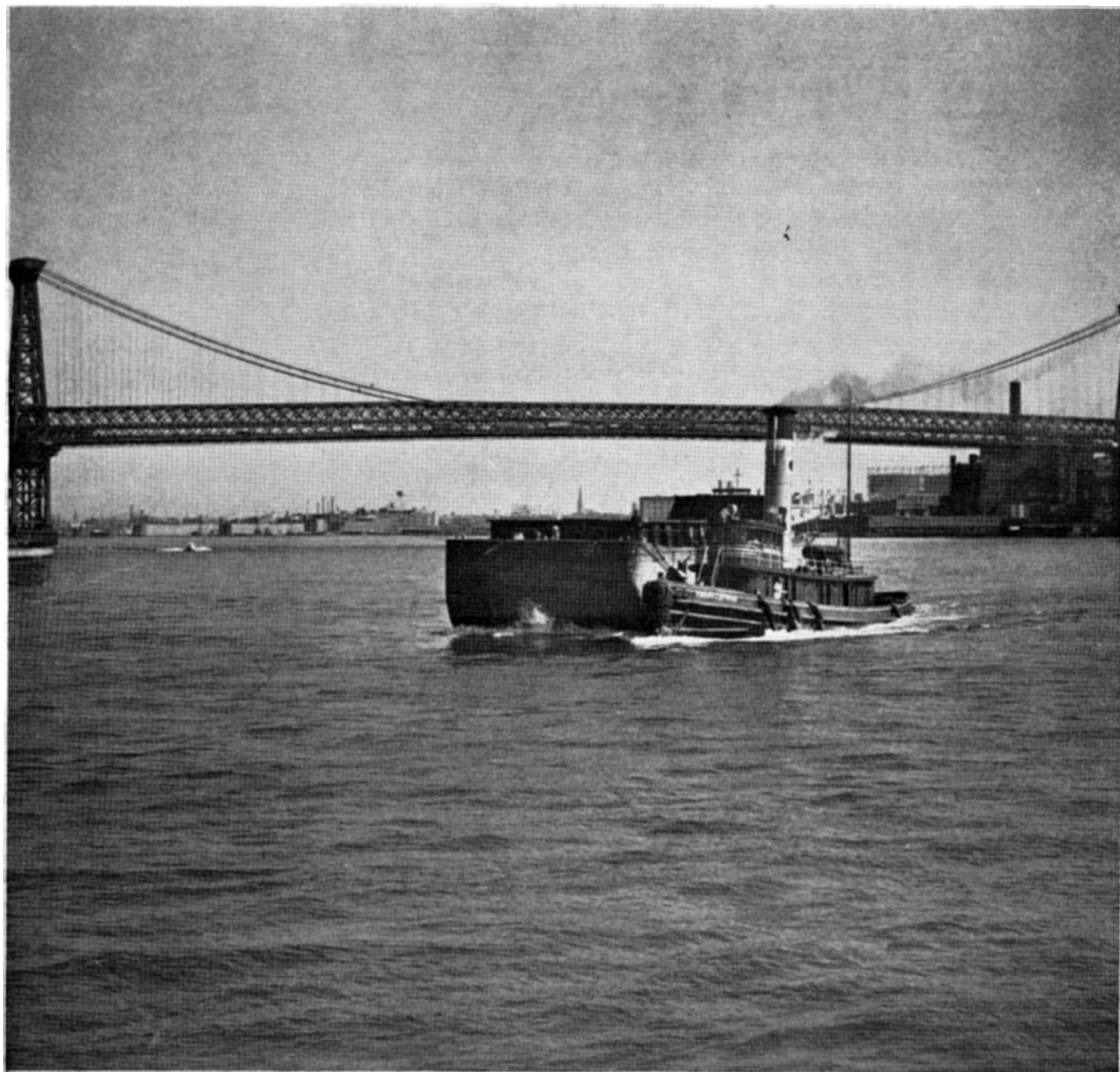


Bread of Life

Vol. IX

February 1960

No. 2



Christ's Bequest

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full" (JOHN 15:11).

IF JESUS had given money to His disciples when He left them, thieves would have stolen it before the end of the first century. If He had left them real estate, they would have quarreled over it and squandered it. He left them joy: a possession that was thief-proof and inalienable, and much more valuable than either coin or land.

Yet there is something strange about this bequest. What joy could He have to give at the time when He gave it? "Despised and rejected of men;" one of His disciples a traitor; the others timorous, doubtful, unreliable; hated by the rulers and forgotten by many of those whom He had blessed; doomed to a cross of shame—how could He have any joy to give?

