

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1993--2004 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this disc (CD or DVD) by any means is forbidden,
and copies of individual files must be made in accordance with the
restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this disc.

A TRIBUTE TO ART MORGAN
(June 26, 1926 -- November 23, 2003)

Compiled By Duane V. Maxey

* * * * *

Digital Edition 01/28/2004
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

CONTENTS

Introduction

- 01 -- In Remembrance -- Rev. Arthur S. Morgan -- 1926--2003
- 02 -- The Memorial Service -- November 26, 2003
- 03 -- With Love, From Lynn
- 04 -- A Tribute To Dad -- By Mike Morgan
- 05 -- In Memory Of Her Husband -- By Lynn Morgan
- 06 -- Memorial Obituary By Trimble Funeral Home
- 07 -- Tributes And Condolences
 - From "Your Son, Bob"
 - From Vici-Beth
 - From Bethany
 - From Lindsey
 - From Tammy
 - From One Treated Like A Grandson
 - From Lisa Gaffney
 - From The Tommy Pruett Family
 - From Rex Bullock
 - From Kim And Wanda Chance
 - From Bryan And Jana Chaffin
 - From Kassandra Walters
 - From Donna Glynn
 - From LaWanda Bullock
 - From Doris Keener
 - From Rob And Orleanais Shuttlesworth

From Mark Cook
From J. D. & Lisa Miller & Sons
From Bob Herath
From Keren Ceder
From Richard Quigg
From Carol (Scott) Jenkins
From Debra (Campbell) Wolf
From Bob And Linda Bedford
From Jody And Becky Pruett
From Debbie And Tony Rutledge
From Bob & Margaret Meyer
From Lynn's Cousin, Janet
08 -- A Copy Of A Note To Art For Father's Day
09 -- The Impact Of Art Morgan On My Life -- By Duane V. Maxey
10 -- Why Christmas Of 1953 Was Special To Art Morgan

In Conclusion

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

This file is a tribute by HDM (Holiness Data Ministry) to Art Morgan, who made a tremendous impact on my life when I was young 18-year-old and Art was pastoring the Church of the Nazarene in Alliance, Nebraska. At the close of this tribute, I will include some of my own material, but first, I shall present material received from Art's widow, Lynn Morgan. -- Duane V. Maxey

* * * * *

From The Memorial Folder Of
Trimble Funeral Homes,
Moline and Coal Valley, Illinois

01 -- IN REMEMBRANCE -- REV. ARTHUR S. MORGAN -- 1926--2003

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
REV. ARTHUR SAMUEL MORGAN

BORN
June 26, 1926, in Commanche, Oklahoma
The son of S. V. and Ruth (Clemmons) Morgan

MARRIED
Marion Lynn Novero

April 11, 1976, in Peru, Illinois

DIED

November 23, 2003, in Rock Island, Illinois

FUNERAL SERVICE

Trimble Funeral Home, Coal Valley, Illinois

Wednesday, November 26, 2003 - 1:00 p.m.

OFFICIATING CLERGY

Rev. Gene Hood

Rev. Mike Morgan

Rev. Ken Beach

ORGANIST

Lois Fogde

VOCALISTS

Rev. Billy Paul Morgan with Vici-Beth Morgan,
Signing William Brown, Wesley Gray, and Linda Kennedy

BEARERS

Rev. Mike Morgan,

Tommy Morgan,

Randy Morgan,

Rev. Billy Paul Morgan,

Bob Morgan,

Rob Gaffney

BURIAL

Greenview Memorial Gardens, East Moline, Illinois

FAMILY

WIFE

Lynn Morgan

CHILDREN

Linda and Pat Ward

Rev. Michael Morgan

Tommy and Mary Morgan

Vicky and Gary Lovet

Randy and Theresa Morgan

Debbie and Mike Covington

Rev. Billy Paul and Vici-Beth Morgan

Tracy Morgan

Terri and Ken Weeks
Bob and Jill Morgan

THIRTY GRANDCHILDREN
FOURTEEN GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN
BROTHERS-IN-LAW
Bud Novero Bob Novero
SEVERAL NIECES AND NEPHEWS

SCRIPTURE

"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." -- Isaiah, Chapter 40, Verse 31 (A Favorite scripture of Arthur's)

* * * * *

From Another Folder Giving The Order Of The Service,
A Tribute By Art's Wife, Lynn, and Containing A Tribute
By Art's Son, Mike Morgan:

REMEMBERED IN LOVE

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."
Jeremiah 31:3

02 -- THE MEMORIAL SERVICE -- NOVEMBER 26, 2003

Prayer and Personal Remarks -- Gene Hood
Song, "It's Real" -- William Brown
Tributes -- Gene Hood
With Love, from Lynn -- Judy Farris
Personal Remarks -- Tom Reed
Song, "It Is Well With My Soul" -- Wesley Gray
Eulogy -- Mike Morgan
Song, "How Great Thou Art" -- Billy Morgan
Message -- Ken Beach
Song, "Drinking From The Saucer" -- Linda Kennedy
Prayer -- Ken Beach

* * *

03 -- WITH LOVE, FROM LYNN

Though we were not there as you grew up, we can almost see you from the stories you have told. We have fond memories with you of your Mother singing hymns as she tossed the biscuit dough in the air! And the time your Daddy bought you a horse, and when he paid you to memorize

the 23rd Psalm. We don't remember her name, but we'll always remember your first love: You were a nine year old, barefoot boy who couldn't eat or sleep because of the beautiful girl with the long hair and the long feet!

While your great-grandchildren are too young to express their feelings, we're sure they would all agree that whenever you visit, it means a happy time! And comments from your grandchildren indicate lots of fun times and lots of love. For instance, "I like to sit by him in church." And, "He's always in a happy mood! He always wears a big hat." Another says, "His unconditional love made a difference that will last a lifetime. He prayed with me and gave me wise counsel and guidance. He's a man of impeccable character, who has earned my respect and devotion."

Your brother-in-law describes you as the most generous person he has ever known. While your mother-in-law says, "I can feel his love when he calls me Mother-In-Law. He says it like no one can do!"

