



The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey • Kathleen E. Murphey

"LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST." — JOHN 4:35

VOL. 4 NO. 29

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

AUGUST 9, 1968

Ten Seconds to Live

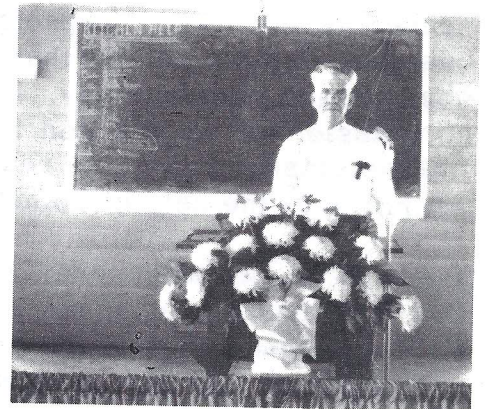
Radio Broadcast for week of August 4, 1968 (See back page for list of stations)

. . . a very cheerful greeting to all the listeners of THE MISSION TRAIL broadcast. I am certainly happy to be coming your way once again by means of radio. This is made possible of course by the interest and co-operation of those who have a love for the truth. We do appreciate those who help us support the cost of this work with their offerings and contributions. May God richly reward you many times over again. We do need your prayers and co-operation. I have chosen for a topic "Ten seconds to live". You may remember that the book of James the 4th chapter and the 14th verse tells us, "Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." How true this is, friends. We know not what tomorrow holds, and it is of utmost importance that we make good use of the time which God has given us.

Those who attended the national campmeeting of Monark Springs, Mo. may recall the message given by Bro. Gene Harmon on Saturday July 20. Bro. Harmon was involved in an auto accident which took the life of his beloved wife, Sis. Beulah, on March 28. I want to share with you a part of his sermon dealing with the brevity of life. (We now understand just prior to this accident he had been sleeping in the front seat. We hope his version will help clear up any inaccuracies which were reported earlier--see April 5 Mission Trail.)

Listen now as he spoke to the audience at the national camp meeting:

I Must Die, But When?
I Must Meet God, But How?
I Will Live In Eternity, But Where?



Brother Gene Harmon

It was only day before yesterday I came unto this world. It was only yesterday I came into God's kingdom. It was only this morning I began to realize my years are piling up. It is now I feel I haven't done but a little. Time has entered into this question. It's just time gets away from us so fast that we hardly realize the brevity of time.

Now the messages we have been having here are more or less of a shouting nature, but the thing that I would like to talk about is not so much of a shouting nature, but rather that it might stir our hearts to realize that it's only just a little while since we came unto this

world and it'll only be just a little while we're going out of it. And it's a very serious thought to me. It has become more serious in the last few months than I've ever had it in my life. I have learned some things I could never understand why as many of you realize. But I have learned some things that we can get out of the worst circumstances of our life, the loss of those that are close to us. And we can find some things to our profit even in the depths of our sorrow. I learned some of those things which has helped me to be just a little bit different man in a way. I feel like that there are some things that has come out of this that has drawn me closer to the Lord and has put something a little deeper in my heart, especially compassion, which I feel like that is a great need among people today, being of a compassionate nature and being of a characteristic that would reach out and sacrifice to the help of somebody else,

I realize especially under the strain that I am under almost day by day and fighting some things of the enemy that it's difficult for me to speak before many folks so I have left it a good deal to other people where I have been and the Lord has so blessed wonderfully in the preaching of the word that it has given me strength to press the battle on and fight the good fight of faith and to lay hold on eternal life. It is Christ within us that's the hope of glory. We have no other way, we have no other means of obtaining life everlasting except Christ Jesus who gave himself for us and washed us with his own blood and I'm glad for that this morning. . . I wouldn't want to make this thing a tedious thing, but because of a good many misconceptions. . . --Now I have determined in my heart to not repeat this a bit more than it's necessary but this morning it lines up with a few

thoughts that I have on my heart and I feel almost compelled to relate just a little bit of a circumstance which many of you have had first hand information, with the exception of one difference. And that one difference is what I would like to talk about and relate as something that is akin to the thought of the brevity of life.

