



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

MARCH, 1984

"A Time to Keep Silence, and a Time to Speak"

Radio Broadcast for February 26, 1984

Good morning, friends. Please bear with me a few moments and hear me out for I am dealing with a burning and pressing issue of our day and I am concerned. To the best of my knowledge I will be speaking for God and for millions of unborn babies who never live to see the light of day, but suffer a cruel and inhumane death by abortion! I speak this to the shame of a great nation who, in the past has enjoyed blessings from God such as no other nation under heaven has known.

I'll begin with this scripture: "To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;..." Eccl. 3:1-2. Then it goes on to say in verse 7: "...a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;" I realize there are times when it is best not to speak; this the scriptures say. But it also says there is a time to speak. That time has arrived for me. So speak out I will.

Three times in the scriptures the term "an untimely death" is mentioned. If a death was ever untimely, it seems to me that abortion would be that "untimely death." At this time I will not go into the details of explaining the gruesome manner in which these abortions are carried out, but let it be sufficient to say it is enough to make one sick at stomach and heart with scars of guilt and condemnation often lingering for a lifetime. Now consider this thought-provoking commentary given by Jackson Kane over Radio KTOK in Oklahoma City. I quote:

KANE'S WORLD--January 24, 1984
Who speaks for the dead? In all this decade's long struggle between those who favor abortion, and those who don't ...the dead have not spoken.

Abortion is a thing without a middle ground. There are no arguments sufficient to change the mind of one convinced of the right of it. If one is sure of abortion's necessity in an overpopulated and oftentimes cruel world... not one or one million words can change that conviction; nor can words move a mind sure of the immorality inherent in the killing of millions of unborn children.

So who speaks for the dead? We bandy phrases and philosophical attitudes back and forth; playing our God like badminton, using the unborn fetus as the bird. Score one for you and one for me; during our little game the womb is silent.

Those who support ... the concept of unlimited abortion stand firm upon their individual rights. The body belongs to

woman, and the right to kill is hers. Those who oppose...tell us the concept is immoral, and a violation of human rights.

But who speaks for the dead? If the atheists are right then abortion is merely the cleansing of an animal... unwanted by its dam. But even if one accepts the premise of a Godless Universe the killing of a rational animal... though unborn... is on the face of it wasteful and a shortchanging of future generations.

If one believes in a Supreme Being... it is much more. It is the destruction of a life given for a purpose, in trust and expectation. And... if one accepts the existence of afterlife... there must be an accounting.

So who speaks for the dead? Perhaps they will speak for themselves... at a later time. And their words will be terrible to hear. --Jackson Kane

Well said, Jackson. Thanks for Kane's World. It is time that someone spoke for the unborn and that time is now! Even one guilty of murder must have someone speak for him and plead his case before the court before he is convicted. If that person is unable to pay for the counsel, then the state must do so, but by no means must he be put to death or sent to prison for life without someone speaking for him. What crime has been committed by the unborn that they should be forbidden to see the light of this world? Did not the same God create those who inhabit it, as these who have never arrived? Does not the blood of these unborn millions cry unto the Lord for a day of reckoning? Will they have nothing to say in that great day of judgment? I think they will indeed. And will not their accusing fingers point to

the immoral and corrupt young men and women who refused to accept their presence lest their own shame should be exposed before the eyes of all the world to see? I say the sin of abortion is greater than the sin of infidelity and immorality! One sin by no means justifies another!

And while on this thought of their blood crying unto the Lord let us go back to the experience of the two sons of Adam and Eve. Because of perhaps jealousy and a wicked heart Cain, rose up and slew his brother Abel. "And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Gen. 4:9-10.

Who will answer for all the blood of the unborn millions? Those responsible for it! That's who.

The prophet Jeremiah was hated by his enemies and some of them wanted to put him to death. Listen to his reply: "As for me, behold, I am in your hand: do with me as seemeth good and meet unto you. But know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves, and upon this city, for of a truth the Lord hath sent me unto you to speak all these words in your ears." Jer. 26:14-15. His blood was innocent. The Lord would hold them responsible for taking it. But he didn't resist. He said "I am in your hand". Look at the parallel--the unborn is unable to resist effectively to gain his deliverance. That life is in the hands of others. But I say know ye for certain that innocent blood is being brought upon the takers of this blood. "The Lord hath sent me to speak all these words in your ears."

Some things apparently seem right for those who believe in abortion. Let us examine some of them. First, the population is rapidly growing and the fear exists that the food will run out on this earth for all the people. Then there would be mass starvation for all. So, why should children come into homes where they are not wanted? Wouldn't it be better that they were never born? Some parents-to-be are not suitable and have no time for children, so why not abort the birth before they are born? Wouldn't this be better? The world is over-populated with poor people! Why should they be born at all? Should they be brought into the world to starve? So what is the answer?

