



The Good News Messenger



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The Joys and Blessing of a Christian Life

Experience Number 1

By: E. E. Byrum



The pathway of life has its shadows and sunshine, its pleasures and sorrows; and in the Christian life, I am convinced, many people live in the shadow more than in the sunshine, when they could very well have it otherwise.

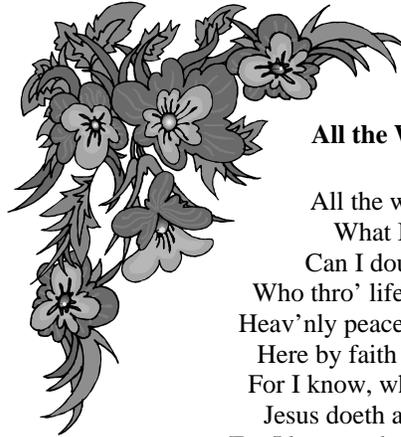
When I was about thirteen years of age, I yielded myself to the Lord and made a decision to spend my life in his service. Since that time, like Christian in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," I have met with many and varied experiences; but one beautiful encouraging thought has been that, no matter how hard my trials, how near my strength was gone, nor how little my courage lacked of failing, just at that time, when I was the most helpless, God was always present to help either by his Spirit or by sending one of his servants to encourage and strengthen me.

I have, indeed, found the Christian life to be a warfare. Every individual who enlists in the service of the Lord will have the forces of evil to battle against, but God has made provision whereby every child of God can be an overcomer in every conflict. The one who has a firm decision to be true at any cost will receive such power and help that Satan cannot prevent him from serving the Lord. The enemy may try to hinder by causing trials, difficulties, and perplexities, and at times the way may seem dark, with no apparent hope of day; but our God, who is mighty, will turn all these seeming hindrances into real blessing and make them stepping-stones to glory.

In my youthful days I felt a deep desire to work for God and longed to fill some place in life where I could feel that I not only was living a life of salvation, but was really engaged in my Master's service. As I knelt in earnest prayer and consecrated myself fully to the Lord for him to direct me as seemed best, a dark sorrow filled my heart; for Satan whispered: "You are too young. You cannot stand against the powers of evil that all young people must meet. Your covenant with God is too great for you to keep." But with tears I cried unto the Lord to know if these suggestions were true. At that moment the Lord gave me the assurance that if I decided to serve him he would teach me how to do so. He would give me grace in every time of need.

Some time after this I became very ill and knew unless God came to my aid I should soon have to leave this world. As I thought of my condition, a joy filled my soul that I might soon be with the Lord. With this joy came also a sadness, as I realized that I had done nothing in the vineyard of the Lord. It seemed that I could not bear to go empty-handed. I prayed God to spare my life that I might work for him. He graciously and instantly touched my body with his healing power, and in a few days I was able to attend school.

(Continued on page 3)



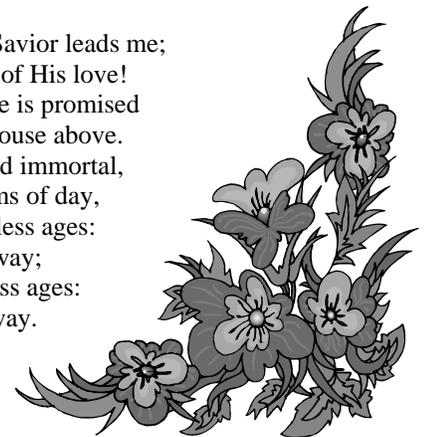
All the Way My Savior Leads Me

By: Fanny J. Crosby

All the way my Savior leads me,
What I have to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well;
For I know, whate'er befall me
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Savior leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see;
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see.

All the way my Savior leads me;
Oh, the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song thro' endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way;
This my song thro' endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way.



