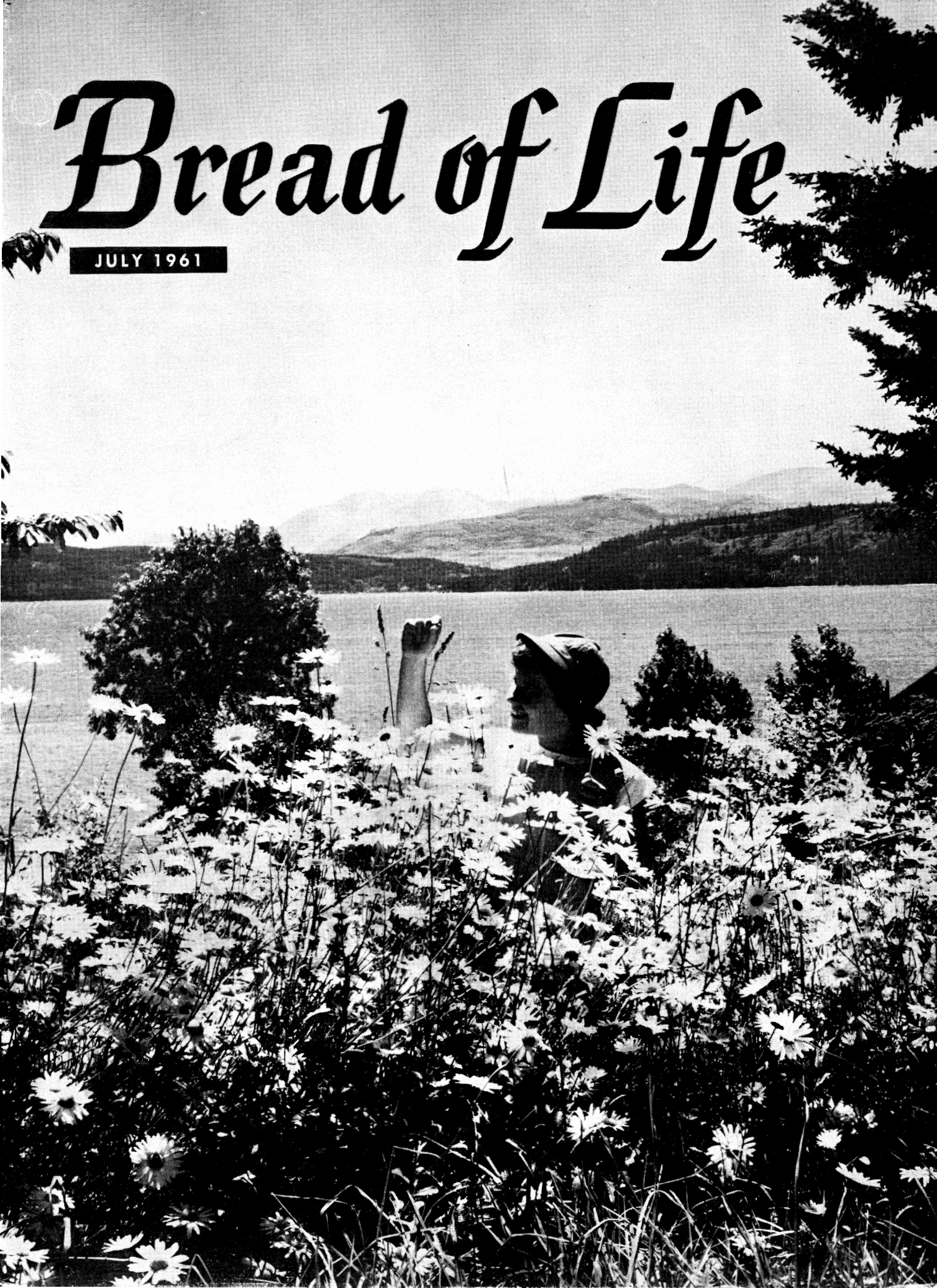


# *Bread of Life*

JULY 1961



# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

## THE CHALLENGE OF THE HOUR

NO ALERT AMERICAN can but be appalled to pick up a newspaper and to read the ever more-apparent story of our political and ideological losses in the ever-increasing conflict between Communism and Democracy. It is, of course, easy to sit back and to blame our leadership, but the fact is that our leadership is only a reflection of the attitudes of the people it leads. Is it not true that individually and, therefore, nationally we cringe at the idea of being *committed* to a cause?

In the final analysis, is not the struggle between Communism and Democracy only the visible expression of the much more basic conflict between a God-less materialism and a Christ-centered daily walk? Perhaps that is why we are losing. Where communistic forces have strongly rallied behind the forces of atheism, we have failed to rally around the cross of Christ. When will America learn that she can never win on the political front except as she wins on the spiritual front? We have already surrendered the foundations of faith upon which this nation was built; morals are at an all-time low. One wonders if we are not reaching the end of our rope.

