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ARTICLES BY FRANK AND ANN BALDWIN
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INTRODUCTION

This publication consists of 4 articles by Frank Baldwin and 2 articles by Ann Baldwin, compiled from The Missionary Revivalist and arranged chronologically in the sequence of their publication. Thus, the first 4 articles are by Frank Baldwin, and the last two articles are by Ann Baldwin.

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1
THE SHUDDERING TRUTH ABOUT T.V.
By Frank Baldwin

From the October, 1966 Missionary Revivalist

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Time magazine, in its November 5, 1965 issue, page 93, carries a report on Japanese movie makers. The director shouted, "Action!" Two underclad starlets tore into a frenzied cat-fight, clawing and clashing all over the room. The sight of this would make any true gentleman blush. However, their explanation is that they are trying to make films to call people back to the theaters. The movie company is shooting these lewd, nude pictures and giving their employees no days off. This year the output of these wicked movies will total 120. Their "hottest" starlet, eighteen year old Takako Uchida, has not been given a day off since last spring. By next year the figure should reach two hundred such movies produced, as many as Hollywood turns out in one and one-half years. Titles like "Ravines of Desire" and "Agonies of Newlyweds" portray such thrills and terrors in brothel lynching and have instantly proved such success in the box office sales that their total sales double every year. The only way to lure people back to the theaters, the industry concluded three years ago, was to show them something they could not see on T.V. at

home. Therefore, this is the reason for these wicked films. The scripts are written with alternate dialogue, so as to be produced in any language. The Japanese film code allows actors and actresses to play in the nude from the waist up, and extensive caressing before the plunge into the bedroom and then the fadeout. Horrible!

The movie makers declare they are in a death struggle with television. T.V. sets are now in eighty percent of the nation's households and theater attendance is down a disastrous sixty percent since 1960. Movie houses are going under at the rate of five hundred a year. One would have to look no further than the evening or morning papers, and especially the Friday papers, to see the week-end fun section printed for the week-end viewers. The February 11 issue of the Oklahoma Journal has a full page in the fun guide, showing what movies will be on T.V. Also a large ad for KOCO-TV station boasts that they are "Your Movie Station." Some new converts to the Lord can see ads of movies that will be seen on T.V. that they saw in the theater before they were converted. Only a few years ahead, will the above described movies be flushed into the living rooms of America via the T.V. to defile many innocent children and ruin the impressionable minds of our youth? How could a Christian, or much less a preacher (watchman --Ezek. 33), own, or give influence to, or watch this horrible transmission of hell? What the old church used to denounce so vehemently, they now have taken in and condoned.

Reader, where do you stand? Regardless of the false and mixed conceptions of right and wrong, all we have to do is examine our appetites. The hog lives in the mud hole and eats slop; the polar bear lives in the North's cold water and ice. Likewise, the Christian lives in righteousness, holiness, cleanness and morality, while the depraved heart is found among its own company. Lust, T.V. programs that degrade, the theater and like works of darkness and the depraved heart can all join together and get the same thrill and laugh at the off-color, shady, dirty story and joke.

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2

THE SORE NEEDS MORE THAN SALVE

By Frank Baldwin

From the November, 1966 Missionary Revivalist

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It was a long, hot day. My left forefinger was causing severe pain and I could not go any farther. Even the ride on the highway was more than I could stand. Here is the story :

We were living at Onego, West Virginia, and my wife had taken me to Harrisonburg, Va., to catch a bus to take me to a revival meeting in Crowley, La. While preparing to board the bus, with mixed emotions, since the separation would be for several weeks and my little baby was crying, "Me go too, Daddy," I noticed a little pimple on my finger. I did not give it much thought, but as the bus took down the highway through the night, I began to pick at it. Instead of getting the foreign matter out, my picking only bruised and inflamed it. By morning we had reached Indianapolis, so I got off the bus and made my way to a prosperous looking drug store. I asked the

druggist for advice and after looking at my finger, which was now swollen to almost double size, he said, "Salve." I bought it and put it on.

As the day wore on it grew worse and I went to another drug store later in the day and asked for further advice. This druggist saw my plight and the salve I was using and said, "Stronger salve." I bought it and put it on.

