

Bread of Life

Vol. VI

August 1957

No. 8



The Rain Also Filleth the Pools

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

IN PSALM 84 it says, "The rain also filleth the pools." The rain does not fill the bumps, but it fills the pools, which brings us to this thought, how necessary it is for us to attain to humility. I have noticed in the years that I have been in Pentecost, where I have been able to watch the operations of the Holy Spirit, that God will not compromise with His people, but wherever there is a stepping down in real humility, wherever someone makes an act of submitting himself to God, of coming down, God is quickly on the job to manifest Himself. "Thus saith the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, . . . I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit" (Isa. 57:15).

We find that all through the history of God's dealings with His people that He always came and dwelt in hearts that were lowly. Of Moses we read that he was the meekest of all men on the face of the earth and, immediately following that wonderful statement, God says, "To My servant Moses I will not manifest Myself in visions and dreams but with him will I speak mouth to mouth." It was also so with Job. He said, "Now mine eye seeth; wherefore, I abhor myself and repent in sackcloth and ashes." That seems to be the most difficult thing for human beings to grasp, that their place before God is one of

absolute, total self-abnegation, of total humility, a coming down that leaves no room for flesh to exalt itself in the presence of Jehovah. And if we are going to be very wise, and if God is going to have any mercy upon us, He is going to show us that the place for us to occupy is way down at the foot of the cross.

Have you ever made an honest-to-goodness effort to come down? Have you ever taken *one step* down? God's way seems a strange way. He allows us to be oppressed by many people, by one and another. That cannot be helped. You cannot avoid that as long as you are with other people. You are bound to be crossed in your will and to have your opinions misunderstood. You are bound to find that there are people who are hard to bear and are hard to get along with. But sometimes it isn't so much the other party as it is myself. The Lord has shown me that over and over again—when I found that people were hard to get along with, the Lord pointed out to me that the rub was in myself.

Only through pride comes contention, but a humble heart will be the very first one to appreciate humility in someone else. You can almost tell where people live by the way they talk about other people. The person that is very proud will see nothing but pride in others. He will be bored and peeved and

upset by the proud behavior of others. Usually it is a reflection of his own proud heart.

Sometimes God has led me to take a step down. I could not very well help it. I would have lost my Master if I had not. But it was at such periods when God came to me and spoke to me and revealed Himself to me. And I am certain that there is no other way to victory and no other way to knowing Jesus and the power of His resurrection but by coming down and getting acquainted with the fellowship of His sufferings.

The trouble is, we have looked upon humility as a virtue. We should not look upon it like that, but as an absolute necessity of life, as our very life itself. God says He will not walk with the proud or the scornful, but with the humble. God says that He resisteth the proud, and wherever there is pride found in me there is resistance to God. Automatically my heart closes to His life, and that is one reason for our blindness, utter blindness.

Why do we have such false interpretation of prophecy in the world today? Oh, the pride of man's mind that always wants to grasp at some light! "Ye shall be like gods" is very strong and big in the human race, but God would like us who are His children to come down. He would like to show us the *way* to come down. He would like us to know

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On the fifteenth anniversary of the
Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel,
Pastor W. Ernest Oldfield tells how —

“I Being in the Way, the Lord Led Me”

AS I WALKED along Avenue L in Brooklyn that summer evening in 1943 I did not know that a new chapter in my life was opening up before me. It was to be a chapter of the mercy and love of God, of trials and conflicts, as well as triumphs. And it was to be written in sweat and tears, if not in blood. The tears would be tears of joy as well as sorrow, and the victories would be inexpressibly sweet because they would be God's alone.

A few days earlier I had been invited to come to New York to assist in tent meetings which were to be held in Canarsie, a

section of Brooklyn which at that time was almost rural in atmosphere. It was bounded on one side by an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean, on another by a branch of the Long Island Railroad, and on the remaining two sides by swamps and marshes. But Remsen Avenue, which I was approaching, was a beautiful, wide thoroughfare, and there, in a wide, open space at the intersection of Remsen Avenue and Avenue L stood the gospel tent.

There were mingled feelings of curiosity and awe with not a little trepidation in my heart as I gazed at it. Three small Amer-

ican flags fluttered from the tops of the tent poles. A neat, white picket fence completely surrounded it on every side except in the front where two sections had been swung in towards the attractive entrance, over which the words, “JESUS SAVES,” were prominently displayed. A large sign facing the street corner proclaimed, “OLD-FASHIONED REVIVAL MEETINGS. EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT MONDAY.”

As I walked inside I sensed immediately an unusual presence of the Lord. The plain, wooden benches were rapidly filling up with people, but I knew there was another Person, One



The Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel, Remsen and Flatlands Avenues

“The right place to meet an expanding opportunity.”

unseen, but whose influence permeated the entire tent. Already, although the service had not formally been opened, there was a spirit of worship and praise as hands were uplifted in love and adoration. As the meeting progressed there was singing, as well as testifying, more praise, and a convicting message from the Word of God by Pastor Hans R. Waldvogel, and when the invitation was given, men, women, even children flocked to the altar to pour out their hearts before God.