It was on the 28th of March in which wife and I headed for Oregon to get there early to do some work and I won't relate the whole thing but as we passed Madera, California, we had just been to lunch, my wife had taken a great deal of rest and sleep. I had told her on the road further--I said that she was going to have to take my place for I was tired. And she did and we went on. I take only a short nap--15 or 20 minutes to the most usually. And so I suddenly woke up out of Madera, I don't know, a few miles. I asked her if she was tired or sleepy and she said no. Well, I didn't have any reason to believe that she was because she had taken quite a lengthy nap. So I just relaxed and dozed off to sleep. As I did so, I noticed a slight crumbling ahead of me and I have every reason to believe that there was somebody changed lanes and run in front of her. And when I heard that slight crunching she said, "Oh". And that is the last I ever heard of mother. But I was wide awake at this time. She hit no car, she pulled out, went around everything, went on up the road a little piece and not very far there was an exit lane there, and she made a left hand turn and just kept on turning, turning.

And right here is the thought that I have in mind. I want to ask you this question, "What would you do if you suddenly realized you didn't have but ten seconds to live?" Now I have gone

over this a number of times in recalculating and stopping at the place, and seeing the distance and I have determined that we had just ten seconds to live. But for some cause or other I had peace in my soul. I was unable to turn my head. I was froze, unable to look to see what was going on. All I could see was the curb coming at us at a terrific rate of speed. Evidently my wife had missed the brake and hit the throttle. But that ten seconds, that's the thought that I have in mind--just ten seconds to live. It seems to me today like that if many of us here that are not living up to their full capacity in their love towards God and their fellowman that they would be stirred at the thought that they didn't have but ten seconds to live but you'd find them spending half of that time getting down here to the altar . . . a very serious thing in my mind, it has rested upon my heart as the months have gone by and as I have battled unto death it seemed. . . my very life was going out from me. Not so much because of the loss of my wife, but the mystery of it. The ten seconds there included myself. I was gone too just the same as death with me. Both of us was gone. There is some mysteries connected with this that I like to refer to as being the direct imposition of the hand of God in it. Because as I was out, as well as her and as I came to myself I know not any thing how this happened but I was standing up and I was at my car door calling "mommy". I called her two or three times and I realized that she was gone. And so I noticed the position she was in. I know that it was reported that she was thrown out and the car rolled over her but she wasn't. She was laying down. Now here is the thought that I have in mind, that has rested upon my heart so continually, that the Lord picked her up and laid her down

in the seat just like she had gone to bed. She was in the front seat in a decent position with her clothes rather decently located and that apparently at peace in her soul just like she had lain down and gone to bed. It was me that was thrown out. I denied that at first but since I look at it I see that there is no other way around it. It was me that was thrown out and when I came to myself I was standing at the car door. How I ever got up there in my unconsciousness I do not know.

But I realize that we didn't have but seconds, ten seconds to live.

Thank you, Bro. Gene, for those sobering thoughts. And, friends, why don't you ask yourself the question, "What would I do if I only had ten seconds to live?" No doubt you would give more earnest heed to the things that you have heard and the consideration which you should for your soul's welfare.

Here now is a song which I hope will be a comfort to you. "Under His Wings." The singers are Lynn and Alma Carver, Arnett and Genevieve Carver.

This message has been brought your way today by THE MISSION TRAIL of Guthrie, Oklahoma. If we may be of any help to you, be sure to let us know. Be with us again next Sunday at this same time on this same station for another broadcast. Until then this is Willie Murphey saying may God's richest blessings be with each of you and a very cheerful good-bye!

--o--

Some one started the day right,

Was it you?

Some one made it happy and bright,

Was it you?

--Selected

Testimonies

From Missouri: "Dear ones, We trust you are enjoying a good camp meeting. We decided we should come home, but don't think we wouldn't love to hear the good sermons. We were tired and knew there was work awaiting us here. . . . We stopped to see Ruthie. . . . When I kissed her goodbye I noticed tears in her eyes. She smiled when we told her she would be getting a lot of cards for her birthday. That is such a touching sight to see her. They showed me over 40 cards she received. . . . Oh, yes, we did come by Grubbs, Sis. Dietrich brought a message on proving the will of God. . . . God bless you each one."

--The Marlers

--o--

Sharon Wilson of Guthrie, Okla. has a very special request for prayer which she would be glad for the saints to remember.

