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**SOME INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN MY LIFE AS A MINISTER**  
**By Henry Albert Erdmann**

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Must We Sin  
The Carnal Mind And The Cure For It  
Office Work Of The Holy Spirit  
Homiletics And Pastoral Theology  
Notes On Revelation

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**01 -- PARENTAGE AND EXPERIENCES OF GRACE**

I am one of twelve children; born to my parents who came to America from Germany in 1882. We were six boys and six girls. Our parents settled in the southern part of Iowa, in Union County. I discovered America about eight miles northwest of Afton, Iowa. My father told me it was a hard winter and a terrible January 12th blizzard was raging on the day of my arrival.

When I was but a lad of four years we moved to Hancock County in the northern part of the State. We always lived in a German settlement among almost all German people. We attended a German Methodist church and Sunday School. My playmates were all German, Hence I did not learn the English language as a child and was unable to speak English when I started to school, During my first year in school I did not go to class because I could not speak nor understand English, and besides that I was very timid and bashful. So I spent the first year in school learning the language, and overcoming, to some extent, my terrible timidity.

By way of illustration, one day we were to have company from town. We had no sugar in the house. Our folks were poor and did not always have such luxuries as sugar in the home. Mother gave me a small pail that would hold about a pint and sent me to a neighbor's home to try to borrow some sugar. I went with fear and trembling. Mrs. Lenz met me at the door and asked me in. I landed in the first chair in sight. By noticing that little pail she was persuaded that I had come to ask for something. Her daughter joined us there in the room. They asked me many questions as to what I had come for: "Is it flour? Is it coffee? Is it salt?" etc. They asked about everything except sugar. I just sat there, hung my head and shook it to mean "no." They finally went out to the kitchen to see what might be there that they had not mentioned. As soon as they were out of that front room, I made exit through the door and made a beeline for home. I told mother they didn't have any sugar either. I was too bashful, or timid, to speak one word to Mrs. Lenz and her daughter.

In spite of my timidity I managed to grow up, and in my teen years, under, the ministry Of John T. Hatfield, I found the Lord was saved, and about two years and four months later I consecrated all to the Lord and was sanctified. In my consecration, I figuratively took a large piece of white parchment, signed my name to the bottom of that and gave it to the Lord and told Him to write on that anything that He wished, my name was already signed to the bottom and approved of whatever He might write thereon. I made as complete a consecration as I knew how. Here let me say that if your consecration can be improved on, you are not yet consecrated. It was not long after this that I saw written on that parchment a call to preach. That almost floored me. I told the Lord, "I can't preach, and thou knowest it, and I know that you know that I know that you know that I can't preach." But He said, "What about your consecration? Didn't you tell me that I could write anything that I wanted to on that sheet of parchment?" I said, "Yes, and my name is still signed to it." God still occasionally writes something on that piece of parchment that I never had dreamed of, but, thank God, my name still endorses it. Satan has many times tried to make me think that God demands too much, but as I look back today, I thank Him for every demand He has ever made, for with each demand He also furnished the possibility, and added blessings that I would never have been privileged to experience without it.

Yes, I have had tests, some unpleasant things, so far as the human is concerned. Many times I had to stand alone, and walk alone, other young people not going my way, and even now, not many crowds going the way of Holiness unto the Lord, but His blessings have been rich and extravagant, and if I could live my life over and leave out some things and were given my choice as to what should be left out, I would not want a solitary one of those trials and tests and unpleasant things left out. They have all contributed to the enrichment of my life, and as I look back at some of them I thank God that He ever saw fit to trust me with them.

I have also had many glorious experiences which I would not trade off for anything that I can think of. The following I have not related very often, because many would only scoff at it and say it was only an imagination. But I know that it was real. I was passing through the most severe trial of my life, being persecuted almost beyond endurance by people who were supposed to be sanctified. It seemed that I could not endure it longer. One night I was lying on my bed, crushed and weeping. In the night, at about one o'clock in the morning, Jesus walked into that room and the room was made light enough for me to see Him through my tears and recognize Him. He came to the side of the bed and looked at me with a profound look of sympathy and tenderness, an expression that said, "Do not be afraid, I will stand by you, and will never fail you." Then He held

out His hand over me as in an expression of benediction and vanished. My soul was comforted and I soon went to sleep. Who would not gladly endure persecution, trials and tests for such a visitation as that? I was a young preacher then, and that has enabled me to hold steady in every test since.

I made my first attempt at preaching at Cherokee, Oklahoma, when I was of the age of sixteen. I chose the biggest text in the Bible, John 3:16, and then preached everything from Genesis through Revelation, and finished in fifteen minutes. And how the Lord blessed me for preaching the whole Bible!

