



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

VOL. 16, NO. 11

THE MISSION TRAIL

NOVEMBER, 1980

"One Day at a Time!"

Radio Broadcast for October 12, 1980

Good morning to every listener! It gives me much inspiration just to know you are there and listening! And thanks to all who help us keep the messages going out. In the span of a lifetime, say of 80 years, one would live approximately 29,220 days. That may seem like a long time! And it is, in a way. Many things would happen in that length of time . . . Many problems would arise. Now the thrust of this message is to point out that we are to accept and make the most of "One Day at a Time"! But more on that right after this poem:

SERVICE

I asked the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for him;
To fight amidst his battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn;
I longed for ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,
Whose life was calm and still,
And gave me little things to do
My daily round to fill;
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way;
They seemed of earth alone.
I, who had longed for conquest bright
To lay before his throne,
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.

So as I thought my prayer unheard,
I asked the Lord once more
That he would give me work for him,
And open wide the door--
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came,
"My child, I hear thy cry,
Think not that mighty deeds alone
Will bring the victory:
The battle has been planned by me;
Let daily life thy conquests see."

Since we do not know how many days or years we have to live on this good earth which the Lord has given us, and since we cannot possibly know all the problems which are bound to arise, then I believe it is important that we live only "one day at a time"! Let us take each day, make the most of it, endeavor to please the Lord and then at its close, commit the results of our lives and destiny to the Master! Tomorrow there will be more problems and decisions to occupy our time and thoughts. We will meet them when they come. Listen to the words of Jesus:

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, not yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the

fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek;) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. 6:25-34.

So you see, there will be plenty of problems for each day without us trying to solve all the problems of the world, or even our own lives at one time. I hope that I can be like the householder of which Jesus spoke, and from this message you may receive blessings from both "old and new". "Then said Jesus unto them, Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Matt. 13:52. Some folks like new things and others love the old. This is certainly not a "new" gospel, but we might receive more light and better understanding which will help us be better

prepared to get the greatest blessings from it. It would be impractical for one to try to store enough bread to last a lifetime. Who wants to eat dry, musty and stale bread? Wouldn't you rather have it fresh each day? I would, indeed! And isn't this the lesson God taught the children of Israel when they ate manna forty years in the wilderness?

"And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat. This is the thing which the Lord hath commanded, Gather of it every man according to his eating, an omer for every man, according to the number of your persons; take ye every man for them which are in his tents. And the children of Israel did so, and gathered, some more, some less. And when they did mete it with an omer, he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack; they gathered every man according to his eating. And Moses said, Let no man leave of it till the morning. Notwithstanding they hearkened not unto Moses; but some of them left of it until the morning, and it bred worms, and stank: and Moses was wroth with them. And they gathered it every morning, every man according to his eating: and when the sun waxed hot, it melted"... Exodus 16:14-21.

And think how long the "fresh bread" lasted: Verse 35: "And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna, until they came unto the

borders of the land of Canaan."

How true we find the scripture to be in our lives: "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness." Lamentations 3:22-23. That is like having a freshly baked loaf of bread each morning.

Then the spiritual application for our own benefit: Jesus was speaking of himself: "This is the bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." John 6:58.

So really, our feast continues day after day: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Rev. 2:17.

It is also like drinking the "living waters." "Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John 5:13-14.

This covenant is so much better than the old. It is the "new" written in the hearts of every true child of God:

"For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them

a God, and they shall be to me a people: And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." Heb. 8:10-11.

"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:" 2 Cor. 9:8. Now understand, that means grace for every day, not a lifetime at once. It is given fresh as the need arises!

There were many problems awaiting the Apostle Paul, but listen: "And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." 2 Cor. 12:9.

"But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ." Eph. 4:7. I really enjoy this day by day living for God. Let us have grace for one day at a time. Then we will have a:

PRESENT EXPERIENCE

Some say that in heaven a sinner
There shall never, no, never be found
But that in this lowland of sorrow
To the lusts of the flesh we are bound:
But those who have come to the Savior
Have washed in the all-cleansing tide,
Are now singing of perfect salvation
As they stand all redeemed by his side.

