

# *Bread of Life*

JANUARY 1963



## What Shall the New Year Bring?

What shall it bring, the glad New Year—  
The year that is yet untrod?  
O soul of mine, whether joy or pain,  
May it bring me near to God!

May it find me at home in the "secret place,"  
With no cloud to come between,  
With a holy desire to mount up higher,  
Where only His glory is seen.

May it find me filled with rapturous joy,  
With a hunger deep for His Word,  
With a fixed gaze throughout all the days  
Upon Jesus, my precious Lord.

So come, New Year, and bring what you will,  
But give me the peace that abides,  
With a confidence sure that fore'er will endure;  
Naught else do I ask besides.

—BERNICE C. LEE

## This Issue and This Year..

OUR COVER PHOTO shows the Swiss mountain, the Sentis, with a portion of the village of Herisau where seventy years ago, January 7, Hans Waldvogel, pastor of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was born.

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In celebration of this event we are including Pastor Waldvogel's testimony of how the Lord led him into the ministry. When Hans Waldvogel "cut the shore line" and launched for the deep in 1920, beginning his ministry in a small, store-front mission in Kenosha, Wisconsin, he had no conception how far "the deep" would carry him—to the largest city in the United States and then literally to the ends of the earth, for, as readers of BREAD OF LIFE know, during the past

year he has labored for the Master in Europe, Formosa, and in India.

\* \* \*

Many of the people of God deal with Him at the approach of each new year, looking for some special promise or word for the days ahead. In response to their faith God replies with counsel which is pertinent and inspiring. Such a word was given by the Holy Spirit for 1963 in the Friday evening service, December 21, in the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church:

"The year that is dawning is a very important one in your spiritual career. Bow your hearts very low and tremble at My word, and I will descend the heavens and make My abode with You."

\* \* \*

Then at the Sunday night service, December 30, we were given

Hebrews 12:28 and 29 as the text for 1963:

"Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear: For our God is a consuming fire."

\* \* \*

The New Year's Morning meeting is always looked forward to with keen anticipation, for often the Lord sets the keynote for the year. So it was again that God graciously spoke to our hearts:

"Oh, that I might have My way with My people this year. I would really make it an inward year. They have their decisions, and they have their resolutions, and they make their plans, and they make big words about spirituality and inwardness, and they forget that it is not I but Christ that is necessary in every life and that I would draw them in."

\* \* \*

In announcing the annual weeks of prayer for the beginning of the year Pastor Waldvogel made the following remarks:

"We expect by the appointment of God and in the will of God to have a time of waiting upon the Lord. Let it be God's time. Let it be a time of His appointment, and it will be different from what we suppose. We all suppose that God is going to make something out of us, but His real plan is to make nothing out of us. Now that sounds strange. . . .

"Very swiftly and very soon and very speedily somewhere Jesus Christ must be revealed in this world by His saints. And it can only be when God finds saints that are saints indeed, that have been crucified with Christ with their affections and lusts and have actually presented their bodies a living sacrifice. So let us trust God as we enter into this new year to take over entirely. Let it be Jesus and not I. Let it be Jesus and not you."

## Bread of Life

VOL. XII No. 1  
JANUARY 1963

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

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

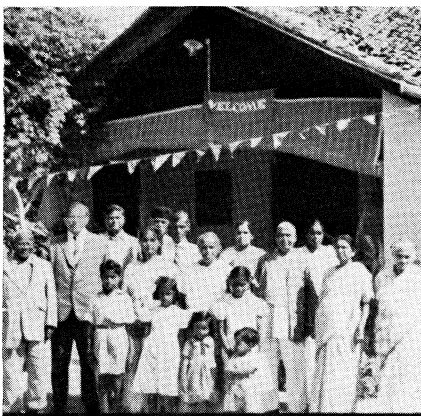
# Launch for the Deep

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

*"Launch out into the deep,  
Oh, let the shore line go."*

AGAIN AND AGAIN the pianist kept playing this chorus. She had rightly discerned the trend of the meeting, and surely enough, people let go and launched out into the deep so that presently the windows of heaven poured down such blessing that many were saved and many were baptized with the Holy Ghost. However, this meeting followed another meeting where the Word of God had come forth very strongly, calling men to repentance and where for hours people had confessed their sins and made things right before God. And so now the promise of God was being fulfilled, "Repent, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the promise is unto you and to your children."

