



Gospel Broadcasting and Publishing
The Mission Trail

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THE MISSION TRAIL

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"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Radio Broadcast for September 30, 1984

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." Isaiah 11:6.

Good morning, friends. Whata wonderful privilege and also a great responsibility is mine! First, the joy and hope that I may be a blessing to some one along the journey of life. And secondly, the awesome responsibility to tell the truth and stand firm on God's Word and be led by the Spirit of God.

Now consider this: In the sixth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs we find these words: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." This does not mean that we should let our children always have their own way whether right or wrong. Training should begin as soon as your child knows when you speak to it. In demanding obedience, you should, when possible, cause them to comprehend a reason for it. When you tell the child not to do a thing, tell it why it must not. The more obedient your child is, the more they will love you; but unless you teach your child obedience while young, you need not expect obedience from it when he or she grows older.

If you were to train a horse, when would you begin? You say, "When it is a little colt." First you would put the halter

on it, and let it become used to that; and the sooner it gets it on, the less trouble there will be. After a while you can put the bridle on, and soon will be able to put the whole harness on. It is not a crime for children to have some chores to do. All of this should be done with love and understanding. Remember that early in life the child must learn obedience. Many problems can be spared if obedience is learned early.

Have you known people who seemed to take more pains in training their horses than in teaching the children? Parents, your children are given to you in trust to be trained up for the Lord. Few things in life are as important as training your children.

Have confidence in your children, and let them know it. Do not be afraid to encourage them in doing the right. Never tell them they are bad, nor that they are the worst children you have ever seen. Let them understand they are to mind. That is a big part of the battle.

Thanks, Sis. Rosella Scott, for sending the following touching story of the little boy who had been sadly neglected:

CRIPPLED TOMMY AND SINGING JESSIE.

In a damp and dismal alley,
Where the sunshine never came,
Lived a little lad named Tommy,
Crippled, delicate and lame.

He had never yet been healthy,
But had lain since he was born;
Dragging thru his weak existence,
Well nigh hopeless, and forlorn.

Six years old was little Tommy—
It was just five years ago,
Since his drunken mother dropped
him,
And the babe was crippled so.

He had never known the comfort,
Of a mother's tender care
For her cruel blows and curses,
Made his pain still worse to
bear.

There he lay within his cellar,
From the morning until night
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-
treated,
Naught to make his dull life
bright.

Not a single friend to love him,
Not a living thing to love,
For he knew not of a Saviour,
Or a heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet summer's evening.
And the alley, too, was still,
Tommy's little heart was sinking,
And he felt so lonely--till

Floating up the quiet alley,
Wafted inward from the street,
Came the sound of someone
singing,
Sounding oh, so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen,
As the singing nearer came;

Oh that he could see the singer
How he wished he wasn't lame!

Then he called and shouted
loudly,
'Til the singer heard a sound,
And on noting where it came from,
Soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden rough and rugged,
Hair unkempt and naked feet—
All her garments torn and ragged,
Her appearance far from neat.

"So you called me," said the
maiden.
"Wonder what you want of me—
Most folks call me singing
Jessie,
What may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy, I'm a cripple
And I want to hear you sing,
For it makes me feel so happy—
Sing me something, anything."

Jessie laughed and answered
smiling,
"I can't stay here very long;
But I'll sing a hymn to please
you,
Which I call the glory song.

Then she sang to him of heaven:
Pearly gates and streets of
gold.
Where the happy angel children,
Are not starved or nipped with
cold.

But where happiness and gladness
Never can decrease or end;
And where kind and loving Jesus
Is their Saviour and their
Friend.

Oh, how Tommy's eyes did glisten
As he drank in every word—
As it fell from singing Jessie—
Was it true what he had heard?

And so anxiously he asked her,
 "Is there really such a place?"
 And a tear began to trickle,
 Down his palid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen-
 Why! it's up beyond the sky; And
 if you truly love the Saviour
 You shall go there when you die."

