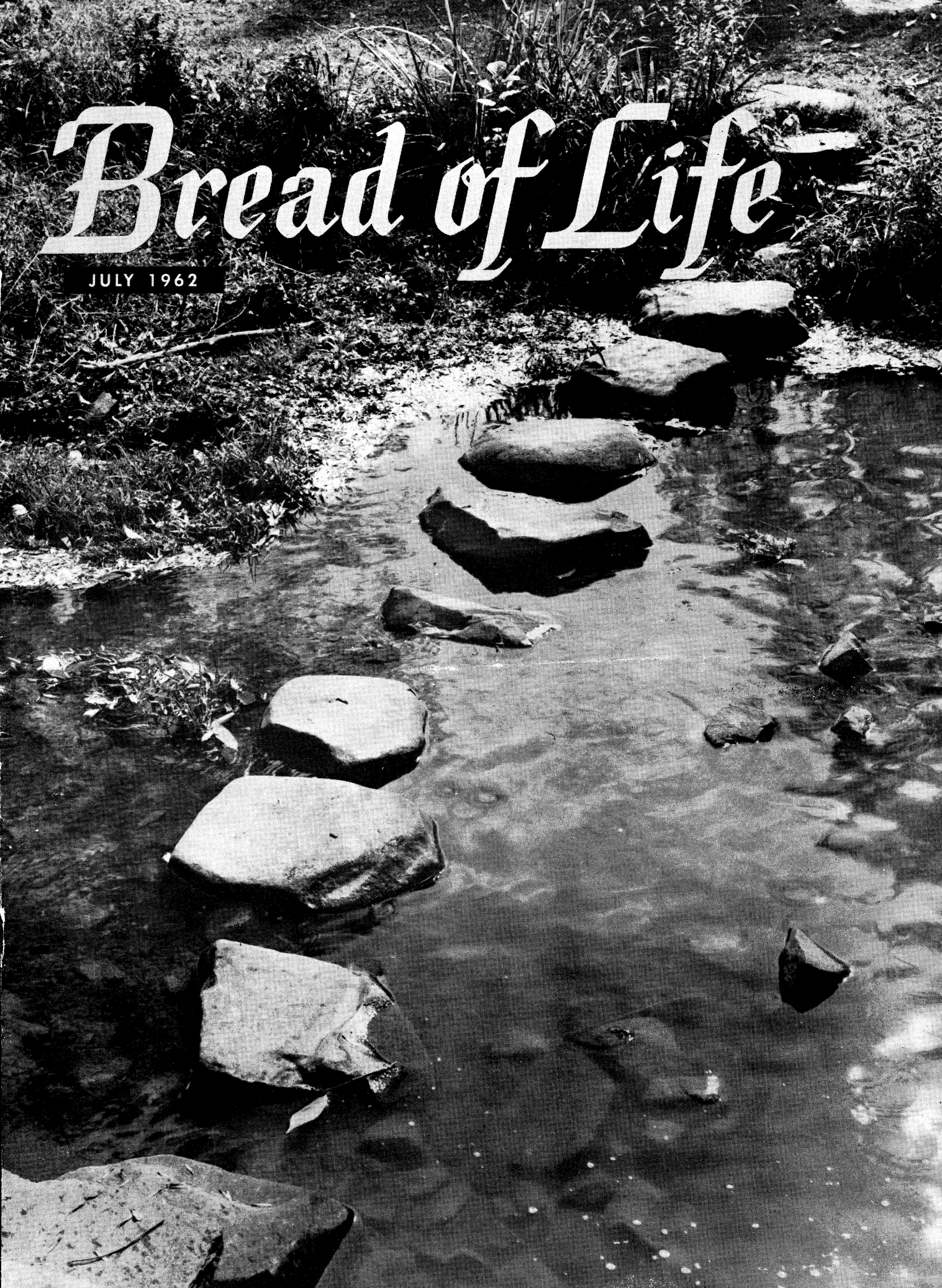


# *Bread of Life*

JULY 1962



# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

## THE CURSE OF BLESSINGS

ONE OF THE MOST PENETRATING INSIGHTS into the human heart in all of literature is found in the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy. The children of Israel have gathered on the plains of Moab to hear the final admonitions of their leader, Moses. Behind them lay forty years of wandering. Recently they had defeated two powerful kings of the Amorites, giving them unchallenged political and military superiority at the gateway to Canaan. Before them lay Jordan and the Caananite cities whose inhabitants had already fallen under the terror of their mighty God.

The book of Deuteronomy is a review of all the blessings that the Lord had so bountifully poured forth, a re-emphasis of the commandments which God had prescribed, and a renewal of the promise to His chosen people. It is interesting to note the solemn warnings which are injected in the midst of this most marvellous discourse. The children of Israel are specifically warned against allowing the blessings of God to become more central in their thoughts than their Giver, thereby turning the blessings into a curse.

In a matter of weeks they were to cross Jordan and inherit "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." Some of the most fertile soil in the then-known world would bring forth an array of crops of every kind. Even the mountains would yield metals which would be turned into useful implements. It is striking, therefore, that though these blessings were so obviously from the hand of God, yet in giving them He finds it necessary to warn their recipients in such strong language as, "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God." It is astounding that God foresaw those in their number whose response to His blessings would become so warped that they would claim that their own power and might had gotten them their wealth.