And scenes of this type, thanks be to God, have followed our world-wide ministry, so that we can truly say, "He was better to me than all my hopes and better than all my fears." But this song, *Launch Out Into the Deep*, has become sort of a theme song to our ministry because it was with this sentence that God launched me on this world-wide ministry. Although the love of God had already claimed my heart and the Holy Ghost had already begun working mightily in my life, giving me a great desire to see the Kingdom of God manifested upon this earth, I had been fettered by organizational and denominational fetters. Furthermore, I felt a great lack in my soul because I knew somehow in



**Welcome at Orai, India**

*Hans Waldvogel (second from left) with Indian workers and their families, October, 1962.*

the depth of my spirit that God had called me to a Holy Ghost ministry which at that time was impossible for me, but to cut the shore lines was not possible to do in one day or two. It really took something of a miracle by the hand of God to cut me from these shore lines and to make me launch for the deep. And so, when I came into a meeting in Zion, Illinois, where Eugene Brooks and Mrs. L. M. Judd and others were ministering, I was hungry for God. The Lord was making some of these who had gifts of prophecy give messages to different people in the meeting. Presently Elder Brooks spoke to Mrs. Judd and, pointing to me, said, "Won't you give this young man a word?" She came to me and stood in front of me for a minute or so and then spoke this sentence, "Cut the shore line and launch for the deep."

To her, I suppose that didn't mean very much, but to me, it

was a word from heaven, for I had labored and prayed and wept for a whole year, praying God to make it possible for me to cut the shore lines. That meant not only giving up my business career, my bank account, my home, or the friends I held so dear, but it also meant cutting the tenderest family ties that any man could enjoy. Now, when this word was given, "Cut the shore lines and launch for the deep", the Holy Ghost fell upon me like when I had received a wonderful blessing from heaven and, when after a while the operation of the Spirit lifted, I knew that God had answered my prayer and He had cut the shore line for me. I knew exactly what to do and God had given me the faith and the joy to step out. I saw somehow in the Spirit that my prison doors were open, that the shackles had fallen from my wrists, and that I was really free. That was the beginning. But what had preceded that meeting is what counts, and it might be interesting and also instructive to some to know something about the way that God had led me from my earliest childhood years.

One day when I was a boy going to school in Switzerland, I said to some of my companions, "Boys, I'm going to America." The words came across my lips with such authority that I was scared. But when the boys turned to me and said, "Oh, you're lucky! We wish we could go with you," I had to stop and apologize and tell them that there was really no such



### Leaving for America

*Taken one week prior to Hans' sailing for America, this picture shows Father and Mother Waldvogel with their children, Lydia, Rose, Gottfried, Anna, Hans, and Elsie.*

outlook at all. However, three months later I was on the way to America!

Strange to say, God had somehow put that light into my heart and then had verified it. By his own appointment He brought me from Switzerland to this fair land of America in 1907. And here, after my folks had followed me a little bit later and my father had taken charge of a Baptist church, I began to hear all kinds of reports about the Pentecostal movement. My father had also had some contact with Pentecost, but from the wrong side. He had seen some fanaticism parading under the name of Pentecost and was thoroughly disgusted with it. And so, when I heard about people falling from their seats under the power of God, I immediately decided that that could not possibly be the Lord. However, when I expressed my opinion, again I heard that strange voice within my heart, saying, "*Some-day you yourself will be in the middle of it.*" Again I was frightened. Today of course I know that it was God who spoke those words to me. And when after a little while I came in contact with Pentecostal people who really knew the Lord, I was captured. I saw that they possessed the real thing—something that my soul had craved and had hungered after—reality in God, the power of the Holy Ghost, power to live a holy life upon this earth.

At that time, even though I was only a boy, God some-

how caused me to fall in love with Jesus and to surrender my all to Him, and while I was an apprentice in my shop learning a trade, yet my whole heart went after Jesus Christ. I spent all my spare time seeking the Lord with all my heart for the baptism in the Holy Ghost until I took physically ill so that my parents and my friends despaired of my life, and it looked as if I would die. The outer man was perishing, but my inward man was renewed from day to day. I discovered then the truth of the Bible that if you draw nigh to God, He will draw nigh to you. Day by day my life became more and more wrapt in God, more and more hungry for Jesus, and more and more desiring to be altogether for Him.

I had no thought of becoming a minister of the gospel, but the men in my shop often asked me, "Why aren't you a preacher?"

"Why should I be? We have four preachers in my home, and that is enough."

"You seem to be so deeply interested in religion. You ought to be a preacher."

"Well, I'm not a bit more interested in religion than any real, decent Christian ought to be."

But somehow I felt in my soul that the call of God was there and that some day He would lead me to something better. About this time a very dear Baptist preacher came to our home one day and after he had heard me give a testimony, he said: "Son, give yourself whole-

heartedly to God. I'm sure that He'll call you out into the ministry." That seemed to sink into my soul so that from that day forth I began to see what God would do.

At the same time God gave me a word out of the Bible as clearly and as powerfully as if He had sent an angel down from heaven and spoken it to me: "*Commit thy way unto Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass*" (Psalm 37:5). I wrote it on my workbench and looked at it—I don't know how many thousand times. Each time I did so I inwardly laughed. I understood that last clause, "*He shall bring it to pass,*" for I somehow knew within my soul that if I was to be a minister, God would have to do it. I wouldn't do a thing about it.

