



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 MISSION TRAIL

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## *A Still Small Voice*

Radio Broadcast for October 23, 1977

Good morning, friends, on this lovely autumn day which the Lord has given us. I love this time of year. The leaves are turning many colors, yellow, golden and red. And we see the touch of winter as we are reminded that the leaves will soon be falling to the ground. The birds and squirrels are getting ready for snow. The flowers are withered and withdrawing their blooms and the cold north winds will soon be blowing. But God is still working. Listen to the scriptures:

"And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah? 1 Kings 19:9-13. There are two things I would like you

to notice about this scripture: 1. Elijah was hidden away there on the mountain where God had a chance to talk to him. He was away from the multitude and the cares of life. He gave God a chance to find and speak to him, even though he may have thought he was hidden. The noise and rattle of the city was far below. 2. God speaks in a still small voice. In order to communicate with God one needs to be still. The psalmist wrote: "Be still, and know that I am God:" Psa. 46:10.

When the sinner becomes fully awakened to his condition, a feeling of alarm arises; a serious meditation takes place as the words of the gospel ring in his ears: "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world and lose himself, or be cast away?" Luke 9:25. The pleasures of earth vanish away like a vapor before the burning rays of the sun, as the scene is presented to him in the light of eternity. Then is when life is considered as vanity, and worldly wisdom a light matter, and swept away as chaff before the wind.

And he looks out into the dark chasm of hopeless despair, into which his pathway leads, every signboard seems to point to perdition as his doom. Many as they stood and faced this great precipice of despair lost all hope, and plunged into the depths of sin to drown their misery, but only increased the darkness and woe. Others have stood upon the brink, and as hope was lost amid the dark and gloomy surroundings, have put an end to life, only to meet their doom in eternity in a far worse state of affairs among the ceaseless wailings of the lost. To put an end to life here on earth because of trouble and sorrow does not bring deliverance from such, but brings the sting of death upon the soul which is far more to be feared than the deadly touch of the adder or the rattlesnake; and the step can never be recalled, nor the sting removed after death has severed the thread of life and the spirit has taken its flight from the body.

While some rush heedless into the jaws of death, purposely, fearless and bold, others are accidentally hurled into eternity, without a moment's warning. How sad! Their doom is sealed.

But let us look from the brink of this awful chasm where sin has widened the gulf between the wandering transgressor and God. See this man or woman as they rush down the dark way now, almost hopelessly groping along in the darkness of despair. But God is calling to them: "This is the way, walk ye in it." Isa. 30:19. And they wonder: "Could that mean me?" Yes, it means you. When you turn to the right, or to the left, that voice says: "This is the way, walk ye in it." It is a voice from heaven pointing out the way for the salvation of your soul. It is a still small voice, yet God calls. What will you do?

At this point is where the faint rays of hope appear, yet all in the spiritual sky is darkness. Satan whispers: "It is too late with you; there is no mercy now, and to reform is impossible; all hope has fled away." But that voice continues and not only points out the way, but says, "Look and live." "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." The sinner says, "I cannot come; I am lost, undone, bound by fetters from which there is no deliverance; all is darkness around me." But hear that voice again: "I am the way." "I came to seek and save the lost." But remember, the secret here is to get quiet before the Lord and listen to the still small voice.

A good place to get quiet is in the fields, a wooded area or in the mountain. Jesus often rose up before day and went to the mountain to pray. Elijah was in the mountain here in our lesson. The quietness of the mountain seems to do something for the spirit of mankind. It is restful. Or perhaps, the beach of the ocean is restful.

Some of you have heard, and to those who have not, let me tell you that the Lord has given us a little spot, a retreat of a little more than an acre of wooded land, atop of Gaither mountain some 8 to 9 miles from Harrison, Arkansas. This is in the Ozarks and is very rocky. I never cease to marvel at the beauty of the valley below. For standing on the cliff we can see for miles and miles. There are the hayfields, the pools of water, the houses and highways as they stretch out in the distance. All are portrayed as a panorama. Most of the noise is far below and quietness prevails as we settle down on the moss-covered rocks to meditate and behold the goodness of God to us. It is a good place for prayer where the cares



of life are laid down for a moment. And this poem fits in so well with this scene:

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

There's a spot on the bank o'er the roadside  
'Neath an old tree where often I go  
To repose on its moss-covered surface,  
Or to gaze on the meadow below.  
In the evening I oftentimes wander  
To that lonely and beautiful spot,  
And over life's fancies I ponder  
While all present cares are forgot.

