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## ARTICLES BY MRS. PAUL KING

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### INTRODUCTION

This publication is a compilation of 6 articles by Lucille (Mrs. Paul) King -- all taken from  
The Missionary Revivalist and arranged in the chronological sequence of their publication.

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Article 1  
A TRIBUTE TO MY DAD

From the October, 1972 Missionary Revivalist

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His name was never listed on the roster of the famous, the great, or the mighty; nor did he ever make the headlines on society's worldly page, yet he was great. This man of whom I'm writing was small in stature but tall and great in spirit and I am proud to tell you he was my wonderful father.

All too frequently our opinion of greatness and magnanimity is wrong, and totally different from what God sees and knows. II Kings 4:8 gives us the record of a "great woman." It has very little to say about her, but the more one reads and studies and ponders over this wonderful chapter, the more fully convinced he becomes of the woman's greatness.

For one thing, this "great woman" had a deep-seated respect for God's chosen men... His prophets. She not only had respect for them, but she loved to have them near by for, said she to her husband, "Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee on the wall; and let us set for him (the prophet) there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be, that when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither."

My father and mother were so like this "great woman." Their home was always open to God's holy men and women and only the very best was good enough for these servants of the Lord. Our home was never blessed with much finance but it was extravagant in sharing and giving. Both father and mother were most unselfish and were great in their giving and doing for others.

A second area in which I clearly see this woman's greatness is found in her answer to the prophet when he asked her what he could do for her. Did she want an audience with the king? or the captain of the host, perhaps? Her simple answer makes me to see her real greatness .... "I dwell among mine own people." She wasn't seeking fame nor place, position nor name: she was content to "dwell among her own people."

My father was this type man. Totally unpretentious and genuine. He went about his own business, never meddling in the affairs of another and becoming offensive and hated. In his quiet, sweet way, he emitted a fragrance that spread from our beautiful farm along the mountain to the valley and countryside about us, and when one of the neighbors lay dying, unprepared to meet God in his sinful state and condition, they would ask for Daddy to come and pray with them. Something about that kind, sweet, pleading, praying voice gripped their hearts and today, because he was content to "dwell among his own people" and allow God's holiness and righteousness to radiate and shine through him, many souls are in heaven, rejoicing with him.

My father was a sober man. No foolishness with him. But he was a father like no other father I've ever met or known. I well remember those nights so long, long ago when canning season

was at its highest pitch. Mother and all us girls who weren't working at public works, helped with the field work during hay season and corn cutting and husking, besides keeping the house in tip-top shape, and cooking and baking. Much of the canning had to be done at night ... after the field work was done. Late into the night we canned... fruits, vegetables, pickles, relishes, jams and jellies and always, Father would take the smaller children to some secluded corner and keep them spell-bound for hours telling them instances of revival meetings and how they walked many miles to attend the services. Not infrequently he told of the many wild animals that stalked the miners' trails as they left for work at three or four o'clock in the morning, walking seven miles across the mountain to work and seven home that night. He and mother worked together as a team. Little wonder then that their marriage lasted until death separated them some forty years later!

When they called to tell us he was dead, this past May 15th, my heart said, "No! No! A thousand times no! My dear, sweet father has just begun to live!"

We had driven back to Pennsylvania to see him and pray with him three weeks before he left us and I shall always cherish that sacred time with him. He was growing exceedingly weak from loss of appetite but had no pain or discomfort other than aching bones when he sat too long. His eyesight was dim but the "Inner eye" was sharp and bright. As we sat side by side on the davenport he told me he wasn't going to be here long anymore. His earthly pilgrimage was through. He knew it and he was anxious to go Home. We talked about those dear ones who preceded us to glory and I told him to relay the message to them that, by God's grace, I would soon be seeing them, too. "Mother will be waiting for you, Daddy dear," I said, "please tell her that I'm still on the way, rejoicing in my soul. Tell both my dear grandmothers and grandfathers that I'm coming, Pop."

"I will! I will!" he said jubilantly, lifting his work-worn, bony hand heavenward.

As we bade him good-bye the following day, I said, "I love you Daddy. We'll get back just as soon as we can again. We'll be seeing you, the Lord willing."

His hand came up toward me in a restraining sort of way. "No, no, honey. You will never see me alive anymore. Good-bye, I'll meet you in the morning!"