And yet we have here a clear picture of the deceitfulness of the human heart: a picture equally appropriate today. How sad that often the greatest blessings that God permits to come our way become the wedge that separates our hearts from His.

We live amidst great riches. The poorest among us enjoys comforts unthought of a cen-

tury ago. How tragic when these blessings become weights which slow our search for God. It was the blessings of God that blinded the eyes of the Laodicean Christians to their true spiritual state: "... thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Is it not true that a man who comes to God in his spiritual and often his material poverty all too frequently loses the fervency of his drive for God in direct proportion to the prosperity that the Lord sends his way?

It is not only material blessings that hinder us but spiritual blessings as well. How tragic that often a man loses the intensity of his search for God soon after God begins to allow him to taste of the peace that comes with salvation or the joy of the beginnings of a victorious experience! Our churches are filled with people who are resting on past spiritual experiences. And yet is it not true that every time we look back on a relationship with God more intimate than the one we enjoy at the moment we are admitting that we have slipped backward? And is it not true that often our mountain-top experiences are the source of a complacency which soon becomes laziness and prevents our pressing forward? Blessings become curses when they cause us to slacken our pursuit of God.

The real problem lies not with the blessings, of course, but with the hearts that cling to them. Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It is only as our hearts are freed from their natural tendencies to reach out after things and experiences that they are fit to possess the riches of the kingdom of God.

Indeed, it is the great mercy of God that allows set-backs and disappointments and perhaps even tragedies to come our way. Like a father, no doubt it pains Him when He finds it necessary for the moment to turn His face from us. And yet, moments like these are inevitably necessary if He is to be allowed to break the shackles of a rich and possessive spirit which holds us captive. How foolish we are if we count even these experiences as anything but tokens of His wisdom and love! Needless to say, the best attitude toward the experiences of being stripped of those things we hold dear is a simple submitting to His will and the recognition that *all things* come from His hand. And in being severed from natural gifts and blessings, invariably the presence of Jesus becomes sweeter. Is that not really the greatest blessing of all?

Perhaps it is time for all of us to allow the Lord to search our hearts carefully and point out those places where prosperity has hindered spirituality.

# *Was Gott Tut Das Ist Wohlgetan*

By EDWIN H. WALDVOGEL

*Associate Pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church*

THE TRUTH OF THIS STATEMENT has been confirmed again and again during our recent trip to Europe.

We had seen the Lord move majestically at the beginning of our working in Europe in 1948. At that time God opened doors that were barred against us and provided a tent with platform and benches seating twelve hundred people right in Germany when we could not get permission to move our rented one across the border from Switzerland. Daily He manifested Himself as JEHOVAH-JIREH (the Lord will provide) in the many needs both large and small that accompany a large tent campaign.

Not only was the tent erected on time, but the presence of God was so gloriously manifested that people felt drawn into the tent by the power of God. Night after night the Word of God was preached in power and hundreds came for salvation. We will never forget the sight of people literally running to the altar. No need to plead and try to press upon them the need for repentance and salvation—the Spirit was convicting and drawing hearts and people were finding peace with God and the joy His salvation brings. Outstanding miracles of healing took place as people sat in the meetings and heard the Word of faith. Others were filled with the Spirit in the old-time way. One Sunday morning the Lord did an unusual thing. While my uncle was preaching, the Spirit of God fell on all in the tent. It

seemed that every hand was raised in worship. People who had never heard of such a thing felt the power of God go through their bodies and responded in shouts of praise. Soon a real Holy Ghost testimony meeting was in progress. This also was foreign to the people. No wonder they went to their homes singing. Railroad stations and trains resounded with the songs of victory, and soon the meetings were being discussed far and wide in the highways and byways of Schwabenland.

Just as in the beginning many were amazed and said, "What meaneth this?", while others mocked, so now many came to see, and others mocked and said, "That can't last."

As the years passed and tent campaigns were held in Ulm, Wuppertal, Hamburg, Rendsburg, Salzburg, Kirchheim, etc., the work spread. Not only were many added to the churches, but God laid it upon the heart of my uncle to visit the saints again and again to encourage them and lead them on into a walk in the Spirit.

Recently God opened a new door of utterance for us in giving us a radio broadcast that reaches most of Germany, as well as other countries of Europe. The response has been most gratifying. Mail has been coming in from Czechoslovakia, Austria, France, Switzerland, and East Germany, as well as West Germany. It was in connection with this radio work that we went to Europe this year.

Just six hours and thirty-five minutes after takeoff in New York we touched down in Frankfurt. This was just half as long as it took to fly to London in 1948.

The change in Germany is tremendous. The economic miracle, as they call it, has the country buzzing. One sees Italian, Spanish, Greek, Turkish, and even Indian laborers who have come to work because there is such a shortage of manpower. Everywhere roads are being built and improved, and new buildings are going up. Instead of the atmosphere of defeat and poverty we found at the beginning of our work, there is now an atmosphere of success and plenty. What effect has this had on the work of the Lord? Has not this very condition of material well-being always tended to spiritual apathy?

Pictures cannot adequately tell the story of the beautiful church in Kirchheim. Is it the dignity of the buildings and grounds with the shrubs and trees, the little brooks flowing on either side of the property that brings this sense of peace? Or is it the invisible cloud of His presence that hovers over the place? The answer is not far away.