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## 02 -- SOME INTERESTING INCIDENTS

Now for some interesting experiences I had as an evangelist. When I started, the world didn't seem to be as well civilized as now, or not as well developed, especially in some communities. People didn't seem to know that preachers were human as well as other people. I would relate my experiences to some other evangelists and they would tell me, "Under those conditions I would not have stayed there twenty-four hours. I would have taken my suit cases and been gone from there." But those people were precious in the sight of God and needed salvation as much as anyone else, and my consecration held good through every condition. When I felt they gave me as good as they had, I was happy.

When I was teaching at old Peniel College, Peniel, Texas, a senior student approached me one day and told me about a place out in the country about twenty miles from there. He had been told there was no church of any kind out there and wanted me to go with him to look the field over to see if we might find a place where we might conduct a revival meeting. We found a one room country school house which we were told we could use, and we did use it and proceeded to conduct a revival. Here we received one of our early lessons that it pays to mind God. Here we saw people struck down with conviction. They fell like they were shot, both men and women. At least a dozen all told. Some of them felt the pangs of hell, and screamed and chewed their tongue. Sticks had to be put in the mouth of some of them to prevent them from chewing off their tongue. Some were in actual torment for an hour or more, but invariably they prayed and repented and came through with peace in their soul. From that revival the church received one missionary who spent a term of years on foreign soil, and two preachers who preached second blessing holiness for a number of years, and have now gone to their reward.

Yes, it pays to obey God. The world is seeking thrills, but no greater thrill is known than the thrill of having a little part in such a revival as that.

At another time, wife and I went to a place about eighteen or twenty miles from any town, except that there was a country store nearby. We had been invited to come here to conduct a revival meeting. It was not an organized church, but they had regular preaching there. We were housed with a family who fed us boiled cabbage and blue sinkers three times a day. They called the blue sinkers "biscuits." But they were blue throughout and so heavy that if one ate two of them he dare not go swimming, for he would certainly sink. For Sunday we were invited out for dinner

and were promised a chicken dinner. We looked forward to that chicken dinner with great anticipation and hunger rising. The invitation was to the home of a widow with three small children. Oh, how we longed for Sunday to arrive, and it finally did. We had to walk out there one and a half miles on dusty road, but we were headed for a chicken dinner after eating boiled cabbage and blue sinkers for nearly a week.

The lady had us rest and be seated in the living room while she hurriedly prepared the dinner. There it was custom to have biscuits three times every day. So her first task was to get the biscuits started. We were seated so that we could look right into the kitchen. The chicken was already roasted so all it needed was a warming over. As I watched the lady mixing the dough for the biscuits, I also noticed something else. She was a snuff dipper, and the handle of the snuff mop stuck out of her mouth. As I watched, I noticed a small brown thing crawl out on the underside of that mop-stick. When it reached the end it let go and dropped into the biscuit dough. But that did not disturb the lady. Soon I noticed another brown thing sliding along the lower side of the mop-stick. Apparently it wanted to see where the other one had gone. It went the same way as the other. Immediately following that one a third little brown thing slid along there and just before it dropped wife happened to look up and saw it drop. She looked at me and said, "Did you see that?" I had to tell her that I did. She said she would not be able to eat any biscuits. The lady shoved the biscuits into the oven and then proceeded to prepare to set the table. In order to be nice she wanted a white table cloth on the table, but perhaps did not have any. So she came through the living room where we were, and into the bedroom and pulled a sheet out from the bed, on which, according to appearance, they had been sleeping at least a week, and placed that on the table for a white table cloth and proceeded to set the table. That finished wife, so far as dinner was concerned. She, being of somewhat of a tender stomach, turned sick and was unable to eat any dinner at all. She missed that anxiously anticipated chicken dinner. I went ahead and ate. I had to in order to maintain strength to preach. I ate biscuits and all.

For the next Sunday we were invited out to a sharecroppers home for dinner. They lived in an old dilapidated two story house, two rooms downstairs and two upstairs. The house was leaning and was braced with two heavy poles to keep it from falling over. That was considered good enough for share-croppers. There was not a chair in the house, only apple boxes on which to sit. The floor had holes in it. But there we were greeted by one of the most tasty, most inviting looking dinners we ever sat down to and all as clean as a pin. That dear woman proved that there is no excuse whatever for not being clean and making a meal look inviting. Wife and I forgot to put on the brakes and ate so much that we were sick for three days.