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Through His Eyes

By Jeff Walling

The day is over, you are driving home. You tune in your radio. You hear a little blurb about a little village in India where some villagers have died suddenly, strangely, of a flu that has never been seen before. It's not influenza, but three or four fellows are dead, and it's kind of interesting. They're sending some doctors over there to investigate it.



You don't think much about it, but on Sunday, coming home from church, you hear another radio spot. Only they say it's not three villagers, it's 30,000 villagers in the back hills of this particular area of India. People are heading there from the disease center in Atlanta because this disease strain has never been seen before.

By Monday morning when you get up, it's the lead story. For it's not just India; it's Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, and before you know it, you're hearing this story everywhere and they have coined it now as "the mystery flu". The President has made some comment that he and everyone are praying and hoping that all will go well over there. But everyone is wondering, "How are we going to contain it?" That's when the President of France makes an announcement that shocks Europe. He is closing their borders. No flights from India, Pakistan, or any of the countries where this thing has been seen.

That night you are reading the news before going to bed. Your jaw hits your chest when you read about a weeping woman whose story is translated from a French news program into English: "There's a man lying in a hospital in Paris dying of the mystery flu." It has come to Europe.

Panic strikes. As best they can tell, once you get it, you have it for a week and you don't know it. Then you have four days of unbelievable symptoms. Then you die.

Britain closes its borders, but it's too late. South Hampton, Liverpool, North Hampton, and it's Tuesday morning when the President of the United States makes the following announcement: "Due to a national security risk, all flights to and from Europe and Asia have been canceled. If your loved ones are overseas, I'm sorry. They cannot come back until we find a cure for this thing."

Within four days our nation has been plunged into an unbelievable fear. People are selling little masks for your face. People are talking about what if it comes to this country, and preachers on Tuesday are saying, "It's the scourge of God."

It's Wednesday night and you are at a church prayer meeting when somebody runs in from the parking lot and says, "Turn on a radio, turn on a radio!!" While the church listens to a little transistor radio with a microphone stuck up to it, the announcement is made, "Two women are lying in a Long Island hospital dying from the mystery flu." Within hours it seems, this thing just sweeps across the country.

People are working around the clock trying to find an antidote. Nothing is working. California, Oregon, Arizona, Florida, Massachusetts. It's as though it's just sweeping in from the borders. Then, all of a sudden the news comes out. The code has been broken. A cure can be found. A vaccine can be made.

It's going to take the blood of somebody who hasn't been infected, and so, sure enough, all through the Midwest, through all those channels of emergency broadcasting, everyone is asked to do one simple thing: "Go to your downtown hospital and have your blood type taken. That's all we ask of you. When you hear

the sirens go off in your neighborhood, please make your way to the hospitals."

Sure enough, when you and your family get down there late on that Friday night, there is a long line, and they've got nurses and doctors coming out and pricking fingers and taking blood and putting labels on it. Your wife and your kids are out there, and they take your blood type and they say, "Wait here in the parking lot and if we call your name, you can be dismissed and go home."

You stand around scared with your neighbors, wondering what in the world is going on, and that this could be the end of the world. Suddenly a young man comes running out of the hospital screaming. He's yelling a name and waving a clipboard. What? He yells it again! And your son tugs on your jacket and says, "Daddy, that's me."

Before you know it, they have grabbed your boy. "Wait a minute, hold it!" And they say, "It's okay, his blood is clean. His blood is pure. We want to make sure he doesn't have the disease. We think he has got the right type. Your son could save the world."

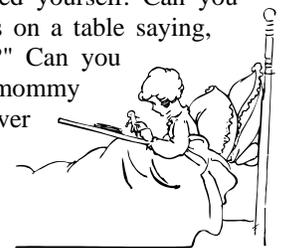
Five agonizing minutes later, out come the doctors and nurses, crying and hugging one another some are even laughing. It's the first time you have seen anybody laugh in a week, and an old doctor walks up to you and says, "Thank you, sir. Your son's blood type is perfect. It's clean, it is pure, and we can make the vaccine."

