

THE MISSION TRAIL
Guthrie, Oklahoma

Number 3165

. . . Greetings once again to all the saints and my friends who are in tune with The Mission Trail of Guthrie, Oklahoma. I am glad to be back with you once again and hope that each one of you are well and happy in the service of the Lord.

Now for our message, let us again read the text which we gave on last week's broadcast. "AND NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, THESE THREE;"

As I said before, I want to use this text for the three broadcasts. So we now come to the second virtue mentioned in this scripture which is hope. This is the subject for our discussion at this time.

Hope is a wonderful thing and without it, life would have very little meaning. I think that most of us realize what it is to have hope. Again let me refer to Webster's dictionary for this definition: Hope: desire accompanied by expectation of or belief in fulfillment; someone or something on which hopes are centered.

So we see then that hope is that which we look forward to at some later time. In our lesson on faith last week, we found that it is imperative for each one to have faith to come to God. Let me use this one verse in Ephesians two and verse eight to quickly summarize the importance of faith again. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

From this point on, hope begins to spring up in one's life, and it gives one great comfort and anticipation as they look forward to the future! Now let us look at the condition one is in who has no hope. In Ephesians, chapter two and verse 12, we read: "That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world."

To me this is one of the most tragic pictures of life. When hope is gone from one's life, it leaves a great vacancy which soon becomes filled with despair and darkness.

Let me illustrate it this way. Many years ago when I first visited Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, we joined a group of visitors escorted by our guide, and walked into the mouth of this great cave, from where we proceeded slowly down, down, the narrow path into the heart of the earth. Soon the last glimmer of daylight faded from our view as the mouth of the caverns were left far behind. With the artificial lighting we marveled at the great handiwork of God. At one point where the depth was several hundred feet below the surface of the earth, we came to a large excavation provided with seating facilities. We were informed that the lights were going to be turned off for a short period of time and instructed not to strike any matches or turn on any flashlights, and also to observe complete silence.

As we sat there for those few seconds in utter darkness it left a lasting impression which I have never forgotten! To me it typically represents a life without God and without hope in the world!

But then, far in the distance a little glimmer of light appeared and faintly we heard the strains of that old familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me; Let Me Hide Myself in Thee." Then the sound gradually became louder, and the lights also grew brighter until soon we were in a well lighted cavern once again. We walked away from there with hope and inspiration!

I have been back to Carlsbad Caverns in recent years and the song was no longer used for this occasion. I do not know who was responsible for this change or who objected to the use of this song, but I would like to here and now voice my protest against the discontinuation of its use!

But back to the thought of a life filled with hope. When the apostle Paul was aboard ship and in bounds for the sake of the gospel, he still had hope in God even though others were in the depths of despair of their lives. In Proverbs 14, and verse 32, we read: "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death."

Look at Acts 27 and verse 20: "And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away."

Paul's hope went beyond the limitations of human power and of natural life. Even though his physical body appeared to be in great danger, he had a hope that was securely anchored in God.

We find in Hebrews 6 and verse 18 and 19: "That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

Do you know why a ship has an anchor? It is to hold it securely from drifting, even in adverse weather conditions. And so we also have an anchor to stabilize our lives, and this is the hope which springs up in the heart of one whose life is given to the service of God. And surely we need it today as never before because many winds of doctrines are blowing in this age of worldly drifting and apostasy.

But for an anchor to be of service, it must find a spot where it may sink its points into the depths of the earth or rocks.

I like this verse in Hebrews which I have just mentioned because it says that it is impossible for God to lie. This gives us even more hope when we understand the eternal power of God.

I have a poem entitled "There Always Will Be God."

They cannot shell His temple,
Nor dynamite His throne;
They cannot bomb His city,
Nor rob Him of His own.

They cannot take Him captive,
Nor strike Him deaf and blind,
Nor starve Him to surrender,
Nor make Him change His mind.

They cannot cause Him panic.
Nor cut off His supplies;
They cannot take His kingdom,
Nor hurt Him with their lies.

Though all the world be shattered,
His truth remains the same,
His righteous laws still potent,
And "Father" still His name.

Though we face war and struggle
And fell their goad and rod,
We know above confusion
There always will be God.

Let us pause for a few moments of prayer.

Our Father:

Take the words of this message and direct them by thy Holy Spirit to the hearts of those who are receptive, and may thy word bring forth fruit to the glory of God for we ask it in the name of Christ our Savior.
Amen

Here is Frances to bring you a few excerpts from the Letter Exchange.

I am glad to be with you again on this broadcast. I want to say I am enjoying salvation and my desire is to put the Lord first in everything. We have a very interesting letter from one of the workers in Mexico.

Dear Bro. Willie and Sis. Frances,

We were so happy to hear about the broadcast which you now have. We would like very much to have copies of the messages.

One of the Mexican sisters testified of an unusual thing which happened in their home. I thought you might like to read it just to glorify our Father in heaven. You know the Sister Esquirs, She said, "God has blessed in our home as he did the widow in Elijah's day. For my family I cook a kilo of beans every other day. This week we had only two kilos, so I cooked one and it lasted us the usual two days. Then I cooked the other kilo, and we have eaten every meal for four days, and we still have beans enough for supper tonight. Besides this, a friend of my husband's has eaten with us almost every meal." What great things God will do for his trusting children! Why does not people praise him more?

A letter from Arkansas: Dear Bro. Willie and family; We certainly have been enjoying listening to The Mission Trail broadcast. I trust it will reach into many hearts and help them to see their need of God. . . May the good Lord bless your efforts. . . I would like to have the message number 2165. P. S. Mother would sure like to have a copy of the poem "Touch of the Master's Hand." If you could send it, we would appreciate it very much.

From Oklahoma: Was truly happy to get the message over the radio last Friday. Am praying that God will bless this venture for his name's sake. Pray for us. I am sending \$10.00 for the broadcast service.

From Colorado: Greetings in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. We have listened the last two Friday nights and enjoyed it very much. Also the wife and daughter speaking. . . We also expect to take some recordings of these messages as soon as we get our recorder home again. . . We are an elderly couple wife 67--myself 70 this year--old fashioned holiness people who love God and his saints. . . Remember us in prayer. May the Lord bless you is our prayer.

This is all we have time for from the Letter Exchange for today.

Thank you, Frances, for those interesting and encouraging letters. You know we enjoy hearing from those who listen to the broadcast each week. We also want to tell you that we deeply appreciate those who have helped share the cost of this radio time. Nevertheless, please remember that if you want a copy of this message in typewritten form, it will be sent you free of charge. Just ask for message number 3165.

Address your letter to The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma. You need no other address. That is The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Now let me leave this little poem with you to linger in your memory.

THE CLOCK

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop
At late or early hour.
To lose one's wealth is sad indeed.
To lose one's health is more.
To lose one's soul is such a loss
That no man can restore.

Until next Friday night this is your speaker Willie Murphey and Frances, saying may God bless you wherever you may be. Goodnight!