Who then will champion the cause? Certainly if indifference is present in the "average American," it is inexcusable in the Christian. Despite this, perhaps we as Christians have done poorly. Yes, we are willing to give of our money or our time or our talents, not realizing that we cannot win unless we *commit ourselves*. While we admit their mistakes and their shortcomings, yet is it not true that it has been our corps of missionaries who have held the borders of communism back even as far as they are? Who is it who has brought education to the ignorant, civilization to the savage, and, what is infinitely more important, peace with God to those in turmoil? But where is the flood of volunteers to reinforce our "army" and extend its conquests? Can it be that we have found it more comfortable to sit at home in an easy chair than to drip out our blood for the cause of Christ?

Repeatedly tales reach our ears of the great need for young men and women. The challenge is great, but the time is short. Who knows if this planet can live through very many more years under the present conditions? While there are golden opportunities to reach millions for Him, these opportunities if not seized will soon be gone, swallowed up by a ruthless system that shakes its fist at God and plunges souls into hell. *They* have thousands of volunteers; do we? Have *you* ever considered giving *your* life?

Perhaps you say you are not called. Perhaps the honest statement is that you have been so wrapped up in the race for houses, cars, wives, good times, church functions, etc., you have never been able to hear God calling you no matter how loudly He may even "shout." Even if five per cent of our Christians would *commit* themselves, isn't this a puny number? Wouldn't it be more in keeping with the spirit of the Great Commission if ninety-five per cent of our fat and flourishing parishes were so dedicated to Christ that He could send them throughout the length and breadth of this earth spreading the glad tidings of the gospel?

And each of us can start today—right where we are. How many people in your shop or office are aware of the fact that *you* are a Christian? Are you just taken for granted, so much like them that they can't tell you from themselves, or is your life such a startling testimony that you can't help but be noticed? When have you last spoken to an "outsider" about Christ? Have you ever invited anyone (or brought him) to enjoy with you the presence of the Lord in church?

How about you high school and college students? Are you bravely taking your stand as soldiers of the cross, or do you run the other way when confronted with the necessity for a testimony to the things you believe? Many of your fellow students are really hungry for the truth—ripe for harvest. If God could get you to take your stand among those who are even hostile toward the very principles of our faith, then unquestionably many of our future leaders would find the Lord in the wake of your clean-cut testimony and life.

What about the unsaved in your own home? Do your unsaved relatives or your neighbors know where you stand? Do you go out of your way not only to witness to them but also to love them, to pray for them, and to share our great Christ with them? Sure it's tough, but can a soldier expect an easy time?

Undoubtedly, if we were more faithful in the situation where God has put us, then God could take us on and raise up a band of men and women

(Continued on page 11.)

# *The Purpose of Pentecost*

By HANS R. WALDVOGEL

HAVE YOU EVER ATTENDED a real Pentecostal meeting? Whether you liked it or not, no doubt you thought it was different from any meeting you had ever seen before. That is exactly what God wanted to do in Pentecost; He wanted to do something different from what man had done, coming Himself through the power of the Holy Spirit, manifesting heavenly glory and heavenly victories among His own.

The reaction of people to their first Pentecostal meeting is not unlike the reaction of those who witnessed the outpouring of the Spirit on the first Day of Pentecost as waiting disciples "were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Some said, "Oh, these men are drunk." Others said, "What does this mean? This is a miracle; these are all Galileans, and yet everyone of them speaks in a tongue that he has not learned." To these it was a sign that the Kingdom of God was at hand.

After attending my first Pentecostal meeting, I went home and searched the Scriptures. As a result, I exclaimed, "Oh, what a fool I have been! Here it's been in the Bible all this time, and I, a Bible student, haven't seen it!" As I continued to attend Pentecostal meetings, the

things I saw and heard explained so many things to me that I hadn't been able to understand before about the gifts of the Holy Ghost as mentioned in the New Testament.

So if the first Pentecostal meeting you attend does not suit you, if you cannot understand it, do not say, "These people are all drunk," but, "What is this?" and search the Scriptures for yourself to see if these things be so.

A real Pentecostal meeting is one where Jesus is allowed to manifest Himself and thereby to change us into His image as we behold Him. But what you receive will depend upon your attitude. If you come with an open heart, you will experience the life-giving power of God.

The way to come to any meeting is to bring Jesus with you. Everybody who practices the presence of God at home will find it very easy to do so in the meeting. But if you have not been doing so, the very first thing is to find Jesus in your own heart, to recognize Him, a fountain of life within you. As you do this, you sink into worship.

Nobody knows what worship is except a person filled with the Holy Ghost. It is a sweet fire that burns within your soul

which Jesus Christ has kindled. It is the presence of Jesus, permeating your whole being with the fragrance of Himself. When you have found Him within, then you will find Him in the meeting and will see Him. That is an operation of the Holy Ghost which one cannot easily explain; you have to experience it yourself.

Sometimes when people come together, it is evident that they have been living carelessly. Perhaps they have been visiting or talking too much. Anyway, they do not see the Lord at once. Then the Holy Spirit endeavors to call their attention to Jesus. A sweet call in tongues and interpretation might be given. Presently there comes a change over the whole meeting. What has happened? Hearts have responded to the call; they have recognized Him and become abandoned to the Holy Ghost which is absolutely essential to a real Pentecostal meeting.