About a year later Dr. Bracken stopped over there for one service. The people still talked about the wonderful revival God gave us there. And God did meet with us in a wonderful way. One demon-possessed man was delivered of the demon. They told Dr. Bracken that we had received the biggest offering any evangelist had ever received there, but they did not tell him how much. He was anxious to know. The very next time we met he asked me about it. We were there three Sundays in that revival and received the magnificent sum of seventeen dollars and thirty-five cents (\$17.35). Take courage, preacher, when your offering is less than you expected. God knows what you are in need of. Jesus fed five thousand men, besides women and children, with just five biscuit size loaves of bread and two fishes. We did receive some better offerings than we deserved, but we also received some for which the \$17.35 was a real prize.

We received our prize offering at a country church not far from Edgewood, Texas. We were there ten days. I preached twice every day except on Saturday. Nothing was said those ten days about an offering for the evangelist. On the last night of the revival the pastor had the plates passed for an offering for the evangelist. They came back with two nickels in them and that was our material remuneration for that revival. Brother Evangelist, Can you beat that? One evangelist told me about fifty years ago that he conducted one revival for which he received absolutely nothing. The pastor told him his people were so poor that they just could not afford to pay him anything. So according to his experience, I had been quite well treated, and felt that I should divide my offering with him, but he would not accept it.

The next morning after that two nickels revival we had to get up at three in the morning in order to catch the train for our next meeting. After buying our tickets I had exactly 25 cents left. And that was all the money I had any where in this world. We had to lie over and change trains on the way and so did not arrive until about eleven o'clock a.m. And there Was no one to meet us at the train. The place where the revival was to be was ten miles out in the country. We waited at the depot till one p. m., but nobody came. We were hungry, so I suggested to wife that we go to a restaurant and get us something to eat. She said, "But you have no money." I replied, "I have a quarter." We went to a restaurant. There were several people in there eating when we entered. A waitress came to wait on us. I told her, "Please bring us 25 cents worth of food and tools for two." The guests and the waitress looked at us amazed, but she went and fetched us about a good spoon full of mashed potatoes, a few peas, two slices of bread and two glasses of water, two forks, two knives and two spoons. We returned thanks, and thanked God for providing food for us. The people in that restaurant quit talking, but gave us an occasional glance as though they were afraid we might come and try to take their food away from them. We ate that 25 cents worth of food and when we had finished, we were as satisfied as though we had feasted on the best meal in town. God multiplied that food, either on the way down or in our stomachs. It matters not which. I have experienced a few barren looking days since, but from that day to this I could never doubt but that God would take care of us. I have thanked Him many times for that experience. We returned to the depot and in a few minutes a man arrived to meet us and take us to the place where the revival was to be. And God gave us a few souls in that revival.

At another time we went with Brother Dorris to a country place to conduct a revival. We were not invited there, but felt that God directed us. Brother Dorris had a tent which we used. The first night in this revival we had an audience of two, a young fellow with his sweetheart. That looked a bit discouraging because we had done considerable advertising and inviting people to come, but we felt quite certain that God had directed us there, and I preached a thirty minute sermon. We found an abandoned house in which to camp. There we fought flies and bedbugs and prayed and did our best at preaching, and in the end organized a church with twelve members. Yes, it pays to obey God. It was a great thrill to see those twelve people line up for church membership, and a few others who seemed to pray through but did not join the church.

Another time Brother Felix Graham and I went to conduct a revival. We did our best but saw no visible results, and in the end we received checks that bounced back to us with the notation "no funds."

From there we went to a place called "Sweet Home." There one man got so under conviction that he neither ate nor slept for four days. (This according to the testimony of his wife.) At the close of those four days he settled it and said a definite "NO" to God. His wife received a good experience of full salvation. Here the Lord led me to say one night that within one month one who is in excellent health now, and in the very prime of life, will be laid away in the cemetery across the way. Some of the people made fun of that statement. But just three weeks from that day a robust farmer, in the mid thirties in age, seemingly healthy enough to live many more years, died very suddenly and went to meet God. I do not make a practice of making predictions, but this was so clear and sure that I could do none other than tell it.

At another place we were promised to be served with over-ripe eggs if we didn't leave within twenty-four hours. We didn't leave and they did not make good their promise and in the end paid us eight dollars for our service.

