



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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Good morning, friends. It is indeed a pleasure to be coming your way another time on this joyful day. I hope that things are going well for you and that the coming of the Christ has meant something real in a personal way to each of you. We might hear ever so much about him, but life would not take on its proper meaning without a personal knowledge of his saving grace. Listen to this poem:

THE CHRIST-CHILD

Over the crowded Judean town
The shadows of night gloomed darkly
down;
"No room in the inn," the only place
For the weary girl with fair, young
face
Was a bed of straw mid wondering
kine,
Where was born, that day, your Lord
and mine.

No sheltered spot, but a stable bare,
Yet the Lord of light was cradled
there;
While a mother, with all a mother's
charms,
Enfolded him close in her loving
arms,
And the days that came were passing
sweet
For the halting tread of her baby's
feet.

Oh, my soul grows warm for his dear
sake,
And hope burns bright, and I beg him
make
Of me his herald, to bear his word
Till all men everywhere have heard;

For now the heavenly host again
Sings, "Peace on earth; good will to
men."

I want God's peace for the troubled
heart,
I want God's will in the busy mart,
I want God's love to girdle the earth;
For 'tis the time of the Christ-child's
birth;
And the olive-branch in his baby hand
He raises to bless a waiting land.

We have in our midst the little child;
We have the poor and the sin-defiled,
The wretched, the sick, and the lonely
ones,
Who have known the rise of brighter
suns;
Comfort and cheer will come to your
heart
If of your Christmas these have a part.

Now, let us turn our thoughts to the
scriptures. These verses from St.
Luke, the second chapter, take us back
to almost 2,000 years ago when Ceasar
Augustus issued the decree that all the
world should be taxed. So if you think
your burden of taxation is heavy, just
remember that other folks in other

ages have been taxed too. At this particular time there was one young couple Joseph and Mary, who went up to Bethlehem from the city of Nazareth. Beginning here with verse 7 notice this account, "And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Now notice a few things from these verses. I see here by the reading of verse 7 that there was no room for them in the inn. Ponder that thought for a moment. No doubt many were coming and going. The rooming houses were filled to capacity. Folks were busy with their own affairs of life. Friend, is this not typical of circumstances which exist even in our day? How many folks have room for Christ in their lives? Oh, you say, we are living in a busy time. Could it be that we are so busy with our own affairs that we care nothing about the things of God? Do you remember what Christ said when he told about the man who made the feast? What was the answer

given to his servants when they went to invite the guests? One said, I have bought a yoke of oxen. Another had bought a piece of ground while yet another said I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come. They all with one consent began to make excuses. They didn't have time to go. But there is one thing we should never forget so long as we live. You may not have time for the things of God now while you are engaged in your busy schedule, but there is coming a time when each of us must take time to die or else meet the Lord at his coming. Is your heart and life too crowded to find room for Christ?

There is one thing I am especially glad of which is this: I am glad that some ungodly person had not yet convinced the people in that day that they should destroy the thousands of yet unborn children through legal abortion. Otherwise someone might have come up with the thought that God could not control the population of his own creation and that they should by their own hands destroy those who were yet unborn. It is true that Herod had many of the infant males killed shortly after this. But it is a known fact that this was because of his own jealous and evil heart. Do you know what happened to this Herod the Great? It is reported by the historian Josephus that Herod in a rage had his own wife slain. Josephus goes on to describe Herod's life in this way. I quote, "Moreover, he bethought him of every thing he could make use of to divert his mind from thinking of her, and contrived feasts and assemblies for that purpose, but nothing would suffice; he therefore laid aside the administration of public affairs, and was so far conquered by his passion, that he would order his servants to call for Mariamne, as if she were

still alive, and could still hear them. And when he was in this way, there arose a pestilential disease, and carried off the greatest part of the multitude, and of his best and most esteemed friends, and made all men suspect that this was brought upon them by the anger of God, for the injustice that had been done to Mariamne. This circumstance affected the king still more, till at length he forced himself to go into desert places, and there, under pretence of going a hunting, bitterly afflicted himself; yet had he not borne his grief there many days before he fell into a most dangerous distemper himself: he had an inflammation upon him, and a pain in the hinder part of his head, joined with madness; and for the remedies that were used, they did him no good at all, but proved contrary to his case, and so at length brought him to despair." End of quote

Now, I want you to hear this verse, "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people." Prov. 14:34 Do you know why we as a nation have encountered so many reproaches? It is because there is too much sin at the door. I declare unto you that this applies from many of those who are high in authority right on down to the bank robber and the thief. And all of this comes about because there is no room for Christ in the hearts of so many. I say if Christ has come into your heart it will bring about a transformation.

Dear ones, I wish for each of you peace and good will not only at this special season but throughout the days and months ahead of your life. May the guiding star of heaven ever open the way before you and God's peace and blessings abide in your heart radiating out to others who need help so greatly.

Let us pray,

Our Father,

Bless the words of the message to the good of every soul. May Christ be born anew in the hearts of all, especially those who are void of the peace of God. Bless each listener this day in the way which they need most and thine shall be the praise through Christ our Lord. Amen

Now this poem by ~~Bro. Kenneth Probst~~:

When things go wrong, as they
sometimes will,
And the road you're trudging seems
all uphill
When faith is low and the problems
high
And you want to smile but you have to
sigh.
When care is pressing you down a bit
Rest if you must, but just don't quit.

Life is odd with its twists and turns
As everyone of us sometimes learns
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won if he'd stuck
it out.
No, don't give up though the pace
seems slow
You may succeed with another blow.

And often the goal is nearer than it
seems
To a faint and faltering man.
And often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the
victor's cup
And he learned too late when the night
slipped down
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt
And you never can tell how close you
are

It may be nearer when it seems so far
 So stick to the fight when you're
 hardest hit
 It's when things seem worse that you
 must not quit.