Your children-in-law said, "He has always been there for me. I admire his dedication to the Lord. He is the most family-oriented man I have ever known. I'll always remember when he prayed with me."

Your children express love and gratitude for many things: One remembers as a young girl saying she would not move unless we got a house with an indoor pool. "Now I realized how spoiled I was, and how good he was to me, because you see, we got a house with an indoor pool!" Another says, "He has always been there for me, both in the good times and in the bad times. He always stood by me. He always treated me as his very own 'PUNKIN'!" Another tells of gratitude for getting closer to you, and calls himself your "Devoted Son". While another says, "Thanks for the Christian heritage you gave us. You have taught us we can face any situation in life. You have stood by me. You are my friend as well as my dad. I have never known a father so faithful to pray daily for his children. There is no doubt in my mind that God will answer your prayers!"

Finally, my dear husband, I'd like to tell you Thanks for loving me! We have been through sad times and happy times, fearful times, and peaceful times, destitute times and good times. Through all of these, you have been my strength, my leader, my friend, my love! You deserve more praise than words can tell! I love you with all my heart!

Lynn

* * *

04 -- A TRIBUTE TO DAD -- BY MIKE MORGAN

Most people remember Dad as the man who wore the big Stetson hat. His only complaint with his new car was that he had to take his hat off to get into the drivers seat. You could spot him in a crowd because he carried a little bit of Texas with him everywhere he went. A recent car dealer's magazine featured Kar Mart. The caption underneath Dad's picture remarked, "There's a head for business under that black hat." Just before I left home to come here for this memorial

service, a friend said, "I remember your Dad. Every time I saw him, he was wearing this big cowboy hat." Today we honor the memory of the man whose trademark was his hat.

Several months ago, I began writing a lengthy letter to my Dad. I never finished it. I wanted him to know just how much he had influenced my life. When I told him some of what I had written, he seemed shocked. I don't think he realized just how much his life impacted other people.

My Dad was not at home much during my childhood years. My teenage years drove my mom to distraction. She often threatened to call my Dad to come home for discipline on my behalf. The very thought of it frightened me into submission, at least momentarily. When he came home for occasional visits, the specter of his presence in town literally changed my driving habits and spared the rubber on my car tires. His stern look could alter your attitude in an instant. His "undele pronto" would send a whole household of kids to bed on the run. Then, he was gone again for weeks, sometimes months, at a time.

During this time, the devil played havoc in his life. Later he would look back and call this time in his life, "the wasted years." When I married and left home at the age of seventeen, the first thing I did was find my Dad. Little by little, we began to build a relationship. I was desperate. I needed my father and he became a real Dad. I admired his strength. I stood in awe of his talent. His charisma captivated me. His courage was contagious. He was big, bold, and fearless. The kind of Dad boys really relate to. I wasn't a child, but for the first time in my life, I had a real Dad. It was the beginning of one of the most important relationships in my life. In fact, Dad ultimately became my very best friend. He was literally blind to my faults and I loved him so much I could easily look beyond his weak points.

A personal crisis brought my Dad to an intense search for spiritual reality. For years, a handful of true friends had petitioned God on my father's behalf. Their prayers finally drove my Dad to his knees. Most of you have heard him tell the story of the return of the prodigal to Father's house, at his bedside, all alone. By this time, Dad had remarried and expanded his family to ten children. His fling with sin had scarred his life and created immense guilt. But in an instant, the clay once marred in the hand of the potter was reshaped on the wheel into a most unique and useful vessel.

His greatest shock was that those who had hoped and prayed for God's grace to reach him had absolutely no idea what to do with their answered prayers. His life defied their theology. No one could deny God's miracle in his life. His exuberance was refreshing. His boldness was convicting. His witness gave hope to others who had stumbled in their walk with God. While few of his preacher friends had the courage to put him in their pulpits, they could not deny the effectiveness of his testimony and the growing influence of his life. He diligently worked to redeem his wasted years. Many church services were punctuated with his praise to God and his tears melted hardened hearts. He was driven to his knees by the plight of the unfortunate. He gave sacrificially to the cause of God and generously to the undeserving. He loved doing it. He was a sensitive man with a big heart.

Not everyone was willing to give Dad a second chance. The pain of the past was just too much for them. Their struggle to forgive and move beyond the past was to their own detriment. They cheated themselves. They missed the miracle.

God gave Dad a unique ministry. He related to the fallen. His compassion was compelling. Many people credit Dad for their discovery of a personal relationship with God. His influence extended far beyond the sanctity of the sanctuary. His love for the lost opened doors for one-on-one evangelism that eclipsed the pulpit ministry of most pastors.

Dad's directness sometimes shocked people. You never had to wonder what was on his mind. But if you ever looked beyond the bark, you would have discovered that a loving and kind hearted puppy lived on the inside. He has been known to give away his last dollar and then borrow to pay his own bills. He was generous to a fault.

Dad was a visionary. He was a dreamer. Age did not diminish his optimism nor temper his drive. Many of his dreams came true. His recent apartment project was one few men his age would have undertaken. A new church in Silvis was his dream. If news from earth makes its way to heaven, his excitement will be out of bounds when Bro. Beach delivers his first sermon in the new sanctuary.

For some months, Dad has been telling me that he would soon leave this world. I didn't want to think about losing my Dad, my closest friend. But Dad looked forward to leaving. Not that he wanted to leave us behind. He wanted us to join him. He frequently told me about his prayers on my behalf. He often spoke of his prayers for some of you. Oh, how he wanted his children and his friends to make it to heaven. Today I am convinced that he is heaven's most excited resident. To be there was his greatest goal. For us to make it was his deepest desire. I miss him immensely already, but by the grace of God, I will see him again. -- Mike Morgan

* * * * *

05 -- IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND -- BY LYNN MORGAN

[This item was written by Lynn Morgan especially for this HDM Tribute, and one remark is directed to myself, Duane Maxey, brother of Parker Maxey.]