He had the joy of unbroken fellowship with God. "I do always those things which please Him," He said. Throughout His life, there is not the faintest suggestion of any rift between Him and the Father; there was always perfect confidence and understanding. As a child walks after nightfall through dark and rough paths with his hand serenely clasped in his father's, so Jesus walked the perilous ways of life, confident in the Father's fellowship.

This joy was the fruit of obedience. "My food is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work," He said when the disciples pressed food upon Him by Samaria's well. All fretfulness, all fatigue, all fear disappeared as He walked by the will of God for His life. Truly He fulfilled the Psalm: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

This is the joy that He left to us: the joy of abiding in the fellowship and will of God. Have you claimed this inheritance?

—Merrill C. Tenney.

Bread of Life

VOL. IX NO. 2

FEBRUARY 1960

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A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

The Story of the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church

One Plants . . .

THE NEW HOME of the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church at 674 Metropolitan Avenue, Brooklyn, was officially opened by special meetings held nightly from Sunday, January 3, through Thursday, January 7, when the actual dedication service was held.

The seed from which this tree of God's own planting has grown was sown in the good ground of the heart of Josephine Salvia Galeoto about twenty-eight years ago. Then, at a time of great sorrow and desperation God brought to her the Bible, with the result that she and her family were saved and soon opened their apartment above their grocery store on North Sixth Street for gospel meetings. This was, in reality, the beginning of the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church.

Years before, however, God had begun to prepare the soil for the seed which would spring up into the tree of today. Born in Sicily of very devout parents, Josephine Salvia was raised in the fear of the Lord as a strict Roman Catholic. "My earliest recollection is that of my father returning from the farm and gathering the children together for family prayers," says Mrs. Galeoto. "We did not have the Bible, but prayed according to the light we had."

After coming to this country she was married to Onofrio Galeoto, and together they endeavored to raise their children in the fear of God, regularly sending them to church and catechism classes.

In spite of her truly religious life, Mrs. Galeoto was not satisfied. "My heart was longing for something, and I knew not what it was. I greatly desired to have a Bible and enquired at the book counters at different Catholic churches, but there was none for sale.

"After many years when my children were grown, my oldest daughter, Marion, became very sick. The doctor gave her six months to live. My heart was broken. My husband was also sick with pleurisy and diabetes. The doctor gave him a very strict diet to keep. This burden seemed to crush me, so that I had a constant pain in my chest that penetrated to my back. Not to be seen of my family, I would go down into the boiler room to pray and cry out to God for

help and to open up a way for me in my extremity. God heard that prayer, for it really came from the depths of my heart.

"One day as I was talking to my sister Lily I mentioned my desire for a Bible.

"'I have a Bible,' she said.

"'Oh, you have a Bible! How did you get it?'

"'My husband brought it to me when he was working at a bar.'

"'Why don't you bring it to me? I have always been looking for one!'

"'As soon as I have time I will bring it to you. It is in a trunk.'

"And she did in a few days. It was a Catholic Bible. I started to read it at the first page. Whenever I had a chance, I read it. I did not understand it so well, but I read on for about two months.

"It was at this time that one of our customers gave me an invitation to attend a chapel in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. She told me that God was working miracles there and that many people were being healed. This was wonderful news to me since I saw a ray of hope for my daughter and husband. That very night I attended the service with that lady. (This lady was a Roman Catholic and did not realize she was attending a Protestant church.) I was very impressed by the testimonies of healing.

"The following night I went again, together with my husband. When he heard the testimonies, his faith was inspired



Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church



**The Seed From Which This Tree
Has Grown**

*The Salvia sisters from left to right:
Mrs. Josephine Galeoto, Mrs. Rose
Mione, Mrs. Lily Renna.*

and he began to trust God for healing. He ate everything without exception, and his health steadily improved until all traces of diabetes disappeared. (He lived for nine years after that in good health.)

"At the chapel I bought a Protestant Bible. Comparing it with the Catholic Bible I found it to be much the same and read it early and late, so very hungry had I become for God's Word. It was then that God showed me my need of salvation. News got around to Mrs. Katherine Cosenza, an acquaintance of mine who came from the same town in Sicily as I had, that we were attending the Bay Ridge chapel. The Lord had saved her a year prior to this. Many a time, she told us later, she would stand on the corner in front of our store debating whether or not she should come in and witness to us. 'Mi econo de la scala!' (They will throw me down stairs!) she thought, knowing what a strict Catholic I was. Then one day she had a dream in which she saw a tree whose trunk came out from the roof of our house and its branches seemed to cover the whole neighborhood. Therefore when she heard that we were going to this chapel, she was quite eager to invite us to the Italian Pentecostal Church she was attending in East New York. We were very happy to accept her invitation and after

attending one meeting, we continued there.

