



Gospel Broadcasting and Publishing

# The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Willie C. Murphey and Frances E. Murphey

Home Phone (405) 282-1101

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

VOL. 21, NO. 10

THE MISSION TRAIL

OCTOBER, 1985

## PRINTED COPY OF THE LAST MISSION TRAIL BROADCAST

Broadcast for September 29, 1985

"Greetings to the saints and all of my friends who are within the sound of my voice. It's certainly a great privilege to come to you at this time, and it is one which I have looked forward to and planned with great anticipation for a number of weeks. We're thankful for this opportunity. I have a Scripture which I would like for you to notice; in James, in the fourth chapter and the fourteenth verse. 'Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' Now along with this Scripture I would like for you to notice several things. First, that life is very short; that it will not be long until all of us will have spent the days allotted to us in this world. This is now the month of January and the beginning of the new year of 1965."

Good morning to all the friends and listeners of the Mission Trail Broadcast. This is Willie E. Murphey. You have just been listening to a recording of the first part of the very first Mission Trail Broadcast, which was aired January 22, 1965. Listen to what my father wrote about that broadcast in December of 1984. I quote, "In the late hours of the night of January 22, 1965, the sounds of the first Mission Trail Broadcast pierced the ether waves and radiated into the air space of North America, from the very powerful radio station of XEG, located in Monterey, Mexico. What a thrill it was just to think the truth could be spread in this miraculous way to so many people at one time scattered throughout the land. The theme of this broadcast was, and as we near the twentieth anniversary, still is, 'Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest.' John 4:35." End of quote.

Now let us listen to the very first Scripture that my father read that night. Once again; "I have a Scripture which I would like for you to notice; in James, in the fourth chapter and the fourteenth verse. 'Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'"

That Scripture is very true, life is like a vapor. Even though it has been just over twenty years since my father read that Scripture, that time has gone by so swiftly. Life is so fleeting. Would you come with me for just a few moments to share an experience with me, an experience like I have never encountered before. On September 24, 1985, I was sitting by the bedside of my father along with my mother and sister, Patsy. It was a bright Autumn afternoon. A bluejay squawked in the pecan tree outside. I recall hearing the drone

of a single-engine aircraft go overhead. A neighbor was pounding something with a hammer in the distance. Life seemed to be going on as usual. Closer by in the room was the heavy breathing of my father. He had been seriously ill for about two weeks and that morning he had quit responding to us. My mother, sister and I, occasionally engaged in conversation. Much of the time was spent in silence with our hearts lifted to the Lord for help. While we waited, suddenly, with hardly any notice, the room was filled with silence. We looked at one another for a moment, then we stood at our father's bedside. He had slipped out quietly and peacefully to his eternal reward. This was a very solemn moment. Our hearts were filled with sadness, but we were thankful to the Lord for the life he had lived. Dear ones, we have much to be thankful for. I'm thankful for the plan of salvation that the Lord has prepared for us. It is a special comfort at a time like this to know that our sins are under the blood of Jesus Christ and that our life has been built on the everlasting Word of God. Listen to this poem, as read by my father: "'My Old Bible' Though the cover is worn and the pages are torn, And though places bear traces of tears, yet more precious than gold, is the Book worn and old, that can shatter and scatter my fears. This old Book is my guide, is a friend by my side, it will lighten and brighten my way, and each promise I find soothes and gladdens my mind as I read it and heed it today. To this Book I will cling, of its pages I will sing, and though great losses and crosses be mine, for I cannot despair, though surrounded by care, while possessing this blessing divine."

And he certainly did live his life by the Bible. He really lived what he preached. I can remember him tell-

ing me, "Son, if you see me do it it's alright for you to do it too, if you don't see me doing it, you don't do it." Now, I think that was good instruction. It meant he was willing for his own life to be an example for others to follow. He enjoyed living for the Lord. Listen to this tape that was aired October 31, 1976. He actually made the tape on October 22, 1976, his sixtieth birthday. "Again we have another Scripture which says, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me. I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' So friends, whether you go soon or live long I want to say it's wonderful, precious, it's great to live for God. We're really enjoying living for the Lord. And, Frances, it's nice to have you with us here today. You don't get to tell the folks very much here over this microphone. Anything special you'd like to say? 'I want to thank the Lord for His many blessings to Willie and I. I'm thankful for the 34 years He has let us live together. We've had many happy times together and the Lord has blessed us. He blessed us with the four children. We're thankful for them. Surely our hearts are full of praises to Him for His many blessings from time to time.' Yes, how true. You know friends, you don't have to wait until next month, November, for the month of Thanksgiving to roll along and for you to be thankful. You can be thankful right now, today; and we are."