Friday evening was our first meeting and it was prayer meeting. The prayer room, seating one hundred, had some extra chairs that night (not because visitors from the States were expected, since we had come unexpectedly). After a time of



singing and praising God a short talk is given and then folks go to prayer. Voices are lifted in united supplication, and then fervent prayers ascend from different ones for the local needs and missionary cause as well as for the church in Brooklyn. Prayers of thanksgiving for the place God has provided and for the ministry He has given are not a few. One is reminded of the words of the hymn, "Heaven comes down our souls to greet, and glory crowns the mercy seat." No one seems to pay attention to the clock. At ten o'clock the majority are still earnestly seeking God. Some remain until eleven and after. Every morning there is Bible study and prayer at the church, and God's presence is so near at these times. In every meeting there are expressions of gratitude for a place where God can be found. A woman from Bavaria thanks God for a place where she can come to be renewed in her soul, and then pours out her heart before God for her unsaved relatives and friends in that dark section of Germany. One begins to realize how much a place like this means in Germany. How few and far between are these "filling stations" in all the world.

The Sunday morning service is held in the large auditorium. It is inspiring to see such a large group of people worshipping God in the Holy Ghost. People are brought in touch with their living Head, and the blessing of life flows as they sing, pray, praise, and testify. No wonder people come from surrounding areas, some as far as twenty-five miles every Sunday to the services.

On our first Sunday a man came from Stuttgart to see us.

He had been very helpful in erecting the tent in 1948. The blessing he and the folks in the church he attends received at that time has remained. He told me with what joy they repeatedly testify about the way God came to them in the early tent days.

However, it was the meeting on Pentecost Sunday afternoon that emphasized this especially. People had crowded into the meeting on Pentecost Sunday morning, and when it was evident that so many visitors had come from the distance, a meeting was announced for the afternoon. At that meeting these visitors told how God had come to them years before. They had been told by the skeptics that this was an American Pentecostal enthusiasm that could not last. As soon as the evangelist would go, this way of worship and life in God would go also. One after another told how the Lord had kept them and they had found that the Spirit of God was faithful.

Not only has the blessing remained, but God has established places throughout Germany and Austria where the river of life is flowing and people learn to "drink." It was our privilege to visit some of these places. Surely there are others, but of course we can only speak of that which we have seen.

Brother Gottlob Maile works in close fellowship with the church at Kirchheim. We visited with him in Wendlingen, Untertlenningen, and Neufen. It is wonderful to see how people in these towns of Schwabenland have come to know the Lord Jesus so personally. Surely the promise in John 15:26, "He shall testify of Me," is being fulfilled here.

The meetings in Ulm are particularly precious. The saints meet once a week in a music room of one of the public schools. There is a warmth here and real liberty in praying and praise. One brother told how discouraged he had been because of his "up and down" experience. The group he belonged to could lead him only so far, and he was so tired of this kind of experience that he wanted to give up. Then the tent came to Ulm. The presence of God in the tent impressed him immediately. The singing was alive and the testimonies sounded real. The praising was all new to him. When he heard the preaching of Evangelist Hans Waldvogel, he said, "Da hab' ich den Hacken 'runtergeschluckt.'" (I swallowed the hook.) Now he is happy in the Lord and belongs to this assembly where he can constantly be filled with the Spirit according to Ephesians 5:18, 19, 20.

In Salzburg, Austria, with Brother Betschel we found the same working of the Spirit of God. Our brother has a building which was formerly a stable with living quarters above. The folks made a very nice meeting hall where the horses and carriages were formerly kept. Here also a spirit of prayer prevails. The saints come to meeting well ahead of time and get down to pray. When meeting time comes there is a good spirit prevailing. The Lord has been confirming the Word with signs following in this Catholic stronghold. Just recently a four-year-old boy, dying of leukemia, was healed in answer to prayer. The father, a man with a good position in the city government, was heartbroken to see

(Continued on page 8.)

## Bread of Life

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# There Is Work for Every One

By MARTHA W. ROBINSON

**I**GNORANCE, even dense ignorance, need not stand in the way of service for the Lord. He has made no instrument He cannot use. The spade that digs the foundation for the beautiful temple is as useful in its place as the sculptor's chisel that carves the stone. But it would be useful only as a spade; the builder would not attempt to do with it the work of the chisel.

Absolute consecration means wholly used for the Lord. Not until one can say, "Use me, Lord, as Thou wilt, where Thou wilt, when Thou wilt," does he become an instrument of use in the Lord's hands. "O, to be nothing"—"a broken and emptied vessel for *the Master's use made meet*."

Here lies a difficulty. How few are willing to be nothing. How many say rather, "Lord, take me. Do with me some great work," and add, it is to be feared, perhaps unconsciously, "and let all men see *my* greatness by my work."

Not until we are willing to do what He tells us, to stay where He puts us, can we be of use. Not until we are glad to be little in His service can we be much. Not that we should be satisfied to give little when we have much. Not that we should be "nothing" in His service and much to the world. We should give *all* to His service, place ourselves in His hand. He alone can decide whether He needs us most in a small field or a large one. There are so few large fields; there are so many small ones.

I was reading the other day that in this Spanish War\* there

were hundreds of applications for official position to every one position. So it is in God's works: He needs privates in His army who are to do inglorious work. It is a reflection upon His goodness and His wisdom to say, "There is nothing I can do. I am ignorant. I have no talent. There is no use of my trying to be of service."