In the meantime, there were people that tried to help me. There came a time when I was out of a job for a while and a dear aunt came to me and said, "Now I'm praying that God should not allow you to find a job." Then she offered to put me through Bible school. And in my soul I said, "Now, all the less. I'm not going to be pushed into it this way. If I'm going to be in the ministry, God Almighty will have to push me into it, and it must be clearly the leading of the Holy Ghost." Strange to say, that same day, the 25th of February, 1915, my father read from the little book by Spurgeon, *The Check Book of the Bank of Faith*, the text: "*And ye shall be called priests of the Lord*" (Isa. 61:6). Spurgeon went on to say that a person doesn't have to be in the pulpit to be a servant of the Lord, but that one may follow his trade and business and still be wholeheartedly in business for the King. I said, "That's it." After my father read that, we went to our knees, and while we were on our knees, the mailman rang the bell and brought me an offer of a job when it

seemed impossible to find work.

I was happy to find this job, but it developed to be a very difficult job. I had a boss who put himself out to make life miserable for me. He had some aversion toward me because I had been persistently testifying to him about the Lord. Before he became foreman we had sat at the bench and worked *together*, but now he did his level best to see to it that I had all the difficult work to do.

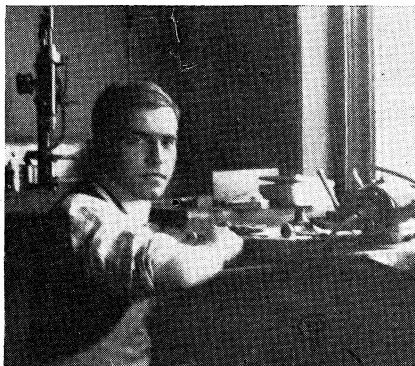
Here my school began. The Lord said, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction," and here the furnace of affliction was opening before me. I could have chosen an easier path, but I'm so thankful that God has said, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

At first, I chafed under it, and my fellow workers advised me to leave. "You can make more money elsewhere. You don't have to take that abuse from this boss." (They knew him and nobody respected him.) But my Inward Monitor, the Holy Ghost, said, "Now you stick it out. So I did. I knew that God had put me into His school. I knew that this school was more valuable to me than a university education because I had to learn humility, submission, patience. And as I bowed before my heavenly King and Master, He not only taught me some of these lessons, but He set these divine attributes into my soul. That's the wonder about the Holy Ghost of whom Jesus says, "I will send you another Comforter and He shall guide you into all truth." And by "truth" He doesn't mean something that we put into our heads, but something that is put into our hearts and into our lives, making us partakers of Christ.

I remember getting down on my knees and making a covenant with God that from that day forth I would do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus

Christ. I worked at it. I gave up my inward dissatisfaction at doing this work, and began to do every job for Jesus. The result was that my foreman took notice of it. He saw the change, and he commended me for it. But in a little while, the Lord saw to it that my prison was changed, and I received one of the best positions in the city of Chicago.

Then came the First World War. According to law I could not be drafted as I was still a citizen of Switzerland, a neutral



At the Jeweler's Bench, Chicago

*"Commit thy way unto the Lord, . . . and He shall bring it to pass."*

country. In spite of this, one day I received an invitation to join the army. I had already made up my mind that I would take my medicine like a man, that since I lived in this country, I would not back down from military service. But one thing was sure, and that was that God had put it into my heart that I could never take a weapon and kill anybody. I said, "Jesus, the Prince of Peace, has occupied my heart, He has come and honored me by taking the throne of my heart, and before I could exercise hatred enough to kill anybody, I would have to tell Him to go and invite the devil to come in." That was as clear to me as daylight, and even though eminent saints of God, men whom I respected very highly and for whose opinion I had the highest regard, thought that men ought to take up arms

and fight, I could not possibly think otherwise than I did. So, my mind was made up that if I was drafted and put into the army, I would be a conscientious objector.

When I found myself in the Army, I thought, I'm surely going to keep seeking the Lord. It was very difficult because in the camp where I was drafted there was such a crowd of men by this time. Our barracks were filled with fellows cursing and smoking so that it was almost impossible to pray. There was no provision made in the early days of the First World War for Protestants. The Jews and the Catholics had their chapels but not the Protestants. What should I do? I got up at midnight when all the others were asleep and knelt at my straw tick to have communion with my Lord. During these days the flu broke out in our camp. Nobody knew what it was nor where it came from. We still had to go out in the drill field and drill eight hours a day in the cold. Everyday when we stood reveille, three or four men would drop out of the ranks and were not allowed to be helped at all. The officers wanted to harden us. At first, they thought that everybody had a cold, but as one by one dropped dead our officers woke up and realized they had been too strict. In one day we had 94 dead. The brigadier general finally blew his brains out because he was blamed for this awful death toll. And every night, as I knelt at midnight to be alone with God, the stretcher bearers would come in and bear out the dead and the dying.