"I was still not quite sure of this way, but soon I became convinced and called upon the Lord to save me, and He did and I was baptized in water. All this while I continued to attend the Catholic Church, going to mass every morning and then attending the Pentecostal Church every night. As I read on in the Bible my eyes were increasingly opened to see the errors of the Catholic Church. Finally while attending mass on Palm Sunday I became so convinced in my heart that everything was wrong about the service that right in the middle of it I walked out and never returned again.

"After my conversion I began to testify to my brothers and sisters of my new found joy. One by one they all believed, with their families. Even my mother who was then seventy-seven years of age and a devout Roman Catholic, who attended mass every morning, believed. The Lord then spoke to my children and one by one they came into the fold. In that year the Lord saved thirty-three souls in my family.

"I had always been very busy, helping in the grocery store and with family duties, and never went out visiting or for any pleasures. However, when God saved me I went to church every night. The neighbors and customers became aware of the fact that we were going to church. This started a wave of persecution, spearheaded by the very woman who first invited me to church. She warned the people not to patronize our store because, she said, we put something in the food to make people come to our church. In spite of this our business increased.

"After a few months of attendance at the East New York Church, a brother approached us and asked if we were acquainted with the Williams-

burgh section of Brooklyn. We told him that we lived there. He then told us of the burden the Lord had put on his heart for that area. After three days of prayer and against the advice of some members of my family, we agreed to have meetings in our home which was above our store.

"The store itself was many times turned into a pulpit. When my husband found someone interested in hearing about the Lord, he forgot about his business, so eager was he to win souls. One day one of the customers asked my husband, 'Why did you change your religion?' He then explained the way of salvation. She went home and went about her housework singing the 'Our Father' in Italian. Suddenly she felt a power going through her; she fell to her knees and began to speak in other tongues. She came to the store excitedly and wanted to know what had happened to her. My husband then told her that it was God who had touched her.

"The meetings in our home continued to grow so that we were in need of a larger place of worship. At length we found an old abandoned synagogue on Metropolitan Avenue which we purchased, and after much necessary cleaning and repairing, began our services there in April, 1934. Incidentally this is the same location as the new home of the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church.

"My first contact with the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church was through Mrs. Cosenza's sister, Mrs. Rose Mercatante, who invited me to the Wednesday Divine Healing Service. It was in these meetings that my daughter grew spiritually and often would thank God for her sickness because God used this means of bringing us to the knowledge of His salvation. Two years after her conversion, on January 7, 1935, at the age of

twenty-four, the Lord saw fit to take my daughter home. God had done a marvelous work in her soul and she was fully resigned and longing to be with Jesus. Her home-going brought to us, as a family, a rich experience of the joy and comfort of the Holy Ghost. Brother Hans Waldvogel is a witness to

this, for he ministered to Marion during her sickness and officiated at her funeral.

"On January 7, 1960, exactly twenty-five years to the day after my daughter Marion went home to be with the Lord, the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church dedicated their new home on the same site formerly

occupied by the Metropolitan Avenue Italian Pentecostal Church.

"To God be the glory, great things He has done for my family, and for the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church. We are seeing with our own eyes the dream of our Sister Cosenza being fulfilled."

. . . Others Water

A week after meetings had been opened in the Galeoto home children's meetings were started there by Mrs. Mercatante's daughters, Angie and Beatrice. This developed into a Sunday school which grew and for some time was conducted in the Metropolitan Avenue Church. Then in April, 1939, the Mercatante sisters, the Galeotos, and Fred Caravella, under the leadership of Charles N. Andrews of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church, opened a mission at 27 Scholes Street. Mr. Andrews remained pastor of the work for about four years. During that time the little flock grew in numbers and a good spiritual foundation was laid.

After Mr. Andrews left for Fredericksburg, Virginia in November, 1942, Miss Anna M. Schuette took over the work assisted by Vincent Hofflander. At



Ministers of the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church

Left to right: Anna M. Schuette, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Waldvogel.

this time the Williamsburgh Assembly moved to 608 Grand Street. After only three and a half years of ministry, "Brother Vincent" suddenly died in 1946. He truly spent and was spent in

the service of the Lord and his works still follow him.

Just about this time, Gordon Waldvogel was discharged from the U.S. Army. Sister Schuette asked him to come to the Sunday school; he accepted and has remained as pastor for fourteen years. His wife, Martha, has been connected with this work since she was fifteen years old. Thus, through the years she has grown up with the work.