Waving that dear hand and saying, "Good-bye, I'll see you in the morning," with tears flowing down our cheeks, we parted. His prediction became reality; he left us for a better land. "Charles G. Hoffman... 90 years: 11 months -- 2 days" the obituary read; but I knew better; for in Heaven where neither days nor nights nor years are of any significance, my father has just begun to live. We have suffered a great loss . . . all ten of us children will tell you that., but the pull toward heaven is manifestly more stronger. Many times as I pray, me thinks I see that dear, sweet smile and those beckoning hands urging me onward, upward. By the grace of God, we will meet again. This time to never part. Hallelujah! Yes, my father was a great man: he helped point the way to heaven for me.

Someone has written the following beautiful poem which so aptly describes my father's aging years.

NOT GROWING OLD

They say that I am growing old.  
I've heard them tell it times untold  
In language plain and bold.  
But I'm not growing old:  
This frail old shell in which I dwell  
Is growing old, I know full well.  
But I am not the shell.  
What if my hair is turning gray?  
Gray hairs are honorable, they say.  
What if my eyesight's growing dim?  
I still can see to follow Him  
Who sacrificed His life for me  
Upon the cross of Calvary.  
My hearing may not be as keen  
As in the past it may have been.  
Still, I can hear my Saviour say  
In whispers sweet, "This is the way."  
The outward man, do what I can  
To lengthen out his life's short span,  
Shall perish and return to dust  
As everything in nature must.  
The inward man, the Scriptures say,  
Is growing stronger every day.  
Then how can I be growing old  
When safe within my Saviour's fold?  
Ere long my soul shall fly away  
And leave this tenement of clay.  
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
To seize the 'Everlasting Prize!  
I'll meet you on the streets of gold  
And prove that I'm not growing old.

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## Article 2 HELL -- IS IT REAL?

From the November, 1972 Missionary Revivalist

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It may seem a bit odd and strange that a mere laywoman should be writing upon a subject such as Hell since, by all standards and rules, it would appear only proper and theologically correct that the writing should come from the pen of a pastor or evangelist. However, the subject

has lain heavily and mightily upon my heart for some time and my humble prayer is that God may help me to unburden that which is upon my heart.

We are living in a day and age when almost anything and everything "goes". Our society no longer reveres and respects the Bible as the Holy, inspired Word of God; conversely, free thinking and the "mind broadening" philosophy are rampant, with few people not sharing this view of the devil. I am for broadening one's knowledge and wisdom so long as that knowledge does not countermand God's "Thou shalt" and His "Thou shalt nots", which is precisely, what the free thinkers are doing.

Hell is made light of, jested over and laughed at, but it is no laughing matter. Hell is real, and it will be for all eternity... Real! I am aware that, according to Greek and Hebrew scholars, the word "Hell" in the King James version of the Bible is the English translation of four Hebrew and Greek words and these original words, mean different things. Our English word also means different things, because it is used to translate all four words.

We are told that the first word translated "Hell" is the Hebrew word sheol, meaning simply, the place of the dead, or the grave. In the New Testament three Greek words are translated "Hell" . . . tartaros (2 Peter 2:4) the place where sinful angels are bound, waiting for their judgment. The second word is hades, the temporary place for the wicked who remain there until their final judgment (Rev. 20:13, 14). It is also a place of consciousness and torment (Luke 16:23).

The third word translated "Hell" in the New Testament, we are told, is GEHENNA. This place is the final destiny of all sinners. It is the same place as the "LAKE OF FIRE" mentioned in Rev. 20: 14, 15. This place of final doom for sinners is also called "the second death," an appropriate description of the hopeless condition of those in Hell.

At this writing, I am thinking mostly of this latter word, GEHENNA, "the Lake of Fire," although descriptions of hades indicate that it has many things in common with the final destination of the wicked.

The world's greatest preacher about Hell was Jesus Himself. He always spoke of it as a warning for His listeners to avoid this awful place. O how my heart aches within me for this poor lost generation who are growing up and away from God and the church because the preachers are afraid to cry out against sin and wicked and unholy practices and warn men and women that their sinful lives will damn their souls forever in an eternal, unending Hell.

Jesus informed us that it was a place of torment and misery. Why the silence in the pulpits? O dear pastor, Sunday school teachers and laymen, let us warn men and women that "The soul that sinneth it shall die." The rich man whom Jesus tells about in Luke 16:23 found himself in torments after he died. He begged for only one drop of water to quench his thirst and the fever of his tongue and lips.