They think that the Spirit of promise,
Which to the disciples was given
To fit and prepare them for service,
Has long since gone back up to heaven:
But we find that the promise included
The saints that are living today.
For he strengthens and comforts and
guides us,

And says he'll be with us always.

They say that away in a new world
Is a city with streets of pure gold,
That after our life's race is ended
We shall drink of its pleasure untold;
But the spiritual city of Zion,
We enter through Jesus today,
And the saints in its glory are walking;
Their sins have been all washed away.

They tell us that over in glory
All the Christians shall there be made
one,
But here amid so much confusion
That surely can never be done;
But the glory that Jesus has given
From Babylon bondage sets free.
And the sanctified saints now are
dwelling
In a perfect and sweet unity.

Our Father, we have spoken of the
grace of God and the necessity of living
only one day at a time. Now, we need
your grace for this day. Do bless each
listener in a very special way. May
they find the "hidden manna" which will
afford a blessing every new morning.
May our lives be enriched to shine out
the marvelous grace, keeping us from
evil through Christ, Amen.

Thank you, friends, for a few moments
of your time. If we may be of some
help to you, be sure to let us know. We
appreciate those who help us with the
broadcast expenses and surely the Lord
knows our needs and we go to him for
our needs and with our burdens...we
appreciate those who help us share these
burdens and help us pass the gospel
along to others. We can just sow the
seeds. It is not for us to know the re-
sults, but sometimes the Lord lets us
see some results and this encourages
us, oh, so greatly. Until we meet again
this is Willie Murphey...



Lest We Forget

Our hearts and prayers go out to Loren
Vance and Maxine Busbee in the loss of
their daughter, Janice Linnette Busbee,
who was fatally injured in an auto acci-
dent Sept. 20. Also to Troy and Wilma
Meek in the loss of their daughter,
Colleen Larisa Meek who was riding
in the same car with Jan and her moth-
er, Maxine Busbee, when an oncoming
pickup crossed the center of the street
and struck them on their side of road.
Maxine is recovering from serious
injuries. Both girls were saved and left
good testimonies. Colleen had recently
drawn very close to the Lord in medi-
tation and prayer. On Prayer meeting
night she was the first to testify. And
Jan had written a poem to her parents
on her fourteenth birthday:

ONE THING

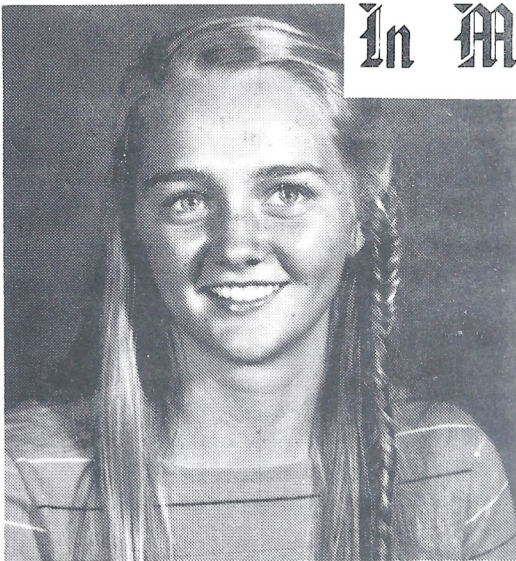
"Of this life, I ask one thing
For my ending.
I am able only now, I'm able to think,
sort pieces out.
I've been given the strength to shout
from a cliff to a canyon what I feel,
And listen to my reflection unashamed.
I'm able to realize and understand,
Just how small and meager we are,
By studying the many stars. I'm able
to simply believe, In my God. Right
now I can enjoy my life; Only now, But
at my life's end, What have I done?
I pray to God my answer won't be
"Nothing."

Continue to pray for:

Loren and Maxine Busbee
3900 SE 32nd St.,
Edmond, Okla. 73034

Troy and Wilma Meek
2800 E. Danforth Rd.,
Edmond, Okla. 73034

In Memory



Janice Linnette Busbee, Age 15

Oh, lovely Jan, yet ling'ring near
In love and thought and memory!
We see thy precious form appear
As oft our yearnings call for thee.