At another time we were invited to a place called "Ellis Chapel." This was a country place where they had regular services every Sunday. This was not far from where we lived so we drove from home to the place of meeting. The first night when we arrived at the place of meeting a committee of three men met us at our car to welcome us there. They told us they were glad that we had come to help their pastor in a revival, and they had only one request to make, and that was that I was to "leave that second blessing stuff at home." I can scarcely explain the feeling that came over me, neither could I describe it. In that eleven days revival, the Lord did not permit me to preach a single sermon except on definite Second Blessing Holiness. We had two services each day, and in every service, it was "that second blessing stuff." The pastor and people got into deep trouble in their souls, and two men of that committee were genuinely converted, and then in another service gloriously sanctified, and have ever since been real advocates of holiness. One of them has now gone to his reward; the other is still testifying to a personal experience of holiness. Others were saved and/or sanctified and at the close of that revival we organized a Church of the Nazarene with eleven members. It pays to mind God.

At another time I was invited to come and conduct a revival meeting. They had a good pastor, and there were some wonderful Christians, but they were poor and no one in the church was able to keep the evangelist for lack of room. One dear man suggested that they provide a room in his hen-house. He had a long hen-house, large enough for about three hundred hens, but he had only about a hundred. So he suggested that they partition one end of that hen-house for a room. He had a large canvass which could be used for the partition. This they did and then cleaned that room as well as human could clean it, and washed down the walls and ceiling (which was the roof). They placed a large linoleum on the dirt floor, and a nice throw rug on that, placed a nice bed, a desk and comfortable chair, an electric light, and fixed a place for me in which to put my clothes, and there I roomed. I had my meals with the family in their little house.

I realized they gave me the best they had and really enjoyed rooming in a hen-house with the hens. The hens on one side of the canvass partition and myself on the other side. There was only one thing that disturbed me a bit. In with the hens the man had two roosters, and every morning at about four o'clock those roosters would have a contest to see which one could crow the loudest. Then they would become quiet again and I would go back to sleep.

God gave us a wonderful revival there. One young man from a worldly home was saved and sanctified and called to preach. He is now the pastor of a rather strong holiness, church. A young teenage girl was saved and sanctified, and is now the wife of a holiness college professor. A number of others were saved, reclaimed, or sanctified. What a thrill! I felt repaid a thousand fold for rooming in a hen-house, myself on one side of a canvass partition and about one hundred hens and two roosters on the other side. Yes, I would gladly do that again if the opportunity were afforded me.

In another revival I was housed in a very comfortable place, in a lovely room, but I was to get my meals about two miles from there, way up on the side of a mountain, at the pastor's home. It was winter and roads, streets, and sidewalks were covered with snow and ice. I had to walk for those meals because I had no car and the pastor didn't come after me because his car tires were smooth and the streets were ice-covered. For every three steps forward I would slide back about two, and sometimes three. There was a restaurant about three blocks from where I was housed, but I had no money to pay for meals there, so I did a lot of fasting while there and usually ate only one meal per day. It was a joy to do this for Jesus' sake.

At another place dear Brother Pitts, the father of Paul and Joe Pitts, asked me to conduct a revival at a country place in western Oklahoma. It was during the busy season of the year; crowds were not very large, but God gave us a wonderful revival, and we left a new Church of the Nazarene there.

At another time I was invited to conduct a revival at a place where the majority of the people were poor and the country there in Western Oklahoma was not very fully developed. I was placed with a very fine family who lived in a one-room house. The room was about eighteen feet square. There was the husband, wife and two daughters, fourteen and sixteen years of age respectively. How did we manage? Very well. They had two double beds with heads in opposite directions. When we came home from service at night, the husband and I would remain outside while the mother and two girls went to bed in one bed, and then extinguished the light. Then the father and I would go in and go to bed in the other bed. When I would awaken in the morning, the whole family would be out doing the morning chores of milking the cows, feeding the pigs, etc. Several people from that community are in heaven now because of that revival, and that gives me a thrill every time I think about it. I am sure they will greet me when I shall arrive over there.

Another interesting experience I had was down in the woods of East Texas. Wife was not with me there, and I arrived at the country church just in time for the first service. After the service I was assigned to go with a Brother Irwin for my stay. He was a farmer, and had worked in the field all day so he was tired when we arrived at the home. He gave me a kerosene lamp and showed me to a little lean-to room. That room had an outside door, but the door had been taken off of its hinges to give the house as much ventilation as possible. So the door was left open. The houses in that part of the country were mostly built on posts about two feet high. That left a two-foot space underneath the house and the farmers allowed their hogs to camp under the house where it was shady through the day. I smelled that and thought there were hogs under the house. I got ready for bed and retired. Before I went to sleep the bed began to move up and down, and the pigs were grunting as they were changing their position. I noticed at once that they were under the bed. I got up and ran them out, but could not close the door because there was no door there to

close. Those pigs were soon back. I ran them out again, but they were soon back again, so I just let them alone. I was tired. Three pigs of about fifty pounds each slept under the bed and I slept on the bed. The next day I found a twelve inch wide board out by the barn and nailed that across the door opening. When the farmer came in for dinner he said to me, "By the way, Brother Erdmann, did those pigs bother you last night? We raised them with a bottle and I noticed here lately that they were sleeping under that bed, but I forgot all about it." Those pigs stood there at that door two nights, wanting to get in. Where they went after that I did not investigate to find out. As my remuneration for that revival I received \$2.84. I received much better pay in many other revivals, and God has always taken good care of us, although a few times we had to postpone a meal or two, but He never did let us starve, and I still weigh close to two hundred pounds today.

