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ILLUSTRATIVE SKETCHES FROM MY LIFE

By Duane V. Maxey

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INTRODUCTION

The 36 sketches in this publication are not an autobiography. They are rather, "Illustrative Sketches" from parts of my life that I hope readers will find to be inspirational and useful in the work of the Lord. If they prove thus to be a blessing, then the time spent in writing them shall not have been in vain. The Sketches are not presented strictly, nor totally, in the chronological order of events in my life, nor have I classified most of them as illustrative of a specific truth. Hopefully those using the Sketches will not find it too difficult to illustrate some truth from each of them. At this time, I am leaving them unnumbered because I may add a few more Sketches to the publication later. -- Duane V. Maxey, 04/15/99

* * * * *

Sketch 1 P.S. I LOVE YOU

Matthew 19:30 "But many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first."

Malachi 3:17 "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels..."

Veneta, John, Parker, Beatrice, Ruth, Bruce, Avis, Gale, Roger, Duane, and last, P. S. (Pearl Sharon). She was "the last" of my father's 11 children, but "the first" to pass through the valley of the shadow of death during or near the year 1940, when I was about 3. Her death preceded that of any of her siblings by more than four decades. The day before Pearl Sharon left us, I remember how she cried, and cried, and cried, -- for oh, so long. Though still only about 1 year old, hers had been a life of suffering. I cannot describe her affliction in medical terms, but in common language her pain and suffering were the result of being born without the normal "soft spot" in her skull, allowing for the growth and development of her head.

My two memories of Sharon are: (1) Her incessant crying that day, followed by her sudden disappearance from our home. "Momma, where is Sharon?" There was no crying now, and no Pearl Sharon anywhere in sight. "Honey, Sharon has gone to heaven?" -- and (2) Our visit to the funeral home:-- In we walked, and there was a pretty little bassinet. I walked over to it. "Momma, Sharon hasn't gone to heaven, she's right here!" "Yes, honey, Sharon has gone to heaven; all you see there is her body, but her spirit has gone to be with Jesus."

Yes, she was gone to be with Jesus. It was as if He had felt so deeply her pain and had listened so compassionately to her pitiful little cries, that He said, "P. S. (Pearl Sharon) I love you. It is enough! Come away from all of your pain, little darling, into the comforts of my presence forevermore, 'And [you] shall be mine ... in that day when I make up my jewels,' and cause them to shine in their beauty, bright gems for my crown." (Mal 3:17)

In a much broader sense, has not this been God's tender reminder to millions whom He has allowed to suffer some great grief, some painful loss, some heart-rending trauma: "P. S., I love you!" -- even when the reason for it all is now hidden in dark obscurity -- "P.S., I love you."

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Sketch 2

HEY "HOLINESS MAN"!! WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU!?

I was born on June 4, 1937, and when I was about 3-4 years old, we lived in Alabama, where papa was preaching in the Church of the Nazarene. From there, mother traveled by train with an older brother and I out to near Montour, Idaho -- a little settlement near Emmett, Idaho -- close to where she was born and lived as a girl. While we were there at "Grandma's," and I was playing beside the hilltop house, I saw a lineman down on the road maybe 60 yards or so below (Phone Co. or Power Co. I suppose). Back in Alabama, I had seen chain-gang prisoners working the road. When we got stuck in a muddy bog on a road one day, some of them got ahold of our car and literally lifted us right out. I was quite impressed, and thus in my mind I associated men working on or near a road with those black prisoners I had seen working on the chain-gang. So, after spying the lineman, in curiosity I called out, "Hey Mister! What kind of a man are you?"

I guess we may all wonder what kind of a man it is when we hear or see something about a man that excites our puzzled curiosity, because that which we see or hear of him we have always associated with a certain kind of man. "Hey, Culligan Man"! was a widely heard or read slogan that company used some years ago. Let me replace that with, Hey "Holiness Man"! What kind of a man are you? What is your name? What are your characteristics? What do you do?

Maybe one of our preacher-users would like to use this to introduce a sermon about the characteristics of the "Holiness Man," or, maybe one of our other HDM users will look up the references below and send the rest of us the answers to these questions, relative to those termed "holiness man" in our Library.

"Holiness man" -- 65 times in the HDM Library! -- I was surprised to find how many instances there are in our HDM Library where this term was used. By reading the context of the words "the holiness man" found in the HDM files listed below, and by reading the phrase "the [blank] man" in the following scripture references, one should be able to draw a many-faceted picture of "What Kind of a Man" the "Holiness Man" is:

The "Holiness Man" is: 2 Samuel 22:26 "the upright man" -- Psalms 12:1 "the godly man" -- Psalms 37:37 "the perfect man" -- Proverbs 11:17 "The merciful man" -- Proverbs 14:15 "the prudent man" -- Proverbs 20:7 "The just man" -- Proverbs 21:12 "The righteous man" -- Ecclesiastes 2:16; 8:1; Jeremiah 9:12 "the wise man" -- Isaiah 41:2; Ezekiel 3:12 "the righteous man" -- Hosea 9:7 "the spiritual man" -- Micah 7:2 "The good man" -- Ephesians 4:24 "the new man created in righteousness and true holiness" -- Colossians 3:10 "the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him."

Find out more about "What Kind of a Man" the "Holiness Man" is by locating the words "holiness man" 65 times in the 47 files listed below:

Htec-vo1\Chapmn-j.tex

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C-folder\Carra-be\Hdm0047.tex
C-folder\Carra-be\Hdm0048.tex
C-folder\Chapm-jb\Hdm0204.tex
C-folder\Corbe-ct\Hdm0447.tex
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D-folder\Damon-cm\Hdm0284.tex
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G-folder\Godbe-wb\Hdm0455.tex
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M-folder\Mille-ba\Hdm0221.tex
M-folder\Morri-jg\Hdm0140.tex
M-folder\Morri-jg\Hdm0396.tex
P-folder\Poe-perl\Hdm0319.tex
P-folder\Poe-winf\Hdm0323.tex
P-folder\Powel-fa\Hdm0143.tex
R-folder\Rees-set\Hdm0784.tex
R-folder\Robin-ra\Hdm0151.tex
R-folder\Robin-ra\Hdm0495.tex
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S-folder\Shaw-sb\Hdm0372.tex
W-folder\Willi-lm\Hdm0632.tex
Found 65 Occurrences In 47 Files

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Sketch 3

THE DAY I PLAYED FIREMAN

James 3:5 "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

It was 1943, and World War II was still raging. Papa resigned his pastorate in Tuttle, North Dakota and went out to the West Coast (possible it was to Vancouver, Washington) to work in the shipyards. Mother had received an Emergency Certificate to teach school, although at that time she had only about 1 year of college, and that year she was teaching at a little wood-frame schoolhouse just outside of the little town of Tuttle.

Since papa had resigned and left, we had to move out of the Nazarene parsonage, so mother and the rest of us moved into the back of the little schoolhouse for the rest of the school term. The school building was located on the knoll of a little rise and was surrounded by prairie grass. We made our home in the back of the little schoolhouse. It was quite small, but somehow mother made it do for herself, for me, for my older brother Gale, and for my older sister Avis.

I was a six-year-old first-grader, and even though the situation was cramped, it did have some advantages-- my own mom was my teacher, and I didn't have to "go" to school the rest of the year, for we lived right in it! But, outside of our family, the rest of the little group of students did have to come to school, and one or two of the students came to school on horseback. Their four-legged "vehicles" were stalled in a small horse-barn a few paces behind the wood-frame school building.

Mother was pleased with my progress in learning to read, and she rewarded me with some longer recesses. One day, she let James, a third-grader, take one of those longer recesses with me. Out to the horse-barn we went, where, spying some hay on the dirt floor of the barn, I said to James, "Let's play fireman!" We took a bunch of the hay out to the edge of the grassy school yard near a bush. I went inside and sneaked some matches to start our "Let's Play Fireman" fire. James and I were to each take a stick, I would light the hay on fire, and we would promptly beat it out with our sticks.

I lit the hay on-fire... and you don't even have to guess what happened, do you? I tried beating out that "play fire" with my stick, but a gust of wind took that little flame into the dry brush and soon a raging fire quickly spread down the edge of the knoll. I dashed in and cried out an alarm! Out came mother and the students as the fire continued to spread, threatening if not contained to burn down the school building. There was a harrowed swath of ground around the building called a "fire-guard" but it was not certain that even that would stop the blaze! So, a man on a tractor came and began to re-harrow the "fire-guard" while students tried to beat out the spreading flames, I think possibly with wetted gunny-sacks.

What was going to happen!" The schoolhouse might burn down! The fire burned into a cornfield belonging to one of the school-board members. Mom might be blamed and fired! Also, I

thought it very likely that I was in for a painful spanking, for mother had asked me how it started, and I had told her the truth! I sneaked the matches, and I started it!

Well, I was relieved when they finally got that fire out, and the schoolhouse was still standing. Now, however, I was sure to be in for it! But, I was in for another surprise, for mother never did give me that well-deserved whipping, nor did she even hint that I had one coming. I never did learn why I was spared that additional agony. Maybe she thought that I had already learned my lesson, I don't know, but it was a very vivid example to my young mind of "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Throughout the Bible we see examples of how quickly, when played with and disdained, little things can loom large and fatal. Zec. 4:10 "Who hath despised the day of small things?" Here is one Biblical answer that fits the bill: "And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion: for we are many" (Mark 5:9).

* * * * *

Sketch 4

JUST ONE LITTLE BOY AT THE ALTAR

Matthew 18:10 "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

It was the 1943-44 school year. I was 6 years old, and we were living in Tuttle, North Dakota, a small, German-American town. World War II was still raging. Meat, gasoline, and car tires were rationed. In order to buy these things you had to have little red and blue ration-tokens as well as money. Each person or family received their allotted number of tokens, and, "no tokens, no purchase," even if you had the money. Also, our government was ordering periodic "Black-outs" of American cities -- times when all lights had to be turned off, or if a small light inside a building was left on then the windows must be covered so that no light could be spotted from the sky -- and these "Black-outs" were enforced even upon such little towns as Tuttle. I don't remember whether they were only training drills anticipating some time in the future that America might be bombed, or whether our government feared some actual threat at the time, but whatever the case, we had them.

I also remember during the first semester of my first year in grade school there in Tuttle that we were taught patriotic War Songs and were gathered together to sing them heartily: "We Did It Before and We Can Do It Again!" was one of them, alluding to how "we Americans" had defeated Germany in World War I, and now facing the same enemy, "We can do it again."

It was not just the Japanese-Americans who fell under suspicion during World War II, some German-Americans were also suspected of being Nazi sympathizers, and since our little community was a German-American town I am sure that its German-American residents were very much aware of this suspicion, and some, if not all of them, may have been anxious to dispel any notion that they were not patriotic Americans. One school day I think that I unwittingly "touched on that nerve," and learned the hard way to avoid doing so!

We were playing in the school-yard during recess, and we children would put two fingers of our left hand (index and middle finger) up under our nose (imitating Adolf Hitler's mustache) and raise our right hand in a German salute and say: "Heil Hitler!" It was in fun, and meant to lampoon the hated dictator of Nazi Germany. So, we'd go up to each other on the play-ground, make our two-fingered-mustache, raise our right hand and yell, "Heil Hitler"! and then the friend would answer back using the same expressions, "Heil Hitler"! We were having fun, and I had no idea that anyone would take offense.

When recess was over, up the steps we First Graders went into the building, and then down a few more steps where we made a left turn and into the classroom. Miss Lockwa, was our teacher, and she stood outside the door as we made our left-turn into the classroom. As I passed her, I made my Hitler mustache, raised my right hand to her and said, "Heil Hitler"! Quick as a wink, SLAP! she popped me a good one right on the face! I was shocked. I had never had any trouble with her, and I had no idea why she had done that. Puzzled why she did it, and smarting from the explosive slap, I marched on into the classroom, and, I guess it was years before I finally figured it out: "Lockwa" was probably a German name, and she had strongly resented what struck her as an insinuation that she had pro-German sympathies. Whatever the case, I learned not to go around saying "Heil Hitler" to everyone, and I am sure that I was very careful not to ever say it around her again!

Papa resigned his Nazarene pastorate in Tuttle at the end of the first semester of that school year, and he left his family in North Dakota and went out to the West Coast of Washington State to work in the shipyards. Mother and those of the children still at home, including me, moved from the Nazarene parsonage in town, out into the little country schoolhouse where mother was teaching, a short distance from Tuttle. Just why this arrangement was made for the rest of the school year, I am not sure, but it may have been in anticipation of our next move as a family out to Idaho, and papa had to make some money to make that move possible, his income from the church and mother's \$100 per month from school teaching being insufficient to save up any moving expenses. And, the move to Idaho may have been prompted by the discovery that papa had arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries), and he and mother wanted him to be under the care of Dr. Thomas Mangum, a Nazarene M.D. in Nampa, Idaho. Whatever the case, and whether papa foresaw it or not, Tuttle, North Dakota proved to be his last pastorate, when he was only about 59 or 60 years of age, younger than I am now.

Papa must have helped get us moved out into the little country school-house and stayed with us for a bit before he left, for I remember him having some fun on the blackboard, demonstrating how quickly he could do some sort of mathematics or Algebra, and racing with mother and others to see who could work them out first. As I recall, he was the fastest, but as I watched papa chalk all of that mathematical "hen-scratching" on the blackboard "it was all Greek to me," even though I was impressed with what I perceived was far beyond me.

Besides the "Prairie Fire" I started while playing "Fireman" during a school recess, I also have a few other pictures still etched in my memory of those months we lived in the back of the little country school-house: the gophers that popped up sometimes near the building; the two or three students riding their horses to and from school; the time I boldly ventured alone for what seemed like a long distance across the prairie behind the school and discovered the carcass of a

dead horse; the time momma sent me after the milk from a farm family near the school and I was attacked by their big, white, red-combed rooster in the barnyard, who seemed to be about half as tall as I, and maybe he was -- these memories linger still, after more than 50 years.

About 10 years ago wife and I visited Tuttle, my first time back to the little village since I left with my family in the Summer of 1944. I saw again the spot where then had stood our Nazarene parsonage home, and I stood again outside the same brick grade school, still in use, where Miss Lockwa had given me that surprise slap -- the slap being as much fixed in my memory as the red bricks of the building. We also endeavored to see the little country school-house. The building had been moved, but I took a hand-size rock from the ground near where I estimated the school-house may have stood when it served as my earthly dwellingplace some 40 years earlier. I mounted that rock on a little base and have kept it as a memorial paperweight since that time. I even cemented some little, but real, gold nuggets onto the surface of that rock, but its real value to me lies in the fond memories it represents of my little school-house home on a North Dakota prairie.

Near June 1, 1944, we left our school-house home towing behind our black 1937 Plymouth sedan a trailer loaded with our belongings. We stopped briefly in Tuttle and then took our final leave from it as a family. Papa returned from the west coast, and according to a pre-arranged rendezvous met us somewhere along the way in our move to Idaho. By my 7th birthday, June 4, we had reached southern Idaho. I seem to recall that a tire blow-out caused some delay and I think we may have driven a long distance on the bare rim, -- a tire simply not being available and/or papa's lack of money may have made this necessary.

We spent perhaps several weeks in Payette, Idaho, where lived Grampa and Gramma McKay, my maternal grandmother and step-grandfather. Then, we moved to Weiser, about 12 miles north of Payette. Here we lived during the 1944-45 school year. Papa worked for the railroad at the Huntington, Oregon "Round-House" and may have commuted back and forth on the train. Mother got another teaching job at the Monroe Creek country school several miles north of Weiser.

"PAPA SAYS THAT'S WORLY!" -- Papa was still the spiritual authority in our home, even though he was not then pastoring, and the decisive statement voiced by some of us children when repeating papa's judgment that a thing was worldly was: "Papa says that's worly!" We got the word wrong, but we got the idea right. If papa said something was worldly, then that settled it, and we were expected to utterly shun it, or else! If one of the children heard a sibling say something, or saw a sibling do something upon which papa had passed that judgment, then he or she might well sound out, "Papa says that's worly!" And, you know something, he was old-fashioned, but he was right! -- both right in his position and in his corrections of his children.

One day while we were living in Weiser I got a little personal taste of papa's family rulership. I attended one of the public grade-schools in town, and that day, after my second-grade school class was dismissed, I walked up town and got a free "Squirt Sticker" I heard they were giving away -- a decal depicting the little "Squirt" cartoon character advertising Squirt pop. I was really glad to get it, and after walking back to our house I affixed that Squirt Sticker onto the left side of our black 1937 Plymouth sedan. I liked it, and I was proud of how I had done that all by

myself. Soon afterward, I was quite displeased when I discovered that the Squirt Sticker was no longer on our car.

"Who took the Squirt sticker off of our car!?" I demanded.

"Papa did." -- and that settled the hash. I didn't like it one bit that papa had done that after I had walked all the way up town and back to get that sticker and put it on our car, but papa wasn't about to capitulate his authority in our home to the whinings of his 7-year-old boy! No sir! I don't remember if I got a whipping for my grumbling protests or not, but I do remember this: no more Squirt stickers went on that car!

Another stunt I pulled there in Weiser became involved in the events leading to my first taste of the joys of real salvation. Like "stunt" the name of that act begins with an "st" but is more accurately described with an "ealing" ending: "stealing" or "theft".

One day when all others were out of sight, I spied my mother's purse, and the larceny latent in my heart inherited from Adam the first rose up: "I could take a quarter out of mother's purse, and no one would know. Do I dare to do it? Yes, I will!" and soon the coveted quarter was secretly in my possession! all unseen by human eyes. Ah, Success! No, Failure! to obey God, sin! sin branded on my memory. If my life depended on it, I could never tell you what became of that quarter or what I spent it on, but the memory of becoming a thief fixed itself indelibly in my mind, and soon that recollection had me deeply troubled.

Some time later during the 1944-45 school year, the Weiser Church of the Nazarene began a revival meeting. Not only was papa not the pastor, but also I don't know that he was able to attend the week-night services with us. One night, after walking the few blocks from our home to the services, we entered the building and sat down near the back. Later, as the altar call was being given, for the first time in my life the convicting power of the Holy Spirit came over me, showing me clearly that I was not right with God and needed to be saved, but when someone invited me to the altar, I suddenly remembered "that quarter -- that stolen quarter!" and I held back from altar. I knew that I had a restitution to make. I was only 7 years old, but I saw that truth also -- painfully, but clearly.

The next day, I made up my mind that I was going to get saved -- I was not going to go to hell over that quarter! -- I would swallow the bitter pill of whatever punishment I received from confessing that theft, and then I would go to the altar and get saved. So, determined to get that quarter out of my way, I started the course, and it went something like this:

"Mother, there is something that I need to tell you."

"All right, what is it?"

"Mother, I want to get saved and I have to confess this to you:-- A while back when you weren't looking I stole a quarter out of your purse. I'm sorry, please forgive me. I knew that I had to confess this to you before I could get saved, and tonight I want to get saved."

Mother accepted my confession, and I don't think she whipped me, though I certainly deserved it. Then, as I saw it, the way was clear for me to go to the altar and really get saved. And, I said to myself, "If I'm going to the altar, I am going to go up near the front where I won't have far to go." I knew that even after my restitution, it would still take courage and resolve to get up to that altar, and the fewer steps I had to take the easier it would be.

After we entered the church that night, I left mother sitting farther back, and I walked up the center aisle and found a place to sit on the left side, about the third row of pews from the front and right on the aisle. I had no real interest in what the preacher was preaching, nor did any of it fix in my memory. My one aim was to get to that altar as soon as the altar call was given. **WHAT HAPPENED THEN IS FOREVER ETCHED IN MY MEMORY**, and two things about what happened impress me yet today:

(1) The Faithfulness of God, even to children, and

(2) The Failure of adult Christians to estimate the importance of Child-seekers and Child-converts. And, sometimes this failure includes the evangelist himself, the pastor, and most or all of the adult altar workers in a meeting.

The evangelist concluded. When we stood for the altar call, even though it seemed to take more than the usual amount of energy to get my right foot and leg out into the aisle, I made it go, and quickly I reached the altar and knelt there. I meant business!

But, while I was not concentrating on anything else but getting saved, I have no recollection that anyone else made a move to the altar at all -- and sadly, the service was brought to a rather hasty conclusion. The evangelist and most of the adults may have thought: **NOTHING TO SPEAK OF TONIGHT, -- JUST ONE LITTLE BOY AT THE ALTAR. JUST AS WELL CLOSE AND DISMISS.**

Very soon, too soon, folks were getting ready to leave, and talking with one another behind me. But I was there on business! I stayed at the altar and tried to pray anyway, and I remember one adult briefly kneeling on my left, and I think that instead of praying with me he, or she, may have just said something like: "Does Jesus save you?"

It all seemed so rushed -- but, I thought, if these adult Christians think that this is all of the praying it takes, well, that must be all that Jesus expects of me. So, I answered, "Yes." I had done all I could. And, let me tell you something folks, what happened next, I think happened **IN SPITE OF HOW LITTLE IMPORTANCE WAS PLACED UPON MY SALVATION -- BY THE EVANGELIST, THE PASTOR, AND EVERY ADULT CHRISTIAN IN THAT CHURCH THAT NIGHT!** Jesus saw that under those circumstances, with folks wanting to get home more than they wanted to pray with that insignificant little seeker, He would have to save me without their help. Of course, people can't save others, but I am convinced that they can participate in God's process better than they did that night.

I stood to my feet, and someone asked, "Did Jesus save you?"

"Yes," I said -- and suddenly I was filled with the peace that passeth all understanding, and the joy of sins forgiven, and I KNEW I was saved! Seven years old -- but I KNEW it! and Oh how the stars twinkled, and what an effervescent joy bubbled up in my soul and put a spring of delight in my heels as I walked home with mother that night!

When the evangelist, pastor, or altar worker sees only 1 child (or just a few) at the altar, and is tempted to write that altar service off as a failure, this divine counsel should be carefully remembered: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones!" The little form(s) kneeling at your altar may look small to you, but they may represent **BIG BUSINESS FOR GOD!** -- much bigger than you may imagine -- and the size of your concern should not be measured by the size or number of your seekers. Sometimes, the greatest failure of an evangelist, pastor, or altar worker may be the blind, but sad, underestimation of how important it is to pray with children with the same concern they have for adults. It is a **HUGE** failure in God's sight, for when a child is saved, the entire life from thenceforth can also be saved and used for Christ, while often a redeemed adult can offer Him nothing but the dregs of a few paltry years.

Just a child at the altar -- but is that really all?
It might be a soul who has answered God's call,
A soul in dead earnest, though little in size,
Just a boy or a girl, -- but do you apprise
As highly as Jesus the form that kneels there?
All melted and weeping the penitent's prayer?
Or is the small seeker on that hallowed spot
In your mind unimportant, a person of naught,
Who is not really lost and who needs no concern, --
While for adults a-plenty your prayer fires will burn,
And for men and for women you will pray until late?
If this is your thought, then your error is **GREAT!**

-- By DVM

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Sketch 5

THE RISE, ECLIPSE, AND RESTORATION OF MOTHER'S FAITH

Isaiah 42:16 "And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

Jeremiah 15:9 "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day..."

Joshua 1:5; 3:7 "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee..."

On the night that I was first saved in 1944 as a boy 7 years of age in a Revival at the Weiser, Idaho Church of the Nazarene, the joy of the Lord bubbled up in my soul as I walked home

with mother that night. I was very happy and questioned mother about spiritual things, but somehow she was not responsive, not sharing in my new-found joy in Jesus, and I sensed that something was wrong. The fact is, her faith was going into an eclipse, a darkness that was to have a profound effect upon me and my brother Gale in our childhood and early youth.

Mother's maiden name was Adelaide Dolores Chandler. She was born October 20, 1914 and spent her girlhood days in Ola and Montour Idaho -- two tiny rural settlements not far from Emmett, Idaho. Her father, Julius Chandler, owned a cattle ranch a mile or so from Ola, where he and my grandmother, Laura (Newell) Chandler lived. Mother was the 4th of their 6 children, preceded by her brother Newell, and two sisters Vera and Ellen, and followed by her sister Jean and youngest brother, Edwin.

I doubt that my maternal grandfather, Julius Chandler, ever made any claim of being a Christian, and perhaps in mother's earliest years of girlhood her mother made no such claim either. Later, grandmother Laura Chandler became involved with spiritualism for a while, but at some point she renounced it as satanic and turned toward Christianity. But there was nothing in mother's upbringing as a girl that influenced her toward genuine Christianity and real salvation, and to my knowledge she is the only one of her brothers and sisters who ever got saved or who ever so much as professed to be a Christian.

But He Who "bring(s) the blind by a way that they knew not," and Who "lead(s) them in paths that they have not known," so maneuvered the providences of mother's life that in spite of all odds to the contrary, the light of true salvation and holiness dawned upon her heart. It went something like this:

Just before the Great Depression struck, Grandfather Julius Chandler had put a big mortgage on his ranch in order to purchase a sizable herd of beef cattle to graze and fatten on their ranch with an eye toward selling them off for a nice profit down the line. Then came the big Stock Market Crash, and when grandfather Julius went to a cattleman's meeting, some of the cattle ranchers were nervous about whether the price of beef would hold steady. A number of them felt that they had better sell their livestock then before the bottom fell out of the market and beef prices took a big drop. Contrary to this assessment, Julius Chandler decided to risk keeping his cattle, prices plunged downward, and he ended up losing not only his herd, but his ranch as well.

After this unfortunate turn of events, one day Julius came up to grandma Laura and said: "Well, old girl, I'm leaving you!" and summarily departed for California, abandoning his wife and children, and his paternal obligations to them. But it was this dramatic change in my mother's home circumstance that indirectly led her into the light of salvation.

Grandma was forced to place some of her children in homes where they could work for their room and board, and mother (as God so ordered her providence) was placed in the home of some good, old-fashioned holiness saints in Emmett [possibly the Hallmarks], who attended the Church of the Nazarene being pastored by my father, Irl V. Maxey. Soon mother began attending the Nazarene services with them and was genuinely saved. And, from what she told me, I think she may have been genuinely sanctified as well -- all of this taking place in her late teens and perhaps shortly after her 20th birthday.

Papa was 33 years older than mother, and he and his first wife, Jesse (Caldwell) Maxey had 8 children in the following order: Veneta, John, Parker, Beatrice, Ruth, Bruce, Avis, and Gale -- all of whom became my half-brother's and sisters. My brother Gale was born April 18, 1934, and shortly thereafter, due to complications resulting from his birth, his mother Jesse suddenly passed away on May 29, 1934.

I will neither condemn nor justify the marriage of my parents shortly after that time. Papa was a 53-year-old preacher left with 5 of his 8 children still at home, the youngest being a mere infant. Mother was a young, 20-year-old Christian woman, new in the faith, but earnest and willing to take on the responsibilities of becoming his wife, even with all of that load. She both loved and idolized my father and, while the marriage of two persons with such a large age differential "raised some eyebrows," nonetheless they were married, and both of them felt it to be God's will. I, for one, certainly can't condemn it, for it was the way I came into existence, and the moral character of both of my parents made it the "only" way I could have entered this life.

It is true, I believe, that mother's affection for papa was too much like that of a daughter revering and leaning upon the counsel and wisdom of a man old enough to be her father. He had been her pastor, and to her he was as well a father-figure. Perhaps without realizing it, she was fitting her husband into the role so rudely abandoned by her father Julius. And, mother herself told me how that in spiritual matters, she took her leadership from God second-handed through papa.

They moved north from Emmett to Donnelley, Idaho, about 11 miles south of McCall, Idaho. There papa worked with the American Sunday School Union in the two tiny villages of Donnelley and Rosebury. My full brother, Roger, was born in March of 1936, and I was born in Donnelley on June 4, 1937. I was born at home. The little house is now gone, but it sat on a lot near the railroad tracks and behind where the town Post Office now is, or at least was as late as a decade or so ago.

Blows That Began To Eclipse Mother's Faith

Of course, life's circumstances need not have overshadowed mother's faith, but wherein she had her faith in her husband instead of in God, she was bound to suffer some big let-downs and disappointments. I am not sure at all that mother misplaced her faith because she had not been sanctified. She was really just a girl, and the misplacement of her faith may have been a quite unconscious thing. Whatever the case, God saw fit to allow one blow after another to test the moorings of her trust, and eventually she, not God, failed and her faith went into total eclipse.

First, in 1936 my brother Roger was born badly retarded. After my birth, we moved to Alabama and a second blow struck: In 1939 my sister Pearl Sharon was born, but died as an infant because she was born with no "soft-spot" in her skull -- a condition that may have resulted from mother's lack of enough calcium in her diet, and that in turn because times were rough and their diet was poor and inadequate for an expectant mother. Then the matter arose about what to do with Roger. Some time, in about 1940, Mother boarded the train with Roger and me and made the long trip out to Montour, Idaho near her girlhood home. There we stayed a while and when she and I

returned to Alabama, mother left Roger in the care of Grandma, and her second husband, Frank McKay.

In about 1941, papa took the Nazarene pastorate in Havre, Montana, and we made the long move there from Alabama. In 1942 we moved to Desmet, South Dakota to yet another pastorate, and in 1943 we again moved, this time to Tuttle, North Dakota, where papa pastored and mother took on the added burden of teaching school while serving as the pastor's wife and "chief cook and bottle-washer" at home. Roger's retardation, Sharon's death, inadequate diet, long trips, long and frequent moves, heavy work loads, all no doubt took their toll on mother. Her faith, however, seemed to survive until papa resigned his last pastorate in 1943. Somewhere near this time, Papa began to manifest some things in his personality that were just "not like him," and then the next blow to her faith struck: It was discovered that papa had arterial-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries). Bang, bang, bang, -- one thing after another seemed to hit her -- not the easiest thing for a young woman who had come out of an unsaved home such a very short time before marrying a man more than twice her age with 5 children.

The next blow struck in 1944. We moved to Idaho, and Dr. Mangum told papa and mother that his condition was incurable. We moved to Weiser. Her spiritual mentor was now unable to pastor and took a job sweeping out the Round-House in Huntington, Ore. Mother got a job teaching at Monroe Creek outside of Weiser. More and more papa began to manifest the senility brought on by his condition. In Weiser, sister Avis presented some problems and was later sent to live with her mother's sister, Aunt Margaret. And, by the time I walked home with mother that night after the Revival meeting, something had overshadowed her heart and soul.

We moved to Payette, Idaho in 1945. I was in the 3rd Grade. Somewhere near this time mother got a job teaching school in Fruitland, Idaho, provided that she pursued her degree via correspondence, and papa ceased work entirely. Roger was placed back in mother's hands and finally placed in the Nampa State School, and remains under the care of the State until this very day -- too retarded to ever care for himself.