This was different! I had been in gospel tents before. And I had witnessed Pentecostal blessing in many places. But for the first time I was participating in a Holy Ghost service in a tent! I was looking at a hunger for God which was unmindful of the curious crowds who had gathered outside, and which was willing to continue seeking Him until His saving, healing, baptizing power was made known. It was good!

Some time later on my way home I began meditating on the strange way in which God had led me to this place. It had all started eleven years before. I was a Freshman at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois. In connection with the course I was taking I had found it necessary to have certain credits in ancient language and had enrolled in a class in advanced Latin. Now Plautus and Terence held no charm for me, and evidently held little for most of the other students, for I soon found myself in a small class of four girls and two boys, including myself. It was only natural, I suppose, for me to be drawn to the only other male member of this select company, especially when I discovered that he was a brilliant student and actually declared his undying love and devotion for Latin syntax and vocabulary. I knew that I would appreciate a helping hand over some of the more painful pas-

sages, and in a few weeks the basis of a firm friendship had been formed.

One day in the Fall of the following year my friend, Gordon Gardiner, met me with the query, "Say, would you like to come home with me for the Thanksgiving holidays?" The prospect seemed innocuous enough, and since my own relatives were scattered from one end of the earth to the other I readily accepted the invitation, not realizing that this apparently trifling decision would alter the course of my whole life.

When Gordon told me his home was in Zion, Illinois, it meant little to me. If he had told me immediately that he came from the "Faith Homes" it would have meant even less. But he was taking no chances. He had prayed much before inviting me and did not want me to back out now. So he very carefully avoided any mention of the "home" to which we were going until we were safely settled in the North Shore train. But even then, when he attempted to explain that his mother did not live in a home of her own, but was a minister in some sort of institution, I brushed him off with the remark, "What difference does that make? We don't have to go to *all* the meetings, do we?"

But it was not long before I discovered that I had come to something different from anything I had ever seen before. Every meeting (I could hardly avoid them all!) was a new revelation! Every day called forth fresh wonders! Back in college a few days later I had time to think about the strange (to me) sights and sounds which I had witnessed. For the first time in my life I had been in a "Pentecostal" meeting! I had been first curious, then a little fearful, and finally, overwhelmingly awed. For the first time I had heard speaking in tongues and interpretation. I had looked up-

on the saintly visage and prophetic bearing of Elder Eugene Brooks and others. I had heard what purported to be Almighty God speaking over lips of clay. And I had been impressed.

Not that I was convinced that these manifestations were inspired of God. Far from it! I would have to travel a long and arduous journey filled with doubt and uncertainty before that matter would be settled. But there was one fact so firmly fixed in my mind that it could not be shaken. What I had heard and seen in the Zion Faith Homes was more than natural. Whether it was God or the devil I did not know. But that it was beyond any human cause I could never doubt.

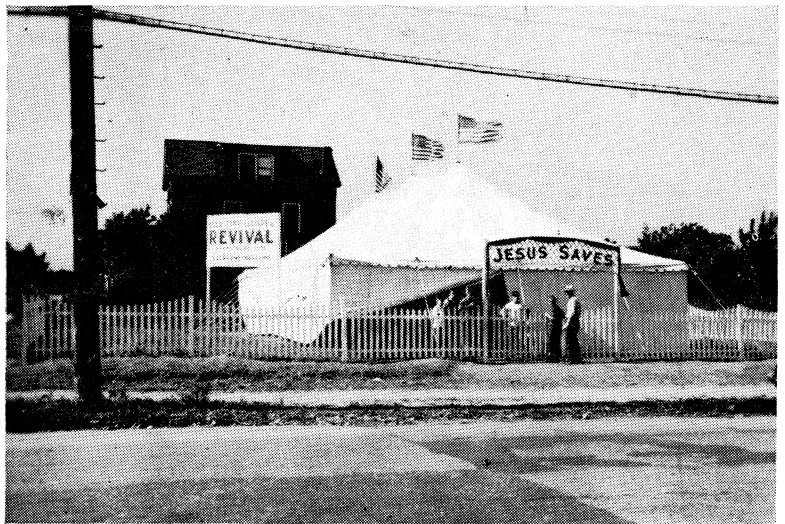
During the course of the following year the mystery of these phenomena troubled me from time to time, but I was far too busy to give the problem serious attention. However at the beginning of my junior year a change came over me. The problem had faded from the level of mere intellectual curiosity, and something far deeper had taken its place. It was a hunger for God. A conviction was growing in my soul that in Zion I would find what my heart craved. I had been saved as a boy, instructed in the way of righteousness by godly, missionary parents, and had listened to some of the greatest preachers in the world. But still I was not satisfied. I had gone to the altar numerous times for "sanctification" or "the victorious life" but in each case the effects wore off in time and left me empty and void. Christ was not real to me. At least, He was not as real to me as He was to these simple folk in Zion, and I longed for the experience which they seemed to have.

