



Bread of Life

SEPTEMBER 1961

EACH DAY

EACH DAY, as a little child, yield yourself into His hands. Each day *re-mind Him you are His*, that you desire to spend that day as pleaseth Him. Go into the day with the definite fact before you that you belong to Him. Trust Him to keep you without sin. But if your faith fails, don't go all down in the Slough of Despond because you failed, and did something wrong, but turn to Jesus and His cleansing blood, tell Him of your need for all His cleansing work and perfecting work in your life.

If you follow along this line, your *failures even* will serve to keep your need before you and *before the Lord*, and keep you waiting and expectant of a perfect work because He *must* complete His work. And your *victories* will increase your faith and assurance in Him. And if lots of things come to upset, don't worry—lean harder on Him. Probably He is teaching you your need of *Him* or showing you your failures on some line, so you will draw on Him. He is pruning and carving you, and He will prune and carve whether you like the *feel* or not, so long as you stay in His Hands.

When you go to bed at night, remind the Lord you are His child. Avail yourself of the blood of Jesus for every failure of that day, and don't carry it over to the next. God does not; why should you? Thus, by living one day at a time, you don't carry around such a burden of failure.

If this course is persisted in, you will gradually, more and more, let go of yourself, yield to His workings, rest in Him, have victory, acquire confidence. As you learn how to yield all responsibility in this way, the strain of "trying to be good" goes off of you. And as you yield, He takes. As you become more and more *childlike*, the more positively He *undertakes*.

—MARTHA WING ROBINSON.

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VOL. X NO. 9
SEPTEMBER 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.

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

Redemption and the Body

By EDWIN H. WALDVOGEL

WHEN Brother and Sister Brown, pastors of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, were given a grave, they were asked to select scripture texts for the grave. Sister Brown picked out, I believe, "I am the resurrection and the life." Brother Robert Brown said, "My text is: 'He is not here; He is risen.'" And Sister Brown said, "Robert, can't you think of something a little different?" He said, "No. My text is 'He is not here; He is risen.'" So that was put at the grave. And Mrs. Brown told us how after he was taken from this life, every time she goes to visit the grave, the first thing she sees is "HE IS NOT HERE; HE IS RISEN."

And every one of us knows our Brother Charlie is not here. We know that he has been promoted, that the Lord whom he served so faithfully has a place in His eternal kingdom for our brother. But I would like to speak to you for a few moments about the body.

What about the body? David says, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made. That my soul knoweth right well." And he talks about all his members being written in God's book before they were fashioned. Every one of us, when we consider our own bodies God has given us, we cannot help but marvel at the wonder of creation.

Occasionally we get an article

in some national magazine which talks about the wonder of the heart, the wonder of the nervous system, the wonders of our hearing. There are arrangements in the human body which far surpass the most delicate instruments that man has been able to create today. There is the temperature control. There is that which controls the liquid in the body and that which con-

trols our breathing and our nervous system. And when we think of these things, we must say, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

It is true that, in spite of the wonder of creation, David also prays, "Lord, help me to know how frail I am." It is strange that man, when he considers himself and considers the wonderful creation of the human



CHARLES KREUZER
1920-1961

ONE OF THOSE who have contributed, behind the scenes, to the production of BREAD OF LIFE was Charles Kreuzer who was suddenly called to higher service, July 22. As a carpenter and locksmith at Columbia University, "Charlie" had access to the great libraries both of that university and of nearby Union Theological Seminary with its large collection of rare, evangelical books. Willingly, joyfully Charlie procured and carried back and forth many volumes which have been used in editing this paper. Simple as this service might seem, it has been of untold blessing not only to the editor but to the many readers of BREAD OF LIFE.

This service, however, was only one of the untold ways in which Charles Kreuzer was a help in the Kingdom of God. As a layman, completely consecrated, he unselfishly placed at the disposal of the Lord and His people, his time, his talents, his car, his money. There are laymen, ministers, missionaries all over the world who remember with deep appreciation his acts of kindness in their behalf during their visits in New York City. Once when asked if it was convenient for him to do a certain job, Charlie replied, "Listen, did Christ stop to ask if it was convenient for Him to leave Heaven to come to this earth?" Thus he followed the example of his Master who said, "I am among you as he that serveth."

One of the largest congregations ever assembled for a funeral of a member of the Ridgewood Pentecostal Church gathered to pay its respects to Charles Kreuzer. Five ministers bore testimony to his Christian life and service. A portion of the sermon delivered by Pastor Edwin Waldvogel is printed here. Under the circumstances, some of the personal references to Charlie are included just as they were given. The testimony of the conversion of Charles Kreuzer and his brother were published in BREAD OF LIFE, May '54, under the title, "A Mother's Day Gift."

body, should become so proud, so independent of God. One little moment, one little snatching of the breath of man, and he is gone, he returns to the dust. Our bodies are fearfully and wonderfully made, and still they are delicate and sensitive, and we are dependent moment by moment on the grace of God.