By about 1946 the eclipse of mother's faith was complete. Eventually, papa could not be trusted to himself. In his senility he began to roam around town, and since mother had to teach school, something had to be done. So, she placed papa in Carter's Nursing Home across town, and there he remained until his death in 1950. Mother left the church, although I think Gale and I may have attended for a while occasionally. Then we too dropped out, and we all began to go the way of the world. In 1947, when I was 10, I remember how guilty I first felt when I considered going into the lobby of one of the two downtown Movie Theaters. I knew that was one of those things that "Papa said was worly!" But one day, I got the courage to step into the ticket window area where I could read the ads. "Rainbow Island,"* a Techni-color World War II movie, was one of the "Coming Attractions." (*I might have the name wrong)

Ray Shores, one of my school buddies, wanted me to go see that show with him, and I wanted to go. I told Ray that I would ask my mother, but I didn't think she would let me go. And, you know something, while I wanted to go to that show, I KNEW THAT IF SHE GAVE ME PERMISSION TO GO TO A WORLDLY PICTURE SHOW, IT WOULD PROVE THAT SHE WAS BACKSLIDDEN! I not only knew that the Nazarene Church forbade attendance at

Hollywood Picture Shows, I KNEW IN MY OWN HEART THEY WERE WICKED AND
WORLDLY!

So, I wanted to go to that show, but I knew it would sadden me if mother said I could go...
(Your children know more than you think they do!)

"Mother, Ray Shores wants me to go see 'Rainbow Island' with him, a show up at the Ritz
Theater. I told him you probably wouldn't let me go, but can I? What do you think?"

"Well, I guess you can go."

Friends, I was both happy and sad. But I went to that show, and to hundreds more, -- we all
went, and we took on all the ways and trappings of the world. Mother even started wearing
make-up, ear-rings, beads, and what have you.

One day, a Nazarene lady and her husband pulled up into our drive. Mother was making no
profession, but she didn't want to let them see her wearing lipstick. So, after I warned her they
were coming, she hurriedly snatched a Kleenex and began wiping the lipstick off. Would you
believe it if I told you that same Nazarene preacher's wife has for a long time been wearing
lipstick herself? -- The difference is that mother was ashamed of wearing it in front of her that day,
and made no profession while doing so, and now that Nazarene woman wears it with no shame and
with a profession!

Finally, in 1955, shortly after I had graduated from High School, I said to mother one day:
"Mother, do you know what's wrong with our lives?" She said, "No, What?" I said, "We've just
left God out." She looked at me hard as nails and said, "YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE AND I'LL LIVE
MINE!"

Therefore, I was surprised several days later when mother came up to me, and said,
"Duane, do you remember what you said to me the other day, and how I answered you, "You live
your life, and I'll live mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, Duane, after I said that, you had the saddest look on your face, and the Lord showed
me what I have been doing to your life. God's been dealing with me, and I'm going to see if I can
get back to the Lord."

I was glad to hear her say that, even though it was about a year before I made the same
decision. Five years earlier, when papa died, mother seemed melted, as if she might get back to
God, but she didn't. So, I was not at all sure anything would come of her effort to get reclaimed.

For some years, when mother came home after her teaching day she would go off into her
bedroom alone and read the "Scientific American" or some other secular publication, and she had
become a practical Agnostic in her thinking. Now, however, something different began to happen
in that bedroom. Mother took her Bible and began to search and read and pray, pray, pray by her

bedside at night. About 3 days later, early one morning about 5:30 a.m., she came downstairs to my bedroom, woke me up, and said, "DUANE, THE LORD HAS SAVED ME!"

I was really glad to hear it, but I said to myself, "I'll watch and see what kind of fruit I see in her life. If its real, I'll see the fruit of it." And, OH what a change I saw! and heard! and felt! Off came the lipstick, the earrings, the beads, and onto her countenance came "the beauty of the Lord!" She had cut and dyed her hair. Now she began to let that grow out and return to its natural color. And, She was soon back to church, running the wheels off of her car picking up people to go with her to the services, testifying, going out soul-winning, holding cottage meetings... but there was something else too.

A few months before mother was gloriously reclaimed, I had talked her into getting ... (are you ready for this?) ... I had talked her into getting a T.V.

One day, not long after her marvelous reclamation, she came up to me in the home ... (mind you, this was before there was any Bible Missionary Church, I did not claim an ounce of religion, and so far as I know, I had never heard one thing ever preached against TV) ... she came up to me in the home and said, "Duane, now that I have gotten back to the Lord, what do you think I should do about the Television?"

My first major step out into the world had been starting to go to the Movies, and I knew that when I asked mom to get a TV it was so I could have the same worldly movies and entertainment at home. I didn't need preaching on the subject to decide what was right. I knew that morally and spiritually there was no difference between going to a Hollywood movie in a theater and watching it on a TV at home. I was happy my mother was saved, and I knew then, and still know now -- I gave her the right advice.

With no hesitation I said, "Mother, if you are going to serve the Lord, you don't want that thing around the house. Just get rid of it. I won't stand in your way." Mother too saw that my judgment about TV was right, and OUT IT WENT! But, sad to say, within months the Church of the Nazarene, along with other holiness denominations, decided differently on the subject, and before long worldly Hollywood movies of the same sort that enticed me out into the world were welcomed into holiness homes without the official condemnation of their denominational manual and with little or no warning of their danger from their preachers!

Question 1: If a boy who had dropped out of the holiness church and who had never heard any preaching on the subject could arrive at that sensible and correct judgment I gave to mother, why did so many holiness people and preachers still in the holiness church fail to see it?

Question 2: Was it not but a few years later, after many of the professed holiness churches permitted their members to get the TV, that their children began to argue: "Why can't we go to the theater? It's no different from what we are watching at home?" Their logic was right, just as right as mine was that day, but their reason for presenting the argument was wrong: Two wrongs don't make a right! Give the devil an inch and he'll soon take a mile -- always in the wrong direction!

Jesus came into mother's heart, things of the world were given up, put off, and ushered out the door, and mother soon went on and got sanctified wholly. Years earlier mother had earned her college degree and a teaching certificate. She was at that time teaching school in the Ontario, Oregon Junior High School, and one day before the students entered the first period class, the Lord took mother in her mind and heart to the brink of Jordan. She felt that all she had to do next was step forward by faith, then the waters would part and her heart-cleansing would come. She stepped, and IT came!

She whose saving faith had first arisen through God's marvelous providence, she whose faith had gone into total eclipse after dark disappointments in her life, was now experiencing the blazing High-Noon Splendor of Heart Holiness, her lost treasure fully restored!

When mother got back to the Lord, realizing that she had leaned too much on her husband, and that in so doing she had not been strong in the Lord herself, she asked God to give her -- for herself -- a strong, steadfast relationship with God. And, she told me one time that God gave here the following verse, just one or two words changed from the Bible:

"As I was with Irl (your husband), so I will be with thee." To my knowledge, from that early morning of 1955, to the hour of her death in 1981 she "held fast the profession of her faith without wavering," while provoking others "unto love and to good works" (Heb. 10:23-24).

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Sketch 6

WHEN MOTHER TOOK THE SERPENT BY THE TAIL!

Exodus 4:2-4 "And the Lord said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A ROD. And he said, CAST IT ON THE GROUND. And he cast it on the ground, and IT BECAME A SERPENT; and Moses fled from before it. And the LORD said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and TAKE IT BY THE TAIL. And he put forth his hand, and caught it, and IT BECAME A ROD in his hand..."

Exodus 14:16, 21-22 "But LIFT thou UP THY ROD, and stretch out thine hand OVER THE SEA, and divide it: and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground..."

Mother's life provides illustrations of how it is spiritually fatal to "take the devil at his word" -- to "take him by the head," or mouth, instead of "by the tail." Please bear with me for a few paragraphs while I draw the introductory picture: Sometimes in his attempts to mislead a soul, with subtlety Satan merely angles off a little one way or the other from the truth. Other times, as he did with mother Eve, he immediately speaks forth that which is 180 degrees opposite from God's Word -- Genesis 3:3-4:

EVE: "God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, ... lest ye die."

THE DEVIL: "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die:"

THE SERPENT TAKEN BY THE TAIL = GOD'S WORD -- When Moses took the serpent "by the tail" it became a rod, symbolic, if you please, of God's Word. That Rod held above the impassable and impossible path of escape from Pharaoh and his army is like God's Word. The Rod opened the door of miraculous escape for Israel from Pharaoh; the Word of God held above life's impassable, impossible situations brings miraculous escape for the Christian.

THE ROD CAST DOWN AND TRANSFORMED INTO A SERPENT = SATAN'S WORD -- When Moses had earlier cast the Rod down to the earth, it was suddenly turned into a slithering, crawling, poisonous, dangerous serpent! Likewise, wherever God's Word is cast down the inevitable result is the spreading forth of Satan's word: his deceitful, poisonous, backwards false-gospel of damnation.

TAKE THE SERPENT BY THE HEAD AND YOU'RE DEAD! -- Out of the mouth of the devil pours forth that which is eventually 180 degrees opposite from God's Word: Take him by the head, or mouth, and it is always spiritually fatal. At the end of our Age, a literal flood of fatally-poison falsehood is pouring forth: "And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman..." (Rev 12:15). More and more are "taking the serpent by the mouth," believing his lies and being damned, and at the very end of the Age the most poisonous lies of hell will transfix a lost world that is **TOTALLY TAKING THE DEVIL BY THE MOUTH**: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet" (Rev 16:13).

The world today is virtually awash with the Serpent's poison, and the only safety and deliverance comes from "taking him backwards" or "by the tail." Want to know what God's Word says about a thing? Just examine the most blatant anti-Christian statements today, turn them around 180 degrees backward, and you will discover God's Word, what God has to say on the same subject. The World is flooded with examples:

Example 1a -- From the Serpent's mouth: Moral Looseness and Abortion are acceptable and legal.

Example 1b -- God's Word: Except ye repent, Moral Looseness will land you in Hell and Aborting your unborn, partially-born, or newly-born baby will land you in the Lake of Fire!

Example 2a -- From the Serpent's mouth: Without faith you are better off; through Science we understand that the Universe Evolved from things visible.

Example 2b -- God's Word: Heb 11:6 "But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." -- Heb 11:3 "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

As he has with numbers, Satan began to "quote the Bible backwards," as it were, to Mother, and she began to "take him by the mouth" instead of "by the tail."

Although in my case, there was quite a diminution in mental keenness, both of my parents were good scholars and "thinkers". Adelaide Dolores Chandler graduated from Emmett High School about the 1931-32 school year as valedictorian of her High School graduating class. Until his mental powers were dulled by the onset of arterial-sclerosis, papa also had a keen mind. He was a good life-long student, whose studies continued as a preacher long after he left school. He was able to quote lengthy passages of scripture from memory as he preached, and at one time taught some Bible classes at Northwest Nazarene College. From what mother told me different times, it was partly their mutual enjoyment of intellectual discussion that attracted them to one another.

It was no doubt a sad thing to mother when papa's intellect began to fail, and part of that which she had so much admired about Irl VanCleve Maxey left him. As degenerating effects of hardening of the arteries began to set in on papa, Mother said that the first sign she noticed of something being wrong was when he seemed to lose his relish for preaching. He had always enjoyed pursuing his studies as a pastor. When we lived in Donnelley, Idaho right by the railroad tracks in the little house where I was born, papa would take off walking and praying for long distances down the tracks. He had been ardent in his praying down and studying out the truth for his messages, and he would commit long passages of his proof texts to memory, quoting them profusely in his preaching. Then, mother told how that mysteriously this relish disappeared, and he would tell her, "You preach!" And, I think she may have a few times, but these signs mother noticed in papa were harbingers of what finally robbed him of his keen mind and reduced him into mental childishness.

Had she overly admired the intellectual in my father? Now mother was forced to behold a husband whose mind was but a small fraction of what it had been -- a husband who would wonder off up town when she was gone and make irresponsible purchases -- a husband who once came home and stumbled down the stairway, breaking his wrist or arm -- not a husband with whom she could enjoy intellectual companionship, not a husband whose "mental dimensions" called forth her admiration, but a husband whose "mental dementia" was an embarrassment! No, I do not say her love for him was gone, but part of what she so much loved about him was gone. And partly because she could not keep a rein on him while she was teaching school, and also because he was a danger to himself, mother placed papa in Carter's Rest Home across town.

In 1943 when we lived in Tuttle, North Dakota, mother had begun teaching on an emergency certificate. World War II was raging, and no doubt the lack of teachers during that war-time prompted some school districts to accept as temporary teachers some who, like mother, had completed only part of their college education. Then when we moved to Weiser, Idaho in 1944, no doubt mother was looking ahead to the time rapidly approaching when the entire livelihood of our family was going to depend upon her income. Somehow, she managed to get another teaching position outside of Weiser at the Monroe Creek school. And, it may have been at this time that she was compelled to begin taking college correspondence courses toward a college degree so that she could continue teaching.

Of necessity, things of the mind, occupied countless hours of mother's time. When she was not instructing young minds, she was often studying and working on her correspondence courses. More and more things spiritual and things known by faith were placed in the background and things intellectual came to the fore. We moved to Payette in 1945. I remember only one time when mother and papa clashed in front of us children, and that was at this time. It involved one last flash of papa's family rule and spiritual discernment. I need not, and will not, go into detail. Suffice it to say that papa discerned mother's spiritual decline, and he strongly rebuked her when she challenged his judgment of a thing. Government of the family was being taken from his hands, but I don't believe it was so much the challenge to his authority that prompted papa to so strongly rebuke his wife in our presence so much as it was his deep inward grief over the direction mother was taking herself, and taking us.

Mother obtained a teaching position in Fruitland, about 5 miles from Payette, necessitating a commute to and from her job. I think it may have been about then that she bought about a 1939 Hudson Terraplane sedan, and "Betsy," the black '37 Plymouth was traded or sold. And, mother bought a little house on the alley at 1620 Center Ave. in Payette, which was my home on through my high school years. Not long after, papa was placed in the Nursing Home. Mother continued teaching, taking college correspondence courses, and also began going to college summer school classes. When I was 11 in 1948, mother got a teaching position in Payette, and continued teaching in the Payette system until about the summer I turned 14 in 1950.

In 1950, papa went to be with Jesus, his eternal destiny having been sealed years before, but happily so. It was a sad and sobering time for us all. Mother seemed so moved upon at the time that it appeared that she might seek the Lord, but if she did, nothing came of it. Papa's funeral was held in the Emmett Church of the Nazarene, and his body was laid to rest in the Emmett cemetery beside that of Jesse (Caldwell) Maxey, his first wife and mother of his first 8 children. Educational and intellectual things continued incessantly in mother's life. Finally she got her degree and graduated from College in La Grande, Oregon where she had taken summer school classes

At the beginning of the 1950-51 school year she began teaching at the Pioneer Grade School on the Oregon slope, just a few miles from Payette, commuting to and from the school. About the time of my Junior year in Payette High School (1953-54), mother began teaching in the Ontario, Oregon Junior High, again commuting to and from the school. On top of that, she took an after-school bookkeeping position at a local machine shop. Often she would come home late, fix us a bite to eat, and then trundle into her bedroom and spend several hours reading -- one magazine being the Scientific American. Her once mentally keen and idolized husband reduced to senility and gone, her soul overwhelmed by the disappointing cares of this life, her mind immersed in things secular and scholastic, she relaxed at night reading the Scientific American, a poisonous publication that fed her doubts about the existence of God. In a word, as never before she began to "take the Serpent by the mouth" and drink in his dark lies and "doubtful disputations." Did God really exist? She wondered... She really doubted it.

Then came that encounter with me, stating that what was wrong with our lives was that we had "just left God out" -- a God whose existence she now questioned -- and her "hard as nails" response: "YOU LIVE YOUR LIFE, AND I'LL LIVE MINE! Men may doubt that He is; men may

deny that He is, but, says 2 Tim. 2:13 "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself." Soon the God whose existence she had been doubting began to haunt her with the "sad" look she had seen in my eyes after her reply, and He showed her the evil of what she was doing to my life. Then came her melted acknowledgment to me: "God showed me what I have been doing to your life," and her statement: "I'm going to see if I can get back to the Lord." But she wasn't sure that she could. Her mind had been so long steeped in doubt and intellectual darkness.

She meant business. She stopped "taking the Serpent by the mouth," laid aside the Scientific American and those things that fed her doubt, and once again took up her Bible, began to search it and to pray by her bedside. She said that at first there was nothing but darkness. She was trying to get things turned around, trying to "take the Serpent by the tail" and get hold of something from God that would give her a glimmer of light and hope. One night, she prayed: "Lord, if you really do exist, please speak to me, and give me something to know that there is hope that I can be saved." She said that the Lord did speak to her, calling to her mind this scripture: Heb 3:12 "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God."

She recognized that this verse had not just "popped into her mind" -- it had been spoken into her consciousness as a remarkable answer to her prayer, and beyond being a solemn rebuke to the agnostic unbelief in which she had been immersing her mind, it gave her a glimmer of light in her great darkness.

"I saw," she said, "that little light in the darkness, and I began to pray toward it." Like one who had long been lost in a dark maze, who finally sees a light at the end of one of those dark tunnels, mother raced toward it, and was soon rejoicing in the light of sweet salvation, awakening me from my sleep about 5:30 that morning with the happy words, "DUANE, THE LORD HAS SAVED ME!" To phrase it differently: when she took the Serpent "by the tail" instead of "by the head," the Rod of God's correcting Word was hers, and when she held up God's Word in faith over her sea of doubt, the way of escape opened, and she, passing swiftly through, came out on the sunny banks of sweet deliverance aglow with the joy of Salvation.

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Sketch 7

HE RULED WELL HIS OWN HOUSE

Genesis 18:19 "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him..."

1 Timothy 3:2, 4-5 "A bishop then must be blameless ... one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; for if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?"

* * *

ABOUT PAPA

His full name was Irl VanCleve Maxey. He was "I. V. Maxey" or "Brother Maxey" to many, he was "Irl" to my mother, but to his children he was "Papa" -- that's what we called him. He apparently did not want his children to call him Father or Dad -- the former, perhaps because of the Biblical command in Matthew 23:9: "And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven;" -- and the latter, perhaps because he considered it to be a name that was something less than respectful. I am not sure what his reasons were for disallowing other terms, but "Papa" suited him fine, and even after we children became adults, we still called him "Papa," -- not all of the time, but perhaps more often than not, especially among ourselves.

Before I personally write of papa as one who governed his home well, I would like to present some other material about papa's life.

Not long before my second oldest brother, Irl Parker Maxey, passed away on May 12, 1998, he published a book entitled, "We'll Get To That Later," -- hdm0129. I have borrowed the following information about papa from Section 7 of Parker's book, entitled: "A Godly Heritage." The reader will see that in this account, Parker refers to papa as "father," but at least among family members, long after he left home, Parker also often referred to our father as "Papa":

"My father, a holiness preacher, was born in Mount Vernon, Illinois on March 12, 1882. His father owned a whole block of business houses in the downtown area, including a furniture store which he operated himself. He was also a part time Methodist preacher.

"When he was six years old my father went through a traumatic experience that influenced, at least somewhat, his later life. A tornado struck first in the center of town, completely destroying his father's place of business, and then lifted up and came down again out at the north edge of the town where the Maxey home was located -- a large two-story house. The house was lifted up into the air some distance and then dropped down almost exactly on its foundation. In the process a large tree was thrust through the house leaving one end sticking out the front door and the other end out the back door.

"The family was all home when that happened. My father narrowly escaped being crushed to death by the tree. He, along with his mother and a sister, was pinned under debris. It seemed to them hours before they were rescued. His mother was severely injured and never fully recovered. One of Father's brothers was stuck between two walls with a bolt run into his cheek.

"When the storm passed a daughter, Pearl, was missing. After a desperate hunt someone, looking into the fireplace chimney, noticed feet sticking down. They were Pearl's. She was dragged out but still alive. Supposing they were dead, three sons were taken to the morgue. On further examination, however, they were found to be alive. Miraculously none of the family died in the tornado. But because of the awful fear the storm left in his mind at that early age, my father vowed he would not live in that part of the country when he grew up. As a young man he moved to the state of Idaho and lived the rest of his life in the great northwest section of the United States.

"Father became a Christian on October 15, 1899 and was baptized into the Methodist Episcopal Church, Southern Illinois Conference by the Rev. J. C. Kinison. During the years of 1900-1904 he taught in the public schools of Jefferson County, Illinois. When Father felt the call to

preach he attended the McKendree College in Lebanon, Illinois for a year. He then transferred to Taylor University in Upland, Indiana, the college where Samuel Morris, the black boy from Africa, attended and also died. Because of poor health Father never graduated. Later on in the year of 1914 he applied for admittance to Willamette University in the state of Oregon, but he was unable to attend. By that time he had a wife and family to support.

"In his mid-twenties Father moved west and married my mother, Jessie H. Caldwell, in Montpelier, Idaho on May 5, 1910. They were united in marriage by Rev. Henry W. Parker (after whom I was named). Mother married at the age of 20, a young woman whose ancestors in earlier years migrated to Canada from Ireland and then to Michigan before moving west. Earlier in that same year Father received a local preacher's license in the M. E. Church in Caldwell, Idaho on June 7.

"From 1911 to near the end of 1913 Father pastored in Glens Ferry, Idaho. Here their first child (a daughter, Veneta) was born on October 8, 1911. In his early ministry Father was a Methodist circuit rider. It was while he was on one of these circuits in the northeast corner of the state of Oregon in the beautiful Blue Mountains where he lived then that my brother, John and I were born. John, the second child, was born on December 29, 1913 at Imbler, Oregon about twenty miles north of the city of LaGrande. I was the third child, born in the little village of Alicel halfway between LaGrande and Imbler on August 24, 1915.

"My earliest recollection was while Father was pastoring in Ashton, Idaho near Yellowstone National Park where we had moved in 1916. While pastoring in Ashton Father added to his duties that of editor of the "Pocatello District League." Being true to the doctrine of heart holiness obtained in two definite works of grace, Father eventually found himself without a place to preach among the Methodists who no longer held to that doctrine. Anxious to keep busy in the work of the Lord, he moved on west to Port Angeles, Washington where he was ordained into the First Baptist Church March 24, 1918. That same year he met the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains and offered his services as chaplain to the armed forces of our country. However, the demand for chaplains had ceased with the termination of World War I.

"From 1918 until the latter part of 1922 Father worked with the American Sunday School Union preaching and establishing Sunday schools in the western and northern section of the State of Washington. The work he was engaged in required many moves, from Port Angeles to Kent, from Kent to Cashmere, from Cashmere to Lakeside on the shores of Lake Chelan, and from Lakeside to Wenatchee. It was while we were living in these last two places that Father worked mostly in the Chelan-Okanogan area of the state in the interest of the American Sunday School Union. During these various moves a second daughter, Beatrice, was born in Port Angeles July 21, 1920. On September 9, 1922 a third daughter, Ruthelaine, was born while the folks were living in Lakeside, Washington.

"Father was very energetic for the cause of the Gospel and for the doctrine of heart holiness and was always on the drive to open up a new work wherever and whenever he could. This was in the days of the Model "T" Ford car and poor, sometimes impassable, roads. We crossed the streams by boat or ferry, which was at times very hazardous but always adventuresome and thrilling. Income was on the bottom and we spent many hunger-ridden days. There were days

when Mother put food out for us children but she never ate -- there just wasn't enough food for her to have some. A good share of the time Father was away preaching or opening up a new work.

"One winter in Wenatchee there was no money for rent, so Father moved us into a tent where we lived through one winter with snow piled higher than the tent itself. But it was all for the Gospel's sake and we thought nothing of what some would term sacrifice. This is the reason it has always been hard for me to tolerate how preachers of this day drop out of the ministry when the going really gets tough. Father never gave a thought of anything other than to keep going full time in his calling to preach. All these years he was always on the lookout for a holiness group he could feel clear to join and in which he could raise his family.

"One day while living in Wenatchee Father announced that we would be moving to Grandview, Washington approximately in the middle of the state, and he would be pastoring The Church of the Nazarene in that town. That was in the latter part of 1922. Father had come into contact with District Superintendent A. C. Archer of the Free Methodist Church who strongly urged him to join that group. At that same time Rev. Joseph N. Speaks of the Church of the Nazarene was superintending the Nazarene work in that part of the country. He also came in contact with my father. The Nazarenes as well as the Free Methodists were on fire with the presence and power of God, but at that time the Free Methodists ruled out musical instruments in their worship services.

"The Nazarenes allowed the piano as well as other musical instruments. Both Father and Mother favored the Nazarenes for that reason and were also in support of Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa, Idaho where the Nazarenes at that time operated a school from kindergarten through four years of college. Father anticipated having his children in a holiness school someday. Thus in 1922 we became members of The Church of the Nazarene and moved to Grandview, Washington. While living there a third son, Bruce, was born in Sunnyside, Washington, December 26, 1926. After a four-year pastorate in Grandview where many interesting events took place, Father moved his family to southern Idaho where he became pastor of The Church of the Nazarene in Kuna as well as a Bible teacher in Northwest Nazarene College.

"Although unable in his earlier years because of ill health to continue his formal education, he did continue to study on his own initiative. He had taught himself, studying the Bible in seven different languages, made his own (unpublished) translation of the New Testament and had committed to memory the New Testament as well as parts of the Old Testament. I never knew him to open his Bible while preaching. He always preached without notes and quoted the Scripture from memory, word perfect.

"I never personally knew a man who had the determination, discipline and drive in life to continue his education on his own initiative when his health forced him to step out of formal college education. His educational accomplishments were sufficient to have earned him a doctorate degree in Bible and Theology. His expository preaching was recognized by his contemporaries as far above ordinary. His Bible teaching in college was unsurpassed. Father's purpose in moving to southern Idaho was not only to become a teacher in the college but to move his family to where he could put them in a Christian school.

"At that time Northwest Nazarene College was seeking accreditation. Since Father did not have a baccalaureate degree, the college could no longer use him even though he was considered one of the best Bible teachers of that day. As a result, Father left Kuna and moved to Emmett, Idaho into a full-time pastorate and we three older children were enrolled in the Nazarene school in Nampa, Idaho. At that time I entered the ninth grade and attended there through high school, college and a post-graduate course, graduating not only from college with an A.B. degree and a Th.B. degree, but also the Master's Degree in Theology that was being offered then. This was prior to the time the Church of the Nazarene had established the seminary for the training of preachers at Kansas City, Missouri and the Nazarene Church had designated its college in Nampa, Idaho as the school where preachers could obtain an accredited Master in Theology degree.

"While Father was pastoring the Church of the Nazarene in Emmett, Idaho Mother gave birth to her seventh child, a girl. Avis was born in Samaritan Hospital, a Nazarene hospital in Nampa, Idaho, August 28, 1930. Mother's death came suddenly in her forty-fourth year on May 29, 1934. She died of heart failure shortly after the birth of her eighth child, a boy, Gale, born April 18. Being left with a family of eight motherless children devastated Father. He was never the same. He married again but his most effective days of ministry were ended. He died at the age of sixty-eight in the year 1950... Starting with my Grandfather Maxey there have been five generations of holiness preachers. Grandfather, Father, myself, three of my sons and two grandsons... How thankful I am for my own Godly Heritage!" [For facts related to papa during his marriage to my mother please see other parts of this publication.]

* * *

PAPA AS THE RULER OF HIS HOUSE

Part of Parker's heritage, and the heritage of all in papa's household, was papa's faithful "commanding of his household after him." He was not a tyrant, but he took the lead, trained his household, and commanded them to follow after him. If his children disobeyed, he was not loathe to administer a well-deserved punishment.

When he gathered the family around the family altar, all were to kneel, and all were to pray, each in his or her turn. One of my earliest memories is one day when we were at family altar. I may have been about 5 and Gale 8. The details are vague, but it seems to me that during family altar that day I bit my brother Gale on the arm and he returned the bite (or vice versa), and our little unholy quarrel was made to cease. Beyond whatever whipping we may have received, we were both made to ask forgiveness of the other, and then both told to ask the Lord to forgive us also -- good discipline and training, even though the behavior was bad. Also, as I recall, during family worship time, papa would, as it were, "take his children to Methodist Classmeeting" and question them about where they were with God, urging them to make right whatever needed making right with others and then get down and ask God for forgiveness.

Another time, when I was 5, or maybe just turned 6, and we were living in Desmet, South Dakota, mother told me to take the hoe and break up some clods at the front corner of the parsonage. I got the hoe, walked around to the clods, took a few chops at the clods, and decided that wasn't something I wanted to do, and promptly abandoned the job. But I soon learned that it

would have been less painful to do the work than to suffer the consequences! When papa came home that night, I GOT IT GOOD! I wasn't "child abused" either -- like some deluded child protection worker of today might define it -- but I got a good whipping, it hurt! and I got the message!

After I was whipped, I was told to go upstairs and stay there until they told me I could come back down. Up the stairs I went smarting like fire from that spanking, and I bawled and bawled, and bawled! It hurt! -- both my backside and my feelings! -- but it did me good. And, after I had cried enough and sobbed enough, papa and mother let me come back downstairs. Papa was sitting beside the oil heating-stove in a wooden rocker. He let me crawl up on his lap, put my arms around his neck, and feel the warmth of his love for me as he rocked. I had felt the painful hand of punishment, and now he was letting me know he loved me, -- and I was assured that even though I had been punished, it wasn't because he and mother hated me. In fact, you know, it was because they loved me that I got that whipping. I caught on to that... and so will any child when following a painful whipping, a parent lets that child know he or she is loved.

It is not the parent who administers a deserved spanking who hates a child; the parent who really hates the child is the one who panders to all that the child demands and who puts up with all of the child's tantrums, misbehavior, and sass, without raising a hand! The Bible says: "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes" (Proverbs 13:24) -- just backwards from what the Serpent says. Here is another example of how the Serpent must be taken "by the tail" in order to arrive at the truth. (See "When Mother Took The Serpent By The Tail")

Job 34:17 says: "Shall even he that hateth right govern? and wilt thou condemn him that is most just?" Sure sounds like a question that should be rightly answered right now in April of 1999, in light of what's going on in our country, doesn't it? Those who hate right are found governing the nation, the states, the counties, the cities, the schools, and most homes! -- while those who dare to do right and speak right are slandered, put down, and sometimes put in jail. I think papa might have ended up in jail on a false charge of "child abuse" if he had been raising his children today, -- because he "loved right" and he would "govern" his family the right way, administering whippings when they were needed without sparing the rod -- whether some deluded children's worker classified it as "child abuse" or not! (Do I hear an "Amen"?)

If I have this right, my 6th birthday, June 4, 1943, came while we were still in Desmet, South Dakota just prior to our move to Tuttle, North Dakota, and shortly after that birthday, or on that birthday, I was out in front of the house and I spied papa coming up the walk. He had a present for me in a brown paper sack -- it was a little toy, double-barrel-rifle cork-gun -- but he would not let me have it until after he gave me to understand that I must never point it at anyone when I fired it. This was just another manifestation of how he trained his children.

In the first and happier days of their years of marriage, mother followed papa's lead with our discipline, also dishing it out when she thought we needed it. One day, however, I was punished when I really didn't have it coming. (Probably made up for one of those times I needed it but wasn't caught). I think I was about 4 or 5, and one day I began using syllables and forming sounds -- just letting my mouth jabber away -- (It's always dangerous to get your tongue rolling

before your brain is in gear!) -- and during my nonsensical utterances and jabbering, out popped a sound that formed a naughty word! I don't know that I had ever even heard the word, let alone know that it was a bad one. But I could not convince mother of those facts, and she put pepper on my tongue and made me go into the bedroom! How does that stack up with parents today whose little tots can "swear like a trooper" before they start school!? Yes, mother made a mistake, but she made her mistake on the safe side. She wasn't convinced her little boy hadn't intentionally sounded forth that bad word, and no doubt thought that it was better to punish me for something I hadn't done than to let me get away with using that word intentionally!