Heading out south now by auto and hoping that the salve would do the much needed job, I soon found that my finger was no better, but steadily growing worse. By the time we had reached Oklahoma I could not stand the vibration of the car. Something must be done. At Antlers, Oklahoma, I called the operator on the phone and asked for the oldest doctor in town. She referred me to one who had been out of practice for ten years. When I knocked on his door he brought me right in and I showed him my finger and my salve boxes. He looked at them in deep meditation, fixed his glasses on his nose and announced, "We need something more than salve. We need the knife." He got the needed instrument and went to work and it was an awful sight. Blood, corruption, pus and everything imaginable came out. The pain was beyond description. The friend who was with me lost his breakfast and the doctor had to leave me and tend to him.

Once it was all over, the sore began to heal. Salve could not do it -- something had to come out. Then the healing process was in progress.

Many, many times around the church we see sick folk. Many preachers, like the druggists, prescribe salve. Then the sufferers go to their friends and again the prescription, "Salve." They are sick, and "bad sick." They need more than salve; they need the Holy Ghost to put the knife to their hearts and open the wound and let the corruption out. They will never heal until the Holy Ghost puts in the knife. My friend, if you are sick and the only prescription you have had is salve, then go to the great Doctor and let Him put in the knife.

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3

HE TALKED HIM WELL

By Frank Baldwin

From the December, 1966 Missionary Revivalist

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Last month my father, who is a traveling salesman, came in from his week's work and was unable to get out of his car. He was aching all over and seemed unable to move his leg -- to us a symptom of a stroke. He did manage to blow the car horn. Mother, hearing the horn, came out and seeing his condition, helped him into the house. Then she summoned the children with these words, "Your father has had a stroke." How bad we all felt; and thinking that he would never work again, we resigned ourselves to dad's being laid up for the rest of his life.

However, we made an appointment with the best doctors in town; and the next day took him to the clinic. He was on the doctor's examination table for about three hours. The doctor delved into all his recent affairs and activities. In doing so, he found that dad had installed a transmission in his station wagon the week before, and not being able to find anyone to help him, he had lifted the heavy transmission into place by himself, using his leg as a brace to keep the transmission from slipping sideways. This lifting and bracing had strained the muscle that lifts the leg. Therefore, after a week had gone by, he was unable to use the leg.

The doctor gave stern advice as to the activities and work for the next two weeks. Also he prescribed medicine to help him rest and relax.

After about a week's rest, my father came over to our house to visit. Little Frank, Jr., who had seen the great anxiety and excitement of his parents over his grandfather, was much interested in his grandfather's "sore leg." After standing off and looking for some time, and seeing his grandfather had recovered well and was moving around with much more ease, Frankie came over and asked, "Grandpa, what did the doctor do for your leg?" Grandpa replied, "Well, Frankie, he just talked to me." Little Frankie studied for a while and evidently thought things through, for he then said, "Grandpa, the doctor talked you well."

This little boy's conclusion contains more truth than fiction. Many, many times at the altar, a seeker has been seeking God for deliverance from all sin and God's power to break the habits of sin that have been fastened on him, and some "quack" spiritual doctor (or "altar nurse," as they are so truthfully called) has come offering their advice and theories refusing to let the seeker pray until deliverance came.

Thus the seeker arises -- talked into feeling better -- but without God in his heart and life. So, of the altar nurse we could say with little Frankie, "He talked him well."

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4

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE TV?

Rev. Frank Baldwin

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Have you ever had the statement made to you, "You don't have a T. V.?" or the question asked you, "Why don't you have a T.V. ?" Many people will think you have gone nuts or off on the deep end if you refuse to have a set or refuse to watch one. In reality, they are the ones that have gone nuts. If not clear gone, they will soon be there if they keep watching. The TV question has gone far beyond the matter of being sane or insane. One lady writing in an Oklahoma City paper said, "Television is like a great monster, amuses you but is deadly serious, the great brain sucker is slowly devouring all intelligence." She went on to say that we as a nation "are swaybacked . . . TV dinner-filled, intellectual slobs! Are we doomed to a life of watching the same pea-brained actors play the overdone parts of crackshot cowboys in the same sorry plots of last year and the

year before and the first year on television? Of all of man's inventions, television is the most abominable." The name of the above article is "TV the Big Brain Sucker."