So it behooves us, as we read in Romans in the first chapter, to remember that the invisible God is clearly manifested by that which is seen. In other words, when you behold and begin to think of the wonder of the human body, you cannot help but know that there is a God who has created that human body and who keeps that body functioning. And God says, even though man may never have heard the Word of God, that because he knows and can see the wonder of God in creation that man is without excuse.

Every one of us gathered here on this solemn occasion realizes that we are without excuse. We are confronted with a mystery—not the mystery that is often talked about at a time like this—but the greatest mystery of all, the mystery of life. You and I who are here enjoy life. Let us remember God who gives us life and acknowledge Him.

But there is another thing about the body that is also very precious, and that is this:—God has included the body in redemption. Not only does God forgive our sins, not only does He take away from us the consciousness of guilt which is upon our souls, but God has also purchased man, spirit and soul and body, for Himself. We read in First Corinthians, the sixth chapter, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and ye are not your own? Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

We know our Brother Charlie is with the Lord. When we view

his body, we realize that into this body Jesus Christ came, that this body was a temple of God here on earth. Thank God, the day came in Charlie's life when he realized that there was something more for him than to confess his sins and then go on sinning and confess them again, when he realized that there was power in the blood of Jesus Christ to change his life, to deliver him from sin.

Sin has its seed in our bodies. Our bodies are sold under sin. We obey the appetites of the body. We are bound and captivated by it. We want certain things. We go after them. There is the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life, sinful habits that have their seat in the appetites of this body. But thank God, Jesus Christ has come to redeem this body for his own purchased possession, to set every man and woman free from the bondage of sin in the body. The day came when our Brother Charlie realized that and gave himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, accepted this salvation, and was made free.

And as I look on this earthly tabernacle which my brother has laid aside, I remember that into this body Jesus Christ came. Jesus Christ came into his life, set him free, spirit and soul and body, and delivered him from habits that bind men and women to this earth, that make them slaves to do the things that they don't want to do. But Brother Charlie found that Jesus Christ could make a new creature out of him, and Jesus Christ did that very thing. How he enjoyed to testify of the power in the blood of Jesus Christ! How he enjoyed just to say, "I'm so glad I can say I'm saved." He was so glad that he was free and that he had found that Jesus Christ comes to a man or a woman and sets them free and makes them clean and pure and fills them

with the Holy Ghost, as we read. Our bodies, the Holy Spirit says through the apostle Paul, are the temples of the Holy Ghost. And my Brother Charlie found that the blood of Jesus Christ could set him free and that God could come and dwell within him and make His presence real to him. He was glad that he could sense Christ's presence with him all the time, and he often talked about it.

Yes, our bodies have been redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, not to serve sin but to be free from sin. Our brother believed the message and was freed to live for Him who died for him and rose again. Oh, thank God for this wonderful deliverance that we have in Jesus Christ.

And you and I are called upon to give our bodies that have been redeemed, that have been purchased as God's own possession, to yield our members as instruments of righteousness unto God to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Every one of us here is aware of the fact that Brother Charlie lived like that.

But I would like to ask every one of us to look into our own hearts. How is it with *my* body? Has Jesus Christ set *me* free? Do I know His power to set me free from the servitude of sin? Am I really free? Or am I bound in my body, bound to sinful habits, bound to live in the flesh? If we live after the flesh, we shall die. But thank God, there is salvation for us in Jesus Christ and there is no half way. If we through the spirit mortify the deeds of the body—that simply means, as we open our hearts to Jesus to dwell within our hearts—He gives us the victory, He causes us to be free to live for God, and our lives are a sacrifice upon the altar, and our members are instruments of righteousness unto God to serve God.

(Continued on page 12.)

Grace for Grace

The Autobiography
of Alice Reynolds Flower

Part IX



Alice Reynolds Flower

Some Final Scranton Memories

Our young people in Scranton were the first recognized group of *Christ's Ambassadors* in the eastern states. They had standards of consistent, consecrated living and could wear the little pin with the words, "Christ for All and All for Christ," as a real testimony. We were able to start rallies in the Lackawanna Valley, which included the young people of neighboring assemblies as well as those from independent foreign language groups, with much resultant spiritual blessing.

There must be mention of the singing of our dear Welsh people, constituting about one-third of our Scranton congregation. Sometimes Mr. Flower would call on them to stand and sing together such hymns as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" to the tune of *Aberystwyth*, and how they would pour out their souls. Sunday morning worship service often found us raising another familiar Welsh hymn, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." Years afterward, it was our privilege to visit Wales, and our hearts were thrilled to hear our Welsh brethren similarly moved in sounding forth the rich melodies that have marked the Welsh people.