Finally, I came down with the flu myself. When the doctor examined me, he said, "You better stay around the barracks." But when I stayed around the barracks, and one of the sergeants commanded me to clean the spittoons, I refused. Instead, sick as I was, with the fever

raging through my veins, I went out in the drill field day by day and drilled as hard as the others. I believe that contributed to the saving of my life. Before I got my uniform, I had asked for an audience with my commanding officer. I told him that I was willing to lay my life down for my country but that I couldn't possibly kill anyone. He thought I belonged to Jehovah's Witnesses, but I told him my simple testimony, that I had been born again and was waiting for the coming of the Lord from heaven with power and great glory.

He looked at me and said, "You know, I was one time a member of the Baptist Church, but I backslid and so I quit the church. I didn't want to be a hypocrite." But he continued, "Don't you know we are at war to end all wars—to make the world safe for democracy?" I told him that my Bible painted an entirely different picture.

"What do you want us to do then?"

"One of two things, either let the country repent and get back to God and open its doors to the Prince of Peace or go in the course that you have chosen." Then he wanted to know what I wanted to do. "You know, you have not been examined yet," he replied. "They might send you home. So you might as well wait. But in case you are selected for war service, I promise to help you to get into the hospital corps." I had a heart for that service—to serve the wounded and dying.

So I was content to go back to my barracks and to await examination. But then they picked me out as one of the healthiest in the whole camp! Now war service really stood before me. I still depended on my commanding officer, but after a few days, I found out that he had been dismissed and so I stood alone again. What was I going to do?

In the meantime, I had met a boy who was heartbroken with homesickness. Ivan had been taken off the streets in Gary, Indiana, and put into the army without a chance even to say "Goodbye," to his mother. He was her only son, had done service in the Bulgarian Army, and had also been wounded so that he was thoroughly sick and tired of war service. Here he came into the army without any provisions. When I found out that he did not have any shaving utilities, I helped him out the best I could. I gave him razors and whatever he needed. Pretty soon we were the best friends. Although he professed not to be a Christian, he respected my faith, and we had many a talk about the Lord Jesus Christ. But he for one was not going to do any military service at all. When the rest of us stood reveille in the morning, he lay under a tree with his book and read. That, of course, soon attracted the attention of the officers who began to hound him. Especially one sergeant who was very ambitious to become a commissioned officer took it upon himself to persecute and accuse this boy. Presently when they saw that I had befriended him, they put two of us together and began to suspect me.

One day I was called to account. There were at least a dozen officers in a barracks, and I was brought in there for examination. They had already heard from my commanding officer about my stand, my conscientious objection, and so they thought they would have a good time. For nine hours, less a few minutes, they kept cursing and railing on me, asking me questions, and talking to me in the most vile manner. The thing that interested me was that some of them who claimed to be church members, even Sunday school teachers, were the vilest in their expressions.

One of them offered to meet me alone in the barracks and beat me to pulp with a baseball bat. I thought, "You're a fine hero, and if Uncle Sam had to depend on that type of heroism, good night Columbia." But I didn't dare express my thoughts out loud because to insult a commissioned officer could result in 25 years in Fort Leavenworth. At any rate, throughout this ordeal, for nine hours without intermission, God kept me so absolutely calmed that I was so surprised.

One of them saw my pocket bulging out and said, "He's got a bomb in there." (It was my New Testament.) Then they accused me of having laid a plot with Ivan to poison the food for the whole company. They tried to make me confess that I was a German spy. They painted the gallows before me. They threatened me. I didn't know that they had no right to do as they did. They were officers, and I, of course, thought that they had been called to put me through this examination.

At any rate, I had a chance to testify, and to this day I'm so thankful that God gave me this opportunity. As Jesus said, "It shall turn to you for a testimony," and so it did. I believe I shall meet some of those men in the day of judgment, and there we shall be able to compare notes. They know exactly where I stood, and God gave me grace to answer all their questions and to stand up for the full gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as I understood it.

Finally, one of the commissioned officers came forward. I had him as a lieutenant on the drill field. "I don't profess any religion. I'm a descendant of the American Indians, but I'd like to hear from this boy a declaration of his faith." I took my Testament out of my pocket, opened it to Romans 12, and read the whole chapter.

Then this Indian, who didn't claim church connection or religious conviction, said, "That's beautiful. You can't say anything against that. Now if it were a question between Germany and the United States, which would be your choice?"

"The United States of course. And furthermore I am willing to lay my life down for the United States of America."

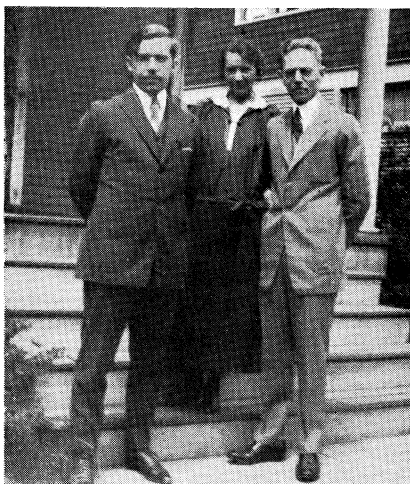
He took my hand, shook it, and said, "Nobody can ask anymore of anybody than that." That ended this trial by fire, and I was allowed to go back to my straw tick.