There is the danger of becoming formal—one, two, three songs, then testimonies, prayer, etc. How much more wonderful when Jesus can bring us unto Himself and minister His own life to us. That requires that we all function in the Holy Ghost as members of one body. It isn't sufficient for one minister to do it all; everybody

## *Ev'ry Moment of Ev'ry Day*

*Only to be what He wants me to be,  
Ev'ry moment of ev'ry day;  
Yielded completely to Jesus alone,  
Ev'ry step of this pilgrim way.*

### CHORUS:

*Just to be clay in the Potter's hands,  
Ready to do what His Word commands;  
Only to be what He wants me to be  
Ev'ry moment of ev'ry day.*

*Trusting my Savior whatever betide,  
Ev'ry moment of ev'ry day;  
Knowing He's able and ready to guide  
Ev'ry step of this pilgrim way.*

*Living for Jesus, surrendered and true,  
Ev'ry moment of ev'ry day;  
Walking with only His pleasure in view,  
Ev'ry step of this pilgrim way.*

— NORMAN J. CLAYTON

because of your critical nature that it seems wrong. Maybe it is all right.

But supposing something really is wrong. It does not become right by your having a dump or criticizing. It comes right by your believing that Jesus Christ is in charge, that He is on the throne. The meeting comes right into line again if everybody keeps his mind on Jesus. That gives Jesus Christ the authority over the meeting.

I often see people frown when someone testifies a little too long. That is wrong. That is flesh. If you do that, you ought to say, "My God, I don't have that love that suffereth long and is kind." Isn't that long, dry testimony a blessing? Where would you get patience otherwise? You are just as much out of the will of God with your impatient attitude as the other one. You ought to stay just as sweet if the testimony is not in the will of God. That is not your responsibility. Your responsibility is to keep in touch with Jesus. Jesus is there, just the same. And maybe when that testimony or thing that is out of order is over, God will give you an anointing whereby you will be used to lift the meeting, and it will come back into God because you kept in touch with Jesus.

The Holy Ghost uses imperfect vessels. If He did not, He would not use us at all. And is it not wonderful how the Lord Jesus bears with our imperfections! Even so we ought to bear with the imperfections of others. By our mistakes we learn our lessons. As we learn our lessons, God gets His vessel to use when and how He will.

(Continued on page 10.)

ought to take part according to the leading of the Holy Spirit.

There are many ways in which we can function. We can pray and bless the meeting; we can lift our hands in praise or praise the Lord with a loud voice, or testify. The main thing is that we all function in the Holy Ghost, that we are all willing to be used of God, if He so indicates. But if you come to a meeting with the idea, "I'm not going to do anything. Others can do so much better than I," you rob yourself and the meeting of the blessing God desires to impart.

In every meeting that is free in the Holy Spirit, things will happen that according to your discernment are not just right, perhaps. Now, maybe your discernment is wrong. I have heard so many say they have discernment when they were really discerning like dried herring. They have their eyes wide open, but there is no life there. You do not discern that way. God does not give you discernment until you quit criticizing, until you are poor in spirit. Many times the very thing that seems wrong to you is in the appointment of God. It really is, and it is only

## Bread of Life

VOL. X

No. 7

JULY 1961

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. Cover Photo: A. Devaney, N. Y.

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



## The Mind of God

By MARTHA WING ROBINSON

A Testimony Taken from  
Her Journal



TODAY God seems to have made the way open and plain for me to wait on Him. "Sitting at the feet of Jesus"—oh, how much we need to do that! God is working something out in me. I have that sense of being in His training school.

Sometimes His workings seem so plain. Again, I just have to stand still and trust. I am persistently holding before Him my plea to know His will. He is teaching me in many ways, letting me have strong impressions to do things that are not His will and then closing every door to show me I am wrong. I was puzzled at first, but I believe now that He is making me to measure the difference between impressions and leadings. As I go to school, I learn my lessons one by one.

This is coming plain—to know the mind of God we must be free from our own mind. He literally has to think through us. In order to get the mind of God, we must get our thoughts off everything else that would influence—conditions, advice, opinions, impressions, inclinations, desires, feelings, all laid down, emptied out; then with a *blank* mind get into a stillness before God and let Him either positively *speak*, which He does sometimes, or drive home a definite, even, steady, positive, clear-cut conviction.

I also learn that one must be very wary of strong impres-

sions. They *may* be from God; but when we have them we should stand still before God, empty out before Him, get His mind. If the impression is from God, it will deepen, strengthen and grow into a clear, steady, unmistakable conviction. With such a leading one can stand fast in the face of all opposition.

And this is the third lesson. One *must* stand fast. Deny a leading, falter, waver, or question, after having seen a thing clearly and positively, serves to throw us into confusion and doubt that hinders us from getting God's will next time. He will not *waste* His blessing. If we receive clear leadings from Him, He will have us obey them, or He will not give them.