Then said Tommy, "Tell me Jessie,
 How can I the Saviour love,
 When I'm down in this here cellar
 And He's up in heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden,
 Who had learned at Sunday School,
 All about the way to heaven,
 And the Christian Golden Rule;

Taught the little crippled Tommy,
 How to love and how to pray.
 Then she sang a song of Jesus,
 Kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar,
 Which had grown so dark and cold,
 Thinking all about the children,
 In the streets of shining gold.

And he heeded not the darkness,
 Of that damp and chilly room-
 For the joy in Tommy's bosom
 Could dispel the deepest gloom.

"Oh if I could only see it,"
 Thought the cripple as he lay,
 "Jessie said that Jesus listened
 So I think I'll try to pray."

So he put his hands together,
 And he closed his little eyes,
 And in accents, weak, yet earnest
 Sent this message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me,
 As I didn't know before,
 That you cared for little
 cripples
 Who are weak and very poor.

"I never heard of heaven,
 Until Jessie came today,
 And told me all about it,
 So I want to try to pray.

"You can see me, can't you Jesus?
 Jessie told me that you could
 And I somehow must believe it,
 For it seems so kind and good.

"And she told me if I love you,
 I should see you when I die
 In the bright and happy heaven,
 That is up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple,
 And I'm no use here below,
 For I heard my mother whisper
 She'd be glad if I could go.

"And I'm cold and hungry some-
 times,
 And I feel so lonely, too-
 Can't you take me gentle Jesus,
 Up in heaven along with you?"

"I'd try to be good and patient,
 And I'd never cry nor fret,
 And your kindness to me, Jesus,
 I would surely not forget.

"I would love you all I know of
 And would never make a noise-
 Or can't you find me just a
 corner,
 So I can watch the other boys?"

"O, I think you'll do it Jesus,
 Something seems to tell me so,
 For I feel so glad and happy,
 And I do so want to go.

"How I long to see you Jesus,
 And the children all so bright-
 Come and fetch me, won't you
 Jesus!
 Come and fetch me home
 TONIGHT?"

Tommy ceased his supplication,
He had told his soul's desire,
And he waited for the answer
'Til his head began to tire.

Then he turned toward his dark
corner,
And lay huddled in a heap—
Closed his little eyes so gently,
And was quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer,
Could have seen his little face,
As he lay there in the corner,
Of that damp and dismal place.

For his countenance was shining,
Like an angel's fair and bright
And it seemed to fill the cellar,
With a holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus
From a ragged singing girl—
He might well have wondered,
pondered,
'Til his brain began to whirl.

But he took it as she told it,
And believed it then and there,
Simply trusting in the Saviour,
And His kind and loving care.

In the morning when the mother
Came to wake her crippled boy,
She discovered on his features,
Was the look of sweetest joy.

And she shook him somewhat
roughly,
But the cripple's face was cold—
He had gone to join the children,
In the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been
answered,
And the angel death had come,
To remove him from the cellar,
To his bright and heavenly home.

Where sweet comfort, joy and
gladness,
Never can decrease or end—
And where Jesus reigns eternal,
His dear Saviour and his Friend.

Our Father, bless the message to the
good of every listener. There are some
going through great adversities and still
others have sickness and trials. But
we are glad for the great hope which
keeps us pressing onward to that eternal
reward. Stir thy saints to spread the
truth in Jesus name. Amen.

Thanks for a few moments of your time.
If you would like a copy of today's mes-
sage you may have one by request. Just
send us your name and address. And
now until we meet again this is Willie
Murphey, saying God bless and keep
you always and a very cheerful goodbye.