Now Ivan's hour of trial came. The sergeant who had made it his business to hound him and who had accused him trying to poison the whole company took Ivan and literally dragged him through the camp to a military court where an officer was sitting in judgment upon such cases. But when the judge saw the prisoner, he began to laugh and stretched out his hand, exclaiming, "Ivan, is that you? What brings you here?" It developed that the two had been bosom friends. They had sat and studied together in the same university and knew each other well.

The next day when I saw Ivan, he was like a new-born creature. He was wearing a brand new uniform and looked like Napoleon. He had been given a good job and the officers that had persecuted him now vied with one another to do him favors. Not only that, but he had spoken in my favor and had told the officers when they had questioned him about me that I was the best man in the whole camp.

And when, a few days later, I was transferred to a company called the Illinois Central Officers' Training School, my friends did not know what to make of it. They had been concerned over my fate because they knew something of the or-

deal I had gone through and had been praying for me. The War was over now, and a few days later we were all honorably discharged and our conduct was rated as very good. And shortly before our discharge one of the officers came to me, and when he found me reading my New Testament, he said, "Son, I believe you've done the right thing."



**Hans Waldvogel and the Finners**  
*Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Another man I met in the army was also a great blessing to me. He was an Italian boy whom I noticed was always alone. He, too, seemed to have no friends and I tried to befriend him. I noticed that his hands were bleeding and learned that this was from the solution of strong soap and hot water which he had to use in washing dishes in the kitchen. In order to alleviate the pain he had rubbed talcum powder into the cracks in his skin. This only made his condition worse. So I offered to help him with some vaseline I had.

I soon found out, however, that I needed his help because he was a man that really walked with God. Often we would go out after retreat had been sounded when we were free to do as we pleased and he would talk to me about the Lord. He had such a living, wonderful,

pungent testimony that it went to my heart. I wanted to find out what church he belonged to. (I suspected that he belonged to a Pentecostal assembly.) Therefore, when we said goodbye to one another, I asked him, "Do you folks believe in speaking in tongues?"

"Of course. Don't you?" There I had it.

Then I said, "Goodbye, dear brother. If we don't meet here on earth, we will meet in the sky when Jesus comes."

"But, brother, you've got to feel the power here," pointing to his heart and giving me a penetrating look.

"My dear brother, I'm going to seek God with all my heart."

Thus I came back home.

Shortly before the War my father had become pastor of a Baptist Church in the city of Kenosha, Wisconsin. There in the same city I had met some Pentecostal people, Brother and Sister George W. Finners, who were in charge of a growing Pentecostal assembly where Jesus Christ really manifested Himself in a wonderful way. Up to that time I had had all kinds of questions about the reality of the Pentecostal testimony, but in Brother Finners I found a man who was able to answer all my questions to my satisfaction. In addition, I found a people who made much of prayer and who didn't make over signs and wonders and speaking in tongues, but over Jesus. That appealed to my heart because I had already found that lovership with Jesus Christ.

So I joined them on Saturday nights in their open-air services as I desired to witness in this fashion when I came home from Chicago to be with my parents for weekends. (On Sundays I assisted my father in his ministry.) It was only six months after I came from the army that one night, as we were praying together before

going out on the street corner, the Lord came to me and bestowed upon me a gift of speaking in tongues and interpretation.

Now a new chapter in my life began. A week later Mr. Fin-  
 nern spoke to me about his desire to have me for an assistant minister. I was then quite well established in my business, was well liked, and I liked my business. I had bought a little house which was very precious to me. There my parents always waited for me on Saturday. There my sisters came home, and together we had a lovely family life. To leave these moorings now and to go into the Pentecostal ministry meant to break the most tender family ties imaginable. I couldn't believe that that could possibly be God's way. I said, if God asked me to have my head chopped off that would be much more simple, much easier, and much more desirable, but to take these steps!

But the Lord Jesus Christ had made it very plain to me that if any man will follow Jesus and hate not his own life also, "he cannot be My disciple." To follow Jesus Christ means to follow Jesus Christ and nobody else, and today I am so thankful that God did not let me get by with a half-hearted consecration.

For a whole year He kept speaking to my soul in many different ways. I said, "Can it be?" Every time I went to the mission in Kenosha or to the Faith Home in Zion, God would speak to me about my call.

