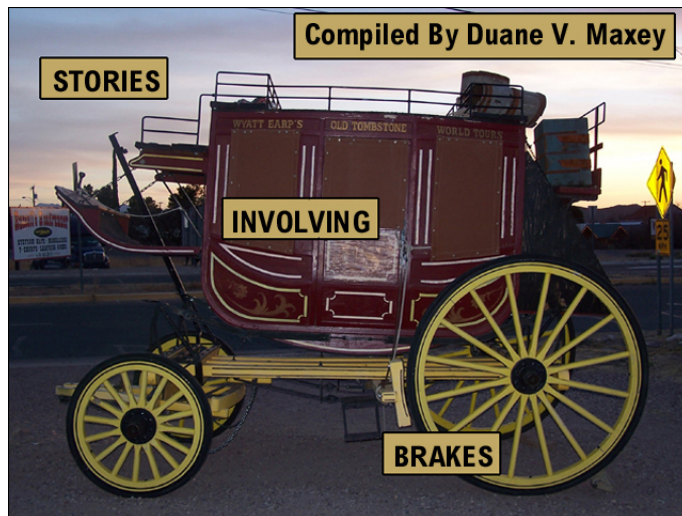


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STORIES INVOLVING BRAKES

Compiled and Edited By Duane V. Maxey



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INTRODUCTION

The stories in this compilation involve mechanical brakes, including brakes on horse-drawn rigs, brakes on automobiles, brakes on railroad trains, brakes on an airplane, and the brake on a mill. Also, you will find stories in the compilation that speak of brakes figuratively. There is a variety of settings in these brake-stories, most of them speaking of serious matters and several of them telling of tragedies, but I have begun the compilation with a story that is quite amusing. I hope every reader who takes time to peruse this file will find it to be both interesting and useful. -- Duane V. Maxey, January 27, 2008, Surprise, Arizona.

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01 -- HAND OVER THE WALLET!

From (hdm1874) 2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (J-Topics) -- Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

John was driving home late one night when he picked up a hitchhiker. As they rode along, he began to be suspicious of his passenger. John checked to see if his wallet was safe in the pocket of his coat that was on the seat between them, but it wasn't there! So he slammed on the brakes, ordered the hitchhiker out, and said, "Hand over the wallet immediately!" The frightened hitchhiker handed over a billfold, and John drove off. When he arrived home, he started to tell his wife about the experience, but she interrupted him, saying, "Before I forget, John, do you know

that you left your wallet at home this morning?" The scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' day were quick to judge others while not recognizing faults far worse in their own lives. Jesus rebuked them for seeing a speck in another man's eye while they had a plank blocking their own vision.

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02 -- THE WRONG DEMAND

From (hdm1886) 2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (W-Topics) -- Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

Family vacations are wonderful times, but they do have their tedious moments.

Dad, Mom, and the two boys were about 200 miles into their trip, when Dad had enough! "Ever since we left home," he said, "you boys have been picking on each other, yelling names and tearing up the back seat of the car. I am putting an end to this now!" He slammed on the brakes, pulled the car off to the side of the road, jerked his sons out and spanked them both soundly. "I don't want to hear one word out of either of you for 30 minutes," he shouted, "not one word!" The two boys sat still and quiet for at least 30 minutes until the youngest one meekly said, "Daddy, do you remember when you spanked me? Well, one of my shoes came off. . .!"

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03 -- I CAN'T FIND THE BRAKE!

From (hdm2318) Culpepper Sermons -- By John B. Culpepper, and O. B. Culpepper

Many years ago I came across the story of a California stage-driver, who lay serious and dying of fever. It was about the middle of the day. His wife observed 'him put his foot out from under the cover and feel all about, then put it back, while confusion deepened upon his pallid face. After a few moments he put it out again, let it lower down and felt further around, then, with growing sorrow punctuating his brow, he took his foot in. He turned restlessly about, then put his foot out the third time and made a deeper and longer search for something. His wife went to him and said, "My precious husband, what is the matter?" I will leave you to decide whether he was in his right mind or not when you hear his answer. He said, "O, wife, you know I have been driving over these mountains for years. But tonight I am on a strange road, and wife, I am driving four of the blackest, wildest, most unmanageable horses I ever saw, or pulled a line over; and wife, it is the blackest night I ever drove through; and wife, that is the blackest cloud coming yonder (rising and, with horror on his face, peering about him) I ever saw; and wife, since

God made me, I never heard such thunder or saw such keen, blazing lightning; and wife, with each blinding flash, I see that I am dashing along right on the edge of a precipice, which looks like it must be thousands of feet deep and wide, while that thunder peals with deafening roar and that burning lightning hues its long shafts of fire, and while that boiling black cloud looms up, these wild, black horses rear and plunge -- and wife, the worse of it all is -- I can't find the brake." Here he nervously put his foot out again, and said, "O, wife, do come add help me get my foot on the brake before these horses dash me to pieces." Poor man! The time had been when that devoted wife could have helped him tame those wild horses of Hell; the time was when she could have helped him to the brake, through prayer and faith -- but now -- now -- now it is too late. The cloud of God's wrath is boiling up; the flash of His resentful eye is upon him; the fiat of His voice is heard; the gaping precipice of eternity yawns at his feet. God has come and the poor California stageman is gone - - prepared or unprepared. So it will be with you. Get ready.

* * * * *

04 -- LOST CONTROL

From (hdm0564) Mastering Our Midnights -- By Russell V. DeLong

One of the most frightening, helpless experiences one can have is to be driving a car and suddenly to realize that you have lost control. You have your hands on the steering wheel but you cannot steer. You put your foot on the brake but you cannot stop. The automobile is out of control. It is free from your guidance. You now have to trust to nonhuman factors, hoping the crash will not be fatal.

It is a terrible moment -- that instant when I know that the direction of the car and the lives in the car are no longer in my hands. I have lost control. From here on the machine is at the mercy of other forces. I sit back, helpless, and wait for the consequences. I can do nothing about it. It is out of my hands. Whether these other powers will bring the car to safety or disaster I do not know; but, worse, I cannot determine. I had control but I lost it. Some other power took over -- I merely await results. Gravitation, velocity, winds, trees, stones, precipices, bridges, fences, other cars and trucks, telephone poles may play their part in wrecking or saving my car, killing or sparing my life. Impersonal forces now take over. I am their prisoner and victim. I no longer call the signals. I have lost my grip; the controls are no longer mine.

But -- I am responsible for this horrifying situation.

Lost control may be due to mechanical difficulties; I should have had them checked.

Lost control may be due to excessive speed; I should have slowed down.

Lost control may be due to carelessness; I should have been more attentive.

Lost control may be due to foolhardiness; I should have been more cautious.

Lost control may be due to drunkenness; I should have remained sober.

Lost control may be due to boisterous, wild companions; I should have warned them.

But, no matter what may be the cause of my lack of control, I am now helpless. I can do nothing -- nothing but wait for the consequences of my careless acts.

The car is now swerving, bouncing, careening on two wheels -- no personal control, only the fate impersonal things may have for me. If I'm lucky, I may escape. If not, I have killed myself. In reality, I'm a suicide because I had control and lost it.

Such a situation as described is bad and tragic. It has to do only with material machines and human bodies.

More horrifying and more alarming is the fact that many persons have lost control of their lives. They are careening through life, bringing destruction to others, and finally will commit spiritual suicide and be lost forever. The end -- the wreck -- is only a matter of time. They are out of control, they have lost their grip. Their will is no longer at the wheel; something else pulls the stick. Their chart and compass and rudder are determined by other forces.

The serious, sobering question of this sermon is this: What controls you?

Temper? Have you given way so often to outbursts of passion that you now fly off and do irrational things without intelligent control?

Habit? Have you so permitted yourself to follow certain courses of activity that now you have lost the ability to change?

For years you have imbibed alcohol until now your body cells are so drenched you no longer control the intake -- alcohol controls you. Is it true that nicotine has so saturated your body chemistry that you can no longer call the signals -- nicotine signals the call?

Have narcotics so debauched you that they are in control and you are just an obedient servant? Are you a slave of habit? Do alcohol, nicotine, and dope control you or do you control them?

Possibly it is neither temper nor habit that controls you. Maybe it is the gang. You do what they want. They call the tune and you dance to it -- and then pay the

fiddler. Do you control the activities of your clique or group or gang, or do they control you?

Does your love for money or for pleasure or for position or for power or for social approval cause you to be controlled by them, or do you control them?

Have you decided where you are going on the highways of life? Do you have an objective and goal? Are you heading that way? Do you have your hand on the wheel, your eye on the road, and your mind on the objective; or have you lost control of your personal soul and are being shoved, pushed, by bad habits, evil pals, sinful desires until it is only a matter of time until you crack up? Lost control!