I believe the torment was more than physical, however. He requested that one might be sent to speak to his brothers who yet lived that they might repent and not come to the awful place he had come. Yes, our mind and our fleshly appetites will live on forever and ever in Hell. These dirty,

filthy books and movies which some of my readers have been indulging in and which have served the purpose for which the devil intended them . . . to excite and incite unholy passions and desires of the basest nature within the body . . . these same desires will go with you to Hell . . . to never be gratified and satisfied; but they will burn in your body with desire such as you have never known .... never to be gratified but ever to burn, burn, burn.

Yes, Hell is very real. It is a place of fire. The Bible calls it a "Lake of Fire burning with brimstone" (Rev. 19:20), and Jesus spoke of "Hell Fire" (Matt. 5:22), Some may laugh and scoff, but that doesn't change the reality of Hell. Some years ago, while in a revival meeting, an elderly man had been invited repeatedly to come to the meeting, only to laugh the invitation off with something like, "Who believes in Hell?" or "I'm not afraid to die!" But I shall never forget the death of that man. It was horrible. He struggled and fought and screamed, "The Devil's after me! Get him away! Get him away! I won't go with him! I won't!" Then ensued a mighty struggle as the dying man, heretofore too weak to raise himself far up in bed, lunged off the bed and went screaming toward the window, shrieking, "O I'm in Hell. Get me to the water! Get me to the Water!" Thinking the window to be a stream of cool, refreshing water, he made a final lunge for it and shattered the glass to the side, walk beneath and dropped to the floor a corpse. We had to try to sing at that man's funeral, but Oh, the sadness! There were no songs of hope that we could truthfully sing. It was a sad, frightful funeral,

All who have lived sinful lives and who have rejected Jesus Christ the Saviour and have not had their sins covered by the precious blood of Calvary's Lamb will occupy this place. Originally, it was "prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41) But notice, the Bible states that "the fearful (cowards), and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers (those who associate themselves in uninhibited and perverted sex), and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. 21:8)

O dear reader, I beg of you to repent and confess and forsake your sins. Flee to Calvary's fountain while mercy is still extended your way. The day is going to come when you will cry for pardon and clemency and mercy but it will long since have fled; then, you will have discovered to your horror and sorrow that "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. 29:1)

Some years ago a woman of my mother's acquaintance lay dying. For days she lingered. Finally, in great agony of soul she raised her hands and screamed a spine-curdling scream , . . "I can't die! I can't die!" she lamented in torment, "Not until I confess: Six little hands are pointing at me. They're mocking me! Haunting me! I killed them before they were born. I didn't want them! O my God, I'm lost and going to Hell !" With those words she died.

I know this is a terrible picture and nothing at all pleasant but, it is reality and, would we not have the pain killing drugs that we have today, screams and confessions and testimonies like you have just read would be abundant. How are you poor, selfish women going to answer God at the judgment when those little unwanted baby hands and fingers point an accusing finger at you and testify of your sin? You will face it all.., either here and now or when the Almighty God exposes your sins "from the housetops" and all peoples hear about it.

Hell is real. It's for all eternity; but you need not go there. This day, seek the Lord and live. By God's grace I mean to live carefully, godly and holy so I can die like my beloved father and grandmother died. With her hand raised heavenward, smiling and laughing for pure joy and delight, grandmother went out shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! O Mine'a Lever Highlund!" German for "O my Lover (or wonderful) Jesus Saviour!" My father's loving words were, "Good-bye, honey, I'll see you in the Morning." My other grandmother went on quietly after talking about how anxious she was "to get Home and see Jesus." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his" (Num. 23:10).

#### WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY? HEAVEN OR HELL?

"Because I have called, and ye refused; . . . I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh (Prov. 1:24 and 26).

(Editor's note: Amen! God bless Sister King for writing this article on hell. Preachers, don't fail to preach on this awful Bible truth.)

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#### Article 3

#### WE BELIEVE IN DIVINE HEALING

From the August, 1974 Missionary Revivalist

\* \* \*

Someone asks the question, "Do you believe in divine healing? Does your church believe in it?" We reply with no hesitancy, "Yes, we believe in anything that is divine."

To be sure, there are other varieties of healing than divine. Some stress attitudes of mind and appeal to the more sophisticated. Others go to the opposite extreme and become almost superstitious and mystical in their methods, lifting up the human until the "healer" himself becomes all-important and is looked up to, admired, and almost (if not completely so !) worshipped as a god. This, however, is not God's way of healing. We are told, "I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another." Isaiah 42:8.