We learned a valuable lesson in Scranton—the need of accepting people as they are, trusting God for the needed grace on our part and the desired change in others. One dear soul, now we believe in glory, became a source of trial. She was generous in hospitality and service of any kind, but what mischief her unguarded tongue could accomplish by phone or otherwise. Sometimes it took weeks to straighten out the tan-

gles that developed from a few of her hasty and unkind words. Mr. Flower mentioned to an assisting evangelist, "This would be a perfect church if it were not for Sister Blank." The evangelist replied, "Every church has a Sister Blank, Brother Flower." She became a means of blessing to us as we appropriated God's grace for ourselves. As God worked in us He was able to work in her also.

A Wider Ministry in the Eastern District

While Mr. Flower was serving the church in Scranton, he was also elected secretary of the district until 1929, when he was elected superintendent of the Eastern District (at that time composed of four states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware) to succeed Joseph Tunmore. Brother Tunmore was getting along in years, and it was not long until he was called home to be with the Lord whom he loved and served. This necessitated our removal from Scranton to a more central location in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. The town of Lititz, a suburb of Lancaster, was chosen.

Lititz was a delightful little town, established by Count Zinzendorf before the Revolutionary War, and for a hundred years after its settling only Moravians lived there. It was the same Count Zinzendorf who, as a frustrated, unsettled nobleman, one day looked for hours at a famous painting of Christ's crucifixion in a Duesseldorf art gallery, becoming fascinated with the picture and the printed words below, "All this I did for thee, what hast thou done for me." The words burned in his heart like fire and resulted in his complete transformation. He became a leader of the Mo-

ravian Church and employed all his resources in spreading the Gospel.

A Gracious Testimony From the Past

The atmosphere of the town was rich in tradition, and we felt conscious that God had guided us there for various reasons as time went on. An amazing development came when Mr. Flower visited the office of the weekly newspaper to discover, stored in a closet, a heap of bound books entitled "Genealogy of Heinecke and Vandersaal Families" from 1747 to 1881. To us this was remarkable, for in our possession was a tattered copy of this identical book, passed on to me some years before by a relative. In the book was recorded my mother's birth, along with other interesting family information. The book had been written by Rev. Samuel Heinecke, an itinerant preacher who years before had not only ministered there in Lititz but throughout the neighboring country. One day I met a woman who remembered him from her childhood days when he was entertained in their home. She spoke of him as an eccentric man, but one who feared and served God in his rugged devotion to the cause.

To me, this coming to Lititz was like unwittingly being returned to the land of my forebears. Some of this pioneer preacher's sermons are recorded in the book, along with his journal. Evidently he had a passion for hunting up relatives, and the recital of one rare event should be included here as a testimony of God's gracious working through the Holy Spirit down through the years. Here is the story:

"I started, on the 14th day of February, 1843, to see the West. I passed through Frederick and Wheeling, and came to Cadiz, Harrison County, Ohio, where Matthew Kennedy, my wife's uncle, resided. He had thirteen sons. Then I passed New Philadelphia to Dover, and visited Uncle Jacob Vandersaal, my mother's brother.

"This uncle was one of the most thorough-going righteous men in this section of the country. He told me some very interesting incidents of his life. He embraced religion in 1809 . . . and became a local minister in the Evangelical Association.

"One evening, as we were sitting at the supper table, he said to me: 'Sammy, I want to tell you something.' He then related the following incident:

"I was once sitting around this table, with five boys, who were thankful to God and me for what they ate, drank or wore! I had prayed for them ever since they were born, and yet they had no religion. I concluded I would pray but once more. If the Lord did not answer, I would conclude that it was wrong to pray for them, and would quit.

"I went to prayer, and prayed in earnest, and I got an answer; but how it would come I did not know. But I soon found how it was going. Joseph, my best boy, was taken sick, and soon got so low that mother or I had to stay by his bedside! One morning, after breakfast, the table being cleared off, and mother doing her work in

the kitchen, I was sitting by the bedside, when Joseph said: 'Father, I want you to call mother, I want to see her.' I went and called mother and she came. Joseph said, 'Mother, I want you and father to pray for me. I am to die tomorrow, and I have no religion yet.' I said to him, 'We will pray for you, but you must pray for yourself.'

"So we knelt down, and mother prayed and I prayed—and mother prayed, and I prayed again, and I heard Joseph pray, too. It was but a short time before God blessed Joseph powerfully, and he was shouting and happy. After his first ecstasy subsided, Joseph said, 'Father, call the boys, I want to see them.' So I called them in. Joseph took one by the hand and told him what the Lord had done for him, that he was now ready to die, and would go tomorrow; and he wanted him to promise to seek religion, and meet him in heaven. His brother promised him that he would try. He then let him go, and spoke to the second; then to the third; then to the fourth. He spoke to all about in the same way. He then seemed perfectly happy for awhile.