At the bottom of all moral and spiritual wrecks is sin. There are no moral accidents. All spiritual tragedies are the result of personal, willful choices. One gives himself to sinful practices and continues such until his habits, his inner nature, his evil companions take him over, body and soul -- lost control.

And when one loses control he then tries to make up in speed what he lacks in direction. He will compensate by speed for what he loses in purpose. So he goes twice as fast toward nowhere and crashes fatally. His motto is, "Go faster -- eat more, drink deeper, for tomorrow we die."

Yes, but what about the day after tomorrow -- the Judgment?

There is only one way to regain control of your life -- turn it over humbly to Christ. He will break the fetters of sin. He will snap the chains of sinful habit. He will cleanse from carnal desires. He will bring back to your life purpose and objective and meaning. He will adjust your rudder, release your steering wheel, and give you a road map, a chart, and a compass.

And in addition, He himself will be your constant personal Guide.

An ocean liner was crossing the Atlantic. A terrific storm struck. The lightnings flashed, thunders roared, winds blew. The ship climbed the mountainous waves and plunged to the watery depths. It seemed that the vessel would break in two or sink. Everyone was frightened -- that is, everyone except one little girl who sat rocking her doll and singing.

Someone asked, "Little girl, aren't you scared?"

She replied, "No. My father is captain of this ship. His hand is on the wheel. All is well."

Listen, friend. If you have lost control, let Christ, the great Pilot, become your Pilot. Thus you can gain control here and hear God say, "Well done," hereafter.

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05 -- OH NO! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE THE REINS

From (hdm2036) -- The Lure Of Divine Love -- By Kathryn E. Helm

An incident out of the past well illustrates taking the reins in our own hands. We were living out on the frontier, forty miles from the nearest hamlet. There was a fair mountain road, but husband conceived the possibility of driving over the mountain side along the Rock Creek Canyon, so as to visit an old friend who lived over there.

He was well acquainted with the whole country, from riding after stock. But he found it to be a most hazardous undertaking by vehicle. There was a long stretch on that mountain trail so steep and sideling that it seemed that the whole outfit would roll down the mountain side. (It was only a merciful providence that prevented it.) There was no way back, there was no way even to stop, there was nothing to do but to keep going. The horses did nobly, the brake held and worked fine, but the hind wheels would slide, and the upper-side wheels would be off the ground at times. And that great canyon lay in purple shadows a mile or more below.

It was a frightful situation. Husband's face was white as death, and I clasped my babe to my bosom with a fluttering heart. Husband was an expert horseman, and I had the utmost confidence in him as a driver, and very little in myself; and yet at two different times I involuntarily reached out, with that feeling as if I must take the reins from his hands, but it would have been sure destruction if I had. There were no words exchanged, but after we had passed the extreme danger he silently handed the reins over for me to take and to do the driving; and I recall even now how I felt as I drew back, saying, "Oh, no, no, no! I don't want to take the reins."

I never forgot the realization I had of the frightful consequences, if I had taken the reins into my own hands on that dangerous mountain side with that great rock-ridged canyon far below.

Many times when I have been tempted to take things into my own hands and realized that I had the power of choice and that I could take things into my own hands if I wanted to do so, that incident has been brought to my mind, and I have felt to say to the Lord, as I did to husband, "Oh, no. no! I do not want to take the reins in my own hands." And had I done so, a deeper abyss than Rock Creek Canyon would have been my doom. The temptation to independently manage ourselves doesn't stop with our own affairs, but extends to managing others as well, and it follows us into the sanctified life, and seems unending, and no doubt will follow us to the end of our probationary state.

There are fine points and perplexities right here. There is a vast difference between reliance upon God, and relying upon ourselves; a soul attitude not easy to

put into words, or to differentiate. When you first conclude to move out independently on some line, there is often a pleasing exuberance as that of a little child with a promise of some new pleasure, a sweetness that is not of God, yet sometimes falsely called the blessing of the Lord. But it is transitory, evanescent; and we are soon questioning, uncertain, and fearful of results, though we had asked the Lord to help us, but we had asked amiss. (James 4:3.)

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06 -- UNEXPECTED AFTER RELEASING THE BRAKE

From (hdm0526) From The Prairie Schooner To A City Flat -- By C. B. Jernigan

There was a little village called "Hog Eye" about two miles from my home, located on the Jefferson and Sherman road. This village was composed of a general store, blacksmith shop, meeting house for church and school combined, a graveyard and a big ox mill and cotton gin combined. This ox mill had for motive power a big incline wheel, forty feet across, on which a dozen or more heavy oxen were driven and tied. Their weight on one side caused the wheel to turn and this ran the machinery of the mill. This mill was run by old man Jim Terry, a typical Westerner. It was soon discovered that wheat could be grown here, and my father planted a few acres for the making of his family flour. He cut it with the old-fashioned cradle by hand, and threshed it out with a flail on wagon sheets. The first turn of wheat I carried to the big ox mill, which had not been run since it was built, and mine was the first grinding. The oxen were driven on the wheel, the wheat placed in the hopper and the brake released and the mill started to turn, when lo! there was the most sickening odor that one ever smelled. It grew worse and worse as the mill ground on. Soon it became unbearable when the mill was stopped, and on examination we discovered that a skunk had made a nest or bed in the bolting mechanism of the mill and had been killed by the revolutions of the mill. All of this right in my first turn of flour. There was an old skunk and four kittens all dead in my flour. My but I was heartbroken, for I knew that we would have to eat corn bread a while longer.

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07 -- WHEN THE DOWN-BRAKES WEREN'T APPLIED

From (hdm0409) Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons -- As Delivered By Sam P. Jones

I believe it was on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad that some months ago a passenger engineer pulled his great long passenger train of thirteen cars, seven passenger coaches and four sleepers, heavily up a steep grade, until he reached a tunnel. When he ran out of the tunnel he pulled out his watch and saw that he was

an hour behind time. He had thirteen miles of down-grade, to the river, and he shoved his lever forward and pulled his throttle open, and that engine commenced to roll and thunder down that grade until she reached a speed of sixty miles an hour. Down that grade, and on and on she rolled, with every pound of steam thrown against her piston-heads, until she rolled within a mile of the bridge across the river. When he reached that point he shut the steam off, and turned the lever of the air brakes, but they were out of fix. He instantly awoke to a consciousness of his peril, and said: "I am within a mile of the river, with a speed of sixty-seven miles an hour, and my air-brakes out of fix." Then he reached out and caught his whistle-lever and whistled a fearful blast, that called for "down-brakes." The brakeman ran to the car door and stood there. The car was jumping and pitching and tossing, and the brakeman said: "It is certain death for me to walk out on that platform to those brakes." The engineer felt his train rolling on with an increased impulse, and he reached out again and caught hold of the whistle-lever, and again with fearful blast called for "down-brakes." And the captain, the conductor, ran up to the rear end of the car where the brakeman stood, and said: "Go out and put on those brakes. Don't you see that we are near the bridge? The engineer has whistled for down-brakes." The brakeman said: "Captain, we can not go out on that platform. It is certain death to go out there. We can not stand here in the car." And on and on the train rolled and soon swept onto the bridge. The first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh cars rolled onto the bridges, but the first sleeper swung too far out to the left and struck the bridge, and the four sleepers were hurled into the river below and swept into eternity. What was the matter? The brakes would not work, that is all. And I tell you here tonight, in St. Louis there are 10,000, 20,000 men that have pulled to the top of the grade and have started down and down, and on and on they roll today, and every brake on their nature gone forever.

There are men, perhaps, listening to me tonight who will never stop cursing, who will never stop drinking. You will die with an oath on your lips. God pity the man that has reached that point when he has said, "I can not quit! I can not quit" It would seem that God had stricken such poor wretches with judicial impotency. Oh, my friend, tonight let us put the brakes on our nature and say, "I will quit! I will quit! I will drink no more! I have drunk my last drop. I have sworn my last oath." Let you and I settle that once and forever, and say, "God being my judge I will quit tonight" You have no more time to throw away. You need not catch up any more momentum. No, the momentum some of you have will run you on and on until you make the final leap and you are gone forever. Your appetite for whisky could not be any stronger. The appetite of your lustful nature is such that you are debauched from head to foot now. On and on men go until they awake to a realization of their doom and say: "I am rolling on with a momentum that frightens me. Every brake is removed from my machine. I am doomed, and I am certain I will be damned at last"

* * * * *

From (hdm0667) Before And After Pentecost -- By Leo L. Lawrence

[This story tells how L. L. Lawrence discovered he was "yet carnal" after he was born again.]