I, for one would like to address these questions. I acknowledge I don't know all the answers. But who can tell when the food is going to be depleted on this earth? God fed the widow and her son when the drouth was in the land... The prophet, Elijah also got a cake and some water! The resources of the Lord are not limited. Isn't that a poor excuse, that we may all starve? But they say, "We are too busy making a living; we are unable to support another." Do you really think that is the problem? I have a suspicion that the underlying cause is selfishness! The fact is, the life-style and gaiety of the evening parties, the accumulation of earthly possessions and pleasures would be cut short. Homes are broken so there is no time for the unborn.

I see I have chosen a subject too big for the time allotted, but let me hasten. Here's a brief look on the other side of the ledger. Some of the greatest joys life has afforded for Frances and me have come from our children. Often as she fixed evening meal Frances would say, "It's almost time for daddy to come

home." What a joy it was to have that welcome awaiting for me. There was a time when I could pick up one or two of the waiting children in my arms or carry them on my back, but as they grew and more came to join their number, I was unable to hold them all at one time, but our hearts were plenty big for them all! There were none that we wanted to give away. No amount of money would have induced us to part with them. No earthly job was worth more than our family. There is a great satisfaction in knowing we have made a contribution to society. We like to feel the world is a better place because of those who carry our "stamp" which has been impressed upon the lives of those who were entrusted into our care and it will be for good to others. The influence of Godly parents are priceless!

A PRICELESS PORTRAIT

I have a masterpiece of art
Hung up on memory's wall;
It is a portrait of my dad
When I was very small.
I can't forget when dad hitched up
The wagon to the team,
And let me go to town with him
Which made come true my dream.
He bought the things a farmer needs
To till the fertile ground,
And when the wagon bed was full
We soon were far from town.
He added up his coins and made
The team halt in it's tracks.
"The man shortchanged himself, "
he cried,
"I'll have to take it back."
I thought he meant he'd take it back
Next time he drove to town,
But soon he left his wagon seat
And stood upon the ground.
He said, "Son, drive the wagon home
And help them milk and feed.
I've got to take a dime to him
Who sold me garden seed."

"But we're four miles from town,"

I said,

As I begged dad to wait.

"In just a half a mile or so

We'll pass our barnyard gate."

He cried, "My boy, I'm tired, but I

Must trudge back into town

And get this matter straightened out

Before the sun goes down."

"But it is just a dime," I said,

"And you are not to blame."

He sighed, "My son, it's more than that,

For it involves my name."

"What if the Lord should call me home

This very night in fact?

I don't presume my friends would know

To take the ten cents back."

"I live each day aware that I

Will stand before God's throne

And that I'll give account for dimes

I've spent which weren't my own."

I saw him bravely turn toward town

As I toward home did start;

'Twas then a priceless masterpiece

Was etched within my heart.

I gazed through tears until I saw

Him fade behind a curve;

I vowed right then if I grew up

My daddy's God I'd serve.

The years have flown since that resolve

When I was merely eight,

And dad, all tired, walked back to town

To set the record straight.

I wonder if all daddys know

That one such deed alone

Can do more good to make boys straight

Than all the sermons known. --Sel.

ABORTION--Be it far from us. Let us shunt and all the avenues of sin which lead in that direction! My prayer is, "Dear Lord, deliver me from participating in that which brings guilt and condemnation."

Until we meet again this is Willie Murphey, saying, God bless and keep you always and a very cheerful goodbye!

Testimonies

From Okla.: "I feel God wants me to write and tell you of my harrowing experience on Sat. evening Jan. 14th and how the Lord was with me. I was victim of a purse snatcher. While still in the store I had told my daughter I was so shaky, but of course I had the store cart to hold to. We were checking out and she was just ahead of me and took the boys, going on to the car. I finished and put the change in my purse. Then was hardly out the door 'til I felt the jerk on my arm. He must have been just behind me or by the door. I saw him running and screamed and with that lost my balance and fell on the cement. Then others soon came around and my daughter, officers also an ambulance, for as I fell, many bones could have been broken. They feared to move me. At emergency, I checked out good and came home...for a few days I was quite sore... I think how it might have been and it seems I can't be thankful enough. The scripture came to me, 'Underneath are his everlasting arms.'...I did get the purse back minus the money. I do need the prayers of the saints."