Getting back to papa, -- he governed his entire household. No, I am not saying that he was unwilling to allow his wife to participate in governing the home. I am saying that I believe his concept was one that placed the final responsibility and authority in the Husband as the head of the home -- and, I also believe that in taking this position papa was both correct and Scriptural. I know, that doesn't fly well, even with a lot of holiness folks today, and I do not wish to bring out a lot of proof-texts and preach for an hour on the subject to my readers, nor do I wish to debate the issue. You may believe differently if you will, but I think I'm right about it.

When I was 8 years old and we were living on First Avenue South in Payette, papa sensed that mother was going astray spiritually, and that her voiced opinion on a certain matter smacked of inward carnality and hostility to the old-fashioned way of holiness. He rebuked her in front of the family. Perhaps it was unfortunate that his rebuke of my mother occurred in front of some of us children. However, I think he was right in what he told her, and he may have felt that mother's voiced opinion in front of us children called forth both an immediate reply to her and rebuke, the truth of which, we all needed to hear right then.

Though rapidly slipping into incompetency, papa still had enough sanctified, spiritual discernment to see the danger in mother's course -- both for her, and for us -- and he was simply trying his best to "rule well his own house." I have forgotten the issue, but for well over 50 years I have retained the impression my dear old papa made on me in that hour! -- He was a holy man, who because of the eternal importance of spiritual matters, was doing his utmost to guide his family away from hell and toward heaven! -- and, he was right.

That was the only time I ever remember of such a conflict between my parents. The government of the family soon slipped out of his hands. He failed to stop the drift of his wife, and remaining family at home, away from God and out into the world, -- but he saw it coming, did his best to stop it, and when dear old papa faded beyond the realm of accountability, he did so with "clean hands, and a pure heart."

I wish I could tell you this last thing about papa with a crisp clarity of memory, but it involves a report that I heard from someone else years ago. I think it may have gone something like this:

Papa continued to go to the Nazarene services sometimes alone, his wife and remaining family drifting into the world. One night, when the senility from arterial-sclerosis had so befuddled his mind that he could no longer voice a normal testimony, he stood there in the old Payette Church of the Nazarene with tears streaming, and simply said, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!"

Soon he was confined to Carter's Nursing Home, too incompetent to live without constant care and supervision, and there one day in 1950, leaving the bonds of feeble debility forever behind, he ascended to the "Land that is fairer than day."

In my mind I can imagine Jesus saying to him as he reached the Golden Shore: "Irl, Irl, Irl! Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

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Sketch 8

EVEN CHILDREN CAN BE BAD COMPANY

KJV -- 1 Corinthians 15:33 "Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners."

NIV -- 1 Corinthians 15:33 "Do not be misled: "Bad company corrupts good character.""

In the story that follows, I will relate how two boyhood chums were "Bad Company" for me, both indirectly and directly. Often children do influence other children into evil -- "so shall your children make our children cease from fearing the Lord" (Josh 22:25) -- and those parents who properly raise their children should be careful about the type of playmates their children have.

When I was about 9 and we were living in Payette, I became acquainted with two boys close to my age who had an evil influence upon me, both directly and indirectly. They were regularly in the care of one of my close, adult relatives in Payette who lived across town from us, and when I visited that relative, which was quite often, those boys were there. Soon I considered them to be almost like family, and perhaps my very closest friends.

The indirect evil influence they had upon me came about thus: They came from a very worldly home, and when in the care of my family member on Saturdays, they were each given money to attend the Saturday Matinee Movie at the Rio or Ritz theater in downtown Payette. Sometimes when I went over to play with them on Saturday our play ended because they were going to the show, and I remember how dreary and lonesome the rest of the day would seem. I realized that they came from a wicked home, but they were being cared for by my relative, and had become like adopted brothers to me.

Further, contrary to my own upbringing, my own close adult relative did not think it was so bad for their parents to allow them to go to the show. And, after I heard them tell about such Western Movie Heroes as: Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy, and The Durango Kid, I began to feel really "left out" -- my close chums were having fun without me while I moped around through the remainder of the drab and dreary Saturday, denied the pleasure of being with them at the show.

This friendship with those two boys created a real turning-point in my childhood life away from God and toward the world. Papa was too senile to be able to counsel and guide me away from this evil influence, and mother was too far backslidden to have the concern she should have

had about the turn my life was taking toward the world. "Why can't I go to the show with them?" became the burning question in my mind. I knew that "Papa said that Picture Shows were worldly," -- and beyond that, I knew in my own heart that they were sinful. Further, I knew that if I ever began going to shows I would cross over the line that separated God's people from the world. Though I was still a young boy, I SAW THIS FACT VERY CLEARLY! But the battle in my own heart continued for some months. I wanted to go to the show, but I feared crossing over that line separating me from the world and keeping me from the wrath of God. Nevertheless, my desire for Picture Shows finally prevailed when I was about 10. I asked mother if I could go to one; she let me go; and I went -- but when I did, while I enjoyed the show, I knew as well as I knew my own name that I had crossed over the line from God's people into the world.

This hankering after Picture Shows that finally induced me to cross over from the realm of God's smile to the dark shadow of his frown and condemnation, first came to me indirectly through the "Bad Company" of those two childhood chums.

But those two boys who had been thrown into close proximity with me also had a direct evil influence upon me. One day the older of them suggested that we go shoplifting. Did he mean go right into the stores and steal things? Yes, that is exactly what he meant.

"But what if we get caught?"

"We won't get caught. We do it all the time. Come on, go with us and we'll show you how to do it."

It was so wicked and so dangerous that their invitation to go shoplifting with them inwardly frightened me. But, finally I went with them. Isaiah 1:23 mentions "companions of thieves," and you know that "companions of thieves" either now are, or soon will become, thieves themselves.

About the first store we went into, the older of my Bad Companions stole a smoking pipe and I think his brother probably got something else. I was too afraid of getting caught and too inwardly reluctant to steal to take anything in the first store we hit, but they kept leading me around from one store to another. Finally, when we entered a Variety Store where there were toys and trinkets, and I snatched a little three-cent, tin Cricket -- the kind you pinched together causing the tin to snap and then let up and it snapped again, emitting a sound that was supposed to be like that of a real cricket.

Had it not been for the "peer pressure" of "Bad Company," I don't think I would have stolen anything. But I didn't want my friends to be mad at me for not stealing anything, so I took that toy Cricket. For years the theft of that three-cent Cricket haunted me, until one day I went into that store, confessed my deed to one of the clerks and paid for the stolen toy.

Proverbs 29:15 says: "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Too often in today's society, there is no correction of children, no supervision of them, and no shame felt when they become the village villains.

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Sketch 9

AN ABUNDANCE OF WHAT YOU DON'T WANT

Psalm 105:30 "Their land brought forth FROGS IN ABUNDANCE, in the chambers of their kings."

I will let the reader of this sketch make his or her own application.

I think this may have occurred long before the time of Dairy Queens. When I was about 10 years old, one day I was walking along the Payette, Idaho Main Street when I met someone eating an ice-cream cone like one that I may never have seen before. The cone holding the ice-cream wasn't so different, if any different at all, but the ice cream was soft, not like the hard, dipped ice-cream I was used to seeing and eating.

I asked the other boy where he had gotten that sort of ice-cream, and he told me where to get it -- on further up the street near the end of the businesses and across the street from Shurtleff's Shell Station. And, it wasn't long before I was up there, perhaps even that day, and bought myself one of those -- "Softies," they called them. My! it was good. But what made me even happier, just a short time after I had discovered this "Softie" store, my very own mother bought the business! -- and I could envision an "Abundance of What I Liked and Wanted!" -- delicious, soft ice-cream, and even hard ice-cream. And I realized that a boy whose mom owned such a place would have "the inside track" on getting plenty of that ice-cream.

The building was rented -- a little cracker-box building out on the street. It was rented from City Clerk, Alice Bulmer, and the little building may have been at one time a garage. Papa, at that time, was languishing in Carter's Nursing Home, and mother was teaching school. She managed some way to scrape up and borrow enough money to buy the man out who had started the business a short time before. I think perhaps part of what enticed mother to buy the business was that she saw it as a place to make some income during the summer months when she was out for the summer from her teaching position and drawing no salary.

Also, those "Softies" seemed to be a big hit, and thus mother bought the business and it was given the name: "The Payette Ice-Creamery." In addition to the popular "Softies" that she made and sold along day by day, mother also made hard ice-cream in canisters for businesses, as well as hard ice cream in quarts and pints. Mother put in long hours and worked hard.

My brother Gale, three years older than I, had a Cushman Motor Scooter that mother had a side-car built onto with an Ice-Cream box. Various kinds of ice-cream in different containers were loaded into the side-car-box of the Cushman Scooter, and Gale would go around on hot summer days peddling it. And, I think he probably had some way of selling cones to children in the neighborhoods.

I really liked the idea of being able to go into mother's Payette Ice-Creamery and serve myself up with a Softie about any time I wanted it, with little or no protest from mom! Now that

was really something! and I think I probably took some of my buddies in there with me on a few occasions and bummed a free Softie for them too. And then there was also pop!

Mother didn't let me eat up all the profit, but I got all I wanted -- and then some -- for there came a day when mother was left with a huge amount of ice-cream she couldn't sell -- and it turned out to be AN ABUNDANCE OF WHAT I REALLY DID NOT WANT!

There was a fire one night at the Ice-Creamery when she was gone. It didn't burn the place down, but things were badly smoked up, including all of the ice-cream! There were few or no home freezers in those days, but mom had a refrigerated locker at a business that rented them. She stored that smoke-flavored ice-cream in the locker, and for the longest time, our ice-cream at home was that awful, smoke-flavored stuff! which I got tired of faster than it disappeared.

It had just enough pleasant ice-cream flavor to make you think you might be able to handle it, but that smoke -- that awful smoke -- ruined the delightful flavors of that ice-cream! It smelled of smoke, and it tasted of smoke! Smoked ham, smoked bacon, smoked fish, and smoked this and that may be fine, -- but let me warn you: If any one ever tries to peddle you any, don't even buy so much as one cone of smoked ice-cream! -- lest after just one taste it leaves you feeling like you have "An Abundance of What You Don't Want!"

I heard a little story that went something like this:

I man was visiting with a friend who had a number of grandchildren, and the proud grandparent asked him: "Did I ever show you the pictures of my 18 grandchildren?"

"No, and I appreciate it!" was the terse reply.

I guess both Gale and Mother stomached the stuff better and longer than I wanted to deal with it. Before it was all gone, the way I felt about that stuff, if I had been asked:

"Duane, did I offer you any of this smoked ice-cream?"

My reply might have harmonized well with the above words:

"NO, AND I APPRECIATE IT!"

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Sketch 10

THE SPIRIT ENTERED INTO ME WHEN HE SPAKE

Ezekiel 2:2 "And the Spirit entered into me when He spake unto me, and set me upon my feet, that I heard him that spake unto me."

Romans 8:15 "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."

FROM 8 TO 18 -- FROM A CAREFREE BOY TO A TROUBLED YOUTH

We moved to Payette in 1945 and I entered the 3rd Grade at East Side Grade School about 2 blocks from our rented house on 1st Avenue South. Roger was with us briefly before he was placed in the Nampa State School, and then there were but three of us children at home: Avis about 15, Gale 11, and me 8 years old. Soon, however, Avis also left and went back to her aunt Margaret's to live, in Port Angeles, Washington, leaving just papa, mother, Gale, and me. At that time I was a good deal unaware of the dramatic spiritual changes that were taking place in our household, and for the most part I was a quite happy and exuberant boy. I learned how to ride a bike there, and how not to expect an umbrella to be a good parachute when jumping from the shed behind the house.

We lived there on 1st Ave. South through about my 4th year in school. My life continued as a happy-go-lucky boy; papa was still with us and I think that the 4 of us all probably continued to attend the Payette Church of the Nazarene, for I remember one occasion when the pastor had dinner with us. While we were eating, the adults were amused by my observation that my steak "kept bouncing back" when I tried to chew it! But mother was not amused one morning before school when I wanted to leave by lumpy or crusted oatmeal unfinished and run off to school.

"Duane, Eat your oatmeal!"

"But its got a rind on it! It's lumpy, and I don't like it! -- I'll be late for school!"

No matter, I lost that encounter. Mother insisted that even though I might be late the oatmeal had to be before I went to school. I think I may indeed have been tardy, but if so I was tardy with the oatmeal eaten. How many parents today would lose that battle, or would let junior do as he pleased?

During or near the summer of 1947, between my 4th and 5th grade, we moved to 1620 Center Ave., a little cracker-box house with imitation brick siding, that sat right next to the alley, leaving a large lawn extending from the house to Center Ave. Grampa McKay had built the house, but mother ending up buying it, and it was our home on through my high school years. It was tiny -- just a small kitchen/living-room, a small bathroom-laundry-shower, and mother's bedroom upstairs. The basement was reached via a covered stairway off of the back porch, opening into its partially-finished three rooms, in two of which Gale and I had our beds. It was definitely not a "Whitely Heights" house, like those nice homes in that part of town just above us, but it was adequate, and it was home.

Around the time we moved here in 1947 that things started going wrong. Papa was placed in the Nursing home, mother, Gale, and I, dropped out of the Nazarene Church, started going to shows, and in general adopted a worldly life-style. And, it was this same summer that the great polio epidemic began to strike across the nation. Mother's sister, aunt Jean, lived with her husband and children at an old, abandoned Civilian Conservation Core (C.C.C.) Camp in the forest above Arrow Rock Dam near Boise, Idaho. Her husband, Finley McNaughton, (we called him "Mac") was working with the U.S. Forest Service. I visited at aunt Jean's with them for about two weeks

that summer. I was 10, and I had fun swimming in a little beaver-dam with my cousin David, but at the close of that visit the fear of death began to haunt me.

When I got home to our little house on Center in Payette, a great Polio epidemic was raging all across our nation! Infantile Paralysis (Polio) was striking both children and adults by the hundreds across the United States. It was scary! -- very frightening to me! People were not only being left partially and totally paralyzed, putting some in Iron-lungs, numbers were also dying. The epidemic raged on through the next summer of 1948, and that summer a young married woman, about age 33, living only two doors up the street from us, died after contracting Polio! I date the beginning of the inner fear and unhappiness of my youth from those years: 1947-48.

Things went on from bad to worse in our lives. Another sobering time came our way when papa died in 1950, but things rocked on, worse and worse for the three of us: mother, Gale, and me. Mother worked hard teaching school, working her correspondence courses, and attending summer school to get her college degree. Gale and I both delivered papers, mowed lawns, and did a variety of jobs to get our spending money. Gale loved band, became a good trombonist and bass-horn player in the high school band, graduating in 1952 from Payette High School, and went on to become band director himself for years.

Gale worked that summer, entered NNC, got saved and sanctified, came back home, and witnessed to me one night. His testimony was brief, but sincere, and it made a lasting impression on me. Soon, however, he was gone, never again to return to our home for more than a few brief visits. Life rocked on.

During my Junior year in High School, 1953-54, my inward turmoil became much greater, but things continued unchanged. I worked before school, after school, and on Saturday's at a photo developing plant. I purposely took no job during my senior year in high school -- had less money to keep my little 1942 Ford Coupe running, but since I had worked at some sort of job from age 13 until age 17, I wanted my last year a Payette High to be job-free. It was job-free, but certainly not carefree.

Thoughts of how I was soon to have spent 12 years in school preparing for this life while being unprepared for eternity troubled me deeply. At my graduation in the Spring of 1955, though I had gained a tad-bit of scholastic honor and had been given a Citizenship Award watch, I felt like a hollow shell -- honored somewhat by worldly people, but empty of all that really mattered, filled with inward fear, and fit neither for death nor life. I knew that things were going to have to change before I felt prepared or able to go forward with my life, and therefore college the next year with my inner fears and conflicts unresolved seemed out of the question.

UNHAPPY AT HAPPY CAMP

Shortly after my graduation, I decided to go Happy Camp, California with Bill Ivacek and Buddy Chalfant, two of my fellow, senior graduates. It was a little lumbering town at the tip of northern California, just below the Oregon border. Buddy's father lived there and had a little trailer way out in the woods that he let us stay in. We got a job making and pouring concrete for a veneer mill on some construction the mill was doing. It was a beautiful, evergreen-wooded area,

but I was so inwardly disturbed that Happy Camp was only that in name to me, not in fact. After only a week or two I boarded a bus for home. My senior class "prophecy" had predicted some high worldly honor for my life, but I knew that my life was a big, empty phony, not wafting upward, but filled and freighted with such utter inward turmoil and fear that I was headed for a big crash unless something changed.

I thought of suicide, and even one time pointed the barrel of a rifle to my head, but I had courage neither to live nor to die. Utter wretchedness possessed me! The void and vanity of earthly honor mocked me. Like a young, honored but deeply disturbed Saul, in fits of angry frustration, I flung my Citizenship award watch at the wall, and smashed my "pretty-boy" high school graduation picture. Things were wrong, Wrong, WRONG! so totally WRONG!! Something had to change!

About this time, came my question and statement: "Mother, Do you know what's been wrong with our lives?... We've just left God out." -- followed by her "hard as nails" response: "You live your life, and I'll live mine!" -- followed in turn by the saddest look she saw on my face which God used to begin bringing her to repentance -- followed by her statements to me: "The Lord has shown me what I have been doing to your life. I'm going to see if I can get back to the Lord" -- followed finally by her glorious reclamation and sanctification.

I did not want to hinder mother. I would not stand in the way of her getting rid of the television I had talked her into buying. I was genuinely happy that she was back to God. I was convinced of the reality of her salvation and sanctification, impressed with her renewed life, -- but I went on as I had been, with deep, inward disturbance and discontent plaguing my mind and gnawing on the vitals of my soul. Mother walked on sweetly with God, prayed for me, and tried to lead me back to the Lord. I read some good, holiness books: Gospel Dynamite by Oscar Hudson, Africa, O Africa by Louise Robinson Chapman, Wail of the Drug Addict by D. C. Van Slyke, a book about Esther Carson Winans, and I attended some of the Nazarene services with mother now and then, but my misery continued.

MY SECOND PARENTS

I forget what I may have worked at during those months, but I had a little money, and finally one winter day in December of 1955 I decided to take a bus and leave home.

"Where are you going," mother asked.

"I don't know," I replied, "I'm just going to get on a bus and go." -- and that I did.

I think that mother drove me up to the bus station and saw me off. She didn't know where I would end up, and neither did I, but she knew I had bought a ticket to Cheyenne, Wyoming. My brother Parker was then pastoring the Church of the Nazarene in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, south of Cheyenne. Mother wanted me to go on to Scottsbluff and stay with Parker and Edith and their children for a while, but I was noncommittal, and let her know that I might not do that. Thus, I left Payette with no certain destination in mind.

Along the way toward Cheyenne, I pondered what I would do and where I might go beyond Cheyenne. I didn't know, but as the bus pulled into the depot at Cheyenne that night, I was halfway in the notion of going on -- but Lo and Behold! there was Edith, Parker's wife, with two of the boys from the Scottsbluff Church of the Nazarene: Nathan Hobbs and Elmer Hayes. And, just as if it had all been planned, we got my luggage, piled into the car, and headed for Scottsbluff!

Even though he was my half-brother, Parker was old enough to be my father, and with this visit began the time when Parker and Edith became in effect, my second parents. Through God, their influence on my life for years exceeded that of my mother by far. I still loved mom, but Parker and Edith became my spiritual mentors.

I was given a little bedroom in the basement of their Scottsbluff parsonage, and treated like one of the family. It was a difficult time for them, for only months before that time, their oldest son, Bruce, had been tragically drowned. Nonetheless, Parker and Edith took me into their home, prayed with me, counseled me, took me to church with them, and did virtually everything in their power to get me back to God. Mother prayed for me back in Payette while they dealt with me in Scottsbluff. After about 5 months, in spite of all the prayers and earnest efforts, my lifestyle changed, but my relationship with God remained unchanged. I had worked a short while driving dump-truck on a construction job there in Scottsbluff, had bought a little '46 Ford sedan, and had a little money. One day along about April of 1956 I told Parker and Edith I was leaving. As when I left Payette, I had no certain destination in mind.

ENTER, ART MORGAN WITH HIS POWERFUL ZEAL AND FAITH

Art Morgan was a miracle of grace -- a man that Parker had helped to get back to God while he was in jail. His spiritual transformation was so amazing that, like Bulldog Charlie Wireman, the authorities decided to set him free to sound abroad the marvels of redeeming grace. Art is still alive, and if he hasn't already written his life story, I hope somebody does.

Art was all ablaze for God! -- out of jail, into the ministry, and was pastoring the Alliance, Nebraska Church of the Nazarene, a short distance from Scottsbluff. He had a contagious zeal and faith that knew no bounds, and along with a few adults, he had gathered a bunch of zealous young people into the Kingdom. They were having a revival, and I thought that maybe Art, with his amazing zeal and faith, could help me. So, I decided that I would go up and visit that revival for a while before possibly going on to parts unknown. With my things packed, I headed for Alliance in my little Ford.

Soon after my arrival I was given a place to stay, and Art began to deal with me, and he guided me into the snare of his zealous faith. He said, "How bad do you want to get saved? Bad enough for you not to eat anything and me not to eat anything until you get saved? Will you agree to join me in that vow until you are saved?" What a challenge! I wanted to be saved, and his faith seemed so undeniable that I took him up on it, but when I did join him in that vow, I said within myself to Art, "You may be mighty hungry before this is over!"

A night or two later, I hit the altar. Art and his zealous young people gathered around me, and Oh, how they prayed! as they assured me that God was there to save me. Dear old Sister

Howchins, a black Mother in Israel, was sitting up at or near the front. Art and the young people prayed, while drooped over the altar, I tried to pray, and Sister Howchins would say, "Look up, son, Jesus is up! Look up!"

Finally, Art said to me, "I believe the Lord saves you, don't you?" Not satisfied, but halfway believing that if Art thought I was saved, then maybe I was. The scenario that followed went something like this:

"I guess so," I replied.

"Well, I believe He does, what do you say? Does He save you right now?"

I felt rushed into a profession, but halfway thought I might be saved, so I said that I was. But I thought to myself: "I may just leave. I doubt that I am saved, and if I'm not I won't stay around here and try to live the life -- I'll just go on."

But Art urged me even further.

"Call Parker and Edith, and tell them you're saved."

There was a phone in the back of the church, Art got Parker and Edith on the phone, and handed it to me. Overwhelmed by the whole thing, and still thinking since Art thought I was saved maybe somehow I was, I professed to Parker and Edith that I was saved. But it just did not ring true in my soul. I was not satisfied. As a boy of 7, when God saved me, I KNEW it, but I didn't know it now.

Art took me along with some others up to a restaurant. Breaking the fast, he and others enjoyed their meal, but while I ate a little, I was not in a celebrating mood. I thought: "I've told everyone I'm saved, but I don't really know it. I don't want to try to live a Christian life without knowing I am saved. Maybe tomorrow I'll just move on."

That night, I was given a place to sleep in the basement of the Alliance Church of the Nazarene. I went there with that same thought: "I don't know I am saved. I don't want to take upon myself the obligations of living a Christian life without really knowing I am saved. Tomorrow, maybe I'll just leave." Soon, however, I heard from heaven on that subject.

I opened a little, hand-size Christian Worker's New Testament, and God arrested my attention with a verse of Scripture. Here is both the Scripture in John 12:48 and the thought that came to me, rolled into one: "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day... Son, you can leave tomorrow, and keep on running from Me, but you will face the Word that I have spoken to you in the last day at the Judgment."

THE BLESSED TRANSFORMATION

A spiritual warmth seemed to hover near me that night, and the next morning I re-read and pondered that verse, and that message from God. The warm presence of God was still near, and a pleasant thought came to me: "God is trying to save me. He WAS at that altar last night. He is trying to save me. And if he is TRYING to save me, He must WANT to save me! And if He WANTS to save me, it shouldn't be too hard to get saved. I will just LET him save me."

Then, into my mind came an inspired leadership and resolve of faith that I know came to me from the Holy Spirit -- from the loving God who was right then pulling me back to Himself, to His salvation, and into one of the most profound encounters with Deity I have ever experienced!

God was trying to save me, and wanted to save me. Right then, if God for Christ's sake would blot out all of my past sins, I would stop running from Him, by His help and grace I would abandon all known sin, trust Him to save me, testify of my intention, and walk in that course, expecting God to bring me the desired witness as I so walked.

Art, unaware of all of this, picked me up a little later and took me with him to make a call. While he and I were sitting in the lady's front room and she was elsewhere, I asked Art: "Do you really believe God was there at the altar last night to save me?" He assured me that he did. Then came my clincher. With the above inspired and repentant resolve of faith in my mind, I said, "I believe I'm going to take him up on it!"

At that point, nothing more than the inward knowledge that I had done the right thing came to me. At the service that night I stood and testified of my present trust in Jesus' blood for my salvation and of my resolve to walk with God. I still had no witness, but I knew that down that line was victory, and I was determined to walk on in that faith, feeling or no feeling. Somehow, I knew that I would not be disappointed.

It had been arranged for me to stay that night at the home of the Sunday School Supt. After the service, I went on before others to the Marlin home. I wanted to be alone. I entered the bedroom, and after stretching out on the bed, while lying there on my back, I heaved a sigh of deep inward satisfaction, and said to myself, "Duane Maxey, you have finally done the thing you should have done a long time ago."

"Son." -- I heard a voice -- and suddenly I knew it was Jesus! Had any other mortal been in that room, they would not have heard Him, but I HEARD HIM! I glanced quickly up above the doorway near where the ceiling met the wall from whence His voice seemed to have come, and He said:

"Son, you ARE my child, and your sins are forgiven."

"And the Spirit entered into me when He spake unto me," -- washing all down through me with the washing of regeneration, and with sweet and delectable inward joy, I KNEW, THAT I KNEW, THAT I KNEW! that Jesus saved me!! No need to wonder about it now! I knew it! And, Oh! what I felt as the washing of regeneration swept through and into my soul. I got up off the bed and paced the floor, marveling at what I had just heard. The living Christ had actually spoken to me -- to ME! How amazing! How Wonderful! He spoke to me! He washed me, and let me know

that I was God's child! My childhood experience nearly 12 years earlier as a boy of 7 had been real, and sweet, but it paled in comparison with the marvelous glory that moved into my soul that night during the Spring of 1956 in Alliance, Nebraska!

Edith remarked how the transformation in my countenance was so marked that one who had seen me before wouldn't believe I was the same person! And, I wasn't. Old things had passed away; and behold, all things were become new -- from the inside out!

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Sketch 11

HOW THE FIRE FELL

1 Kings 18:38 "Then the fire of the Lord fell."

There is a second, definite work of grace following regeneration whereby the heart is cleansed from inherited sin, and to which the Holy Spirit bears witness to those receiving it as clearly and distinctly as He does to one's new birth. I was convinced of that, as all should be, and shortly after the Lord swept back into my soul in clear and joyous regenerating power in the Spring of 1956 at Alliance, Nebraska, I began to seek that experience. I wanted reality -- I wanted to be sanctified as clearly as I had been saved -- a clear and distinct witness, eliminating all doubt.

Upon my return to Scottsbluff, my brother Parker urged me to seek entire sanctification, and he and others prayed with me at the church in the Youth Chapel as I sought the experience. Finally, I reached a point where I knew not what more to do, and upon opening the Scriptures my eyes fell upon Romans 15:13 "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." I thought perhaps the Lord had given me this, and while we were still around the altar for that special prayermeeting for me, I mentioned it to Parker. He felt that it was God's message to me, and that I was to hold steady right at that point, believing that promise for my entire sanctification.

The prayermeeting was ended, but I was disappointed. Even though the Lord had shown me clearly the way of faith into the glorious regeneration just received in Alliance, I knew not how to stand on that promise, and even wondered if I should try to stand on it. I tried, but was plagued with assailing doubts. No "Fire Fell," and it was not until between 3 and 4 years later that I found what I wanted that day.

My stay in Scottsbluff soon ended, after which I attended God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio for the "Six Weeks Course" during the summer of 1956. I met Glenn Griffith who was there preaching a camp. He and Parker were friends, and he came up to me on the campus following a service and gave me a warm greeting and "green-back handshake." It was only a brief encounter with this fiery apostle of holiness, the only time I ever recall having a personal conversation with him, but I have never forgotten that warm greeting, and at the time I appreciated both the greeting and the 2 or 3 dollar bills he put in my hand with that handshake.

Lloyd Day was President of the School and burning with holy zeal, and I sat under the pointed teaching about "The Old Man" of E. G. Marsh and others who preached and taught on the subject of entire sanctification. The atmosphere was deeply spiritual, and did me good, but spiritual questions and perplexities plagued me, and the experience they had and taught seemed beyond my grasp -- almost like David's assessment of God's knowledge when he wrote: Psalm 139:6 "It is high, I cannot attain unto it."

I returned to Payette following the 6 weeks course, went back to GBS briefly during 1957, but decided to leave, and soon went back to Idaho before the winter of 1957-58. For about 9 months during 1958 I worked at a Creamery in southern Idaho, during which time I attended the Church of the Nazarene. I was not clear about a call to preach, although I thought I might be called, and I had saved up a small sum of money with an eye toward possibly entering college that Fall if I was not drafted. I was compelled to take the army physical, passed it, and I was #1 on the draft list to be called from the county where I was registered if there was a draft-call coming up in July or August of 1959. There was no draft-call, which left the way open to go to school. God had two other calls in mind for me: the call to Holiness and the call to the Ministry.

As God had so arranged things providentially, in August of 1959 Parker and family were to pass through the area where I was living on their way back to Rock Island, Illinois where Parker was on the staff of Bible Missionary Institute. I still had no clear call to preach, and when I was not drafted, I decided to get into school somewhere. Mother was a school teacher, teaching appealed to me, and I had written to a teacher's college in West Virginia about the possibility of enrolling there. Parker and Edith agreed to pick me up and let me ride back with them as far as Rock Island.

I had heard some negative things in the Church of the Nazarene about the Bible Missionary Church. One day our Payette pastor had taken an entire morning service to refute Glenn Griffith's "Nineteen Reasons Why I Am Leaving the Church of the Nazarene," taking up and endeavoring to refute those reasons one by one. At that point in time, I had attended only one Bible Missionary service -- one in the "Old Box Factory" on Nampa-Caldwell Blvd., and that was right after they had moved out of a tentmeeting farther up the way toward Nampa, Idaho. So new was the movement at that time that I remember Glenn Griffith stating that the name would be "The Bible Missionary Union," before it later became known as the Bible Missionary Church. It was a fiery crowd, I could tell that, and I knew they had been thought of by many as ultra-radical.