Short days ago your loving smile
Blent with your soft melodious voice
And charmed our spirits all the while,
A boon that made our hearts rejoice.

Above the sweetness of your charm
Of maiden-beauty's rare delight
We saw your faith serene and calm:
Your Christian life, a shining light.

So young and innocent to be
The-victim of an jujust state,
And yet the will of God we see
Arranged thy sad and cruel fate.

From out th' unknown, forboding dark
The daggered blow did fiercely fall,
It found a sure and fatal mark
Enshrouding us with sorrow's pall.

Snatched from our bosom's desp'rate hold
How swiftly passed your life away,
But yet you left the purest gold
For us to lavish all our day.

Colleen Larisa Meek, Age 16

O sweet Colleen! fond memories
Surround the very thought of thee;
Past days are wafted on the breeze
In values holy made to be.

Although to me there was not given
Acquaintance with your precious heart,
Yet I could see the charm of heaven
Shine out in thee that better part.

I deemed thy lovely maiden charm
Too sacred for my human tie;
I kept respect and hoped no harm
Would ever come thy dwelling nigh.

And yet a special mystery
Uniquely did thy life surround,
While from a distance I could see
A halo bright thy bearing 'round.

Enough 'twas so to ever make
A deep impression on my soul:
A mem'ry time can never take
Nor fade from cherished moments scroll.

Bright hopes and dreams of maidenhood
For thee were shattered from the sky:
The joy of love of someone good,
The hope of marriage by and by.

JAN--(Continued)

A sacred mem'ry thou art now,
A gem of everlasting worth;
And beauty shines upon your brow
Unseen while you were here on earth.

How oft while in this afterglow
Of that short pilgrimage of thine
We think of thee and wish to know
Once more thy fellowship divine.

How little knew we that so soon
Thy presence would be snatched away,
That e'er the high-tide of the noon
Cut short would be thy mortal day.

And had we any thought of this,
And premonition of that hour
Your presence would have been more bliss,
Your acts of love a greater shower.

But it is done; regrets are vain:
The past we cannot now recall;
We only bear this untried pain
And at the throne of mercy call.

We'll think of thee and cherish more
Each token bringing thee to mind,
And hope that on that brighter shore
Once more thy presence we will find.

How good is God! His wond'rous plan
A hope so bright for thee affords,
To light the destiny of man
And bind it with such loving cords.

Across the vale of death we see
Thee join that glad and happy throng,
It seems we hear thy voice of glee
Join in the everlasting song.

We pledge ourselves anew to God,
And all His service ever claim
That while this weary earth we trod
We will adore His cause and name.

Goodnight, sweet Jan, we'll see thee when
The morning breaks on that fair shore;
We'll hear your lovely voice again
And clasp you to our hearts once more!

--Bro. Leslie Busbee

COLLEEN--(Continued)

Cut short was all the service sweet
Already rendered for Christ's name;
No more the times of earnest feet
In paths of Jesus' wond'rous fame.

Thy fervent pray'rs no more are heard;
Thy song of joy is quenched and still;
Thy gentle smile, thy loving word
No more asserts thy steadfast will.

But oh! the hope is shining bright
Assurance of a better day
When in the Resurrection's light
The shades of death are passed away.

And all that was from thee denied
And lost and snatched by sorrow's hand
Shall be returned and multiplied
Forever in a better land!

How sweet the testimony given
By those who knew thy heart and life!
How glad the witness that in heaven
Thou'rt free from all this world of strife!

The tears we shed, the pain we feel,
The veil of grief upon our brow
In time the Lord will surely heal
And help us sense how blest art thou.

The years will pass beside our door,
Thy emptiness will glisten bright;
Thy voice shall echo ever more
In all the cause for truth and right.

When in deep trial or distress,
When in temptation's pressing hour,
Thy mem'ry shall our hearts impress
And help us gain the triumph pow'r.