As the word begins to spread all across that parking lot full of folks, people are screaming and praying and laughing and crying. But then the gray-haired doctor pulls you and your wife aside and says, "May we see you for a moment? We didn't realize that the donor would be a minor and we need ... we need you to sign a consent form."

You begin to sign and then you see that the number of pints of blood to be taken is empty. "H-h-h-how many pints?" And that is when the old doctor's smile fades and he says, "We had no idea it would be a little child. We weren't prepared. We need it all, sir." "But...but..." "You don't understand. We are talking about the world here. Please sign." "But can't you give him a transfusion?" "If we had clean blood we would. Can you sign? Would you sign?"

In numb silence you do. Then they say, "Would you like to have a moment with him before we begin?"

Can you walk back? You're asked yourself. Can you walk back to that room where he sits on a table saying, "Daddy? Mommy? What's going on?" Can you take his hands and say, "Son, your mommy and I love you, and we would never ever let anything happen to you that didn't just have to be. Do you understand that?" And when that old doctor comes back in and says, "I'm sorry; we've got to get started. People all over the world are dying." Can you leave? Can you walk out while he is saying, "Dad? Mom? Dad? Why why have you forsaken me?"



And then next week, when they have the ceremony to honor your son, and some folks sleep through it, and some folks don't even come because they go to the lake, and some folks come with a pretentious smile and just pretend to care.

Would you want to jump up and say, "MY SON DIED! DON'T YOU CARE?"

Is that what God is saying? "MY SON DIED. DON'T YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I CARE?"

The Joys and Blessing of a Christian Life

(Cont'd from Pg 1)

Once I was about to make a decision and take a step that would have hindered me from filling the place the Lord designed I should fill. At that moment the Lord made known to me by his Holy Spirit in such a way that I could not question his leadings that he had called me to his service, and also made known to me the place that I was chosen to fill. Immediately I was reminded of my covenant with the Lord, although I had to stand against entreaties of some of my very dear friends.

Before this I had decided not to leave my mother, but to work near my home so that I could readily respond in case of sickness. After considerable meditation about the matter of leaving my father and mother, brothers and sisters, in order to take up my work for the Lord, the matter became very serious. Finally I went to the Lord one morning in earnest prayer. I shall never forget that season of prayer, when I seemed to be in the direct presence of the Lord. My consecration was put to the test as one question after another was presented, as to whether or not I should be willing to die, to really give my life, if God so designed, that my unsaved loved ones might be saved, or to do the same for lost souls who were not dear to me according to the ties of nature. And again, should I be willing to give my life for lost sinners and have them scoff and spurn me? These were hard questions, but my heart said, "Lord, thy will be done. Where thou leadest I will follow." I was solemnly impressed with the thought: Jesus came to save a lost world, but they crucified him; instead of accepting his love, they rejected it.

Within a short time I had the matter settled beyond a doubt that the time had come for me to enter upon the mission whereunto the Lord had called me. The way began to open before me, and as I bid loved ones farewell, a sweet assurance filled my soul that my decision and action was in accordance with His will. It gave me much sorrow to leave home, but God so blessed and directed me that I have never been sorry that I obeyed his voice. Over and over I have proved that God's way is best. His way may cause pain and sorrow at times, which we may not be able to understand, but in the end we can know of a truth that God has caused all things to work together for our good and for his glory.

At one time I was very much tested, and discouragements presented themselves. I was trying hard to be an overcomer and to cast every burden upon the Lord. The enemy would suggest that it was of no use for me to try to stand against the things that were oppressing me and that it would be better to surrender, and even give place to discouragements, and that even though I should come out a conqueror later, no one would ever know anything about it. At first this suggestion seemed plausible, but upon further consideration I said: "No, I will not surrender. If no one else ever knows, I will know, God will know, and the devil will know, that I stood true and came out victorious." This experience has since that time often been a real encouragement to me.