"Then Joseph said, 'I am to die tomorrow, and I have not seen the neighbors yet. Will you send the boys out, and tell the neighbors to come in; I want to see them.' I sent the boys in different directions, and soon the neighbors began to come from all points, until the front room and bedroom were full. Joseph exhorted them to seek religion and to meet him in heaven. There was a wonderful time! Joseph told them to come tomorrow and see if he did not die. So the people retired.

"The next day, soon after breakfast, the people began to come, and by 11 o'clock the front room was full, and the bedroom was full, and the kitchen was full. And just as the clock struck the hour of twelve he went off like a candle—that is, he died so easy and sudden. I now made arrangement for the funeral the day after the morrow at 10 o'clock. The funeral sermon was to be preached at this place. The people went home. And when the time came for the funeral, the people came from every direction, till they could not all get into the house. The porch was full too.

"The preacher took his stand at the door of the front room and delivered a powerful sermon. We then buried Joseph. After the burial, I invited all that wished to return and get their dinner at my house. Many came, and the preacher came. They all took dinner. After the table was cleared off, quite unexpectedly to me, one of the boys got up and said, 'We promised Joseph before he died that we would get religion, and that we would seek it soon. If you are willing, I aim to go at it right away; here are the people and here is the preacher. So they all agreed to it, and they went at it. Such a time I never saw before—singing and praying, weeping and shouting. And before that meeting was finally over, the boys were all converted.

"And when he closed his narrative, my uncle sprang from the table, shouting 'Glory, glory, glory' in the room in which we were eating. And after he ceased he returned to the table, and told me that this was not all yet, for scores more were converted.

"Joseph died September 8, 1842. Uncle Jacob related these circumstances to me in the presence of his family, in March, 1843, when I was on this first visit to his residence." *Samuel Heinecke.*

The Family Life in Lititz

The children were all in school now. Joseph, having graduated from high school in Scranton, attended Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster. The rest of the children were all in the consolidated school in Lititz. Walter Palmer was the pastor of the Lancaster church, which we attended. He also served as treasurer of the district council, and our fellowship with him and with his wife Mildred was very heartening.

Just before leaving Scranton, we had opened our family circle to take in an orphan boy, the age of our own Roswell. It had been the expressed desire of Roswell and David that we take Francis rather than allow him to be placed in a Children's Home. He was a member of Roswell's Sunday School class, and this boy's need of understanding and love appealed to our boys. I explained to them there would be a curtailing of expenditures for them if we accepted this boy; but their desire was so great Mr. Flower and I feared to oppose them, lest we fail God in the matter. We took the boy with us to Lititz and later to Springfield, Mo., keeping him until he had finished high school.

Mr. Flower assumed the office of district superintendent in the midst of the depression days, felt by all the ministers over the district. Since his income as superintendent came from voluntary offerings, we were thrown upon God more definitely than when serving in the pastorate in Scranton. It seemed to please the Lord from time to time to remind us that He wanted our expectation to come from Him. What tender tokens of His provision were given to us! One remarkable example comes to mind.

With a family averaging ten, there was an immediate need for one hundred dollars. I had gone with Mr. Flower to participate in a brief convention in Western Pennsylvania; and on a cold, snowy morning with the temperature down to zero, we prepared for the homeward journey. Bundled up in the Pontiac coupe for a cold trip through the mountains, and just before driving away from the home where we had been entertained, our hostess ran out on the porch and waved to us to stop. Hastening up on the porch, we received from her hand a folded slip of paper and heard her say, "It is near your birthday, Mrs. Flower, and I want to give you a birthday remembrance." I thanked her and, without looking at the slip, hurried back into the car. Some time after we had started driving, I looked at the folded check, for that is what it was, and read the astonishing amount, one hundred dollars. God's faithfulness again! God had met our need and in such an unexpected way. To Him be all the praise!

The children had occasion and opportunity for

personal approaches to God for some of their needs. Suzanne had a wonderful answer to prayer in the restoring of money given to her for shoes. From her purse as well as other purses hanging in the school locker, various sums of money were stolen by a student. She desperately took the matter to God without telling us anything about it, knowing there was no other money forthcoming for the need. God moved upon the guilty one, causing her to return the dollar bills in an unsigned letter to Suzanne, and she was the only student to receive her money back. Confidence was building in the children's hearts through such experiences, giving them a personal approach to God as well as a build-up of faith.

