



The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey •

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

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THE MISSION TRAIL

APRIL, 1975

God Speaks Through His Son

Radio Broadcast for April 6, 1975

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds..." Heb. 1:1-2. Good morning, friends. I am so happy to be coming your way once again by means of radio. It is indeed a privilege to speak to you in the name of the Lord.

Notice this scripture mentions that God spoke to the prophets in the days gone by, but now he speaks through his son. This of course, is Jesus! He is the Word which was made flesh and dwelt among us. As the Lord speaks, we would do well to listen when he speaks only once. However, sometimes he speaks more than that. Listen: "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Job 33:14.

I like the way the writer of Psalms 85:8 said it--"I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly."

As I meditated on how this message should be put together, there were three ways which came to me, in which the readers and listeners of the broadcast can help promote the word to go forth.

FIRST--Pray for us! This is important. We need your prayers and appreciate them. How can we rightly divide the word of the Lord unless he gives us wisdom and understanding to do so? We

are dependent on the Lord and his people. We pray for you and we want you to pray for us.

TWO--Give of your financial means to the work of the Lord as He may direct. Let it not be of necessity or of constraint, but cheerfully, knowing that the Lord has given us all things to richly enjoy. It is a privilege to share with others. And a blessing is promised when we give as unto the Lord.

THREE--Write a letter! Oh, you don't like to write letters? Do you like to get them? I do! How many weary souls have been encouraged to press on when they received a letter of comfort and strength. Think of your own experience. You might remember a letter that was a great blessing. Perhaps you heard from home when you were far away in a distant place. The apostle Paul wrote: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith. Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand." Gal. 6:10-11. He didn't even have a typewriter!

Sometimes our readers think of us, when they come across a nice poem or article which they believe would be helpful to others. Maybe they know I like good poems! So I am going to share with you some of these blessings on this broadcast and trust that God will speak through them to others. Might we call this the letters to the Editor or the poems or articles to the Editor? The first comes from Miss Mary Sprague, Guthrie, Oklahoma. Thank you, Mary, for:

THE ANVIL OF GOD'S WORD

Last eve I stood before a blacksmith's door,
 And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
 And looking in, I saw upon the floor
 Old hammers worn with beating years of time.
 "How many anvils have you had," said I,
 "To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
 "Just one," said he;
 And then with twinkling eye,
 "The anvil wears the hammer out,
 you know!"
 And so, thought I, the anvil of God's Word
 For ages skeptic's blows have beat upon;
 Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
 The anvil's unchanged--the hammers gone.

--John Clifford

Next, we share with you this news article sent in by Sis. Spaur, Jefferson, Oregon:

THINK THIS OVER

To the Editor:

"Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear My Voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with Me." (Rev. 3:20).

The verse just quoted is often used as an evangelistic text. But it speaks with a peculiar force when read in connection with the following account by Miss Tina Blatz... A school teacher, in East Germany, addressing her class one day, said, that in these days no one would even think of believing in a living God. When she asked all the children that agreed with her to say so, one little girl did not respond. In a cynical way the teacher asked, "Do you still believe in a God?" Then sneering, she continued, "Go out and produce your God; bring him in."

The little girl went out. When she came in alone, the teacher mocked and laughed at her, saying, "See, there is no such thing as a living God." Again the teacher sent her out; and again she came back alone, facing once more the taunts and jeers.

Then the teacher said, "Go out and get the janitor." After a few minutes the little girl meekly came in bringing the janitor with her. Triumphantly the teacher said, "See, you can bring the janitor but you cannot bring in your God, and show him to us." The classes went on.

Not many minutes later however, there was a knock at the door. The teacher went to see who was there, but strangely, found no one. She came back and carried on with her school work. For the second time a distinct knock was heard. She went to the door again and opened it, but as before, there was no one there. With an angry wicked gesture she went back to her desk, not a little disturbed at the queer happenings of the morning.

The third time that mysterious knock was heard. Indignantly the godless

teacher went to the door. As she opened her body crumpled on the floor before the eyes of the children whom she had forced to denounce the living God just a few moments earlier. There she lay, a corpse..."

--J. A. Birky, Halsey, Oregon

This third and final contribution for today should be of interest to all. It comes from Bro. James White, Cass, W. Virginia. Thank you brother White. It is indeed wonderful to be--

TAX-EXEMPT

The assessor approached with weary tread

And knocked at a farm house door,
 "Not much value here," he said,
 The surroundings looked very poor.
 The room he entered was cozy and warm,
 The couple were aged and gray,
 From his portfolio he selected a form
 And said in a businesslike way,

"I'm here to appraise your property,
 sir,
 To determine your wealth, you see,
 I'm the assessor, I might infer,
 Will you answer some questions for
 me?"