Over the years, the Sunday school and Church have grown as a result of tent meetings which were held in 1944 and again in 1953; Daily Vacation Bible Schools; Wednesday Release Time Classes and special visitation work. Also many who attended Sunday school years ago have since married and are now taking an active part in the work and bringing their children.

. . . God Gives the Increase

Throughout the years at Grand Street the Sunday school steadily increased until the building was crowded beyond capacity, and the city inspectors did not consider the quarters safe for services. For some time the workers prayed that the Lord would give them a more adequate place for worship. Then in 1958 the Metropolitan Avenue Italian Church

decided to sell their building, due to the fact that most of their congregation had moved away, and the Williamsburgh Church purchased it on May 3.

"Just twenty months ago we purchased this property and the old church building which stood thereon," wrote Pastor Gordon Waldvogel in the Dedication Bulletin. "We then made plans to build an extension onto it

but were informed by the New York City Building Department that it could not be done since it was a frame building with only a brick front. Because the building was old and in need of much repair and since we needed an extension for the Sunday school, it was finally decided that the old church be dismantled and we build a new church. We then proceeded to do just



Congregation at Dedication of Williamsburgh Church

Ministers on platform from left to right: Mrs. Gordon Waldvogel (seated at organ); Gordon P. Gardiner; Pastor Gordon Waldvogel (standing); Anna M. Schuette; Hans R. Waldvogel, Pastor, Ridgewood Pentecostal Church; Charles Andrews, First Pastor of the Williamsburgh Church, now Pastor of the Fredericksburg Pentecostal Church, Fredericksburg, Virginia; Robert Lyon.

that—piece by piece the old church came down — floors, walls, balcony, roof, everything had to go.

“Then began the job of digging for the new foundation and for the larger building which now extends almost the length of the property. We lost count of the number of truckloads of dirt and refuse which was hauled away by the men of our church. But that wasn’t the end of the work—it was just the beginning.

“Mr. Hugo Derke, our contractor, then began with his crew of men to lay the foundation and to erect the walls. Here

again our men were called in for more hard labor. Hundreds of cement blocks had to be carried in to supply the men who worked during the day on the walls. Beams had to be hoisted up, floors had to be laid, walls had to be tarred, loads of brick and sand had to be carried in. It is impossible to enumerate here the varied tasks our men performed, but it was thrilling to watch the building slowly go up, higher and higher, and then to see the plumbing, heating, electrical and carpentry work getting done.

“The building which now stands here is a testimony to the greatness and faithfulness of

God. We’ve seen God guide and go before us every step of the way, and as we look into the future, we are expecting Him to keep us in the hollow of His hand and to perform all things for us. It has really been a marvelous experience for us all—we have learned many lessons. There are many things that yet must be completed and bought, but we are thankful that we were able to conduct our first Sunday school session here on January 3rd. Now that we are finally occupying this building, may we never forget the goodness of God to us. Truly this is the house which the Lord hath built.”

Interior of Williamsburgh Church

Note balcony. Partitions placed in the opening afford complete privacy for the Junior Department of the Sunday School. The Primary Department is housed in a large auditorium on the first floor of the building.



The Kingdom of Heaven in 1960

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

A portion of the sermon preached on the Parable of the Ten Virgins (Matthew 25:1-13) at the Williamsburgh Pentecostal Church, Monday night, January 4, 1960.

THEN shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins. *Then* shall they go out to meet the Bridegroom, and *then* shall the Bridegroom come.

We would not be here if this parable were not finding its fulfillment tonight. When Jesus says, "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened to ten virgins," He is talking, not about the church at large, but about a people who are dealing with Jesus, a people who love Jesus Christ, a people who have heard about the coming of the Lord and have believed it.

In this parable it says, "Then," but we ought to say, "And *now* in this Twentieth Century, in nineteen hundred and sixty, the kingdom of heaven will be likened unto Pentecostal assemblies." That is what God is talking about, people filled with the Holy Ghost, not people who talk about it but people who actually have the baptism according to Acts 2:4, a scriptural baptism.

Can you prove from the Bible that anybody is fully saved who has not been baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire? It isn't in the Bible. No. That belongs to your experience, and it belongs to your bridal outfit.

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" When Paul came to Ephesus, he said,

"You lack the main thing. We won't go one step further till you are baptized with the Holy Ghost."

The Bridegroom has given the virgins that go out to meet Him oil in their lamps. He has provided for them the fulness of the Holy Ghost.