Our Moravian Friends

We were living in the very center of what is known as the Pennsylvania Dutch country, Lancaster County being known then as the Garden County of America. Various groups of Mennonites

Trust

*My times are in Thy hands, dear Lord;
I love to have it so,
In every joy, in every pain
Thou guidest me, I know.*

*Yea, all my path is marked by Thee;
Thy love sustains me still;
I only ask that I may be
For aye in Thy sweet will.*

*The ways of Satan cunning are;
Oh, let me safely hide
Beneath the shelter of Thy wings
And sweetly there abide.*

*Too oft the path's alluring,
Where he, my foe, would lead,
But trustingly I'll look to Thee,
And in Thy pastures feed.*

*My gaze is fixed on Thee, O God,
My steps Thou orderest;
I look up in Thy loving face,
And I am truly blest.*

*Oh, never let me from Thy will
Be led in paths astray,
But hide me, keep me, hold me fast,
Forever and aaway!*

—BERNICE C. LEE.

lived all around us, while a few miles away was a large settlement of Amish people with their rich farms and quaint customs. Numbers of the Mennonites had been swept into the Pentecostal blessing, but the Amish people were scarcely touched, living as they did in clannish seclusion. It was a great contrast to the life we had known in Scranton and brought to us all its own broadening enrichment.

The main church in the town of Lititz was of course Moravian, a plain building with a definite colonial interior of white woodwork and brass trimmings. The adjoining Sunday school building had been used as an emergency hospital during the Revolutionary War. God gave us some fruitful contacts with these people whose worship had become formal, a far departure from the Pentecostal atmosphere of the Hurnhut days back in Europe. We appreciated the character and quality of the people and felt its influence to be beneficial to our boys and girls in their formative years. The cloudy pillar had guided us to the right spot.

Mr. Flower was gone much of the time, covering his large district (since then divided into three districts). Whenever possible, I slipped away for brief times of service since I had good supervision in the home. Pastor Crosland of the Moravian Church, later to become bishop, once called at our home in the evening, when both Mr. Flower and I happened to be absent. The pastor was surprised to find the family altar in progress with our daughter Adele presiding. She was starting to read 1 Corinthians 13, but handed the open Bible over to him, suggesting that he continue. Amazed at the procedure, he took the Bible and read, then led in prayer. One by one the children followed, even down to the baby, arrayed in his pajamas ready for bed. One of the children happened to look up and discovered the pastor peering through his fingers at the scene. Shortly after he left the house and going immediately to our Moravian neighbor, he described his unbelievable experience next door. The neighbor also reported to us the fact that on the following Sunday morning in church he recited the event, with the added statement he did not know such devotion took place in American homes anymore.

The second oldest girls' private boarding school in America, Linden Hall, conducted under the auspices of the Moravian Church, was located in Lititz. Many children of national celebrities were there, for the discipline and academic training was high, the tuition likewise. The wife of the president was dean of women, and we met at some Moravian function where I was invited to speak to the women. She called to see me one day—a woman of rare culture and spiritual appreciation. As we talked together, suddenly she began to

open her heart concerning various problems, some in her own family life. With a start she hesitated with the words, "I do not understand why I am talking to you so freely on such short acquaintance."

But I knew why! Many years before this I had earnestly prayed that God would make me so approachable that any soul to whom I could minister for Him, whether of high or low standing, would feel free to unburden his heart. Thank God, there had been plenty of lowly ones; now for the first time I had the privilege of ministering to this sincere wife of a college president. There were precious moments of prayer together, and later, at her desire, I had the privilege of speaking to the girls of Linden Hall.

Such busy days those were that it took skillful maneuvering to maintain the much needed time with God. Much prized were the rare moments of "aloneness." There was one morning when everyone was gone from the house and the delight of it sent me to my knees in the bedroom. Then I remembered the pot of meat left boiling on the stove and the telephone and other usual interruptions. But this was a morning I needed desperately to draw nigh to God. Like a flash came God's Word:

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. MATTH. 6:6.

So I turned off the gas, returned to the bedroom, and emphatically closed the door, previously left open lest I miss some demand. Scarcely had my knees touched the floor until God's Spirit quickened my heart in definite assurance of His working. The words SHUT TO THE DOOR burned within me, and I seized a pencil to write the following verses:

*Wouldst thou thy Lord in blessing meet—
Wouldst find new strength and uplift sweet?
And tarry at His nail-pierced feet
Till glory falls thy soul to greet?
Enter thy secret place, and more—
Shut to the door, shut to the door.*

*Not in the crowd doth God reveal
The hidden union thou wouldst feel;
No hand of man can ever seal
Thy life with holy impress real.
Enter thy secret place, and more—
Shut to the door, shut to the door.*

*The dew falls when the night is still;
Cease then thy strain. God surely will
Thy hungry soul with rapture fill;
But not, O yearning soul, until
Thou enter that blest place, and more—
Shut to the door, shut to the door.*

(Continued on page 11.)

Fifty Years of Pentecost in Brazil

By N. LAWRENCE OLSON

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." — ACTS 1:8.

