

My Brother – Walter Gutzke

by Dr. Manford George Gutzke

I, Manford Geo. Gutzke, was born July 20, 1896. My brother, Walter Henry Gutzke, was born February 22, 1905. Thus he was about eight and one-half years younger than I. When I passed my entrance examination to enter high school at eleven years of age, my brother was just two and one-half years old. By the time I graduated from high school at fifteen years of age, he was just six and one-half years old. I left home to teach school when I was seventeen years old, and he was then about eight and one-half years old. All of this is spelled out so that you can see we did not have much fellowship during his childhood.

After I spent several years teaching school, I volunteered to enter the Canadian Army in World War I where I served for almost two years. After my discharge I again taught school for several years. I then chose law for my profession and began my studies in Winnipeg in the office of Col. A. W. Morley. From there I was called to devote my life to the telling of the Gospel story. After teaching school again for about two years, I went to the Bible Institute of Los Angeles in training to go the foreign field as a teacher.

Thus from the time I finished high school until I was in Biola my only contacts with my brother were on brief vacation visits to the home farm. But we developed a very close brotherly relationship. Despite the fact that I am sure he was often belittled in comparison to his big brother who had graduated from high school at fourteen years of age. (I took an extra year so that I left high school when I was fifteen.) I had won the Gold Medal Scholarship for the highest academic average at the time of my graduation when I was fourteen. Yet Walter seemed to be proud of me and esteemed me very highly. I had become a believer in Jesus Christ when I was teaching school at Gilbert Plains, Manitoba. It was just so wonderful to me that Almighty God would send His only begotten Son into this world to die for sinners, and that He would save forever any soul who would accept His invitation to accept Jesus Christ as Savior. I wanted all my family and all my friends to know about it.

At home I started telling our mother that she could be forgiven, and saved as a child of God simply by accepting Christ Jesus. That was hard for her to believe. She felt she had to suffer for her wrong-doing, and she felt that she had done wrong. But in time she became a believer.

Before I left our home in Manitoba to go to California for my training to go as a missionary, I talked to Walter about the Gospel. I outlined the simple truth "All have sinned", and so had he. "The soul that sinneth it shall die": that was our prospect as sinners. "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law" by dying on Calvary. God accepted the death of His Son as a substitution for my death, and so I could be pardoned. In His death Christ Jesus carried away my sins. And so by accepting Christ as my Savior I am saved. "He that hath the Son hath life." Walter seemed to understand the plan.

I did not press the matter about his accepting the Lord at that time. In the little community where our farm was located, everybody knew at once that Manford had professed faith in Christ, and had turned aside from the profession of law to go as a missionary.

I expect the majority would have agreed with the opinion of my high school principal. Shortly after I left the law office I was visiting in my home town of Morden and met my former principal on the street. He greeted me with "Well Manford, I hear you have dropped out of law to go as a missionary." I said, "Yes." His reply was, "Well that is too bad, but one can never tell how students will turn out. I had such high hopes that you would amount to something."

What Walter thought of me in those days I really did not know; but he had heard my testimony as a witness for Christ, and he knew the plan of salvation. I would not want to leave the impression that our homelife was careless or ungodly in any open wickedness. Our father was an honorable man. He was honest and straightforward in all his dealings with anybody. In my latter years, after living among men, I had a new appreciation of my father as a clean-mouthed man. I never heard an obscene word or expression in his conversation at any time anywhere. He never used profanity, even in anger.

My father believed in God as being real. He believed in heaven and he believed in hell. He accepted the Ten Commandments as the law of God. He felt that breaking the Ten Commandments was sin; and that was what he had done. He felt that sinners would go to hell as they deserved; and that was his prospect.

Our family observed Sunday as the Sabbath Day. There was no work done on Sunday. My sisters were not allowed to sew on a button on Sunday. I remember being aroused out of bed on a cold rainy Saturday night at 9:30 o'clock (I had been in bed since 7:00) to carry in firewood that would be used on Sunday. I had sawed the wood and split it, but I had not carried it into the house. That was something that should not be left for Sunday to be done then.

We did not have family worship in our home, but as children we were taught to give thanks before our meals, and to say our bedside prayers as we went to bed at night. When I was asked what did I consider the most effective aspect of our home life that helped me to come to faith in the Gospel, I remember my answer was "The way we honored Sunday as the Lord's Day."