We are living in the last hour. Not only the Bible, but the newspapers, the magazines, the world, everything speaks of the fact that this is the last hour. Don't you see how the shadows are lengthening? Don't you see how the sun of civilization is setting? We know it is the last hour, but we know something that the world does not know, and instead of trembling for fear, we are looking up. We are lifting up our heads. The Bridegroom is coming. Get ready to meet Him. He is near. He is on the march. He is risen from His throne to come and to claim His own, and the hour for the purchase of God's own possession is at hand.

Our Pentecostal songbooks are filled with songs about the coming of the Lord:

*"O Lord Jesus, how long, how long,
Ere we shout the glad song?
Christ returneth!
Hallelujah!"*

That hope ought to quicken every fibre of our being, our mental powers. Our very body

ought to thrill with the thought, "Jesus is coming." Tell me, are we going out to meet Him?

That is why God needs Pentecostal assemblies where we not only sing about the coming of the Lord, but where we have prayer meetings and altar services, where we wait upon the Lord and expect Him to baptize us with the Holy Ghost.

Beloved, *now* is the kingdom of heaven like that. We have seen it. Some of you do not appreciate it as I can because I am a child of the former century. I belong to an age when this thing was not known, when everything was dried up, and then I saw the baptism of the Holy Ghost come down from heaven. I saw the Pentecostal movement come from heaven like a bright, shining angel lighting up the whole world. I saw this fire go through all the nations. I saw the great revival that shook the ends of the world. Everywhere men and women, the dead, dry bones, came together and rose, and everywhere blossoming Pentecostal assemblies rose, as it were, out of the dust. They left their beautiful cathedrals and they gathered in barns and in warehouses; wherever they had a nook or a corner to crawl into, there they met, and there God met them. That is the kind of

a church God wants. That is what the Bridegroom wants. He wants to come to His temple and His temple is not made of stones.

Talk about dedicating a church! This building is not a church; *you* are the church. A bridal gown is not the bride. And a building is not a church, but Jesus Christ has a church that is made up of living stones. That is why He wants *this* church, and I believe that this is one church that is very, very valuable to the Lord Jesus Christ. Thank God for a good place like this, but Jesus is coming, and what is He coming for? He is coming to gather His bride. He is coming to fill His temple, coming to this earth.

Jesus, how are You going to find an entrance into this world?

Psalm 24 says, "Lift up your heads. Lift up the everlasting doors." Those are your hearts. He has to come by His saints. The Bible makes that very, very clear that Jesus does not mean the temple in Jerusalem when He talks about coming and filling the temple of the Lord. No, He means *you* are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, "I will dwell in them and I will be their God and they shall be my sons and my daughters."

What is the difference between the wise and the foolish virgins? The wise and the foolish all had a testimony. They all had lamps. The lamps of the foolish went out, but the wise virgins took oil in their vessels.

Beloved, if we are wise, we are going to meditate in His word day and night, and it will make us wise unto salvation. This Word is given to the man of God that he might be perfect, thoroughly established unto every good work, that he might be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use. This vessel is your body.

When God baptized me with the Holy Spirit, I said, "Now, my job is clear. My job is to

mortify the deeds of the body by the Spirit." If ye live in the Spirit, ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh. Now my job was to walk with Him, to have fellowship with God the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ my Lord. I saw in the Bible that if we say that we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie. To be baptized with the Holy Spirit is the opening of the door, is the putting on of the baby shoes. Here the possibility is given to me day by day to make my choice, to say "No" to self and all the works of the flesh.

I soon found out that I was not able to maintain the unction of the Spirit and to walk with God as long as I had my dumps. Oh, how many people shut Christ out of their vessel, out of their body, instead of lending their body and the members that were once servants of sin unto the living God — their hands, for example. Why is it that so many brethren do not come to prayer meeting? The Bible says that men ought to lift up holy hands. They do not have holy hands. What do they want to do in prayer meeting if their hands are defiled and if their bodies are defiled?

Thank God, He has purchased your body with a great price that He might dwell within you, that He might live in this body.

Oh, to keep that unction of the Spirit of God! Oh, to walk in the light as He is in the light! I was a dumper when I came to God and even after I was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and I recognized that I lost that unction when I was in a dump, when I was mad at somebody. Have you ever felt when you are jealous you feel its effect in your body? Or when somebody says something nice about you — "My, you're a pretty girl!" — you feel it in your "solar plexus," don't you? There is sort of a comfortable feeling there. Every work of the flesh has its

seat in this wonderful body of ours until Jesus Christ puts the Spirit of God there.