--Sis. Chas. Kelse

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From Ark.: "As I look outside and see the beautiful sunshine, the warmth from it, and not a cloud in the sky, I feel the tender love of God inside: the peace, love and joy it brings. His mercy is so great to us. I pray for more of the love and understanding of God and to be more like Him...time goes on and soon we will meet our Saviour--then the reward. My greatest desire is to trust and obey and Heaven will be my destination. I surely enjoy the Mission Trail each Sunday morning, and wish every one would tune in. The Word is precious and will judge us the last day."

--Sis. Alalue Bray

From Okla.: "Greetings in Jesus this lovely morning. How we enjoy the good sunshine these days, but above all the son of righteousness shining in our souls. Praise His dear name."

--Sis. Ruby Stover

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From Texas: "Greeting of Christian love in the precious name of Jesus, our Lord. Well, I got the message so good and clear. The singing was so pretty, made me feel good... I never have found it on the new radio yet. It has to be clear weather to get it on the old one. It's wonderful when I do get it. I'm still pressing my way to the heavenly home to be with my Lord..."

--Sis. Nellie Lovell

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From Kansas: "We surely thank the Lord for another beautiful day here. It was surely bad in the northern states yesterday. We have so much to be thankful for. All our children and grandchildren are doing well at this time. Our 15th great grand child is due any day. Babylon is raging like a fire. It makes me so sad to see all the deception that is going on in the world... It is terrible how they are butchering up the word of God. It is such a blessed privilege to see and hear the truth. How I do love and pray the Lord to ever help me to be true and faithful unto him and true to those that I love."

--Sis. Lula Tucker

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From Ark.: "Thanks for the little paper I enjoy reading... Please remember us in your prayer. My husband, Sam Steele had a stroke 2 years ago, but he gets around real well... I haven't been very well for 2 years. We moved to town and I'm not very happy here. The churches here are not like we had out on the Creek. May God bless you all in getting the word out to people."

--Sis. Pearl Steele

From Oregon: "So thankful to know our God is there even tho' we can't see Him --Like the sun, it is there even tho' we don't see it for the fog... We are so thankful that God has cared for Bill and our loved ones who have to be on the Hi-ways. Yes, we've much to be thankful for even tho' some of our loved ones remain in severe afflictions. Our desire to be in services doesn't seem to be answered but God in His time will change it all..."

--Bill and Doris Busch

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From Okla.: "We have a beautiful day coming up to live beautiful for the Lord. I'm praying He will make my path plain and incline my heart therein. I want to be a blessing and encouragement where ever I may be always."

--Mary Irene Thurston

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From N. Car.: "I do count it a grand privilege to be one of God's dear children... time does flee and all our days here are so swift. I truly do not want to spend my days in vain and my years in folly, but I want to serve my Lord washed in His most wonderful cleansing blood to spare my soul from destruction... A useful life is one well used to glorify God in the little things. May we not in the coming year be half-used or unused..."

--Sis. I. Lennon

--o--

From La.: "I am still pressing on for heaven, getting real feeble in body... It is a beautiful sunshiny day today, but is supposed to rain tomorrow and be more cold weather. I will be glad to see spring. This is the coldest winter we have had in a long long time. But God knows what is best for us, so let us be content with the weather He sends and not complain. Some people are always complaining either too hot or too cold, never content. The Lord knows what is best for us..."

--Sister Mary Bush

Excerpt from "Memories of the Past," an autobiography of Sister Rosella Scott:

"Good things are for all who will trust and obey. One definition of "church" as given in the dictionary is "a group of worshippers." True worshippers are scattered all around. Read 1 Cor. 16:19, and Romans 16:5. There was a time when I dreaded to think of the end of time and feared concerning my future destiny, but God keeps a record of His own. As we truly know Him as our heavenly Father; know Him as the one who heals our bodies, too, . . . we look forward with real peace and joy to meeting Him--whether it shall be at the end of this time world, or as an individual in the hour of death.

"I would like to enclose the account of an experience of another of God's children. I did not know this minister, but this is a miracle of some time ago. I will relate it as he wrote:

"I left on the Pennsylvania railroad and expected to make a connection via the Pittsburg, Rochester and Buffalo Railroad. Our train, however, was late, and when I arrived, the train on the road was gone. This was a great disappointment and would spoil all our arrangements to reach the place of meeting. I inquired at the station and was informed that a fast-line train of pullman cars passed through at 11:00 a.m., but did not stop.

"I meditated a few minutes and then decided on a plan to stop the train. I carried my suitcases over the railroad bridge that spanned the river. Here on the opposite side of the bridge from the station was an ideal place to pray. I sat my suitcases down and began to walk back and forth along the railroad track, calling earnestly upon

the Lord. I humbled my heart before Him and promised many things if He would be kind enough to stop the train and let me on board.