Very well do I remember about six weeks after my conversion, when I was born into the family of God. There came a very unexpected test. I was moving and had a load of furniture on the wagon; at this time I was going down a steep hill. The brake did not seem to want to hold; my team began to try to outrun the wagon -- all were going entirely too fast. But, all of a sudden the front wheels of the wagon hit a ditch, which had been washed out across the road. This gave the wheels quite a twist and broke the tongue out of the wagon. The next thing I knew I was sitting out on the end of a broken wagon tongue in the middle of the road, with the team going on. About the time I hit the ground I said something I never dreamed I would say again. I am sure of one thing -- it was not premeditated. The first thing that I was conscious of was that I was crying and wondering why I said it. Then the next thing I thought of, I was pleading with God to forgive me, and praise God, He did. I did not understand the depths of my nature. I thought nothing like that would ever happen again.

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09 -- TRUST IN HIS BRAKES WAS INEFFECTIVE

From (hdm2649) Holiness In Everyday Life -- By Dr. George L. Lyons

Trust. What is it that makes trust or faith or belief valuable? Protestants agree that we are justified by faith. But are we really? Is it faith in faith that saves us? Certainly not. It is faith in God.

When my wife and I first moved to Kankakee, Ill., to begin teaching at Olivet, we owned two old cars. One morning I hopped into one of them to go somewhere. As I came to the stop sign at the end of our block, I depressed the brake pedal. It went unusually easily to the floor, while the car rolled on through the intersection. Fortunately, no one was coming. My trust in the effectiveness of my brakes was of no avail, because the master cylinder had failed, and all the brake fluid lay in a puddle on the street where the car had been parked.

Imagine the fate of a man who awakens in the night with a splitting headache. He gropes in the dark for the aspirin bottle but finds a bottle of roach tablets instead. His faith that his headache will be cured is unfounded. They might inscribe on his tombstone, "He died in faith." Such groundless trust is not saving, it's disastrous.

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10 -- WHEN THE PEDAL TO THE METAL IS THE BRAKE

From (hdm2214) As I See It -- By Duane V. Maxey

[Part of a Series of Occurrences when "It Is Time To Jump To A Conclusion"]

IT IS TIME TO JUMP TO A CONCLUSION -- when you put the pedal to the metal, and it is the brake! 2 Peter 2:14 speaks of those who "cannot cease from sin." Like Jehu the son of Nimshi, who drove "furiously" (2 Kings 9:20), the world has "the pedal to the medal" in its mad dash for sinful pleasure. The name of Jehu's father, "Nimshi," is interesting:-- according to Strong's it means, "Extricated". A past generation in our nation and in our world considered themselves "extricated" from all of the moral taboos of the antiquated, old Judeo-Christian ethic, and now their "Jehu" offspring are pell-mell on their way to hell, faster and faster -- thinking themselves to be "free" from all restraints, moral, political, and even legal!

Many a wild, lust-indulging Jehu in today's world, has had the gas pedal to the metal while furiously speeding down the back slope of sin's highway -- all the while thinking: "I can stop any time I want to" -- only to discover when they hit the brake, that it too went to the metal! -- and they were unable to stop! In this case, I should not say, "It is time to jump to a conclusion," for it is then past time to have reached the conclusion that the fast propulsion down the backside of sin's slope would likely bring the time when one could not stop. When a driver on a down-hill grade traveling at a fast speed hits the brake and the pedal goes to the metal, he certainly will "jump to the conclusion" that he is in grave peril -- but he may have jumped to that conclusion too late.

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11 -- A HORRIBLE REALIZATION AS HE HELD THE BRAKE

From (hdm1558) He Walks With Me In Overalls -- By W. L. Boone

"... as I held the brakes on the old tractor a farmer lent us to pull them out.. a horrible realization hit me like the proverbial ton of bricks!"

The Crosswise Church

We spent three exciting years pastoring in the Grandview, Washington Wesleyan Church from 1958-1961. The small community was a farming one located in the Lower Yakima Valley. Both the congregation and the sanctuary were very small, but both Deloris and I, independently, were led while praying that God wanted us there. I must tell you about that. The entire purpose of this book is to show how our wonderful God involves Himself in the lives of very ordinary Christians who are fully committed to Him.

We were very young and inexperienced pastors right out of ministerial training and were pastoring one of the strongest congregations of our District in Weippe, Idaho (that is pronounced WEE'-IP). Somehow, this didn't seem right to either of us as older, more experienced pastors were serving smaller churches on smaller salaries. As already mentioned, God had spoken to both of us, while in independent prayer and at different times, not only that we should not stay and pastor in Weippe, but that He wanted us in Grandview.

When I mentioned my impressions to Deloris, she told me that God had spoken to her some day's ago but that she had said nothing about it to me as we had only been at the present church a year and also because I was the pastor. God has worked in this way in our lives -- sort of a check and balance system between us. God doesn't leave loose ends. If He is in a matter, it will all come together in time. When He works on one end, He is working on the other. This is a good reference point when seeking God's will in matters.

We followed this pattern down to the wire, agreeing to say nothing to our District Superintendent, I. G. Canary, about where we felt that we should pastor -- only that we would not continue to serve in Weippe. He asked us if we were felt led to any particular church, and we rather naively told him that if God could show us, then He could show him. Upon reflection, that was a bit unfair to our D.S., but we were sincere and he knew it.

I shall always remember his first words as he came down the next morning from the upstairs bedroom. "The Lord wants you in Grandview, doesn't He?", he said. When we assented, he replied with an even voice that they had already called another pastor. You can imagine how deeply that threatened our confidence in what we understood was God's clear leadership.

Deloris has always exhibited more patience in these matters than I, and she immediately adopted a "wait and see" attitude while I was fretting about how we could have got our signals from God all balled up. The next few days were very anxious and confusing ones to me and I spent much time in prayer trying to discover where to go from here. Did we err in the perception that we should leave the Weippe church? Were both of us mistaken about our leadings that we should be in Grandview?

A ring of the telephone a few days later calmed all of our fears as Brother Canary told us that the other man didn't accept the Grandview church's call and that they had extended a call to us to be their pastors. I don't know about you, dear Readers, but waiting on the Lord has been one of the hardest aspects of following Him for me. It shouldn't be, for His "track record", so to speak, with us has been one hundred percent! God has always come through with His promises to us. He has never once let us down, even though the timing -- that is, when we thought that it ought to happen -- has seldom met our schedules. Just about the time that we get

mature enough and smart enough to leave the timing to God, it's time to fold our tents and go to heaven! Big deal! I wonder how the Lord puts up with us?

Many great and wonderful answers to prayer occurred while we pastored in Grandview -- healings, revivals, new people saved and increased attendances -- but the one meeting with God that I must relate arises from the construction of a new basement under the church building! Our small, growing congregation was in desperate need of Sunday school rooms, as there were only three at the back of the tiny thirty foot by forty foot building. Can you imagine a sanctuary only 30' by 300' including the platform? We once had a hundred thirty-five people in it for one Bible college concert, and the choir had to march into and out of the building before, after and at intermission time because there was no room for them to be seated.

To shorten this story, it was decided that we would build a basement and the first order of business was to excavate the ground from under the church. This would cost nothing but sore backs and blisters, as every yard was removed by shovels. God sent a retarded Pentecostal brother who could hardly talk, but he had a strong back and a constant smile and he knew how to throw dirt. We only had two men who were regular attenders in our tiny group, and as they both worked through the day, they could help little. I found out much later that one of the brothers wasn't even expecting the basement to be built. After we had the walls up and the building reset on the new basement foundation, he dropped by (for the very first time) looked pleased and said, "Well, we are going to have a new basement, aren't we?"

Don't be too hard on this Brother's unbelief. This was the "umpteenth" time that this church had talked and planned and decided to build a basement! They had approved plans and taken offerings only to have the plans scrapped and the money spent on more pressing present needs. So, my disappointment in my brother's remark was short lived.

Bear in mind that I had never so much as constructed a dog house before this time. All that I had to offer this project was a very strong body and unbounded aggressiveness. No, I take that back. God gave me one other very beneficial gift. I am an inveterate question-asker -- to this day. God gave me a questing mind and I love to learn from anyone and everyone. I really needed this special gift at this time.