It was not surprising, then, that when another invitation to spend Thanksgiving with Gordon was extended to me, I readily and eagerly accepted. This

time as we travelled into Chicago and up the North Shore there was no flippancy in my mood. Another young man from a Pentecostal Church in New York accompanied us. The three of us earnestly discussed the things of the Lord, and my own anticipation of the things to come was mounting to fever pitch.

Friday night, November 30, 1933! The meeting was being held in 2820 Eshcol Avenue, one of the "Faith Homes." Gordon had artfully managed to seat the three of us in the front row of the "old people's corner," thus named because it was near the ministers' section, and deaf people could more readily hear what was being said. My position was the most centrally located in the whole room. All the chairs were arranged so that they faced the ministers, and incidentally faced me! By leaning forward a little I could have touched Elder Brooks' goatee.

By nature I am unostentatious. It was bad enough to sit in a seat where the gaze of every eye would naturally be upon me, but it became infinitely worse as the meeting progressed, and because of my lack of liberty in the Spirit, I became even more conspicuous. This was bad enough, but I soon became conscious of something else. In some unexplained way (I knew that no one could have planned it ahead of time) the entire meeting began to revolve around me. I know that when sinners come under conviction they are likely to feel that God's eye is upon them alone, even though nobody else is aware of it. But in this case every one else *was* aware of it. How could they help it! The general exhortations were directed to me. They soon became more specific. First one, and then another felt led to come over to me and lay hands on my head and give me a message in tongues, and these messages were duly interpreted.



**Old-fashioned Revival Meetings
The Canarsie Gospel Tent at Remsen Avenue and Avenue L**

"There were mingled feelings of curiosity and awe with not a little trepidation in my heart as I gazed at it."

I seemed to be drawn into that intense light which surrounds the presence of a holy God, and His eyes seemed to pierce through my innermost heart.

There was one message which I never forgot, for it startled me. The interpretation was given by Elder Brooks, and in essence it was this: "Son, you are spoiled for anything else but Pentecost." Strange, indeed—these words spoken to one who had barely tasted Pentecostal blessing! But in later years I was to recall these words, and I was to understand them far better than I could possibly do at that time.

But this was not all. Around ten o'clock the meetings were usually dismissed. By that time I would have been grateful for any hole into which to crawl. I knew that God was dealing with me, and yet I was embarrassed and chagrined beyond measure because so much attention was being centered upon me. But God was not through with me yet. Something completely new to me was now taking place. First one, and then another began to laugh. It was not outward, boisterous laughter, but

an inward, sweet manifestation of the Holy Ghost. At first I was shocked! I did not know at that time that passages like Psalm 126:2 mean just what they say. To me, laughter in church was extremely poor taste. I shuddered at what, to me, was irreverence and lack of respect. But the holy laughter continued. Furthermore, I was rapidly becoming aware of the fact that every one in the congregation but myself was joining in this manifestation. I thought to myself, "This can't continue very long. The meeting will soon be over, and I can take my embarrassment to some secluded place where I can think over all these strange things." But there was no stopping! Mrs. Brooks, sedate, queenly, proper minister that she was, took out her handkerchief and began to wipe the tears of joy from her eyes.

There was no hiding the fact; it was soon transparently clear that the Lord wanted me to laugh too. But I *would* not, and I thought I *could* not. I resisted the impulse; I grew red in the face; I insisted to myself that this could not go on forever. Soon they would have to stop,

the meeting would have to end, and I would find blessed relief in oblivion.

But there was no end in view. The laughter rolled on like a great, irresistible avalanche of divine power and glory. I sensed that others, too, were waiting for me to capitulate. And then I could resist no more! Gradually at first, and then increasingly, I yielded myself to the mighty operation of the Holy Ghost. A wave of relief swept over me as the tension was released in my soul. I smiled. I smiled again. And then rivers of divine laughter seemed to pour forth from my innermost being. Something was broken. An inner, hidden bondage of the soul had burst within me. Glorious liberty! Wonderful freedom! From that day to this I have never been the same again.

After college and a year in Bible school the Lord led me to return to the Faith Homes in Zion. I can never thank God enough that I was permitted to sit under the ministry of Elder and Mrs. Eugene Brooks, Mrs. Lydia Mitchell, Mrs. L. M. Judd, and other giants of the faith. Their work was small outwardly; they were ignored or despised by the world at large. But the archives of heaven will reveal that in the kingdom of God their influence was not insignificant. They were called, and chosen, and faithful. They will take their places among those "of whom the world was not worthy." Simple, open-hearted, sincere, they fought a battle, which, though hidden, was crucial in the plan of God. Time has caused me to value increasingly those years in which my life was touched by their noble example.