I joined Parker and his family for the ride back as far as Rock Island, but during the trip the inward thought persisted: "You're not going to West Virginia; you are going to Bible Missionary Institute in Rock Island." I was noncommittal. If I was to go to the Institute of this radical holiness group, despised both by the world and by less radical holiness people, I wanted to know that God was making that choice for me, and not either my brother or myself. Parker and Edith said little, didn't pester me at all about enrolling at BMI, and I pretty much kept my thoughts to myself during that journey.

We arrived at Parker's place, 4414 10th Ave., Rock Island, Illinois, on a Thursday evening, a week or two before BMI classes were to begin. I had to decide whether to stay and attend BMI, or to go on. I put out a fleece: "Lord, if you want me to stay here in Rock Island and

attend Bible Missionary Institute instead of going on to West Virginia, please open me up a good job to help pay my school expenses here." Friday morning I got on the phone, called Borden's Dairy, got what sounded like a strong possibility of a job there, interviewed for the job on Tuesday, and was soon employed at the highest hourly wage I had ever earned.

Thus, God clearly indicated that I was to stay in Rock Island. I had worked for what I considered to be a rather miserly wage in Idaho, but that Creamery experience now had landed me a job right where God wanted me at a much better wage. Further, I was soon able to get a steady, part-time, night schedule that would allow me to both work and attend classes. Nothing could have been better arranged if it had all been done long in advance of my arrival, -- but you know something? I think it was so arranged, but not by men. "Where God guides, He provides."

In accordance with those clear leadings of God, I enrolled at BMI and began classes there in September of 1959. The atmosphere at the school was even more spiritually intensive than that of GBS during the times that I had been there. Emphasis was placed first and foremost on spiritual things. We had a chapel service each morning for about an hour, and the preaching in those services was powerful, anointed, and more like a revival meeting than some sort of little devotional. A new building had been constructed for BMI on a bluff overlooking the Rock River, and back then it was the only building there was on the property. Things weren't the most convenient always, and often we were cramped for space, but it was a spiritual boot-camp, not intended to pander to fleshly comforts.

In February of 1960, which was during the winter of my first year at BMI, H. B. "Doc" Huffman came to the school for a revival. My hunger for a genuine, know-so experience of entire sanctification was increased through reading "Forty Witnesses" by S. Olin Garrison. And, before his arrival on campus, H. B. Huffman was advertised to us as an old-fashioned, death-route, holiness evangelist who insisted on people digging down, dying out to self, and seeking until the Fire of the Holy Ghost fell, killing the "Old Man" dead and witnessing to the happy finder, beyond all doubt, that the work was done.

The meeting began, and on Tuesday morning, February 9th, during the morning chapel service, my hunger for Holiness was such that while H. B. Huffman was preaching, I stood to my feet, lifted up both arms like two lightning rods to heaven, and said, "I'm going to get in!" If folks thought I was making a fool of myself, no matter. I wanted reality, and I began to march around that chapel with both arms lifted high, calling on God to sanctify me wholly! I got clear out on top of what anyone there thought. The preacher preached on, the service was dismissed, they all went to dinner, and Duane Maxey was still marching around in that chapel with both arms raised calling upon God for an experience I knew that I had never had, but was determined to get.

Some might think I was crazy, others might think I was rude, but once I made that move I began to be assured that I was going to get that for which I sought. It was a humbling thing to do, but it was just what I needed to get me beyond myself and others and follow on as the Spirit led me personally toward that for which I thirsted. H. B. Huffman was wise enough not to tell me to sit down and be quiet. He let me pray on and march on while he preached on.

My seeking continued. I went to the services, sought there, and in between services I groaned, and reached out after, and prayed for the blessing. On Wednesday or Thursday, I did something else that many folks may think was rash, and totally unnecessary, but I meant business. I called my foreman at Borden's Dairy in downtown Rock Island. I was working part time nights. When he got on the phone, I said to him something quite like this, "_____, I have unfinished business with God. I need to spend time seeking the Lord until this matter is settled. If the job is still there after I get through, I will be back."

My foreman probably didn't like what I said. He mumbled a few words and hung up. Again, I realize that some may think that this was another rash and unnecessary move, but God honored it, and that job was still there the next Monday when I went back. So, then undistracted by my job, I sought on, and groaned, and prayed. I knew I was on the right track, but nothing happened on through Friday night. So far as my feelings were concerned, I felt no closer to the prize than I had back in 1956. But, God was listening, I had made progress, and still convinced that I was on the right track, I continued my seeking.

Saturday morning arrived. Things were crowded in the men's wing of the building. It was often hard to find a place to pray for devotions. Sometimes even the hall closet was occupied, and frequently there would be several men students having morning prayer in the chapel. That morning, I was fortunate enough to find one of the classrooms empty. I could be alone with God. I entered the classroom, sat down in one of the desks, placed my Bible on the desktop, and within moments of the time I sat down, the Lord began to speak to me.

He told me that if I would ask Him, He would show me whether I was called to preach or not. I had wondered about this for a long time, but I was in dead earnest about getting sanctified wholly, and I had not given much, if any, thought to that question for some time. Therefore, I was surprised that the Lord spoke to me about it. Nonetheless, I knew that He had spoken, and I knew that if I asked him right then, he would also answer the question right then. So, I obediently asked him. What I did not realize was that there was to be several things wrapped up in His answer.

He guided my attention to three verses of Scripture in Ezekiel. What God gave me from those verses was strictly for me. I do not profess that the message given to me from them is their literal interpretation at all, but wrapped up in those three verses was: (1) An assurance that I was called to preach; (2) An assurance that He was going to cleanse me; (3) A personal, life-prophecy telling me of a time of weakness that was coming into my life, which I think is being fulfilled right now; and (4) Another life-prophecy which has yet to be fulfilled -- one that I will not here reveal.

When I read those verses, I knew that God had given them to me, and I knew that I was called to preach. Those verses were given me on Saturday morning, February 13, 1960 -- over 39 years ago. The time of weakness began over 15 years ago, 24 years after God gave me the verses, and still continues.

That was Saturday morning. My seeking continued that day and that night. Our regular Church services, as well as our Chapel services, were held in the school chapel. There was no BMC Church in the area at that time, besides right there at the school. I went to the Sunday morning Church service in the chapel, February 14, 1960.

As I listened to the message during that morning service, I felt nothing more than an inward calm. When the altar call was given, I went to the altar. The altar was lined, and student seekers were loudly praying and calling upon the Lord. I was over near the end of the altar close to the piano. Somehow, that morning, I had no inclination to do more than pray quietly, and as I did, the words, "Cleansing, the Cleansing Stream," began to softly come into my mind.

Then, suddenly, I knew that I was about to be sanctified wholly. I asked those in charge if I could make a statement to all. They allowed me to do so. I arose to my feet and walked to the center of the chapel and turned to face those in the pews, with those at the altar behind me. The entire congregation quieted to listen to me. I said:

"All my life I have had within me an evil heart of unbelief, something that just would not believe God. But I believe that the Lord has shown me that He is going to take that out of my heart here this morning."

When I finished that brief statement, Suddenly, the Holy Ghost came! -- and I knew He sanctified me wholly! In holy rapture, I cried loudly: "HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE!" Oh! the mighty Pentecostal, sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost that struck my soul!

I took off down the aisle skipping like a boy on his way to the candy store with more riches than he knew how to spend! Back and forth, up and down that aisle, I skipped and shouted and skipped and shouted! And as I skipped along the aisle nearest the cinder-block outside wall, I was impressed with the thought that there was now no wall between my soul and God, and I shouted, "He hath broken down the middle wall of the partition between us!"

God struck the place! Holy Ghost revival began! Sanctifying fire fell on student after student as they were swept into a genuine and clear experience of second blessing holiness. That Pentecostal revival went on for some six weeks! Finally, even the classes were shut down and from then on to the close of the meeting we had nothing but revival. When H. B. Huffman left that meeting, Pentecost had come to me, to a goodly number of the students, and to the school. There were other outpourings of the Spirit upon the BMI students and faculty during the remainder of my time there, but this one, I think, was the greatest of them all.

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Sketch 12

THE WILDCAT STRIKE AND THE MOB AT THE GATE

Exodus 23:2 "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

I had only two nights left on the job before I planned to leave the Quad-cities (Davenport, Rock Island, Moline, and East Moline) following my final year at BMI. I was working at the International Harvester plant in East Moline, Illinois -- the plant that manufactured the IH Combine. It had been a good-paying job, but I had not "fit in" well with the Union.

In order to work at IH it had been necessary to allow the Union to automatically extract their "dues" from my paycheck, but their Union meetings were not required and I attended none of them. I had no desire to mix and mingle in such meetings with the beer-guzzling shop-stewards and their ilk. My encounters with them on the job were more than I wanted, and their evil philosophies grated on me. During my final two years at BMI, I had worked as first a platform lift operator and then as a fork-lift operator at IH. My conscience kept telling me that I should "do my best" to put in an honest night's work, but the shop-stewards were bent on keeping what they called "status quo" -- a "don't do one thing more than the last man did on that job" philosophy.

"When there is nothing to do, "act busy if you must, but don't lift a finger to do work not specifically assigned to your job description" was another of their evil tenets. One night when I was idle, I picked up a broom and started doing some sweeping. The shop-steward accosted me: "I thought you were a trucker," he said, and he gave me to clearly understand that I must not do anything beyond my job description. Another night when I entered the gate, Union men were passing out hand-bills that read: "JOIN A MILITANT UNION AND FIGHT THE COMPANY!" Put in more correct terms this was saying: "BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU!"

I know, and I can almost hear some good holiness men saying to themselves right now: "Duane Maxey needs to understand the necessities of these Union restrictions. Why, if it wasn't for the Union, wages would be too low to live on, and Big Companies would keep all of the profit while cheating the poor working man out of his fair share of their prosperity!!" No, I realize that there are "two sides of the coin" when it comes to Unions vs. Big Companies... but, anyone who honestly compares many of the Union philosophies with the teachings of the Bible on the same subjects should easily see that there is a wide discrepancy between the two, and that Union philosophies often plainly contradict the commands of the Bible!

But quicker than it has taken you to read the above, the defender of Unionism might shoot back: "But what about the Big Companies? What about how they violate Bible teachings!?" Yes, there are two sides to the issue, but let me ask those who so staunchly defend anti-Biblical Union policies and practices: "Do two wrongs make a right?" Absolutely not! While real wrongs by those in Big Business are just as culpable, and often more so, that in no way justifies many, or any, of the wicked philosophies and practices of Union leaders and workers.

What seems rather amazing to me is how even good holiness men sometimes justify the anti-Biblical practices of Unions as a "necessary evil"! But if evil is ever necessary, then wrong is sometimes right -- and if wrong is sometimes right, then God would have to be a God who teaches "situation ethics" and much of the Bible would need to be rewritten! Holiness people should condemn evil -- as evil -- wherever it is seen, even if it means condemning some Union practices.

Back to the IH plant where I had only two work nights left before leaving the Quad-cities. A union worker was peeved over some perceived injustice on the job. Suddenly, the Union big-wigs in the plant called for a "Wild-cat Walk-out" -- something that violated the Union contract with IH. All Union members working in the plant were expected to sympathize with this man's "grievance" and to walk off of the job -- even though it clearly violated the contract, and even though you questioned the justification of the whole thing.

As Union workers abandoned their jobs and walked out of the plant, I quickly saw that I was faced with a moral crisis. I pondered the facts of the situation and weighed the matter in my mind:

On the one hand, the Wildcat Strike was a violation of the Union contract. Beyond the buzz that reached my ears, I knew nothing firsthand about the angry man's grievance against the company, and I questioned its validity, but I was expected to "stand behind him" regardless. Thus I felt that to walk off of the job was the wrong thing for me to do, and that if I did so I would be capitulating to Union pressure and "following a multitude to do evil."

On the other hand, if I did not leave the plant, I might face the wrath of a Union Mob at the gate when I left. Might it be the part of wisdom to leave? I had only one more shift to work after this one. Why risk the possibility of being mobbed and injured by angry Union Strikers at the gate? Was it not simply a "necessary evil" to get out while I could without harm?

In spite of all such reasoning, I simply could not justify my leaving the plant. As I perceived it, to do so would be capitulating to outward pressure, to inward cowardice, and it would be violating God's Word clearly commanding me not to "follow a multitude to do evil." Let others assess my predicament differently if they will, -- that is how I saw it, and I stayed in the plant until my shift was over.

Though I felt that I had made the right decision, I did not feel "bold as a lion" when I got in my car, headed for the gate, and saw the Union mob waiting for me. When I approached the gate the mob moved up to my car. I tried to remain calm. I had no desire to hurt anyone with my vehicle by plowing through the mob and knocking them out of the way. As I recall, I kept my car moving slowly when I entered the mob and even rolled down my door-window. All I could do was pray and hope for the best.

As the mob surrounded my car, one factor that may have kept me from harm was that one or two of the mob nearest me turned out to be fellow workers who had been somewhat friendly to me on the job. Perhaps they were loathe to hit me or damage my car. When Jesus was mobbed by the bunch that wanted to cast Him over the brow of the Hill at Nazareth, "He passing through the midst of them went his way" (Luke 4:30) unharmed. And so it was in my case. How much danger I actually faced I know not, but beyond some "hoots" and rocking of my car, nothing was done, and I went on my way, glad that I was not hurt, but with no regret that I stayed in the plant instead of following that multitude to do evil.

I did not know that I was divinely compelled to go in the next day, omitted doing so, and soon left the Quad-Cities in my little '54 Chevy for Kirksville, Missouri, the location of my first pastorate. Never again have I thus faced the ire of Union men, but my opinion that their policies and practices are often wrong remains to this day. There are two sides to the coin in Union vs. Company conflicts, and I could as easily write against Big Company wrongs. This article simply relates an instance from my personal experience when I felt divinely compelled not to follow a Union multitude to do evil.

* * * * *

Sketch 13

NO, THAT'S NOT A LONG TIME

1 Sam 7:2 "... the time was long; for it was twenty years..."

Among those who tried to make me feel welcome to the first little church I pastored were Orace and Lottie Coleman. Knowing I was a bachelor, they brought some food and things to my apartment and manifested a motherly and fatherly Christian warmth. If I had known what lay ahead within the next 6 months, and if I had not been such a stickler about what I had learned in Bible School, I might have replied differently that night to their warm good-bye as they left.

"Good night, preacher boy," one of them said.

I was but 25 years old, and did not mean to be harsh, but I had been taught that the people should be trained to respect their pastor, even when he was young: "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward" (Mat 10:41).

"It's not preacher boy," I said, "It's Bro. Maxey, but good night, and thanks."

Orace was a cracker-jack telephone line repairman nearing retirement age, but still respected and leaned upon by the phone company as "the" man to call when they had a break in the line that was difficult to find. And, second to Jesus, Lottie was the love of his life. Both of them were dear saints of God, and I soon came to appreciate how they "pulled for the preacher" during the services. I could feel their warmth. Any preacher, and especially a young man in his first pastorate, has no trouble telling who it is that is boosting the service, and who they are that are dragging their feet, -- and I had some folks that I knew didn't want me there. But that wasn't the Coleman's; they radiated the sanctified love and warmth toward me that I wished I could feel from all.

Camp time rolled around within about six weeks of the time I had become their pastor, and Lottie Coleman was a missionary-minded woman. The Foy Bullocks were planning at that time to go to India as missionaries, and they were to be at our camp. Coleman's were not going to the camp, or not going as soon as I planned to go, and Sis. Coleman asked me to stop by their place before I went and pick up some things for the Bullocks.

When I arrived at the Coleman's place out toward the edge of town, Sis. Coleman was sitting in a wooden rocker on the porch. It was a bright, sunny, summer day. We spoke a few words, and then she told me where the things for the Bullocks were and asked me to go on inside and get them. I left her sitting in the rocker on the front porch, went into the house, picked up the items, and returned to the front porch -- all within several minutes.

As I stepped out onto the porch, I was met with a shocking surprise. Dear Sis. Coleman's head had slumped forward and she was breathing strangely.

"Sis. Coleman!" I burst out, "Sister Coleman!" but there was no response. The color of her face took on a sickly, yellowish hue, and I knew she was in the throes of death, possibly having suffered a massive stroke just after I had stepped inside.

What to do!? She needed an ambulance immediately, but I was so shocked that I could scarcely think clearly. I remembered that Orace worked for the phone company. I dashed in to the phone and got ahold of an operator. I related quickly to her that we needed an ambulance for Sis. Coleman at their residence and that a message should be sent to Bro. Coleman informing him of this emergency, telling him that he must come home immediately, and that I would be waiting for him there.

Within minutes the ambulance arrived, they loaded Sis. Coleman on a gurney into the ambulance and rushed her to the Kirksville Osteopathic Hospital, one of the two local hospitals. Minutes later, dear Bro. Coleman arrived, I told him where they had taken Lottie, and we jumped in my car and sped to the hospital. After quickly inquiring where they had her, we hastened to the lower floor emergency room -- but too late to find her alive. There lay Lottie's body on the gurney, covered with a sheet. Orace went to her, and, -- not with the expression of carnal rebellion against God, but with the expression of deep love robbed of its mate -- he pounded his grieving fists onto the gurney. She was gone!... the love of his life, second only to Jesus, had been suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from him -- no chance to say "I love you," no chance to say "Good-bye," -- just gone! He was overcome with grief.

Now, humanly, he was alone in this world, and now the fact that they had called me "Preacher boy" or "Bro. Maxey" didn't really matter much. Orace was robbed of his dear wife, and I had one less booster in the tiny congregation -- a warm, loving presence was gone. Yes, Jesus knew what he was doing in taking her when He did, and as He did, but when a husband loses his earthly love so suddenly, there is a soul-wrenching, aching void, and when a young pastor loses, sooner than he ever dreamed, the spiritual warmth radiated from one of the saints in his congregation -- it is missed, it is missed.

Poor Orace, he was so, so lonely in the weeks following Lottie's passing, and weighed down under the great burden of his grief. It was written all over his countenance, and my heart went out to the dear, heartbroken man. The outward motions of his life continued, he continued working and attending our services, but something within him died when Lottie left this world -- something that only God could heal. There was no human filling for the huge void in his life nor human relief for the deep aching in his heart -- but God did have a cure.

One Sunday shortly after Lottie's passing, a holiness man who was an old acquaintance of Coleman's invited Orace and me out to Sunday dinner with his family. As we were driving out to their country home, Orace and I were talking about him and Lottie.

"How long were you married," I asked.

"Twenty-six years," he replied.

"That's a long time," I said.

"No," he said, "that's not a long time."

Without realizing it, I had voiced a common misconception of young people -- even Christian young people -- that time is longer than it really is. Now that I am right at the age Orace was when he corrected me, I can see very clearly that 20 years, 30 years, even my 61-plus years is not a long time -- No, not a long time at all! His years with Lottie had passed ever so swiftly! Now that she was suddenly gone, no doubt those 26 years to him were like those years had seemed to Jacob when he labored for Rachel: "they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

Whether a certain span of time is long or short is relative. Yes, the Bible does say of the length of time during which the ark abode out of its proper place, that "the time was long; for it was twenty years" (1 Sam 7:2). But this is a relative statement. One might properly in some circumstances, such as an emergency, term even an hour as a "long" time, but again, that is a relative assessment, not an actual one.

Where young people's perception of time goes unwittingly astray is in failing to see the relativity of such statements, even in the Bible. When you are in your middle 20's, yes, 20 years, 26 years, 30, years and more, all seem like long periods of time. But when you have put twice that number of years behind you, you will say like Orace, "No, that's not a long time."

But I was soon to receive another shocking illustration of life's brevity.

Just several months after that Sunday dinner with Orace, I was conducting the mid-week Prayer-meeting. Bro. Coleman was not there for the service, I knew not why, but as a telephone repairman he did miss an occasional service during the week to do emergency line repair. After the service had begun, and past the time I expected to have any more come, suddenly, I was surprised to see an old gentleman entering the chapel who did not attend our Sunday services regularly. Even less frequently did he come to our mid-week service, and I was puzzled why he had come, but not for long.

I paused, and he blurted out, "They found Orace Coleman hanging on a pole! and he was dead!" Hanging on a pole? What did he mean? Surely this dear, grieving man had not hung himself!

"No, they found him hanging up on top of a telephone pole."

The phone company had sent him out to find and make a repair. As usual, he had found the break in the line. This one was atop a double-pole arrangement. He had climbed the pole to make the repair, and it proved to be the last climb on that dear man's journey to heaven. There, strapped onto the pole his body slumped while his spirit soared upward -- to be with Jesus, and to be with Lottie and all of the bloodwashed forever!

A man had driven by earlier that day and seen him atop the pole, and when he passed back by the scene hours later, he saw Bro. Coleman's motionless body, still there in the same position. Orace had made the connection, and had called in to the phone company reporting the completed

repair, but before his sad feet stood again on this old earth, his spirit made another connection -- a heavenly connection that will never be broken, world without end!

That was roughly 37 years ago! Do I hear someone say, "That's a long time!"

Orace, if you're listening -- if you are picking up on this -- here's my emphatic reply:

"NO, THAT'S NOT A LONG TIME! -- NOT A LONG TIME AT ALL!"

* * * * *

Sketch 14

ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY

Proverbs 27:1 "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Matthew 6:34 "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Just as there is an extended time of gestation before the day arrives in which a child is born, even so, on any given day, things which have been long developing, but things whose time has finally come, are brought forth into the world, or into one's life. But a day may also give birth to some things very unexpectedly and suddenly, -- in a moment, in a flash!: Isa. 66:8 "Who hath heard such a thing? who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once?" We are incredulous when such totally unpredicted events occur. If things take a while to develop, we may sometimes foresee and predict the time of their arrival. But sometimes we are astounded -- "Who hath heard such a thing!?" -- when things are brought forth into our day that we never dreamed would occur. God knows what will finally be brought forth into the world today after developing a long while, and what will be "be born at once" -- but we don't.

God not only knows "what" will be brought forth into one's life on a given day, but He also knows "how much" good or evil is "sufficient" for a person on that day. Seldom do we think that our day has brought us too much good, but often people feel a day has brought forth more than their share of evil. I will tell you about one day that I had "sufficient".

It was about 1963 when I was nearing 26 years of age, still unmarried, and pastoring a tiny holiness church in Kirksville, Missouri. My starting salary, as I recall, was \$12.50 per week. Our little chapel on Dodson Street was a rented space, the front part of the Carpenter's Union Hall, and I lived in a little apartment above our chapel, reached by a long, wooden stairway from the parking lot below.

It was late winter, or perhaps early spring, but regardless of the technical designation for that month, it was "a time of snow" -- maybe six to eight inches of snow having fallen during the night. It was Saturday morning -- about 10:00 a.m. The oil heating stove in the living room was called a "Perfection," but feeling the temperature somewhat less than perfect, I donned my overcoat and sat down near this "flawed Perfection" to study.

"BANG! BANG! BANG! on the door at the bottom of the stairway leading up to my apartment. I felt unpresentable. I dashed for the bathroom to comb my hair -- couldn't find the comb! Meantime -- CLOMP! CLOMP! CLOMP! -- up to the top of the stairs -- and BANG! BANG! BANG! on the door at the top of the steps. Finally, I decided to just put on an "Ipana Smile" even though I felt unpresentable and open the door anyway.

There stood two tall police officers -- one of them a Missouri State Trooper, and the one in front a County Officer.

"You Duane Maxey?" demanded the big, burly County Officer.

"Yes, come on in."

"YOU BETTER COME WITH US!" growled the County man.

I was flabbergasted! "What for? I'm a minister, can't you just come on in and talk with me here? What is this about?"

"WELL TELL YA!" barked the County man.

"Well... Can I comb my hair first?" I asked.

"YOU BETTER COME WITH US!" again demanded the big County gruff.

I hurriedly pulled on my overshoes and they escorted me down the stairway into the snow-covered parking lot below.

"Where were you last night!" one of them demanded.

I was so stunned by what had so unexpectedly been brought forth into my day that for a moment I couldn't recall where I had been the night before.

Apparently suspecting that I was stalling while trying to think up an alibi, one of them again demanded, "WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?"

Relieved somewhat by remembering where I had been, I replied: "Well, I gathered together a bunch of children who have attended our church and I drove with them out into the country where we attended a Cottage Prayer-meeting held in the home of some Church of God (Holiness) people."

We were standing near my little 1954 (caramel and white) Chevrolet sedan.

"Did you go anywhere else?"

"No."

Referring to my Chevy, one of them demanded, "Open the trunk."

My mind was swirling! What on earth could there be in my car trunk!?? What did they suspicion!?? Had someone stolen my car during the night and stashed some stolen articles in the trunk? Or, worse, might there be a dead body in there?

So rattled by this time that I really didn't know what I might find, I nervously took the key and opened my car trunk. Then, bringing a bit of relief to me, we all gazed upon nothing there but what was mine -- the spare tire, jack, etc. -- all things that were mine.

"OK, close the trunk, get in the patrol car, we're going up to the police station."

"But officers, what for?"

"Get in the car and come with us."

So, right there in plain daylight, in front of any of the neighbors and passers-by who might have looked on, I was arrested, hustled into the prowl car, and off we went to the downtown square, where stood City Hall in which was the police station.

I was utterly dumbfounded! I knew I had done nothing for which to be placed under arrest, but in my mind I cast for some reason why they were doing this -- had some horrible, immoral act been perpetrated against some woman or girl? -- was I going to be accused of something like that? What was going on!!!? I was so flustered that while we drove up to the police station I was afraid if I said anything else I would "sound guilty" even though I was innocent of whatever it was, but on the other hand, if I said nothing would that also might make them think I was guilty? And, I thought of how it would be for me to be sitting in jail on Sunday under arrest and incarcerated for some crime of which I failed to convince them that I was innocent.

On the town square in front of City Hall, as we got out of the car, I finally ventured, "I sure wish you fellows would tell me what this is all about."

Just a terse, "We'll tell you" and then I was ushered up the walk and into an interrogation room of the police station.

The interrogation began: "Now, Duane, we want you to tell us exactly where you were between 6:30 and 10:00 o'clock last night." [I'm guessing at the exact times and numbers related in this account. This all occurred more than 30 years ago.]

"Well, like I said, I took those Sunday School kids out to that Cottage Prayer Meeting."

"When did you leave, and when did you get home?"

"I left to pick them up about 6:30 p.m. We arrived out at the Cottage Prayer Meeting at about 7:30. We stayed until about 9:00 p.m. Then we left and came back to Kirksville. I took all of the children to their homes and came back to my apartment by about 10:00 p.m.

"And you went nowhere else after that?"

"No sir, I was right there all night and didn't go anywhere until you fellows came this morning."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children did you take out there?"

"Well, there was quite a bunch of them. I really had the car loaded. I'd say there were about eight of them."

"Can you give us their names, so we can check on this with their parents?"

I gave them the names, and the State Patrolman left me in the interrogation room with the big County Officer while he went to make phone calls to check on my story. The County man asked me a few more questions, and after a while here came the State Patrolman back into the room.

"Duane, do you remember anything unusual happening on your way home?"

I cast in my mind a bit, and replied, "Well, there was one thing that you might say was unusual."

"What was that?"

"Well, I remember that as we were going away from the Cottage Prayer Meeting, since it was after dark, and since I was driving on unfamiliar road -- I had not been there before -- I was driving rather slowly, and a vehicle got right in behind us and turned his lights on bright -- and there's just enough 'kid' left in me that I decided to 'floor-board it' and pull off and leave him."

"Anything else unusual happen?"

"No, not that I remember."

I had read about some burglaries around the Kirksville area during past weeks that had been committed, they suspected, by a bunch of young people being led by an out-of-state adult.

Finally the State Officer said, "OK, Duane, your story checks. Now I'm going to tell you why we brought you in. Out along the road where you were last night, a farmer discovered that his place had been burglarized, and he spotted your car traveling slowly along the road. He jumped in

his vehicle, sped after you, got right in close behind you, and turned up his lights on bright to get your license number. He saw all the kids in the car, and when you sped up he was sure you were the ones who had burglarized his place."

I had moved to Kirksville, Missouri from Bible Missionary Institute in Rock Island, Illinois, and still had Illinois plates on my car. That fact, coupled with the other coincidences, made them think that when they arrested me, they might have the King-pin of the burglary gang that had been working the area!

"OK, we'll take you home now" -- and back into the prowl car for the ride home.

Just before they dropped me off, I said, "You know, there's just this much about this, fellows: couldn't you have questioned me about this at my apartment, instead of arresting me in broad daylight in front of my neighbors and hauling me up town where anyone could see? Why didn't you just question me in my apartment?"

"Well, Duane, it's like this: we didn't know you were innocent when we picked you up, -- and besides, last week we arrested a preacher in another part of the state, and he WAS guilty."

As I left them, "Thanks, Duane."

My reply expressed some of my frustration, "Well, I sure don't thank you boys."

Off they went, and I went back up into my apartment. "Sufficient evil" for one day? One might think so. I know I would have settled for that. But, -- I was in for another shocker.

It was now about 12:30 of the noon-hour. After such an unexpected and nerve-racking turn of events I gave up on trying to do any studying. Still "shaking my head" with incredulity at what occurred, I decided to iron a white shirt and go make some calls.

Soon I was down the stairs again and into my Chevy. The parking lot below my apartment on Dodson was up a little incline from a T intersection where one had to turn left or right. With the new snow down, vehicles making the turn up Dodson had spun their tires, making the approach to that T intersection slick as a ski-jump. There was no stop sign at the intersection and I was in the habit of looking left while continuing to travel toward the intersection until I could see both right and left beyond a house on the corner. If there was traffic approaching, I would then stop, yielding the right of way.

I started up the Chevy, backed around, then proceeded out onto Dodson and down the little slope toward that T intersection, peering left. When I could see beyond the corner house on my left, I saw a pickup bearing down on the intersection from my left. I hit the brakes, -- and you guessed it -- I slid right out into that intersection into the path of that oncoming pickup. I had no time to do anything but watch with a sickening feeling as that pickup slid into the left-front part of my pretty little '54 Chevy.

Nobody was hurt -- but I was now without a car. The horrendous crash had done extensive damage to the left-front of the Chevy. Nothing to do now but have the car towed away, facing a huge repair bill on my car, since I had nothing beyond liability. Within the short scope of about 3-4 hours I had been falsely arrested in public, grilled at the police station, wrecked my car, and been left on foot facing a repair bill I knew not how I would be able to pay.

Now my head was really spinning! "Sufficient evil" for that day? For sure, I would have settled for that, -- but there was a little more to follow.

I had a job with a local school doing some janitor work that was to be done that night. I had no way to get there now but by walking. A short distance from my apartment, and on the way toward the janitor job, lived an older man and his wife who had been attending our tiny congregation and putting in some offerings that were really a help. They were from another holiness church, but I had tried to make them feel welcome and appreciated their financial support for our little church.

Following my false arrest and car wreck, you can imagine that I was already feeling somewhat "down" emotionally as I walked over to do the janitor work, facing that car repair bill. I spied Bro. Moneygiver as I neared his house, and I sure could have used a little cheering-up. As I recall, they hadn't attended for a few services, and when we met on the sidewalk, I let him know that we had appreciated their worshipping with us and that I hoped we would see them in church tomorrow.