And the Lord has blessed them with several happy years together since that time. Have you ever asked the question, "Why?" Just what are we to learn from our struggles of life? Well, let's go to August 19, 1979.

"So often in the great struggle of this universe we're prone to ask the question, 'Why this or that?' It is only human to ask questions since we cannot always see the full purpose of God for our lives, but He has three reasons for us to learn in our schools of struggles upon the battlefields of life: One, that we may learn to walk by faith; two, that we may learn the truth through great experiences on the battlefields of life; three, that we may be a help to others going through similar battles. So we find that life is a battle, a school, a struggle from the cradle to the grave. There are lessons to be learned, temptations to be resisted, struggles to be endured, tests to be met, opportunities to be embraced and experiences to be had which will help us grow strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. And all the while we find there are helps along the way. We have a Savior to befriend us, a Bible to comfort and inspire us, the Holy Spirit to guide us, prayer to uplift and strengthen us, friends to love us, God's family, the Church of God, to minister to our needs, spiritual songs to inspire us, opportunities to be of service and God's hand to bless, all for our good."

And now, November 18, 1984, "Let us pray, Our Father, we are thankful for health and for the strength to bear the burdens of the day; for all the friends who have made our little world brighter and better for their presence. We are thankful that you have supplied our needs according to your riches in glory. We're thankful for all the glad voices we've heard and for all the glad yesterdays. For life, we're thankful, with all that it means of service and sorrow, for the peaceful roof which shelters us and for the love and laughter of our children. We're thankful for all of the blessings

which have come to us and for the promise which the future holds. Grant, oh God, that our lives our gratitude may show. May we continue to the end unembittered, remembering always that the greater our loss appears, the greater our joy has been. Grant us the wisdom to know the false from the truth that we may bear our burdens bravely. Teach us to find pleasure in service, hope in sorrow, and peace when the day is done. Bless each listener of the broadcast in the way which they need most and thine shall be the praise through Christ or Lord. Amen."

And now the time has come for his final farewell. May we all meet him around the throne of God. "Until we meet again, this is Willie Murphey saying, God bless and keep you all, and a very cheerful, Goodbye!"

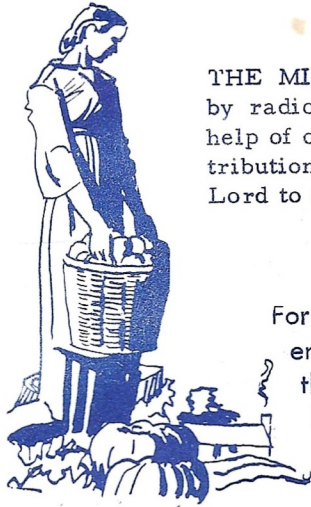
--o--

I would like to take this opportunity to thank each one who has made this gospel endeavor possible down through the years. Willie spent many hours recording messages, setting the copy, printing and assembling The Mission Trail, but it was something that he dearly loved and enjoyed. His heart was in it. It was very rewarding to him as he received the response of his labors through the mail. God always provided for our needs.

I realize that an era in my life has passed, but I am encouraged to know that the same God who has been with us in the past has promised to be with us "even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28:20.

I would like to make known my appreciation to those who sent cards, offerings and made telephone calls during Willie's illness. With every phone call we knew that there were more prayers ascending to God on our behalf. May God bless and reward each one.

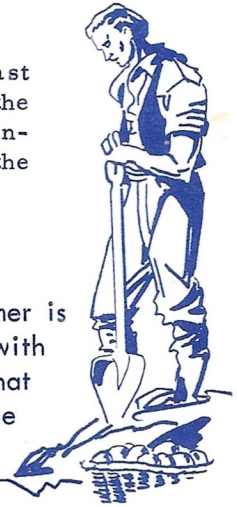
--Frances Murphey



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."



*Willie and Frances Murphey*

**The Mission Trail**  
 Box 99  
 Guthrie, Okla. 73044

**BULK RATE**  
 U. S. Postage  
 11¢ PAID  
 Guthrie, Okla.  
 Permit No. 7

A067985CEE 107  
 BRO. H. F. HUSKEY  
 12312 OSBORNE PLACE  
 PACOIMA, CA 91331