Art and I married on April 11, 1976. I don't know a lot about his life before this time. When we married, he was very kind and loving, he was a wonderful husband and step-father. In 1980 Art adopted my three children. This made him a father of ten children. They are Mike (Connersville, Indiana), Tom (Thibodaux, Louisiana), Randy (Milan, Illinois), Billy (Duncan, Oklahoma), Linda (Ward, Arkansas), Vicky (Duncan, Oklahoma), Debbie (Sand Springs, Oklahoma), Tracy (Ottawa, Illinois), Terri (Amarillo, Texas), and Bob (Milan, Illinois). He had 30 grandchildren, and 18 great-grandchildren. He loved his family very much. He did his best to make up for the wasted years.

On July 19, 1982 Art was reclaimed. For the next several months, he spent his days in his study. He read his Bible, and other holiness books. I remember being so lonely during this time!

But he needed the time with God to gather strength to do the will of God. After a time, we moved to Wichita Falls, Texas. Art always said that God sent him to graduate school during this time. We were so poor! No matter how hard Art tried, he couldn't get anything to work! He just couldn't make any money! One week, every morning when our son, Bob would leave for school, he would find a large grocery sack at the door. Each day the sack was filled with food items which we desperately needed. The exciting thing wasn't so much that the groceries were there; it was mostly because we had not told a single person that we were out of groceries. The only One who knew of our predicament was God! We all learned during these days that only God can take care of our every need! We moved back to Illinois in the summer of 1983.

The divorce and remarriage issue was an issue in our lives. We attended the Bible Missionary Church, and no one knew what to do with the answer to their prayers! For many years, they had prayed for Art Morgan. And now that God took him back, what were they to do with him? Art always had a wonderful attitude about this! He never pushed himself on anyone. Your brother, Parker Maxey, helped Art pray about his call to preach. Their answer was -- "God called Art to preach, it is Art's duty to answer the call and God's duty to open the door." So Art only waited for God to open the door for Art to preach. From 1983 to 1989 Art's ministry was at the Kar Mart. He and I worked side by side meeting the public and trying to tell them about Jesus. The business was small so there was time to visit with the customers. We bought donuts every day, and our customers quickly became our friends as we had coffee and donuts together. We were able to see many of the customers come to church and several even became Christians.

In 1989 Art received a call to pastor a little church in Galesburg, Illinois. He accepted the call and we spent our weekends in Galesburg. The little church grew and after one year, Art felt that God wanted him to resign. Another preacher, who had recently been reclaimed under Art's ministry, became the new pastor and the church is still going strong! After Galesburg, we attended the Bible Missionary Church again for a few months. We prayed about what God wanted us to do. It was so obvious that we were not wanted in the Bible Missionary Church. For sure we were not allowed to do anything, and God wanted us to try to spread the good news! So, after much prayer, we (Art and I, our son, Bob, and his wife, Jill) decided to try to locate a church property and begin an independent church.

We found the property with little effort. We called a pastor. We got the place in proper condition and held the Bible Holiness Church's first service on November 3, 1991.

From then till the day he died, Art worked for God from this church and from his business, the Kar Mart. Many times he would close the door to his office and talk to someone about the Lord. Sometimes they would pray there, other times they would go to the church to pray. I can't begin to tell all who were saved or even helped because of Art's compassion toward them.

Art was a most generous man! He would give the shirt off his back without a thought! He gave to God's cause, cheerfully. But mostly he was thrilled to see sinners come to God and be saved! He prayed for his lost children, for the lost in his business, for those he met during the work week, and for those who attended the church. Our church had a prayer meeting on Saturday mornings. It began at the beginning of the church. Art was there every Saturday until he became sick, with the exception of a few times when he was out of town or ill. Most of these times, Art

was the only one there. But he refused to be discouraged, he prayed alone, and said that it was nice to be alone with God. Art prayed with a man, a good friend of ours, who was dying with cancer. The man was saved and is in heaven today! But before he died, he stood at the front of the church and testified to the church that Art had come to pray with him and he was saved. There were many others that Art led to God.

Art also taught us, his family, by his godly example. Recently, after Art was gone, my youngest son, Bob, brought someone into his office and talked to the man about what salvation really is and what God requires of a Christian. The man was open and wanted to be saved. Bob led the man in prayer and the man was saved. A couple days later, the man died in his home. We know that he is in heaven today because of the amazing grace of God and because Bob was in step with God. Bob had seen his Dad do it so often, and Bob knew what to do.

Art went to work every day except Sunday. Sunday was the Lord's day. Art got up early every day of the week. He read his Bible and then the paper. He got ready for work, but he always led us in family prayer before he left for the office. Then he went to work and I usually didn't see him again until 5:00 p.m. The last few months he began coming home a little earlier. When I would ask him why he was early, he would only say that he was tired. He never complained about anything! After he was in the hospital he told me about why he ended up there.

For some time Art had trouble sleeping in the bed. We thought it was the mattress so we bought a new one. But it didn't seem to help. Art would almost always end up sleeping in his recliner. He would tell me that he had a catch in a muscle in his shoulder. On Sunday, November 16th, after Art went to the recliner, he had severe pain and he knew something was wrong. He asked the Lord to touch him. He told the Lord that he (Art) thought there were still a few more things he needed to do for the Lord and that if God would be so kind as to give him (Art) a touch, Art would be sure to give God the praise.

He immediately went to sleep and didn't wake until 7:00 a.m., the 17th of November. Art said that he had not felt as good as he did then in months. He read, got ready, prayed and went to work. After he got things going at work, he thought about an article he had read in the paper that morning. It was an article on angioplasty. The article told the symptoms of the people who need angioplasty. The symptoms described Art to a "T". Art reasoned, "I should call the doctor" and he did make the call. The doctor told Art to come in right away for an E.K.G. The results of the E.K.G. were significantly different from the previous E.K.G. done on Art, so the doctor had Art immediately admitted to the hospital.

