



Fifth Year of Gospel Broadcasting and Publishing

The Mission Trail

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

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The Afflictions of the Righteous

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. . . and a cheerful greeting to each and every listener of THE MISSION TRAIL broadcast. It is a pleasure to be coming your way once again with a message we hope will be a blessing to you. With the coming of summer folks will be thinking about vacations and where they are going to spend their leisure time. I hope that each of you will consider God's will for your life not only in the days ahead this summer but every day of your life. Here are some sobering thoughts expressed in this poem:

The Preacher's Vacation

The old man went to meetin',
For the day was bright and fair;
Though his step was slow and totterin',
And 'twas hard to travel there;
But he hungered for the gospel;
So he trudged the weary way,
On the road so hot and dusty,
'Neath the sun's hot, burning ray.

By and by he reached the building,
To his soul a holy place;
Then he paused and wiped the sweat-
drops
From off his wrinkled face;
But he looked around bewildered,
For the old bell did not toll,
And the doors were shut and bolted,
And he did not see a soul.

So he leaned upon his pilgrim staff,
And said, "What does it mean?"
And he looked this and that way,
Till it seemed to him a dream.
He had walked the dusty highway
(And he breathed a heavy sigh),
"Just to go once more to meetin', "
Ere the summons came to die.

Soon he saw a little notice
Tacked up on the meetin' door;
So he limped along to read it,
And he read it o'er and o'er.
Then he wiped his dusty glasses,
And he read it o'er again,
Till his lips began to tremble
And his eyes were full of pain.

As the old man read the notice,
How it made his spirit burn!
"Pastor absent on vacation
Church is closed till his return. "
Then he staggered slowly backward,
And sat him down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him,
Till he thought his heart would sink.

So he moved along and wondered;
To himself soliloquized:
"I have lived till almost eighty,
And was never so surprised.
I have read the oddest notice
Stuck upon the meetin' door:
'Pastor absent on vacation'--
Never heard the like before!

"Why, when I first joined the
meeting',