"Oh, we have great riches," they
 quickly replied,
 Their faces aglow with bliss,
 The assessor awaited with pencil poised
 Waiting the items to list.

"Our mutual love we value quite high,
 It began such a long time ago;
 Each passing year has strengthened the
 tie,
 That increases the value, you know.
 Our health is more precious than silver
 and gold,
 The Master has been very kind;
 We enjoy each day as it comes and goes,
 While so many in illness repine.

"We've quite a fortune in relics, too.
 Any price you would name would be
 small:

A soft golden curl, a little worn shoe,
 And the fingerprints there on the wall;
 We've a special interest in heaven, too,
 She departed this life at three,
 A jewel in heaven with value true,
 That's quite an asset, you see."

The astonished assessor squirmed in
 his shoes

(He was finding it hard to relax),
 "They truly have great riches," he
 mused,

But not one thing I can tax."

"We have no possessions," they calmly
 explained,

"To lock in a vault of steel,
 Possessions and riches are different,
 you see,

Our riches, the things that we feel.

"There's one more that is quite vital,
 You may be a little surprised,
 WE hold a bloodbought title,
 To a mansion in the skies."

The puzzled assessor bowed himself out
 In utter exasperation,
 The richest couple he had ever known
 Were entirely exempt from taxation.

--Flora M. Dawson

Now, you talk about riches, that is
 what I call real riches.

Let us pray, Our Father, we thank thee
 for the voice of God speaking to us in
 various ways, through thy Son, Jesus.
 May these thoughts be a blessing to all
 the listeners. And help us to be a voice
 of righteousness speaking forth the truth
 in Jesus name. Amen.

Friends, thank you for listening. Now,
 if you would like to write us you may
 do so by addressing your letter to The
 Mission Trail, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Testimonies

From Ill.: "This finds us still serving the Lord for he has been so good to us. And he has healed my body of that breaking out I had so long. The doctor did not know what caused it and I had doctored for six months and it was no better. I had asked for prayer and told the Lord I would write to you all if he would heal me and he did. So here I am doing just that letting the world know it, for God stepped in where man could do nothing. I went back to the doctor and he asked how I was and I said OK. And he said, "What do you mean?" I said, "The Lord has healed me." And he said, "What?" I said, "The Lord has healed me." He said, "The Lord works in mysterious ways sometimes." I said, "Yes, he does." And he never said another word about it, but I know God is real. And we love him so much for salvation. It will do to live by and when we come down to the end of this life it will take us through to our heavenly home to be with God forever... We got the Mission Trail yesterday and I read it through last nite while John listened. We sure enjoy the Mission Trail paper... pray for us as we pray for you all out there."

--Bro. John and Sis. Louise Matlock

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From Oregon: "I have just returned from a month's stay in Union, Ore. I was there caring for a teen age girl my sister is caring for. They went on a month's vacation near the equator on a small island called Ponape. He is a grippo logger and they are a very ungodly group. I told them I would be praying for them every day. They went by jet airliner. Truly I did pray. He and a friend went by motor boat to a small island to see a sawmill. They got lost in the dark and the motor conked out. Waves 6 feet high were breaking

over their boat and only a reef kept them from being swept out into the open sea. They had no oars and so paddled with their hands to some lights where some natives lived and stayed all night. My brother in law came back over to ponape and he told them all he knew Grace was praying and he was sure that was all that saved his life... He had never spoken of believing much in God before and my sister seldom asked me to turn thanks when he was at the table but when they returned he personally said, 'Let Grace turn thanks first before we eat.' I was so surprised at his request... I was able to work for the Lord while there, prayed for a woman slowly dying of a malignant tumor and she prayed and I believe she is ready. I gave tracts around and left them in postoffice. The Lord really blessed me in visiting the sick... Christian love,"

--Sis. Grace Jones

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From Mo.: "Trust this finds you all fine and encouraged in the work for the Lord. We can get the broadcast good since I moved here to Granby. Guess you know by now that I live here with Cassie and Viola. I feel the Lord put me here and I am satisfied. I am so thankful for the Lord's blessings and keeping me encouraged to press on through all the trouble he has permitted me to go through. Right now I feel much better in soul and body... I had a real nice birthday the 5th. I was 81. I got a lot of nice cards and gifts. I do thank all and it was all appreciated very much... I still enjoy the Mission Trail and also the broadcast, hope it can go on and on. Do pray for me. I want to keep busy for the Lord and do what I can. I realize I don't have much more time. I know it isn't much I can do, but we can all be lights and examples for the Lord... I do thank you all and all the other saints for their prayers for us."