One night I had a dream that was very significant. A cousin of mine had a flying machine. (Up to that time I had never thought of flying.) But he took me for a ride and looped the loop. I enjoyed it immensely. All at once he came swooping down to the ground at the foot of a hill and I had to go to the top of that same hill! "This is a fine how-do-you-do!" I said. "Why didn't you land up on the top of that hill?" The way up was very rough and strewn with thorns and rocks. Then I heard a voice: "*This is the way to follow Jesus.*" It was just as clear as that. And I remembered the word of John Bunyan when Christian came to the mountain and had to get on all fours—"clambering upon his hands and knees"—to get to the top of the mountain while two others chose easier ways:

*This Hill, though high, I covet to ascend;  
 The difficulty shall not me offend;  
 For I perceive the way of life lies there.  
 Come, pluck up, Heart; let's neither faint nor fear.*

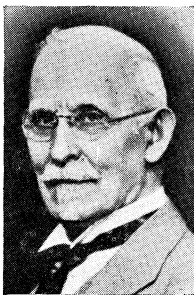
I went on praying. I used to walk to my room from my work which was an hour's walk. That gave me a chance to pray. For a whole year I prayed and wept, and wept and prayed, and prayed and wept, and wept and prayed. And after a year I came to that meeting already mentioned in the Faith Home in Zion where God spoke out of high heaven and said, "*Cut the shore line and launch for the deep.*" By that time God had brought me through these vicissitudes and trying circumstances where I was literally face to face with death, where I had to discount my life also. He had brought me through these devious ways in order to bring me to the place where I was willing and able to receive help from heaven to cut the shore line and launch for the deep.

I came to the mission in Kenosha one afternoon when the congregation was singing:

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

Then Mr. Fin-  
 nern launched into one of his powerful sermons about doing the will of God and told how he had seen people weep because they knew the will of God and wouldn't do it. But by this time I wept no

(Continued on page 10.)



Elder E. Brooks

*"Won't you give this young man a word?"*



The Faith Home, Zion, Illinois



Mrs. L. M. Judd

*"Cut the shore line and launch for the deep."*

# *“Captain Courageous”*

A Tribute to Elizabeth Henning



Elizabeth Henning

CONVERTED at the age of nineteen in Memel, East Prussia, Germany, Elizabeth Henning immediately became a soldier in the Salvation Army. Even before her conversion she had courageously withstood some roughnecks who derided and persecuted the Army, and afterwards she boldly testified to family and friends so that in a short time eight of her girl friends had been saved. A year later she literally sailed away for training in the Salvation Army Training School in Berlin.

Her experiences while serving the Lord in Berlin, Hamburg, Ulm, and a number of other places sound like parts of the record which Paul gives of his life, for she, too, approved herself as a minister of God in imprisonment, in tumults, in perils in the city, in weariness, in watchings, in hunger, in cold. Many were the miracles she witnessed and answers to prayers which she received in souls saved and delivered from the power of the enemy. Steadily she rose in the ranks of the Salvation Army until she was a captain with three works under her charge. One of her outstanding converts was Pastor Reuter, a Stadt Pfarrer, who

later engaged in missionary work among the victims of the earthquake in Messina, Italy.

Then her father died, and her widowed mother and younger sisters needed her assistance. Believing that it was now her duty to provide for her own, she left her position in the Army and became employed secularly in order to provide for the family.

Years passed. As much as possible, she maintained close contact with the most spiritual ministry available in Germany—Pastor Paul, Father Stanger, and others. Then in 1923 the Lord very definitely directed her steps to the United States. Here she was engaged as a nurse in giving European treatments consisting of various baths. Then by a remarkable providence of God she heard of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church from Herman Becker, famous missionary to China, who came to visit the doctor by whom Miss Henning was employed.

Since coming to America she had grown cold spiritually, but a new era now began in her life. The Lord restored her soul and led her further in the path of righteousness, filling her with the Holy Spirit. For

a number of years she continued her work as a nurse in Brooklyn, in Florida, and later in Buck Hills Falls, Pennsylvania, at the fashionable Quaker hotel resort there. It was at this place that there occurred an incident illustrative of her courageous witnessing. One of her patients was one of the best known ministers of New York City. In the course of his treatment one day she asked him, “Are you born again?” He replied that he was pastor of such and such a church—one of New York’s oldest and best known.

“I didn’t ask you that. I asked if you were born again.” Forthwith she fearlessly declared to him his need of salvation.

Circumstances necessitated that Sister Elizabeth return to New York, and here she faithfully served in the street meetings, Sunday school and especially in prayer meetings—often spending whole days in the house of God in intercession. Following World War II she took two trips to Europe—missionary trips they really were—for she wanted to bring the gospel to relatives and old friends who were still unsaved. On these trips she also did much

personal work in the services conducted by Pastor Hans Waldvogel. Of special interest to her was the campaign in Ulm, the city of her former labors.

Last July she celebrated her eightieth birthday while on vacation at Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake. It was a rich time for her and all the guests as she recounted various incidents of God's faithfulness in her life. For some time she had indicated that she felt her course was nearly finished, but no one at that time would have thought

it was so near, for she was so alert and active. The Sunday before she answered the call of the Commander in Chief, Miss Henning asked to have communion, and as she partook, she raised her hand and said, "The cloud of the glory of God is here." And it was!

Then, early on the morning of December 13, 1962, "Captain Courageous," "having fought a good fight," laid down her armor. A captain, Elizabeth Henning most certainly was, and "courageous" is the word that

best describes her earthly warfare. Today many rise up and call her blessed for her work of faith and labor of love which showed in ministering to the saints—laymen, ministers, missionaries alike, the world over.