Along with digging dirt from under the building, I began asking around the town about how to put a basement under an existing building. I received much advice and had to go about determining what was good and what wasn't. Ultimately, the Lord brought into the orb of my questioning two fine building contractors -- one a Nazarene and the other a Methodist. Both men graciously offered to help this obviously very green, young pastor who had more zeal than knowledge. They both offered to help me in any way that they could, and they were as good as their word. I literally called the Methodist man day after day, especially at first. He told me that I would have to knock some holes into the existing foundation to have a base for the building jacks, and then lift the building off from the old foundation, place four

"cribs" under the floor joists, let the building back down on the cribs and then remove the old foundation. Sounded easy. Something to do each day before breakfast for exercise. That was a tall order for such an inexperienced person, and I look back now and wonder how in the world I ever thought that I could do such a thing! The confidence and enthusiasm of youth is truly heartening, isn't it?

My first question was, 'What is a crib and what do I use for them?' I learned that a crib, or cribbing, is simply crisscrossed timbers, two one way and then two placed the opposite way on top of the first two until they rise under the building to form temporary supports. Four would be adequate, I was told, for this size of a building, placed in each corner far enough away so that the new footings and walls could be constructed after the dirt was all removed. In answer to my question about where I could get these cribbing timbers, my Methodist friend told me that he was tearing up an old railroad spur, and that if I were up to manhandling those old railroad ties, they would be the very best cribs you could get and I could have as many as I wanted. All I had to do is get them to the church, under the church, and then, when we were through with them, bring them to a location that he would designate. I was able to horse those railroad ties into place and came up with the finest cribbing you could get.

Then my Nazarene brother told how to place the building jacks that he loaned me under the joist stringers and lift the building a little at a time -one or two notches on each jack -- so that the building would lift evenly. Once the church was free standing a foot or so off from the old foundation, the cribbing was built up tight under the stringers and the building allowed to rest on the four cribs.

To a very young, inexperienced person such as I, this entire process was considerably unnerving. Every time upward pressure was exerted in the raising process, and every time that it was reversed in the eventual lowering, fearful cracking and popping sounds came from every disturbed joint as the nailed studs, rafters, joists and sheeting were resurrected to life after twenty-five years of inertia. It seemed to me to be reminiscent of Samuel's odd query to Saul in I Samuel 28:15, "Why hast thou disquieted me?"

And then there was the resultant movement of the entire building upon the four cribs. They were solid enough, alright, and there was no danger of collapse at all, but every step in the building produced a wiggling and quivering that took getting used to. I am amazed in retrospect. Having spent most of my adult life now as a builder which has necessitated constant interaction with Planning and Zoning Commissions and Building Departments, such a situation is unheard of today.

We never missed a regular service (three a week) during all of the six or seven weeks that church sat on those railroad-tie cribs. That was before the days of rock and roll music, but we did it every service before the advent of such. It did produce an odd sensation as 35 to fifty people moved about before and after services. Like anything else, we were soon used to the motion, and the experience

became a lifelong conversation piece for all of us who were in on it. You know, "I attend the church the trembles; that vibrates. We rock as we walk". Something like that.

I need to tell you of my faithful yoke-partner at this point. She is as game as women come, and since all of the building construction that we have been privileged to accomplish for the Lord over these many years has been done during the daytime when the men of the church couldn't help, I had to depend on Deloris to be my willing helper. She has been on roofs, in excavations, on scaffolding, ladders -- just wherever and whenever needed.

At this time, she became the person needed to wrap a chain around the cement pieces of the old foundation as I held the brakes on the old tractor a farmer lent us to pull them out. Our little girl played by the hour in the piles of excavated dirt while Deloris and I pulled out the concrete foundation.

The Pastor of a neighboring Wesleyan Church, Stanley Miller of Benton City some twenty-five miles away, was a fine mason and, though he worked full-time at it, promised me that he would come over on Saturdays and help me lay up the cement blocks. He was as good as his word, and in four Saturdays we had a new basement in place and was ready to let the building down on it. I was so eager and thrilled about how this was all coming together that there hadn't been much sleep for the past three or four months. Without doubt, my utter weariness of body accounts for what happened at this point, and this is the main reason for placing this page out of my life on paper.

As previously mentioned, the lowering of the church building was merely a reversal of the raising -- easing off the pressure a little on each jack rotationally to let the building settle evenly. The popping and cracking wasn't as ominous as previously, for now I was expecting it and also there was a new, solid foundation scant inches from the bottom plates. (We had laid the last course of blocks, called the bond beam, to within about six inches of the plate.) I won't bore you with how the jacks are placed to lift the building off from the cribs so that they can be removed, but it is tricky and challenging.

When I had lowered the building to within two inches of the bottom plate, a horrible realization hit me like the proverbial ton of bricks! I was absolutely devastated to discover that the northeast corner of the building, and therefore also the southwest corner, jutted four inches out from the building. My first reaction was that we had somehow made the foundation four inches smaller than the building, but a quick look at the other east corner verified the truth. In all of the up and down business, I had unwittingly allowed the building to settle crooked upon the new foundation walls.

Believe me, I came completely unglued -- totally wiped out! Besides the immediate "catastrophe", the fact that just about all of this heavy work for weeks on

end had fallen to me personally, and the need to have Deloris help me do what men should have done, caved in. That some didn't even have enough faith that we could do it and that they wouldn't or couldn't help, came washing over me in waves of frustration and weariness.

I immediately retreated to the dark gloom of the basement, and standing beside the now useless crib in the offending northeast corner (I could take you to five or six feet of the exact spot today), I was instantly reduced to an abject sobbing spirit. I was whipped, completely broken and helpless. This was beyond me, and out of sheer exhaustion I cried out to God, "Why?" I have heard all of my life that this is wrong -- that it is not of faith and trust to question God.

I have just two, cogent thoughts along that line. Whether it is right or wrong, I am not persuaded, but I do know that it is certainly human. My guess is that a saint has yet to arise who has not questioned God in his extremity and exhaustion at some time of his walk with the Lord. The best reason that we shouldn't be too hard on ourselves in these situations, and I say this reverently, is that our precious Savior did it. I do not see either His "why?" or many of ours as a lack of faith or obedience as much as an accurate portrayal of our humanity and therefore our need of Divine assistance. If we never get to the end of ourselves, we never get "into God".

I want to tell each reader of these lines that I can hardly write the succeeding words, but they are true and need to be proclaimed by any means at my disposal. Right as I sobbed and wept in utter helplessness and frustration, I was aware of a heavenly presence immediately behind and beyond my right shoulder. I can't tell you how I knew, but I did know as certainly as I existed that someone else was in that dark, gloomy excavation. There was no more light, but there was a lightening of the atmosphere. A heavenly presence was in that dark hole with me. Not a word was spoken, but I knew, I sensed that I should not turn to look, but I knew that someone from heaven was there.

For just a little bit I thought that it was Jesus, but soon came to realize that it was one of God's angels sent from Him to lift His needy servant. What did it matter who it was? The specialty has to be the same as if He were there in Person. He had sent His special emissary. I know that His angels attend His servants constantly, but on rare occasions, such as this one in my humble experience, He allows them to make themselves known -- revealed -- exposed to us humans.

I was transformed, not spiritually or morally or redemptively. This was an emotional and mental transformation. This was a very earthy, physical ministration to my despair and distraction. No one could ever tell me that God can't and/or doesn't do such things to us earthlings, for I know better. It happened to me. To this day, and as I have written these lines thirty-six years after the fact, shivers still run through me and tears still come. Wonderful Jesus. You can see why I want to write this book and praise His name.

But there is more. That heavenly presence did not leave me with encouragement alone. Remember that through all of this no words were spoken. All communication from God to me was un verbal, but undeniably perceived. I have never heard God speak to me in an audible voice that I know of, but I know that He has on a number of occasions. He has given me definite, specific instructions many times and, now hear me, in every instance, it always works out exactly as He has said. There have been a few hundred times that I have wished and wondered if God were talking to me and directing me in this or that. I get impressions on my mind regularly and wonder if they are from God or if they are from my own fertile mind, but on those instances when it is unmistakably from Him, IT UNFAILINGLY OCCURS IN THE EXACT DETAIL AS IT IS GIVEN. What a testimony for our great God!

As I stood rather transfixed in this sudden, unexpected heavenly embrace of heaven's God (by whatever means, I care not), a mental picture came clearly into focus. Recall with me my Nazarene benefactor who was graciously loaning me the huge building jacks needed to raise and lower the building. When I needed the jacks to lower the building and went to the job site to get them where he was working at that time, he and his men were just in the final stages of placing a much larger building than our church on a new foundation. They had moved this building from another location, and at the time that I arrived, lacked just three or four feet from having it properly placed. I ask you now if you think that it was mere coincidence that I arrived at the work site at that precise moment? If I had come five minutes later, I would not have seen what they did, but when I arrived, two men were pushing that entire building with two building jacks that were set on a firm base in the ground ON AN ANGLE. I can assure you that the angling of those jacks never impressed me in the slightest degree at the time. That they could be used to push as well as lift totally escaped my mind.