God did not put you into the world to be a stumbling-block. He made nothing He could not use. Christ's own disciples were ignorant fishermen. God has made more common people than uncommon ones, more average intellects than brilliant ones, more dull people than geniuses. There is but one conclusion to draw, therefore, and that is, He has more use for the commonplace person.

One thing is absolutely without question. There is work for each one to do, a place for each one to fill. No one but God knows how wide the place may become before the work is finished, but this is certain, the field will not widen until the waste places already given are utilized. If you cannot care for a few square feet, you cannot get an acre; if you cannot cultivate a small field, God will not give you a large one.

But says one, "I am not wishing to cultivate a large field. I am perfectly willing to cultivate a few square feet all my life, but I am not sure I am capable to do even that." Yet what right have you to doubt? Be assured you are *capable* of cultivating exactly what the Lord has given you. You *are* capable

and if you do not do it, it is because you *will* not.

But in reference to a previous remark, why are you willing to cultivate "a few feet?" Is it because you are humble, or because you are lazy—too lazy to take a large field? Are you satisfied to do less than the Lord needs of you? Are you satisfied to cultivate a small field, when God has planned to give you a large one?

One's duty is to do well the little. Cultivate and recultivate, dig and sow, plan and pray. Use every opportunity, every moment, every bit of strength, and then if God wills, the larger field will open. If He does not will, then at least what you have all along desired is yours, a well-cultivated bit of ground. You have sown and the harvest is ready for the Master. You have done with your might what your hand found to do. If He wills to give a larger field (which He will not until you are ready), then all your experience goes to help you in your broader work.

No matter how small, how plain, how insignificant one's task is, God knows all about it. And He knows as well when the task is neglected. The little thing undone shows as clearly as if it were a great thing. The little life ill-spent is as sad a sight to God as the great life ill-spent.

And there is another thought—No life, no matter how insignificant, can be without influence.

\*This meditation was written sometime during the Spanish-American War, 1898.

*Then Shall the King Say,*

## *‘I Was Sick, and Ye Visited Me’*

*By EVELYN OLDFIELD*

*Associate Minister of the Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel*

OUR FIRST VISIT to New York in 1938 left us with two indelible impressions. One was the endless stream of humanity everywhere; the other, the many cemeteries and hospitals entwined in and around this stream. It seemed a grotesque rendezvous between life and death in stark reality. We could not help but often wonder how many lying under the thousands of tombstones would rise again in the resurrection. Every time we passed a hospital we found ourselves praying for God's mercy and salvation upon those suffering within its walls. Through the years this prayer grew into an intense desire soon recognized as an urgent call from the Good Shepherd to take the Word of Life to the afflicted ones.

When God leads, even the most commonplace events become momentous. Thus it was one day in 1960, we met a dear Christian friend, Miss Elizabeth Foth, and decided to have lunch together. We are always inspired by her love for souls, her zeal for God, and the divine effervescence which is always evident in her life. As she says, she is almost seventy-eight years young. On this particular day, as she related some of her experiences in her hospital work, we expressed our desire for such an opportunity. It seemed to go unheeded, and our chat ended. Three months later, Miss Foth phoned and asked, "Well, are you ready to come to the hospital?" Suddenly the door was opened.

As we entered Kings County Hospital, it seemed like walk-

ing into a dark chasm, for the large vestibule had no windows or lights. The death-like atmosphere and hugeness of the place overwhelmed us and made us shudder. We felt a sense of utter helplessness and inadequacy which made us look to Jesus within and cry, "In Thy Name, and for Thy Glory!"

This hospital occupies an area of twenty-six city blocks in the geographical center of the Borough of Brooklyn. It comprises a group of hospitals, namely, a general hospital, a psychiatric hospital, a T.B. hospital, and a cancer hospital. It is estimated that 60,000 patients are admitted annually.

As we saw the Gargantuan task before us, we knew that God must have a wonderful plan. As we individually prayed, we began to receive the same light and leadings which pointed the way to the unfolding of this plan. At first it was necessary to gain the confidence and approval of the hospital Personnel in various capacities. As we proceeded slowly, God went before and gave us favor with all concerned. The next step was to bring in a group of singers from the Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel on Friday night twice a month. Later, other nights were opened to include groups from the Williamsburg and Ridgewood Pentecostal churches. This has been a very inspiring and fruitful outlet for a large number of our young people.

In April, during Easter vacation, a group of teen-age girls from Ridgewood and associated churches felt a desire to do

something for the Lord. This has resulted in another avenue of service. The girls went with us to the Children's Wards with cookies, apples, song books, and accordion. Also, at this time an invitation came to have a service once a month in the "J" Building which houses emotionally disturbed teen-age girls. Our consecrated Christian girls give their testimony in word and song and have an opportunity to speak personally to these needy souls. Each month we find a different group, and the service is a challenge to our faith and ability to gain the attention of these disturbed girls. During our first meeting we were conscious of a restless, distracting atmosphere. The varied expressions on the patients' faces showed defiance, resentment, bitterness, and apathy. We wondered if anything we had said or sung had penetrated. As we looked to the Lord for a closing chorus, we felt impressed to sing, "Oh, Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness". For a moment it seemed almost out of place, but again the leading came. As our girls sang several verses of this song, a melting came over the patients. Tears began to flow, and we sensed the Holy Spirit hovering over these broken lives. This opened the way for a glorious time of personal work with several making definite decisions. We left realizing how much we needed to pray and how greatly we needed to be filled with the power of the Holy Ghost in order to be the channels God could use.