Mr. David Susskind, a television and Broadway producer said the "Quite feeble, quite bad" TV programming threatens to produce a nation of "devilish idiots." He admitted that a large percent of programs are geared to "salve a badly ridden conscience." He said "TV programs are leading the nation downhill to conformity."

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover said, "film trash mills, which persist in exalting violence and immorality, spew out celluloid poison which is destroying the impressionable minds of youths. No standard of decency can justify portraying vile gangsters as modern day Robin Hoods."

On a recent trip to Denver I saw the "North Platte Telegraph" for January 27, 1969. The question was asked, "How much television does the average child watch?" The New York Times estimates about 30 hours a week and then adds these chilling statistics: "The average American adult will spend from ten to fifteen years of his life watching television."

This is one of the reasons we do not accept television. My personal reason is that I am afraid it would make a criminal out of my son or harlots out of my daughters. Besides not being able to be saved and have one, their lives and souls are not worth the risk. IF YOU ARE HAVING TROUBLE STAYING AWAY FROM THE TV A TRIP TO THE ALTAR AND A GOOD CASE OF SALVATION WILL DO A LOT FOR YOU.

Just this week a lady was seeking advice from me about her thirteen year old granddaughter. She curses and swears, threatens to kill her mother and father, jabs the cat with the umbrella and cannot be controlled. She wanted to know if she should take her to the psychiatrist. I told her three things: first, that her granddaughter was full of the devil and needed God and she should bring her to church and let her get saved; second, she should take the TV out and junk it; third, she should give her granddaughter a good hard whipping. The woman said she could not whip her granddaughter because she fights back. I then told her to get her husband to whip her and if he needed help I would be glad to help him.

Next time someone asks you why you don't have a TV, keep the above and remind them.

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5

"E'EN DOWN TO OLD AGE"

By Ann Baldwin

From the July, 1971 Missionary Revivalist

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When I was younger, I had an unvoiced notion that Satan confined all of his subversive activities to that particular age group of which I was then a member. I was quite Sure after the

vicissitudes of teen-age, I would enter into a blissful sea of tranquillity where no black billow or even a white-crested wave would ever disturb the eternal calm of my voyage to the Port of God. What rude awakening was to be mine! True to the sage warning of an elderly friend, I have discovered, this far in the journey, that every phase of life has its peculiar trials and turbulences. I have experienced the tumultuous and torturous trials of youth; I am aware of the subtleties of diabolical aggression in middle age; and looking ahead from my present vantage point, I see that Satan has plans to deviate one from the way of peace and tranquillity even in old age.

Temptations at all levels of existence are multitudinous, but there are prominent ones in each age. The young person fights battles of being different and of being misunderstood, the temptation and allurements for sensual gratification and the various complexes which are peculiar to himself; the middle-aged individual finds himself practically engulfed with a creeping materialism, choking cares of life, frustrating moments with the unsanctified wills which have been entrusted to his guidance, and the ever real threat of losing the zeal and fervor of first-love religion; but the elderly seem to have the solitary conflicts of insecurity, loneliness, and self-pity. However, I am convinced that God will prepare His children to be victorious in all life's conflicts every time the gauntlet is thrown down by the archfiend challenger.

I would like to share with you the little story of one, who with very little outside help, overcame the battle of self-pity and loneliness and found a real vital experience with the Lord which transcended any earthly trial or situation.

With shame, as I take retrospect from a mature viewpoint, I remember how we children would run quickly from him, bare feet slapping on the smooth linoleum, and how huddled together with smothered giggles we told what we had heard him say. Often alone on the front porch, with the sympathetic winds ruffling his hair which was not unlike the snowy cotton bolls in the swing, both gnarled hands clasping the chain which held the contraption to the ceiling. His eyes, like spring violets peeking through an ancient moss screen, seemed to observe nothing around him. Rather, he stared into space saying nothing until some latent, uncapped inner-spring involuntarily heaved upward through the feeble vocal chords the voiced sigh, "Poor old me!"

We thought this was hilariously funny. We could not conceal our mirth, nor could we realize the anguish and heartbreak which provoked such an utterance. He was literally enmeshed in self-pity. Life had hit him with a jagged thunderbolt of grief, a tearing of roots, and he was reeling from the blow.