We must therefore avoid cold formalism and the "mind science cults" on the one hand and the "faith healers" (so called) on the ether who capitalize on the gullibility of the unsuspecting populace.

We believe God's ideal for humanity is that they have good health. Sin, disease and death were the devil's idea. This does not mean, however, that all sickness and illness is of the devil. All too frequently our bodily afflictions are brought on by our over-indulgence and intemperance of a legitimate thing. Since this is the ease, one would not dare accuse or blame the devil for his ailment. In all probability, the ailment or disease was created through the abuse and/or mis-use of

the legitimate. Man cannot violate the laws of the body and expect not to suffer the consequences of that violation.

Many may wonder where divine healing had its origin. Again the answer pivots around the key word "divine." In Genesis 20:17 we read, "... and God healed Abimelech, and his wife, and his maidservants; and they bare children."

So you see, divine healing had its origin in the Old Testament and not in the New, as so many suppose; and always, it is God who does the healing.

While the New Testament is replete with innumerable instances of divine healing the Old Testament has many noteworthy cases as well. It was during their journey in the wilderness that the Israelites came to a sudden and totally 'out-of divine-order' standstill. Under God's direction and guidance they were going forward . . . "At the commandment of the Lord the children of Israel journeyed, and at the commandment of the Lord they pitched..." Num. 9:18. Again, "At the commandment of the Lord they rested in the tents, and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed . . ." Num. 9:23. Why the standstill? There was a very definite reason for this unscheduled stop. For seven days they remained stationary. Seven days of halted, impeded progress toward the Canaan land! Why?

Moses' sister, Miriam, had aligned herself with their brother Aaron and condemned Moses for what they considered a mis-alliance "because of the Ethiopian (Cushite, in the margin) woman whom he had married." Num. 12:1. "And the Lord heard it." (verse 2). Miriam was stricken suddenly with leprosy.

Had it not been for the meek and humble Moses interceding and praying for her, Miriam may well have died the horrible death of a leper. B u t listen! Moses is praying: "... heal her now, O God, I beseech thee." (verse 13).

Was the prayer answered? Was Miriam healed? Indeed she was -- immediately and completely. However, there was a temporary punishment or penalty issued upon her which instilled a healthy fear into the hearts of the wandering Israelites.

Another instance of divine healing can be found in II Kings 20 and Isaiah 38.

In the midst of corruption and wickedness in 'high places,' Hezekiah comes upon the scene. His twenty-nine-year reign was a good one simply because "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord..." II Kings 18:3.

But Hezekiah was mortally ill: he was warned of God to "set his house in order." Prepare for death. He prayed earnestly for additional time, reminding God of his faithfulness and integrity: "I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight ....." (Ver. 8).

God heard his petition and answered his prayer. Verse 5 tells us, "Thus saith the Lord... I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold I will heal thee ....." Not only was he healed

but the Lord gave him a remarkable and visible sign of his healing, the scriptural promise that the shadow on the sundial should return by ten degrees.

When Jesus sent the twelve apostles out to preach, He commanded them to "heal the sick," (Matt. 10:8); and Luke 9:1-2, 6 tells us that they did heal everywhere. Mark's gospel confirms this, adding that they "anointed with oil many that were sick." Were they healed? Yes! One need only to read the Gospels and the book of The Acts of the Apostles and he will see the multiplicity of these healings.

While our Lord felt that physical well-being was necessary to a full life, nowhere in the New Testament are we told that to be sick is a sign of spiritual lack, as held and taught by modern day "healers." His ideal was and is that of health, however. It is clearly evidenced by His restoration of the palsied man to a full and completely whole life again: the blind man seeing; the lame walking; the leper cleansed; the deaf hearing and the demoniac delivered.

Article 19 of the Constitution of the Bible Missionary Church reads: "We believe in the Bible doctrine of divine healing and urge our people to seek to offer the prayer of faith for healing the sick. Providential means and agencies, when deemed necessary, should not be refused." (James 5:16; Matt. 10: 8; Luke 9:2).

While we firmly believe in divine healing, we feel that the ministry of divine healing must never supersede the message of the gospel of salvation. It should be combined, where possible, as in the healing and forgiving of the man sick with palsy. (Luke 5:24). It should never be a ministry in itself for at no time is physical healing given precedence over spiritual help.