--Sis. Katie Gibson

From Mo.: "Once I was in prison, so lonely and so sad, many hours I spent in weeping, for no happiness I had. I wanted out of prison, but my way I could not see, until I came to Jesus and Jesus set me free...dear ones, no matter how deep in sin you have gone, what your sins are, or sinful habits are, Jesus can set you free...no one can make you sin then, as the old song says:

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoners free,
His blood can make the vilest clean,
His blood availed for me."

--Sister Becky Barnes

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From Texas: Jesus said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." He said, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." Praise God for the saints. Trust all is well and encouraged in the Lord. I surely enjoy the paper, want it to keep coming."

--Verlene Williams

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From Minn.: Gal. 4:7 -- "Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." I was eating at a table where there were many Senior Citizens having dinner and a man at the table pointed a finger at me and said: 'You are a millionaire.' My answer was 'All Christians are millionaires' and he shut right up. I believe and I know that a great inheritance awaits all of God's people who walk in newness of life. I hear that you are going on an evangelistic trip. God bless and keep you and give you the messages straight from His Throne on high...I will be praying for you all the while. I thank you and all the saints for holding me up before the Throne of God." --Bro. Andrew Senti

From Oregon: "...as I read your message February about the sinking of the Titanic it brought to my memory the book that was written about this terrible catastrophe. My grandfather had this book when I was a young girl. I think now also about Belshazzar the king in Dan. 5:23. They were feasting lifting up himself against the Lord of heaven. While they were drinking and praising the gods of silver and gold the hand of God began to write on the wall. God had numbered his kingdom and finished it. Yes, God had brought this king to his end as God will do today if people don't repent. My heart is stirred to cry out to warn and do all I can to rescue precious souls."--Sis. Bea Spaur

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From Texas: "We feel it's past time for me to write you, but here I am, thanks be to God. We are doing very well. Surely God has blessed us. I'm up in wheel chair and do quite a few things. I can walk (not so gracefully) on the walker. How I do thank the Lord for each painful step. I've gained much weight and as you know it doesn't look like anything is wrong with me. Oh, I can never thank all the dear saints for their prayers and concern for me. The Lord has healed me of diabetes. According to blood tests doctors say I have normal blood and one other serious affliction God has taken all away. When you and Frances were here and she was kneeling at the foot of my bed and I heard her prayer while others were praying and my faith just seemed to take hold for that affliction and it's been gone ever since. How I do thank and praise God for his goodness to me. I sleep at least 2 hours at a time now. I'm thanking God and his people for all his mercies to me. Do continue to pray for my complete healing. I would love to be free from so much pain and be able to walk again." --Lee and Jewel Whitley

Some Highlights of Our Flight to Jamaica!

The time was approximately 2 p.m. as the 727 jetliner sped down the runway of the International Airport in Miami, Florida on March 19 and lifted gently into the sky as Frances and I headed for the beautiful Caribbean island of Jamaica to witness the working of the Lord among those who live on this tropical island.

After many weeks of planning and preparation we left home on the 14th, making stops with the saints in Jena and Hammond, La. We are grateful to them and all others who contributed to make this journey possible. We endeavored to be good ambassadors for the Lord and to hold up the truth to those with whom we came in contact in our brief stay of one week.

Even though our earlier flight of some two hours had been cancelled, when we arrived in Kingston and cleared custom officials, we found Bro. and Sis. Smalling and quite a number of others still awaiting our arrival. How happy we all were to see each other again. It had been almost five years since I was in Jamaica for the first time in 1970. In the meantime Bro. and Sis. Smalling had been to the Monark camp meeting in 1973 which they enjoyed so much and remembered so vividly. Bro. Smalling is pastor of the congregation in Frankfield, which is some distance from the city of Kingston, being near the center of the island.

God richly blessed in the services in the little chapel and we were glad for the opportunity to witness for a resurrected Christ and his power to save and keep men and women of all nations. The presence of the Lord was felt.

Another highlight was the opportunity to speak right in the heart of the little village of Frankfield on Sunday afternoon in a public open air service. Picture, if you can, approximately 50 or 60 people singing on the sidewalk, and then large numbers of them testifying without being ashamed to tell what God had done for them!