But as I stood totally transfixed in this wonderfully uplifting, heavenly atmosphere under the "crosswise church", my heavenly visitor reminded me of that scene and the angled jacks.

There is no way that I can describe my frame of mind at this mental image, but I got with the program without any further imaging from God's architect -- don't even remember saying "thank you" at the time, but I did many times later. I was one grateful preacher. Please bear with me. God put this idea into my mind, but from there on, the ball was in my court. Did God put His big hand on the northeast corner of that white-framed Wesleyan Church in Grandview, Washington and give it a shove? Yes and no. It didn't move magically all by itself as I stood there and watched, but He certainly did the fixing there that day as surely as if it had occurred "miraculously", so to speak. We need to see this. GOD INTERVENES WHEN HE SHOWS US HOW TO DO IT. I hope that we all see and believe this.

The rest is anticlimactic, but needs to be related. With a jack and a slanted timber placed on an angle pushing southward against a floor stringer on the northeast corner, and a second one pushing northward in the same manner in the Southwest corner, that entire building moved and lined up squarely onto the new foundation.

The only way that I can tell you how special this was, and is, is if you, dear Reader, have been ministered to in a similar manner. Thank You, Jesus!

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12 -- AFTER HE JAMMED ON THE BRAKES TOO LATE

From (hdm2307) The War Romance Of The Salvation Army -- By Evangeline Booth

[An occurrence during World War One]

The Staff-Captain and the Adjutant were speeding over a shell-swept road one cold, black, wet night at reckless speed without a light, their hearts filled with anxiety, for a rumor had reached them that two Salvation Army lassies had been killed by shell fire. The night was full of the sound of war, the distant rumble of the heavy guns, the nervous stutter of machine guns, the tearing screech of a barrage high above the road.

Suddenly in front of them yawned a black gulf. The Adjutant jammed on his brakes, but it was too late. The game little Ford sailed right into a big shell hole, and settled down three feet below the road right side up but tightly wedged in. The two travelers climbed out and reconnoitered but found the situation hopeless. There had been many sleepless nights before this one, and the men, weary beyond endurance, rolled up in their blankets, climbed into the car, and went to sleep, regardless of the guns that thundered all about them.

They were just lost to the land of reality when a soldier roused them summarily, saying:

"This is quite a place for the Salvation Army to go to sleep! If you don't mind I'll just pick your old bus out of here and send you on your way before it's light enough for Fritz to spot you and send a calling card."

He was grinning at them cheerfully and they roused to the occasion.

"How are you going to do it?" asked the Adjutant, who, by the way, was Smiling Billy, the same one the soldiers called "one game little guy." "It will take a three-ton truck to get us out of this hole!"

"I haven't got a truck but I guess we can turn the trick all right!" said the soldier.

He disappeared into the darkness above the crater and in a moment reappeared with ten more dark forms following him, and another soldier who patrolled the rim of the crater on horseback.

"How do you like 'em?" he chuckled to the Salvation Army men, as he turned his flashlight on the ten and showed them to be big German prisoners of war. Under his direction they soon had the little Ford pushed and shouldered into the road once more. In a little while the Salvationists reached their destination and found to their relief that the rumor about the lassies was untrue.

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13 -- WHEN HE HAD TO PUT ON THE BRAKES

From (hdm0023) The Soul-Winner's Secret -- By Colonel S. L. Brengle

[Here we have a figurative use of putting on the brakes.]

The emotions, the sympathies, and every power of mind and soul, and all the nervous energies of the body have heavy drafts made upon them in soul-saving work, and the mighty tension of the soul and body at their highest point of efficiency must be entirely relaxed periodically in order to maintain this efficiency. In other words, there must be rest. I have found that when I get very tired and am least fit to do anything, that I then feel an imperative necessity for doing something, and then it is that I must put on the brakes and rest by sheer force of will, if need be. A friend of mine who is an unusually successful soul-winner, has a very sensible wife, who, when she finds him nervous and worn, insists upon his going to bed for a whole day and vegetating. The next day he finds his nervous force restored and is ready for any amount of hard work.

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14 -- THERE WERE NO BRAKES

From (hdm0260) My Life And Writings -- By David A. Davis, Father of Dorothea Maxey

Before I go further, I must tell of a miracle that happened to us that saved our lives. The 2 acres I owned was up above the main highway between Reno, Nevada and Oakland, California. The street that led from my place to the highway was quite a steep hill. My car at that time was equipped with hydraulic brakes, as all modern cars are today. When I went to brake on the hill, there were no brakes, as the oil line had ruptured. All I could do was cry, "Lord, Help Me!," and He did. I had my wife and

baby with me. The Lord had many things ahead for all of us, so He made an unusual break in the traffic and I shot across that four-lane highway without getting killed or even a scratch on the car. Today my daughter is working as a pastor's wife and also as a nurse.

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15 -- WHY THE VEHICLES STOPPED WITH SCREECHING BRAKES

From (hdm0271) The Present Challenge -- By Russell V. DeLong

One morning about eleven-thirty, I was busy in the back yard of our home and it occurred to me that it was about time that the girls should be coming for lunch. I looked around the corner of the house and to the boulevard where cars and trucks were rushing in both directions and I thought if the girls do come out of the school now and see me, they'll rush across the boulevard and be killed. Just then, sure enough, little four-year-old Marilyn came toddling around the corner of the school and saw me.

My heart stood still. But just then, to my relief, the policeman on our beat walked out in the midst of the traffic and put up a white-gloved right hand in one direction and his left hand in the other; all the automobiles came to a quick stop, and the trucks, with screeching brakes, came to a trembling standstill. Then he beckoned to Marilyn and she came over and tugged at his pants leg while he patted her cheek and led her to me. She rolled up her big brown eyes and said, "Daddy, Mr. Dooley is a friend of mine." I should say, and why not?

Then I thought of the people of God. When all the cohorts of the damned press in on the soul, the dark clouds gather, the heavy artillery of hell threatens our destruction, financial reverses come, sorrow and bereavement cause all the lights to go out -- just then, thank God the great policeman of the skies walks out into the earthly and hellish traffic and puts up one hand in one direction and the other hand in the opposite, and the hosts of earth and hell come to a standstill, for He says, "I have a child coming across this highway today. So far shalt thou come and no farther." Thank God, there is a "strong one" -- the Comforter.

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16 -- DON'T PUT THE BRAKES ON THE GOSPEL TRAIN

From (hdm0394) Holiness Or Hell? -- By William Baxter Godbey

If a preacher is not a flame of holy fire, he would better tarry at Jerusalem till he is endowed with power from on high. Acts 1:4. Woe! woe! unto the brakeman. The New Jerusalem Railroad is every inch up grade from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Hence the murderous and suicidal folly of putting the brakes on

the gospel train. We should all be firemen. There is no danger of getting the fire too hot. The boiler can't burst, for God made it, not man. Every inch of the road is insured. Fear neither bridges nor tunnels. This road has been in operation six thousand years and has never had an accident. So let us all turn firemen, run as fast as we can and hurry all the people through before the judgment day.

But we do want you all to put the brakes on the damnation railway. It is down grade every step. Hence, our only hope is to check it up with the gospel brakes and slow it down till the passengers can jump out or we can snatch them off. Heb. 2:3. Sometimes trains run so swiftly that we can't put the brakes on them. In that case we should climb upon the Lord's mountains which in their majesty jut out over the dark valley through which the Black Valley railroad thunders down to hell, and disrupt great rocks and hurl them with awful impetuosity down on the track, and, if possible, wreck all the devil's trains. Then rush down with deafening shouts of victory and spread ourselves to rescue all the wrecked ones. Let us do everything in our power to expedite the Lord's train, and check up and, if possible, wreck the devil's.

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Shame on you to put the brakes on the Lord's train instead of the devil's. Don't you know the New Jerusalem railway is all up grade and needs no brakes? So let us all turn firemen. -- From (hdm0874) Shall The Women Preach? -- By William Baxter Godbey

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17 -- WHY HE PUT THE BRAKES TO THEIR SINGING

From (hdm0694) Samuel Logan Brengle, Portrait Of A Prophet -- By Clarence W. Hall

He had advice to give about singing. "Don't sing looking around the room!" he would say; "See this song! Feel it!" On one occasion when someone started the chorus, "All the Way to Calvary," in rapid tempo, he stepped forward, stopped the singing, saying, "Comrades, let's sing this one slowly. Jesus didn't go galloping to Calvary. He struggled beneath the Cross. He fell beneath its weight" -- and so vividly did he paint the Passion picture that when the song was begun again, it was heavy with meaning to everyone present. Students at a certain university, too, could tell about the time he put brakes to their singing by saying, "Let's take it more slowly, students. You can't taste a song when you sing it so fast. It's like food which you can't get benefit from by bolting it. This song is written to be tasted, digested, assimilated."