In his book, "God's Healing Touch," Vernon L. Wilcox expresses the sentiment and views of the Bible Missionary Church when he states, "The church does not insist that all people must be healed or else admit a spiritual disability.

On the other hand, we do not count out the possibility of anyone being healed of any disease at any time God wills it. We do not counsel people to throw away their medicines and to refuse the help of physicians, for we believe that God has ordained such for our good, and that the practice of medicine is a part of His healing process. On the other hand we would not cast any aspersions on either the faith or the judgment of those who feel that they can and should dispense with such 'providential means and agencies' and who believe that God is so directing them.

"We will all agree that God can heal the body, that God often does heal, that healing is dependent upon faith, and that if we could or would exercise stronger faith we would have more healing power demonstrated in our midst."

I have been an eye-witness to miraculous healings in the fifty years of my life; a number of these have taken place in my own body, and always, it was the prayer of faith for healing that brought about the results. While there may be some who have a "gift of healing," as mentioned in I Cor. 12:9, yet the intent of James 5:13-17 seems to be that this kind of prayer may be offered by any Christian. As we pray, let us always seek to ascertain the will of the Lord and to adapt ourselves

to that will rather than trying to bring God down to our terms for there are some cases and instances in which God does not heal.

My paternal grandmother was one of the holiest and most godly little women that I have ever known. She was smitten with cancer. Prayer was offered earnestly and fervently for her healing and the restoration of her emaciating body but God did not see fit to touch or heal her. Instead, He put her on beautiful display of His sustaining, uplifting, and all-abundant grace in her great suffering and took her, finally, sweeping through the gates of glory shouting, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! My wonderful Lord! My Lover and my Saviour!" While God did not see fit to heal her, He used her in her extreme suffering and pain to demonstrate what He could and would do for His children. Her patient suffering, coupled with His great glory and mighty Presence in her sick room, left an impact and imprint upon all who entered.

O that God would help each of us to expect great things from God... as we pray the prayer of faith, in His will!

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#### Article 4 A TRIBUTE TO GOOD TEACHERS

From the November, 1974 Missionary Revivalist

\* \* \*

"... and some, teachers..., for the edifying of the body of Christ." Eph. 4:11-12.

Another school year is upon us. With what painfully-sweet nostalgia I view its arrival!

School hallways bustle with activity and hum with laughter, gaiety and noise, as eager (and not-so-eager!) boys and girls, young men and young women, enter the halls of learning to pursue their dreams. The student with a dream in one hand and the rope of faith and hope in the other will, more likely than not, upon the completion of his schooling, see his dream become reality and his hopes fulfilled. But what about the others? Those who seem not to have a dream? No hope?

I am fully aware that the above scripture deals with, and speaks entirely about, spiritual teaching, but I feel there will be no injustice done to the precious Word by bringing it down to the secular the public school level -- for the teacher has much to do in the molding and shaping of the lives of his or her students, be it in a Christian Day School, Bible Institute or Bible College or the public school.

Some of my fondest memories and sweetest recollections center around my own school years in Pennsylvania. It was not only my insatiable love and desire for good books and studies, nor was it the enjoyable times I had with my peers and counterparts, nor the spelling bees and arithmetic matches, that made school such a place of delight and enjoyment for me. Ah no! It was my love and respect for my teachers! This may sound alien and strange to the ears of the young

today, but it is true. Our teacher was the voice of authority to us. He (or she) was our "schoolmaster" . . . to teach us what we needed to know and to fit us for the high calling of making the world a more righteous and holy place in which to live.

The little red brick school house, where all eight grades were taught in the one and only room, was far more than a place of mere brick and mortar and reading and writing and arithmetic for us it was a place of spiritual learning as well. Our lean, tall, lanky, bespectacled teacher was a man of integrity and prayer with a high code of moral and spiritual ethics. Always, each school session was opened with Bible reading and prayer, followed by the singing of one or more of the patriotic songs, after which classes began for the day.

Not infrequently did this same teacher have my sister and me (or my sister and brother and me) sing for some school official who came to visit. What did we sing? You have guessed it! Hymns! And that stern but kindhearted teacher looked on with pride as we sang for the "visitor." It was a sort of testimony to the stranger within our midst that this was the kind of school he was pleased most to conduct. Our teacher's tearful and kind "God bless you!" at the completion of the hymn was a holy benediction upon us.