One day as I lay in the shadows  
Enjoying the light summer air,  
A drowsiness gathered around me,  
And strange visions greeted me there.  
Methought there stepped down from the branches  
A spirit from out of the wood,  
Who took from his bosom a pamphlet  
As before me in silence he stood.

I scarcely had time to behold it,  
Or think what his errand might be,  
Before he began to unfold it,  
And said, "I've a message for thee."  
At these words my anxious heart  
fluttered  
And filled up with wonder and dread,  
As I thought on the message he uttered  
While to me these quaint words he read:

"From this time hence forward,  
O mortal!  
It shall not be given to man  
To enter the heavenly portal,  
Nor the gulf of decision to span;  
But to you your choice shall be given  
When death comes his harvest to reap,  
To live o'er the life thou hast liven  
Or to lie down forever to sleep."

At this the strange spirit departed,  
As to me these last words he spoke,  
But the thoughts that his message im-  
parted

Still haunted me as I awoke.  
I wondered, does life's joys and pleasures  
Make up for its sorrow and tears?  
Would we grasp at life's form as a  
treasure,  
Or shrink when its presence appears?

Would we fall like the oak in the forest  
Decaying, to lie on the ground,  
The spirit alike with the body,  
Each sharing the one common mound?  
Or drop to the earth like the acorn  
And start a new life as before--  
To spring back again into childhood  
And renew our memories of yore?

Would we take up the burden of trials,  
Contentedly carry them through,  
Rather than lie in inaction  
Forgetting the pleasure we knew?  
Yes, man, with no show of resistance  
Would travel the voyage once more,  
Were it not that we see in the distance  
A brighter life just on before.

Friends, it is easy to see that part of this poem is a fantasy. For one thing, we cannot, if we would, re-live this life with all its happiness and sorrows. When we are gone, it is for eternity. It is for better or for worse. And in the second place, there is life after death. "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John 11:25-26. So there is life beyond the grave and dear ones, it is very important that you prepare for it.

Our Father, bless the listeners in the way which they need most this day. May the sinners and ungodly listen to the still small voice of God before it is too late for we ask it in the name of Jesus! Amen. Listen now to the words of this song: \* \* \* \* \*

Dear ones, we are counting on the Lord to move on the hearts of the listeners and readers to help us keep this message going forth. We have appreciated your help in the past and it is greatly needed now! Pray for us.

--o--

We thank thee, Lord, for morning light  
And for each day so clear and bright;  
We thank thee for the noonday sun  
And for the night when day is done  
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

We thank thee for the sky so blue,  
And for the moon and stars too;  
We thank thee much that while we sleep  
The guardian angels vigil keep.  
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

We thank thee for the flowers sweet  
And for the grass about our feet;  
We thank thee for all kinds of trees,  
With buds and bloom and fruit and leaves  
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

We thank thee for the bees and birds  
And for the useful flocks and herds,  
That for mankind thou mad'st to live,  
And that to him dost all things give,  
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

We thank thee for the Bible dear,  
With messages of love and cheer,  
And that it to the people still  
Reveals thy precious, holy will,  
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

We thank thee for the Savior kind  
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,  
And that he shed his precious blood,  
Redeeming our lost souls to God,  
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

We thank thee for a home of love,  
Where we shall dwell with thee above,  
And for a bright and starry crown  
When we shall lay our armor down,  
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

## Testimonies

From Idaho: "How are all there? Trust that each are keeping good courage in souls and pressing on for that "crown of life." Our dear daddy is still with us and we do rejoice that he hasn't suffered any more than he has. At times the pain is more than he feels he can bear, but the Lord comes quickly and takes it away. It is so precious to hear him pray and beg the Lord for help, then how quickly the Lord comes. This does so increase his faith and it is beyond our dreams... He seemed real bad 28th of Sept., seemed he had a stroke and it affected the right side of his mouth, but the left side of his body. He would fall that way if we did not hold him. A friend or friends came Thur, and the lady would not leave us. She did not want Wilma and I here alone when he left us. We were all so sure his crossing was that close. Sunday night he begged us to turn him loose and let him go, so we did to all our understanding. He began to mend then until last night and he has gotten worse. All is in the hands of the Lord--for him it will be glorious and the Lord has promised I'd not have more than I could bear so I stand today upon the Word of God... We have had some more blessings from the Lord... Monday morning about 4 a.m. daddy called me and said he was bleeding. When I got to him surely he was and had been for some time. The right shoulder and bed was just soaked, but he had turned to the left side and it was getting on that side. I prayed and prayed, then tried to do all I could to stop it, but just continued. Wilma had gone to work so I called the Clinic and asked what to do. She did not know more than what I had done. She wanted me to keep her posted and I did call once then left word for her to call home. She did at 5 and said I'm coming home. I'd not asked her, but