Fourth, it takes great patience. God isn't in a hurry. Eternity's years are His. He will not let *us* hurry Him. The very first requisite for getting His voice is to get quiet, to be patient. All restlessness, anxiety, haste, uneasiness stand in the way. God moves in a great calm. He doesn't speak to the inner ear of man by whirlwinds and earthquakes. He has His messages in these. But to the child of God He speaks gently, in a still, small voice. There must be stillness—stillness of the soul—to meet Him and hear that voice; there must be faithfulness, and obedient faithfulness, to get still and *stand* still until God does speak.

Our God is a *jealous* God. If we don't give Him all of our obedience, He will not give us of the priceless, deeper treasures that come to a perfectly surrendered life. And if there is an inclination on our part to run away from His presence and get weary of waiting for His voice, He withholds the blessing. Or rather, it is only by that patience and that waiting that our spirit gets in that touch with God that tunes the inner ear to His voice. God moves in great harmonies. This stillness and waiting and patience and submission tunes every discordant chord of our being into harmony with His; and when He touches us with His divine finger, whispers to us from His divine knowledge, the tuned chords respond, and we have His mind in us.

Sometimes in so waiting upon God, perhaps for days, for some clear leading as to our path of duty, we are confused by many impressions and even by doors opening in such an unexpected manner we take them to be of God. But this is our testing. Satan is always busy seeking whom he may devour and never more so perhaps than when a child of God is at the feet of Jesus asking for direction. God never works aimlessly. And Satan knows no matter how simple or personal a matter is, God's decision will be one that will hurt the kingdom of darkness. To deflect the child of God by any possible means from entering upon that path, therefore, is Satan's aim. And knowing he cannot tempt to disobedience, he will, if possible, coming as an angel of light, draw the child of God by deceptive leadings, impressions, or conditions into the wrong paths.

God high over all permits this testing. In His great, eternal calm He, looking at the

(Continued on page 10.)

# Grace for Grace

The Autobiography  
of Alice Reynolds Flower

## Part VII



Alice Reynolds Flower

### Evangelistic Meetings in Indiana

Before returning to Missouri we held a meeting for Pastor Fred Vogler in Martinsville, Indiana. With us was Rev. F. A. Graves, the author of the songs, "He Was Nailed to the Cross for Me" and "Honey in the Rock." He had known a wonderful miracle in his life, having been healed of an incurable disease in the early days of his ministry. After his healing, while riding on a train to take part in an evangelistic meeting, he was sorely tempted to doubt his deliverance, when God spoke to his heart and he wrote the words of the hymn "He'll Never Forget to Keep Me."

*Our Father has many dear children—  
Will He ever forget to keep me?  
He gave His own Son to redeem me,  
And He'll never forget to keep me.*

*Our Father remembers the sparrows;  
Their value and fall He doth see;  
But dearer to Him are His children;  
And He'll never forget to keep me.*

*I now will abide in His shadow,  
Never restless nor fearful will be;  
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me,  
And He'll never forget to keep me.*

Reverend Graves has been rightfully called "a sweet singer in Israel." Sitting at his tiny folding organ, his messages in song were a constant inspiration to our hearts. But he was also a gifted Bible teacher, and our daily prayer meetings during those six weeks were blessed of God in various homes throughout Martinsville. There were about one hundred souls saved in that meeting, the cause of thanksgiving to God. To us the association with Brother Graves has been a fra-

grant memory down through the years. Long ago, this dear brother went to his reward; but the tender fellowship with his only daughter, Irene Pearlman, has been a rich joy throughout the years. His two sons, Arthur and Carl, have followed in their father's footsteps, devoting their lives to the ministry of the Word.

This was the year the flu epidemic swept over the country with numerous casualties. After visiting in many homes to pray with sick ones, the dreaded virus seized me. I laid low the last two weeks of the six-week revival campaign, and the two men carried on alone. We were entertained in the Vogler home, and to this day the remembrance of Maggie Vogler's tender care of me, along with her own household duties and care of several children, moves my heart. For days I was a very sick woman, but she was a sister in every sense of the word, and by her care and the prayers of God's children God spared my life. Maggie Vogler was an excellent preacher, but she was also an able minister in any needed service. True spiritual balance.

Through the years, one of God's great miracles has been the unexpected provision for all sorts of emergencies. We had been through uprooting changes already, and there were more to come; but always our loving Heavenly Father proved to be completely adequate for every situation. Facing one of these difficult situations some months before, God breathed these simple verses within my heart—a personal expression of His sufficiency:

### For Those Who Trust

*One of God's own sweet surprises  
Waits the patient heart of trust;  
They who question not nor doubt Him  
Find His ways are always just.*

*Life's most bitter disappointment  
Is the portal sure and broad  
To a plan of rich unfolding—  
Blest are they who wait for God.*

*And the seeming contradiction,  
Failure, crushing, dark defeat,  
Causes faith to grow more quickly  
Into God's perfection sweet.*

*Mystery, past human finding,  
Is His will from day to day;  
They who shun the trackless journey  
Miss God's own best pilgrim way.*