At another time I had for weeks been passing through real testing times. Occasionally the trials would lift and God would bless my soul, but again the darkness of depressions would settle over me. I began to weary and to long for deliverance. The suggestion came that it would be better for me to cease serving God and never to try again. Over and over something whispered that there was no use to continue; that if others who were older and better qualified fell by the wayside and could not stand, there was positively no use in my trying. Finally the enemy insisted that there was nothing else for me to do than to give up, and that, after all, I was in a deplorable spiritual condition; that there was no hope for me. At this point I discerned that it was the enemy, and, kneel-

ing before God, I promised him that if he could get more glory out of my life by my being in such a trial all the rest of my days, I was willing to submit to the trial. When I came to this decision my trial vanished suddenly, and God poured the glory into my soul and the victory was far sweeter than the trial had been bitter.

Sometimes I have had trials in which I could see no good nor from which I could not perceive how any good could possibly result; but later I would be enabled to know that those very trials were worth more to me than any treasure this earth could afford.

As I look upon my past life and see how mercifully God has dealt with me, how he has guided and protected, and how he has shielded me from the power of the tempter, my heart cries out, "What a mighty God! What a great and loving Father!" Counting my blessings, I find they so far outnumber my trials that it brings me real courage to press on, knowing, as I do, that grace will be given me to meet whatever may yet lie in my pathway. "For there hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that you are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. 10:13)

Finding the Way

By: Georgia C Elliott

Eight year old Alicea wanted very much to ask her mother if she might go next door to play; but some ladies from the Missionary Society were talking with her mother, and it would not be polite to interrupt the conversation.

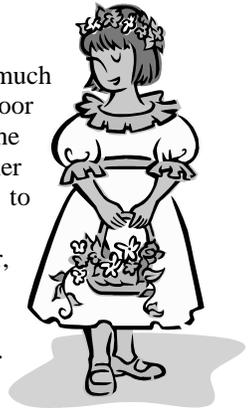
At last she slipped inside the door, and softly crossed the room and stood behind her mother's chair. One of the ladies was telling a story of her childhood. Alicea became so interested she forgot what she wanted to ask her mother, and listened to the story.

This is what the lady said: "When I was a little girl, I wanted very much to be a Christian; but no one ever explained to me what I must do to be one, and for a long time my heart was hungry and thirsty to find out the way.

Then one day an old man told in meeting how he found the way, even as a little boy. The old man said he went one day in real earnestness, and got down on his knees and asked God to forgive all his naughty doings, and make him God's own little boy, and from that day on he believed God had forgiven him and made him His child."

"After I heard that old man," said the lady, "I also went and asked God to make me his little girl, and to forgive all my bad doings. And," she added smilingly, "I believe he did. I have thanked him ever since."

As Alicea listened to this talk, she thought, why that was just what she had wanted to know about, -how to find God. She slipped out of the room and went to her little sleeping place. There she got down on her knees and asked God to forgive her for all the naughty things she had done, and for the cross words, and to make her His little girl, and to help her live to please Him. She also promised to read her Bible and learn how He wanted her to live. And into her heart came such sweetness and joy, she was sure God had heard her prayer for she really meant every word of it.



How Almira was drawn to God

By: Alfreda M. Loth

(Taken from the April 190, 1919 Gospel Trumpet)

Almira had a beautiful voice, a wonderful voice. To every one that heard her sing there came an inspiration that seemed for the moment to lift him from the toils and cares of every-day life. She not only had a charming voice but she also possessed the other good qualities that are so essential in a lovable girl.



Almira had just reached her eighteenth birthday when she was offered a position as a soloist in a fashionable church. The prospect was bright; the opportunity rare; and her many friends encouraged her to accept the offer. It was a critical period in this young girl's life.