sure was happy when she said that. A little after 4 I called some friends that live near McCall, Ida, as she always gets up at 4 to pray and I knew I'd not awaken them. They prayed on the phone and then went to prayer. After I thought the Pruitt's were up I called them about 7 your time. He kept bleeding and by this time was very weak, but about 7:30 or something like that we went in and he had stopped and gone to sleep. His face was as if he had never passed a drop of blood. The nostril was free of clots, his face was just like it had been washed not a spot of blood and he just coughed up blood a time or two and other than that he has not had any ill effects from it, but God has stood by His child and we can rejoice and say he has had no trouble... It is wonderful and how we do rejoice for all He has done for us and touched daddy again and again..."

--Sis. Ruby Marken

--o--

From Mo.: "I am so glad tonight that I am saved and know God, all through His love and mercy to me. Oh, I want to live to please God. We are not our own. We are bought with a price, our Lord's life blood. I trust you folks are well and encouraged to go all the way to heaven."

--Sis. Goldie Knapp

--o--

Oh God, give me a heart  
As great as earth is great;  
Yet let in me be found  
No room to harbor hate.

Oh God, give me a mind  
Vast as this universe;  
Yet let there be in me  
No room, one grudge to nurse.

Dear God give me a soul  
As spacious as the skies,  
Yet may there be in me  
No room to shelter lies.

--Sel. by Martha Classen

From Texas: "God is still on His throne! You know I sent in my testimony to the "Mission Trail" paper telling how God has healed me. I'd been terribly ill--about a year ago. I called you folks for prayer quite often. How precious to know you and the saints there and elsewhere were in agreement for my healing. Oh, how mercifully the Lord would ease the pain and give me much needed rest. Shortly after I sent in my testimony I began having stomach troubles again, not as bad as before, but it was getting down to it. I soon realized the devil was contesting my healing. I looked to God in faith to remove all symptoms. He did. In a short while I had victory over the pain and everything. Praise God!... We do seem to have one type of affliction after another. But, the promise "He will deliver us out of them all" is a very outstanding promise"--Sis. Velda Ellis

--o--

From Okla.: "Just a line to let you know we haven't forgotten you. We often think of you and enjoy getting the Mission Trail. We don't always get you on the station. Sometimes it doesn't come in right. Just a little offering to keep the paper coming. I nearly always read it through before I put it down."

--Bro. Forrest and Sis. Mae Norcutt

--o--

From Oregon: "Our weather is lovely now, apples are hanging, so red and also grapes are ripening and fields of pumpkins about ready to harvest so pretty lying there, quite a lot of corn yet to harvest and the tomatoes, still ripening. I've canned and frozen till about got all that I need now. I expect some grape juice and a few last minute things. I am picking up english walnuts now out of my yard, not so many this year, but more than enough for me. How good God is to provide for the widows."

--Sis. Grace Jones

From Mo.: "I am much better but I still need prayer because I'm not yet normal. It's been more than 2 months since I got sick... I have lost 40 pounds since Asa passed away. I am so weak I have to be helped to walk much in the house. Willard helped me to the dining room Sunday so I could hear the broadcast. It was good. I am glad I have my house built on the solid rock. The dear Lord touched my body 3 times. When he would take the suffering away it was gone for good... for some reason he has spared my life. Well, I thought about the song that says all these things will seem as nothing when we get to the end of the way. I hope I'll soon be able to be back in services again..."