*For the fire and cloudy pillar,  
Heaven's manna rich and rare,  
Are for those of His dear children  
Who will cross the desert bare.*

*Grieve not, then, if God would move thee  
From the old, familiar road;  
Look above the strange new testings  
Right into the face of God.*

*His, the same dear hand of guidance,  
Holding safely and secure;  
Every strange and fiery trial  
Only makes thy faith more pure.*

### **Following the Cloud**

*And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night:*

*He took not away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people (EXODUS 13:21, 22).*

Tented in their proper places about the Tabernacle, the whole responsibility for future guidance of each Hebrew family depended on how well they watched the pillar of cloud and fire above the sanctuary. The guidance depended upon the Lord. Their part was to follow. The sojourn might be for a day, a week or a month; their strength, their sustenance, their protection depended entirely upon unquestioning, ready obedience to the indicated move of God.

For us comes the same guidance of the Holy Spirit. This we had come to know in definite reality. My husband would frequently say, "I have profound respect for the providences of God." This means close watching and trustful following even when such providences point to an untried way and the breaking of precious associations. One thing sure, our following thus keeps fresh our consecration and communion.

### **Our Ministry to the Missionaries**

For us, this is exactly what happened in November, 1919, when Mr. Flower was elected the first full-time missionary secretary of the Assemblies of God, with the commission to open an office for the handling of money and the administration of affairs of approximately fifty missionaries. Of course, this necessitated a regretful

departure from the country home at Maranatha to locate in Springfield. But the Flower grandparents remained there. This fact made possible several summer vacations for the children in the freedom of the country-side we had all so greatly enjoyed.

The Gospel Publishing House and related General Council activities were still in an early stage of development. Establishing a missions department without any available provision meant further adventures in faith. A room was provided with a second-hand desk and an overhauled typewriter. At first, Mr. Flower did all the work himself until joined by a consecrated secretary, Margaret Forsell, later to become Mrs. Ferdinand Ewald, serving with her husband as a missionary to Poland.

Those were pioneering days in every sense of the word and, of course, vitally affected the children. We entertained the visiting missionaries in our cottage home, hastily constructed pallets on the floor becoming a definite part of the children's education in "missionary principles." We actually made it seem like fun to them, and those early missionaries brought an atmosphere into the home that alike charmed and thrilled the children.

At their play outside, I would hear them singing some Hindi choruses taught by a missionary visitor from India. Then I can well remember H. C. Ball as a young man with a group of little Flowers around him at the piano while he taught



**F. A. Graves at His Portable Organ**

them to sing "There's Power in the Blood" in Spanish. That missionary influence was helping them become linguists at an early age!! But they were absorbing much more missionary zest than mere choruses. How do we know this? By our opportunity of being unseen observers at some of their own privately conducted missionary services. That missionary fervor has intensified in all their lives through the years and is a source of great joy to the hearts of the parents.

### Our Circle Widens

For six years we continued in Springfield, and during this time God added two more blossoms to our Flower garden, Boswell Stanley and David Warren. So now we were eight in number, with others soon to join our home circle. After mother's death my father came from Indianapolis and filled an important place in the family life. From my father we received our first car, a used 1920 Chevrolet, a provision for occasional trips back to Maranatha to visit with the grandparents there.

One afternoon a strange man came alone to the door, asking me to take his thirteen-year-old daughter. He was ill, the mother was dead, and the girl needed immediate care and guidance. Someone had suggested me as a possible one to provide this help. But help was exactly what I felt I needed myself in the form of a good housekeeper. So I hesitated, telling the man to return in the morning for his answer.

That night God spoke to me something like this—"If your Adele were similarly placed, what would you want from a Christian mother for her?" The answer was plain to me, and with Mr. Flower's consent we opened our family circle to include Nell. At first there were some problems; but while in our home, Christ came to her in saving and baptizing power. She became a good helper while finishing her schooling. Five years later, when we left for Pennsylvania, she was engaged to a fine young man, who had given his heart to God at our family altar. For years they have had a happy, rich home life in another city and are themselves grandparents today. All our lives we will thank God for enabling us to say "Yes" to that anxious father.

That little cottage literally bulged at its seams with the multiplied activities that spelled home. Through all the varied experiences, there were laughter and tears, festive birthday celebrations, severe illness when God gave gracious deliverance to parents and children alike.

There were always visitors of every description. Some came for prayer and advice, which was often given to them as we performed the various household tasks. Our service for God followed through in the practical pursuance of the neces-

sary household duties. It was my conviction that the family should not suffer in the performance of service to others.

### Our Ministry in Writing

"How did your ministry in writing begin" has been a frequent question. It goes back to my early years when I found the expression of my feelings and experiences, even then, satisfying. There were poems for the school papers and always the keeping of a diary. The verses written before I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit reveal a definite outreaching for God and sincere heart hunger. The anointing of the Spirit moved me to intensified expression in both prose and verse.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Flower's grandfather had been a newspaperman before his conversion. The lure of printer's ink had reached his grandson, and soon after his conversion he purchased a printing press and began the publication of varied religious literature. Previous to starting the *Evangel*, he had published a monthly paper, *The Pentecost*, which he turned over to A. S. Copley in Kansas City, and which is still being published under the caption "Grace and Glory." So we made a good team in getting out the message through the printed page.