Times have changed, it is true. Prayer and Bible reading are now forbidden in most of our public schools, but you, dear teacher, even now., in these critical days and this crucial hour . . . have a "charge to keep; a calling to fulfill!" And what greater or more noble way to fulfill your calling than in helping to mold and shape young lives! You will have to do it on an individual basis, to be sure, but is this still not the only way of winning souls? One at a time: "... Andrew first findeth his own brother Simon. And he brought him to Jesus." Jn. 1:40-42. "Philip findeth Nathanael..." John 1:45.

Whether you are aware of it or not, you are being carefully observed by your students. Silently, it is true; but observed, nonetheless. And (to your surprise and amazement, perhaps) you are being "patterned after" by someone. This in itself should be encouragement to you. Especially if you are a devout follower of the meek and lowly Christ! Your example is then leading a soul toward Heaven!

This new school year will, no doubt, bring you many trials and heartaches. You may even be confronted by vexing problems, trying situations (in which you will see no way to turn), and moments of deepest frustrations. There may be a student (or students, in the plural!) who will harass you, curse you, and hate you, and you will be tempted to wonder, as Nathanael of old, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (the student?)

Make that boy or girl, young man or young woman who is your greatest trial and the deepest "thorn" in your flesh, an object of earnest and fervent prayers and many fastings. Love works wonders with us all! It could just be that the "obnoxious" student has no dream! Worse still, his fondest hope and most cherished dream may have been shattered and torn to shreds, bit by precious and fragile bit, by an unloving, uncaring, unconcerned and thoughtless father or mother., or both! O that God will make you, dear teacher, a light. A light that will point young men and women toward God and Holiness!

The power of encouragement or discouragement lies within your hands! Did you ever stop to think about this? Had it not been for a faithful and wonderful English Literature teacher I may never have acquired the highly sought after medal. (given to one student only, for writing the best essay on Democracy) in my senior year. She should have received that medal! It was her gentle proddings, her words, of encouragement and her simple belief in me that made me do one research after another until, with the feeling of satisfaction that my work was done well, I turned the completed essay in and submitted it for competition among the many others. Encouragement! What a tremendous word! And oh, the magic of its power when used effectively, properly and unselfishly! What marvelous power for good lies within you and sits behind your desk! Yours is a tremendous calling . . . be it music, theology, math, reading, writing, English, or whatever other subject you may be teaching.

I thank God for you, the good and conscientious teachers, and my humble prayer for you is that God may increase your number mightily. You have an invaluable ministry toward the making of good men and women. Since nothing can take the place of prayer, I suggest that you make much of your prayer closet. Fervent prayer is a must if you are to surmount your obstacles and be the dedicated teacher who will be a blessing to both God and your students and one who will "edify the body of Christ."

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## Article 5 A SUBTLE FORCE

From the March, 1975 Missionary Revivalist

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In recent months and weeks, via news bulletins and press reports, an ugly word has come to the fore and been given considerable prominence. It is the word corruption. The recent Watergate affair and the demise of our former President is a sad but very real example of corruption by those in high places .. power Now is this an isolated case. Far from it. History is replete with its Neros, its Stalins and Hitlers and Mussolinis, to name but a few.

Power is dangerous! Deadly even, pre-dating its disastrous results as far back as Old Testament times Lord Acton said that all power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely. This is a poignant statement. Tremendous, too, and one which the aspirant-for-power cares not to dwell upon for too long a period of time nor too seriously. But it is true, nonetheless.

It was the subtle force of power that transformed a humble young man (he hid himself among the stuff when the aged prophet came to proclaim him king, I Sam. 10:21-24) into an envious, God-rejecting, murderous despot (I Sam. 18:10-30 and 19:9-10), whose end was that of a suicide It drove a treacherous Hazael to suffocate an ailing Benhadad and made a diabolical Herod more demon than man in his massacre of the innocent children These are but a few of the many recorded Biblical accounts

Yes, power is dangerous and deadly and its disastrous results are saddest of all when it enters the religious realm.

No wholly sanctified man or woman will ever strive for power and position. God may (and does) promote men to places of prominence and power, but one had better be certain that it is God who is doing the promoting and not man. How often we have seen some young preacher pushed to the foreground and worked into some place of prominence and authority to his downfall and utter ruin. He was not ready for the elevation. It proved detrimental and became a snare unto him, dragging him downward in pride. The Apostle Paul saw the danger of this when he wrote to his young son in the faith and said, "A bishop then must be blameless. . . Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil." (I Tim. 3:2 and 6).