--o--

From Louisiana: ". . . I got your nice letter and The Mission Trail. Enjoyed both more than words can express. I have attended the camp meetings in Hammond some since 1919. I believe my husband was the first one to take me there before we were married. That was July 7, 1920. I was reared in Methodist church but Sister Watson Key made it so plain in a meeting she held at Roberts, La. I knew I wasn't even saved so I sought the Lord and he saved me. Some years later he sanctified me and filled me with the Holy Spirit and I have been so happy and enjoying the Christian life ever since. I am enjoying your good messages and pray the Lord will give you the very messages that will cause people to be saved. . . . I am praying for all. Do pray for me and mine. Love and prayers," --Mrs. John O. Robertson

From Golden Rule Home: "I wanted to tell you all one evening some time ago I just wanted to pray, pray and keep praying. I did. Then I went to bed, went to sleep, woke up suffering. I thought--I won't call any one for all had been working hard and was tired. So I didn't. I kept praying. I thought the good Lord was going to take me home to be with him. I was so happy but he didn't take me. I thought I would write and tell you. . . . All the saints are precious to me. Help me to pray for my unsaved ones. God bless you all. I love Jesus."

--Mary Whitmore

--o--

From Arkansas: "Dear Bro. and Sis. Murphey, It has been a long time since I have written but I've remembered you all in my prayers. I've had a bad summer, not been able to work very much, but I still love the Lord and I'm holding fast to his hand. He is always my helper in time of need. I'll have a birthday Aug. 21. I'll be 68 years old. I'd be glad to get a card from any of the dear readers of the Mission Trail that would care to send one. I get real lonely, as my children are so far away and I still miss my father. I have the wonderful assurance that the dear Lord is with me all the time. I can talk to him any time and feel his presence near me. I feel so unworthy of his goodness since I can do so little for him. Pray for me that as the evening sun of life goes down and the shadows lengthen fast that I can look away from the darkness to the bright star of hope that drives away all darkness and fear. When I come to the crossing of the silent river I'll not be alone and when I land on the other side I want to kneel down at my saviour's feet and say thank you, dear Jesus, and how great thou art. Now may the good Lord bless. Sincerely,"

--Sibyl Delahunt

120 Central, Jacksonville. Ark. 72076

From California: "Dear saints, . . . We enjoy following Jesus each day. If we could only be able to make the ones who need Jesus realize how happy a life it is to follow him. One thing we can do is live the life and pray for them. Those of us who haven't been able to go to the campmeetings, have been praying for each one. God blesses us wherever we may be as he looks down from his throne and sees our needs. We appreciate all his dealings and want his complete will and way in our heart and life. Remember us in prayer as we do you. Much Christian love,"

--Letha Reece

--o--

Earnest prayer is requested for Sis. Ed Rusher of Prattsville, Ark. concerning the healing of her eyes.

--o--

From Oregon: ". . . I greet you in Jesus dear name. I can report victory in my soul and thank and praise him for what he has done for my body--much better than I was. Well, I think this was our hottest day. It is 99 or 100 today. We heard that they had a good meeting at Monark. Ruby and Sis. Margaret Cable, her father and others that were at that meeting haven't gotten home yet. We are looking for them. . . Yes, we know that there is nothing impossible with God and we know he never fails us so why should we not get all we need from the Lord. If we just come in the right way. The Lord has done so much for me in my life--healed of typhoid fever before I was married and gall stones in '31 and many other things I do thank and praise him. But I praise him for salvation above all the rest. Oh the Lord has been so good to me. I surely want to live to please him. May the Lord bless you all in your labors for the Lord and keep you encouraged in the Lord. Love and prayers,"

--Sis. Erama Busch

"Surely God is where His children are. The meeting at Monark was priceless. I pray to be honest and sincere before God."

--Lou Bray

--o--

From Mississippi: ". . . There is never a day passes, but I remember every one of you in prayer. I'm sure you will have a good meeting at Guthrie . . ."

--John Watson

Campmeeting

Coming now from far and near
To the old camp meeting
Hungry, thirsty hearts to hear
Of the joyful greeting.

As their voices ring aloud
Songs of life and spirit
Hearts are blessed and lives
are bowed
Blessings to inherit.

As they lift their voice in pray'r
Heaven's grace imploring
How the Spirit's power is there
Showers on them pouring.