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18 -- TRAGEDY WHEN HE HEARD THE AIR-BRAKES JAMMED

From (hdm0432) Running From God, Life Story of Rev. J. W. Morgan -- By S. P. Hawley

In 1901, the Knoxville Iron Company by whom I was employed, bought the old Lookout Iron and Steel Mills at Chattanooga and moved them to Harriman, Tenn. One day the superintendent, Dave Plant, came to me and said, "John, you are a young man brought up in our mill, and we have a better position for you in our mill at Harriman. We will move you over there free of charge and give you a position roughing on our eight-inch mill." I appreciated this offer and thought I would accept it, so we packed our household furniture and went to Harriman.

I liked my new job fine and we were getting along nicely, but we had not been there long when one day my mother said:

"John, I'm not going to be with you much longer." This aroused my curiosity as she was in perfect health, and I said, "Where are you going?"

"I have had a warning that God is not going to let me stay in this world of sin and trouble much longer."

I did not pay much attention to it, but in a few days she told me the same thing again and advised me to live for God and do His will. I laughed and turned away and asked mother if she were not losing her mind.

"No, you can laugh, but you will see that what I have told you is true," she replied.

Almost every day when I came home from work I found her reading her Bible, and noticed that she seemed more devoted to it than ever. One evening when I came in she was in the kitchen singing that old song, "Life is like a Mountain Railroad," and I asked her where she had learned that song as I had never heard it before. She replied that she did not remember where she had learned it, but said:

"I have been impressed with that song all day, and I just feel that that is the way my life is going to end-on a railroad."

We lived in a little bungalow which was situated on a small hill at the foot of which lay the railroad track leading from Brushy Mountain to Harriman. One evening we were sitting on the front porch and saw the train come around the curve at the foot of the hill. And mother said,

"I'm afraid of that train."

"Why mother, that train can't get up here to hurt you."

"Yes son, but something tells me that train will kill me."

I thought that this was very strange but said no more about it. My mother had never been to the mill to bring any of my meals, as I had always eaten my breakfast at home and taken my lunch with me. But one morning not long after the above conversation took place, we were late in rising and I had only fifteen minutes to get to the mill to work. Mother told me to run on to the mill and that she would get my breakfast ready and bring it to me, and I went. We lived across the railroad track from the mill, and it was not long until I saw my mother cross the track, set my breakfast down at the edge of the mill, and turn to go back home. She walked past the end of a box-car that was standing on a side-track, and I could not see any further on account of a little office that stood between us. Just then I saw the six forty-five train going up, and I heard the air-brakes jammed, and saw the train stop suddenly in about three coach lengths. I saw some men looking and one of them pointed downward to the side of the track. I knew that something had happened, but I never thought of my mother. Soon a crowd began to gather, and I started across to see what the excitement was, when my foreman and another man took hold of me and said, "John, don't go out there, your mother is cut all to pieces." Her mangled body was strewn along the track a distance of fifty-two feet from the place where she was struck, her head being completely severed at the shoulders. As they gathered up the mangled body, the train crew and many of the employees of the mill were standing around. And as I stood and gazed upon the mutilated form of the best friend a man has, or ever will have in this world, I said, "If you trainmen had done your duty, my mother would not be lying there. You neither rang the bell nor blew the whistle." I stood still for some moments, my brain in a whirl, and a thousand thoughts passed before I could sufficiently recover myself to speak. The blood rushed to my head, and for a moment I was completely overcome with anger as I thought what unspeakable sorrow their carelessness had caused, but in a moment my anger was entirely gone as I saw again the stains of blood from mother's body on the ground. I who had never known a father's care, a sister's love, or the companionship of a brother, had been called upon in the twinkling of an eye to give up this last friend, my best friend. My cup of sorrow had been filled to the brim, and I wept as I had never wept before. My frame shook and my brain reeled under this awful blow. The light of my life had gone out.

The arrangements were made for the funeral, and I shall never forget the road to that little cemetery; I shall never forget the last time that I looked upon her face. Many times I had found comfort in looking into that sweet face, not what the world would call beautiful perhaps, but to me the most beautiful face in all the world. The body was lowered into the grave, and I heard the clods rattle as they fell upon the casket. Then it seemed to me that I could hear a voice saying, "John, this is the result of your sin." And overcome by grief, by sorrow and shame for my sin I left the cemetery carrying a load which seemed greater than I could bear, for I had rebelled against the Heavenly Father to whom I could have gone in this time of sorrow for solace and comfort...

I arose, put on my coat and hat, and went up Pittsburgh Street inquiring for the Rev. G. L. C. Richardson, pastor of the M. E. Church. I found that he was at home, told him who I was and that I wished to consult with him concerning my past life. I told him how I had been called to preach the Gospel at the age of seventeen, how I had tried to evade the call and run from God. I told him of my having decided to take up the work in Texas, but I had no education and had so much opposition that I had fallen from grace, and since that time I had gone further into sin than ever. I told him that I knew that I was lost and on my way to hell, and that I had made up my mind to do what God wanted me to do at any cost. After a short conference, he read the Bible to me and we both knelt and prayed. The following Sunday night I went to his church. After the message he gave a special invitation for penitents to come to the altar and I went. I fell on my knees, made an open confession of my sins, and pleaded for God to forgive and save me. And in a little while "the light brightly beamed on my soul" and God for Christ's sake forgave my sins. That was the second Sunday in April, 1915.

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19 -- MODEL-T BRAKES LINED, BUT SPIRITUAL BRAKES NOT APPLIED

From (hdm0651) My Life Story As A Mountain Boy And Preacher -- By B. H. Lucas

We closed the revival May 8th. We had a good week from May 1st to the 8th, with souls getting saved and sanctified. For one week of those days, I will give you what I did every day and most of the time every week was about the same. Sunday, May 15th, I preached morning and night. During the week I hung paper most every day and attended service mostly every night. On June 1st, we went to Ashland, Kentucky, and stayed all night with Preston Honeycutt. After I got there, I started to line the brakes of my Model T. Ford. You who know anything about them know it took grace to do that job, but with the help of Brother Honeycutt, we finally got them lined. It got to be late and my wife and Sister Honeycutt were in the bed and Brother Honeycutt and I and the children slept on the floor, as they only had one bed. We had six children and they had two. Next morning we were out getting the car started and warmed up. I always had prayer of a morning and do yet before I start out, but this morning Brother Honeycutt called to his wife and said, "Let's go." It was early on Tuesday morning, so away we went and got to Portsmouth Ohio. Preston had a flat. He had to buy a new boot. Altogether it cost him ninety cents. That was a lot of money in those days. We got down below Portsmouth a little piece, and I had a flat. I fixed it and went on a little piece and I had another flat. I fixed it and Brother Preston said, "Let's go." I said, "No, we are not going any further without having prayer. We didn't have prayer this morning before we left, so we are going to pray." So all twelve of us got down on our knees and had prayer on that highway, got up and went on into Cincinnati without any trouble.

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20 -- WE HEARD SOMEBODY'S BRAKES SQUEAK

From (hdm0123) Articles Of Faith -- By Duane V. Maxey

An Italian Family's Redemption

"... we heard somebody's brakes squeak in front of our house."

We hadn't told mother the seriousness of her condition, but when she saw dad in tears she urged him to tell her what the doctor had told him. "Well," he said, "if you want to know, the doctor said you have cancer of the stomach and can not live very long. He said the doctors can do nothing for you, but that only God can undertake in this case." She answered, "That's all right! If the doctor said that only God can undertake for me, then I'll try God and pray as Ben told me to do."

When dad came home and told us the sad news we all began to weep because we children did not want to see our mother die. Neither she nor any of us was prepared for such an experience. We had plenty of religion but no peace in our hearts. But God started to work after dad left the hospital. At six o'clock that evening mother's pains became almost too much to bear. There was a little crucifix on the wall above her bed and she began to pray, but not in the customary way. She prayed, "Dear Lord, I don't want to pray to You as You are there--a god made of wood or stone, but I want to pray to You in spirit and in truth. Mother had never prayed like that before but had only "said prayers" that she had learned in her childhood prayers to this or that saint. But this time she wasn't taking any chances. She was in earnest so she prayed directly to the Lord.