An old German lady told me that she had ulcers of the stomach. I was not a bit surprised because she criticized everybody. That's one cause of ulcers. It troubles your stomach, troubles your heart. The lust of the flesh occupies this body. Where do these things come from? He says, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, neither grieve ye that Holy Spirit of God whereby ye are sealed." He says you cannot prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God until you make a whole-souled consecration of your body to God. He gave His body. Present your body!

If young people were wise, they would not have troubles with their love affairs. I went through all the temptations and all the testings that a young man goes through. I found out that you don't have to yield to the flesh to be happy, but I found out that nobody is really happy until he yields to Jesus Christ. Then the joy of the Lord fills you. It becomes a fountain of life within you, fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. Beloved, there are wise virgins in the world today. They are taking no chance. They are taking oil in their vessels. They have it in their lamps, but the lamps are bound to go out. Where is your testimony? A mother said to me, "My boys prophesied. They had visions." Today they curse their mother. What has become of them? They did not take oil in their vessels.

Oh, the Bridegroom is coming. Where are You coming, Jesus? He is coming to the bridal chamber. He is coming to those who are ready to meet Him. The world and the flesh and the devil are working overtime today, and if you yield to

them—what does the poet say?
 “Nay, world! I turn away,
 Tho’ thou seem fair and good;
 That friendly, outstretched
 hand of thine
 Is stained with Jesus’ blood.
 If in thy least device
 I stoop to take a part,
 All unaware—all unaware—
 thine influence steals
 God’s - presence - from - my -
 heart.”

I rode with a brother in the
 elevated in Chicago. He told me
 what a wonderful unction he
 had in the morning after wait-
 ing on the Lord. He said, “Oh,
 God came to me and I just lived
 in that unction.” Do you know
 what that unction is? Why, it is
 Jesus.

“And then,” he said, “I rode
 in the elevated and there was a
 newspaper lying there. I picked
 it up and I began to read, and
 all at once I discovered that that
 unction was gone.”

Oh, it costs something to
 maintain a walk with God!
 What does it cost? If ye live in
 the flesh ye shall die. Death is
 lurking in every corner—spirit-
 ual death. And oh, how many
 fall! A thousand shall fall at
 thy side! Ten thousand at thy
 right hand! There is one place
 of safety—the secret place of
 the Most High.

In those days, Beloved, God
 was so severe with me. I was
 thankful He was so severe with
 me. Things that other people
 laugh about convicted me so
 deeply that I could not sleep un-
 til I prayed them out. I remem-
 ber one night after a Holy Ghost
 meeting in which God had dealt
 with me personally about some-
 thing that everybody else would
 have laughed about. But God
 convicted me and I went into the
 woods. I said, “I’m going to
 stay here all night until that
 thing is out of my life.” Beloved,
 that night changed the whole
 course of my life. Why? I pre-
 sented my body a living sacri-
 fice and God took it. God will
 take it. These wise virgins were

different from the others. They
 took oil in their vessels. Oh, for
 bodies that are filled with God.
Is there a substitute?

When I was still in business
 in Chicago, the Baptists there
 had a convention. At that time
 I was the secretary of the young
 people’s convention. They se-
 lected a subject for that meet-
 ing: How far can we allow our
 young people to enjoy pleas-
 ures? They meant the pleasures
 of the world like moving pic-
 tures and so on. Three preach-
 ers and three deacons were to
 discuss this. After they were

through the chairman said,
 “Now, has anybody else any-
 thing else to say?”

My bones were burning at
 that time. I got up and said,
 “What a foolish question to
 place before young people! Why
 don’t you ask them this ques-
 tion: ‘Have ye received the Ho-
 ly Ghost since ye believed?’ ” I
 was swamped after the meeting.
 Baptists came and said, “Broth-
 er, thank God for the courage
 to tell the truth!”

Is there anything more won-
 derful than God Almighty com-
 ing to dwell within me? Is there

The Living Stone

To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious, ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. (I PETER 2:4, 5.)