As time went on, Miss Foth

and I realized again the large field before us and prayed that God would send forth laborers of His choosing. Soon three others joined us, each one led of the Spirit and qualified for the work: Wally Roth, Martha Pooock, and Lucy Henkell.

Time and space does not permit us to give an account of the many interesting and unbelievable stories that could be told of contacts made of souls that have been saved and helped. As we look to the Lord for guidance we cannot help but marvel at His leadings. Often we are brought in touch with souls just before they pass away from this world or before they leave the hospital. Many have said to us, "God sent you just in time."

Perhaps we could give you at least a glimpse of a few character sketches:

There is Elizabeth, an alcoholic, paralyzed as a result of drinking. When she was told she could become a new creature in Christ Jesus, a look of wonder came over her and she exclaimed, "Why, that's a miracle!" Later she said, "Something happened to me as you spoke. I don't know how to explain it except to say that I've been enlightened."

Amelia, the Spanish lady. Her entire body was burned to a cinder; yet she was fully conscious. Her eyes showed the terror of death. We hurried out to get a Spanish Christian to speak to her, and soon the fear was gone. A radiance and peace settled over her, and soon she was with the Lord.

Myrtle, the Subway prostitute, fifty-five years old. Her body was rotting away with syphilis and covered with vermin bites. Her home for years had been the dark corners of the Subways. At first she showed no interest in spiritual things, but gradually she softened and began to see her need of God. Not every soul comes through

to salvation, but we sow the seed; God sees that it is watered and given the increase.

Then there is the story of Bertha, a refugee from Latvia. We found her in the Orthopedic Ward with a broken leg as a result of a car accident. We found her weeping, and in her broken English she told her story. Her life has been filled with tragedy and sorrow. She told of hardships in the concentration camp, of the separation from her only son and her husband. Finally she came to America and worked very hard in order to send money to relatives in Europe. Now she was hospitalized for months, and recovery was slow. She said she could not stop crying. We visited her for many weeks and let her pour out her woes and then pointed her to the Lamb of God. We saw the love of God work wonders in her heart, and soon she was smiling and looking forward to our visits. We kept in touch with her after she left the hospital, and now she is coming quite regularly to our church and is growing in grace and the knowledge of her Savior.

While she was still in the hospital, she asked us to visit a Latvian friend of hers who was in the Alcoholic division of the hospital. This brought us in touch with another pitiful case.

Jake, too, is a war refugee. Suddenly, one day he was separated from his wife and seven-year-old daughter and taken to a concentration camp. He has never seen or heard from his family since. He came to America after the war and built up a successful business as a contractor. However, the anxiety and yearning after his family drove him to a drunkard's life to forget his sorrow. We found him at his wit's end. He had lost everything and had no hope. We contacted him just fifteen minutes before he was dismissed from the hospital to

wander the streets. We immediately took an interest in him. A room was found for him; food was brought in, and a Christian brother who could speak his language was sent to speak to him about his soul. It took months of kindness and love and patience before there was any evidence whatsoever of any softening. He came regularly to church on Sunday morning but sat like a stone. He told us he could not believe; he had *seen* too much and suffered too much. One day we told him not to be discouraged because, though his heart was like solid ice, each time he came to hear the Word of God there would come a melting and God was working in his heart. At this, tears came to his eyes, and with deep emotion he gripped our hand and said, "Yes, yes, that's it and I am now *beginning* to believe." The struggle is great; the enemy is strong but our God is the Victor. Hallelujah!

The children and teen-agers especially touch our hearts. Recently we went to see a young girl in the Psychiatric division. As we entered a large room and the door was locked behind us, we were confronted by a room full of children, possibly thirty-five or more. As we passed through to a smaller room, we heard snatches of conversation between two visiting adults: ". . . It's the home environment." I could not help but think that if Jesus were to step into that room, He would lay His hand on each little head and make everyone of them whole. Somehow my faith reaches out to believe the day is not far hence when we shall see this take place. As we listen to many heart-breaking stories, we cry to God to submerge us into Himself and fill us with His resurrection life that He might speak through us words of life that will set these captive souls and bodies free. To this end, let us pray and labor until Jesus comes.

**seed-time**



**and harvest**



## Hindus Turn to the Lord

By HELEN HOSS

*Durban, Natal, South Africa*

THE LORD has blessed us with four Hindu families turning to the Lord this past month. It was one of the most blessed experiences I have had in South Africa. It was through personal visitation that they came to know the Lord. It blesses me to see them in all the meetings and truly seeking the Lord. Already, they are testifying to others.

One of the young women that came to the Lord was healed of demon oppression. She is a schoolteacher. She already has found a job and is happy in the Lord. Her old boy friend said he was going to kill her for leaving him, but she *has found the Lord* and is satisfied. My first Mohammedan soul has come to the Lord. He loves to come to the meetings.

The Lord has blessed me with seventy-five students in the Bible class. This is a new move, and truly God is in it. We have already had three happy weeks together, and it looks like more want to come. Please pray for these classes.

It is wonderful how the Lord is blessing our Brother Jacobs, Pastor of the New Clare Johannesburg work. Every phase of

the work is going on so nicely with the blessing of the Lord resting upon all. At the baptismal service where seven were baptised, the Lord sent such Holy Ghost conviction that four decided they too wanted to follow Jesus all the way and were baptised. We do thank the Lord for our Pastor Jacobs and the fine workers with him. It is just your prayers that has brought this work to be already self-propagating and self-supporting. The Lord willing, from time to time, I'll visit and help in the meetings, but my main work from now on will be in Natal.