--Sis. Katie Gibson

--o--

From La.: "Greeting in Jesus dear name. We miss listening to the Mission Trail over the air but we enjoy reading the paper, so wanted to send a little offering. We have been thinking about it but have been a little neglectful getting it in the mail. We realize we can neglect things in this life but we don't want to be neglectful in serving our dear Savior who has done so much for us... This is a rainy afternoon but we thank the Lord for the rain and for the sunshine... We sure miss Angus at services... We trust the dear Lord is blessing you both and continue in using you for his service. It is about time to get ready for nite service so we better close and get busy. Much Christian love,"

--Elva and Neva Joiner

--o--

From Okla.: "Thank the dear Lord for each one that is trying to hold up the standard and work for God. I love God and want to please him in all my efforts. A little offering to help in any way needed and to say I appreciate the Mission Trail. God bless you all. Love and prayers,"

--Sis. Essie Moore

From La.: "Warm greetings of love across the miles in the precious name of Jesus this beautiful fall day. We ache with the beauty of nature these lovely fall days and how we thank God for all the marvelous things He created for us to enjoy and for the ability to see, hear, smell and feel all of this. We are thankful to be able to report victory in our soul today and can say that God is still blessing us with the joys of salvation and a determination to press on to the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus. This morning in worship I read the 6th chap. of Eph. and I've been meditating on the 18th verse: "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints:" To me, this seems to mean that we, as the children of God, not only have a duty to watch and pray that we keep the victory, but that we also have a duty to the saints that we watch and pray for everyone that their faith will not fail in these awful evil, perilous times we are living in... I often think on the scripture in James 5:16, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."... We look forward to every issue of The Mission Trail and keep you folks and your work continually on our prayer list... Please remember me in prayer as my body is very weak and painful. I desire God to have His way with me but I don't want the devil to impose on me."

--Sis. Sybil Goldsberry

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From Calif.: "We are saved, encouraged in the Lord, enjoying his blessings, the lovely weather, cooler, quite a change from the warm weather we've had... May you be encouraged to continue in the work of the Lord. Pray for us. Our labor is not so broad but we all have something to do."

--Bro. E. V. Davenport



# at press time

we understand:

Bro. Alsia Sorrell, a staunch soldier of the cross, Myrtle, Mo. is sorely afflicted and has been moved to Bro. Edwin and Sis. Lillian (a daughter) Eck's home, Goltry, Okla. His companion, Sis. Dollie, is with him and all of them would appreciate prayers of the saints.

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Word has been received of the death of a dear aged saint, Bro. Ed Olson. The funeral was Oct. 20. He attended service in Jefferson, Oregon faithfully.

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Sis. Eva Cox in Penna. is greatly afflicted and would appreciate so much the prayers of the saints.

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We extend our heart-felt sympathy to Sis. Evalee Stice upon the death of her father. Funeral service was conducted for him October 26.

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Congratulations to Jane Morgan and Pat Sallee who were married Oct. 22. We wish them much happiness.

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From Ark.: "I do love the Lord and want to make heaven my home. I am trying very hard to look to the Lord for all my needs... We have so much to be thankful for. I want to put in a very special prayer request for my body. I sure need help... my desire is to be faithful to the end." --Sis. Nellie West

--o--

"Continue to remember Sis. Barton and Bro. Gaines in prayer. Bro. Gaines is some better -- the fluid is going down and he sleeps better."

--Sis. Vera Mae Hawkins

Everyone is invited to the all-day meeting in the church of God chapel, Grubbs, Ark., Sunday, Nov. 6th. And pray for the saints in this place who are striving to hold up the truth. Some are afflicted.

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"We appreciate the sympathy cards and all at time of mother's passing Aug. 25.

--Bro. Leslie Adams

--o--

With a new paint job inside and out and some nice sturdy oak pews recently purchased and refinished the Guthrie Church of God chapel looks much nicer.

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Good progress is being made on the new chapel under construction for the Jefferson, Oregon congregation. Most of the frame and roof work is completed. The camp grounds is located a few miles out of town with adequate space for parking. Bro. Ostis Wilson is pastor.

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"We may not see how some things work out in our lives but we need to press on in the labor before us. Some day we will come to life's end and then what we have done for Christ will last."

--Sis. Edith Cramer

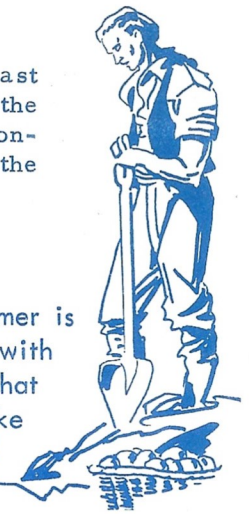
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At this time we are passing through a real test of faith in regard to the broadcasting over the air and publishing of The Mission Trail, so we ask for an agreement of prayer that God may continue to open the doors and provide means for us to send it forth to all who are receptive. If you would like to continue to remain on our mailing list, be sure to let us know.



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.
KBOA	Kennett, Missouri	830 kc.	Sunday, 8:30 a. m.

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