She continued, "Lord, if you take this cancer away from me, I'll go to that Protestant church that my brother-in-law has been telling me about and get saved, even if it's the worst religion in the world." Something happened when mother prayed like that. She didn't have very much faith but what little faith she did have, she put into action, and God healed her and saved her in that instant. Praise the Lord! She felt such a joy and peace come into her heart. She said it felt just as if a hand were pulling a knife from her stomach and that the pain was gone.

That was at six o'clock in the evening. Shortly thereafter she fell asleep. She hadn't slept for many nights but now she rested peacefully until midnight, when a commotion in the room awakened her. An elderly woman in the next bed in the same ward was ringing for a nurse, but no nurse came to wait on the poor woman, so mother got up from her bed and helped her. Mind you, mother was supposed to be dying of cancer. Can you picture her taking the place of the nurse? Why, that was a miracle in itself!

When mother got back to her bed she noticed that she wasn't holding her fist in her side any more, where the pain had been. "Why," she exclaimed, "praise the Lord, and thank You, Jesus!" Mother was a new creature in Christ Jesus. God saved her and healed her that night. She could hardly wait until morning to express her joy. She was saying to herself, "Just wait until I get back home to my family and friends and neighbors: I'm going to tell them what God has done for me and how He came into my heart and saved me from sin and healed my body." That very night--in the middle of the night--mother gave her testimony to the others in the ward, and they marveled at the miracle, knowing how she had suffered.

Mother did not sleep any more that night. At seven o'clock in the morning she got up from her bed and was sitting up when the nurses came to her ward. They said to one another, "Poor Mrs. Palermo! She is out of her head." They knew that the doctors had given her up but did not know that God hadn't given her up. Mother asked the nurses for her clothes, saying she wanted to go home. She told the nurses that Jesus had come into her heart and saved her and healed her from the cancer. Then the nurses were sure that she had gone crazy, but mother answered back; with a "broken handwriting" and said, "Me no craze--Jesus saved me and heala me. Me no got cancer no more! "

But the nurses wouldn't give her her clothes, so she waited for something else to happen. She began to pray for God to send someone from our family to visit her. She had just finished praying when our brother Carl, who worked for a taxi company at the time, got off the elevator and come down the hall. When mother saw him, she thanked God for answering her prayer. She told Carl how Jesus had saved and healed her. Carl could hardly believe her because he knew that the doctors had given her up to die. Mother told Carl, "We must all join Uncle Ben's religion." Carl promised, "If the Lord healed you like this, we'll go beyond Uncle Ben's religion."

Soon after that Uncle Ben walked into the hospital to visit mother and when mother saw him she shouted, "Praise the Lord, Ben, Jesus healed me and saved me!" Ben shouted, "Hallelujah!" It is no wonder that Uncle Ben had joy and victory in his soul. Now he was beginning to see the result of his faithful witnessing in our home. Now, after six long years, his prayers were beginning to be answered. I don't blame him for shouting, do you?

Soon mother said, "I don't want to stay here in the hospital any longer. I am not sick. I feel fine. This place is for sick people. Take me home!" Uncle Ben said, "You might as well go with me to my home. I don't live so far from here. You can stay at my home for a day or two until you get a little strength before returning to Melrose Park." So Carl took mother in a taxi to Uncle Ben's home.

Those of us who were at home didn't know what was going on at the hospital. All we knew was what dad had told us--that the doctor had told him he might as well go home and order a casket for Mother because she was not able to live more than a few days. Mother stayed at Uncle Ben's place for a day or so, receiving both

spiritual and physical strength. She made a vow to the Lord at this time that she would preach the Gospel to everybody she had an opportunity to contact. Thank God, she has kept that vow and God has given her many souls through her faithful witnessing.

Carl is a witty fellow and thought he would have a little fun at our expense, so he called us up from Chicago and said, "Hello, this is Carl. Seeing that mother isn't feeling so good and the doctor has given her up to die, it seems that she might as well die at home rather than in a hospital. I'll have her taken home!" Then he quickly hung up so we wouldn't have a chance to ask any questions about it. We didn't know what it was all about. We never dreamed that suddenly a miracle had taken place and patiently watched from our window for someone to bring mother home, really expecting to see an ambulance or hearse.

In a little while we heard somebody's brakes squeak in front of our house. We recognized Carl's cab, but we didn't dream that mother would be coming home in a cab, because when we took her out of the house, to the hospital; we had to carry her out. But now she was coming home in a cab, if you please! We could hardly believe our own eyes when mother got out of the cab and started to walk on her own two feet. When mother came up on the porch, she had a big smile on her face and the first thing she said was, "Praise the Lord! Jesus has taken the cancer away from me and has also saved me!"

We were surprised to hear mother praising the Lord. She had never talked about the Lord before. It was something new for us to hear from her lips. Thank God, He had changed her speech. She was indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus. It was hard for us to believe that Mother wasn't sick any more. We said, "Honest, mother, did you really get healed?" She said, "Yes, praise God, the Lord has healed me!" We were very glad, of course, that mother was well, and God was beginning to speak to our hearts, too. We children got together and said, "What do you say we all go to that church where Uncle Ben goes! If they could take cancers away from anybody like that, why, we will all get saved."

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21 -- I HIT THE BRAKES, AND YOU GUESSED IT...

From (hdm0888) Illustrative Sketches From My Life -- By Duane V. Maxey

Enough For One Day

"... I hit the brakes, -- and you guessed it ..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, come on in."

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

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

"WE'LL TELL YA!" barked the County man.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did you go anywhere else?"

"No."

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

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

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

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

"But officers, what for?"

"Get in the car and come with us."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And you went nowhere else after that?"

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

"You're sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many children did you take out there?"

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

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

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

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

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

"What was that?"

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

"Anything else unusual happen?"

"No, not that I remember."

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

Finally the State Officer said, "OK, Duane, your story checks. Now I'm going to tell you why we brought you in. Out along the road where you were last night, a farmer discovered that his place had been burglarized, and he spotted your car traveling slowly along the road. He jumped in his vehicle, sped after you, got right in close behind you, and turned up his lights on bright to get your license number. He saw all the kids in the car, and when you sped up he was sure you were the ones who had burglarized his place."

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

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

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

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

As I left them, "Thanks, Duane."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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22 -- AFTER THE ENGINEER PUT ON THE BRAKES

From (hdm1565) Effective Illustrations -- By William Moses Tidwell

This most remarkable incident happened many years ago, and was told in a railroad magazine. One summer morning a twelve-car train containing the members of a Sunday school in eastern Missouri was bound for a picnic at a point about fifty miles distant. Although the sky was cloudless when the excursion started, the train had not proceeded more than half way when a thunderstorm broke. The rain fell in

torrents. The engineer was worried for fear the terrific downpour might cause a washout or spreading of the rails, and he slowed down to about thirty-five miles an hour. As the train swung around a curve and approached a small station which it was to pass without stopping, the engineer, peering through the broken curtain of rain, saw that the switch ahead was open. It meant a terrible disaster. Instantly he closed the throttle and put on the brakes.

"Better stick to it," he shouted to the fireman, "hundreds of children are on board."

"I mean to," was the answer. "God help us all!"

His last words were drowned by a terrific crash of thunder which came with a flash of lightning that seemed to strike the ground just ahead of the engine. The next thing they knew they were past the station, still riding safely on the main-line rails.

The train came to a stop and the engineer and conductor hurried back to discover what had happened and how the train had passed the open switch. They found the lightning had struck squarely between the switch and the rail and had closed the switch. "It was the act of God," said the engineer. -- J. M. Farrar

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23 -- I CAN SLAM ON MY BRAKES AND SUE YOU!

From (hdm2595) Accumulated Writings -- By Duane V. Maxey

[This is one of a series of Bumper-Sticker messages.]

Bumper-Sticker 03

"IF YOU CAN READ THIS, I CAN SLAM ON MY BRAKES AND SUE YOU!" -- This message does not pooh-pooh the Scriptures, but it does reflect an unChristian attitude that is very prevalent today:-- Do something I don't like, and I'll sue you! Paul wrote to the Corinthians:-- "Now therefore there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?" (1 Cor. 6:7). Whether folks are Christians, or not, "there is utterly a fault among" those who are "sue-happy" today, and often law-suits are made on both frivolous and false grounds.