When the preacher takes the stand
Hearts to hear are liable
Giving heed to God's command
Read out of the Bible.

Sometimes falls the living Word
Like a clap of thunder
Hearts of pride are duly stirred
Souls are torn asunder.

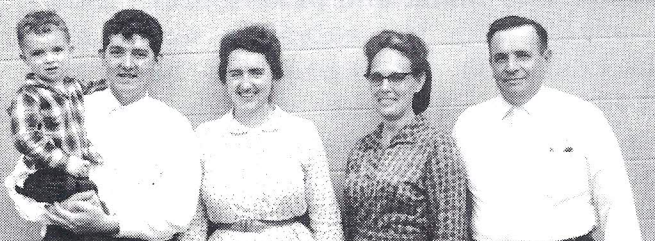
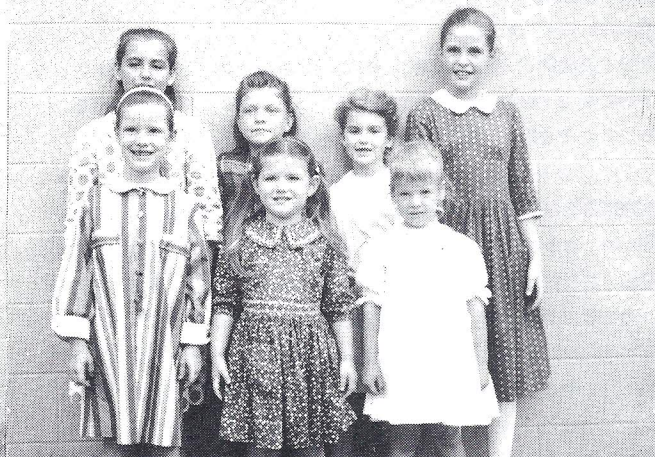
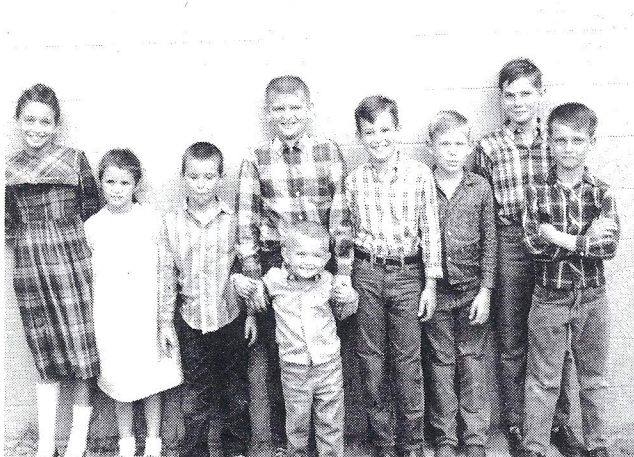
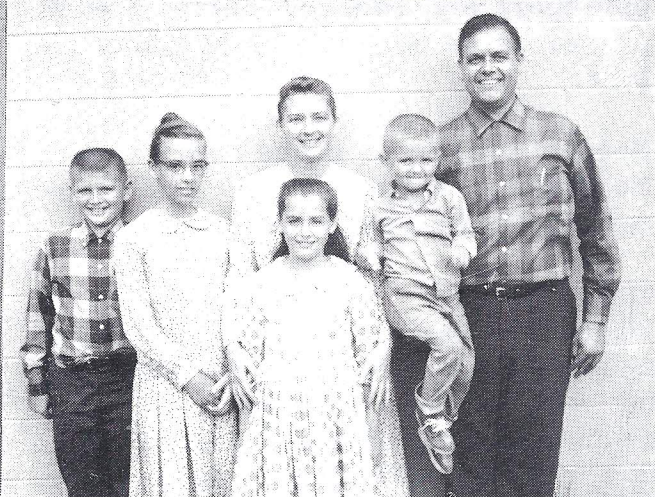
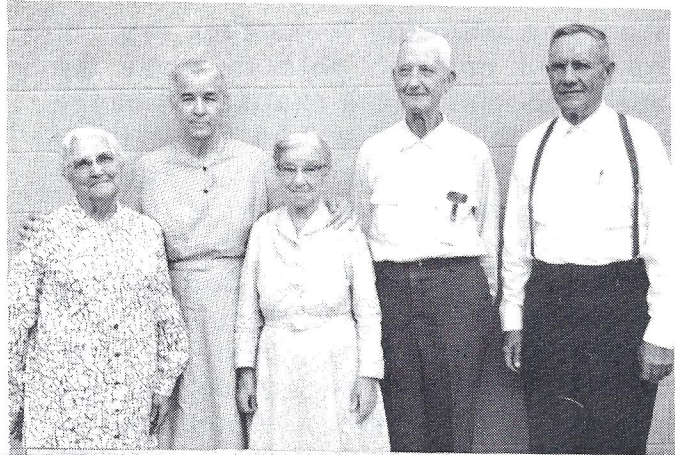
Sometimes falls it like the rain
Cool and fresh and even
To revive the soul again
Lifting it to Heaven.