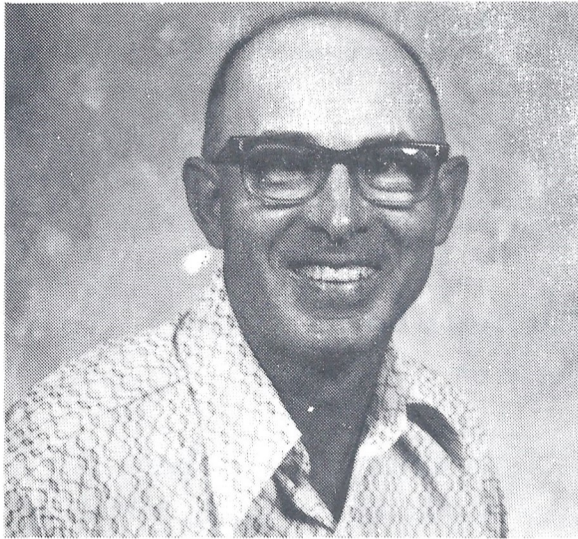
The mem'ry of the just is blest,
An ever guiding star above
To point us to the hope of rest
In yonder world of peace and love.

And so, Colleen, we'll say, "Goodnight!"
We'll meet thee on that better shore,
And in those mansions fair and bright
With Christ we'll live forever more.

--Bro. Leslie Busbee

at press time

we understand:



Harold Lee Davis, Age 54

Harold Lee died as result of an accident which occurred while he was endeavoring to remove some parts from a salvage auto, Monday, Oct. 6. Remember his companion in this time of great sorrow: Lois Davis, R. 4, Guthrie, Okla. 73044

--o--

Congratulations to Mark and Elois Spinks on the birth of their daughter, Oct. 5, 1980.

--o--

Our many thanks go to the Gale, Ill. congregation for their hospitality extended to Frances and myself while we were there in meeting the latter part of September. Many of the folks live within the rumble of the Mo.-Pacific trains which pass through their countryside. And the Mississippi River is not far away. It was interesting to hear how Bro. Pinkerton labored so faithfully to preach the Word there many years ago.

Congratulations to Phillip Gellenbeck and Rosie Huskey on the announcement of their marriage for Nov. 15. We wish them much happiness.

--o--

Revival meeting begins at the Wichita, Kansas Church of God Oct. 31 and continues through Nov. 9th. Chapel is located at 1701 N. Ash. All welcome.

--o--

"We got a time for the young people to sing on the Vinita, Okla. radio Station (KVIN) at 9:15 Sunday morning... we hope some honest soul will hear and be glad for gospel songs. Pray for the work here. We do thank God for all He is doing."

--Bro. Albert and Sis. Margaret Eck

--o--

"Thanks for your prayers. His wonderful blessings are so great to us. What a mighty God we serve...wife is very weak."

--Bro. Sam Abbott

--o--

"I enjoyed your message this morning on eternity. I'm determined by the grace of God to live ready to meet God spotless and blameless and to be an overcomer."

--Sis. Mamie Norcutt

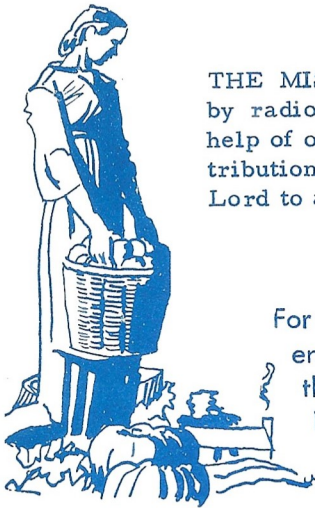
--o--

"Happy are we who walk in newness of life, and have asked the Lord Jesus to forgive our sins and then walk in newness of life, seeking at all times to do that which is right in His sight."

--Bro. Andrew Senti

--o--

Our love and prayers accompany this issue of The Mission Trail. And we do appreciate those who are praying for us.



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

| RADIO STATION | LOCATION | DIAL SETTING | TIME |
|---------------|---------------------|--------------|--------------------|
| KGGF | Coffeyville, Kansas | 690 kc. | Sunday, 8:00 a. m. |

The Mission Trail
Box 99
Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Return Postage Guaranteed

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
8.4 ¢ PAID
Guthrie, Okla.
Permit No. 133