'About half past 10:00, I felt sure the Lord would grant my request, believing beyond the shadow of a doubt it would be even so. I wept and thanked God aloud. About 11:00 o'clock, I could hear the rumble of the fast approaching train. Satan tried to bring doubts, and whispered, "What a fool you are! That train never stops, and if it did it would stop at the station on the other side of the river and not out here in the field. It will pass you like a whirlwind!" For a moment it seemed all hope was gone. Had I admitted doubt, all would have been lost.

'In the name of Christ I rebuked the enemy and held on in faith. The train stopped with the rear car not more than thirty feet from where I stood. I grasped my baggage and ran along side of the car, waving my hand. A man at one of the windows saw me and called the brakeman's attention. He opened the vestibule door, saying, "What do you want?" I answered, "I want on the train." "Get on," he said, and I did. As soon as I stepped on board, the train began to move. I sat down by a window and wept like a child. How precious the Lord was to me! How good He was to stop the train! When I reached my destination, my wife and other workers were waiting for me.'

"I believe a great man once said, 'More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of.' "

Those who would like to read "Memories of the Past" may contact Sis. Rosella Scott at R. 6, Box 10, Apt. 16, Shawnee, Oklahoma 74801.

--WCM

at press time

we understand:

From Calif.: "Greeting in Jesus name. We thank the Lord we're still pressing on in the straight and narrow way, hoping to gain a crown at the end of the way. I am still thankful to be able to read the Mission Trail when I get it and want you to keep sending it. My husband has been real sick lately but we are thankful he is much better and he is still trusting in the Lord..."

--Sister Geneva Pierro
--o--

From Kansas: "Thanks be unto God for a perfect salvation and the fact that we can have it free. I am still encouraged..."

--Sis. Shirley A. Knight
--o--

From Okla.: "Jan. 16, '84 -- "This morning early 10 above. At 12:30, 19 and we may get to 20 today. But oh, so much to thank the Lord for. Most of all for salvation. I take note of chapter and verse of your radio broadcast; have been going through my Bible and marking the verses, last few days, and it does richly bless me. It has started to snow about 2 hours ago and we have another 1 1/2 inches of snow and snowing right along. My phone was out for 24 hours. The man got it fixed about 2 hours after noon. The Lord is so good to us. No other friend so kind and true. Praise the Lord. Until we meet again -- may the Lord be gracious to you, giving health and strength for each day."

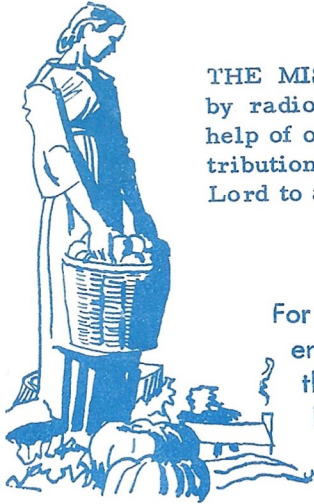
--Sister Doris Bowers
--o--

Congratulations to Henry and Myra Moaning on the birth of their son, Girma Lamon, on Feb. 6th.

From Mo.: "The Lord has been so good to me and gives me courage to meet the cares of each day."

--Sis. Emma Whipple
--o--

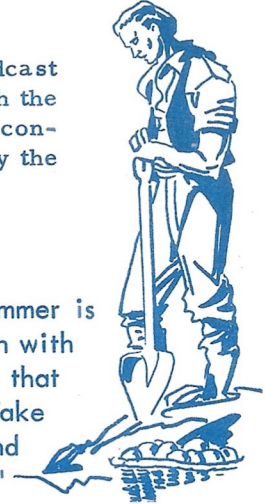
We are using a new mailing system for the first time on this issue. We believe this is going to prove to be better, so after many years we will be "retiring" the old stencil machine which has given good service for so long. The addresses are being printed out on individual gummed labels. Many of the stencils are getting old and sometimes the name was hard to read. The new system is so much cleaner and better print. So we would ask each one to do us a favor and very carefully check your new label and see if all the information is correct. Routes, box numbers and zip codes are very important. So after checking yours mark any changes which are necessary and either peel label off or cut it out and send it back to us. A very simple thing it is to make corrections and update it for the next issue. Thanks to those who responded to our year-end request that you write us at least once each year. A few names we have removed from our mailing list. In case yours should have happened to have been one of these and it is your desire to continue receiving The Mission Trail, just let us know at once. We certainly do not want to waste the Lord's paper and ink if it is not your desire to read it! And thanks to all who help to make it possible. For these nineteen years the Lord has not failed us and we look to Him for guidance in the future. We need your prayers.



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
KGGF

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