Right then, I certainly would have welcomed a warm response letting me know that they would be there, but his response was quite the opposite. Without explaining why, he let me know they wouldn't be coming back. My efforts to keep them with us had failed. Had I offended him by something that I had preached? I never knew for sure what it was, but on top of the other occurrences that day, here came one more dark blow. Let me assure you, I was not in high spirits as I trudged on over to my janitor job that night. But, He Who "weigheth the waters by measure" is also He who knows when the evils of a day are "sufficient" to accomplish his good purposes in our lives -- and that day, with that disappointment, I had had enough.

Servant of God, when multiplied evils come into your day, it is probably true that like Joseph's mean-spirited and merciless brothers, Satan "thought evil against [you]; but God meant it unto good" (Gen. 50:20). In such dark hours, whether it appears so, or not, "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Rom. 8:28).

In keeping with this thought, the poetess Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote:

I will not doubt though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain,
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,

The greater gain.

* * * * *

Sketch 15

IT IS FINISHED! -- ORACE COLEMAN'S LAST REPAIR

John 19:30 "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."

"They found Orace Coleman hanging on a pole, and he was dead!"

This startling news came to me one night in 1962 as I was leading the singing at our little BMC chapel in Kirksville, Missouri. [For more about Orace and Lottie Coleman, read: "No, That's Not A Long Time."]

Orace Coleman was a cracker-jack telephone line repairman, and even though he was about 63 years old at the time of his sudden death, he had remained as perhaps the "the man to go to" more than any other when the phone company needed someone to find and fix a hard-to-find break in the line. He was a member of our little congregation; he had lost his dear wife, Lottie only several months earlier, and I preached his funeral. The funeral home was packed. He was a loved and respected man. There was no doubt about where he had gone, and in the message at his funeral, I used some facts about his repair work and about his final repair, comparing them with the work that Jesus did in bringing salvation to the world.

Bear in mind that I preached the sermon to many of Orace Coleman's fellow-workers at the phone company, using comparisons that I felt they would easily understand.

INTRODUCTION:-- As I recall now, I brought out in the Introduction something like this: Orace Coleman was a witness for Christ in his life. Those who knew him and worked with him knew well of the devout Christian life that he lived. But may we not see, even in his death, a beautiful witness for the Christ that he loved and served?:

I. A BROKEN CONNECTION -- Just as there was a broken connection in the phone line that Orace was called upon to repair, even so, when Jesus was sent forth into our world, Sin had broken the connection between God and man. The line of communication and communion was breached. Sin separates from God: Isaiah 59:2 "But your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear." The break needed to be fixed.

II. SOMEONE WAS NEEDED WHO COULD FIND AND FIX THE BREAK -- The phone company needed someone capable of finding and fixing the break in the line. Orace was "the man to go to" when none of the others could find and fix a break in the line. Even so, none but Jesus could find and fix the break between man and God. Acts 4:12 "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

III. A POWERFUL LIGHT WAS NEEDED TO PIERCE THE NIGHT AND SPOT THE BREAK -- When seeking a break in the phone line at night, Orace carried a long, powerful flashlight to spot the trouble -- to locate the break. Even so, Jesus came into the night of sin in this world as God's Powerful Spot-Light. The beams of his Light were powerful enough to shine through the darkness and reveal the break between man and God, and He shined His light on the exact spot where the break between man and God had occurred.

IV. ORACE TROUBLED HIMSELF TO WALK THE LINES UNTIL THE BREAK WAS LOCATED -- Not content like some others who may not have been as thorough as he, Orace did not always remain in his truck when looking for a break. If necessary, he got out of the truck and walked along the phone line until he found the trouble. Even so, Jesus did more than shine His light from Heaven's distance; He left the comforts of heaven and walked among men as their humble, hard-working example: John 9:4 "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

V. TO MAKE THE REPAIR, ORACE CLIMBED THE CROSS-POLE -- After finding the trouble that night, Orace climbed the pole with everything necessary to make the repair. After Jesus shined the light on man's break with God, Jesus was lifted up on the Cross, having with Himself all things necessary to fix the break!

VI. THE REPAIR WAS COSTLY BUT SUCCESSFUL -- Climbing the pole may have brought on the heart attack or stroke that ended Orace Coleman's life, but unto death he was a faithful repairman. Jesus knew that repairing the break between man and God would cost Him His life, and shunning all temptation and advice to by-pass the Cross, Jesus paid the price and through His own blood successfully restored the connection between man and God.

VII. "IT IS FINISHED!" -- After fixing the break in the phone line, and just before he died, Orace Coleman called the phone company and reported that the repair was made -- and then, he died. Just before Jesus died on the cross, He reported that the break between man and God was repaired, saying "It Is Finished."

In general, though not exactly as written above, these were the analogies I made at Orace Coleman's funeral, before a packed chapel at a funeral home in Kirksville, Missouri. General Moderator J. E. Cook and his wife sang the specials. Thus, when this dear man of God forever took leave of the heartache and sorrow of this world, he left behind him a witness for the Christ he loved and served, both by his life and by his death.

Rev 14:13 "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

* * * * *

Sketch 16
THE TRUE REPORT

"...It was a true report that I heard..." (1 Ki. 10:6)

The summer had not arrived; it was only April of 1963, but the area around Kirksville, Missouri where I was pastoring was experiencing a rather unusual warm spell for that early in the Spring -- the kind of weather that tempted one to think summer might already be here, and the kind of warm, balmy conditions that prompted some young people to act like it really was. During one of those warm, sunny, summer-like days a report came to my ears, and "it was a true report that I heard" -- to be exact, a "Steven True" report.

Steven was about 15 years old at the time, a rather slender youth with dark hair and a mischievous look in his eye. He had a brother about 1 year his junior, and two brothers 8-10 years younger than he. The two youngest boys attended our Sunday School some, Steven and his next younger brother, less often. Theirs was a "fatherless" home, perhaps by separation or divorce, and while their mother seemed somewhat interested in getting her children to Sunday School, she seldom came herself. When Steven and his next younger brother came to church, sometimes there seemed to emanate from him a "you can't scare me," or a "who's afraid of the big bad preacher" attitude. Obviously, he and his next younger brother were running with the wrong crowd. Finally they ceased coming to Sunday School or church at all, and I think he may have gotten into some trouble with the Law.

Before hearing "the True Report" in April, I had last seen Steven at a public school some weeks earlier. I was doing some janitor work for the school, and when I entered one of the classrooms to sweep it out, there sat Steven, the lone pupil in the room, apparently taking some sort of special education instruction, or perhaps doing some make-up work after a truancy. Beyond a very brief greeting, I said little to him. I did not think that he was particularly interested in talking with me, and prolonged talk would have interrupted his study. Little did I know however, that this was the last time I would ever speak to him, and neither of us imagined that in a few short weeks I would be preaching his funeral.

Who bore the news, I don't remember, but on that balmy day in April "The True Report" came to me something like this:

"Did you hear about the drowning out at Steele's Pond yesterday?"

"No! Who was it?"

"It was Steven True. They failed to recover his body last night, and they have divers out there again today, right now, with a crowd around while they are trying to recover his body."

I drove out to Steele's Pond, maybe 2 miles or so from the edge of town. It was a large pond, perhaps 60 to 80 yards across in all directions, and 25 feet deep in the center. There was a crowd around and a boat out on the pond from which divers were making repeated dives in the effort to recover Steven's body. The boat and divers were nearer the opposite shore, so I rounded the pond to get a closer look. After a while, they recovered the body and started moving the boat with Steven's body in tow toward the shore from which I had come. I rounded the pond to the spot

where they landed, and as they pulled Steven's body up out of the water, I saw a sight that fixed itself forever in my mind -- so ghastly that I won't attempt a description, but one that is probably quite typical of the bodies of drowning victims. Death has an ugly face!

Later, I talked to Chuck West, who had been there when Steven drowned, and who had made desperate efforts to save him. Chuck was an athletic young married man who had attended our little Church with his wife Nancy and children before I became pastor, but who then made no profession and seldom came. He was an underground coal-miner, worked at a little mine several miles from Kirksville, and he had developed a quite muscular physique resulting partly from the heavy lifting he did in the mine. A number of times I had visited Chuck and Nancy in my effort to win them back to the Lord and to our little church. One day, I even visited him down in the mine, where I saw first-hand a sample of some of Chuck's heavy lifting and labor. As I recall now, some 36 years later, here is the gist of the story Chuck related to me about how Steven drowned:

The balmy Spring weather had lured Chuck and one or two other young men out to Steele's Pond for a swim, but the water was still very cold. After swimming a bit Chuck and his friends got out of the water and were on the shore when up came Steven with 4 or 5 other young fellows, also intending to swim.

Chuck warned them of how cold the water was, but they were bent on some fun, and decided to see who could first swim across the pond and back. In they plunged, but Steven had forgotten to remove his wrist-watch. Quickly he removed his watch and turning to Chuck on the shore, said: "Here Chuck, keep this for me until I get back!" and tossed him the watch -- not realizing that he would never get back alive, and not knowing that within several short minutes he would pass through the awful throes of death and be where there shall "be no more time," or time-pieces.

Having lost time in the race by delaying to remove and toss his watch to Chuck, Steven swam for the opposite shore, perhaps much too strenuously, in the attempt to catch up with the others. Finally, still behind the pack, he reached the other side and started back, but after getting some yards off shore he was stricken with paralyzing cramps and sank beneath the surface. He resurfaced enough to cry for help, and again sank under the water. Chuck West raced around the pond to get as close to him as possible before plunging in to attempt his rescue! As Chuck swam toward the spot where Steven sank, he saw Steven resurface for the last time, and Chuck said his eyes were as big as saucers -- then, down he went.

Chuck made a dive for him, but failed to get hold of him. Then, he made repeated dives, and said that on one attempt he managed to brush Steven's foot, but that was the closest he came to grasping him. Finally, exhaustion and the cold temperature of the water threatened his own safety, and Chuck was compelled to give up his rescue efforts and swim to shore. The next day, while I was there, they found Steven's body about 25 feet below the surface. I saw him when he neared the shore where he had tossed his watch, but he, and that watch, and time, and all things earthly were now forever separated.

I was called upon to preach that funeral, and before the time for the service I heard that Steven's next younger brother had been "partying" and dancing -- the night before or perhaps the

very day of the funeral. I have a collection of sermon outlines going back years and years, and I think I may have before me now the very outline I used for Steven's funeral, for as I recall I preached from Ecclesiastes, and this is the only Ecclesiastes outline I found that was clearly marked as used for a funeral:

The Title: HOW SORROW CAN BE BETTER THAN LAUGHTER

Verse 3 below was the text.

Eccl. 7:2-3 "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

I also used Job 1:1-4, 18-21, in which:

First We See Scenes of Laughter and Feasting in Job's family:-- "And his sons went and feasted in their houses, every one his day; and sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them" (Job 1:4)

Then Suddenly Came That Which Was Better, Sorrow and Mourning -- "While he was yet speaking, there came also another, and said, Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee. Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped, And said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job 1:18-21)

Enlarging upon this truth, I spoke of 7 ways in which "sorrow is better than laughter," and at one point I used the following poem:

"When a sorrow comes upon you
That no other soul can share,
And it seems to be too heavy
For the human heart to bear,
There is One Whose grace can comfort
If you'll give Him an abode,
There's a Burden-bearer ready
If you'll trust Him with your load."

Perhaps the partying and dancing of Steven's next youngest brother just before that funeral was a shallow attempt to hide from himself the deep, underlying shock and sorrow that he felt. Whatever the case, it was better that day, for that family, to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting, and I tried to be faithful to them with a timely and "True Report" from God's Word.

* * * * *

Sketch 17

ASHAMED OF HER ASSOCIATION WITH US

Winona L_____ was a sweet-spirited and gracious woman, perhaps in her late 50's at the time to which I now refer. She had a love for spiritual things, and seemed to enjoy her fellowship with us -- except for one thing: she was ashamed for it to be known that she attended our services! -- Oh, not ashamed for it to be known by most people: just ashamed for her brother to know it. He lived in the same town wherein our humble place of worship was located, and undoubtedly professed to love the same Christ as we loved, for he was a minister. But here was the difference: He was the pastor of a prestigious Methodist Church with a proud edifice and dignified members, while I was just a little "who's he?" preacher with a tiny crowd in a rented hall. Winona was a nervous sort, at least when she was around us. One or more times as I recall, she honestly confessed to me that she had taken a circuitous route when walking to our little chapel, so as to escape being seen by her brother on her way to our services. Poor woman! She never got enough good old-fashioned salvation to really feel comfortable being associated with the little holiness crowd -- at least not while I was there.

Mark 8:38 "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

Matthew 10:33 "But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

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Sketch 18

SENT WHERE YOU ARE NOT WANTED

Jeremiah 1:7-8 "Thou shalt go to ALL that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord."

When Jacob said to his son, Joseph: "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them," Joseph quickly responded "Here am I." (Genesis 37:13) Centuries later, after his "coal of fire" cleansing, Isaiah's response to God's question: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" was like that of Joseph, as he answered: "Here am I; send me." (Isaiah 6:8)

Joseph knew that his father was sending him to those "who didn't want him," and his unquestioning response and willingness to be sent to those who hated him seems best to typify the spirit that God wants from all who volunteer to be sent of Him:-- a spirit that is willing to carry his message and do his bidding, even to those who don't want you around. Unlike Joseph's immediate

willingness to be sent to those who hated him, some of God's greatest messengers had problems about going to those who were hostile toward them.

He proposed to send Moses back into the hostile environment of Egypt: Exodus 3:10 "Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt." And, though Moses finally did go where God wanted to send him, and though he later was greatly used of God, still when first contemplating this undesirable call, he posed first this and reason why it would be better that he did not go, after which God refuted his excuses and performed miracles to encourage his faith. But still hoping to escape the call, he finally declared: "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue" (Exodus 4:10). You know the story; God would not take even that excuse from him, provided Aaron as Moses' mouthpiece; Moses finally obeyed, but obviously his initial and prolonged effort to escape the call was not pleasing to God.

Jeremiah had similar problems. When God told him: "I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations," Jeremiah quickly replied: "Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child." Whereupon the Lord said: "Say not, I am a child: for thou shalt go to ALL that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord" (Jeremiah 1:5-8). I put the word "ALL" in caps. God wanted Jeremiah to know, not only that he was to preach ALL that God commanded him to preach, but also that he was to go to ALL people to whom he was sent, including those who didn't want him and whose ugly spirit and facial expressions would tempt him to pass them by.

Likewise, Ezekiel was sent among those who didn't want him: Ezekiel 2:3-5 "And he said unto me, Son of man, I send thee to the children of Israel, to a rebellious nation that hath rebelled against me: they and their fathers have transgressed against me, even unto this very day. For they are impudent children and stiffhearted. I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God. And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, (for they are a rebellious house,) yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them."

And, no doubt many a modern-day messenger has been every bit as reluctant as were Moses, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, to go and pastor in a place where he was not wanted. Who wants to be where he is not wanted? When Jesus was sent unto His own, and his own received him not, it is certain that He did not enjoy feeling unwelcome. How many preachers have you heard say something similar to this: "I will not go unless the call is unanimous." That may sound pious, but sometimes it is nothing more than the man's desire to avoid going where he is not wanted. And how many have you heard say: "I left that place because I did not get an unanimous recall" -- perhaps really for nothing more than the same reason.

When all of the pious wrappings are removed from such statements, is it not often the case that the real reason for refusing to go to a certain place, or to stay in a certain place, is because of a deep-seated personal reluctance to be where one is not wanted. And if that is the case, is it not also true that in God's sight this is not a valid excuse? I am sure that the Lord knows the feeling of being "unwanted" but if his decision to come into this world had been only on the condition that He had a "unanimous call," we all know that He would never have come.

Like many, I have often found it unpleasant to go into a place, or to stay in a place, where I was unwanted. In my life, I have knocked on a lot of doors as a door to door salesman. But one reason I never was very good at it is that I just did not have it in me to force my way through the door, to insist on demonstrating this and that, to refuse to take "no for an answer," and to stay in a home where I was not wanted until I got a sale. If at the door I sensed any hostility or unwillingness to let me in, then I REALLY DIDN'T WANT IN! I wanted to get out of their face, off of their porch, out to the sidewalk, and on my way -- even without a sale! -- because I was uncomfortable being WHERE I WAS NOT WANTED.

While I have often made a quick exit from the presence of prospective customers who made it clear that I was not wanted, I have not felt that I could, without being culpable, refuse to take a pastorate or leave a pastorate simply because I was not wanted. In this sketch I will relate an instance when I felt compelled to accept a pastorate where I was not unanimously wanted.

Before receiving and accepting a call to a certain church, I agreed to meet with the District Leader at that place on a certain date. Before that rendezvous, the District Leader assured me that he would then either install me as pastor in that town, or he would place me elsewhere. I felt clear to make the initial contact where and when suggested, but prior to my arrival I was not sure what God's will would be beyond that.

Upon my arrival in the town, I was invited to have supper with the District Leader and his wife at the home of two of the members. Almost immediately after I entered that house that night, I sensed that beneath a surface civility and courtesy, I was really not welcome there -- they did not want me as their pastor. And, this was not imagined -- it was a sad fact! I knew that if I received a majority the votes and was installed as pastor in that place, it would be without the blessing and good-will of that couple. I also knew that I was not at liberty to tell the One who had sent me that this was one place I would not pastor.

I was left at the house where I was not wanted, while the District Leader, his wife, and the couple went to the church meeting that night to take the pastoral vote. And, while I might not have shouted for joy, I doubt that I would have shed any tears, if upon their return the District man had taken me aside and said, "Well, Brother Maxey, I was hoping to install you here, but I guess we will have to make it elsewhere." I DID NOT WANT TO BE WHERE I WAS NOT WANTED! -- especially when the ones who didn't want me were THE KEY FAMILY in the church.

It was not long before I learned the reason why I was not wanted. I think that the District man himself may have confided it to me after that pastoral vote. The woman's husband had supplied the pulpit for a while in the absence of a regular pastor. The woman wanted her husband to be installed as pastor -- and not me, nor anyone else! The District leader felt that it would be a mistake to do this, and along with others in the church, -- over the top of her wishes and the wishes of her husband -- a vote was taken, and I was called.

Now I had a decision to make. My imposed-upon hostess was the Church pianist, and my disappointed host was the Church Treasurer. They wanted me to move on. The District leader and the majority of the local members wanted me to accept the call. To obey God, I could not say,

"Lord, I didn't get a unanimous call; these key people in the church don't want me; I won't accept the call." On the other hand I could not make my decision to accept the call simply because the District Leader wanted me to accept and the majority of the members voted to call me.

I knew that if I took the church I would have a cross to bear with that couple's not wanting me, but I felt that I should accept, and I did. My anticipation of what lay ahead with that couple was not wrong. The dear man I believe was a sanctified man who had been deeply disappointed. He made the best of it that he could perhaps, but never during my time in that city did I feel totally accepted by him as his pastor.

What I endured from his wife was much worse. On one occasion after the morning service, in front of the entire congregation, she accosted me, and not in a whisper, asked: "WAS YOU TRYIN' TO SKIN ME THIS MORNING!?" I was both surprised and inwardly sickened by what I felt was her all too apparent outburst of carnality. But she was not done: again she asked before the exiting people, "Was you tryin' to skin me this morning! ... I don't think that preachers should preach like that!" She could run the aisles and shout when someone else preached, but she could not abide me being her pastor -- one who in her mind had usurped a position that belonged to her husband. And, I suspect that more than once her services as our pianist were denied by her absence, when with the right spirit prevailing in her heart she would have been there. But, I will here forbear from stating any more specifics.

I wish I could tell you that the time came when she and her husband warmly accepted me and made me feel wanted and welcome. It never happened. And let me tell you, if you have never experienced it, it is harder for a preacher to live with that sort of coldness and hostility from those in his church than it is for him to face opposition from a hostile world. When Jesus forewarned that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household," (Mat 10:36), He spoke of a source of opposition no more painful to bear than if He had said, "a preacher's foes shall be they of his own church." It hurts... deeply, very deeply.

Do you think that you made the right decision when you accepted that call?

"Yes."

Do you regret that you made that decision?

"No."

Would you advise all young preachers to make the same sort of decision?

"Yes."

"Why?"

Because when God says to a preacher, young or old, "Thou shalt go to ALL that I shall send thee," He means what He says, and that includes going even to those who don't want you and

to those whose aloof coldness, like a dagger in your heart, is a constant, painful reminder that YOU ARE NOT WELCOME.

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Sketch 19

DELICIOUS OUTPOURINGS, REMARKABLE LEADINGS, AND TRUE PROPHECIES

Isaiah 44:3 "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

Isaiah 58:11 "And the Lord shall guide thee continually..."

Acts 2:17 "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy..."

In 1965, over a period of some weeks, I received several invitations to pastor a holiness church in _____, Missouri, and each time I had declined. I had reason to believe that this might not be the best place for me at that time, and I did not feel that I should accept the call unless I was certain. Finally, after returning from a campmeeting that summer, I put it to the Lord this way: "Lord, in spite of the fact that I have repeatedly turned down that call to _____, if you want me to go there, have them contact me one more time." My last "No" had been worded in such a way that I had not expected any further effort on their part to write me again. But God was apparently working on both ends of the line, for within a short time after I prayed that prayer, here came one more letter from the _____ church. This time, I accepted the call.

I wasted no time getting moved. I married late in life and was still a bachelor. I loaded up my little Plymouth Valiant and was soon on my way to _____. Some time along into the night or wee hours of the morning as I was journeying along and praying, God met my soul, got me out on top of a personal struggle I had been having, witnessed to my sanctification, and made the remainder of my journey a time of real blessing and assurance that I was in His will by taking this pastorate.

So, I entered the city on the flood-tide of a fresh spiritual anointing and encouragement, the best way to arrive at any new pastorate, especially such as the one upon which I was about to enter. The church building was an old Jewish synagogue with the Star of David and I suppose other Jewish symbols pictured in the stained-glass windows. The crowd had greatly dwindled, the folks were discouraged, and the property had fallen somewhat into a state of dilapidation and disrepair. Neighborhood mischief-makers had thrown rocks through the stained-glass windows, and although there was a building contractor in the little crowd, no effort had been made to replace or repair the broken windows. They had simply taped cardboard or paper over the holes and let it go -- another rock, another hole, another patch. Even worse, on one occasion perhaps the same vandals who put the holes in the windows also broke into the building and violated the sanctuary and song books in a most despicable manner.

The big contractor's approach seemed to be an effort to threaten and intimidate the vandals, and let the windows go unrepaired, with the thought: "Why replace the glass? -- they will just

break it again." I felt that things should be put in a better state, and that unreplaced glass and a lot of shabby-looking patches would invite more vandalism. So, while the contractor drug in his heels, I pitched in and personally reglazed new glass into all of the window-frames, painted the windows and frames, and placed protective screens over them. During the screen project, I looked up one of the suspected young vandals, made a friend of him, hired him to help me do the work, paid him well, and said to him: "If you ever hear of anyone throwing rocks at our windows, I sure would appreciate it if you let me know about it." And, I think I offered him a reward if he told me who it was. The repair work was finished, the building and property appearance were improved, and we never had one bit more trouble with vandalism while I was there.

Thus began my labors in _____, which continued until the early summer of 1968. I will in this illustration only relate some things connected with two revival meetings during my pastorate there.

In 1966 we were planning a revival meeting, and we had tried to call several different "leading evangelists" unsuccessfully. As a last resort, we called R____ C____ from E____, Missouri. I confess that prior to that time my estimation of him as a preacher had not been high. He just struck me as easy-going, country "hay-seed" sort of holiness preacher -- one who loved God and loved holiness, but very plain, and not at all the kind of personality one would want for an evangelist. But, he held meetings, we failed to get one of the "big-guns" to come, he was available, so we called him. But my estimation of that dear man was soon to take a big jump.

He came, and we started the meeting. He called for a time of fasting and prayer at the noon hour. In addition to my pastoral work I was also working at the _____ Paint Mfg. Co. I decided to fast and pray with Bro. C____ at the church building during the lunch hour. I would drive over from the Paint Company to our sanctuary, spend a season with Bro. C____ praying and then return for the rest of my shift. And, it was on first day that I met him for prayer that my estimation of him began to take a big upswing.

He was not a "pulpiteer," his physical appearance in the pulpit was very plain, and there was nothing exciting in his slow-spoken manner of delivery. Unlike some of the rest of us, he wasn't given to a lot of bodily motion, pulpit-pounding, and gesturing in his preaching -- and in fact, his strength was not in his preaching at all. His power was in the realm of something, the name of which like "preaching," begins with "pr" but it ends with "ayer" -- prayer.

When I entered the sanctuary that noon hour, I heard sounds that are quite rare even in holiness circles, and I saw something I had never seen before: There was dear Bro. C____ sitting at the altar, groaning with groanings that cannot be uttered, with a roll of tissue for his streaming tears, and a brown paper sack to catch the soaked tissues. I felt a deeply moving spiritual power vibrating and resonating in response to his groans -- he had ahold of heaven, and I could feel it! At once, I thought: "Oh, my! This is what we need! This is what I need! -- not an evangelist well-known on earth, but an evangelist, if you please, that is well-known in heaven, who has power with God, who pulls on the prayer-ropes behind the scenes and makes things move!"

I discovered that my "last resort" call had been to the man of "God's First Choice"! a man whose power lay in the secret place -- the place where few feel called, but where Heaven is first

moved if it is moved at all. R____ C____ knew how to pray -- No, not just pray, he knew how to get into a realm of spiritual intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered! When I went into the sanctuary that day, his words were few, his groans continual: "Uhhhh, Uhhhh! Uhhhh! Oh God! Uhhhh, Uhhhh! Uhhhh!" The tears flowed, the tissues were soaked and discarded, and the groans resounded and resonated throughout my inmost being.

The mighty impact of his intercession was not transmitted in the English language -- nor could it have been so transmitted. My ears were not tickled with words, my mind was not following a flowery prayer-discourse -- but my soul was being deeply moved. I was brought into "the secret place of the Most High" -- not through being in a building, but through being in the presence of a mighty intercessor who was in the presence of God! And, Oh what I felt!

I continued to meet with him, and while I was not prepared to cast away my confidence, I hungered for a fresh witness of Perfect Love. In particular, one child's misbehavior in the services had annoyed me. I wanted more love. With but a few interjectory words, Bro. C____ groaned, and wept, and wiped the tears, and groaned again, and although I had been such a stranger to his realm of intercession, I joined with him the best I could -- and, during one of those noon-hour prayer and fasting sessions, God dumped a tub-load of Perfect Love Honey into my soul! It was one of the most delicious outpourings of the Holy Spirit I had ever enjoyed. For days, yea weeks! I walked in its glow! Everything in the Book seemed to revolve around God's Love, Perfect Love! I had experienced Holiness as a mighty refining Fire, but never before had I experienced it as Perfect Love in quite that way, and certainly not in that amount!

I walked into a neighborhood "Five and Dime" store shortly thereafter, and they were playing over their intercom, what to others was a worldly song, but the Spirit applied the words to my soul in terms of Perfect Love: "What the world needs now, is love, sweet love, it's the only thing there isn't plenty of." No, not love as the world defines love, but God's Love as it was that moment throbbing in my heart and filling my soul. Through the rosy-tinted spiritual glasses of Perfect Love I saw the world in "Love's Sweet Light" as never before.

The meeting closed. I forget who else had a revival then, but one thing is sure, I did! The wife of the church boss wanted a conference with me. I went to her home. She scorched me with searing accusations, and finally, after she had spewed her venom, I looked at her squarely and calmly asked: "Sis. Blank, Do you have Perfect Love?" She blinked and glanced away -- no positive reply to my calm, sweet, and direct question -- which really was THE question. The problem in most churches does not lay in the "issues" and "things" that are broiling, but in the spirit and heart condition of those involved. I took her scolding and kept sweet, but I suspected that she was living "in the gall of bitterness" (Acts 8:23), perhaps without even realizing it.

In 1967 we called R____ C____ for a second meeting, and again he and I joined in a long period of fasting and prayer. Fasting was another thing he was into that I had done little of, and I think that I may have overdone it some during both of his meetings -- 3 day fasts without either food or water -- all the while carrying on work, prayermeetings, calling, and services. But, those were blessed times, and I enjoyed my fellowship with this man of God whose worth and power I felt were too much unrecognized in holiness circles.

The night the second meeting closed, I felt something was in the air, and indeed it was:-- a surprise and unexpected leading for me from God.

There was a pull, but no break in the meeting, and I felt that if there was no break, then God was going to do something. I was not sure what. After the service I returned to my apartment, and the Lord gave me the following scripture -- one which in effect meant that I must leave S_____: "Therefore pray not thou for this people, neither lift up cry nor prayer for them, neither make intercession to me: for I will not hear thee" (Jer. 7:16). I said, "Lord, if I can't pray for these people, then I can't pastor them." And, that was exactly what God was telling me. Before he left, I shared the revelation with Bro. C_____. I was to call him again several times, but never again to S_____.

I did not claim to be a prophet, but as I pondered the matter, two more revelations were given me: (a) Within 6 months that church would be closed up; (b) I was to go to Entriiken, Pennsylvania, where I had never been, to a camp I had never attended, the leaders and people not knowing anything about my coming or the purpose of my coming, and there I would receive a call to pastor, either in Pennsylvania or West Virginia.

Because I knew that I would need to leave soon to make it out to the Entriiken, Pennsylvania camp, I made no delay in announcing to the church that I would be resigning and leaving very soon. I gathered the members in the back of the church. And, after my announcement, the church boss said: "You've been planning this all along. Blah, blah, blah. You've been bouncing around like a rubber ball that's flat on one side!"

I said, "Bro. Blank, I love you, do you love me?"

"Yes, I love you, but you've been bouncing around like a rubber ball that's flat on one side, you planned this all along... blah, blah, blah."

I said, "No, Bro. Blank, I have not been planning this, but the other night after the meeting the Lord told me that I must soon leave, and in fairness to the church I felt that I should tell you."

I called the District leader, told him I was leaving, and I said, "Bro. Blank, the Lord not only showed me that I was to leave, but God also showed me that He is through with this church and that it will closed within 6 months -- that you may go ahead and try to get someone here to pastor and struggle on, but within 6 months this church will be closed.

He evidently didn't believe me. I was a young 31-year-old preacher in my second pastorate, and it probably sounded to him like "sour grapes" from one more preacher leaving a church with negative feelings, but it was more than that. The Bible says, "your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," and from the report I later received, my prophecy was fulfilled quite literally. A new pastor was called, they struggled on for about 6 months, the church was closed, and the building sold!

If prophecy is to be discounted because it is negative or comes from a young man, then we would have to throw out a huge portion of the Bible. Why is it that holiness people are so skeptical

about prophecy? These revelations did not come to me in some emotional frenzy. Rather, they came after Bro. C_____ and I had engaged in a serious time of fasting and prayer. The night of the last service, I felt that something had to break, someone needed to move, or God was going to do something, and do it He did. He sent their little preacher far away and about 6 months later He locked their doors! I think that the eternal destiny of some in that crowd may have been fixed by their decision that night.