And so, in the providence of God, I found myself in Canarsie in 1943. At that time, of course, I did not have the slightest idea that the Lord would keep me here for thirteen years and more. Walter Waldvogel had

been pastoring the little flock which had been gathered together as a result of the first tent meetings held in 1942. But in 1944, when he left to take a pastorate in Schenectady, N. Y., my wife and I were installed as pastors of the little church.

At that time we were meeting in a tiny chapel at 9526 Avenue L. This place had once been a cabaret, but now had been redecorated and beautifully furnished. Instead of drinking and carousing, the praises of God held sway. Many hungry souls found peace and blessing in that sacred place.

The serenity of this little paradise was suddenly shattered in January, 1946. We were informed that the building had been sold, and we would have to move at once. During the aftermath of World War II real estate prices had skyrocketed, and to find a place to rent was virtually impossible. Under these circumstances we were faced with the very real possibility that we would have to close the work.

But God does not work aimlessly. And He had not begun a good work without intending to finish it. Through the kindness of the brethren at the Italian Church of God, 606 E. 89th Street, we were permitted to hold our services in their building for five years. Since their

Sunday meeting was in the afternoon, and ours were in the morning and evening; their week-night meetings were on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, while ours were on Tuesday and Thursday, there was no conflict, but a remarkable degree of harmony. Also this church had a larger capacity than our tiny chapel on Avenue L and permitted a steady growth to continue over the next few years.

In 1951, the church which we now occupy at 1186 Remsen Avenue was purchased from the Baptist Extension Society. This, too, was a divinely appointed move which coincided with a rapid increase in the growth of the community. A new housing project with 6,500 people had replaced the swamps and marshes in one section. In addition, a building boom was transforming vacant lots into hundreds of private homes. Overnight Canarsie changed from a rural community to a bustling, thriving metropolis.

God, who foresees all things, knew this, and had the FULL GOSPEL CHAPEL at just the right time, and just the right place to meet this expanding opportunity. How easily we might have missed the will of God! But we have been constantly impressed with the fact that this is not our work but His. To Him be all the glory!

GOD WILL USE *the instrument that feels he is nothing, can do nothing, and amounts to nothing. The glory must be His. We must be empty, yielded, and free from all self-consciousness, to feel that we know nothing, but can trust God for everything.*

That is the real secret of success. It is not the instrument used but the anointing and wisdom of God given that brings results. With this removed, the instrument is as weak as other men.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

... Harkening Unto the Voice of His Word

*"Now I lay me down to sleep—
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."*

THIS PRAYER WAS DRONED out each Sunday morning at the beginning of the teen-age class I attended in one of the most fashionable churches in the Midwest. Our teacher, a woman in her late sixties, had been appointed to our class to see what she could do with us. She thought the repeating of this prayer would have a subduing effect but it was quite the contrary! A former teacher, a college student, in desperation to gain our attention, had read a chapter a week from a current best-seller, *The Canary Murder Case*.

Our class was composed of girls from two opposite walks of life. Half of the group were from very wealthy homes and in later years became debutantes, while the rest of us were children whose parents worked on the estates. Socially there was nothing in common but we mingled together in mischief in the classroom. We were not any livelier than average young people but the fact of the matter was simply that the church had nothing whatsoever to offer us. I attended this Sunday School and church faithfully for ten years. Not once did I hear that Jesus died to save me from my sins or that His blood could wash me whiter than snow. How I would have welcomed the simple gospel story in those early years! I had a terrifying fear of God and an overwhelming sense of guilt over every wrong.

Also, due to circumstances in my childhood, there was an utter loneliness in my life.

At eleven years of age I joined the Girl Scout troop conducted by the church. One Friday evening in November several of us were walking home from Scout meeting. As we came to a place called Rumsey's Hill we passed a number of estates. At that time there had been a scare throughout the country by a man who called himself "Bluebeard." He kidnapped wealthy children and held them for ransom. Someone suggested we make out a note with a kidnap threat and throw it into one of the vestibules. Crawling on our hands and knees we reached the door of the mansion we had selected to bombard. The bravest of us rang the bell and when the

maid opened the door we threw in the note wrapped around a stone. She screamed and slammed the door providing a perfect getaway for us. Within minutes we heard the siren of the police car. In our small, quiet town that sound was like the announcement of the end of the world. In a flash all but two of us disappeared in various directions. We who were left were too petrified to run. The police inquired whether we had been up to any mischief. Thinking faster than I ever had in my life I very innocently replied, "Oh, no sir, we are coming home from church. B-b-but we just saw two men come running from the house on the top of the hill and they got into a car and dashed away." The police got excited and jumped into



Pastor and Mrs. W. Ernest Oldfield, Sandra and Lawrence

their car and raced in the direction we told them. Heaving a sigh of relief we headed for home.