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24 -- BEFORE TAKE-OFF THE PILOT SET THE BRAKES

From (hdm0129) We'll Get To That Later -- By I. Parker Maxey

Before take-off the pilot set the brakes on that huge aircraft at the end of the runway and tested each one of those four motors two on each wing. I was sitting where I could observe all four. My imagination went back to some of those outstanding church services I had been in. When the pilot revved up the outside motor on the right wing until the whole plane fairly shook and trembled I thought of the time when an old-time saint of God would get up and testify until the glory fell and the shouts of victory rang. I could imagine the pilot saying to that motor, "That's wonderful, you out there, you can quiet down now. We would like to hear the outside motor on the left wing testify." Again as that motor was revved up it also made that great craft tremble and shake and all but take off. In those testimony meetings when one saint would finally sit down another would get up. Again the glory fell. It was likewise with the two inner motors. We had sat through a completely victorious testimony meeting.

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25 -- CONTINUED KINDNESS AFTER SLAMMING ON THE BRAKES

From (hdm0137) H. Robb French -- Pioneer, Prophet And Prayer Warrior --
Compiled By Anna Talbott McPherson

It was a cold, dark day when Robb set out in his car to meet the train. As he had gotten a late start, he was driving along as briskly as he dared to meet his girl on time. Presently, he came up to a Negro walking along the roadside. The black man's head was down. His thin coat was pulled up around his ears. He looked cold.

Shall I stop and take him in? Robb deliberated. No, I don't have time, he decided. I might miss my train and that would be terrible. Might breakup our courtship. Still, I ought to take him in, his better self prompted. So at last he stopped, and the grateful man crawled into the back seat. Robb put the car into gear once more. I must make up for lost time, he thought. Away they went, speeding over the rough, frozen roads, stung by the cutting wind that hit them full force in their open-top vehicle.

Suddenly, Robb heard the Negro calling. "Boss, hey Boss," he cried, "I done lost my hat!"

Robb glanced back. Sure enough, there was the Negro sitting bareheaded behind him, the hat lying in the road an eighth of a mile back. Robb slammed on the brakes. "You'd better get your hat," he said. The Negro jumped out and started running.

Well, I'll drive on, Robb decided. I've helped him a little. But no, he couldn't bring himself to leave the poor fellow. There in the middle of the road he waited until the Negro was again in the car. Once more they sped away, Robb nearly jolting

the jalopy to pieces in his haste to meet the train on time. When finally he did make it to the Station, it was to be told that the train would be two hours late. Well, anyway, I didn't lose anything by being kind, he thought.

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26 -- HE NEVER DID HIT THE DOWN-BRAKES

From (hdm0430) The Confessions Of A Backslider -- By Henry Clay Morrison

One of my companions was shot to death. Poor fellow! To all human appearances he went out utterly unprepared. We had abandoned our horses and had gone on foot into the mountain crags where we were closely pressed by a posse of officers who never missed an opportunity to take a snipe at us with their long-range rifles. One of my associates and myself ran some twenty paces from a huge boulder to a cliff where we could not only screen ourselves for the time, but from behind which we could travel quite a distance without exposing ourselves to the fire of our pursuers. When number three undertook to run across the clear space he was fired upon and hit in two places. One shot broke his left limb below the knee and the other, passing through his body, perforated one of his lungs and cut a vein from which the poor fellow soon bled to death. When we saw that he had fallen we waited for him, and he dragged himself to the protection of the cliff where we pulled off his coat, made a pillow for his head and, while my associate climbed to the top of the rock and took several shots at our pursuers which forced them to halt and conceal themselves, I gave our dying friend some water out of a canteen which I carried and asked him if I could render him any service. He gave me his watch and what valuables he had on his person and looking me in the face said to me: "I have never told you my true name; I came of good family and enjoyed excellent advantages but wasted them. Many a time during my reckless life I have determined to down-brakes and change for the better, but it is all up with me now. It seems hard to die in this place alone, but it looks like one who was getting as little real happiness out of life as I was ought not to complain." He weakened rapidly from the loss of blood, became quite exhausted and fainted but rallied somewhat; his mind wandered; he called for his mother, then seemed to be greatly frightened at something, struggled almost to a sitting posture and fell back, stone dead.

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27 -- WHY THE ENGINEER PUT ON THE BRAKES

From (hdm0207) Illustrations -- By Abbie C. Morrow

As some workmen were drawing the trunk of an enormous tree across a railroad track, the chain broke. An accommodation train came by and just escaped it. The conductor knew the express on the other track was due and would be wrecked and many lives sacrificed. He stopped his train, jumped off, ran ahead,

waved his arms excitedly, and gesticulated so that those who saw him thought him a maniac. The engineer of the express heeded the strange warning, shut off the steam, put on the brakes, and stopped his train directly in front of the great tree. As the conductor looked into some of the grateful faces of those he had saved, it mattered little to him that he had been considered a maniac. Oh, how rare it is for one to show such a passion for souls that men think he is crazy. Those of us who are called "cranks" and "fanatics" will forget it all some day when we look into the glad faces of those we have rescued.

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28 -- SPIRITUAL BRAKING REQUIRES THE FULLNESS OF THE SPIRIT

From (hdm2580) The Spirit's Ministry -- By Joseph Glenn Gould

What, then, is spiritual power? It may be defined as fullness under pressure. Spiritual power is that which results when a soul who enjoys the fullness of the Holy Spirit is wrought upon by the pressure which God is free to place upon such a soul. Let us illustrate by appeal to a principle in hydro-dynamics, a principle that is becoming increasingly familiar, the hydraulic brake. Most automobiles are so equipped today. The hydraulic brake consists of a master cylinder located under the brake pedal, connected by metal tubing to a secondary cylinder in the brake assembly of each wheel. The system is so adjusted that pressure applied at the master cylinder transmits energy to each of the secondary cylinders; energy which appears in the form of braking power. But here is the thing of utmost significance: the efficiency of the system depends entirely upon keeping the mechanism filled with hydraulic brake fluid. If the level of fluid is not maintained, the application of pressure will have no result. In a car that is mechanically perfect, the system is ready constantly, awaiting only the application of pedal pressure to develop its necessary power. This analogy suggests faintly the relationship between fullness and power which exists in the soul of a sanctified man. God cannot use a personality that is not filled with the Holy Ghost. Soul emptiness is a fatal bar to the accomplishment of God's holy purposes in one and through one. But fullness is not itself power, however necessary thereto it may be. Power results, as we have already observed, when that fullness is placed under pressure.

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29 -- A REVELATION AFTER THE TRAIN BRAKED TO A STOP

From (hdm1040) 2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations (C-Topics) -- Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

Working For Christ? Or For Wages?

Several years ago on an extremely hot day, a crew of men were working on the road bed of the railroad when they were interrupted by a slow moving train. The train ground to a stop and a window in the last car was raised. A booming, friendly voice called out, "Dave, is that you?" Dave Anderson, the crew chief called back, "Sure is, Jim, and it's really good to see you." With that pleasant exchange, Dave Anderson was invited to join Jim Murphy, the president of the railroad, for a visit. For over an hour the men exchanged pleasantries and then shook hands warmly as the train pulled out.

Dave Anderson's crew immediately surrounded him and to a man expressed astonishment that he knew Jim Murphy, the president of the railroad as a personal friend. Dave then explained that over 20 years earlier he and Jim Murphy had started to work for the railroad on the same day. One of the men, half jokingly and half seriously asked Dave why he was still working out in the hot sun and Jim Murphy had gotten to be president. Rather wistfully Dave explained, "twenty-three years ago I went to work for \$1.75 an hour and Jim Murphy went to work for the railroad."

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30 -- HE DIDN'T CHOOSE TO BE THE BRAKEMAN

From (hdm0034) Beulah Land -- By Beverly Carradine

An evangelist, in conducting a testimony meeting one day in a large southern city, said to the audience, "If the Christian life was to be described under the figure of a locomotive, which part would you rather be?"

There was a number of prompt answers, which elicited smiles and laughter, and some deep responses of approval. One wanted to be the whistle and let the people know the gospel train was coming. Another wished to be the bell, and warn souls of danger. A third would be a coupler and hitch the churches together. A fourth was willing to be the cowcatcher and save sinners who were fallen in the way. And a fifth desired the office of a brakeman, to slow things down if they got dangerously fast.

Finally after many answers of this order, one of the best laymen in the city arose to his feet and fixed his eyes on the leader of the meeting. Felt and known by all to be a thoroughly good man, his testimony was waited for in profound silence. But owing to some kind of deep, inward emotion that was evident to all, he did not speak for fully a half minute. He then, with a husky voice said, "I would like to be the black coal thrown into the furnace and there burn for the glory of God."

He sat down, and for a whole minute there was not a word heard in the assembly. But there were many wet eyes and swelling hearts in the crowd. All felt instinctively that the most beautiful and forcible speech of the morning had been

made in that simple sentence. A true and Christ-like sentiment had been uttered, and it had been spoken by a true and Christ-like man.

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THE END