Once in the hospital tests were given and they knew from the tests that Art had heart damage. Probably the chest pain the night before was an attack. They scheduled an angiogram for that evening. We were confident at this point that when they did the angiogram, they were going to come back and say that there was nothing wrong with Art. We just knew that when God touched Art the night before, He healed him. So when the doctor came out after the angiogram and told me that they were not able to put in any stints because all of the arteries were 90 to 95 % clogged, I felt numb. I began to cry, I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Art was moved to surgical intensive care and I was with him while we waited for the surgeon to come in. The surgeon told us that he would do the surgery the following morning at 8:00 a.m. He had some tests he wanted done before the surgery. He said that normally he would wait a couple days after a heart attack to give the heart time to recover, but because Art's arteries were so bad, we couldn't afford to wait. I went home that night and came back early the next morning. The surgeon was at the nurses' station when I arrived. He stopped me and told me that things were not good. Art needed a 5-by-pass, his lungs were at 15% capacity and the neck arteries were clogged. The risks were great and normally he (the surgeon) wouldn't even do the surgery. He said that he had to do it because if he didn't, Art would be dead in a month.

My son, Bob and stepson, Mike were with me and we were all troubled. I asked the surgeon if he had told this to Art and the surgeon said "No, he doesn't need to know." That didn't set well with me. I felt like Art deserved to know what he was about to face. We were told to wait in another room while they got Art ready for the surgery. When we went back to the room they wanted us all to watch a film on open heart surgery. As the film ended the nurses were there to take Art to surgery. I began to cry and told Art that he was having a serious surgery and that he would be up against some tough things. I said that he would be hurting and struggling and that I wanted him to do this for himself. I said "Don't you do this for me, or for any of your children. You do this for you!" Art got that precious, determined look on his sweet face -- and he nodded his head and said, "I'm gonna do it! I've still got some things I've got to do!"

With that everyone began to say their good-byes. Then we waited in the family room for several hours. Finally the news came that he had made it through the surgery and we would be able to see him soon. He remained in the S.I.C.U. until Thursday.

On Thursday the 20th of November Art was taken to another room in the hospital. He was allowed visitors and he talked to a flow of people all day and evening. (I think he had too much company, but he enjoyed everyone.) On Thursday night I received a call at home. The nurse wanted to know if Art ever got confused at night. I became alarmed and asked what was wrong. She said that Art seemed to be confused and he asked her to call me.

I hurried to the hospital and Art told me that the nurses were yelling at him because he tried to go to the bathroom without help. He said the nurses were being mean to him. I told the nurses (who did have bad attitudes) that he wasn't used to people being mean to him and they could accomplish a lot more with kindness. He had woke up and forgotten where he was and just tried to get up. Art told me that it was the worse experience of his life. From this point on Art went downhill. He was very nervous. I can't tell you how much I wish I had stayed at the hospital that night. The nurses had told me in the beginning that they don't want us to stay at the hospital. They said that I should get my rest because I was going to be needed at home when he went home.)

On Friday, Art was very weak and we limited his visitors to family only and them only two at a time. During certain hours we allowed only one person with him (because we vowed to never leave him alone again) but that person didn't talk to him -- we told him to rest. We hoped that with a quieter day, he would regain some strength. But Saturday he was even weaker.

Art wanted to go home so much! He had to walk 300 feet in order to go home. So he tried to walk the 300 feet. On Saturday morning he didn't even go as far as he had on Friday. But he didn't have the strength. So on Saturday afternoon, the rehab worker returned and Art tried again to walk 300 feet. He didn't make it, but they let him sit down part way through and rest. After he rested, he got up and finished the walk and they counted it as his 300 feet. (I really believe they just wanted to get him home for the weekend, so they wouldn't have to take care of him.) I told his nurse that I didn't think he was strong enough, and I didn't think I could hold him up if he got weak. She said she would tell the doctor my concerns, but then they let him go home anyway.

We made it home and Art made it to the recliner. My son, Bob was there with us and he sat with Art while I tried to get a little sleep. Then Art was ready to try to get some sleep. We got him to bed with no trouble and in a short time, Art was asleep. Before he went to sleep, I told him that I loved him and he told me that he loved me. He awoke twice during the night and then again in the morning. I was up and getting showered when Art woke up on Sunday morning, November 23rd. At this time my step-son, Randy was with him, and Randy called me to come help him. Art was unable to sit up without our help. He was having trouble breathing and I didn't really know what to do. I told Art that I loved him and he told me that he loved me. Randy told me to call my son, Bob. I did and Bob came right away. Bob told me to call 911. I did and they came. They took his vitals, and then they asked him if he could walk to their stretcher. I am still amazed that Art stood up and walked from his side of the bed down to the bottom of the bed and got on the stretcher.

Because from there they left the bedroom and went into the front foyer and Art left this world before they took him outside. I was outside on our cordless phone. The phone had rung while they were asking Art to stand up and I didn't want to disturb anyone, so I stepped outside. They took Art to the ambulance and worked on him in there. I was in my son's car, waiting to follow the ambulance. Then they told us that his heart had stopped and they had him on the breathing tube and a drip to help the heart and that we should follow them but don't follow too close. When we got to the hospital, we waited in the family room. Finally the doctor came in and told us that they were not able to bring Art back and that he died.

We had the visitation on Tuesday, November 25th and we buried Art on Wednesday the 26th, the day before Thanksgiving. The funeral directors told my step-son that there were around 600 people at the visitation. There were around 275 to 300 at the funeral. Everyone was so kind to us. There were many wonderful things said! There were so many flowers and plants. We donated all the cut flowers to an organization for mentally challenged people. They dry the flowers and make memorial wreaths from them. The plants were taken to my home and when we walked in after the dinner, the house smelled like a green house! I gave plants to the children and grandchildren who wanted them and I still have a house full of plants. There were also gifts of money; all of which I gave to the church building fund.

One of the things Art wanted to do before he died was to see the new church building completed. We were planning on breaking ground this spring; I sure do hope he can see it from heaven!

I'm enclosing a copy of the memorial service bulletin, but I wanted to mention a few things about the people involved.

Rev. Gene Hood was a dear friend who believed in Art so much so that he gave Art his Ministerial credentials.

Rev. Tom Reed, another friend who came as a representative of the I.H.C.

Rev. Mike Morgan, (I'm sure you know) is Art's oldest son.