I arrived late for supper and had that conscience-stricken look that never fooled my mother. At the end of the meal she announced that something new had come to town. An evangelist had come to Lake Forest. Turning to me she said, "And you are going with me to the revival meeting." "What in the world is that?" I inquired. "It's a meeting where they tell you you need to be saved and have your sins forgiven," she replied. My heart took a flip; I had a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach. My sins rose as high as a mountain. Judgment Day had come for me.

The meeting was held in an old wooden building that had no resemblance to a church. As I entered I saw one of my school acquaintances sitting in the front row, Caroline Hofflander (Mrs. Gordon Gardiner). We were delighted to see each other and from then on a lifelong friendship developed. I was immediately impressed by the warm friendly atmosphere, the wholehearted singing, and the genuine testimonies. I heard the gospel for the first time that night and my heart was stirred to seek for Jesus. For several years after that I prayed this prayer: "O Lord, save my soul. Awaken me to the greatness and wonder of Thyself." In later years I realized this was a prayer of the Holy Ghost.

At this time also, Margaret Michelsen (now a missionary to India) joined our friendship. It was a divinely appointed trio and a "threefold cord is not quickly broken." She and I had attended the same church and now we were invited by the Hofflander family to the Full Gospel Tabernacle in Waukegan, Illinois. For many years Mr. Hofflander faithfully drove a car full of young people to church.

He skillfully corralled us all and started us in the right direction. The Lord took over and in later years every one of us entered the ministry.

The meetings were very strange to me at first. For a year or more I just sat and looked. One night I thought I would do what I saw others were doing. I closed my eyes and raised my hands and something happened deep inside. I didn't make a sound but there was a melting. There came a great inner groaning, an unutterable cry that I did not understand then. For sometime after that whenever I came to meeting I had this experience. On February 1, 1931, while kneeling at the altar, I knew my prayer was answered and there was a new name written down in Glory. I found Him whom my soul so long had craved. Jesus made Himself very real to me. His love transformed my life and I had a joy such as I had never known before. Then I heard about the baptism of the Holy Spirit and sought earnestly to be filled.

My friend Margaret and I lived near each other and as often as possible we got together to pray. Although we were just fifteen years old our only desire was to seek the Lord. She received the baptism before I did and it inspired me all the more. One night after a year and a half of seeking I was kneeling in prayer with Margaret in her bedroom. She was praising and singing in tongues and I was quietly waiting on the Lord. Suddenly a still, small voice in my soul said, "Open your mouth." Then it came again, louder. I pondered what it meant. Finally in thunderous tones came the word, "Open your mouth wide and I will fill it." So I sat there and literally opened my mouth wide in simple obedience. That very instant my tongue was loosed and turned around in my mouth like

a key in a lock and I spoke clearly in other tongues. As soon as I stopped Margaret gave the interpretation. It was her first experience of this kind. It seemed that all heaven burst upon us. The room which had been dark became as bright as day. The glory of God descended and surged through us. Heaven's choir sang around us. We joined in singing a duet in the same tongues. I tasted of the new wine of the Kingdom and since then nothing else has satisfied my heart.

That night I went home in a cloud of glory. Then a strange thing happened. The next morning when I awakened everything was gone. I felt as though I were in a dry, barren land. A great doubt filled my heart. I thought that since no minister had been present to verify my experience that it was not the real thing. A battle royal began in my soul. That was on Friday. From then until Sunday evening everything was very dark. I prayed desperately. A word came to my soul that if I would testify of my experience it would be mine. But I argued that if I told in a meeting that I had received the baptism no one would believe me. Sunday morning I sat in the service in great conflict of soul. I went home and the battle raged all afternoon until the evening meeting. Finally near the close of the meeting I stood up and bluntly said, "I thank the Lord for baptizing me with the Holy Ghost," and sat down. I showed no evidence whatsoever of such a blessing. I felt like a hypocrite and sat with my eyes closed the rest of the meeting. When the altar call was given I went to the front with a perplexed, heavy heart. But as I knelt at the altar my pastor, Gottfried Waldvogel, came to me and spoke reassuringly. Then the heavens opened again and the same glory returned in

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LYON'S LOG

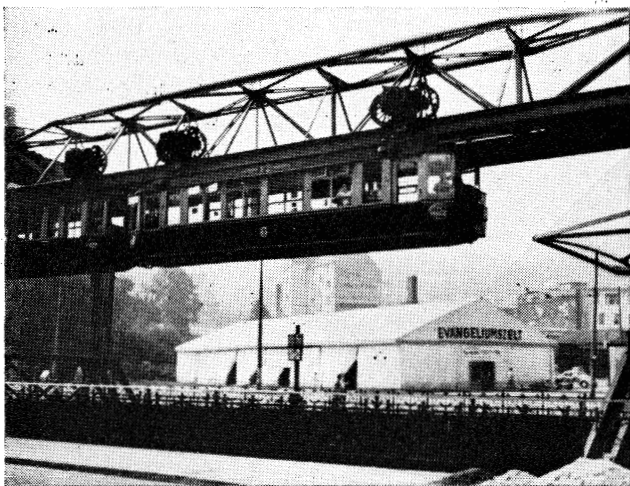
(Continued from last issue.)