Thank you for taking time to listen. If
 we may be a help to you be sure to let
 us know. You may write us by address-
 ing The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Okla.
 Here is a song, "In the Light of God".

Until we meet again this is Willie Mur-
 phey saying may God's richest bless-
 ings be with each of you and a very
 cheerful good-bye!

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Testimonies

From Okla.: "I thank each one for
 their prayers, but thank God first and
 most of all for being so very merciful
 to me. I am very weak and nervous in
 my body but I know all my strength
 comes from One who giveth all things."

--Sister Rumfelt

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From La.: "Greetings in the precious
 name of our dear Saviour, the one who
 came into this world and suffered and
 died to bring us this great salvation,
 the sweetest thing this side of heaven
 . . . We do appreciate what each one
 is doing to further the work of the Lord.
 We appreciate the Mission Trail and
 want you to keep us on your mailing
 list, coupon enclosed. We also listen
 to the broadcast on Sun. morn. We
 heard a young man say (who works in
 the grocery store) he listens to you on
 Sun. morn. and seemed to enjoy the
 messages. Keep the truth going forth
 as long as the Lord permits. May He
 richly bless you all this Christmas and
 thru out the coming year is our prayer.
 Pray for us. We haven't been too well
 since the Hammond meeting. With
 Christian love,"

--Effie Miller

From Ark.: "Please find enclosed \$1
 to help pay for my paper. I enjoy it
 very much. I can't hear you on the
 radio. Please remember us in prayer,
 husband is blind and unsaved. I am a
 diabetic. We are both very afflicted,
 only God can help."

--Mrs. W. E. Bryan

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From Ohio: 'I surely thank and praise
 our God of heaven and earth, the true
 and the living God, for the plan of Sal-
 vation, that delivers from all sin, and
 for the many, many blessings which He
 hath bestowed upon me this year, which
 will soon be History, in a few more
 fleeting days, but most of all I adore
 and magnify His most Holy and most
 glorious name for His great keeping
 power that has kept my soul in perfect
 peace, and gave me grace to over-come
 the care and burdens of life. I can say
 He has satisfied my soul completely,
 and I am longing for a deeper vision
 of heavenly things, and have the things
 of earth grow dimmer.'

--Sis. Maudie Sharp

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From Ore.: 'Greetings of love in Je-
 sus this beautiful white snowy day.
 As I am writing I can look out the win-
 dow and see those big flakes floating
 down so gently. They remind me, as
 other things do, of what a mighty all
 wise God we are serving. He even
 takes notice to the snow flakes, lets
 them softly fall in the place He wants
 them to be and he does the same with
 our lives. He leads His children so
 softly and gently along in the way He
 wants us to go. Praise our God for
 His guiding hand. I trust all of you are
 well, and being blessed of the Lord in
 your labor for Him and I know others
 have been blessed by the Mission Trail
 as I have. I look for its coming and
 don't stop till I have read it thro.'

--Sister Locker

From Mo.: "We have so much to be thankful for--to know God, to be a part of His family, to know we have His abiding presence within and a present help in time of need and He said He would never leave us or forsake us . . . we can't count our blessings they are so numerous. . . In the service of the master," --Minnie Epley

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Darlington School, Rome, Ga.: "I wish my name to stay on your mailing list of the Mission Trail until May 23, 1971 as I will be leaving school the next week. I wish you would send the Mission Trail to my mother who enjoys reading the ones I have passed on to her. . . I am sending this small offering as I am a little low on money. Thank you so much." --Allen Panter

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From Ark.: "It has been so long since I have written you and telling you how much I have enjoyed reading the Mission Trail paper. I hardly ever lay it down until I read all of it. The messages and testimonies are encouraging to me as I don't get to go to meeting and be with the saints only as they come to visit as my husband hasn't been able to drive the car in almost 2 yrs. on the account of a crippled foot and the 4th of last Feb. he fell and broke the hip of the leg that had the crippled foot. After so long a time he got to where he could walk around in the house in his walker and walked a few times out in the lawn in his walker. But now he is a bed patient a lot of the time. He has been suffering lately with his hip on the leg that isn't broke. . . I also need your prayers as I have several afflictions but I thank the dear Lord for what strength I do have. I still have to go in my stroller or on my crutches but I thank the Lord for all his benefits to us and sparing our lives 70 yrs. together. . . ." --Sister Kate Dotson

From Mo.: "You know this is once again the Christmas season when people are rushing around buying gifts for one another and trying not to forget anyone who might feel slighted. I think that it is a good thing to show our appreciation also, to our wives, children, mothers, etc. at this time of year, but what about the one in whose honor the day was named? I remember that He said 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.' (Matt. 10:37) How much more then we ought to honor and give gifts to Him, as did the wise men on that first Christmas. And what better way is there for us to honor Him than to be obedient to His Word ourselves, and then give of our substance that the Blessed Truth for which He died, may be carried abroad to liberate others from the slavery of sin. Most cheerfully then I give the small amount I am able and wish it could be ten times as much, as I realize that time is fast coming to a close and what we do must be done quickly. Wouldn't it be sad to discover on that day, that souls had been lost because we hadn't been faithful enough in supporting the work? I surely don't want that on my conscience. Also the mission fields of other countries, where some will go hungry because we have kept an overabundance for ourselves and friends. Such things ought not to be, for Jesus tells us in Matt. 25 that whatever we do unto the least of these His brethren, He accounts the same as done or not done unto Him. How faithful then we ought to be to take care of these matters also. Pray for me, that I will not be found lacking in this grace either, as I know that He is able to make us abound in all things to the riches of His glory. Christian love," --James F. Broker