At the close of the service a justice of the peace, and formerly a city official, Mr. M. L. Dunkley, came forward and extended to us a very cordial invitation to have dinner with him in his home. His hospitality was so great! May God reward him richly and all others who were so kind to make our trip one to be long remembered. The tropical fruits also added to our enjoyment. We drank fresh water from green coconuts, ate tree-ripened oranges and grapefruits. The "sugar" pineapples were delicious. The night before our departure, in the last service, we were given a travel case lettered "JAMAICA, Land we Love"! And Sis. Frances was presented a very beautiful bouquet of flowers! But all the temporal blessings were only the "fringe" benefits.

The spiritual blessings and the value of souls are the eternal things worth more than all the hardships endured on such a lengthy journey away from the comforts of home.

Recollections linger in our minds of the early-morning parting at the airport in Kingston. Our hearts were more closely knit in love as we formed the circle and sang, "When we asunder part, it gives us inward pain, but we shall still be joined in heart and hope to meet again"!

at press time

we understand:

A Friend in Jamaica



Pictured above is little Alford Henry, aged three, who is just one of our many friends whom we learned to love so dearly while in the island of Jamaica. A more complete report of our trip is given on page six.

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Bro. Louie Marler has announced that all-day services will be held at Senath, Mo. Church of God chapel Sunday, May 4th. Come all!

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Services nightly at 7:30 are scheduled to begin in the Church of God chapel, Garfield and Pennsylvania Streets, in Anthony, Kansas on April 20, continuing until Sunday, April 27. We are looking to the Lord to send ministers of his choosing.

Neosho, Mo. -- "Next fourth Sunday will be our last all day meeting this year until Sept. We omit May, June, July, August because of the campmeeting season. We invite the saints to come and be with us Sunday, April 27th and Sept. 28th.

After much patience in suffering, the dear Lord saw best to call Sis. Virginia Wittenborn to her heavenly home on March 17. She had a real love for the missionary work. Pray the Lord to comfort Bro. Barney, the seven children and other loved ones in this time of sorrow.

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It is with sorrow we announce the home-going of Sis. Lula Caughron, a long-time saint of Webb City, Mo. on March 15.

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Sister Kate Dotson passed away at Huntsville, Ark. Feb. 6 at the age of 91 after a short illness. Funeral was preached by Bro. Merrill Smith. She was a dear saint for many years. Three children mourn her passing, Ewell Dotson, Ruth Parson and Zelma Youngblood. Grandchildren and great grandchildren.

--Mrs. D. F. Walton

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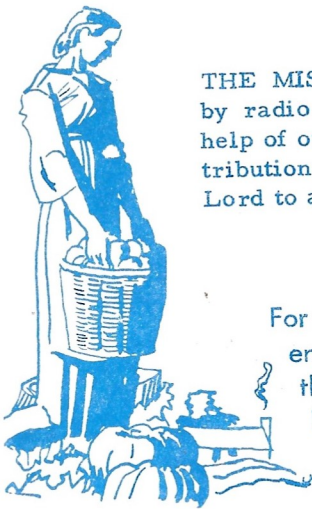
Our sympathy and prayers go out to the loved ones of Bro. William Cramer who departed this life on March 5. He and wife, Sis. Edith had come out from Penna. and were living at the Golden Rule Home, Shawnee, Okla. After a memorial service the body was flown back to Penna. for the funeral March 8.

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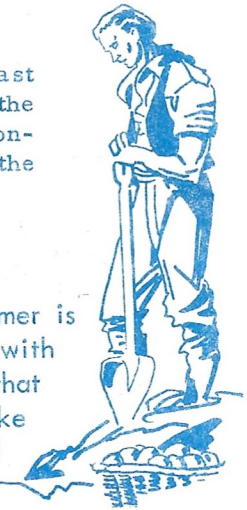
Our best wishes go to Don and Anneta (Luehring) Williamson on their marriage in Calif. March 1st. Their address, R. 1, Box 49A, Olla, La. 71465

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Congratulations to Mike Stover and Kay (Flynn) Stover who were married March 15, in Loranger, La. Best wishes!



THE MISSION TRAIL, originating in Guthrie, Okla., is broadcast by radio and published in printed form by Willie Murphey with the help of others. Its principal support comes from the free will contributions of its listeners and readers. Those who are led by the Lord to assist may do so by sending their offering to:
THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Oklahoma 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
KGGF	Coffeyville, Kansas	690 kc.	Sunday, 8:00 a. m.
KCKW	Jena, Louisiana	1480 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a. m.
WFPR	Hammond, Louisiana	1400 kc.	Sunday, 7:45 a. m.

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