I shall never forget an experience I had while a young girl on the farm. We always had many chickens and not infrequently would a hen find some hiding place and hatch a nest of eggs. One such hen was Blackie. She was a fine hen with great Wide wings and a broad back. I found her nest of eggs beneath the long ladder that led from the threshing floor of the barn to the haymow overhead. Each day that nest was visited and watched. Soon we saw them . . . beautiful little fuzzy heads surveying us carefully from the protective wings of Blackie. One egg, however, didn't hatch as quickly as the others and I watched it carefully, hopin-g that it, too, would produce another beautiful chick. One day I was rewarded. I saw a sticky-wet head partially through the cracked shell. Feeling extremely sorry for the struggling little creature and wanting it to be able to join its already active family of brothers and sisters, I lovingly and carefully peeled the shell away from the body, crooning softly in its little chick ears that I would help it out. I did; but oh, the sad results. It died. With tears in my eyes, I ran to mother, carrying the little corpse tenderly in my hands. "It's dead! Dead!" I lamented. "What happened? I helped it; then: it died. He looked healthy and..."

With a loving arm around me, mother explained that in my attempt to help I had actually killed the tiny chick. It took the struggling, she said . . . the hard time to work its way out of that shell .. to make it strong and capable for its life on the earth. It was a good lesson.

How often in our attempt to "help," we hinder and destroy ... by too much "pushing" and bragging upon the young "novice."

If God wants an individual in a place of power or prominence, allow Him to get that individual there in His way and His time. God will always have His Moses, but first he must be schooled on the back side of the desert (obscurity) for perhaps forty years or more, until he is fitted for the place of power. He will have a Joseph to become "governor of Egypt," but only via pit and a prison dungeon that He may put iron in him for the things he will be facing in the future. His Jacob, too, needs first his humbling and a time of genuine travailing and prevailing with God before he can become Israel (a prince of God). May each of us take a lesson from the Book of all books and allow God, not man, to bring His choice for leadership and power to the fore.

The individual into whose hands the reins of leadership and power have been invested is, more often than not, exceedingly vulnerable to the deadly, destructive and subtle forces that come with promotion, and unless such an individual lives close to God and stays much on his knees

before God, he will succumb to the wiles of the devil, becoming a wire-pulling, man-pleasing, mechanical-preaching robot, doing anything and everything necessary to remain in power, regardless of Christian principle or Christian ethics.

The subtle force of power transforms once-fearless, Holy-Ghost-filled men into cowardly essayist-humanitarians; it changes meek, humble-hearted men into tyrants and egocentrics. Egomaniacs, too. It separates chief friends, setting them at variance one with another and, finally, it has landed many a once-holy, God-fearing preacher in hell. Is it worth it, this insatiable quest and hunger for power? I think not!

O that God Almighty would help each one of us to be aspirants to and seekers after the power that came at Pentecost --Holy Ghost filled power and fire! It would revolutionize this dead, powerless, lifeless, joyless, social gospel and infuse a holy boldness, filled with Divine love, into every heart until every individual would seek not his own, but those things that would be a blessing and help to God and to his fellowman.

God grant us this Holy power! There is no subtle force behind it; only safety and peace and love and joy for all who possess it and Him! Hallelujah!

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## Article 6 WHY?

From the October, 1977 Missionary Revivalist

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While in conversation recently with a church leader, the comment was made: "Calling's out! So far as most pastors are concerned, calling's almost a thing of the past. More and more pastors are making fewer and fewer calls."

The than of God fell silent. His face wore a grave, concerned and troubled look..

I gasped in shocked astonishment. Calling, a thing of the past! It couldn't be! It couldn't. Especially not after it had proven for many years to be one of the most effective means and measures ever of getting men and women and boys and girls to Sunday School and Church where they heard (many of them for the first time!) the good news of salvation from sin and Holiness of heart.

A lump caught in my throat and a weight fastened itself heavily upon my heart. What, I asked myself, had brought about this dreadful change? Why no calling anymore? Had the ministry lost a vital part of its meaning..., that of being "a servant?" How dared the minister (and his family) do less than He Who "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant ...." Philippians 4:7.