By EVANGELIST ROBERT D. LYON

THE MEETINGS IN DUSSELDORF were blessed by the presence of Jesus. They began with a three-day Pentecost conference with about eight assemblies participating. Pastor Wegner from Rensburg came with a busload of his people; Pastor Zelwick from Moers, Pastor Tetzlaff from Wuppertal and groups and ministers from other assemblies. Pastor Wegner and I did most of the preaching; Pastor Miller, the pastor of Dusseldorf, led the services.

After the three-day conference, I continued the special service every night for a week. My great joy in these meetings was to see the converts of our tent meetings here in '54. The work here in Dusseldorf began in 1950 as prayer meetings in a private home. Then in 1954 we had the tent meetings here and the Lord used the tent meetings to enlarge the work and inspire the saints to launch out. In 1955 the Lord gave them a new building in which to have their services.

The week of meetings here were marked with a spirit of conviction. And, of course, when the Lord works like that there is a real seeking for the Lord. Our last meeting was climaxed with two men being saved; one of these had just come from the East Zone.



Evangeliumszelt, Wuppertal, Germany



Interior of the Pentecostal Church
Dusseldorf, Germany

My interpreter for these meetings was Rolf Zelwick, the pastor of the church in Moers. He told me a little about his life that was very interesting. During the days of Hitler the youth were examined and different ones were picked out to be especially trained in one of Hitler's schools. Rolf was one of the young folks that was chosen and given seven years of training in Nazism. He told how they had been trained so as to betray even parents or anyone who opposed Hitler. When Hitler was reported dead many of his comrades who had been trained with him committed suicide, as all their hopes were gone with Hitler. Shortly after this, Rolf was connected in a Brethren church and started to train for the ministry in a Bible school. During this time he came to a conference meeting being held by Pastor Waldvogel and received his baptism. It wasn't long after this he was asked to leave the school because of his Pentecostal testimony, for the teachers there felt it would be better for him to work with the Pentecostal folks. He worked with Pas-



Ministers at Wuppertal Tent

Left to right: Lydia Dautermann, Evangelist Hans Waldvogel, Emily Dautermann, Rev. Peter Dautermann, Pastor Eckart Tetzlaff and Evangelist Robert Lyon.

tor Lardon for a year and is now pastor of Moers.

From Dusseldorf I went back to have some more meetings in Wuppertal before the tent meetings. There has been a real move of God among the young people there. The pastor told me that when he came to the young people's meeting the other night, he found them all in worship and having a wonderful time. He was greatly encouraged and said that Jesus had wrought a great change.

While I was speaking in one meeting, I was made to stop as I recognized that the Lord was pouring out His Spirit. My interpreter, a young mail carrier, has not been filled with the Spirit,

but at that time, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him so that he laughed and shouted and then everyone seemed to enter into the joy of the Lord.

The meetings have been increasing in the blessing of the Lord and in numbers. In meetings of this type it is really hard to tell all that Jesus is doing. It is not all that one sees outwardly. We find out from testimonies later on of people that were saved, healed, and filled with the Spirit as they were sitting in the meeting. Saturday, July 6, Lydia Dautermann was singing in the choir, and at the end of the service she received her baptism. I am sure many others were filled too as the Lord poured out His Spirit upon us.

We were surprised, Monday, July 8, by having Mr. and Mrs. Karl Sailer of Pilgrim Camp, Brant Lake, stop by to visit with us while on their way to southern Germany. It was good to visit with them and to hear of the work at home.

Sunday, July 14, was Pastor Waldvogel's last meeting before he left for home. I will continue the meetings then for two more weeks. It is hard to describe Pastor Waldvogel's ministry, but it is like a heart that has come burning with a love for Jesus, and presently other hearts begin to glow and burn. The flames seem to increase and grow, and as others are attracted and come, they are warmed and all are made to see the wonder of just Jesus Himself. I believe that is what has been taking place here during these tent meetings. Hearts have been made to see Jesus and to want Him and to want to do His will. When souls begin to want Jesus and to seek Him, things begin to happen. Eternity alone can reveal all that is being done.