After our marriage, the varying experiences through which we had passed brought increased inspiration to write. General contact with people, about the home tasks, or in prayer seasons, some portions of God's Word, or the chance expression of another person would start a stirring within my heart. Even in praying over a message for some service, the germ thought multiplied itself into a poem in keeping with the message, "made to order," it seemed, for that particular service.

There have been times that my pencil could not write fast enough as the verses welled up like a fountain. With the words came a deep, soul moving,—exultation or groaning as befitted the verses' content. It was almost like giving birth to a child, and the relief was unspeakably delicious when the last line was born. My cooperative husband rose in the night more than once to write down some verses that had come. Experience had proved that by morning they might be gone never to return.

While praying once in the clothes closet, the words "At Thy Feet" came from my lips, so in keeping with the momentary worship of my heart. Then came the poem containing these verses:

*At Thy feet—because I'm bidden  
Boldly thus to come each day;  
Not in wrath dost Thou receive me,  
For Thy grace has made the way.  
Riven veil reveals the glory  
Of the inner place most rare,  
At Thy feet—Thou dost prepare me  
For a ready entrance there.*



*At Thy feet—because I love Thee,  
Just to worship—O how sweet!  
Frankincense of adoration  
Rises up Thy grace to meet;  
At Thy feet—how swift the moments  
Pass when thus I'm lost in Thee;  
Broken by Thy holy passion,  
Thrilled with joy alone in Thee!*

Experiences with the children often gave rise to a thought which developed into a poem, or perhaps a sermon. The testing times were always productive of vital expression, and invariably the report returned from various people, "How exactly you expressed my feelings."

One of the difficult procedures is what I call "manufacturing" a poem at someone's request for some special occasion. The Lord has helped, and blessing has come from such effort. But it always seemed a bit mechanical. The flowing forth of any message, quickened by the Holy Ghost, brought a spiritual as well as a physical uplift.

Even great inspiration did not mean the poem was "letter perfect" at first. How grateful I have been for some poetry courses in my school days. Knowing certain rules, it became a real concern, after the poem had "cooled" to go over it and "point up" as far as possible the rhythm and rhyme qualities. The Holy Spirit moves upon us, but our individuality easily shapes and colors the message. As long as we are on this earth we will have the human element to contend with.

Some honest folk feel they should never tamper with God-inspired material, however crude in its form; I feel God is glorified by making the vehicle of expression as euphonious and smooth as possible. Otherwise some folk would never catch the message, unable to travel past the clouded phrasing and broken swing. That God has inspired a poem becomes most evident to me when later I read it over and wonder how I could have written such words—a fresh lift to my own heart. To God belongs all the glory.

In the midst of these strenuous Springfield days we continued our writing, producing for the Gospel Publishing House the first children's Sunday school quarterly. In addition to this we prepared a weekly column for the *Evangel* known as "DAILY PORTION FROM THE KING'S BOUNTY," a scripture and inspirational comment for each day of the week. There were also occasional articles of a general nature.

Such few and precious moments were mine for meditation that now I wonder how it all was done. Whenever God brought some quickened truth to my heart I jotted it down, either in verse or prose on the nearest sheet available—sometimes a piece of brown wrapping paper, if I happened to be occupied in the kitchen. The little Corona typewriter did famous duty as I typed away with

my hands while my toes moved the baby carriage in perfect rhythm. It was production under difficulties, but God's touch made the simple messages fruitful as we learned from reports that came back to encourage my heart.

I remember telling the Lord that if things were a bit easier I might do better work in writing, praying, or other ministries asked of me. His answer brought peace—the reminder that under pressure much of great value is born. The very difficulties became to me rich assets and gave a vital understanding of what others might be passing through. Only thus could I write and speak from my heart as expressed in the following poem:

### **God's Cup**

*Because I sing sweet songs of joy's fulfilling,  
Think not I have not tasted sorrow's woe;  
The breaking clouds that spoke a night's soon ending  
Awoke those very songs to richest flow.*

*Because the flowers line my pathway's border,  
In varied hues and perfumes delicate and rare,  
Still know there have been desert roads to travel,  
And thorny wastes may yet be mine to bear.*

*Because just now a quiet sea surrounds me,  
And glittering sunset rays mark paths of gold,  
Believe me—fiercest storms have swept this vessel,  
When only faith the anchorage could hold.*

*Yes, there is love—surrounding and abundant—  
But just because of that do not mistake;  
There have been lonely hours of agonizing,  
When heart its drink of suffering must take.*

*Ah, well, God sends to all both sweet and bitter,  
So wisely doth He mix the cup unknown;  
And as we bless the loving Hand that offers,  
God's fullest grace within the life is sown.*

### **Our Association with Central Assembly and Central Bible Institute**

During this time, Fred Vogler was asked to leave his ministry in Kansas to come to Springfield to superintend building the first edifice, which was later to be called CENTRAL ASSEMBLY. Prior to this time, the local congregation had been meeting in a rough, wooden tabernacle, located near the center of the city. That church was to mother a number of congregations to be spread out over the city. We took a great interest in every phase of the church life, and following the erection of the church building, Mr. Flower served as the first Sunday school superintendent.