FIFTY YEARS ago now, two young unknown Scandinavian missionaries, Gunnar Vingren and Daniel Berg, arrived in Belem, in North Brazil, near the Amazon River. An uncomfortable journey in third-class accommodations on a freighter loaded with foreigners had failed to cool the Pentecostal fires so recently kindled in their hearts when they received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Almost penniless and dressed in heavy clothing unsuitable for the tropics, they dragged their worn suitcases to a park bench to there take stock of the situation and see what God would do next. One miracle after another had marked their pathway thus far, and now too a way opened, and soon they found themselves sheltered in the basement of a Baptist church.

Those first months meant studying the Portuguese language, so they might minister to the people. To make ends meet, Brother Berg worked at his trade as a foundry hand, while Brother Vingren studied, and then in the evenings he taught Brother Berg what he had learned during the day. Of course, being full of the Spirit and anxious to witness to this experience of the baptism, they told all who would listen that Jesus even today baptizes in the Holy Spirit. Soon a sister by the name of Celina Albuquerque had received this infilling and then several others until that Baptist church had to decide whether it was going to be Baptist or Pentecostal! When the

leaders decided against Pentecost, the new missionaries took with them those who desired this way and organized their first "Assembleia de Deus" (Assembly of God).

That was June 18, 1911. Little could those seventeen charter members have imagined then, in the day of small beginnings and hardships, when persecution beset them on every hand, that within fifty years this spiritual dynamic would become the largest Protestant denomination in the land, with some 700,000 members, besides hundreds of thousands of sympathizers, thus representing one per cent of the population of the country.

To celebrate this Pentecostal Jubilee the Brazilian Assembleias de Deus, during June, staged huge gatherings in stadiums and churches. Outstanding among these was the one held in Rio de Janeiro on June 25th, in the Maracanazinho stadium which was crowded to capacity with some 40,000 people (a portion of this crowd is seen

on the cover picture of this issue.—Ed.) and an estimated 10,000 turned away. True to the tradition that has borne this the greatest revival of our century from Brazil's torrid north to the extreme southern pampas, from the Atlantic to the wild Amazon jungles and the frozen Andes, the name of JESUS was made foremost in the messages and songs and emblazoned in gold across the platform and on appropriate Scripture texts. A choir of 1600 voices sang the message of Pentecost, "Ye shall receive power"! A two hundred and fifty piece band also accompanied the vast throng of God's redeemed as it sang. On the platform, beside the leaders of this movement, were Christian members of the Brazilian Congress, a State governor, a representative of another State governor, a mayor, representatives of all leading denominations, as well as Pentecostal leaders from the United States, Sweden, and other lands. It was indeed most gratifying in these days of so much extreme nation-



The missionaries and workers in front of the Assembly of God Church in Belem, Para, during the anniversary celebrations, June 11-18.



Daniel Berg sitting on the same park bench where he and Gunnar Vingren sat when they arrived in Belem on November 19, 1910.

alism to behold the Brazilian brethren present veteran missionary, Daniel Berg, with a gold medal in loving recognition of his unselfish labors during these fifty years. The late Brother Vingren too was honored, posthumously, his son Ivar, himself a missionary to Montevideo, acting in his behalf.

If any one aspect of this revival were to be emphasized, no doubt it should be the strong evidence of the supernatural as seen in the guidance of God's servants, His protection from the hands of religious fanatics, the performance of miracles in the name of Jesus, and the conversion of over a million Brazilians, many of whom have also experienced a personal Pentecost. How God supernaturally led these first two missionaries to Brazil reads like a page out of the book of Acts. Pentecost had just fallen in the South Bend, Indiana, area, a few years after the turn of the century, causing people to come from far and near to see the workings of the Spirit. Among these was Gunnar Vingren, a Baptist minister who had recently received his baptism in the Spirit. He and Brother Berg met there and were entertained in the home of a Brother Olaf Uldin, whom the Spirit used mightily. His son, G. Adolph Uldin, who came to Brazil especially to attend these Cinquentenary celebrations, told how one day the Spirit came upon his father while in the kitchen and through prophetic utterances indicated that these young preachers were to go to a place

called Pará (Brother Gunnar had planned on being a missionary to Siam).

Not knowing where such a place might be, they searched the maps in a nearby library and found it to be a State in north Brazil. This Brother Uldin even sang a hymn in the Portuguese language (later identified), though he was only a humble interior decorator, an immigrant from Sweden. Taking this as a leading from the Lord, they set out to do His will, and, like Paul and Barnabas, these men of God soon found themselves in a foreign land. The same God who



Celina Albuquerque, the first convert to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

called them also protected them from danger and harm of all kinds, whether by wicked men, wild beasts of the jungle, insects or fevers.