'Tis a very sacred place
For our preparation
To with patience run our race
And obtain salvation.

--Leslie Busbee

CAMPMEETING - 1968

The Oklahoma State campmeeting held at Guthrie, Okla. began last Friday, Aug. 2. Saints came from far and near to work and worship together for the benefit of souls and the edification of the church. Even though the weather was warm the enlarged air conditioned chapel made the gathering more comfortable. Shown on this page are only a few familiar faces which were seen.



at press time

we understand:



Bro. and Sis. Sam Abbott

Congratulations to Bro. and Sis. Sam Abbott, Route 5, Somerset, Ky. 42501 on their 44th wedding anniversary, August 26. They make a good team for the Lord and are yet still active in the gleaning of souls.

--o--

Our sincere wishes are extended to Robert Cain and his wife Patsy (Wilson) Cain for a long and happy life together. They were married in Guthrie Sunday, July 28. Patsy is the daughter of Bro. and Sis. Clifford Wilson.

--o--

"Some people have the nerve to say there is no God. I say it's a shocking thing. As for me I know who my redeemer is. He loves me and I love Him."

--W. D. Harmon

The Guthrie meeting was off to a good start as it began last Friday, Aug. 2. The attendance has been good and Sun. the entire chapel was almost filled. We are thankful for the good Word of God which has gone forth and trust that many souls will receive the help that they need as the meeting continues throughout this week.

--o--

From Missouri: "Dear Bro. Willie and Sis. Frances, Greetings of love. Different ones have written that they look in the Mission Trail for a report on how Ruth is getting along. She is about the same as she was when we last wrote you. At times she has severe pain but part of the time she seems to be resting easy and sometimes she will lay there with a smile on her face. Last night for a little while she seemed to be in much pain but after a little while she got easy and slept the rest of the night. Radiation treatments that she had in Columbia caused all her hair to come out and for a long time you couldn't even see any roots of the hair. Her hair has begun to grow again now and the last week or so it seems to be growing fast. Since Ruth has started laughing David enjoys coming with us and playing with Ruth. He does the playing and she laughs. Then when he gets sleepy David sleeps in the car or lobby. Some days Ruth is more responsive than she is at other times. May the Lord bless each one. Keep praying for us. We are still looking upward. Christian love,"

--Clayton and Eva Lou Gaines



THE MISSION TRAIL, originating in Guthrie, Okla., is broadcast by radio and published weekly in printed form by Willie and Frances Murphey with the help of others. It is mailed free of charge to those who request it. Its purpose is to reach the hungry hearts of the unsaved everywhere with the gospel which will save them. Its principal support comes from the free will contributions of its listeners and readers. Those who feel directed by the Lord to assist may do so by sending their offering to: THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Okla. 73044.

For some it will come true: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20. Let us hasten with the message which Jesus gave: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."



Broadcast Schedule

Listen for THE MISSION TRAIL weekly on one of the following stations:

RADIO STATION	LOCATION	DIAL SETTING	TIME
KXOW *	Hot Springs, Ark.	1420 kc.	Sunday, 7:15 a.m.
KCLO	Leavenworth, Kans.	1410 kc.	Sunday, 3:00 p.m.
WFPR	Hammond, La.	1400 kc.	Sunday, 7:45 a.m.
KCKW	Jena, La.	1480 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a.m.
KCIJ	Shreveport, La.	980 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a.m.

*An additional broadcast is heard over KXOW each Sunday at 3:30 p.m.

The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044



Address Correction Requested