Rev. Ken Beach is our Pastor and was very close to Art's heart. (Brother Beach was reclaimed as a result of Art's friendship)

William Brown is married to our Granddaughter.

Judy Farris -- is a friend from our church.

Wesley Gray, we recently met and he became an instant friend of Art and me.

Billy Morgan, a son and his wife Vici-Beth signed the song. (she teaches and interprets for the deaf, and Art and I always loved to watch her sign songs as Billy sang.)

Linda Kennedy is a friend from our church. Her song "Drinking From The Saucer" had always made Art shout!

The song "It's real" was the first special Art sang after he was reclaimed, and if you read the words, you know why it's meant so much to him! Art's salvation was real indeed! And this song always remained special to him, he sang it as a special many times.

The song "It Is Well With My Soul" started out as my favorite song, because it was while singing the verse about my sin being nailed to the cross, that I began to weep while God blessed the truth to my heart. This occasion was the first time I'd ever been touched by God in this manner. Art would always nudge me when the congregation sang this song, and he would say "Here's your song, Mama!" Across the years, the song became our song instead of my song. So, it was only appropriate that we sing it.

The song "How Great Thou Art" was a favorite of Art's since the song was first written. He used to talk about the song before he was reclaimed. I searched everywhere for a copy of the song, thinking if I could find one, I would learn to play it and Art would hear it and come back to God. I did finally find a copy and I did learn to play it, but it was after Art was reclaimed. Nevertheless, he always enjoyed hearing me play his song. He sang this song often as a special.

As I mentioned, the song "Drinking From The Saucer" was a recent favorite song. Every time Linda sang it, Art would get so blessed! He would shout and cry!

The scripture Isaiah 40:31 was a favorite of Art's. He quoted this verse countless times. The people in church were always sending him cards with eagles on them. His grandchildren sent

him pictures of eagles; ladies in the church crocheted eagles and gave them to him. There was an eagle engraved on the top of his vault.

Art was in his new black suit. I asked our son, Bob to choose a tie and he chose Art's eagle tie. Our daughters said we must take his cowboy boots and hat, and so we did. They were displayed near the casket. The hat especially became Art's trademark in the quad cities. When Art and I would go out to dinner, sometimes people wouldn't recognize him because he didn't have his hat on.

There were many tributes. Mine is on the back of the bulletin, and Mike's eulogy is the inset to the bulletin. I am enclosing copies of the others. Also, there was a drawer in the casket, where the little grandchildren (and the teens also) put there handwritten messages to Grandpa. There were drawings, colorings, and letters.

The pastor's message was from Isaiah 40:31. Brother Beach said that he would phone you and give you the details of the message. His introduction was about some reasons one might not want to be a Christian and why those reasons are not valid. (I had told him that Art always said he wanted his funeral message to be evangelistic.) Then he took the scripture backwards and talked of Art's walk with God. As a new Christian, he walked and didn't faint. As he grew in the Lord, he ran and wasn't weary. And in his death, he mounted up with wings as eagles and he is soaring through the gates of heaven!

At the close of the service, instead of organ music, a group of our children and grandchildren (around 10 or 12) stood on the platform and sang gospel songs while the people walked by Art's casket and said good-bye. There was a holy presence at my precious husband's funeral!

I am so blessed to have had him the 27 + years of our lives. Art was my spiritual leader as well as my wonderful husband, and I'll always miss him! But I'll never wish him back here because I know he is in heaven! He is in the presence of God! And I know He is having the time of his life!

From the time he called me and told me that the doctor wanted him to check in to the hospital to the moment we buried him, God was there in a mighty way! There are some things I just don't understand, but I know that Art would tell me, "It don't matter!" -- so I am doing my best to not think about those things. I just know that God's perfect will was accomplished! And Art is in heaven where I will join him again one day!

* * * * *

06 -- MEMORIAL OBITUARY BY TRIMBLE FUNERAL HOME

ARTHUR S. MORGAN

Born in Commanche, Oklahoma on Jun. 26, 1926
Died Nov. 23, 2003 and resided in Rock Island, IL.

Visitation: Tuesday Nov. 25, 2003

Service: Wednesday Nov. 26, 2003

Cemetery: Greenview Memorial Gardens

Rock Island, Illinois

Rev. Arthur S. Morgan, 77, of Rock Island, well-known area auto dealer, died Sunday, November 23, 2003, in Trinity Medical Center, Rock Island.

Services are 1 p.m. Wednesday at Trimble Funeral Home, Coal Valley, with Rev. Ken Beach officiating, Burial is in Greenview Memorial Gardens, East Moline. Visitation is 4 to 8 p.m. Tuesday at the funeral home. Memorials may be made to the Building Fund of Bible Holiness Church, Silvis.

Arthur Samuel Morgan was born June 26, 1926, in Commanche, Oklahoma, the son of S. V. and Ruth Morgan. He served in the U. S. Army Infantry during WW II. He married Marion Lynn Novero on April 11, 1976, in Peru, Illinois.

He was well-known as the owner of Kar Mart in Milan, Rock Island, and Moline, and Village Auto Outlet, Milan, and K M Rentals. He was a minister of the gospel in the Church of the Nazarene, the Bible Missionary Church, and the Bible Holiness Church. He was one of the founders of the Bible Holiness Church in Silvis, was an active leader in the church, and was a member of Milan Rotary Club. He lived a life of holiness for the Lord Jesus Christ, his church and his family.

Arthur is survived by his wife, Lynn; ten children and their spouses, Linda and Pat Ward of Ft. Smith, Arkansas, Rev. Michael Morgan of Connersville, Indiana, Tommy and Mary Morgan of Thibodeaux, Louisiana, Vicky and Gary Lovett of Marlow, Oklahoma, Randy and Theresa Morgan of Milan, Debbie and Mike Covington of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Rev. Billy Paul and Vici-Beth Morgan of Duncan, Oklahoma, Tracy Morgan of Ottawa, Illinois, Terri and Ken Weeks of Amarillo, Texas, and Bob and Jill Morgan of Milan; 30 grandchildren; 18 great-grandchildren; and brothers-in-law, Bud Novero of Indianapolis, Indiana, and Bob Novero of Rock Island.

Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at www.TrimbleFuneralHomes.com.

End Of Obituary

* * * * *

07 -- TRIBUTES AND CONDOLENCES

FROM "YOUR SON, BOB" -- There are many things my father is worthy of recognition for in my life. One thing that far exceeds all others was his daily prayer for his children. When I was a teenager at home it would convict me of my rebellious ways. When I became a Christian and was no longer at home, I often would think of how faithful he was to pray for all of his children, name by name. I can still see and hear this big, strong man weep like a baby for those he loved so much. -- With Love, Your Son, Bob

* * *

FROM VICI-BETH -- My father-in-law, Art -- a man of memories... sorrowful of his yesteryears... yet Godly confident in the plans of influence for today! Memories... a strong man, remembered as kneeling at the living room chair, naming each family member by name... the boat rides, the sailor hat, suspenders, loud voice, long discussions... a heart bursting in love.

* * *

FROM BETHANY -- Grandpa, -- Although we never lived close to you, you were always close to my heart. Not only did I have the privilege of meeting once of the greatest men alive but I got to have him for a grandpa. You lived your life for God and that is how I will always know you. This isn't good-bye, it's just a separation until we see you again in heaven. I hope we can sail the seas of heaven together because in my mind I will always see you in your captain's hat. I will love you always and forever. -- Bethany

* * *

FROM LINDSEY -- Grandpa, -- What words can describe such a man? There are too many wonderful traits and characteristics to describe. His infectious laughs, his soft eyes, and his thunderous voice are just a few things I will always remember about him. He was the patriarch of his family and he led his household in the way the Bible described as a Godly home. He may have seemed a little rough around the edges, but this "diamond in the rough" touched lives all around him. I will miss him but I am so thankful that I was able to know my grandfather. He strived to model Christ in all he did, and his family was blessed to know him. -- Lindsey

* * *

FROM TAMMY -- To my Grandpa whom God used long ago to rescue me. I love you. You are the one who taught me that all of life is preparation for this moment. Your investment in me was eternal, and I will one day meet you again in Heaven, where we will spend eternity together rejoicing in the tender mercies of the Lord. -- Love, Tammy

* * *

FROM ONE TREATED LIKE A GRANDSON -- Art, -- You always treated me like a grandson and I'll be forever grateful to you for your kindness. Oh, and you asked me to do something for you -- and I will keep my promise forever--.

* * *

FROM LISA GAFFNEY -- I just wanted to say that I loved my grandpa so much. He was my dad for 6 years and I appreciate him for everything he helped me through and I hope that everyone will be there for my grandma in her time of need! -- Lisa Gaffney, Nov. 26, 2003, Davenport, IA

* * *

FROM THE TOMMY PRUETT FAMILY -- To a beloved family. We are sorry for your loss, but rejoicing in the fact that Art is now shouting the street's of Glory we have had the privilege of calling him friend for many years, as well as him being like a grandfather to our children we will miss him dearly, Our condolences. -- The Tommy Pruett Family, Nov. 26, 2003, Wichita Falls, TX

* * *

FROM REX BULLOCK -- Friend! That's the greatest word I can think of describing Art. To anyone who needed a friend Art always extended a hand. He was a friend to literally scores of preachers. More than one can attribute their survival and success to him. He was a friend to those who were down on their luck. He had known hard times and he had compassion on anyone going through hard times. He was a friend to strangers. In fact, he had never met strangers--the server at the cafe, the person behind the counter, the paper-boy were all his friends. His friendship was genuine--always! He might disagree with you and would tell you so, but in the next moment, with a smile totally covering his face and tears streaming down his cheeks, he would give a bear hug which said, "differences don't mar friendship". From the very first moment I met him, we became fast friends and nothing would ever shake that. Today, my life is immensely better because of the friendship we shared. His love and friendship for me simply reflects the love that the "friend of sinners" gave to Art. He seemed to understand that Jesus looked beyond his faults and saw his need. Art, I don't have any friends to lose. I'm at the point in my life when I desperately need all the friends I can get. For you though, it's not a loss. You've just gone a little way ahead and I'll be coming along before shortly. I hope to get home before dark. You did! At the Big House we'll sit for a long spell and be friends forever. I love you FRIEND! Rex Bullock, Nov. 26, 2003, St. Petersburg, FL

* * *

FROM KIM AND WANDA CHANCE -- Grandma Lynn, -- We are sorry to hear about your loss. You are in our thoughts and prayers. Please call if you need anything. -- The Chance Family, Nov. 25, 2003, Milan, IL

* * *

FROM BRYAN AND JANA CHAFFIN -- You are in our thoughts and prayers. I am quite sure Art is "shouting the glory" with my Dad, Ernie Keener. -- Brian & Jana Chaffin, Nov. 25, 2003 Indianapolis, IN

* * *

FROM KASSANDRA WALTERS -- I knew Art from the auto auction & every week when I gave him his badge he was so sweet. From the reactions of my fellow employees & the other dealers at the news of his passing, I know that he will surely be missed here at the auction. --
Kassandra Waiters, Nov. 25, 2003 Colona, IL

* * *

FROM DONNA GLYNN -- My thoughts and prayers are with you in the coming weeks. We can only take comfort in the fact that he is now with the Lord and we will see him again. I know Art would want something of eternal value to come from his home going. Art was always such a gentleman to deal with at our business. He always had a hello for everyone he saw, and you could tell he was sincere with a love for his family, friends, and the Lord. Thank you for allowing us to share in Art's life. -- Donna Glynn, Nov. 25, 2003, Rock Island, IL

* * *

FROM LAWANDA BULLOCK -- Dearest Mike and family: My prayers are with you especially during these days; that God will surround you with His Presence and Comfort, and strengthen you for the journey. My memories of Art begin with a BIG guy with a BIG smile, a robust laugh and a heart as big as Texas. His heart felt testimony and life was an inspiration to me and scores of others. Earth is poorer but heaven is richer today! I can only imagine the celebration Art is enjoying as he strolls heaven with the Lord and the angels and visits with friends who've gone on before him. And we have that glorious hope of 'seeing him again!' My thoughts and prayers are with you, I send my love and am with you in spirit, -- LaWanda Bullock, Nov. 25, 2003, St. Petersburg, FL