Brother Berg tells how on one occasion they were conducting a baptismal service, in spite of grave danger from fanatical Roman Catholics who tried to stamp out the new doctrine that had just come to their community. As Brother Vingren was reading from the Word, a huge branch of a tree fell beside him. Tell-tale ax marks afterward showed it to have been the work of someone wanting to kill the missionary and the "crentes." However, neither the missionary nor the believers were hurt, and in a moment they heard a thud and saw someone bound off into the forest after shaking his fists. It was the rich farmer, the worst of the persecutors, who had cursed the "Protestantes" and had wished that a jaguar would eat them! All because

two of his best hired men had become believers.

And sure enough, just after the baptismal service, a young Christian came running to the missionaries and excitedly said he had seen a jaguar with something in its mouth. Fearful that it could be one of their number, they thought how this would encourage their enemies. But on arriving on the scene, to their amazement, they found a man's leg and an old straw hat covered with blood. These had belonged to the very man who had wished the jaguars would eat the Christians! God had marvelously protected His own and allowed the enemy instead to perish.

Miracles of conversions without number have taken place through this half century. José Gomes Moreno was a young soccer football player on the Sao Paulo Corinthians team, leading a profligate life of carousing and sinful pleasure. Many a time he had come home at three or four in the morning to add still further grief to his father's heart. Then in a certain game his kicked ball, instead of making a goal, took off for the stands where it struck a woman a near fatal blow on her chest. Unconscious, she was carried off to her home, and José began to feel the sharp prickings of conscience saying to him, "You good for nothing! See, now you're going to be up for murder." Fearful lest the police come for him, the next day he went to visit his victim, Dona Amelia, and timidly asked her how she was. Learning it was that player who had come to see her, she let loose with a torrent of invectives: "You're a bum, you good for nothing!" Having heard that before from his own conscience, he hastily agreed and soon left.

Two or three months passed by and then one day she called him over. She wanted to tell him that some "crentes" (believers) had been to see her and

had told her that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever," and that this Jesus can transform wicked people. "He could straighten you out too, you worthless creature, you!" she added. "You should go to their church." She herself, a seemingly good moral Roman Catholic, had no need for Christ for herself, but this José sure needed him!!

So, obediently, and only to be able to tell her he had complied with her wishes, he went to the "Assembleia de Deus" on a Sunday night, May 31, 1931, little thinking that this visit was to change the course of his life. Knowing absolutely nothing about spiritual things, what went through his mind was this: "I've seen Jesus in the circus, in the cinema and theater, but I've never seen Jesus in a church! I wonder what he'll look like." He thought Jesus was some kind of an actor that he'd see physically. A voice kept saying to him, "Don't go," or "Let it go till tomorrow or the day after."

But he couldn't shake off the idea that sooner or later he'd have to tell the injured lady whether or not he had gone to that church. So, just to get it over with, he decided to go and go he did. That night the missionary pastor preached from Matt. 11:28, 29, and his words were a perfect description of the life and actions of the football player who was now in a Protestant service for the first time in his life. It all came out, the loose living, the sinful pleasures,

and even the stealing from his father's pants pockets while he slept!

"You're killing your father," warned the preacher, full of the Holy Ghost. Young José before had read avidly from such books as Dante's "Inferno" in hopes it would change his ways, but it had only caused him fear and horror of death. But this sermon, anointed by the Holy Spirit, was different. Where could the preacher, a perfect stranger, have learned of José's life? Gradually the light dawned; he saw that this Jesus, of whom the minister spoke, was his true way of escape from sin. "This young man should come forward and give his heart to Christ," pled the pastor.

Knowing full well it was for him, José quickly went forward and prayerfully confessed his sins to Jesus. When he arose, he was a transformed man. He now recalls that as he went home that night, the stars were brighter than they had ever been before. He felt so light—like a man born anew! Three days later he was at prayer meeting and asked the folk to pray for him. He was afraid there was something seriously wrong with him because for three days he hadn't been able to smoke! Then the missionary said, "And never again will you put a cigarette to your lips, because JESUS TRANSFORMS your life!" And he never smoked again.

Some months later José again visited Dona Amelia, his elderly and ailing victim, this time to

report that he had actually been to the "Assembleia de Deus" church, that the Lord had indeed saved him from his wicked life, and that he wanted to pray for her that she might be healed of her suffering. "Jesus saves and heals," he joyfully announced, since by now he had also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Dropping to his knees beside her bed, he prayed an extremely loud prayer and then said, "Dona Amelia, in the name of Jesus, arise. You're healed!" And she got out of that bed, took nourishment and in no time was a strong and well woman. She and the whole family were saved and filled with the Spirit. For over two years, until her death, she was an outstanding light for the gospel among her people. As she died the glory of heaven filled her room. She had once said to José, "You're like an angel of God," such was the change for the better she had noted in him.

The author of these lines is glad to report that this youth, so transformed, has gone on with God, was ordained to the ministry in 1936, and today maintains an excellent radio ministry in metropolitan Sao Paulo. Who can doubt that this is the supernatural work of the Spirit? Jesus once said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Yes, He, the Spirit, breathed life into this football player, dead in trespasses and sins.