He loved the feel of sun-warmed soil, the firm grip of plow handles worn slick from use, and the cool, graceful unfolding of a velvet furrow. He loved his farm -- his old place-- as he affectionately referred to it, and now, with the passing of his companion, the children felt wise to sell the property, permitting him to take turn about living with them. Always independent, self-reliant, and proud, he now felt himself a vagabond with no certain place to call home. Yet, the Lord loved him!

As a young man, uneducated but intellectually keen, he'd been saved in a Methodist meeting. Somehow, though he maintained a rigid morality and undeviating honesty, he had stopped attending church regularly. A few old grudges had kept him from assembling with the believers Of

his community. He was unable to read, therefore, his only contact with God had been through the voice of nature, conscience, the devotions of a Christian wife, and an annual trip to campmeeting. But his heart was tender toward the Lord, and the Lord knew this.

As the months and years rolled by after his blow (he was well into his eighties now) we observed a gradual change in him. He was learning the value of patience and the mystery of peace. Also, he was once again hearing a voice. Sometimes we could hear him whispering, "Make me pure. Make me pure."

At last his countenance began to wear a look of quiet serenity. His grandsons, sophisticated and educated, coming to him for advice concerning business relationships, respected his wisdom. He even injected thoughts like this into his conversations with them, "It is going to take a pure heart to see God." It was obvious that he was speaking experientially.

He grew in grace, developing a keen sense of spiritual discernment, through which no religious fraud could penetrate. He knew the real thing!

God gave him several good years in which he was a blessing, freed from self-pity, revered and respected by all who knew him. Full salvation was the answer to his problem.

Shortly before his death, he called one of his grandsons to him and said something like this, "Dale, I have only worn a tie once in my life and that was on your wedding day. It was a bow tie that you tied yourself. I am going to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, soon, and I'll want to have a tie on for that occasion. I want you to see to that for me."

Later, when I looked at him, resting peacefully with the little black bow tied ever so neatly, I was confident, clear through, that he would be at that Supper.

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6

"LO, I AM WITH YOU"

By Ann Baldwin

From the August, 1971 Missionary Revivalist

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When our youngest child was born, my husband was away holding a revival meeting. I know the absent father is a rather common experience during wars; I have known of children born after the father's decease; yet, early on that hazy Indian summer morning; I knew I was in for an entirely new experience -- something like an adventure.

Not until I was leaving for the hospital did I instruct my oldest daughter to "Call Daddy and tell him where I have gone."

The Lord was with me all the way -- there was no nervousness m no fear. However, while engulfed in the darkest intensity of pain, a very real, almost tangible thing happened. I can only describe it as it really was impressed upon my consciousness. I am not visionary nor mystical -- this was God! It seemed that an arm, especially a large hand slipped beneath me and words inaudible, but more distinct than the spoken word, penetrated my thinking "This is Prayer."

You cannot imagine the calm confidence shrouded with awe which then possessed me. Again, Jesus had proven to me when we need Him He is there. O sweet wonder! My husband told me later he had gone immediately to prayer after the phone call.

A precious individual, backslidden for years, prayed through during the course of that revival and remains in complete victory to this day.

One other time, years before, He had come in an extremity of life with a message unquestionably phrased by Himself, for at the moment, I was incapable of coherent reasoning and thought.

A blurred streak of color, a sound of collision and crushed metal, and we found ourselves the victims of an automobile accident. I, a young girl of twenty, had shattered the windshield with the left side of my face. In the emergency room of a small-town Arkansas hospital, floating in the fuzzy sea of alternating consciousness and unconsciousness, a Voice distinctly said to my inner-self, "Do not question this. It is of God."

During the long period when nothing was heard but the close breathing of the concentrating doctor and the clip and snip of a suturing process, I didn't really think of scars. Yet, in the brief moment of the crash, my complexion, which was one of my best physical features, was greatly altered and I was to be scarred for the rest of my life. Of course, they aren't angry and livid as they were the first years, but they remain. However, I have heeded the advice given during that twilight moment and have never questioned. How could I? My husband was saved only a few days later and called to preach shortly afterwards. Our lives and our home were rescued from . . . well, the Lord only knows what.

Oh, there have been many other times when I have been conscious of the presence of Christ, or after the emergency or crisis had passed, I then realized He had been there all along, but I treasure the times when He has spoken.

Regardless, however, of the medium by which He makes us realize His Presence -- you can be sure m He is there!

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THE END