I had been experiencing some pain, and before I left S_____, since a hospital there offered free or reduced-cost hospitalization, I entered the hospital to have that checked. Before going to the hospital, I had packed my belongings, planning to leave right after I got out. Over several days they ran tests, the last one involving a "spine tap," or spinal. I was not much at ease during the procedure, for a doctor more experienced was teaching an intern how to do the spinal, and I was the intern's "guinea-pig". Adding to my lack of ease was a statement the experienced doctor made to the intern that taking too much spinal fluid could be fatal to the patient!

I survived the procedure, but little did I know the excruciating pain I would soon suffer partly from the fact that this procedure had been done. The spinal was done at about midnight Thursday night / Friday Morning. And, after nothing was discovered I decided to sign myself out of the hospital, load my car, and head out for Pennsylvania. I was warned that after a spinal one should stay flat for the next 24 hrs. or so, but I felt fine and was anxious to leave town. So, I returned to the apartment, did the rather heavy lifting necessary to get my boxes, suitcases, and belongings down from the upstairs apartment and into my little Plymouth Valiant. And, looking forward to the fulfillment of the other part of God's revelation and leading, I left S_____ at about 6:30 p.m. that evening.

I was stepping out by faith, for I think I may have had less than \$200 to my name, a second-hand car, a long journey ahead, and with no one knowing I was coming nor any humanly certain dwellingplace or occupation guaranteed, -- that was quite a step. I had made absolutely no contact with anyone in Pennsylvania, and were it not for the fact that I knew my leading was of God, such a move would have been foolish indeed. As it was, I was bubbling with assurance, and I was anxious and happily anticipating the fulfillment of what God had shown me would happen -- I would go to the Camp at Entriken, and there, though I was completely unexpected, they would offer me a church. It was God's prescience made mine: I knew it would happen just as God said it would. However, my faith was soon to be painfully tested by what may have been a close escape from death.

I drove through the night. I was excited and didn't want to stop for sleep. Some distance out of Columbus, Ohio I began to experience a very painful spinal headache. I had failed to stay flat as long as I should have, and on top of that I had lifted loads down a stairway and hefted them into my car. Now, the results of my impatience to get away began to strike. Soon the pain felt like it was going to "hammer the top of my head off," so to speak -- blinding, fierce bolts of pain shooting up to the top of my skull. What could I do? I thought: "This is probably a spinal headache from that spine tap; I had better lie down flat some way, but how?"

The car was loaded. Finally, I pulled off of the road near some strange, unfamiliar town. My pain was sickening me in the pit of my stomach. I found a spot to stretch out on the ground, but

in a strange area at night, with what little money I had right on me, what if I passed out? Would I be robbed? Was I going to die? The doctor had warned the intern not to take too much fluid. Had he taken too much? (Indeed, he may have.) I couldn't feel at ease lying there. So, after staying but just a bit, I got back into the Valiant and drove on.

By the time I reached Columbus, Ohio, the magnitude of the pain was horrendous. Like a man lost and befuddled, I knew not what to do. The pain was so severe that it was hard to think! What shall I do! What shall I do?! I knew that I did not have enough money to see a doctor and go into the hospital. I had no contacts. No one knew me. Finally, in desperation I stopped in downtown Columbus and pulled up to a curb. I had to have relief, -- and soon! Once parked, I arranged myself in the back seat area as best I could and extended my legs up over the front seats. I could get a little relief lying like that, so I rolled down the right rear door window, lay back, and I think I may have prayed something like, "Lord, please take care of me, and send somebody along to help me."

God did take care of me. Along came a young man who was wanting a ride. I told him of my plight, and I said, "If you'll drive while I lie back here like I am, I'll give you a ride." So, he took me up on it and off we went -- me still in an agony of pain, but with some relief by lying back. But by the time we got to Zanesville, Ohio I was in such agony, I told the young man, "Please drive me to a Nazarene preacher's place and see if they will get me some help."

He did, and they did. I was taken to a clinic or hospital and given some sort of powerful pain-shot that knocked me out. They managed to get me into a bedroom and bed, and then I passed out. The next morning was Sunday. I awoke finally alone in a strange house and bed. The pain seemed to be gone, but as soon as I moved or elevated myself, it hit me again. The pastor and his wife were perhaps unable to cope with my moanings of pain or whatever. At any rate, on Monday they moved me over to a YMCA where I checked in. I suffered through that night and Tuesday the pain was still hitting me. How close I came to dying I don't know, maybe a lot closer than I realized at the time. But God had his hand on me, and that prophecy was yet to be fulfilled.

Along about Tuesday or Wednesday, I called the home of a friend in West Virginia, one who had attended God's Bible School when I was there during 1956-57. With the parents, my friend came to the rescue with two cars. We made the journey in one car with me lying back, and the parents in the other. There in West Virginia, I had to stay flat for another 3 days or so, and finally one morning, I got up, and was able to stay up -- without the pain!

Soon I was on my way north to Entriken, Pennsylvania camp. I was delayed, but the camp was still on. I remember as I drove the last distance to the camp how I was relishing the inward knowledge of what was about to happen. I said to myself, "Now I am not going to tell anyone at the camp one word about why I am here. They will come to me."

I entered the grounds as the service was in progress, and there I saw an old Bible School classmate, and sat down beside him. "What are you doing out here," he asked, "are you available for a church?" "Yes, I am," I said, "but I wasn't going to tell anybody."

About the second full day I was at the camp, the District leader approached me about taking a church in Elkins, West Virginia. I accepted the call, and here it was -- prophecy fulfilled! -- just as the Lord had shown me weeks before with no human contact made whatsoever! Before going down to Elkins, I accepted a call to hold a meeting in Marietta, Ohio. Then, following that meeting, this "rubber ball that was flat on one side" bounced right into the spot where God told me I would land! -- Elkins, West Virginia, where I spent the next 3 years plus.

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Sketch 20

HE WANTED TO SMOKE IN THE CHURCH BUILDING

Psalm 93:5 "Thy testimonies are very sure: HOLINESS BECOMETH THINE HOUSE, O Lord, for ever."

1 Samuel 2:30 "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."

In that portion of this publication entitled: "Delicious Outpourings, Remarkable Leadings, and True Prophecies," I described some of the events following my 2nd pastorate, which was in _____, Missouri, leading up to the beginning of my 3rd pastorate. Before leaving _____, I had been accused of "bouncing around like a rubber ball that was flat on one side," but when I arrived at the place of my 3rd pastorate in the Summer of 1967, I had bounced right into the place that God had shown me some weeks earlier that I would land. I had been shown that I would receive a call to pastor a church either Pennsylvania or West Virginia -- and even so it came to pass when I was called to pastor the BMC in Elkins, West Virginia.

I accepted the call and my stay in Elkins stretched from the Summer of 1967 into the Fall of 1971. It was an emotional time for me when I departed from that town; -- I was moved to tears. Of my 3 pastorates up to that time, Elkins had been my favorite, and I had grown attached to those dear people in "The West Virginia Hills." However, my feelings and impressions about the place shortly after my arrival in Elkins were quite different.

I arrived in Elkins after dark, and even though it was perhaps past bed-time for many, I managed to contact one of the member-families and was given directions to the church and parsonage in a suburban neighborhood called Highland Park, about a mile or two outside of the town. Arriving when I did, there was no greeting party, but I managed to find my way into the parsonage and arrange for my first night there.

When I awoke the next morning, I was glad that I knew God had sent me, for what I discovered did not enhance my pleasure about being there. The church had been without a pastor for a while, and things were not in the best condition. A sewer line beneath the bedroom in which I had chosen to sleep my first night was slowly emitting a gaseous stench up through the floor into that bedroom. If I had noticed it the night before, it did not register on me then the way it did when I awoke the next morning after breathing in that noxious aroma for hours during the night.

Then, on top of the unpleasant impact that hit me from the sewer-line fumes, when I went outside and glanced around the property I beheld some real eye-sores. The lawn had grown up, there were one or two piles of gunk in the back yard that were partially grown over with weeds, and just a few feet from the rear entry to the basement church was a big, old furnace sitting at an angle -- all too obvious evidence of a moving job that had been left unfinished for perhaps months. Then, when I entered the basement sanctuary and classrooms I was met with a musty smell and saw moldy spots on parts of the ceiling.

They had put a flat roof instead of a pitched roof on the basement structure, and some of the mustiness came from puddles of water on the flat-top that had leaked down through the ceiling in spots. But probably the worst source of moisture came from the ground. It rained often in Elkins, and the floor-level was beneath the water level when it rained.

Drain-pipes could have been laid around the outside perimeter of the basement walls slightly below floor level to keep the water out of the basement, but that had not been done. Instead, they had formed sloping grooves in the concrete floor right where the floor met the walls to drain the water to a hole in one corner where a sump-pump (when it worked) was supposed to pump the water out.

The net result of this inadequate "flood control" was that during the rainy season there was water around the perimeter of the basement floor most of the time, not only creating a musty environment throughout the building, but also presenting constant eye-sores in the form of a murky stream and moldy spots in the ceiling. Things were even worse in times when the entire floor was flooded with water.

However, in spite of those conditions and sights that I found unfavorable, I knew that God had sent me there, and that was far more important. An impressive number of seekers were at the altar during the first month I was there, and that was encouraging. Also, I immediately set myself to work getting the outside property into a more presentable state, including the removal of the old furnace outside the entrance, and eventually during my time in Elkins we built the top on the building and held our first services in it shortly before I left.

Including my own work, there was much non-professional labor done on the new upper sanctuary, but at least twice, experienced workmen were hired. In this portion of the publication I will describe how God helped us to get a nice baseboard hot-water heating system installed -- a job that was given to hired men experienced in that sort of work. This story illustrates how that sometimes, when you take a stand for what is right, it may at first look like the consequences will be hard to bear, when later one's stand results in a real blessing and an advantage.

When the progress in building the top on the basement church reached the point where it was decided to have a baseboard hot-water heating system installed, I found that a used system was available from a building in a community not far distant from us. The system employed a gas heating furnace that heated and pumped hot-water through copper, baseboard pipes. After the system was purchased and hauled to our building, it was decided to have professionals install it. I shopped around for a business that did such installations and found a company operated by a man

who attended the local Church of the Nazarene. I was strongly leaning toward having this man and his helpers do the work.

Tobacco is a filthy weed --
'Tis said it is the devil's seed;
It taints your breath and stains your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose!

Before any of the heating system installation work was done, it came to me: "This is a sacred structure. I had better make sure that whoever takes the job will agree to do the work with no smoking in the building." But even though the man I first considered for the work attended the Church of the Nazarene, he was a smoker, and when I told him that I wanted no smoking in the building while the job was being done, he responded like this:

"I smoke on all of our jobs, and if I can't smoke in the building while doing that work, then I can't take the job."

I was disappointed to get such an answer, especially from one who attended a denomination that once took a strong stand against such habits. Of all local businessmen who did such work, I might have expected a Nazarene man to be the most cooperative about that matter, but such was not the case. He was adamant that he wouldn't do the work if he couldn't smoke in the building. On my part, even though the upper part of the building had not yet been used for worship, I felt that it was sacred, and should be respected as such. Also, some of the installation work had to be done in parts of the building that had long been used for worship and Sunday School. With such considerations, I was resolved that if we had a professional do the work, it would have to be someone who would agree not to smoke anywhere in the building. So, the Nazarene man did not get the job.

Now what? Would we end up having to get the system installed by amateur workers? I did not feel qualified for such work myself, and I had already had a quite frustrating experience with botched-up results from volunteer roofers that had more zeal than skill, -- and, I knew that this job especially called for workers who knew what they were doing. Had I been too much of a stickler? Somehow I didn't think so. If the work had been outside of the building I might not have felt so strongly compelled to take the position that I took. This, however, was to be work inside of "God's House," and, even though I then had no idea where we would get skilled workmen for that job, I felt that I was doing the right thing in taking that stand.

Following the decision not to have the Nazarene man do the job, I did some phoning and inquiring, and was happy to find two men -- brothers -- who were experienced in such work, and who agreed to do the job for a very reasonable price -- and an amount which, as I recall, was substantially less than any other proposed price for the work.

Adding to my pleasure, another surprising benefit came to us from having these men install that heating system. When one or both of them first examined that system, it was discovered that they had been the very men who installed that same system at its original location!! So, when I took

that stand, we not only got men to do the work who refrained from smoking on the job, we not only got men who charged us less, -- we got men who were acquainted with that very system!!

With good humor, these two God-sends set about the task, and soon had that baseboard heating system installed for us -- without one complaint, and without one puff from "the old weed" tainting any part of the church building! Let others think differently of it if they will, it sure looked to me like God honored that stand with blessed and almost immediate results! -- More often, and more rapidly than one might sometimes think, God fulfills His promise: "Them that honour me I will honour." (1 Samuel 2:30) Selah.

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Sketch 21

MY MISCONCEPTION ABOUT "PLYMOUTH ROCK"

Matthew 16:18 "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter [petros = a piece of rock], and upon this rock [Petra = a Mass of rock] I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

During parts of 1971 and 1972, I pastored the Bible Missionary Church in Wickford Cove of North Kingstown, Rhode Island. As I recall, it was only about 60 miles or so from North Kingstown over to Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the Pilgrims landed. Having heard and read about this historic site way back in Grade School and High School, naturally I was interested in paying a visit to Plymouth. I think I may have visited the place as many as three times while I was in North Kingstown, but it was my first visit that dispelled a misconception that I had of the famous "Plymouth Rock" -- the rock upon which the Pilgrims were thought to have first stepped when they landed in America.

In my mind I had always pictured "Plymouth Rock" as a huge mass of rock -- something, while certainly not the size of Gibraltar, at least quite impressive in its size. I was in for a surprise -- in several ways:

(1) "Plymouth Rock" was actually the second, not the first place a landing was made from the Mayflower.

(2) "Plymouth Rock" is quite small -- only about the size of a refrigerator or freezer!

(3) "Plymouth Rock" is not something that you look "up" to see, but rather a large stone embedded in the beach that you look "down" to see.

(4) "Plymouth Rock" is not a solid unbroken mass, but has a large crack in the top.

The dispelling of my misconception about "Plymouth Rock" mattered little, but there is another misconception that the Catholic Church has foisted upon the world: i.e. that PETER was the ROCK upon which Jesus said He would build his Church. No, like "Plymouth Rock," Peter was but a "petros" or small piece of a rock, much smaller than the true "Petra" or Massive Rock to

which Jesus referred, being none other than HIMSELF, THE MASSIVE, ETERNAL, UNSHAKABLE, UNBREAKABLE, ROCK OF AGES!

I was surprised to see how small "Plymouth Petros" was compared to my false notion. And, will there not be millions who have believed the false Catholic notion about Peter who will be astounded at how small he really is, compared to CHRIST! This is not to put Peter down. This is, rather, to view Christ in his true Greatness as none other than the Mighty God, unsurpassed in any measure by any of His creatures.

Actually, "Plymouth Rock" probably served its purpose quite well, though it was much smaller than I imagined. And, Peter, though but a small, humble fisherman, when Christ used him, likewise fulfilled his purpose quite well. Selah.

One additional thought -- an opposite: My misconception about Plymouth Rock was dispelled when I "looked down" upon it; the misconception about Christ, for millions, will be dispelled, when in shock they see that THEY CANNOT "LOOK DOWN" UPON HIM as they did in this world!

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Sketch 22
DON'T PREACH ON HELL!

Psalm 91:11 "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

I left Wickford Village of North Kingstown, Rhode Island in the early Summer of 1972, made the trip across the continent, and began my pastorate in Portland, Oregon on my 35th birthday, June 4th. This Sketch involves incident that occurred when I was there. The grandmother of one or two of our Sunday School children passed away. The family lived near the church and asked me to preach the funeral. When I visited with the family regarding the service I was informed that they didn't want me to mention "Hell" in my funeral sermon. I was not accustomed to having such requests made, and I think I may have responded in effect that while I would not guarantee them that I would refrain from using the word "Hell," I did not usually do so, and I would try to preach something that was appropriate.

Shortly after my statement, one of the deceased woman's sons or grandsons left the room, and I sensed something strangely hostile and volatile in his spirit. At the time, if I had known just how explosive his spirit was I no doubt would have felt more ill-at-ease than I did when he bristled out of the room.

The rest of the family may have been unsatisfied when I did not promise them not to preach on hell, but they went ahead with the arrangement, and I preached that funeral. But before I did -- a frightening revelation came to my attention of just how volatile the spirit of the young man was who bristled out of the room at that pre-funeral conference.

That same afternoon, a couple of young hooligans came to their home, just a short distance from our church, and for whatever reason, or lack of reason, the young "Bristler" took a pistol and shot one of their visitors dead near the curb in front of their house.

I wonder... Just how close did I come to being myself the murder victim that day?!

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Sketch 23

SHE HAD TO HAVE HER JUNK AROUND HER

Luke 12:15 "A man's [or woman's] life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he [or she] possesseth."

M____ M____ was a sweet-spirited lady that I met one day when I was knocking on doors. She was quite poor, and lived alone in a little shack not far distant from our church. She seemed to have a love for the things of God, soon began attending our services regularly, and was still attending when I left that pastorate.

She had a certain eccentricity that I took note of at the time I was her pastor, and so long as I remember the lady, I will also remember that striking peculiarity -- an oddity that I noticed when I first made her acquaintance and one that remained with her perhaps until the day of her death:-- she stacked her house full of pasteboard boxes filled with junk! It seemed to me that just as some animals and birds line their nests with all sorts of litter before they "feel at home," even so, M____ could not "feel at home" until she littered her domicile full of that boxed junk -- her home was her nest.

It mattered not to her that having all of that stacked junk more than halfway to the ceiling posed a fire hazard. She didn't mind that her junk made it necessary for her to squeeze through to get around in her house. M____'s junk did not embarrass her when visitors came. She had no husband, no children at home, and I do not remember her having a dog or cat. Her companions apparently were those boxes of junk. It seemed to me that she felt secure with the clutter all around her, but vulnerable if it was gone.

What quirk in her psyche made her feel this way, I know not. What wrinkle in her brain made her a compulsive box collector, filler, and stacker, I never learned. But, she was not the only one I have seen in this world who had that same eccentricity. I have seen the property of some men who had to have their yards stacked full of old, junker cars, and second-hand store owners that did little or no arranging of their junk, and who had their store building stacked full of so much "stuff" that probably in some cases they themselves had long ago forgotten what was on the bottom of some of those stacks. And all of these people seemed very comfortable amidst their clutter, clinging to the old, and bringing in more to take the place of whatever left the premises.

After she had been attending our church for a while, M____ had an opportunity to move miles away from her little shack into a nice, low-rent apartment complex. She rented a truck and I

helped her move. The clutter and junk had to go with her. So, we loaded it on the truck as something just as important to her as the few pieces of furniture and appliances that she had.

When I got over to her new apartment, and saw what a nice place it was, I talked her into leaving most of her boxed junk down below in her storage area, at least until we got the necessary and normal items moved up into her apartment. I hoped that she would leave that clutter out of her new apartment. In this hope, I was disappointed. Not many days after she moved in, she had the whole lot stacked into the living room of her new apartment. Her nest was once again lined.

Given M____'s age at the time I observed all of this, added to the more than 20 years that have transpired since that time, I would not be surprised to learn that she has been gone now for more than 5 or 10 years. I doubt that she will find her mansion in the New Jerusalem stacked full of anything even slightly resembling that with which she lined her earthly nest, but neither do I think that her earthly clutter will keep her out of that mansion. I doubt that the abundance of the "things" that she possessed were gathered through an acquisitive "greed" so much as they were collected through a compulsive "need" to have them around.

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Sketch 24

THE BORN AGAIN CAR

John 3:3 "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Jesus said that a man must be "born again" (Greek, anothen = from above) to see the Kingdom of God.

Included with this publication as hdm0888h.jpg is a picture of an old car that I call "The Born Again Car" -- and here are the facts, as best I now recall them.

We live near Lake Coeur d' Alene -- a beautiful lake bounded by evergreen forested mountains, and extending down one arm of the lake about 22 miles or so. The lake has been known to freeze-over in the winter, although it is not an every winter occurrence.

I first heard this story in 1984, shortly before or shortly after we moved here from Nampa, in southern Idaho. In about the winter of 1936-37, Lake Coeur d' Alene froze-over. On a lark, a man decided to drive his Model-A Ford across the water to a certain store -- a distance of several miles.

He didn't make it... He got out of the water alive, but the old Model-A, having broken through the ice, sank to the bottom -- and there it remained -- 47 long years! -- until it was "born-again" from above somewhere near the Spring or Summer of 1984, shortly before we moved here.

A local diver, having spotted the old crate on the lake floor, decided to make the attempt to lift it up and out of its watery grave. The first attempt or two were unsuccessful. However, the would-be rescuer finally devised a means that in the end proved successful. He took, perhaps it was, a number of truck-tire inner tubes to the bottom of the lake, secured them to the pitiful old wreck, inflated them -- and finally the old "dead in the water" Model-A was freed from the grip of its grave, and (another) "from above" it was lifted to the surface and brought to shore.

But this was not the most marvelous part of the story... Keep reading.

After its lifting from its 47-year-long "death" they hooked up a battery and discovered that one headlight still worked! -- and that's not all -- they bilged the water out of the engine, which still had some of its lubricant, and (perhaps after refreshing its lubrication) after putting in some new spark plugs and maybe hooking it to a new gas-tank -- they cranked over its old, resurrected engine -- and would you believe it! THE OLD FELLOW STARTED AND RAN!!!! -- and that's not all -- they drove it in a parade!

In about the same shape as it appears in the picture, I saw it. I heard that "born-again" car "testify" -- born from above after 47-years "dead in the water" and "on the bottom" -- they prodded that old fellow right in my presence, and he "testified" to me in no uncertain terms that he was "born again" -- the sound of his engine supplied plenty of proof -- and I watched him start up and go right down the street, like an old "born again" "down-and-outer" now "up-and-at-it" running the aisles, praising God for all he was worth! 47 years stuck on the bottom in a watery death -- but now raised again, and raring to go! No, he wasn't the prettiest sight you ever saw -- but he had life! and proved it!

Make use of this how you will, or not -- those are the facts as best I now recall them.

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Sketch 25

NOT TOO GENEROUS AFTER ALL

Proverbs 20:25 "It is a snare ... after vows to make inquiry."

It is difficult sometimes for a preacher to turn down a wedding, but a marriage ceremony is serious business in the sight of God, and perhaps it is best for a preacher to turn down requests to perform the marriage ceremony of those who come to him about whom he knows little or nothing -- especially if they are from "out of town". Their word about whether they meet the requirements of a couple Biblically eligible to be married must be taken at face value if there is no way to verify their statements.

One time, such a couple came to me from across the state. After conferring with them, I performed the ceremony the next day. Following the ceremony, we sat down together with the witnesses and filled out the papers. Before they went out the door I was handed a check as a gift for my services, which I did not look at until they were about to start their car and leave. When I looked at the check, it was for the impressive sum of \$50! -- a very liberal amount at the time.

I was pleased with the groom's generosity, and quickly before they pulled away from the curb, I opened a side window and yelled to them jovially: "You're too generous!"

But they really weren't -- for it was a bad check! I never got a dime for that wedding ceremony. At the moment at least, it is the only time I remember being taken in by a bad-check artist! And for a wedding, of all things! But beyond being conned into performing a marriage ceremony for nothing, that bad check certainly does not speak well about their affirmations to me before the ceremony. If a preacher feels uneasy about performing a marriage ceremony, the best rule of thumb is: "When in doubt -- DON'T!" It is better to disappoint a young couple, who may or may not be leveling with you, than to disappoint both yourself and the Lord and live with a life-long regret about performing a ceremony you should have turned down.

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Sketch 26

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO WITH JESUS

Matthew 27:19 "Have thou nothing to do with that just man."

Hebrews 4:13 "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do."

Josh 22:24 "What have ye to do with the Lord God of Israel?"

I include this written sermon in "Illustrative Sketches" basically just as it was written nearly 10 years ago, and as it appears in "Striking the Source" as Sermon 3.

A SOLEMN STORY WHICH CARELESS TEENAGERS SHOULD HEAR

She sat there in the service that Sunday as I announced the above subject for my message, and read the accompanying scripture. I had known her, for some 5 years, to be a beautiful, Christian girl with long hair, modest apparel, and a tender, sweet spirit. Now, however, as she sat there that Sunday with her family, I was aware that Satan had been fiendishly at work to defile, deceive, and destroy this precious soul, just 17 years of age.

I sensed that morning that God was also at work, trying to help her avoid falling into the snare of the devil, and the Holy Spirit helped me to preach the message, bearing the truth home to her heart. Point by point I elaborated upon the subject--"What You Have To Do With Jesus":

YOU HAVE TO DO WITH HIM UNAVOIDABLY

We cannot follow the advice of Pilate's wife and "Have nothing to do" with Jesus, for as Hebrews 4:13 proclaims, He is the One with Whom "we have to do," whether we want to or not.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITH HIM MANIFESTLY

"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." He said to Nathaniel: "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." John 1:48

YOU HAVE TO DO WITH HIM CONVICTINGLY

1 Kings 17:18 "And she said unto Elijah, What have I to do with thee, O thou man of God? art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance..?" The Spirit helped me as I spoke of how we have to do with Jesus convictingly in the Person of the Holy Ghost, Who reproves "the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." John 17:8

YOU HAVE TO DO WITH HIM FEARINGLY

With this point, I used Joshua 22:24-25: "In time to come your children might speak unto our children, saying, What have ye to do with the Lord God of Israel? ..so shall your children make our children cease from fearing the Lord." It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, with Whom we have to do!

YOU HAVE TO DO WITH HIM WORSHIPFULLY

Hosea 14:8 "Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard Him, and observed Him.."

YOU HAVE TO DO WITH HIM SANCTIFYINGLY

Mark 1:23-24 "There was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, Let us alone; What have we to do with Thee, Thou Jesus of Nazareth?" We have to do with Jesus as the One Who casts out the unclean spirit from us so that He can make us pure.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITH HIM FINALLY

John 2:4 "Woman, what have I do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." But, the hour is coming when we shall each have to do with Jesus as our Eternal Judge. We may spurn Him temporarily, but finally, we must face Him at the judgment.

God was there throughout the message, and as we closed that service, the Spirit had faithfully done His work upon her soul. As I recall, she raised her hand for prayer. I did not know that this would be the last time she would ever be in one of our services, nor did any of us realize that within 6 months this young 17 year old girl would be in eternity.

Feeling that God was concerned about this precious soul, and that Satan was doing his worst to lead her to damnation, I called her home in the effort to get her back to church the next Sunday. She had left home, but her mother succeeded in getting her to call us. She declined the invitation, and informed me that she was going bowling. It saddened me to hear her say that. It seemed so different from what she had been, chaste, and separated from worldly pleasures.

Adding to that sadness, she let me know that she scheduled her activities about two weeks in advance.

I sensed trouble ahead for this precious, eternity-bound soul as she ventured away from the faith and godly restraints of the past in favor of a deceptively delightful fling in the world. I knew how young people often fail to foresee the devastating pain behind those deceitful pleasures, particularly young people who begin to travel for the first time out into the ways of the world. And, I realized that the One with Whom she had to do might someday, some way, interrupt her "two-weeks-in-advance schedule."

I could not "book" her then for our fellowship, but "we have to do" business with God when, and as, He ordains, whether it fits into our schedule or not. I did not realize how soon, nor how tragically, the plans of this young woman would be interrupted. Three days ago, she went into eternity-according to God's schedule. She had not planned two weeks in advance to be involved in that awful accident. She did not realize as she drove down that road with the young man whom she planned to marry that she had a nearer date with destiny, arranged by the One with Whom she had to do.

Flung from the vehicle as it rolled, she was gravely injured, but mercifully the Lord gave her a few more days. She was helicoptered to a nearby hospital, barely clinging to life. Initially, as she was questioned about her relationship with God, I understand that she did not reply that she was saved. Finally, however she responded in the affirmative that she was saved. But, in spite of every gallant effort to save her life, and in spite of all the prayers that were offered up in her behalf, after a matter of just a few days following her unplanned accident, it was the will of the One with Whom she had to do that she meet her appointment with death.

I sincerely hope that while the Lord painfully, tragically, interrupted her earthly plans, He was able by this means, through her utter repentance and desperate faith, to rob Satan of her soul and usher her safely out of this deceitful, sin-cursed world into the pure, eternal bliss of Heaven.

One thing is certain: She, and each of us, will one day face Christ at the Eternal Judgment Bar of God, for He is the One with Whom we have to do finally, and for eternity. That, dear reader, no matter how young you may now be, is "What You Have To Do With Jesus"! -- Duane Maxey, Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, 5/25/89

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Sketch 27

MAKE OF IT WHAT YOU WILL

1 Corinthians 12:10 "To another discerning of spirits..."

Joel 2:28 "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ... your young men shall see visions:"

One time when the Spirit had come upon me mightily during a service, a powerful sense of discernment seemed to possess me, revealing that an individual in the congregation had a deep-seated, but hidden spiritual need. I turned in the direction of the person and felt at that moment that the Holy Ghost had torn away the veil of an outward profession, suddenly causing me to see the carnal hostility holiness in that person's heart. Under the sway of this surprising and sudden sense of discernment, I did something that I had not planned to do. Before that service had begun, neither in calculated processes of thought, nor in any wild flight of imagination, had I ever dreamed of doing what I was about to do: Pointing to the person, I said in the hearing of all: "Oh _____! God can take that out of your heart!"

I surprised even myself by what I said. The person to whom I directed this surprising remark replied that there was nothing such as that in h__ heart for God to remove. But still under the powerful influence of what I felt was a sudden and shocking revelation of part of what was opposing a mighty move of God, I again pointed my finger at h__ and repeated the remark: "God can take that out of your heart!" Again the person so publicly indicted by my statements denied that there was any such thing in h__ heart.

I then ceased speaking, and briefly exited from the congregation. The whole thing happened with such suddenness that it surprised and bewildered me. Incredulous that I had said what I just said, I asked myself: Why had I said that? Was it indeed the Holy Ghost who had thus come upon me and moved me to say what I said? Or had the devil suddenly given me a strong, but false, impression. Had I in haste publicly indicted a poor innocent soul with a pure heart!? I was not positive, but my overriding persuasion was that it was of God. However, not wanting to be guilty of wrongly and mistakenly casting a reproach, when I re-entered the congregation, I think I may have made a brief public statement to the effect that if I had done and said what I did mistakenly, I apologized to the indicted person, and that I had done and said what I did honestly feeling that it was of God.

Never again, after that occasion did such an impression come over me, but my predominant thought about it since that time has been that I probably acted under the direct influence of the Holy Spirit in doing and saying what I said. The person I had indicted was closely connected with another individual who apparently laid hands on that mighty moving of the Holy Ghost so effectively as to shut down the meeting and send the evangelist away. I was a witness to this turn of events shortly after I made that surprising public indictment.

A short time after my public utterance, a vision, or mind-picture, came to me that I shared with a man of God in whom I believed. I saw, lying on the snow, a leather glove that seemed to contain a hand, but the hand had been withdrawn. The hand that had filled the glove had by use molded the glove into its shape: the same wrinkles, etc. appeared in the glove as had appeared in it when it was being filled and used by the hand -- but the hand was gone.