Do not form the idea that the experiences I relate herein represent the general run of my ministerial life. It would be all right if it did. These experiences were as spice mixed with the more general idea of evangelistic treatment.

Another very interesting experience was at another country place. Wife was with me here. This was another time and place where we were not assigned to our place to stay until after the first service. We were assigned to a nice family. They lived in an old log house with a lean-to side room to which we were assigned. We were tired, so went right off to bed, but had no more laid down until unnumbered bedbugs were on us and trying to fill their stomachs with our blood. (Bedbugs are blood suckers.) We immediately got up and lit the lamp and bugs went for cover. There was a trunk in the corner of the room, and on it were some quilts. I suggested to wife that she take some of those quilts and make a pallet in the center of the room and perhaps the bugs would not be so bad there and I would somehow fight it out with them on the bed. She made her pallet, but we had scarcely extinguished the light and were trying to find a little sleep when two big barn rats came chasing each other and ran right over wife's feet. So up from there she came. Now what shall we do? The only suggestion that I could think of was for us to lie on the bed, not cover up, not even with the sheet, and keep the lamp lit. Bedbugs like to be in the dark. We managed to get through the night, but next morning had bug whelps all over us. The next day I noticed a bed with springs and mattress, under a large oak tree, about two hundred yards from the house. That was where some Negroes had camped during cotton chopping time. At noon I told the farmer that I had noticed that bed out there and wondered whether they would object to us taking some bedding out there and sleep there. I told him I thought we would sleep better there than in the house for it was midsummer. He said there would be no objection. So we took a couple of sheets, a light quilt and two pillows and moved out there, but we nearly shook them to pieces before we got out there to be sure to get rid of any bugs. There we camped for ten days and slept undisturbed except by mosquitoes that came to call on us. Our clothes which we kept in that room in the house got so filled with bedbugs that for days after we left there we would find bedbugs emerging from our clothes. Our material remuneration for that revival, besides the bugs that we carried away, was nine dollars and fifty cents.

We have enjoyed many very pleasant and thrilling experiences in the work of the Lord. There is no better life on earth than in the center of God's will.

I shall not enumerate anymore of such experiences, but will tell you that in those days forty to sixty years ago folk would become angry when the preaching seemed to hit them. They would



curse the preacher and demean him, but be right back the next night to listen to you again. With people like that there is a chance of getting something done. Now they do not curse you, but just leave you alone and do not come back if your preaching does not suit them.

Yes, I had men curse me to my face and shake their fist at me, and demean me to everything that they were capable of thinking. One man, after cursing and demeaning me, told me I would have to go to school six months before I could be accepted at an insane asylum. Another man, in his anger, told me, "If your brains were dynamite and someone were to touch them off it wouldn't blow your hat off." And many other complimentary expressions were received in those days.

I believe it would be good medicine for any and all young preachers to have some experiences like the ones mentioned above. I also had other experiences which are not of a nature to be printed, but it was all done for Jesus' sake and for His glory, and therefore, they were not hardships at all.

God has given me some wonderful revivals and interspersed with good offerings so we could always pay our bills and have food to eat. Of course, there were times when we were compelled to be very economic in our business affairs, and that is what every preacher should watch very carefully, never to become involved financially to the extent that he cannot meet his financial obligations. I know of one preacher who, with his family, lived on nothing but black-eyed peas for four months in order to stay out of debt. They remained well, and their children grew up to be strong and healthy. It was my good fortune to follow him as pastor in the church where he did that. He had done a good work there.

We also had some blessed times pastoring churches. At one place they paid us ten dollars per week, and we paid house rent out of that, but we never went hungry. We have also been paid better, Be sure, "The Lord never forsaketh His own." We may not always be able to eat "high on the hog," but none of us have ever starved. Sometimes we were compelled to postpone a meal or two, but never suffered any ill from it.