Fortunately about two years ago we secured, unknown to Miss Henning, a taped recording of her life's testimony. Believing it contains much of interest and instruction we will give it to our readers in the February issue of BREAD OF LIFE, God willing.

## Launch for the Deep

(Continued from page 8.)

more. I knew what God wanted me to do, and God opened one door after another.

It was all so strange. My association with my precious father whom I honored very deeply for his inward life and fellowship with God was broken. For seven years it seemed impossible for us to get together, although in my heart there was perfect peace.

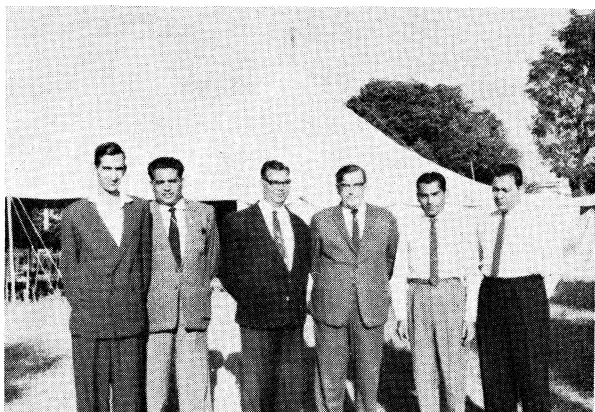
Throughout all this time God worked in my father in a marvelous way. By the end of that period I already had a rather fruitful ministry in the city of Brooklyn. God had saved many souls, most of whom came out of the Catholic or Lutheran church or out of the world. And

the experiences God gave us were so wonderful that when I wrote about them to my father and mother, it spoke to their hearts.

Finally, one day when I came home to visit my father who was then quite ill, he called me to his side and said, "My son, I'm so thankful that God led you that way. I'm so glad that you took those steps." Think of what that meant to me! About the same time my mother was reconciled to me, then my sister Rose, and after a while my brother Gottfried, who later came to Brooklyn and joined me in this ministry, working for many years at my side. With him came his eight sons, all of whom are serving the Lord, four of them being pastors themselves.

So today as I look over the far-flung battle line, I must say, "Surely it was good to cut the shore lines and to launch out into the deep."

But the trials of life and of the ministry have been such that I probably would not have gone through without failing the Lord if He had not allowed me to experience all that schooling beforehand. What would have been my loss if God in His great mercy had given me an easier road to travel and had not dealt with me as with a son, chastening me! Not everybody needs that kind of chastening, but I needed it because of my self-will and particular nature. I will thank God forever and forever because, in His mercy, He enabled me to cut the shore line and to launch for the deep.



**At the Convention, Dehra Dun, India, October, 1962**

*Left to right: Brothers Liddle, Wilson, Chand, Waldvogel, Paul, and Peters.*



**Church and Congregation, Orai, India**

*Brother Hans Waldvogel is in the center rear of picture.*

# *The Greatest Call*

By H. R. WALDVOGEL

THE LORD has been striving for hundreds of years to bring the kingdom to this earth by setting the King upon His throne. Someone who wrote a biography of Savonarola points out the difference between the reformers we know and the inward reformers. He shows that reformers like Martin Luther established an outward kingdom, while the other reformers like Madame Guyon, Fenelon, and Savonarola aimed at the kingdom of the heart. That is the place where the King has to reign—in the hearts of His people. Christ must be manifested first of all in His saints, before He can be manifested to the world. He must reign within before He can make us to reign.

The Lord is still persistently calling us to an inward walk with Himself. And we ought to wake up and understand what He means when He says, "Let no man take thy crown." God has always impressed me that the greatest call is the call to an inward life.

Ministers can be a good deal more popular if they go into an outward ministry, and the temptation is always there. It costs a great deal more to be an inward minister than to be an outward minister. To be an outward minister is comparatively easy. The power of God, the unction from on high, can make a minister quite attractive even in Pentecost, and so you can launch out and be quite acceptable. But to be an inward minister means to let Jesus Christ reign within, over your will, over your affection, over your thoughts.

There are lessons to learn

that we never learn unless we learn them at the feet of Jesus. And that is what makes the difference. It is only as we are displaced by the Son of God that we become truly useful. "Without Me, ye can do nothing." The fact that ministers have not been willing to take that attitude is the thing that has held up the coming of the Kingdom of God. The mind of man has gotten in the way of the mind of God. We are not ready to let the mind of Christ be in us as long as we operate our own mind, as long as we are proud of our own knowledge, of our own wisdom.

"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," said Paul. Therein lies the great lesson that we need to learn, to be truly crucified with Christ, to live no more.