## Forward Move in Partapgarh

By LYDIA ERICSON

*Partapgarh, U. P., India*

SINCE COMING BACK, I have wondered what *more* could be done for Partapgarh, and my thoughts have come to dwell on the great need of a book or reading room in Partapgarh with also a suitable brother who could talk to all the young students and folks who surely would throng such a place. Every day and even more at nights, I have pondered this thing, and I believe it is from the Lord. I feel so little is really done to win the non-Christians. Yes, we try, we

speak to them, we let them come to our house to pick up a Gospel, but *now* I want an open place for them in the market—in the city—where they can sit down and read the Gospels, the Bible, and tracts—and perhaps, also, we would keep a newspaper there.

Anyway, these are things in my heart that have never been tried here in Partapgarh, but others have been blessed by such a work. I have just now written in faith to an older evangelist who was with us in the early days, if he could come here for that purpose.

God will advise in *His* time; but I feel I *have* to advance. While I was home in the U.S.A., I felt the great pressure to do something more for India to finish my course well. Surely Partapgarh has been neglected—and is—and I want to do my part to get things going.

## Was Gott Tut

(Continued from page 4.)

the child wasting away. He had tried everywhere and everything to save the boy, but now he was given up by specialists. The child had not eaten for four weeks and its flesh was decaying. Now, unable to work, the father left his office and went to a park. Seeing a woman with a Bible he asked if he might speak to her. When he told her his trouble she pointed him to Christ as well as she could. Being a new convert, however, she advised the man to contact Brother Betschel, her pastor. The man lost no time in getting to the Betschel home. When Brother Betschel heard the story, he said, "Let us seek the Healer first, and then we will have the healing too." He led the man to Christ, and together they prayed for the child. The next morning the child asked for food and then developed a good appetite. The open sores



healed, and in two weeks the child was up and running around. We met the father, who says he can hardly wait for the next meeting to come. Each week he is getting more light from the Bible. The newspapers had an article about the healing. The specialists are puzzled, for such a thing is impossible, they say.

There are a number of meeting places in mountain villages around Salzburg where the Austrian people gather, some in homes and some in little chapels. They are a happy people and love music. Since Brother Betschel's son, Walter, returned from Bible School in Erzhausen, he has gathered the young folks for prayer, and a number have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It is this group that have helped to get a tent for the meetings this summer. They will be putting it up in this Catholic land in these remote mountain villages and resorts. Let us pray for them that God will give a rich harvest.

Our visit to Vienna was brief. Here too the Lord has a precious people who have learned to worship Him in the Holy Ghost. Brother Franz Krameric and his wife are bravely taking their stand in that large city. What a need there is for true laborers in Austria. Let us remember the church in Vienna in prayer also.

Going up north to Düsseldorf we visited the church at Wuppertal. Here God gave a very fruitful tent campaign in 1952. Today there are churches in Wuppertal, Witten, Remscheid, Düsseldorf, and Moers working together in this area. They have their own tent and have just concluded meetings in Moers. The meetings there closed with a baptismal service in the tent at which twelve were baptized.

At present the tent is in Düsseldorf. Pastor Egard Tetzlaff who has the work in Wuppertal is the evangelist for the tent.

He met us in Düsseldorf and took us to the church in Wuppertal-Barmen. Coming in we were greeted by a very friendly usher. We heard later that he had been a hopeless alcoholic. His health was ruined by years of debauchery. This man came into the Gospel tent and was thoroughly saved and delivered from this demon of alcohol. Today he serves God faithfully. Each Friday night he comes to church and spends the night in prayer. He says when he served the devil he spent every Friday in the saloon. Now he spends that night in prayer for God's cause. Is it any wonder the presence of God is manifested in the meetings, that volumes of praise ascend, and hearts burn with love for Christ?

Hamburg was our last stop. It was our privilege to stay with the Lardon family and see how they serve the Lord together. Our brother edits the paper "Sieg des Kreuzes." Each month twenty-five thousand copies are printed. Evangelist Hans Waldvogel's messages appear regularly in the paper, as well as articles from "Bread of Life," so we have enjoyed working together in this way also. Since our radio programs started in the spring, more than two hundred families have written for "Sieg des Kreuzes." Pray for these families and this radio ministry. The saints in Hamburg have also learned to "gather in His Name." The Sunday morning meeting began with a volume of praise ascending to God as incense. Christ walked in the midst, manifesting His presence sweetly. In the afternoon it was our privilege to attend the first tent service in Hamburg this summer. Our minds went back to the beginning of our work in Europe fourteen years before. A good crowd was out. Many came to seek the Lord after service. Brother Betschel from Salzburg has come to minister in the

tent. My wife remarked, "Isn't it just like the Lord to let our last meeting in Germany be a tent meeting?"

But what a change has come over the years. Without any plans or wishes other than to do His will, we have seen the Lord work throughout the years, opening a door here, closing one there, saving souls, healing bodies, filling with His Spirit. New assemblies have been formed, others strengthened. People have been taught to look to Jesus and expect Him to manifest Himself.