This booklet is not presented with any attempt at self-exaltation. Every sentence is written for the glory of Him who called and commissioned as to preach the gospel. I trust and pray that this may encourage some tested and tried ones to keep his hand in the Lord's hand, and his eyes ever upon the Master. He never makes any mistakes in the way that He leads us, and though we do riot always understand just why He leads in the direction which He does, we can rest assured that He knows, at all times, what He is doing. And they are not hard trials for He is always there to go through every trial with us.

The disagreeable experiences are always interspersed with others of especial delight and joy. Some amusing incidents are also mixed in here and there.

As for instance, when Brother Dorris and myself and wife and Brother Joe Ingle were in a campaign in Knox City, Texas, a certain pastor in that city opposed us bitterly. He told many untrue stories about us, but he attended the service every night hunting for something to criticize. We had prayed for God to knock him down with conviction or keep him away from the services. One night he sat on a bench to the right of the platform. Brother Ingle was preaching. His subject was "The

Old Serpent, the Devil." After he had preached about twenty minutes a bull-snake about three feet long came out from between that pastor's feet and disappeared under the platform. A certain sinner man sitting where he could see that pastor very distinctly, cried out, "There's the old serpent the man is preaching about coming crawling out of that preacher sitting over there." Where that snake came from was a mystery. It perhaps had crawled into the straw, with which the ground in the tent was covered, during the day and was now stirred out. Well, that broke up the service for that night, for two reasons. (1) Some, especially women and children, ran screaming from the tent when they saw that snake, (2) Others were so amused by what that sinner man had said that the laughter and amusement could not be properly quelled to go on with the service. That pastor hastened out of that tent and disappeared and we saw him no more in any subsequent service. The Lord knew how to keep him away. And there God gave us a good revival. Twenty-six people were either saved or sanctified.

At another time we were in a revival in a church building. Here a good brother who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds would always sit on the front seat to the left of the platform, and in every service went to sleep and held the attention of the crowd with his snoring. We would have someone wake him, but in a few minutes he would be asleep again, and the snoring would come along. We made that a matter of prayer and asked God to either keep that brother awake, or keep him from snoring when he did go to sleep. God knows how to handle such problems better than we do every time. About the fourth night of that revival he again went to sleep and snored, Some folk sitting near him started to awaken him, but we felt led to stop them, but silently asked the Lord to wake him up. He soon began, in his sleep, to weave forward and back. About the third time he weaved forward, he weaved too far, and went ker-plunk to the floor.

That embarrassed the dear brother so much that after that he always managed to stay awake. How he did that was an unsolved problem with the people. The Lord gave us a good revival there.

Some of these, and similar things, were somewhat annoying at the time, but quite amusing, especially as we think back at them now.

I was once asked to preach at a union service in a little town in Kansas. In the sermon I said something in condemnation of the public modern dance. After that service a certain minister's wife confronted me in a very angry mood. She approached me with the question; "Do you mean to tell me and all these people that my daughter, my lovely daughter, is not a Christian because she dances?" And then proceeded to tell me what she thought of such narrow-minded preaching. No, I did not argue the question with her, but smiled and let her rant on till she thought that perhaps she had said enough. People standing around there were amused, and some told me afterward they appreciated my stand and actions.

Another rather amusing incident took place in a small Texas town where Brother Ben Akin and I had secured the church building of a certain denomination, in which to conduct a revival. Of course, we preached second blessing holiness. After the second service the Board of Deacons informed us that they felt it imperative that they close their building to us. I did persuade them to let us have service there one more night so that I could announce to the people that we were closing the revival. That night, which was the third night of the revival, I made the announcement that,

"This will be our last service, "and then explained that the Board of Deacons had informed us that we could not use their building any longer. On the back seat sat a grizzly looking sinner. After my announcement he rose to his feet and said, "You say you can't go on here because the building is closed to you?" I answered in the affirmative. Then he said, "I have a pasture just outside the town to the west. There is good grass and some good shade trees also. If I can get a little help tomorrow we will build a nice brush arbor, and then you can preach there till frost runs you out." Some folk promised to help the man, and they did put up a nice arbor and we went on with the revival, and several people were saved and/or sanctified, and as a result of that revival a Church of the Nazarene was organized there later on.

At a place in eastern Oklahoma we started to hold services in a school house, but the people did not like holiness so they prevailed on the School Board to not let us use the building any more. A dear good Brother Miller, with his own money, built a church building on his own property, and the work was carried on until later a church was organized there.

Now, all of these are incidents that are a bit different from the ordinary, and quite different from what we find now. All that I have recorded here took place thirty-five years ago and beyond. Along with these God gave us many blessed experiences. Some revivals with a goodly number of professions, several new churches organized, and much to make one glad that God ever called and delegated one to be an ambassador for Him.