We don't know in how many ways we still assert ourselves, and live ourselves. And the most deceitful enemy of ours is our own hearts. We appropriate to ourselves the wisdom of God and the knowledge of God, and we go and we use it for our own ends without knowing that we are doing it. Not until we know between ourselves and God that we can never know anything and we can never be anything do we become vessels sanctified and meet for the Master's use and prepared unto every good work. This is why that teaching on inwardness is so tremendously important. Jesus wants us to see Him all the time, every moment. He draws our thoughts and our attention to Himself all the time, every

moment, until every thought and every feeling and every act and every word is subjected to Him. In other words, until He is the one that gives us His thoughts. That is a hard job to do.

In the early days of Pentecost there were people that derided the idea of going to Bible school and learning, learning theology, rhetoric, exegesis, or homiletics. Because they had an unction upon them, they said they didn't need teaching. That is entirely wrong. A truly inward preacher needs to be more studious than an outward preacher. He needs to study Jesus Christ. He needs to know Jesus and the power of His resurrection, and not only to know Him but to be displaced by Him.

"I count everything but refuse." The Apostle Paul came to the place where all his earthly learning and all his earthly attainments to knowledge and to wisdom looked like refuse because now he had come to a university that taught him the highest sciences, the higher knowledge—the knowledge of Jesus Christ which no man can attain unto except the Father reveal Him. None of the wise nor the prudent have learned it or known it. God has hid these things from the wise and prudent.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," but to receive that knowledge from the Father requires an absolute submission of my whole being to God, a deep coming down, a

teachableness that makes it possible for God to give me light from heaven. "He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you" is a tremendous arrangement that Jesus Christ has made to fill me with all the fullness of God.

Who is ready for these things? We certainly are not as long as we are proud of ourselves and conceited and as long as we hang on to anything that pertains to self. We do not have anything at all worthwhile as long as we hang onto self, but oh, to study Christ, to know Christ! Our whole life ought to be occupied with knowing Jesus and the power of His resurrection.

Our great enemy, I believe, is churches. Most Pentecostal churches have backslidden as soon as they build churches of their own, as soon as they begin to organize and enlarge. It isn't safe to enlarge until God enlarges you, and that is a slow process. Oh, there are so many things that are forced upon us when we become organized and when we enlarge outside of God. We do what the Lord calls "spreading." Ministers are then pressed into activity that God does not produce in them.

How different it is when the Holy Ghost presses us to come down and to do nothing, to strip ourselves, to empty ourselves, to get rid of ourselves, never to take a step, never to have a thought and never to have any ambition except that which the Holy Ghost presses upon us. "He shall take of Mine and show it unto you."

This is why Paul said, "I made up my mind not to know anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Crucified with Christ will deliver me from all the danger of ever being anything myself. It will make room within me for Jesus

Christ to manifest His resurrection power, and only when I'm dead with Christ will I live together with Him. And only when I suffer will I reign with Him.

Jesus Christ is going to make us reign upon this earth, but He cannot do that unless He really brings us into union with His crucifixion. That is the call.

We ought to get up every morning with a prayer in our hearts, "Jesus, this day I must know You better than I knew You yesterday." The Holy Spirit is constantly striving to reveal Christ and He is constantly striving to manifest the Kingdom of God upon this earth. And where does He strive? In you and in me. And unless I present my body a living sacrifice I am going to miss it.

The kings and priests unto God and our Father spoken of in Revelation are people that have come to reign with Him because they have been dead with Him and so are crowned with golden crowns. But you notice all their action is to fall down before Him all the time. That is all you read about the elders in Revelation. They are constantly falling down; they are never getting up, but always prostrate before the King. And that is my call.

"When Jesus first sets souls to love Him, He wants them to see Him all the time." What? See Him? Isn't that the place where we fail? We become blinded. We don't see Jesus, and because we don't see Him, our natural eyes begin to look around and see all kinds of sights that are interesting. And we lose the sight of the King. That sight is a very great miracle.

All of us have had the experience that after we have had a season of silent worship, we

are changed, we are brought into the presence of God unconsciously. How does it happen? The Holy Ghost sets us ablaze within. He lights up the lights of the Holy Spirit within our hearts. Powers of the Holy Spirit are set within the souls of His people by which they are made to see Christ. Then they live in the light of His countenance. They walk in the light as He is in the light. It is something that only the Spirit of God can do. He opens our inner eye, something the natural eye cannot comprehend at all. The natural man has to cease functioning before that inner man can function, and that is why Tersteegen says, "O brethren, in these silent hours, God's miracles are wrought."

The Lord complained one time to another minister and me, "There is not enough silence over the Bible." But oh, to get still over one sentence in the Bible until God can impress and implant that sentence upon your heart, until that divine seed begins to germinate within your soul and it becomes your portion.

"He shall receive of Mine and shall show it unto you." It is expedient for you that I go away, because if I go not away the Comforter will not come to you." The Lord Jesus Christ wants to establish His reign today within us through the reign of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, we have to get acquainted with the Holy Ghost, and we only become acquainted with Him as we allow Him to take over and to control us. All of us know something about these things. We have been enlightened, we have been awakened, we have learned to know something of the powers of the world to come, but why don't we go on until we are completely displaced and God takes over and controls us?