Soon after the completion of the church building, Central Bible Institute was organized, and the local congregation made its new building available for the use of the school. During the first winter, the Bible school classes were held and the meals served in the basement of the church.

(Continued on page 11.)

## *The Seed - - Growing and Multiplying*

AFTER holding special meetings in Formosa, Pastor Hans Waldvogel of Brooklyn, New York, flew to Kirchheim, Germany, with stops en route at Hong Kong, Calcutta and Jerusalem. In Kirchheim he conducted a three-week conference from May 21 through June 4.

"The crowds that gathered night after night and especially on Sundays were an encouraging sight," reports Pastor Waldvogel. "They came from everywhere. From up north in Hamburg people were stirred by the invitation and came to join us in the praises of God and in drawing nigh to Jesus Christ.

"We had the joy of a visit of a group of new converts from Salzburg, Austria. Mr. H. Betchel, who is pastor of the assembly there, also came to the conference and reported that the revival that started with the tent meetings last summer has been going on and God has been adding to the church. Happy children of God, they came and testified to the joy of having found the light and the grace and the power of salvation.

"Groups of people also came from Switzerland and from other cities in Germany.

"There is a great hunger in the hearts of the people for God's best, and God certainly came and met this hunger, filling many with the Holy Spirit. It was a joy to see God stretch forth His hand night after night and meet the needs of the people.

"Let us continue to pray for Brother Walter and Sister Bertha in Kirchheim. Their church is in a strategic place in Germany—and the fire of God is spreading. Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

"We were also happy to hear the testimony of a brother who told us that he had taken a trip through a certain section of Germany and had found the fruit borne by our tent meetings in Stuttgart. People who had been converted went out and started missions in different parts of southern Germany. These are now blossoming assemblies that testify to the power of the gospel.

"Surely the Word of God cannot be bound, and as we read in Acts, 'The word of God grew and multiplied,' so we trust that it will yet continue growing for His name's sake."

once learned, then God has an instrument in His hand to whom He can communicate His will,—to be worked out in the obedience of an absolutely yielded, human will.

Oh, better to stand the testings and suffer the failure, even, than to give up and stand on the lower plane of a servant, walking in ignorance. As His friends we have a right to know what He doeth, and only to His friends, those who are in intimate, personal relation to Himself, can He give this knowledge.

O gracious Father, put me into harmony with Thee. Take away every discordant note of my own choice, and let Thy mind control mine—"every thought brought into captivity."

---

### **Purpose of Pentecost**

(Continued from page 4.)

Do you come to meeting to hear from God? Sometimes people say about a minister, "He can't preach," but sometimes you get the greatest blessing through the humblest vessel.

If churches are temples of the living God, then surely God ought to have charge of His own meetings. The success of a real Pentecostal meeting does not depend on the singing, the preaching, or any other thing but on the manifestation of the presence of Jesus, when He ministers to hearts in any way or by any one He chooses. Then hungry souls are fed with the bread from heaven which only He can give.

The great fight through the years has been over this issue—shall Jesus have His way and be allowed to manifest Himself or will we have our program and way? Our job is to let Him have His way. Th's the devil has fought. He fights everything that God does in the

---

### **How to Know The Mind of God**

(Continued from page 5.)

troubled soul, sees further than the present emergency. He knows if He is too merciful, it will never learn the lesson of hearing His voice, that the

battle will strengthen, not weaken. And even if there should be failure and temporary victory on the part of Satan, experience—painful though it may be—will be the teacher to bring that impatient soul to a better understanding of God's dealings with His children. The lesson

world, and he has fought nothing more than the Pentecostal movement because it was an effort of God to cause the presence of Jesus to be more manifest in the earth—a step in the establishing of His kingdom more greatly upon this earth. The devil found out that by in-

serting either fanaticism or ritualism he was the most successful fighter.

Do not fear. The Lord is on the job. We have a wonderful Savior who walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. If you walk with Him and if you fight with Him, your reward

will be great. God is fighting a victorious fight to the one end that Jesus shall reign as King in our hearts, in our meetings, upon this earth. That is the purpose for the manifestation of His presence in our lives and meetings—to subdue all things unto Himself.

---

## Grace for Grace

(Continued from page 9.)

The school was headed by Brother and Sister D. W. Kerr and Brother Kerr's son-in-law, Willard C. Peirce, who gave themselves untiringly to the work those difficult days.

It was a great relief for all when the first school building, now called ELEANOR BOWIE HALL, was finished on the campus north of the town, and the students and all school activities could be moved and housed in one building. Previous to this, the students had been compelled to rent rooms in the neighborhood of the church. Both Mr. Flower and I had close association with the small, devoted faculty and those first eager students, and Mr. Flower devoted a portion of his time to teaching, in addition to his other duties.