Quickly my mind went to a woman who, through consistent calling and patient love and concern, was finally soundly converted and sanctified wholly and is now ready for Heaven. "If it hadn't been for you folks," she repeatedly has said, "I'd perhaps be in hell today. I didn't want to come to church but you kept calling, and you were so patient with me. O, I'm so thankful you didn't give up on me!" Did calling pay? A thousand times, yes!

Then there was the woman dying with cancer; a dairy-store man's wife. We heard about her condition through some friends. We called on her week after week after week, praying with her and for her. One day His Light broke through on her soul. She was gloriously and genuinely converted. How proudly she introduced us to her many influential friends and acquaintances and always, she ended her introductions with praise to God for saving her soul and thanks to Him for sending us to her home. Shouting on her death-bed, she was escorted over Jordan's chilly waters by Jesus Himself. Was it worth our effort? Our time? Yes! Yes! Yes!

There are so many more about whom I could write, but time and space will not permit. However, I shall give just one more incident. He was a red-haired, freckle-faced, shy, timid and bashful lad. His feet were callused and tanned brown. He seldom wore shoes when we saw him in the home. Through patient calling and caring and loving, the lad finally came to Sunday School; then church. Soon he was gloriously converted and then sanctified wholly. One day he approached Brother King with the good news that God had laid His hand upon him to preach the good news of salvation from sin and heart Holiness. It was a time of rejoicing for all. As we watched this young man grow and mature in the things of God, and fulfill his call, we bowed our unworthy heads and praised Him Who had granted us the privilege of calling upon the family and inviting them to know the Saviour whom we loved so dearly.

Needless to say, we still believe in and practice "calling" in our pastorate!

In analyzing the reason (or reasons) for this awful change, I am fully convinced that materialism is factor number 1 for ruling out calling. Some pastors, out of sheer necessity, must work, it is true. But all too many pastors, like their affluent parishioners, have been caught up in the deadly web of money making. This is sinful and evil. Before the man of God is aware of it (almost), the "love of money" has wound its devastating and many-faceted tentacles tightly and fiercely around his heart. Gadgets and 'things'. become suddenly all-important and necessary. The prayer closet is visited less and less and sermon preparation becomes a grind and a bore. There is no real love and concern for, or interest in, the lost and dying in the community and hence there is little or no calling; no inviting the sinner to come to Jesus for rest of heart and peace of soul and mind. What will be your answer when the Judge of the Universe asks why you didn't call upon and invite those round about you to Him? There will be no hiding place.., and no excuses . . . when we stand face to face before Him!

When I speak of calling I don't have reference to the visiting of the church members every week or two or three. No. No! This weekly visiting on a select few leads to fraternizing, to socializing, and a loss of respect for the minister and his message. We are admonished in Proverbs 25:17 to, "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee." By all means visit your church members and friends and do not neglect the sick and the infirm, the aged and the feeble. This is your obligation as pastor of the church. But the kind of

calling to which I refer is that of making short visits in the homes of the sinner, the backslider, the unchurched, and praying with them and telling them that you are concerned over their soul's condition. We need to get back to door to door evangelism.

If the evangelizing of the world depended upon us (you and me and our households) would the gigantic task get done? Would it? What are we doing to help to complete the Bride of Christ and bring about the return of our blessed Lord and Saviour, whom we profess to love with all our heart and soul and mind and strength? Ask yourself the question. I have. Frankly, it's a sobering thought. A frightening thought, really, in view of the fact that we will be held accountable to God Almighty for that which we could have done and didn't., both as pastor and layman.

It's time we re-evaluated our interests and placed proper emphasis upon that which Christ considered important: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." St. Mark 15:16.

I am fully convinced that just as soon as pastors and lay people humble themselves before God and confess their indifference and unconcern to Him, that once again will come the desire to call upon and visit and pray with the lost, and attendance in our churches will more than double. It takes work., hard work., to build anything worthwhile; the Kingdom of God included. This latter will take sweat and tears and strong cryings and groanings and intercessory praying. Add to this calling; week after week after week, and God will give the increase.

This burns upon my heart. I pray that God will lay the burden upon each of us until we will call and call and continue calling until souls will come to Jesus and our church pews will be filled. Not with "sheep" stolen from some one else's church, but with new people. Unless we get busy for Him, we will stand in His presence empty-handed and without excuse. He gave His life to "seek and to save that which was lost." Can we do less than try to reach them for Him? Can we?

Let's get back to calling! It pays!

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THE END