Our title is the theme of an old German hymn expressing the assurance that whatever God does is done well. When we reminisce, as we have been doing, we can see how God has worked to establish places where the water of life flows. These places are as oases in the desert.

Coming home we had the privilege of riding with an airline captain who with his wife found the Lord Jesus Christ in a personal way in one of my uncle's meetings. At that time the German nationals were still not permitted to fly. Now he is chief pilot, training others in this exacting work. He treated us as his personal guests, and that royally. We were able to speak with members of the crew and were especially interested to watch the navigator check the position of the plane ("with every means at our disposal," he said) repeatedly to keep course. We were impressed with his diligence, checking the sun, Loran, radio-compass, etc., using every means to see that we did not deviate from the charted course. Should we not with equal diligence seek to know and do the will of our Father? "As for God, His way is perfect." Psalm 18:30. He who has begun this good work will also finish it. Let us let Him go before and be faithful followers. Was Gott tut das ist wohlgetan.

## GATHERED FRAGMENTS



On Saturday, July 7, at 8:45 p.m., *Pastor Hans R. Waldvogel* will begin broadcasting weekly on the "*Germania Broadcast*" over station WGES, Chicago, 1390 k/c. WGES is the largest independent and privately owned radio station in the world, and the "*Germania Broadcast*" is "America's oldest foreign-language radio program," having been on the air thirty-four years. The potential radio audience is estimated at three million German-speaking people who live not only in Chicago but in the nearby cities—Kankakee, Elgin, Waukegan, Kenosha, and Milwaukee—and on many farms in the area!

\* \* \*

This *Chicago broadcast* is the *third* which *Pastor Waldvogel* is currently conducting. Each Sunday night, 6—6:30, *Pastor Waldvogel* broadcasts in *New York City* over station WHOM, which is now being carried over FM as well as AM, 1480 k/c. And every Monday morning, 6:25—6:40, *Pastor Waldvogel* speaks over *Radio Luxembourg*, 6090 k/c (208 meters). All of these programs are taped, prepared by *Pastor Edwin Waldvogel*.

\* \* \*

*Responses to the Luxembourg Program* have come from West Germany, the German Democratic Republic (East Zone), Czechoslovakia, Austria, Switzerland, France, and England.

\* \* \*

Many of the letters received carry the usual expressions of gratitude, but the greatest appreciation, as might be expected

under the circumstances, comes from those behind the Iron Curtain who have no other source of spiritual food or fellowship than radio. After requesting a copy of the theme song, "*The Hallelujah Side*" (translated into German by *Pastor Waldvogel* as *Die Hallelujah Höh*), one of these listeners says, "There is no spiritual food here such as is heard over this program, and souls are thirsty for quickening and strengthening through song and word."

\* \* \*

Another listener to the *Luxembourg Program* writes: "Since I have been sick in bed for some time, I am especially happy for the opportunity to hear your message over *Radio Luxembourg*. I am especially rejoicing that we can get this broadcast in the German Democratic Republic. For me it is the only opportunity I have to hear God's Word, for in my neighborhood there is no assembly of be-

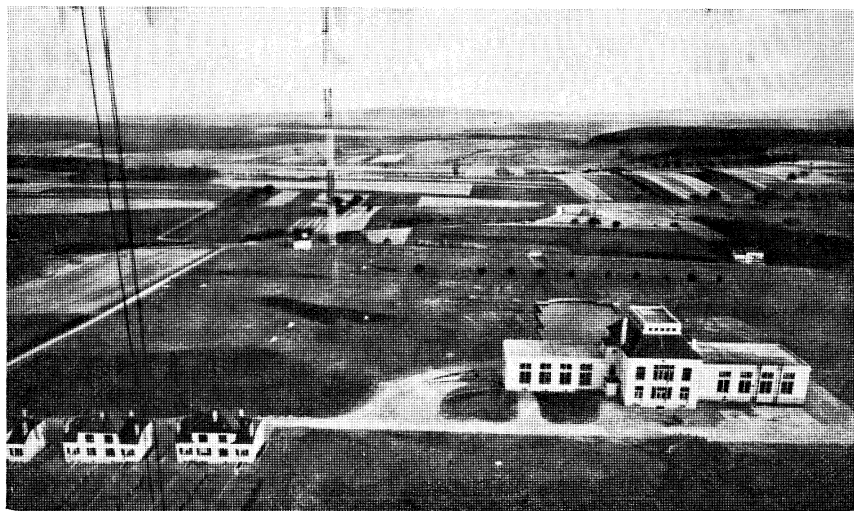
lievers. How glad I would be if we could have your broadcast more than once a week, but how thankful we are to God and for you for this. It is a cause for great rejoicing and certainly the grace of God that in this evil time there are still those who stand true to God whom He can send and use. I pray daily for you and your work for God." *Let all of our readers pray for these broadcasts and especially for the listeners behind the Iron Curtain.*

\* \* \*

Quite a number of appreciations have come to us from the article, "*Personal Recollections of A. J. Gordon*," by his daughter, *Helen G. Harrell* (April '62). In fact, that issue was so popular it was soon sold out. If any of our readers have extra copies of this issue, we would appreciate securing them, for the demand continues, especially for the article about *A. J. Gordon*.