The Brazilian Assemblies of God have long since reached the place where national pastors

Grace for Grace

(Continued from page 8.)

*Why shut the door? To leave behind
The workings of thy natural mind—
Discouragement, self-pity blind—
God's light with these thou canst not find.
Enter thy secret place, and more—
Shut to the door, shut to the door.*

*Shut out all human sympathy,
Each burden, care, perplexity,*

*The failure that doth worry thee;
If vision fresh thine eyes would see,
Enter the secret place, and more—
Shut to the door, shut to the door.*

*Shut to the door that all alone
God can His presence there make known;
His glory then is fully shown
Thy heart, His true accepted throne.
Enter the secret place, and more—
Shut to the door, shut to the door.
To be continued.*

have come to places of key leadership, while maintaining friendly ties with like organizations in the United States and Scandinavian countries. By co-operation, a publishing house in Rio de Janeiro was established, from which pour tons of Pentecostal literature in the Portuguese language. Here, too, the writer and his team maintain an effective radio ministry over powerful stations that reach the whole nation and other South American countries. Bible schools for the training of the Christian ministry are functioning. Temples by the hundreds have been erected to preserve the results of evangelism, some of them the largest to be found in our denomination. Orphanages, homes for the aged, and day schools are also a part of the Pentecostal expression. Truly God has added His blessing to the preached Word, the personal testimony and the printed page. The Spirit has brought life and blessing to multitudes. These, in turn, have become the witnesses to their own people. All glory be to Christ who said: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth"—to Brazil!

(Our readers may be interested to know that Lawrence Olson was a pupil in Pastor Hans Waldvogel's Sunday School class at the Peniel Mission in Kenosha, Wisconsin.—*Ed.*)

ON THE COVER: The 50th Anniversary Meeting of the Brazilian Assemblies of God held in Rio de Janeiro on June 25, 1961, at the Maracanazinho Stadium and attended by 40,000 people.

Redemption and the Body

(Continued from page 4.)

God is interested in our bodies by creation, and because of the very wonder of your body, you know there is a God. But because Jesus Christ left heaven above and came down to this world and took upon Himself

your guilt and my guilt, your sin and my sin, died on Calvary's cross to set us free, not only from our guilty conscience but from the bondage and the servitude of sin, we are without excuse.

It is appointed unto man—every one of us—once to die and after death the judgment. And we must appear before the judgment seat of Christ to give an account of the things done in our bodies, whether good or bad. Because the way of salvation is open and no man and no woman has to go on serving sin, serving the devil, living for himself, on the way to destruction, God commands every one to repent because He has appointed a day in which He will judge the world. God has made an appointment for you and for me. God has appointed a day when He shall judge the living and the dead, when we shall give an account for the things done in these bodies.

Why can God say that? Because He has made a way of salvation for every one of us, a way that we can be free. Our Brother Charlie found that way, and how joyfully he served the Lord Jesus Christ! And I wouldn't be true to my Saviour and his Saviour if I didn't tell every one of you and beseech you to give yourselves to this same Saviour and to find the same power of God.

You can know Jesus Christ. It is not religion. It is not a church, but as our young people sang, "He's All I Need," Jesus Christ will set you free, too, and He will make your life to be a life of blessing. There isn't a person under the hearing of my voice who is not included, who cannot come and find the same Saviour.

This tent that our brother lived in, this house that God made for this earth, this body is not made for glory; it has to be left behind.

What does God say about the

body? "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. We have borne the image of the earthy. We shall bear the image of the heavenly." Oh, hallelujah, we are going to see Charlie again, but he won't be the same anymore. These bodies are left behind when God calls the spirit unto Himself, but we who have borne the image of the earthy are going to bear the image of the heavenly. We shall be like Him.

Is that hope in your heart? Is it real?

Oftentimes people come to us and say, "My, I wish that I could have a funeral service like that!" Listen, there was a man in the Bible who said that, too. He looked at the people of God and said, "I would like to die like the righteous. I would like to have an end like he has. I'd like to have a hope." You know how he died? He died among the enemies of the Lord. Do you know why? Because he didn't do anything about it.

Every one of us can know Jesus Christ, can be filled with the Holy Ghost, can have a life that is lived for God and that does not end here, but that goes on forever and ever in the presence and the glory of the Lord. The choice is up to every one of us, individually.

God has done all that He could, and once again the Saviour, who took Charlie in as a boy, is here for whosoever will. And we can open our hearts to Him and say, "Lord Jesus, I know You died for me. You know how bound I am, You know, Lord God, that I'm a slave and I'm bound by sin. But I believe, Lord Jesus, that You came to set the captive free." And as you come, Jesus Christ will reveal Himself to you and He'll change your life completely, and He will give you eternal life, and heaven here to go to heaven in.