Though He slay, I'll trust

*Sometimes our perfect little worlds
Are shaken, tossed about.
How did it happen? Why, Lord, why?
And questions foster doubt.*

*But oh, I've found down through the years
God's granary avails;
His funds are not depleted yet;
His larder never fails.*

*How many Israelites did God
Feed in the wilderness?
Did even one go wanting there?
God proved His faithfulness!*

*Do lilies face their world unclathed?
Do sparrows beg for bread?
Does God forget His chosen seed?
Is His hand limited?*

*He is my buckler and my shield;
His promises are true;
His covenants stand forevermore
And what He says, He'll do!*

From Oregon: "This year has passed so quickly, just 4 months till its completion. How fast the sands of time run and how soon our short life is finished on this earth and how we need to work for Him and do more in the short time we have left. What an awesome and serious thing it's going to be to stand in the presence of our great Judge. I once stood in the presence of a judge for a small traffic infraction. I addressed him as 'your honor' as I had learned court manners when I sat on a jury. Others who appeared before me never addressed him in the manner they should and even were arrogant and it never helped their cause by any means. When the judge said 'you are free to go' and passed no judgment on me, you can imagine how happy that made me . . . So we need to live so we will have no fear when we stand in our great Judge's presence. I am thinking what a great thrill it will be to see His dear face and see His smile of approval. I love Him more as I grow older."

--Sis. Grace Jones

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From Canada: "Greetings to you in the name of the Lord. Referring to your last Mission Trail, your message was: 'Faith Without Works Is Dead.' You mentioned, many folks who hear the word but just don't do what they should. How true. Rev. 3:3 brings out this thought, 'Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. Verses 1 and 2 bring out why repentance was necessary: 'I know thy works . . . I have not found thy works perfect before God.' This shows that faith without works is dead. Faith and works is living the word of God, and acting it out in our daily lives. Your Bro. & Sis. in Christ,"

--Alfons and Martha Oppel

From Okla.: "Greetings to all readers of The Mission Trail. I get a lot of comfort and hope out of the messages. I call it a messenger, for it brings a message of hope and comfort to the believer and a warning to the unbeliever. I am so glad I know the Lord. He has been so good to me. I know I must have failed Him many times through ignorance, but He has never failed me, and I love Him with all my heart. . . I visit all 6 of our nursing homes once a month. There are 2 of us that go together. There are so many lonely forgotten people in these homes. More people should go to these homes, and talk to and pray with or for these lonely people. Just pray for me that I will stay able to work for God, and do little things for the needy." --Sis. Minnie A. Adcock

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A REPRINT--A man who had preserved his youth not only in appearance, but in heart long after he had reached the limit of three score and ten, gave as his reason, 'I have always looked forward to each new day eagerly. I know there will be something in it for me to learn, to enjoy. There will be unexpected blessings and surprises. There will be trials--perhaps sorrow--but I have learned to look upon them all as lessons which must be learned in this school of life. I do not shrink from them now, but I welcome them as friends. Every day there come chances for putting happiness into the lives of others, opportunities large and small for serving my Master, and some day I will come face to face with the Great Adventure! My Saviour will call me home. I cannot tell what day it will be, but I greet every day with joy. For I know by experience that it will hold for me something good.'

--Selected by Sis. Grace Jones

From Mo.: "Greetings of love to all. It has been some time since I have written, but I still love the truth. Nothing satisfies me but the truth. The Bible says, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The Lord answered prayer for me to get to go to the Myrtle camp meeting. It was wonderful . . . Remember me in prayer." --Sis. Johnnie West

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From Oregon: "I just returned a couple days ago from a wonderful camp meeting at Pacoima, California. It was good to meet the saints from other states there too. The singing and preaching was so inspiring. I enjoyed it all very much. Many were saved and twelve were baptized. This was my fourth camp meeting to attend this summer."

--Sis. Lucille Trimble

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From Kansas: "Greeting once again in the loving name of Jesus. I'm so glad I love Him and willing to walk that straight and narrow way, through His mercy and grace . . . Thank you very much for the 'Second Coming of Christ.' I've read it once but I'll read it again. . . . God has sent us some nice weather. The nights are so cool. I do thank Him for it."

--Sis. Mamie Norcutt

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From Wash.: "Greetings to you folks in Jesus dear name. We are still pressing on to the goal, which is Heaven. But while we are here on this earth we want to do all we can for the salvation of souls. God is so good to me. I am quite well most of the time, and give God all the glory. We hope you are well and enjoying the blessings of the Lord."