One Sunday afternoon as she was briskly walking down a prominent street of the city, she heard singing, a different kind of singing from what she had been used to hearing. Being a lover of music, she walked slowly in order to catch some of the strains. This is what she heard:

“What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!”

“How simple yet how sweet!” murmured the girl to herself.

“We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.”

As she looked at the building from whence came the sweet sounds, she read on the window: “Jesus only. Everybody welcome.”

“Everybody’ includes me, too.” thought Almira, and without hesitancy she mounted the three steps and entered the building. The room, which was medium-sized, was almost filled with people, and on the rostrum stood Mr. Sullivan, the good old “gospel boy.” His white hair did not correspond with his youthful-looking face, upon which the glory of the Lord was shining, but he made a picture that encouraged the heart of even a wayfarer.

Almira was somewhat embarrassed when she realized her boldness, but she soon forgot herself in the soul-stirring singing, and she was even more enraptured when the low, even voice of Mr. Sullivan began to tell the old, old story of redeeming love and grace.

As the congregation sang the words:

“Leaving all to follow Jesus,
Turning from this world away,”

the tears slowly trickled down the girl's face. Then in a sudden realization of her lost condition, she broke down completely.

Mr. Sullivan, ever-ready ambassador of Christ, was soon telling her personally the way to God. She listened; but she thought from what she heard that her plans for becoming a popular singer would be blasted if she were to take this step. So she turned away that afternoon, wondering, puzzling, doubting, accepting, rejecting.

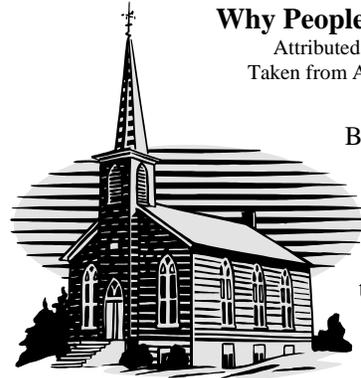
Her honest heart caused her to go back to the little mission again that night. It seemed the call was more emphatic than before. The Spirit of God plead with her tenderly but firmly.

“Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O Sinner, come home.”

With great effort Almira walked up to the altar, knelt down, and buried her face in her hands. In tears she yielded up her life and all that she was or ever hoped to be, - yes, even her voice she surrendered for God's love. The glory of the Lord came and flooded her soul to overflowing with the peace and joy that Jesus alone can give.

Why People Don't Go to Church

Attributed to the Evangelical Messenger
Taken from April 10, 1919 issue of the Gospel
Trumpet



Bob Burdette hit many a nail on the head. How like human excuses are the following:

“So you are not going to church this morning, my son?”

“Ah, yes! I see. ‘The music is not good’; that's a pity. That's what you go to church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay, the better the music we demand.”

“‘And the pews are not comfortable.’ That's too bad— Sunday is a day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less we do through the week, the more rest we clamor for on the Lord's Day.”

“‘The church is so far away; it is too far to walk, and you detest riding on a street-car, and they're always crowded on Sunday.’ That is, indeed, distressing; sometimes when I think how much father away heaven is than the church, and there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.”

“‘And the sermon is so long, always.’ All these things are, indeed, to be regretted. I would regret them most sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you would often squeeze into a stuffed street-car, with a hundred other men, breathing an incense of whisky, beer, and tobacco, hang on to a strap ... for two miles, and then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band would blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right into your ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into aural paralysis about the ‘dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground..’”

“Ah, my boy! You see what staying away from church does. It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred that could go on the witness-stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you didn't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for going right.”

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Spanish interpretation is available in the services.

Service Times:

Wednesday Prayer Meeting	7:00 p.m.
Sunday School	9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Worship	10:30 a.m.
Sunday Young People's Service	4:45 p.m.
Sunday Children's Service	5:00 p.m.
Sunday Evening Worship	6:00 p.m.

We have literature available for those who would like to study the Word of God in the confines of their home. Let us know if you are interested by contacting us at the above telephone number, address, or website.