* * *

FROM DORIS KEENER -- God Bless You -- Doris Keener, Nov. 25, 2003, Connersville,
IN

* * *

FROM ROB AND ORLEANAIS SHUTTLESWORTH -- To the Morgan Family: Our deepest sympathy, thoughts and prayers are with all of you during your time of grief. Art was a great spiritual influence to us and we loved him very much. He was humble and very sincere about his love and yearning to serve the lord. We will all miss him very much. -- Robb and Orleanais Shuttlesworth, Nov. 25, 2003, Connersville, IN

* * *

FROM MARK COOK -- I will always remember Art Morgan and hold the memories that I shared with him dear to my heart. Not only was he a joy to be around, but a constant reminder of

the joy that can be found in serving God. I always loved to be in church with Art and to have him in our home as a boy growing up was always a privilege. I will always hold the Morgan family close to my heart. May God bless the family and be close to them. Love and prayers Phl. 1:3 -- Mark Cook, Nov. 25, 2003, Houston, TX

* * *

FROM J. D. & LISA MILLER & SONS -- Art was a great man with a giving heart. He believed in hard work and lived his life as an example. I will always remember him as an individual who held loosely to the things of life as he looked to eternity. Our thoughts and prayers are with the family in this time of sorrow. -- J. D. & Lisa Miller & Sons, Nov. 25, 2003
Connersville, IN

* * *

FROM BOB HERATH -- My heart goes out to you at the loss of your beloved and my friend and fellow Rotarian, Art. I rejoice with you that he graduated and is with the Lord Jesus now. I am leaving for California today and will miss the funeral. Know that you are in my prayers, and I pray that the Lord will wrap His arms of love about each one of you. In His Love, Dr. Bob Herath, Nov. 25, 2003, Milan, IL

* * *

FROM KEREN CEDER -- I'm the receptionist at the Quad City Auto Auction where Art attended weekly. He always had time to stop and chat a bit as we exchanged our greetings. I will miss his friendly "Hello." Nothing anyone can say or do will change things, but knowing others care may help ease the pain. My thoughts and prayers are with you. -- Karen Ceder, Nov. 25, 2003, Moline, IL

* * *

FROM RICHARD QUIGG -- To Art's Family: I enjoyed sharing weekly lunch's with Art at our Milan Rotary Club. Art did such a nice job giving the blessing at our meetings. I will miss him a lot. My prayers are with you all. I hope to get to visitation today. -- Richard Quigg, Nov. 25, 2003, Milan, IL

* * *

FROM CAROL (SCOTT) JENKINS -- Our thoughts and prayers are with you in this time. May the knowledge of where Art is be a comfort to all of you. Billy and Vicki-Beth, we have fond memories of last summer's reunion. Keep the faith! -- Bruce and Carol Jenkins, Nov. 24, 2003, Greenwood, DE

* * *

FROM DEBRA (CAMPBELL) WOLF -- To The Morgan Family: I remember Art Morgan because he was a dynamic Christian man. I used to attend the Milan Church where he and his wife attended and they were such an inspiration to me. I know that all those he touched will miss him. -- Debbie (Campbell) Wolf, Nov. 24, 2003, Grand Prairie, TX

* * *

FROM BOB AND LINDA BEDFORD -- Art was a wonderful friend of our family and he will be missed greatly. Our prayers will be with the family during this difficult time. -- Bob & Linda Bedford, Nov. 24, 2003, St. Petersburg, FL

* * *

FROM JODY AND BECKY PRUETT -- I remember the first Thanksgiving I spent away from home. I was an 18-year-old BMI student. Art and his family opened their home to my wife and I. (She was my girlfriend at the time.) We also shared that Thanksgiving with the Steve Robinson and Ken Wize families. Precious memories. All of our love to Lynn and the rest of the family. -- Jody & Becky Pruett, Nov. 24, 2003, Wichita Falls, TX

* * *

FROM DEBBIE AND TONY RUTLEDGE -- Our condolences go out to all of you today. To wake up and see Art had gone home yesterday was a shock to me. Seeing Art and Bob at the auctions every week was a usual occurrence. Never once did Art pass me by without speaking. We have been going to the same auctions for years. I know for sure he is with the Lord today, and I also know: Christians never say good-bye to each other for the last time. Our prayers and thoughts are with you. -- Debbie and Tony Rutledge, Nov. 24, 2003, Bettendorf, IA

* * *

FROM BOB & MARGARET MEYER -- Dear Lynn, -- I just got an e-mail from our cousin Margie, that informed us that your husband Art has passed away. We are so sorry to hear that. We didn't know he was sick. I was on the computer one day last week and saw where you or someone was on your computer and I tried to instant message you but got no response, so I thought maybe it was one of your grand children who didn't know who poncho was. I was going to thank you for the Christmas card. I know this is going to be a hard time for you now, but you have wonderful children and grandchildren and lots of family and friends to help you through it. Wish we too could be there for you, but you know you'll be in our prayers. Write to us when you can. -- We love you. -- Bob and Margaret.

* * *

FROM LYNN'S COUSIN, JANET -- Lynn, -- I just received word about Art passing. I'm so very sorry. I know how difficult it can be when you lose a loved one. I know he has gone home and that he is happy, so just remember that. My heart goes out to you. -- With love, Your cousin Janet

* * * * *

08 -- A COPY OF A NOTE TO ART FOR FATHER'S DAY
(It's An Example Of Art's Loving Ways)

6-20-2002

Dear Art,

This was originally going to be just a short note but after trying to put it down in just a few lines it seem so empty and I knew I would have to go into more detail. This letter is my pathetic attempt to tell you once more how very dear you are to my life and me. Yes, you and Lynn did influence my life so much. Not only did you probably change the course of my life by bringing me in your home and helping me finish high school, you were a great living example that although circumstances and people are less than perfect that Jesus cares and He will always love us.