Hearkening Unto the Voice of His Word

(Continued from page 8.)

even greater measure. All my doubts were gone forever. The Comforter had come to abide. Hallelujah!

After receiving the baptism there was one continual prayer in my soul: "Lord, get Your will done in my life." It was prayer without ceasing. Nothing was more important than knowing and doing God's will. He gave me the desire of my heart and in marvelous and wondrous ways led me step by step in His will. Although I did not attend Bible school the Lord took

me through nine years of training in His school. Many valuable lessons were learned while serving Him in various capacities in the Full Gospel Tabernacle, Zion Faith Homes, and Peniel Tabernacle, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

One outstanding lesson was always to wait for God's Word and time in every situation. Often it meant standing still for long periods in circumstances that seemed to demand immediate action. This also brought lessons in patience, submission, and absolute surrender to God's ways. In the end the God always came and brought victory and a deeper knowledge of Himself. The personal experience

of hearing His voice in my soul was and is very precious and real. I have found Him a never-failing Friend.

One day in July, 1942, while walking from town to church in Waukegan, I suddenly was made to stand still and plainly heard the Lord say in my soul, "You are going to marry Ernest Oldfield." It came as a shock, since I had not entertained such a thought. Furthermore the young man showed no interest in me. For several days the word came, "Will you marry Ernest Oldfield?" I left town for a week to get alone to pray. When I finally agreed to do whatever the Lord willed, the burden lifted

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The Rain Also Filleth the Pools

(Continued from page 2.)

the Lamb of God. Why is He called the Lamb in the midst of the throne as it had been slain? It is because the kingdom of God is not manifest in my life until I eat of that Lamb, until I partake of His death, of His crucifixion, of His self-denial. Not until the Lamb becomes mine and I put on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh do I learn to know something about the power of the kingdom of God and the authority that is from heaven. Oh, how God is waiting for people who will follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

Maybe He is calling you to take one step downward. How is that done? I have found sometimes that my heart was wanting to become a little bit critical, a little bit sour, a little bitter, a little bitter root had sprung up. But like these roots and vermin that destroy God's vineyard, they are so small that you cannot see them with the naked eye. But there was that bitter root, and the only way to get rid of it was to step down.

I had an interesting experience long before I came to Brooklyn. I had grown bitter over a treatment I thought was thoroughly unrighteous and unjust towards me. My heart was just bitter. You know how that it just presses you, it defiles you, it gets between you and God. And I tried to put the blame on others. Then I attended a meeting where some vessels of the Lord discerned my inner state by the power of the Holy Ghost and exposed me personally before that whole meeting. It was the healthiest medicine for me. By the time the Holy Spirit got through I thought everybody else had wings and I had horns. I saw myself and I wanted to sink in-

to the ground. That bitterness left me. Then I saw where all that comes from. It is the poison of Satan; that is how he vaccinates us. Constantly we walk among men, and it is only by pride that contention cometh.

Who has found the place at Jesus' feet, where he is never ruffled, never rises up, no matter what others do? I ought to live the love-life. I ought to say, "Love is not like that. How did that get into my heart? Why, that opens the door to the devil and shuts it to God." Oh, how careful I ought to be! And Jesus is my Salvation, the Lamb of God, who had to humble Himself even unto death in order to snatch me from the burning flame of hell.

Oh, what an abomination in the sight of God is the pride of His dear children, and what an abomination when I do not put out my own hand to see my flesh crucified! The trouble is, we like to crucify everybody else. We like to see to it that everybody else is clean but ourselves. What high ideals we have—for *other people*! If you want to know, begin to teach a Sunday school class or begin to preach the gospel, and you will find some ideals you might have to live up to yourself. Now suppose you were teaching someone else about humility. How quickly we criticize somebody for being uppish, for being ruffled, for being irritable. But how about me? Ought I not to hate that thing in myself ten times more than in someone else? But I don't, and that shows my true condition. That shows how bad off I am. That shows how little I care for God and for humility. And I cannot get close to my God except I submit myself to Him and humble myself—not somebody else—but *myself* under the mighty hand of God.

Have you ever noticed how that prisoner of Jesus Christ in

Ephesians 4 pleads with the saints, "I beseech you therefore that you walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called with all lowliness of mind"? *Lowliness of mind*. Is that where the seat of Satan is? In my mind? Why, that is where all the trouble begins, there is the embryo of the man of sin—in my mind. That is where the devil seeks an entrance. That is where he found an entrance in the human race in the Garden of Eden.

Lowliness of mind, meekness, longsuffering—these attributes are in the sight of God of great price. Where God finds them, as He found them in Moses, then He will not speak to you by a dream or by a vision, but He will make you His friend. He said, "I have found a man after My own heart who will perform all My will." Do you know that I cannot even know the will of God until I come down? Oh, that pride of my mind that makes me believe that I know something and makes me think that I know better than others! How often we find that in judging one another, in criticizing one another, we look down on one another. Is that the Lamb of God? Is that the spirit of Jesus Christ? Is that humility of mind and lowliness of mind? Lowliness of mind will not let me form quick judgments. Doesn't Jesus offer to do that for me, when He says, "Let this mind be in you"?