The Hand was interpreted to be God; the empty glove was interpreted to be the person who shut down that Holy Ghost revival and sent the evangelist packing -- formerly used of God, still having the outward appearance of a sanctified messenger, while God had, in fact, withdrawn His Spirit from that person. The individual, thus interpreted to be pictured by the empty leather glove

on the snow, was associated very closely with the one earlier indicted by my surprising public remarks.

Make of it what you will... I never felt condemned of God for saying what I did that day, and I think it very much possible, if not probable, that the revelations thus given to me of the two persons anonymously mentioned were genuine revelations brought to my mind by the Spirit Who searcheth all things.

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Sketch 28

THREE THINGS THAT PERTAIN TO THIS LIFE

1 Corinthians 6:4 "Things pertaining to this life"

I was pastoring the BMC in a large city, and G____, the person around whom this sketch is written, was living with his mother. She came to our services regularly, he seldom accompanied her. He was 43, easy-going, likable, and somewhat religious, but the baser things of this world were clearly tattooed on his character. We had a church van in which I had often transported his mother and others to and from our services, and just a short time before the time of which I will soon speak, G____ had come up to me at the driver's side while I was parked as his mother exited the van.

As usual, he was friendly, but he was wearing a tee-shirt with one of the most filthy remarks printed on it that I had ever seen advertised on such apparel. It was odious and vile, but although I may have felt like doing so, I elected to say nothing to him about it at the time, while registering it in my mind as another sad evidence of the contradictions in his character: somewhat religious and God-fearing, and at the same time ungodly and unashamed to walk up to a church van with such filth advertised on his person.

Perhaps if G____ had ever come up to our church van again, smelling of beer, and wearing such a vile slogan on his tee-shirt, I might have said something to him about how sorry I was to see him thus making himself the devil's dirty billboard. He knew better... but there was something that neither of us did know that night... and that was, that within a few short weeks I would be preaching his funeral!

I had been out of town on the day the news of his sudden death reached me. Shortly after my return to the city I heard the surprising news. Gone! so suddenly! and right in the middle of life at age 43! Who would have thought it?! He had been over to one of his favor haunts earlier in the day... came home, complained to his mother of chest pains... an ambulance was called... but perhaps feeling a bit better, he had affably walked out to the ambulance... got in... they started out, but before the reached the hospital... he was gone! forever gone beyond the borders of time! No need now, nor opportunity, to speak to him about the filthy slogan that he wore, or about his soul -- for he was now beyond all earthly communication. It was a sudden, surprising, and sobering occurrence.

As a laboring man, G_____ belonged to a certain Union, and because he was an affable sort he had many friends. The auditorium at the funeral home was packed, much like the crowd who had heard me preach the funeral of Orace Coleman years before, -- but the characters of the deceased, and the contents of the two messages were greatly different!

To that packed house, I preached on "THREE THINGS THAT PERTAIN TO THIS LIFE." My points were an acrostic spelling the word LIFE.

FIRST:-- At The Beginning of Life there is a BIG "L" -- "L-IFE -- I explained that in the Bible "EL" spells the Hebrew name for God, The Mighty One -- (a term which is used 212 times in the Scriptures).

A. Thus, "EL," GOD, is the Big "El" at the beginning of L-ife.

1. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Genesis 1:1
2. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life..." Genesis 2:7
3. "Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that made us, and not we ourselves.." Psalms 100:3
4. "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold Who hath created these things..... He calleth them all by names..." Isaiah 40:26
5. Every life is a sacred gift from God, "and ye are not your own.... therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are Gods." I Corinthians. 6:19, 20

SECOND -- There is a Big "IF" in the Middle of LIFE -- L -- "IF" -- E. (a point profoundly applicable to G_____ who suddenly died in mid-life) --

A. There is an "IF" in the middle of life's TOMORROWS.

1. James spoke of some who "say, today, or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain: Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, -- IF -- the Lord will we shall live, and do this, or that." James 4:14-15

B. There is an "IF" in the middle of life's SORROWS.

1. Human effort fails to bring comfort in the middle of life's sorrows. Jeremiah wrote: "When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me." Jeremiah 8:18

2. Human comforters also fail, but "IF" the sorrowing heart will turn to Christ, He can bring comfort, for He is "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.." Isaiah 53:3

3. Jesus told His disciples: "Ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." John 16:22

4. While it is true that "the sorrow of the world worketh death," -- "IF" -- those who sorrow will turn to Jesus, He can make "sorrow... better than laughter," and someday, for God's children, "sorrow and sighing will flee away." II Corinthians. 7:10, Ecclesiastes. 7:3, Isaiah. 35:10

THIRD -- There is a Big "E" at the End of Life: "LIF -- E" -- and that Big "E" is E-TERNITY!

A. It is a solemn fact that death does not end it all, for at the end of each human life is E-TERNITY.

1. "For thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit..." Isaiah 57:15

2. All shall inhabit Eternity, somewhere.

3. Some shall inhabit the Eternal abode of the impenitent wicked suffering Eternal Punishment, forever separated from God, -- while others shall inhabit eternity with God and the blood-washed saints. "For the wages of sin is death (eternal separation from God throughout eternity); but the gift of God is Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Romans. 6:23

Thus, a solemn L-IF-E acrostic was spelled and expounded upon before that packed auditorium at the funeral of a man who was taken so suddenly and unexpectedly from our midst at the age of 43.

CLOSING POEM

"WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS"

Is there any soul discouraged
As it journeys on its way?
Does there seem to be more darkness
Than there is of sunny day?

Oh, its hard to learn the lesson
As we pass beneath the rod
That the sunshine and the shadow
Serve alike the will of God,

But there comes a word of promise
Like the promise in the bow
That however deep the waters

They shall never overflow.

When the flesh is worn and weary
And the spirit is depressed,
And temptations sweep upon it
Like a storm on ocean's breast,

There's a haven ever open
For the tempest driven bird;
There's a shelter for the tempted
In the promise of the Word.

For the standard of the Spirit
Shall be raised against the foe,
And however deep the waters,
They shall never overflow.

When a sorrow comes upon you
That no other soul can share
And it seems to be too heavy
For the human heart to bear,

There is One Whose grace can comfort
If you'll give Him an abode;
There's a Burden-bearer ready
If you'll trust Him with your load.

Following the closing prayer, and a duet by our church pianist and her brother, this solemn service came to an End -- a point that will never be reached after the Big "E" at the end LIF-E begins.

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Sketch 29

INTRUDERS IN THE NIGHT

Job 24:14-15 "THE MURDERER ... IN THE NIGHT is as a thief. The eye also of THE ADULTERER WAITETH FOR THE TWILIGHT, saying, No eye shall see me: and disguiseth his face."

Matthew 6:19 "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where THIEVES BREAK THROUGH AND STEAL."

Proverbs 6:34 "Jealousy is the rage of a man: therefore he will not spare in the day of vengeance."

Let us note in this sketch, three types of Intruders in the Night:

1. Intruders in the Night who threaten one's Life
2. Intruders in the Night who threaten one's Possessions
3. Intruders in the Night who threaten one's Marriage or Home

INTRUDERS IN THE NIGHT WHO THREATEN ONE'S LIFE

Our house at 1620 Center Avenue in Payette was built far back from the street, within a few feet of the alley, and I think that the 1-car garage adjacent to the back of the house may have been within inches of the alley. Large trees shaded the large front lawn from the house to the street, and since there was no street-light near our house, it was often quite dark when I came home at night from wherever, and someone was not home with the light on.

After Gale left us, it left just mother and I living in the little house. Mother slept in the little upstairs bedroom. My bedroom was reached by going out the back door onto a wooden porch, turning left, then proceeding down a short but steep flight of wooden steps to a concrete landing, then turning left again through a home-made wooden door that creaked when opened, turning left again and passing through a small room and through the entrance into my bedroom which was covered by nothing but a blanket. A light cord hung from my bedroom ceiling with a pull-switch-socket and bulb, and I had a long string run from the pull-switch-chain to something on or near the bed so that I could easily switch the bulb on and off from the bed. When I lay on the bed, the pull-string and the blanket-covered entrance were on my right.

One night when I was about 16, mother was gone somewhere, and I was home alone. I was in bed with the lights out, but was not asleep. There was no way to lock the creaky old door into the basement, or if there was, it was nothing more perhaps than something like a little length of wood that could be turned horizontally behind the door. That night, nothing at all hindered its opening.

Suddenly in the dark, I heard footsteps on the back porch, followed by a knock on our back door. I didn't make a peep. I heard two male voices talking briefly, and then, "Clomp, clomp, clomp, down the wooden steps to the concrete landing. By that time, to use a common expression, "I was scared spitless"! -- but I remained still as a mouse. Would they stop at the old home-made door!?

No! -- it creaked open! and into the first room of the basement they came -- and I'm telling you, I was frightened! I don't recall them making a peep after entering the basement, but they walked through the first room toward my bedroom! -- and just as they pulled the blanket up and entered my bedroom, I switched on the light! -- and there stood.... and there stood my two closest high school chums, Bill Nelson and Jack Bainbridge! Oh! what a relief! My life had not been in danger, but I doubt that I could have been more frightened up to the moment I switched that light on if it had been a couple murderous thugs.

INTRUDERS IN THE NIGHT WHO THREATEN ONE'S POSSESSIONS

One night some years later when I was still single and had a rented room, I had a premonition about the money I had in my billfold. So, I asked the desk-man to keep in the till all but about 3 one-dollar bills of the \$66 dollars in my billfold. He took the money, placed it in an envelope, and stashed it in the till. I retired for the night, and after I had fallen asleep, at about 1:30 a.m., I was aroused into a hazy, partial consciousness, by a noise outside my door. The door opened and in my dream-like stupor I saw a dark figure move quickly across the room toward where my billfold was. Then, I must have fallen asleep again for a bit.

The next thing I remember, the man was moving back toward my door just as I awakened enough to sort of sit up on one elbow. Suddenly it dawned on me! an intruder was in my room -- a complete stranger! I blinked and said, "What are you doing in here!"

The intruder paused only a moment, looked at me, and then rushed out of my room, slamming the door shut as he ran out. I still was not wide awake. I fell back on my pillow while gathering my thoughts, and it came to me: THIS IS NOT A DREAM! I REALLY HAVE HAD AN INTRUDER IN MY ROOM! Then, I got up and went over to where I had left my billfold. It was gone! -- and all of this gave the burglar more time to get away.

I called the desk in the lobby below, and asked the clerk if he had seen a man leaving the building via the lobby in the last few minutes. Indeed he had, -- in fact he had seen two men exiting the building. But it was too late. I never saw that billfold again. Fortunately, they only got the three one-dollar bills, but I lost with the billfold my driver's license, social security card, and whatever papers I carried in my billfold.

The police came, took down my account of the crime, dusted for fingerprints, and had me look through a book of mug-shots the next day. The picture that I selected as resembling the intruder's appearance the closest, was that of a notorious criminal, N____ E____, whom one policeman suggested might have been trying to get money to pay his lawyer.

I never saw that billfold again, nor its contents, and N____ E____ and his nefarious accomplice were never charged with the crime so far as I know. How close I came to being silenced by a sudden brutal blow or bullet I don't know, but I was glad that I lost as little as I did in that intrusion.

The following story did not end so fortunately:

When I was 13, Grampa and Gramma McKay were living in Halfway, Oregon, a pretty little town situated among evergreens in Pine Valley, which is near Hell's Canyon of the Snake River. Mother was attending Summer School in La Grande, Oregon and I was sent to live with Grampa and Gramma. It was really a quite delightful summer, but as I was riding back home to Payette, I heard on the radio some news that was both sad and shocking.

Perhaps the most thriving grocery store in Payette, a town of about 4,500 people, was N_____'s Market. Mr. N_____ had been noticing things missing from his grocery stock. A burglar

had been intruding into his store at night and stealing groceries. Mr. N_____ was a prominent business man, and so far as I know, well liked by most of the citizenry. And, I think he may have contributed to charities and so forth from time to time, but he did not take kindly to someone breaking into his store and helping themselves to his groceries.

I think that the Payette Police may have been unable to catch the grocery burglar. But, the break-ins may have occurred intermittently with enough regularity that Mr. N_____ saw what he perceived to be a pattern. Anyway, one night he decided to lay in wait for the thief, armed with a shotgun. He guessed right, the burglar entered the store building, and perhaps because Mr. N_____ wanted evidence of the intruder's intention to show the police, he first allowed him to take some items off the shelves and put them in a bag. Then suddenly he beamed a light on the burglar and ordered him to halt! -- possibly intending to hold him under the gun while he called the police and got them on the scene to arrest the culprit.

But the burglar moved and ducked, after which Mr. N_____ fired the shotgun killing him on the spot! Mr. N_____ was legally vindicated, even though some felt that he acted in too much haste. Soon he sold his market to a man whose son became one of my closest friends in high school. But it is, as Paul Harvey says..... "The Rest of the Story" that seemed most sad:-- the ignominious grocery-burglar who was shot to death that night in N_____ 's Market, was the father of the young man who had, with high honor, graduated as valedictorian of Payette High School only about 12 to 14 weeks earlier that Spring!

Though living with his parents in a little shack down by the railroad tracks, C_____ K_____ had distinguished himself in our little town with his scholastic excellence, and now a dark shadow had been cast over his name! They were poor, and his father was stealing but food, but his unwelcome intrusion and thievery cost him his life, and brought grief and shame to his brilliant son. I never heard of C_____ K_____ after that time. Perhaps in an effort to get away as far as possible from the ignominy and reproach brought upon their name, he and his mother both moved to some distant location.

I wonder how many times C_____ K_____ has thought to himself since the hour of that needless tragedy: "I would rather have gone hungry than to have lost both my father and my good name!" Proverbs 22:1 says: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

INTRUDERS IN THE NIGHT WHO THREATEN ONE'S MARRIAGE OR HOME

This is a completely different type of Intruder:-- not one who threatens one's Life, not one who threatens ones Possessions, but one who threatens the sanctity of Marriage and the Home. An Intruder who threatens Life and Limb often excites the emotions of Fear; an Intruder who threatens a man's Possessions often excites the emotion of Anger, but the Moral Intruder, who threatens the sanctity of a Marriage or a Home often ignites the unquenchable fire of Jealousy.

Proverbs 6:34 warns that "Jealousy is the rage of a man: therefore he will not spare in the day of vengeance."

I pastored the Bible Missionary Church in Rhode Island during parts of 1971 and 1972, and while I was there I decided one day to take a tour through the State Penitentiary. One of the guards or officers took me here and there through the facility, and after we passed by a certain young man, who may have been barely in his 30s, or perhaps in his late 20s, I asked my guide what he had done to land in the Pen. To me, he didn't look like a hardened criminal. I was informed that he was a double-murderer. Further inquiry revealed that the sudden violent act he had committed was a fulfillment of Proverbs 6:34. And, I will here confess that while I do not consider such an act justified, I certainly felt more pity in my heart that day for the man behind bars than I did for those who suffered his vengeance.

In 2 Corinthians 11:2 the Bible clearly indicates that there is such a thing as "Godly Jealousy," and those who have no jealousy for the sanctity of their Marriage and Home are not normal human beings.

I will now comment on something, but as you read this please bear in mind that I intend no reflection on my mother whatsoever. I simply state what I felt about a certain thing when I was a boy of about 10. Mother had a little ice-cream business called the Payette Ice-Creamery that she worked in the summer months when not teaching during the school year. It was mostly walk-in and walk-out trade, but I think she may have had several places for customers to sit.

I was very much aware at the time, that papa was in the nursing home, where he couldn't look out after his own interests, and Mother was still a quite young woman, and plenty attractive. Onto the scene came a young 21-year-old man named James. He was an intellectual sort, smoked cigarettes, and lived in a near-by rooming house. This James got to hanging around the Payette Ice-Creamery talking to my mother. Now let me repeat: I intend not the slightest reflection on my mother, nor do I know that James had any interest in my mother beyond someone with whom to converse. What I do say with certainty is how I felt. In the very depths of my being I was JEALOUS for the sanctity of my parents' Marriage and my Home. I did not do so, but in the depths of my boyish heart I felt deep-seated, Jealous emotions that could have cried out to James: "YOU STAY AWAY FROM MY MOTHER! COME IN HERE IF YOU WILL AND BUY YOUR ICE-CREAM, BUT THEN GET OUT AND LEAVE MOTHER ALONE! SHE'S MY MOTHER MARRIED TO MY FATHER, AND YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO NOSE IN AND HAVE LONG CONVERSATIONS WITH HER!"

Folks, let me tell you something: Children get more emotionally wrapped up in things involving their parents and their home than millions may realize! How much more then is a spouse traumatized by actual or perceived threats to the sanctity of a Marriage. One reason why so much violence fills our land today is because of unethical and immoral intrusions upon the sacred bounds of marriage and the home. Violations of those bounds by way of divorce, promiscuity, and a heartless stealing of affection, are even now traumatizing children and victimized spouses, arousing jealousies that rage out of control, filling morgues and populating hell.

Even when one has the highest motives for communicating with a married person of the opposite gender, unless great discretion is carefully used, one can sometimes unwittingly ignite the fire of spousal jealousy.

D____ R____ was a married man with two children, and was a builder by trade. He began attending some of our services at the little Bible Missionary Church that I was pastoring, and one time not long afterward he made a trip with me to another part of the state to deliver a tent to the District Moderator for a tent meeting. He seemed like one with a rather nervous and volatile temperament, but I tried to cultivate his friendship and keep him and his family attending our services. Then one day after they had attended some of our services for a short while, they were absent. One or two contacts with the R____s after their absence had not been successful in getting them back to Sunday School and Church, and I think I may have been told that D____ R____ was quite busy with his work as a builder. But, I persisted in trying to get them back in our services.

Wrong Approach #1 -- The way I worded a mailed invitation to them -- I was still quite young and failed to see how easily my words and my motive for writing might be misconstrued. My note to them went something like this:

Dear R____s,

We were so happy to have you in our services, and I surely hope that we will see you all back with us this Sunday. Mrs. R____, I understand that D____ has been quite busy, but even if he is unable to come I hope that you and the children can be with us. [That invitation for her to come without her husband was a blunder.]

Wrong Approach #2 -- Later in the week I decided to make another visit to their home. When Mrs. R____ came to the door she invited me in. I did not see D____ there, but the two children were there in the room. I stepped in, spoke with her briefly, perhaps no more than five minutes, and then I went to the door to leave.

D____ R____ was coming in as I was going out. I reached out my right hand to greet him with a handshake, but instead of shaking hands he grabbed my right arm with both of his hands and jerked me toward him and took a poke at me. He flung both a fist and curses at me, along with an angry statement about me visiting his wife while he was not home!

I warded off his blows while making for my car with his threats still sounding forth. I did manage to get away without being shot and with nothing wounded but my dignity, for which I was thankful. After I got home, the phone rang. I said to myself, "That is D____ R____, and he has called me either to apologize, or to give me more of the same over the phone."

I was right, it was D____ R____, but it certainly was not to apologize.

Angrily, he shot into my eardrum: "I'LL SEE YOU IN COURT TOMORROW!" followed by another disrespectful name or two, after which he hung up.

Well, I never saw him in court. I did happen to be eating in a tiny little diner some weeks later when D____ R____ walked in and sat down very near me. I didn't invite him to church. I did quietly finish my meal and leave. And isn't it interesting that even though he never came back to church I still remember his name after more than three decades! Selah.

Intentional INTRUDERS often harm their victims without themselves being hurt, but as "quick on the trigger" as millions are today, many such trespassers should be prepared to pay with their lives when thus making themselves "Fools who walk in where Angels fear to tread."

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Sketch 30

THE WINO AND MY FAVORITE SHIRT

Ezekiel 33:15 "If the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life, without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall not die."

John 7:24 "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

I was barely into my 20s and was living out on my own in Payette at the time. I had just moved from a rooming house into a room that I rented in the Bancroft Hotel. I was selling Hertel Blue Ribbon Bibles -- a large Family Bible, and one day I set out for Nyssa, Oregon, about 18 miles from Payette beyond Ontario, Oregon. As I drove along between Ontario and Nyssa, I spotted a man that I took to be a Wino, or Alcoholic, walking along the roadway. I had compassion on him and stopped to give him a ride.

The Wino was grateful, and we drove on into Nyssa, and after we got there I parked and talked with him a bit. He had no real destination, and an idea came into my mind how I might help him even more. I had vacated my room at the rooming house with the rent paid up for about 3 more days or so, and I thought I could probably get permission for him to occupy that room for the remainder of that time. Would he like to have the room for that time? Yes, he decided to take me up on it.

So, instead of trying to sell Bibles in Nyssa, I drove the man back over to Payette and got him situated in the room. I also took him with me to Vic's Cafe in downtown Payette where I often ate, and where I had a meal-ticket. I got him a meal and told them to let him eat on my meal ticket. But this was not the end of my generosity. I took the man with me up to my room at the Bancroft and gave him several of my shirts right out of the closet. And, to top it all off, I helped him get a job where I had worked briefly a while earlier at the local Vinegar Plant. So, even though he was a Wino, I was hoping that these efforts would help him get back on his feet.

A short time after I had doled out all of these benefactions to him, I noticed that he was wearing a shirt just like my favorite shirt. I had stepped out of the room briefly at the time I had him there with me giving him the shirts, and I said to myself: "It looks to me like possibly while I was out of the room the other day, he helped himself to my favorite shirt, in addition to the ones I gave him."

I asked him to go with me over to the Bancroft and to wait in the lobby for me. He did, and I went up to the room, opened the closet door, looked in, and saw that indeed my favorite shirt was gone! I returned to the lobby, and addressed him much like this:

"You know, Jim, I have tried to be nice to you and help you. I just checked in the closet of my room and my favorite shirt is missing. You are wearing a shirt exactly like my favorite shirt. I think that while I stepped out of the room the other day when you were there you took my favorite shirt."

"I didn't take your shirt," he replied calmly.

"I don't want to argue with you," I said, "I just want my shirt back."

"It's not your shirt," he said, "but I'll give it to you."

So, I took him back over to the rooming house, he went up and changed out of the shirt, and came back and handed it to me. I decided that I was not going to give the man any more help after that. I went up to Vic's Cafe, walked in with the shirt in my hand, told them that after all I had tried to do to help the man he had stolen that shirt from me, and I asked them not to allow him to eat any more meals on my ticket.

Then, I walked out of Vic's Cafe and stepped off of the curb... but before I got in my car I noticed something under my light jacket: I WAS WEARING A SHIRT EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE I HELD IN MY HAND!!

IT WAS NOW TIME TO EAT HUMBLE PIE! So, I went back into the cafe and explained to them my embarrassing mistake and misjudgment. Then I had to go back to the man and apologize to him and give him back HIS SHIRT! I had "judged according to the appearance," which judgment, much to my embarrassment, I discovered was not "righteous judgment!"

It did turn out the my general estimation of the man was correct. Soon his alcoholism took over and before he left town his public behavior was an embarrassment to me, -- but, I have never forgotten how that right estimation of his general character led me to "jump to a very mistaken conclusion" about that shirt. Imagine! -- all the while I was so persuaded he stole my shirt, I was wearing it! It certainly does well illustrate how that sometimes before we level an accusation against another, or before we jump to a conclusion about another, some self-examination might be in order!

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Sketch 31 FALSE SECURITY

Judges 18:27 "And they took the things which Micah had made, and the priest which he had, and came unto Laish, unto a PEOPLE THAT WERE at quiet and SECURE: and THEY SMOTE THEM with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire."

Job 11:14, 18 "If iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away, and let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles... and thou shalt be secure... and thou shalt take thy rest in safety."

Job 12:6 "The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure; into whose hand God bringeth abundantly."

It is obvious from the above scriptures that there is both a genuine and a false security, the former providing true safety, the latter lulling its victims into a fatal apathy and then exposing them to shocking and tragic overthrow, destruction and death.

On one occasion several years after finishing high school, I sold Hertel Family Bibles, and one day I went into one of the nicer, "upper-crust" sections of town above our little house on Center Ave. In that neighborhood, and at a nice new home I met E____ L____, now Mrs. D____ D____. Both she and her husband had attended Payette High School when I was there. She had impressed me in school with her quite good singing as a soprano soloist. D____ D____, on the other hand, did not seem to be gifted at anything and rather "slow" in school. He was an adopted child, but his father was a prominent local businessman, who I think may have seen to it that his D____ had a liberal income in his employ with enough financial abundance to be living with his wife in a nice new home, even though they were just starting out in life.

During my conversation with E____ she told me that she felt "secure," -- that was the word she used, "secure" -- and it was easy for me to imagine why. I certainly didn't have the financial plenty and affluence that she and D____ obviously had. She felt secure -- plenty of income, nice new home -- apparently free from many of the financial struggles and woes of many young couples their age -- with perhaps even a promise of much more to come when D____ inherited his father's business -- secure.

Her comment and the nice new home made a real impression on me -- one that has lingered for some 40 years -- I saw nothing ahead for E____ and D____ but more of the same type of living on "Easy Street" for years to come. But how wrong I was! Within a few short years after I spoke with E____ that sunny day, both she and her husband were dead: -- she a murder victim of D____, and he a suicide!

Like the people of Laish in Judges 18:27 above, E____ had felt secure, but falsely so, and like them she too met sudden and unexpected death, providing a striking commentary on the insecurity of earthly things and example of these words of Jeremiah 8:13 "The things that I have given them shall pass away from them."

E____'s false security was anchored in earthly and material things. But two other young people I remember may have had a good deal of their false security founded in false doctrine -- a false security perhaps even more fatal than that of E____.

During my senior year at Payette High I worked briefly at the local Safeway store, and one morning as I was working the shelves a customer came in and asked me: "Which one of the H____ girls was it that was killed the other night?" That was a stunning question to me! But sadly I soon found that it was J____ H____ who had been killed. She and her younger sister were both in high school then, and J____ was one of my classmates. She came from a prominent Mormon family in Payette, and I was asked to be one of the Pall Bearers at her funeral. That funeral service is the only time I ever remember being in an assembly of that sect whose false teachings have lead

thousands into the false security of its errors and into what will no doubt be the same perdition inherited by the likes of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and their ilk.

J_____ and her husband to be, T_____ S_____, were returning to Payette from over toward Fruitland. As they rounded a bend in the highway at the edge of town, a young hooligan from Emmett was racing out of town trying to elude the police. He swung wide on that curve and hit J_____ and T_____ 's car head-on! -- suddenly ushering them both into eternity before their planned marriage could take place -- she about 18 and he about 21. If J_____ was trusting in the teachings of Joseph Smith for salvation, then on the Great and Coming Day of the Lord, when God's omnipotent "hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies," (Isaiah 28:17), she and all who have been taken in by Smith's damnable heresies will see them for what they really are: a false security. It will take more than huge numbers of adherents, an aggressive spread of the teaching, immaculate lawns, modern buildings, massive temples, and impressive choirs to provide real security in that Day.

But I found that T_____ S_____, -- J_____ 's husband to be came from a family where another false security was believed.

Some time after their tragic death in that car wreck, I one day knocked on the door of the house where the mother of T_____ lived, and during our conversation she said something like this to me: "I know that T_____ was not living a Christian life (when he was killed), but we have the assurance that he is in heaven, because we know that he was once truly saved." I said little, and soon went on my way, but I knew that the eternal security she thought provided a way into heaven for her wayward son was in fact, a false security -- a flimsy fortress like that of all other false doctrines, sure to fall like a house built on the sand when the floods of God's Truth and Judgment strike in on that Great and Terrible Day of the Lord.

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Sketch 32 HEAVEN FOR ROGER WITHOUT CHOOSING

Job 34:33 "Should it be according to thy mind? he will recompense it, whether thou refuse, or whether thou choose.."

My birth on June 4, 1937 in Donnelley, Idaho was preceded just over a year by that of my only full brother, Roger Adney Maxey, in March of 1936. I am not sure of the location of his birth, perhaps it also occurred in Donnelley. However, it is not his birth-location but rather his birth-condition that is involved in this illustration. His was a "breach-birth," and complications causing a lack of oxygen to his brain may have contributed to his sad condition after he was born, -- I don't know. Whatever the cause, it soon became apparent that the first-born son of my parents was very retarded.

Roger's physical appearance may not have betrayed his condition. His head was slightly mis-shapen, but I doubt that this was the give-away. More likely, it was his failure to respond to some things normally and his failure to learn how to do certain things as soon as he should have, such as: crawl, stand, walk, handle things, feed himself, and talk. I believe Roger was about 5

before he learned to walk, and to my knowledge even now he cannot talk well enough to carry on anything like an intelligent conversation.

Roger spent about 8 of his first 9 years in the care of my maternal grandmother and her husband, Gramma and Grampa McKay. They remarked how much he liked music, but when they returned him to our home he had really learned to do little besides walk. Mother, forced to make the living for the family, and with a husband who was himself rapidly becoming incompetent, decided to place Roger in the Nampa State for the Retarded -- and, this was his home for about the next 36 years of his life, until the State began moving patients out into Community Group Homes. In about 1983, Roger was moved into such a home in Weiser, Idaho, and remains there still, in April of 1999 at age 63.

As a boy and young High Schooler, I really hated going to visit Roger at the Nampa State School, and the several times I did so were depressing experiences:-- the sight of hydrocephalics with watermelon-size heads and baby-size bodies, the slobberings and droolings of grown bodies with infantile minds, the bizarre actions, the brain-dead, parrot-like utterances and mumblings of the patients -- the whole scene, coupled with the knowledge that my only full brother was a part of this population made up a reality that I dreaded to face. The very memory of it all seemed bad enough.

On one occasion during the 1953-54 school year, when our Junior Class took a field trip to Nampa, part of which involved making a visit to the Nampa State School, I feared some sort of encounter might reveal to my classmates that Roger Maxey, one of the patients there, was my brother. Of course, this stemmed from carnal pride, but it was a real conflict for me at the time. So, since we were not forced to make the tour, I stayed in or near the school-bus while most of the class visited the facility. Even then, I was not sure but what one of the students would return to the bus and say, "Hey Maxey! Guess what? We met a patient in there named Roger Maxey. Is he any relation to you? Ha! Ha!" I cringed at the thought. Or even worse, might one of my classmates come back and spout out, "Hey Duane! We met your brother, Roger in there! Is that why you didn't go in?" I felt relieved when they all came back to the bus, and nothing was said about a Maxey being in the State School, and we all went on our way.

No such fear haunted me when my wife and I visited Roger many years later, but Roger at that time was a prime example of what I would like to illustrate with this part of this publication.

Should whether you go to heaven or hell depend upon your own choice?: "Should it be according to thy mind?" (Job 34:33a) As to your eternal abode, is it right for God to "recompense it" in accordance with "whether thou refuse" salvation or "thou choose" to live for God"? (Job 34:33b) Is it right for God to make your eternal destiny rest upon your choice? If you are reading this with a sound mind and a clear understanding unimpeded by gross mental deficiency, then the answer to that question is a resounding, YES! Why? Because you CAN make the right choice.

But what about those who cannot, and never could, make an intelligent choice?