My little son, Drew, who is now 4 years old, is very fond of Jesus. About three months ago he asked me how we get Jesus to live with us always. So I had the incredible experience of telling him how to ask Jesus into his heart. Right there in his little bedroom he wanted Jesus in his heart. But at the same time I wanted him to know that although Jesus lives in his heart he will still have hard days. When he comes to those days he could always ask for forgiveness knowing Jesus will always love him.

Today Drew and I have the privilege of listening to southern gospel music on the radio. He loves it! So see you have not only helped pass on the heritage of loving Jesus but your love of gospel music.

Art, I just wanted you and Lynn to know that I can never tell you enough what a wonderful impact you were in my spiritual walk. I am so thankful for your steady and faithful influence. Knowing that you have not changed your mind about Jesus is what I love and appreciate about you. May you continue to be an encouragement and light to the misplaced and lost souls.

God Bless You,
Love, Sarah

* * * * *

09 -- THE IMPACT OF ART MORGAN ON MY LIFE -- BY DUANE V. MAXEY

[The following is taken from hdm0888, "Illustrative Sketches From My Life" by Duane V. Maxey.

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

"Where are you going," mother asked.

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

Enter, Art Morgan With His Powerful Zeal And Faith

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

Art was all ablaze for God! -- out of jail, into the ministry, and was pastoring the Alliance, Nebraska Church of the Nazarene, a short distance from Scottsbluff. He had a contagious zeal and faith that knew no bounds, and along with a few adults, he had gathered a bunch of zealous young people into the Kingdom. They were having a revival, and I thought that maybe Art, with his

amazing zeal and faith, could help me. So, I decided that I would go up and visit that revival for a while before possibly going on to parts unknown. With my things packed, I headed for Alliance in my little Ford.

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

A night or two later, I hit the altar. Art and his zealous young people gathered around me, and Oh, how they prayed! as they assured me that God was there to save me. Dear old Sister Howchins, a black Mother in Israel, was sitting up at or near the front. Art and the young people prayed, while drooped over the altar, I tried to pray, and Sister Howchins would say, "Look up, son, Jesus is up! Look up!"

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

"I guess so," I replied.

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

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

But Art urged me even further.

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

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

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

That night, I was given a place to sleep in the basement of the Alliance Church of the Nazarene. I went there with that same thought: "I don't know I am saved. I don't want to take upon

myself the obligations of living a Christian life without really knowing I am saved. Tomorrow, maybe I'll just leave." Soon, however, I heard from heaven on that subject.

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

* * *

The Blessed Transformation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And the Spirit entered into me when He spake unto me," -- washing all down through me with the washing of regeneration, and with sweet and delectable inward joy, I KNEW, THAT I KNEW, THAT I KNEW! that Jesus saved me!! No need to wonder about it now! I knew it! And, Oh! what I felt as the washing of regeneration swept through and into my soul. I got up off the bed and paced the floor, marveling at what I had just heard. The living Christ had actually spoken to me -- to ME! How amazing! How Wonderful! He spoke to me! He washed me, and let me know that I was God's child! My childhood experience nearly 12 years earlier as a boy of 7 had been real, and sweet, but it paled in comparison with the marvelous glory that moved into my soul that night during the Spring of 1956 in Alliance, Nebraska!

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

[Had it not been for the zeal and grace of God in Art Morgan impacting my life, the miraculous spiritual transformation just related might not have occurred at that time. -- DVM]

* * * * *

10 -- WHY CHRISTMAS OF 1953 WAS SPECIAL TO ART MORGAN

From: hdm0700.txt, "I. Parker Maxey, More Than a Brother to Me,"

By Duane V. Maxey

[My brother, I. Parker Maxey, was instrumental in the marvelous conversion of Arthur Morgan on Christmas Day, 1953. Here is Art Morgan's tribute to my brother after Parker's sudden home-going on May 12, 1998. -- DVM]

Now it's Friday and many tributes have been given. I will not attempt to add to them, but I will read to you this letter to "my old friend".

My Dear Friend,

I remember when our friendship first began. My mind went back to Scottsbluff, Nebraska. You know, that was over 44 years ago. You didn't have much to work with when God placed me in your care. Just a 27-year-old drunk and on my way to hell.

Christmas Day, 1953, marked the change in my life. God gloriously saved me and placed me in your charge. You never seemed to weary of the many nights to come when I got you out of

bed. I needed help. My old habits had been beating on my door. The devil fought hard. We prayed harder. You always said, "You're going to make it, Art". God always came through as I learned to pray.

I remember soon after, when polio struck two of my children. I was devastated. You were undaunted. Prayer warriors around the state of Nebraska were called. God healed my children.

I had a call to preach. I studied hard. When the time came for me to deliver my first message, I just knew I was ready. It lasted a long seven minutes. I was sure I had misunderstood my calling, but you said I had done just fine.

After six and a half years, I was careless and became a cast-away. I'm sure I hurt you and Edith and also many others; for this I am sorry. You never gave up on me!

After 23 years this prodigal came back home and was forgiven. This homecoming would never have taken place if again, you and Burney Loftin had not made that trip in 1971 to the hospital where I lay dying. You two again, went down on your knees and reminded the Blessed Jesus that I was not ready to meet Him. He gave me time. Eleven years later, sweet victory again. Thank God and many others who were faithful in prayer for me.

These last fifteen years have been full and wonderful. You and I have been able to share much with each other, pray together, and worship together.

Well, old friend, its time to go. Tell my mom and dad that I'll be along in due time.

Today is Friday but Sunday is Coming!

Your Dear Friend,
Art Morgan

* * * * *

IN CONCLUSION

Today, Art is re-united with his dear friend, Parker Maxey, and many others of his friends and loved ones who preceded him into the Glorious Presence of Christ! Were he to be able to voice his invitation now from heaven to those whose lives he has impacted for Christ, I am sure that it would echo the sentiments of Revelation 22:17 -- "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Thank You, Art, for your impact for Christ on so many in this world -- including that impact upon my own life. And, THANKS BE UNTO CHRIST for manifesting His Grace and Love through Arthur Samuel Morgan. -- Duane V. Maxey, Tucson, Arizona, January 25, 2004

* * * * *

THE END