--Sis. Violet Thomas

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"Love is like a fragile seed nestled deep in the earth of caring, showered by rains of thoughtfulness, nurtured by moments of sharing . . ." --Sel. by Lou Bray

From Tenn.: "I am still happy in the Lord, and still rejoicing in the good camp meetings I was privileged to attend this summer. I attended both the Monark Springs, Mo. meeting and Myrtle, Mo. meeting and really received many good blessings from the Lord including two different instant healings to my body, one a weakness in my chest and one a hurting in the lower right side of my back. Thank God, neither have returned. I do still have real bad circulation problem which I'm still trusting God for complete healing. I desire the continuation of the saints prayers for this."

--Sis. Mary E. Rogers

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From Okla.: "I wasn't up to driving to services this morning. Your broadcast came in clear and it strengthened and helped me . . . May the Lord bless you both with strength and grace to press on for Him. Pray for me as I do for you."

--Sis. Doris Bowers

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From La.: "Guess all the camp meetings for the summer are in the past and most every one returned home to resume their respective place of duty. Just hope there was much lasting good done, for it's not the ones who start on this Christian race who win the prize, but he who endures to the end. Time is speeding on so fast, that soon we all will be in eternity. How it does pay to be faithful to the end. I surely want to be ready when my time comes to go."

--Sis. Myrtis Flynn

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From Calif.: "Our heavenly Father is very good to us. We love our Lord and enjoy following Jesus. When we need Jesus no matter how small the need is, when we call on Him to help us He is right there to give us the help we need. This would be a miserable world to live in without Jesus."

--Sis. Letha Reece

at press time

we understand:

Congratulations to Clayton Gaines and Roberta Hightower who have announced their plans to be married Oct. 7th at Myrtle, Mo. We wish for them many happy years.

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From Kansas: "How I do thank the Lord for these lovely cooler days and nites we are having. The Lord is so good to us. I thank Him for every blessing He bestows on us daily. He is certainly a most merciful and wonderful Father. What a pleasure it is just to ever strive to do His will, and that is my object in life. Nothing brings me more pleasure." --Sis. Lula Tucker

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To Bro. Clarence Bennings of Prattsville, Ark., we extend our sympathy upon the recent death of his mother.

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Our sympathy is extended to Sis. Betty Smith, Shawnee, Okla., upon the death of her mother, Sis. Anna Mason, 83, Sept. 3rd.

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From Texas: "It is wonderful to be a child of the King with the wonderful love of God in our souls. If the world could know the love of God they would seek Him today." --Sis. Nellie Lovell

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Our hearts have been saddened by the recent severe illness and death of little Christa DeAnn, daughter of Mancil and Shirley Doolittle. She would have been four months old Oct. 4th. The saints had prayed so earnestly that the Lord would heal her, but He saw best to call her to Himself, Oct. 1st.

Home-Going for



Sister Ruth Murphey

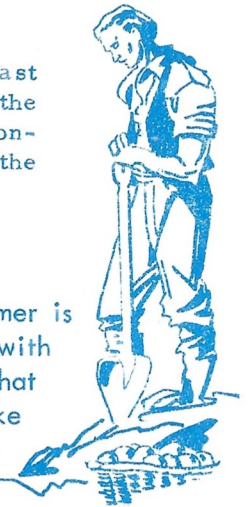
How fitting and appropriate it seemed that the funeral for Sister Ruth should be held on the Monark Springs campground under the tabernacle where she had so often met with the saints. Even though Saturday morning, Sept. 29 was rather cool and cloudy many were there to show their love and respect for Sister Ruth whose ministry spanned an era of approximately fifty years or more. It was in the early morning hours of Sept. 27 she slipped quietly from her earthly tabernacle to be with the Lord while at her home in Carterville, Mo. at age 71. She will be greatly missed, but remembered for her deeds of love to others.



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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

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