For what may have been Roger's 46th birthday, or close to it, I bought him a little multi-sided plastic toy puzzle, somewhat in the shape of a sphere, but not a round ball.

Various-shaped openings had been created though the outsides, and there were corresponding plastic pieces which were each be inserted though their matching opening into the center of the toy.

After the toy was placed upon a table or table-like shelf, Roger was seated up to it and encouraged to try to insert the pieces through their corresponding openings. Here he was, more than one year my senior, in his 5th decade of life, -- and he sat bewildered before a toy puzzle that some 3-year-olds could master quickly and said, "I, I, CAN'T... I CAN'T!" And, he couldn't -- not through any fault of his own; he simply did not have what it took to make the choices and master the puzzle, nor did he ever have that ability.

Therefore, Roger is going to heaven to spend eternity, without having chosen intelligently either good or evil. There he will see that HE CAN... that with a glorified body, no longer mis-shapen and mentally deficient, HE CAN, with amazing alacrity and ease, do many things that he could not do in this world, and many other things that the most gifted mortals in this world could not do. One thing I know that he will not be able to do, and that is, fail of the grace of God. With a God-given pure heart in a world where all temptation will be absent and all probation past, that will be one thing in heaven that Roger cannot do, nor will the slightest desire to do anything displeasing to God ever arise in his mind.

But why would God create some of us able to make eternal choices and require them of us, while creating others unable to make those same choices, and take them to heaven where they will be eternally secure, never having gone through a time of testing or probation? Please read on.

A monarch was visiting an institution for those unfortunates who were once called "deaf and dumb." He went into a classroom where they were studying the Bible, or something related to spiritual things. The king stood before their class at the blackboard and called one of the bright young boys up to the board with him, whereupon the monarch wrote on the blackboard this question for the boy:

"Why did Christ Jesus come into the world?"

Promptly, the lad took the chalk and wrote on the board: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim 1:15), and handed the chalk back to his king.

Perhaps after several other such questions, the king wrote this question on the board:

"Why did God make me able to hear and to speak, while he made you deaf and dumb?"

The lad thought for a moment, and then taking the chalk wrote on the blackboard:

"Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight" (Mat 11:26).

And so it is... Those given the power to make moral choices for heaven or hell must make those choices, and those not having that power will inherit eternal life without making those choices, for so it seems good in God's sight. "Should it be" this way? YES! For the God Who

withholds or gives created gifts and powers to his creatures does not err in their withholding, nor dispense them with a mindless caprice. "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" (Rom 9:20) Yes, some may thus question their Creator, but none may do so justly, for He is, -- always has been, and ever will be, -- too good to do wrong and too wise to make a mistake.

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Sketch 33

SWEET, LITTLE OLD SISTER D_____

2 Corinthians 10:7 "Do ye look on things after the outward appearance?"

Shortly after my pastorate began in a certain place, I became acquainted with an old couple whom I shall here designate as Bro. and Sis. D_____. Old Bro. D_____ was about 87 years old, quite deaf, and rather blind in one eye. But the old man liked to sing -- and this posed a problem. We had to sing without the piano most of the time, and any who have led congregational singing without accompaniment can appreciate how difficult it is sometimes to keep the hymn going both in tune and in time. In our case, those difficulties were compounded by old Bro. D_____ 's vocal exertions! Being deaf, often he could not keep the time, but he could sing plenty loud!

For example, we might finish the first verse and chorus: "when the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," and begin singing "On that bright and cloudless morning," about the same time Bro. D_____ would vociferously be ending with "whennnnn... the.... roll.... is... called up yonder... I'lllll be there!"

Sometimes I guess part of us were amused by his asynchronous assaults on our ear drums, while others were frustrated by the necessity of either having to wait at the end of the Chorus for old Bro. D_____ to catch up, or of drowning him out by raising the volume of our own singing.

Then too, old Bro. D_____ liked to sing Specials! His solo efforts were actually easier to endure than his congregational contributions. He sang a-capella, and even though his appearance was somewhat amusing, and even though he slurred his words, you could follow him quite well, for he knew how to sing out. One of his favorite solos started with these words, enunciated and sounded forth in his own peculiar style [two words in the last line are spelled as I recall him pronouncing them]:

"I went to Church one day;
I heard them sing and pray;
The preacher firmly plowed the gospel plow.
He said, 'You must repent!'
So, down the aisle I went,
And things are differnt, Oh so differnt now!

I got the impression that Bro. D_____ felt somewhat offended from time to time if he was not called on to sing one of his Specials, and I doubt that I catered as often to his urge to sing them as he thought I should. But, the dear old man did seem to have a love for spiritual things, and I think it altogether possible that the above words of the song he loved to sing were his personal testimony.

They were not members of our church, but came quite regularly, and they invited me over for a bite to eat with them quite often. I was still single at the time, and I took them up on that invitation a number of times.

Sis. D_____ was very sweet, both in her speech and manners, pleasant to be around, apparently quite unselfish in her hospitality to me, and seemed to always say and think the best about others. Her outward adornment and apparel differed some from that required of our members, but it was far from what one would term immodest. In a word, old Sis. D_____ seemed like a sweet little old lady that loved the Lord in her own way, and who millions of young men would be proud to call grandma.

Just how many times I partook of their hospitality and enjoyed her dishes and dainties, I know not, but when I left that town, old Bro. and Sis. D_____ had not changed and my opinion of them remained the same. However, if I had known on any of the occasions that I partook of sweet, old Sis. D_____ 's repast that I might be eating shoplifted groceries, my opinion of her would no doubt have been greatly different!

About 5 years after I left that town, Cleo and Ruth T_____ visited me where I was then pastoring. They were business people who owned a market back in that town. They were not holiness people, but liked me, respected me, and when they visited me in my pastorate, far distant from their home, Ruth even bought a dress to wear to our services that she thought would be more appropriate than what she normally wore. This was not at all necessary, but they wanted to visit me, and she wanted to fit in while they were there. They were people of some means, and they were generous to me financially, as well as gracious and friendly. They simply went out of their way to be nice to me -- both in terms of miles traveled and deeds done. And, I appreciated their gestures.

One day during their visit, our conversation turned to old Bro. and Sis. D_____. And, in a rather off-handed way, Ruth said something to me about what Sis. D_____ would do in their market. I thought I had understood correctly, but I inquired, -- perhaps with these exact words: "Do you mean that she was shoplifting!?"

Ruth verified that, yes, sweet, old Sis. D_____ had shoplifted from their market -- and not just once! but had done so quite often!

"You saw her do it?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't stop her?"

"No."

Why Cleo and Ruth did not confront the sweet, little old sneak-thief, I am not sure. I suspect that it was because they didn't "have the heart to do it," and figured that they could absorb the losses from her larceny. So, they let her "help herself" to their groceries.

In fact, however, sweet little old Sis. D_____ was neither "helping herself" nor the kingdom of God by her thefts! 1 Corinthians 6:10 tells us that "thieves... shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

But what about the "thief on the cross?"

Quite different! He was a "dying" and "penitent" thief, while sweet, little old Sis. D_____ was a "living" and "practicing" thief, while attending a holiness church and professing to be a Christian.

Holiness churches have enough problems to solve without having those in their congregation who shoplift and who run away from their unpaid bills. I wonder how many other kindhearted shopkeepers in that town knew that we had a sweet-talking little old kleptomaniac in our congregation? And I wonder how many holiness churches have been embarrassed by members and pastors who "flown the coop" leaving local business people to foot the loss and/or to report their dishonesty to their successors or others in the church?

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Sketch 34

A JOB DECLINED AND A JOB RESIGNED

Galatians 4:16 "Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?"

"Would you consider doing some spying for me?" he asked.

It was an offer that was far from something I wanted to hear from my visitor that day. I was doing some work on the church. He had offered to come and help, but apparently he had something more on his mind than manual labor that day.

Among those whom he deemed to be his "church enemies," I had recently stood and voiced my disapproval of an action they were preparing to take. Though I had opposed their action he thought that I might be able to go among them as a friend and listen in on some things for him that would give him some real ammunition in his ecclesiastical war against them.

I had no stomach for such two-facedness and declined the job. I felt that Principles, not Personalities were what I should stand for or against. He was a good man, and in some ways a great man, but he was not a man who seemed to be capable of looking upon any who opposed him as well-intentioned, sanctified Christians. Even those who were less than enthusiastic about his

way of seeing things were looked upon with suspicion. He simply could not see how anyone genuinely sanctified could see things differently than he.

Some were able to see this flaw. Some saw that to enthusiastically jump on his bandwagon at times, if not always, was tantamount to following a strong personality, while not necessarily following a strict principle. However, few seemed brave enough to let him know that they did not see some things his way.

By that earlier public statement, I felt that I had already made myself odious to his supposed enemies, and now I certainly did not expect his smile and blessing when I declined his offer, but I passed on that job. I did not follow them, but neither could I follow him in the matter. He did, however, want me on his side in his war. Later, he apparently saw to it that I was placed in a certain ecclesiastical position for which I did not ask. But I disappointed him when, in a rather private meeting, I spoke out on an issue where I felt that what was being proposed was not strictly ethical and did not clearly "provide things honest in the sight of all men" -- and I fell under his reproach. After the meeting, he joined me privately in my car and shamed me for speaking out as I did and thereby deeply wounding one of his close followers by what I had said.

He was years my senior, and his accusations saddened me... not because I felt that I had done wrong, but because after I had tried to stand for principle... after I had raised what I considered to be a valid point, he had weighed my words in the scales of Personality and not in the scales of Principle. I had tried to stand for principle... But he couldn't see that... and that blindness, that inability to sever principle from personality, I felt to be in him a glaring fault.

"Not everyone who opposes you is your enemy," I replied.

He did not seem to be able to grasp that fact. "Great men," says Job 32:9, "are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment." Sometimes, the greatest of God's human instruments have glaring inconsistencies in their thoughts and ways -- personality flaws that the years making them aged have not revealed to their understanding.

He left, and I felt sad, that in trying to stand for right, he viewed me as His enemy -- "their enemy" -- But, so it was. I went my way, and I soon resigned the position I had been given. Strange as it may seem, in spite of it all, my confidence in the man as a genuinely sanctified servant of God still remained. Though I wished that he could abide some differing views, though I wished that he could see the difference between standing against a thing and standing against him, I was convinced that in his heart of hearts he meant well, -- and flawed and faulty as the service of all of God's saints may be, their reward will no doubt be measured by their motives, his included.

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Sketch 35
PROTECTED WHEN IN PERIL

Lamentations 5:9 "...the peril of our lives..."

Jeremiah 31:28 "...so will I watch over them..."

Who knows? how many times God has protected each of us during "the peril of our lives." Might we not be astounded to learn how many times we came within a hair of being killed, and would have been killed, had not God kept us from death? I will now recount some instances where I was spared, and others were spared, in automobile accidents. As I recall, except for two jarring bumper to bumper collisions, and a few dents here and there, I have listed below all of the car wrecks in which I have been involved as a driver. If not all of them, the last two of the wrecks especially may involved miracles of divine protection.

PAYETTE ACCIDENT in about 1955:-- When I was about 18, I was driving an old Plymouth sedan that, from its condition, was really "an accident waiting to happen." I will be the first one to agree that I should not have been driving it, period -- but I was. It was a car that a school friend had offered to sell me. But the brakes were out, and the driver's door would not stay shut.

I was driving along the highway at the edge of Payette with the window down and my arm out the window holding the door shut. I decided to bear right off of the highway down a steeply sloped road and make a sharp right turn. Knowing that I had no brakes, I geared down, hoping to be able to make the sharp right turn below. I managed to make the turn, but my speed was so much that I swung wide and as I turned the steering wheel back right the door swung open, throwing me out of the car onto some clinkers and gravel -- while the car moved on a bit further and plunged off of the road into a field. Apart from abrasions and bruises, I was not injured, but that accident could have been much worse, if not fatal, had not God watched over me in my folly.

KIRKSVILLE ACCIDENT in about 1963:-- [See "Enough For One Day"] -- Here was another car accident that could have been much more serious or fatal.

ST. LOUIS ACCIDENT in about 1967 -- I was working at Staley Paint Manufacturing while pastoring the BMC there, and this accident occurred one morning when I thought I might be late to work. I was driving my little Plymouth Valiant and was approaching an intersection. The street upon which I was traveling had a Stop Sign up at that intersection only part of the time. At that time the Stop Sign was not up, and so I proceeded on into the intersection. I saw a car on my left that had stopped at the intersection. The driver of that car, thinking that I too had to stop at a Stop Sign, started back up accelerated into the intersection hitting the left front of my Valiant just in front of my driver-door. It was a hard crash, worse than the one with my '54 Chevy in Kirksville, and jarred me more. Happily, I again escaped with only minor injuries in a wreck that was but a few inches shy of what could have brought me serious injury or death.

The police officer ticketed both of us, even though I had the right of way, but when I went to court to pay the fine I discovered that the charges against me had been dropped -- no doubt because I had the right of way. Some weeks later, the insurance claims agent for the other driver came to my apartment. He wanted to know what it had cost to fix my car, etc. I answered him, but told him that I had paid for the repair. "Then you're not going to make a claim?" he asked. I told him that I was not going to make a claim for my damages, because even though I had the right of

way, I felt that the accident was partly my fault since I was in a hurry to get to work and was probably driving some over the speed limit.

ELKINS ACCIDENT in about 1969:-- I was not entirely, if at all, to blame for this accident. I was driving down a slope in the road. At the bottom of the slope stood a woman holding a small child with two or three other small children standing with her, waiting for me to pass before crossing the road to the house. Just before I reached them, one of the children, a little blond-headed boy decided to make a dash to cross the road before I passed. I had been keeping an eye on them, but the little-boy's daring dash began too late for me to stop. I hit the brakes and held down hard on the pedal, the little boy hesitated, and I swerved left hoping he would go back to the right side of the road from whence he started and I could skirt around him. Instead, after his hesitation, he tried to run on across, -- and in spite of all I tried to do to avoid him -- I hit him!

Thump! -- Down he went, but I did manage to swerve so as to keep from running over him. You can imagine how stunned and sick I felt. There he lay on the road way. His aunt, the woman with whom he had been waiting to cross the road, came over. At the moment of the impact I had managed to almost bring the car to a stop -- but my momentum was still such that the boy got a hard wallop.

One of us called an ambulance from the house, and the aunt watched over the boy, who I think was probably still lying on or near the spot where he landed on the roadway. There was nothing I could do for the lad; his aunt was watching over him; so I remained in the house -- shaken and sickened by this horrible occurrence. As I recall, another member of the family was there. The ambulance came, picked up the boy, and rushed him to the hospital. I stayed at the house until after the police had come and taken my report, which was verified by the aunt. No charges were placed against me, but the concern over the boy's injuries and what would happen to him hung over me.

Finally, we got the report -- and miraculously! the boy had not one broken bone! and no serious injuries! I was thankful, but still shaken. If one has real feeling for other people, it is inwardly sickening if others are injured in a car wreck in which you are involved -- whether it was your fault or not. One day not long after that, a little chipmunk ran under the wheel of my car. Even hitting that little creature evoked a prayer. I prayed: "Lord, please don't let me ever hit anything or hurt anything with my car again." -- but there was yet to come another accident involving others.

PORTLAND ACCIDENT some time during the 1970s:-- I owned a yellow, VW Bug at the time of this accident, and could have been either killed or seriously injured. I was parked on S. E. 115th Ave. between Holgate and Harold near the church building with the VW facing toward Harold. I jumped in the Bug, intending to do a U-Turn and proceed back up to Holgate. All was clear in the direction the Bug was facing, and without first looking back I began my U-turn -- a very foolish thing to do -- intending to look after I was turned around some. However, this careless maneuver put the little Bug into the path of an on-coming pick-up, and did extensive damage to the left front of the Bug. If I had been a bit farther into that turn I might easily have been killed. As it was, I learned a costly lesson about how NOT to make a U-turn. Many years later near Coeur d' Alene where we now live, a young man driving a car-load of relatives to a family re-union made a similar mistake, pulled their car into the path of a Concrete Mixer truck, and I think that everyone in the car was killed.

HOOD RIVER TO PORTLAND ACCIDENT in about December of 1976:-- My pastorate in Portland, Oregon began on my 35th birthday, June 4, 1972, and I left in 1977. The accident about which I now write occurred during that period of time. It was the Christmas Season, and I had planned to visit with my Mother and Aunt in Parkdale, above Hood River, Oregon. Mother was remarried to Walter Watson, a Nazarene minister. Uncle "Mac," Finley McNaughton, had retired from the U.S. Forest Service, and he aunt Jean bought a pear ranch with a spectacular view of Mt. Hood in Parkdale, above Hood River. I planned to drive the 70 miles or so from Portland to be with them for a short visit.

I was driving a Volkswagen Van that had a poor tire on the left rear wheel. By the time I got to Hood River that evening, there was quite a snowfall already down and it was continuing to snow. Finally I decided to abort the trip on up to Parkdale. I called and notified them that I was returning to Portland, and then started back -- snow still coming down.

As I crossed a bridge over an inlet from the Columbia River -- a bridge that had a bend to the right -- suddenly! the left rear of the VW Van swung left, and I began to skid broadside, perpendicular to the roadway, at perhaps 55-60 miles an hour -- and it was no laughing matter. That VW Van had a narrow wheel-base and the body was built rather high on that narrow wheel-base. Broadsideing down that concrete roadway at the speed I was, with nothing but a low barrier at the edge, there was a real danger of starting into a roll and/or flipping off into the dark waters of the Columbia below.

For quite a long distance that Van shot down that bridgeway. I uttered a quick prayer. I kept my front wheels turned left, and managed to keep the Van from going into a spin. It was Freeway, so there was no oncoming traffic, and there was nothing close behind me, but that Van continued on and on in its broadside skid, until at a point where the right side of the roadway sloped right, my forward momentum ceased and I shot front-bumper-first toward the low guard-rail overlooking the Columbia. I hit it, but by that time my speed was slow enough and my angle such that I did not flip over the rail into the dark waters below. -- Whew! I forget what my words of thanks were to the Lord, but I was very glad to be out of that one still alive! without any injury, and with only minor damage to the vehicle.

When I reached my apartment back in Portland, I opened my Bible, there was a portion of Scripture that I have never forgotten -- one that led me to believe that I may have come extremely close to death: Job 29:13 "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me..." Judging from this, I would have died if God had not kept His hand on the rig as I rocketed broadside down that bridgeway!

COEUR D' ALENE ACCIDENT in about 1989 -- I was 51 at the time this accident occurred. My 62nd birthday is only weeks away now, on June 4, 1999 -- so, the accident happened nearly 11 years ago. This was my last vehicle accident to date, and since I have not driven the car for about two years, it may be the last one that I ever have as a driver, but, it was by far the most serious vehicle accident in which I have ever been involved.

In our 1978 Subaru, I was waiting at a busy intersection, first in line. I State Police Car pulled in behind me. Taking my eyes off of the traffic, I nervously glanced in my rear-view, hoping that his "Big Blue Light" was not flashing to stop me for a ticket after seeing me violate some traffic law. They had been giving out a lot of traffic tickets, and I had been driving the last while with extreme caution. After noting with relief that the "Big Blue Light" was not flashing, and seeing no oncoming traffic, I swung into a left turn -- directly into the path of an oncoming motorcycle from my right. They were traveling at quite a clip, and I am not sure whether excess speed on their part contributed to the accident or whether my side-vision had become poor, or what -- Anyway, -- I slammed on the brakes, but not quite in time for them to pass. There were two young men riding on the motorcycle. With a sickening feeling I saw the inevitable: they were going to hit the right front fender! and hit it they did!

The impact was such that it knocked the front bumper about 12 to 18 inches beyond the left front end of the car, doing so much damage that the car was virtually totaled! But that was not my concern at all. Those young men were flipped into one or more somersaults as they sailed up over the hood of the Subaru and the roadway beyond. Both of them came crashing down onto the street and skidded on the pavement!

"Oh God!" I prayed, "Don't let them die! Oh God! Don't let them die!"

Perhaps never in my whole life had I felt so blameworthy! I was shocked and deeply sickened within! I knew that the State Police Officer would get help coming, and a crowd gathered around the young men. They were both still conscious. The Coeur d' Alene Hospital was just a block away -- I knew there was nothing now that I could do but pray, and pray I did, as I sat there so stunned and sickened. Finally someone approached the car and asked if I was OK. I was walked over to some bark chips across the intersection and I sat down. Word was sent to Dorothea. The young victims were taken to the hospital. The totaled Subaru was towed into the Church of God parking lot adjacent to the intersection -- and I sat there, stunned, and hurt -- no, not physically, but it hurt, deep down inside it hurt, that I had caused such an awful wreck!

Dorothea arrived at the scene. She too was shaken by what had occurred. I asked her to find out what she could about the condition of the young victims of my horrible blunder. I had unfinished business at the scene, so she went over to the hospital to find out what she could.

Another police officer came to the scene. He pulled into the Church of God parking lot and I got into the patrol car beside him.

"I hate to have to do this," he said, "but I am going to have to give you a ticket."

During the recent past, I had picked up three quick tickets -- the last of those three for doing 45 on Highway 95 three-quarters of a block beyond where it had changed to 35 approaching a stop light. A speed ticket-writing campaign was on. I had remarked to wife that their campaign could be counterproductive, causing one to be unsafe behind the wheel by a fearful watching of the speedometer, etc. instead of watching traffic. While I was down at Warm Lake preaching the BMC Youth Camp that earlier that summer, Dorothea had relayed to me that a warning letter had come from the State: One more ticket and you will lose your driver's license.

THAT was why that ticket was, so to speak, "the straw that broke the camel's back" -- THAT was why I was so nervous about that State Police car in directly behind me at that intersection! I still think that my over-concern about getting one more ticket from the State Officer parked behind me may indeed have been the greatest factor in my horrible blunder. I had to go to a special Safe-Driving class to retain my license, after which I had to drive ticket free for 3 years to erase those tickets from my record -- all of which cost hundreds of dollars in higher insurance premiums over that time. But THAT was not the thing that had me feeling so terrible, so stunned, so hurt. I had committed a horrible blunder! and I might be guilty of causing the death of those young men. Folks, let me tell you -- that is a profoundly sickening feeling! You feel like you don't belong on the face of the earth.

The officer was kind, did his job, and went on. The wrecker came, hooked up the totaled Subaru. I got in the cab with the wrecker driver, and the wreck was towed over across town a ways to the parking lot behind our home. W. L. Boone, pastor of the Coeur d' Alene, Wesleyan Church heard of the accident, came over and very graciously ministered to me and had prayer. His son-in-law was at that time working at the Kootenai County Medical Center where the victims of my blunder had been taken. As he left, I asked him to find out for me what he could about the condition of the young men. Dorothea had been there already, and while they were both still alive, the prognosis did not look good.

Later, we received the report... After thorough examinations, -- Amazingly! it was discovered that neither of them had so much as a broken bone! -- and they had both walked out of the hospital on their own two feet! To me, it seemed incredible!

Neither of those boys was wearing a helmet when they struck the Subaru. I think that even though they were on a city street, they may have been doing 40-45 mph. They somersaulted over the car and soared quite a distance, and then bounced and skidded even further on the pavement! And not even one broken bone!?! You know what I think. I think that God, in his goodness to us and them, may have performed a miracle! -- either a miracle of prevention, or a miracle of healing, fixing all of their major injuries right after it happened! Praise be to His Name! for such goodness to me and to us -- whichever sort of miracle it was.

He may have even put it in the hearts of those young men to forego making any claim against us beyond their medical attention (a tiny fraction of what it could have been), and the replacement or repair of the motorcycle. They were satisfied for that, which all totaled about \$5,000, and was covered by our insurance.

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Sketch 36
PEOPLE CHANGE

Hebrews 1:12 "...they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

I had not seen her for about 30 years, but one day while in the downtown area where wife and I were living, I happened to recognize P____ J____. She was so different. No, it was not just the years since we were both teenagers at the Church of the Nazarene in another town that made the difference. There was a noticeable hardness about her spirit that was even more acrid than the smoke from her cigarette as she sat there behind the typewriter in that downtown office. Her answers were terse, and her expressions clearly told me that she wished that I would just go away.

Her father had been one of the town drunks, and her mother, dear old Sister J____, had lived for years under the burden of sorrow and poverty caused by her husband -- yet, she stayed true to the Lord and did her best to raise her daughters, G____ and P____ to be saved and sanctified Christian girls. P____ J____ had been the prettier of the two sisters, a young Christian girl -- tender spirited, and trying to serve the Lord, with (as I recall) a tendency to go to the altar when she felt that she had erred spiritually. Indeed, both girls seemed to be making an effort to live lives much more in line with mother's Nazarene convictions than the odious path upon which their father was staggering.

"P____, I'd like to invite you over to the Bible Missionary Church here in town. We are having revival services, and you would be most welcome to come."

"No, I'm not interested."

"P____, I remember when you were a young teenager back in the old Church of the Nazarene, and used to enjoy being in church, when Bro. L____ was pastor."

"That was a long time ago, and people change!"

I sensed that it would do no good to discuss the matter further. Indeed, "people change," and it was all too obvious that a dark and sad change had occurred in P____'s heart and life. But, I remembered another change -- one that perhaps she might have tried to drive from her mind repeatedly across the years -- a change in that old, drunken father of hers.

Mr. J____ was known rather widely around town -- known as a cigarette smoking, beer guzzling sot -- the "town drunk," and perhaps the most prominent "town drunk" at that.

I am not sure how many years, or decades, he continued in this state, but one day something occurred that brought about a dramatic change in his life: -- he had a stroke, and was taken to a local nursing home. It had been the town hospital when I was a boy, and it was there that I had my tonsils removed by Dr. K____ 52 years ago. But at the time old man J____, the town drunk, had his stroke, it had been converted into a nursing home, the little town not being large enough to sustain a hospital, especially when there was a good one only 6 miles away in the town of O____.

After that stroke hit him, old man J____ began to think seriously about his soul -- perhaps for the very first time in his life. And, as God ordained, the Church of the Nazarene was in revival services at the same time.

To the surprise of many, old man J_____ requested that Bro. L_____, the pastor come up to the nursing home and pray with him, -- and, he did that very thing. Taking the evangelist with him, Pastor L_____ visited the old, town drunk, they prayed with him, and he was gloriously converted!

Mother told me of this unusual occurrence, and I decided that I wanted to see him for myself. So, one day not long thereafter, I visited with P_____ 's father -- now the obviously transformed, old man J_____. What a sight he was!

His face shone with the glory of God, and his countenance radiated the reality of redemption by Christ Jesus. Though aged in years, and near death's door, he was a new born babe in Christ. Anyone who looked at him, who listened to him testify, who beheld the tears of joy flooding down his cheeks, would know assuredly that a marvelous transformation had taken place -- he was a NEW CREATURE IN CHRIST JESUS!

The only similarity to his past that still clung to him at the time I visited him was his tobacco habit. Having been taught as a boy that smoking was a sinful habit that one must give up when becoming a Christian, it seemed oddly incongruous for old man J_____ to be at one and the same time praising God, beaming with His new-found grace, and still puffing on a "roll-your-own" cigarette. But I knew that he was God's child -- God's newly redeemed servant who had not yet been convicted and delivered from that habit.

"People change" -- Yes, the devil changes many, turning some like P_____ from a tender spirited Christian girl into a cigarette puffing, hardened, hater of holiness and things holy. But, God changes people too! and while I am not sure of the details of what finally transpired regarding her father's cigarette addiction, as best I recall, not long after I visited him her father, who had been the town drunk, died victoriously and went to be with Jesus forever -- a brand plucked from the burning -- and no doubt a trophy of his dear wife's longsuffering, love, and prayers.

I think probably that P_____ 's mother went straight to glory when she died also. And what shall become of those girls? Well, I wouldn't be surprised, (if it has not already occurred), if one of these days mom's prayers will be answered for P_____ and G_____ also!

"People change" -- and how glorious is that change, when it is Jesus, the great Changer who brings it about. Old man J_____ 's miraculous, unexpected change came after perhaps even his own wife despaired of his conversion. But of Jesus it is written in Isaiah 42:4 "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law."

Perhaps long years after those who have prayed through for a soul have begun their rest in the sod, and sometimes decades after all other human intercessors have ceased to hold that soul up in passionate prayer -- the undiscouraged One continues to work salvation in the earth in behalf of that one, and then it happens! -- totally unexpected by both the world and the church -- a radical and utter repentance is made, a divine transformation suddenly occurs -- that soul is swept in power from the clutches of satan and ushered into the everlasting kingdom of Christ!

"People change" -- and go to dwell where "People never change" -- world without end!

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A LIST AND DESCRIPTION OF THE JPG PICTURES FOR THIS PUBLICATION

hdm0888a.jpg = Papa (Irl VanCleve Maxey) in 1928, about 6-7 years before he married my mother. He was younger then than I am now.

hdm0888b.jpg = My Mother, Adelaide Dolores (Chandler) Maxey, and my Father in 1940. Who can tell me the Make and Year of the car?

hdm0888c.jpg = My brother Parker holding me on his lap when I was about 1½ yrs. old. I am guessing a bit about the year, but it was sometime near 1938. In addition to me, Parker holds a package that might have been a birthday gift for me. He was attending NNC and did not live with us, so he may have brought a birthday gift up to Donnelley for me and had his picture taken with me and the gift.

hdm0888d.jpg = Me (Duane) and Roger and another little boy whose name I know not. I was about 3; Roger was about 4. Apparently Roger was able to stand at age 4, but I think he may not have learned to walk until age 5. Roger appears to behold something like one of the old salve-cans in his hand. Do you remember "White Cloverine Salve"? that came in the tin cans shaped somewhat like the can Roger is holding?

hdm0888e.jpg = When I was 6 and we were living in Tuttle, North Dakota. Pictured are Mother, Papa, me, Gale, and I am not sure who the lady is in the picture with us, possibly Mrs. Goerslein, one of the German-American residents there who attended the Nazarene church where papa pastored.

hdm0888f.jpg = Tuttle, North Dakota. We got the picture from some people in Tuttle we visited when wife and I were there about 10 years ago. Judging from what may be a 1949 Ford in the foreground, someone may have taken this picture in about 1949-50, 6-7 years after we left Tuttle. In the background you can see the red brick Grade-School. My first grade class was on the lower left (you can see the windows). The addition onto the left side of the building was not there when I attended. I could run circles around the building. The day Miss Lockwa slapped me after I did my "Heil Hitler" salute, I entered up the front steps, then down the inside steps, and it was when I was making a left turn into the first grade classroom that I got "popped"! -- part of my first grade "education" -- no extra charge! Just beyond the row of cars on the street leading up to the school, you can see a building with what may be a white cross at the top near the peak of the roof. The Nazarene Church was in about that spot, and I think that may be the very building it once occupied.

hdm0888g.jpg = Duane VanCleve Maxey and Dorothea Alice (Davis) Maxey after we moved to Coeur d' Alene, Idaho and when we were living at 1103 N. 4th Street.

hdm0888h.jpg = The Born Again Car -- an old Model-A Ford that sat for 47 years on the bottom of Lake Coeur d' Alene before it was lifted up out of its watery grave and brought to shore. With a little tinkering, it actually ran, and was driven in a parade.

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THE END