It has been a blessed life to live in the will of God. If I could live it all over again, I do not know how I could improve it, unless it would be to add a few more tests and so-called unpleasantries, and then watch the Lord go to work and bring us through with victory and some extra grace. With every emergency God furnishes emergency grace. If you don't believe it, then let Him have a chance to prove it.

I was called to pastor a certain church where the pastor had resigned because the young people of the church were so unruly and disturbing. And they were the children of members of the church. We had been there about six weeks when in one Sunday morning service, while I was trying to preach, seven of these young people, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-three years held a jumping match out of the front door to see who could jump the farthest. I dismissed the service, then asked all the members to remain in their seats, and all who were not members to kindly step outside. Then I told the members, "We shall settle something right here this morning. Do you want this disturbance to continue, or do you want it stopped? You will not need to stop it. I will see to it that it is stopped if you want it stopped." Discussions went pro and con. The father of two of the offenders said, "My policy has always been, the least said, the easiest mended." I replied that this time we want to say enough to settle this matter. "If you want it to continue, then call yourselves another pastor, for this will be my last service." After some more attempts at trying to make excuses for their "darlings" we put the matter to a vote. The vote was in favor of putting a stop to the disturbance. Then I told the folk for them to tell those young people they would always be welcome to come to that church, but from now on they must behave themselves or suffer the consequences. None of those young people showed up for a month. Then on a Sunday night they came as a group. I was sitting and meditating and praying in the back seat of my touring car with the curtains all closed. They did not notice me out there. I heard one of the young ladies say, "We better go a bit easy tonight, Erdmann may have meant what he said." All went well till I started to

preach. Then Ellis, whose parents were both members of the church, started in to disturb. I paused and looked at him. He looked at me with an opossum grin on his face. I preached on and Ellis started in again. I quit trying to preach and dismissed the service. Next morning I issued a complaint with the police court about Ellis disturbing religious service. At that time there was a law in that state that one convicted of disturbing a religious service must be given a jail sentence. It could not be paid off with a fine. Ellis was brought to court and when told of what he was accused and then was asked whether he was guilty, with a silly grin he replied, "I guess I am." Ellis had been in many scrapes with the law, but his father always paid the fine, and he thought surely his father would pay this fine. When the judge told him that this could not be paid with a fine, but that he must serve time in jail, then he begged to change his plea to disturbing the peace. The judge asked me whether I was willing to change the charge. I refused saying, "I will not lie for anybody. Ellis had not disturbed the peace, so far as I knew, he had disturbed a religious service, and if I would charge him of disturbing the peace, I would lay myself open to being guilty of making a false charge." Ellis went to jail for three months. His mother had "fits" and told all over the neighborhood "Erdmann ruined our church; he ran off all our young people, the future hope of our church."

The rest of that bunch did not come back for a few Sundays. But when they did decide to come back they were the best behaved young people I ever preached to. After Ellis served his time in jail he did not come to church for a while, but after some time he did come and knew exactly how to act in a church service, and in our next revival Ellis was converted and became an exemplary young man.

It is my contention that the pastor of a church is responsible for what conduct is permitted in that church.

One quite interesting experience takes us to the state of Washington. This took place within the past thirty-five years. I was the evangelist in the revival of a Church of the Nazarene in a small city of that state. This little city was largely made up of retired German farmers. It was an almost solid German community. Our attendance was small. We could not persuade those Germans to come to that revival. About thirty people attended the services. One day I suggested to the pastor, "Let us announce that on a certain night I will preach in German, and invite the public." The pastor consented. The announcement was made. That night the church building couldn't accommodate the crowd. I preached in German and invited them all back for the next night. But the next night we had only our original few. We announced another night for a German service. Again the house was packed full. That night we announced that if the people would come I would preach thirty minutes in German and thirty minutes in English, because some of our friends do not understand German. We gave a hearty invitation for all to be back the next night. But none came. With them it was "whole hog or none."

In a North Dakota place we had a rather amusing experience. I was being entertained at the parsonage. The first morning there, the pastor's wife having learned that I sometimes indulged in drinking coffee, prepared some stained water for coffee. She said to me, "Now, Brother Erdmann, we don't either one drink coffee and I really don't know much about making coffee. If that isn't right you must tell me." I said, "O, Sister \_\_\_\_\_ there is really only one thing to remember about making coffee. That is, it doesn't require nearly as much water as some people think it does." After that she

DID NOT use too much water; in fact she didn't use enough, but I drank it without a word of complaint.