It was our joy to have the sponsorship of the church young people, the C. B. I. students joining with us for the Sunday evening vesper services that became times of rich blessing. There was also a Wednesday afternoon prayer meeting for the women of the church, the number in attendance rising to close to a hundred, who gathered for intercession and whatever moving God was pleased to accomplish in our midst. Carrying these responsibilities was not always easy with our increasing family, but Mr. Flower was a ready helper, and together we met whatever openings God indicated to be His will.

E. N. Bell and J. W. Welch, two stalwart Pentecostal pioneers and early leaders in the Assemblies of God, were both serving as General Council officers during that period, and the Evangel Family was small enough for a happy and close-knit relationship as we threw ourselves into the developing of the local church, under the leadership of the various pastors God sent us. Among these were Herman L. Harvey, W. T. Gaston, D. W. Kerr, and A. G. Ward.

During this time we were asked to conduct a revival meeting for Central Assembly, and the church provided a good housekeeper to enable me to be free for the meetings. The pastor adver-

tised me as "The Little Mother with a Burning Message," and the door knobs of homes through all that neighborhood were tagged with the cards bearing this phrase on one side and on the reverse side the words of a new song that had just come out:

*"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,  
Sweetest name I know,  
Fills my every longing,  
Keeps me singing as I go."*

Brother Welch expressed it to us one evening, "This is like a family revival meeting," and it was true; for everyone seemed to feel the burden, and God met many individuals for definite victory. A special work of His grace was in the number who received a gracious baptism of the Holy Spirit while praying in their own homes. It was a "day of God's power," and somehow God enabled "the people to be willing" to let Him work in their hearts and lives.

---

## THE CHALLENGE OF THE HOUR

(Continued from page 2.)

so dedicated to Him that the world would be affected. If a hundred and twenty could turn the first-century world upside down, how much more should we who also profess to be Spirit-filled be the *biggest influence* on our present-day course of history. Let us remember that military might is of no consequence if we don't produce young men and women of courage and character, morally straight, spiritually sound, with faith and dedication toward God and a great love for those about them—saved and unsaved.

This is a time of crisis. We are finding out as a nation that in having sacrificed our Christianity we have also sacrificed our moral fibre and become spineless jellyfish. There is no time when it has been more vital that Christians everywhere respond to the challenge and prove to the world that indeed there is a God worth living and dying for, a God whose revelation to mankind is so wonderful that they cannot but spread His glorious message to every shore.

# THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE

*"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;*

*"That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.*

*"And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one:*

*"I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me." (JOHN 17:20-23.)*

WHAT SIMPLE WORDS these are and yet how profound. These words come from what is perhaps the most significant prayer in history. Jesus in looking forward to His death pauses to give vent to the deep cryings of His heart. The prayer is reaching its climax. He has reported to God the fulfillment of His commission; He has interceded for His faltering disciples. Now He comes to that great moment of moments where He makes an almost unbelievable petition. He asks that all His disciples might come into perfect union with Himself. This is what He is going to the cross to purchase.

Perhaps we have underestimated the magnitude of the request made. Perhaps we have talked too glibly about union with Christ. Do we realize what a tremendous petition this is? How closely was the Father united with the Son? Jesus said, "I and My Father are one." So close is this union; so much do the persons of the Godhead "overlap" that the mysteries of the Trinity are difficult for us to grasp. Only for a brief time did the Father shield His face from the Son who then took our sins upon Himself. This was the real agony of the cross. But He endured it and now takes His place as again totally one with the Father. And because He endured, He has conquered and unleashed the power that is able to bring His bride into exactly the same type of union with Himself.

Think of it! Just as truly as the Father indwelt the Son so truly does the Son purpose to dwell in me. He longs to introduce me to the Trinity. He proposes to take all my personality, my ambitions, my will, yea, all there is of me and blend them into the Godhead. He proposes to strip me of all my flesh and then to wrap me up in God. So close is this union that my life becomes not mine at all but His life pulsating through my veins. He becomes all there is of me. He thinks through me, speaks through me, moves my members. What a proposal!

And that is how the world is to know that Jesus was sent by the Father. It is not by some analytic proof, but only as the world sees Jesus Christ move into a life and radiate His life from the very body of His vessel. How tragic that so few have wanted Jesus this way! How sad that so few have insisted on such a personal manifestation of the presence of Christ! We have been content rather with a general discussion of union, and perhaps failed to come into an actual experience of union. And the result has been the sad story of a rather serious erosion of this central truth of Christianity.

Perhaps it is time we ceased from our human attempts at righteousness. Perhaps it is time to let go of this self that we have so tightly clung to and do as Jesus suggests—crucify it that we might take up an entirely new existence in Him. Then He alone who is perfect can step in and perfect that which concerns us.

Come, let us not stagger at the great possibility before us, but rather call out to God for the great revelation of Jesus Christ which He has already purchased for us. No, the world will probably never understand it, nor will we ever fully understand it, and yet here it is: the great mystery of godliness which has been hid from the wise and prudent and now revealed to us babes. Let us make it our experience.

—Selected.