*On Christ salvation rests secure;
 The Rock of Ages must endure;
 Nor can that faith be overthrown
 Which rests upon the “Living Stone.”*

*No other hope shall intervene;
 To Him we look, on Him we lean,
 Other foundation we disown,
 And build on Christ, the “Living Stone.”*

*In Him it is ordained to raise
 A temple to Jehovah’s praise,
 Composed of all the saints, who own
 No Saviour but the “Living Stone.”*

*View the vast building, see it rise;
 The work, how great! the plan, how wise!
 Oh wondrous fabric! power unknown
 That rears it on the “Living Stone!”*

*But most adore His precious name;
 His glory and His grace proclaim;
 For us, condemned, despised, undone;
 He gave Himself, the “Living Stone.”*

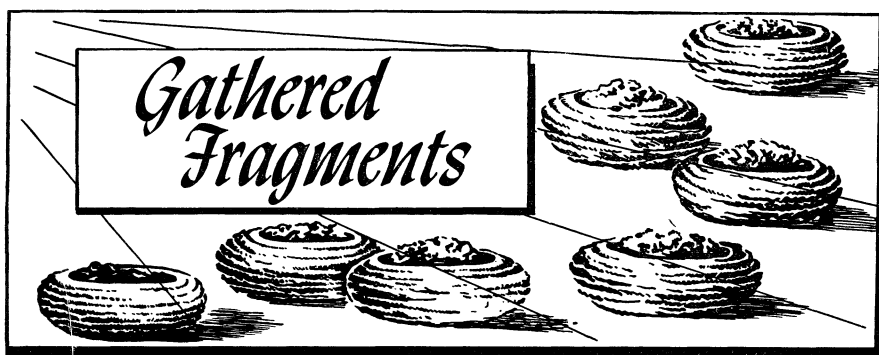
—ANONYMOUS.

anything more wonderful than the Bridegroom of heaven, whom the very angels do not dare to look at—they hide their faces from the beauty of Jesus—and He comes and knocks at my door? And He says, “Be ye ready so that when He comes and knocks ye may be ready to open to Him immediately.” Beloved, He is knocking tonight as sure as you are here.

That is what this assembly is for. Otherwise there would not be any sense in opening this place at all, if it did not give Jesus Christ a chance to get at our hearts and to gain our attention, and more than that, the burning love of our hearts. Oh, that burning love for Jesus! Beloved, it is not mine by nature. By nature I am a lover of the world. They that are after the flesh mind the things of the flesh. But they that are after the Spirit—they are differently minded. They have been renewed; they have been transformed by the renewing of their minds, and they have proved what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

Beloved, we are going forth to meet the Bridegroom. What will it be when we meet Him? What will it be when we look into those eyes that blaze like the fires of eternity, when we hear that voice, “Enter ye into the joy of your Lord,” or “I don’t know you” from behind the closed door? Which will it be?

Who, do you suppose, is more interested in that marriage supper of the Lamb—the Bride or the Bridegroom? Oh, I can believe that the great Bridegroom of heaven Who paid the great price, Who bought the church with His own blood that He might lead many sons unto glory, is eagerly awaiting that moment when the Father shall give the word and He shall come forth to meet those that are ready. And they that were ready went in and the door was shut.



“TOGETHER WITH HIM,” a phrase from First Thessalonians 5:10, is the standard of life set for each member of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church in its motto for 1960.

* * *

“A minister cannot preach in the Holy Ghost if he does not walk in the Holy Ghost,” declared Pastor Hans Waldvogel at the New Year’s Day morning service in an exhortation to the ministry to *give* themselves to prayer and to the ministry of the Word in 1960. “He cannot expect God to meet him in the meeting and give him an anointed message if during the day he loses that touch with heaven. If during the day he does his own will or follows the dictates of men and does what people want him to do, his life will soon be dissipated. Oh, for a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master’s use, and prepared unto every good work.”

* * *

The promise of God, “Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you,” was again experienced as a result of the three weeks of prayer with which the Ridgewood assembly began 1960. At the close of this period in the Sunday night service, January 24, this word was given by the Holy Spirit to the congregation: “. . . I tell you the truth, I ascended on high and have sat down at the right hand of My Father and am now, even at this moment, pouring out fire. And for what purpose do I pour out this fire? Oh, I’m

pouring it out for those who present their bodies to be a living sacrifice—these bodies that have been claimed by the lust of the flesh and by the things of hell and by the demons that surround you. These bodies I have purchased with a very great price for My own possession, but I can do nothing with them until you literally and deliberately present them to Me as a living sacrifice, and then you will first understand the exceeding greatness of My power toward those who believe. That power it is that raised Me from the dead and made Me to take My place at the right hand of the majesty on High. And it is that power that causes Me to pour out this which ye now see and hear, even the Spirit of Truth whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but this Spirit is waiting to possess you.

“And you can have a little blessing now and then and you can boast, if you like, of the blessings that I bestow upon you, but that will never get you there. Look at the people whom I cast away in the wilderness, whose bones bleached there upon the desert sands because they wouldn’t follow Me all the way. And so tonight I speak this word because I happen to have the power in your midst to make My word known once more. Who here is wise to humble himself, to tremble at My Word? You shall experience your God, you shall know your God in a very real way. And not only that, but

you shall be united to Me and one day be forever with Me."