At a District camp meeting in Canada one year God gave us a most wonderful camp meeting. God gave the church three preachers from that camp, two of whom are still active in the ministry, Those times bring back precious memories. Many other fruitful revivals linger in my memory. And God is still giving some fruitful revivals, for which we do praise Him.

I was in a revival where Ed Northcut was pastor. This was down in east Texas. The church building was so built that the entrance door was just to the right of the pulpit platform. Eight hoodlums came from a neighboring community with the purpose of breaking up the evening service. All of them wore heavy boots. Soon after I started preaching one of them entered the church and walked all the way to the back, making as much noise with his boots as he could. When he sat down, the next entered and did like the first one. And then the third, and the fourth, and so on, until all eight had entered and disturbed all they could with their heavy boots. After the eight had entered and sat down, the first one got up to leave. I turned to the pastor and said, "Brother Northcut, take down the name of every person that leaves this building, or disturbs in any way, while I am preaching." That fellow dropped back on his seat like he was shot. That was the end of that disturbance, and those hoodlums never showed up again in that revival. God got to us and gave us several new soldiers for His army.

In all of our experiences God was good to us, and we were glad to know that Satan didn't endorse our program.

I was pastor of a church in a small town northwest of San Antonio, Texas. One Sunday night a certain young lady was disturbing the service. I spoke to her, but it did very little good, so I spoke again and reprimanded her a bit. It angered her. When she arrived at home, she told her wicked father about what had taken place. He became very angry because any one would dare to call his daughter to order, and got his gun and made ready to come to our home and settle with me. We lived at the edge of the little town, sort of in the edge of the woods. We had scarcely gotten home when wife and I both received warning to leave home. We had a strange feeling that Mr. H. was coming with a gun. We left immediately and went to the home of one of our members a mile away and told there what had transpired. They took us in for the night. The next day we learned from another person who lived not far from our home that Mr. H. had stayed there till two o'clock the next morning, waiting for us to come home. Next morning, before returning home, I called the sheriff and reported the affair. He came and took care of Mr. H.

Yes, the Lord knew what was going on.

Now, do not conclude that all of my ministerial life consisted of incidents like I have here described. The Lord has certainly been good to us, and has given us many pleasant experiences, and was always there even though things were not always pleasant from the human way of looking at it. The times and incidents that I have mentioned were only mixed in as seasoning ingredients into our labors for Him.

Satan is determined to let no one get to heaven easily, but God can transform Satan's obstacles and scarecrows into stepping stones on our way to glory, and through them enrich our lives.

We have conducted many revivals where we were treated superbly and entertained royally, and have pastored churches where the people were good to us. When we came to Sayre, Oklahoma as pastor, the folk knew about what time of the evening we would arrive. The women of the church had gone to the parsonage and prepared one of the best meals we ever sat down to. Fried steak, potatoes and gravy, hot biscuits, ice cold watermelon, coffee, fruit and cake, and everything that it takes to make a first class meal. The cooked food was all hot and ready on the table when we walked in. They introduced us to that mouth-watering meal, and then one by one slipped out at the back door and went home and left us there to enjoy ourselves. Anyone who does not find a great thrill in something like that is certainly dead at the core. We put in a very pleasant four years with that church, then the Lord moved us to another place where we had a chance to try to solve some real problems again. He gave us the four years at Sayre as a stimulant to get us ready for the next place. Don't you see how good He is?

Young preacher, do not run from problems. Face your trials with courage. Watch the Lord work out those problems for you. God will never fail you so long as you let Him lead the way. He knows the way through every difficulty, the solution to every problem, and will give you victory in spite of all that Satan can do. Do not demand the best, better times are ahead.

"A tent or a cottage, Why should I care?  
They're building for me a palace over there."

And when we move into that palace, all the poorly equipped parsonages and homes in which we spent the years here will seem only as an almost forgotten dream.

When the folk ask you to move on, don't murmur nor complain, but let God locate you where He wants you. When I was teaching in a certain holiness college, I had an appointment about twelve miles out where I conducted services every Sunday in a school house. One day a man from that community came to my home to inform me that Mr. A. had called a meeting of the heads of families of that community that attended those services, and insisted that they send word to me not to come there to preach any more. Some of the folk demanded to know why. This community leader, a boss, finally told them, "If Mr. Erdmann keeps on coming here and preaching like he has been preaching, there won't be a one of us that will get to go to heaven." So I was asked not to come any more, and they got themselves a preacher who preached an easy, do-as-you-please religion. God had another place ready for me to preach every Sunday.

God has given me a wonderful life, a rich life, up to now, these many years, and I am sure He has some more rich experiences in reserve for me.

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THE END