What kind of a mind is in me? Is it Jesus' mind? Jesus desired to be lowest; He made Himself of no reputation. What shame and ignominy was heaped upon Him! How He was spat upon and crucified. We are accustomed to think of Him as the One we see in pictures, but you know, we would not like to look very long at that crucified Son of God covered with shame. We would do like the others; we would hide our faces. We would do like the disciples did; we

would run away and forsake Him. We do not understand the depth of humility to which the Son of God descended, but Jesus Christ would like to teach us something about that.

How is the rain going to fill the pools? Things come up every day that require your stepping down if you are going to keep in touch with your Master. Maybe everybody else rises up! Maybe a root of bitterness has sprung up somewhere! You refuse to be defiled. You refuse to exercise a proud spirit, or a proud mind. You refuse to rise. You want Jesus. You want the love of Christ.

Love suffereth long and is kind. Isn't it a shameful thing that we haven't even gotten over that first hurdle? Do I suffer long and keep kindness in the end? We look upon humility as a virtue, as a good work. It isn't. It is my proper place. I am a usurper, I am a rebel; I am guilty of anarchy as soon as I rise up the least bit. I am a sinner. I am a crucifier of Christ whenever I rise up in my mind or in my heart. Oh if we could see the Satanic wickedness of our own hearts and minds, then we would cry to the Strong One of Jacob to deliver us. We ought to have been delivered long ago, but it takes God to set these powers of humility in our hearts. Unfortunately, this truth and this light and this glory is not sought after by the people of God as it should be sought after.

Why is the first beatitude, in fact all the beatitudes, taken up with this one thought? "Blessed are the poor in spirit, . . . they that mourn, . . . the meek, . . . they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, . . . the merciful, . . . the peacemakers, . . . they that are persecuted." There you have it—all people who have humbled themselves under the mighty hand of God. *Theirs* is the kingdom of heaven; they shall be called the children of God. Jesus was like that.

Do you know that Jesus can only find a habitation in the heart when it humbles itself deeply in the presence of God? That is the reason we don't see more lives filled with the Holy Ghost: the rain filleth *the pools*; it does not fill the bumps. It is only as I humble myself under the mighty hand of God and acknowledge that I do not know what humility is that God will have mercy upon me and will begin to live out that life within me. That is where faith comes in.

It is a mighty good thing to despair, to capitulate, to say, "My God, I've tried it really and truly, but, O Father, the sight of my pride is the thing that humbles me most." (And indeed it is better to be humbled by the sight of one's pride than to become proud over one's humility.) "It humbles me deeply, Lord, to see and to find in my own soul uprisings, pride, conceit. O Father, I'm so ashamed of myself."

God will begin to work immediately. He will set into your soul powers of lowliness and humility, and you may not even notice it. The thing that you are going to notice, first of all, is the humility in others. You will begin to wish that you were like them. You will not see yourself anymore, and when you look at yourself, you will see nothing to admire. God will begin to live out His own life within you and He will just put aside your own mind, with all its functions. It is a wonderful process.

We ought to have great humility over our own needs, but great faith in our Lord Jesus Christ that He will set into our souls the powers of the lowliness of the Son of God. That is the only humility that is worthwhile. Everyone of us ought to work at this, not with a slavish fear—oh, my no! That is not the way to follow the Lamb, but with a great, exu-

berant, joyful faith: "O Jesus, I am so glad I don't have to follow the beast any longer. I am following the Lamb. I want my Lord. I want my Master. Let others do what they please."

Hearkening Unto the Voice of His Word

(Continued from page 10.)

and I had peace. Two weeks later the proposal came. Not fully satisfied I prayed for three more weeks until the definite word came, "This is the way, walk ye in it" (Isa. 30:21).

For a number of months after we were married we assisted Pastor and Mrs. Leonard Johnson in the Waukegan church. One day the word came, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them" (Isa. 42:16).

We received a number of calls to minister in various places. Each time we prayed the Lord said, "No." In the latter part of 1943 an invitation came from Brother Hans Waldvogel to come to New York. The Lord indicated that this was His will.

In June, 1944, my husband became the Pastor of the Canarsie Full Gospel Chapel. The intervening years have been crowned with God's goodness and mercy. There have been trials and crises but the Lord has been faithful in upholding all things by the word of His power. As we look into the future we sing with joyful confidence:

*"Lead on, O King Eternal,
We follow, not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears.
Thy cross is lifted o'er us,
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest—
Lead on, O God of might!"*