* * *

From Germany reports come that God came in most marvelous Pentecostal outpouring to the *Kirchheim* assembly during its New Year's Eve service, so that the whole church is looking forward with renewed anticipation for greater blessings this year. In Wuppertal, in Remscheid, in Hamburg, in Rendsburg, in Weilheim, in Ulm, as well as in Kirchheim, people have been having special seasons of prayer. "They have caught the vision to pray as never before," says Pastor Hans Waldvogel. "They have come together for weeks of prayer, and God always meets them in a wonderful way. A German translation of *Preacher and Prayer* by Edward Bounds is being published in installments in *Sieg des Kreuzes* beginning with the January issue. I am sure this will prove a great blessing."

* * *

Friends from various parts of Europe continue to write that the blessings of the tent meetings and conventions held there last summer still linger with them. With these testimonies come invitations for more meetings this summer. Let us pray that Jesus will make known just what and where He wants services to be held during 1960.

* * *

A fresh corroboration of the truth that the Word and the Spirit of God cannot be bound is to be found in the testimony of John Noble in his recent book, *I Found God in Soviet Russia*. Even in the slave labor camp at Vorkuta sinners are being converted, meetings are being held, and prayers are being answered.

* * *

When you don't know what to do or where to go, it's always safe to come down.

Just Jesus

By MARTHA W. ROBINSON

Dear Father: Now that Thou hast brought us this far, we ask that there won't be any more of us, but just Thee.

How wonderfully sweet are the days we live in the presence of Jesus and think of Him. It's a wonderful lesson when we think it will be like that through the eternal ages.

Do you think that you would really be glad if you had no one but Jesus? There comes a time when everything seems to be swept away—everything but Jesus; and as you sink into Him, you will find that the way doesn't grow monotonous, you get greater hold of God—that which was simple to you at first becomes great wisdom in Christ. Oh, that God could take every one of us and make us stay alone with Him until He made us just like Himself. There are things in the Bible which indicate that we are to be like Jesus. It must be that Christ has His own way with us. A great many of us are wishing for light in our souls of how to be in His will. If you will to be out of your own and to be in His will; if you have any desire that you would like to keep, if there is something that is yours, will you let Him have your entire, your whole being as just His?

Jesus doesn't want us to take great words over it, but great faith. He is always true and He never fails. You can have the largest expectation, it is that God always fulfills. We don't have to have a knowledge of our great faith if we have a knowledge of our great God.

We think it wonderful that as the days get darker and darker so many of you can "lift up your heads" to hear Jesus calling you and know that you love Him more than anything. If called suddenly out of heaven, would you forget everybody and have no weights? Don't you perceive that if our weights are upon us that it's not going to be an illuminated soul that rises to meet God? We know that we will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, but we have to wait and want Him. Do you know that "to me He is more wonderful than I ever knew Him before?"

If you are in love with Jesus, if you are absorbed in Him, do you know that He is the One who will show you the way? He will declare the way—don't let yourselves doubt.

It is those that love and look for Him that will be ready to meet Him.

Today

MAKE a little fence of trust around today;
Fill the space with loving work and therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars upon tomorrow.
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

—MARY FRANCES BUTTS

My Beloved

*We've been walking and talking together,
My heavenly Bridegroom and I;
He has led me down 'mongst the lilies,
And the still, cool waters by.*

*His love is like myrrh most precious,
Yea, better by far than wine,
And wonderful, wonderful secret,
This Beloved says He is mine!*

*I sat down under His shadow,
My soul was filled with delight;
I feasted my eyes upon Him
And was ravished with the sight.*

*To the "Banqueting House" He brought me,
Spread o'er me His "Banner of love,"
And methinks the communion He granted
Was like unto that above.*

*"Rise up," my Beloved speaketh,
"Rise up and come away,"
And all too gladly I follow
To hear what He further would say.*

*And oh, as I listen to Him,
My spirit within me is stirred,
For He telleth me wonderful secrets,
More wondrous than any I've heard!*

*He speaks of His love and compassion,
Of His yearning over His Bride,
And tenderly, oh so tenderly,
He draweth me close to His side.*

*And then as I sit in His presence,
One song bursts forth from my heart—
"He is altogether lovely!"
And I never shall from Him part!*

*O wonderful, wonderful Bridegroom,
Thou Guest whom my heart has long sought,
May I enter at last the King's Palace,
Yea, with joy and rejoicing be brought!*

—BERNICE C. LEE.