\* \* \*

In a recent letter from *Mrs. Harrell*, she writes: "There were several things I thought afterwards I might have mentioned about *Father's* (*A. J. Gordon's*) humility. For instance, there were constant visitors, and several, especially the Englishmen, had the custom of leaving their shoes outside the door at night. Before we real-



Aerial View of the Radio Luxembourg Transmitter Station

ized it, Father had patiently taken them down to the basement and shined them and carried them up three flights of stairs, ready for the owners to wear them when they arose. Would you call that a modern example of Christ's washing the apostles' feet?"

\* \* \*

Very little has been written about *A. J. Gordon's wife*, and we have approached Mrs. Harrell about the possibility of writing her mother's biography for the benefit of our readers. "As to a biography of my mother," replied Mrs. Harrell, "I suppose many of us tend to overvalue our mothers, and I am no exception. She had a fine mind—kept a diary at four years old, and taught a little Sunday school class at eleven. In those days when rarely a girl went to college, she, at home, mastered French, German and Latin, as well as the piano and violin. Indeed, after 60 years she learned Swedish and Greek. She generally kept in the background in Father's public work, but when he was addressing large audiences, she too gave addresses—once in Carnegie Hall and once in Mildmay Hall, London.

"She was a real complement to his personality. While he was often above the clouds, she was of the earth, earthy. His own mother said that 'Those children would never have any discipline were it not for their mother.' She would often urge him to publish some address he had made, when his own modesty rather held him back."

\* \* \*

God willing, *Pastor Hans Waldvogel* leaves for evangelistic work in Europe the first week of July. After ministering in Vienna on Sunday, July 8, he expects to spend some time in Hamburg with Pastor Oskar Lardon. Later he will be working in Hanover with Brother Rolf Cilwik and in Wuppertal with Brother Egard Tetzlaff.

## "ALIVE UNTO GOD"

By HELEN WANNENMACHER

SOMEONE HAS CALLED the eighth chapter of Romans, "Paul's Hallelujah Chorus." We think fittingly so, when we read the preceding chapter and hear his cry for deliverance,—"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—and then we hear his exultant shout of joy, his paean of praise, "I thank my God, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" It is "the song of the soul set free," of one set free from the bondage and dominion of sin.

"For there is therefore now *no* condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." These are God's word's, not only to Paul the Apostle, but to all His children who have made a similar struggle to be obedient to God's perfect law but have found in their members a power greater than their will to obey and thus are under the law of sin and death in utter defeat. But thanks be unto God, there is a triumphing in Christ for everyone who has found there is *another* law, an eternal law, even God's law of life in Christ Jesus.

That law works for us automatically and makes us free from "the law of sin and death" when we reckon ourselves to be "dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God." The law of life in Christ Jesus motivates us—quickenings even these mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in us. He also helpeth our infirmities, for when we know not how to pray as we ought, He maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered, for the saints according to the will of God (Romans 8:26).

Well do I remember my own experience as I labored to enter into that rest of faith. I had been saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit for a number of years and was working for the Lord in the church my husband and I had started in Milwaukee. In so far as I knew my own heart, I was con-

secrated to do His will and to serve Him to the best of my ability, and I believe I did. I sought very earnestly to keep His commandments, but the more I tried, the worse I failed. I became conscious of my need of God in a way I had never known before, and I sought Him day and night.

One day I accompanied my husband to a distant city, thinking that if I got away for a while it would do me good, but nothing seemed to help. It became necessary for me to return home ahead of my husband, and on the way to the train I asked him to pray for me which I am sure he did. As I sat on the train homeward bound, feeling afresh my terrible failure and my utmost need of God, a desperate cry arose in my heart that He would come to my help. Suddenly, as though a flash of lightning pierced through the roof of the train, God's presence entered my weary soul. At the same time, He spoke these words to me, "Reckon yourself to be dead indeed unto sin, but *alive unto God*." As the words, "Alive unto God," penetrated my soul, at once the burden lifted, my struggling ceased, and His perfect peace entered my whole being.

The rest of the journey home seemed but a short distance, I was so filled with the sweetness of His wonderful love, and He was so very near and dear. He made me to know He wanted me to look at Him and not at my miserable self. As I did, the old fears and dreads disappeared, and I was truly "alive unto God."

How simple it all seemed after I gave up my struggling and believed Him to take over in my life, to do for me that which I could not possibly do for myself.

How Christ desires to make Himself known to each of us as our all-sufficient One! The One who is made unto us all things—even our Wisdom, our Righteousness, our Sanctification, and our Redemption, and who can, through His wonderful indwelling Spirit, make us "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."



### ANNIVERSARY DAY PARADE

ON JUNE 7th the Ridgewood Pentecostal Sunday School marched with the 22 other member churches of the Ridgewood-Glendale Sunday School Association in observance of Anniversary Day. Four thousand children and adults participated in this parade, which was one of 41 held throughout the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. The highlight of the Ridgewood-Glendale parade was the distribution of 8,000 gospel tracts to the onlookers, a fitting way to magnify the parade theme, "Christ, Today and Forever."

The Anniversary Day parades are a 133-year-old Protestant tradition commemorating the founding of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union in 1816. The practice was adopted in Queens in 1909, where it has been sponsored by the Queens Federation of Churches.

New York City's Mayor Wagner expressed hope that the event could be expanded to cover all five boroughs of New York City. At a luncheon he attended on Anniversary Day, he said:

"The significance of the day goes beyond the borders of Brooklyn and Queens. It isn't just a holiday, it is a great giving of thanks for religious training."



The Ridgewood Pentecostal Sunday School Band