Walter, my brother, grew up in this atmosphere. God was real. Heaven was real. Coming Judgment was sure. In a dim faraway sense we all knew that Jesus Christ was the Savior. But the idea that He could be my Savior personally was something I did not learn until I was away from home in my second year as a school teacher. Later I remember how Walter's mother would sing hymns that were truly Gospel songs. "Come to the Savior, make no delay; here in our midst He is standing today, tenderly saying, Come." I could hear her clear soprano voice singing when she would be sitting in a rocker out on the lawn on a summer evening. Years later I could sense the homesickness in the heart of one who wanted so earnestly to be saved. All of this I am sure had its affect upon my brother.

He Came To Faith

In my second year at Biola I passed through a profound spiritual experience in which praying and getting answers to prayer became very important. I was engaged to be married when I finished my course at Biola. My fiancée, Sarah Bernstein, was also in Los Angeles as a nurse in training at the Pacific Hospital. Her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Horton, also lived in Los Angeles. Because of my studies and my work to earn money for my expenses, and her schedule as a student nurse, we were able to visit together only on Saturday during each week at her sister's home. We also had all day Sunday at which time we could be together.

During the fall an Irish evangelist, Bill Nicholson, conducted a campaign for four weeks at The Church of the Open Door. We had been concerned for several years because Mr. Horton was not a believer in the Gospel. He was willing to believe, but did not seem to be able to reach a conviction that the Gospel was for him. However he attended church regularly. At this time we all went to church together each Sunday evening.

He liked the evangelist and we had high hopes that Mr. Horton would be able to believe. In the

last Sunday night service of that campaign, special emphasis was put upon sinners responding to the invitation. A well-meaning, zealous, but unwise elderly lady offended Mr. Horton. He announced to his wife that he would never again go to hear Nicholson preach. We were crestfallen, but continued to pray.

Nicholson in the next week began a series of evangelistic services in a circus tent about twenty miles the other side of Los Angeles. On the next Saturday I came out to the Horton home as usual to spend some hours with my fiancée. As was our custom we shared in a devotional period before I went back downtown to my job doing janitor work. I read a portion of Scripture and then Mrs. Horton, my fiancée and I knelt in prayer. As I was praying it was usual that I would ask definitely for Mr. Horton's conversion.

As I was about to voice this request, the Scripture came alive "Ask and you shall receive. If you ask anything in my name, I will do it." I was shocked. In waiting before the Lord I could only ask that Mr. Horton would voluntarily suggest on the next day, Sunday, that we all go to hear Nicholson preach, and that he would accept Christ in response to the invitation when it was given. Suddenly I felt assured that this would be done. Then I heard the Lord ask me, "Who else?" At once my heart responded "My brother in Manitoba." Then the Lord asked, "When?" I was silent.

I knew the churches in the community where Walter lived. They did not preach evangelistically. In my mind I knew of no place closer than Winnipeg, eighty miles away, where the Gospel was clearly presented with a call to respond. Again I heard the question, "When?" I could feel it in my soul. Finally I blurted out, "Before Christmas."

The amazing story of how Mr. Horton did suggest the next day after Sunday dinner that we should go to hear Nicholson preach that evening, I must report at some other time. As it turned out we rode the interurban electric railway for an hour and a half to get there, and then went into a circus tent to hear this evangelist preach.

During the invitation, when there must have been a thousand people present, only one boy responded other than Mr. Horton, who walked down the aisle rejoicing that he could believe in Christ as his Savior. The following summer I was visiting at home in Manitoba for the first time in two years. I found an opportunity to ask Walter if he remembered the plan of salvation that I had discussed with him two years before and if he had made any progress toward accepting Christ as his Savior.

He answered me, "Why Manford, didn't I tell you?" I asked him, "What?" "Didn't I tell you that last fall in November two Salvation Army workers came from Winnipeg eighty miles away to hold services in Morden?" By the way that had never happened in the history of that town. Because of a conflict in scheduling, the hall that these workers expected to use was engaged by a different group. Since they were in the community they looked for a place to preach. They found that the Clegg Presbyterian Church out in the country was available. That was the church that we had always attended. So they preached at the Clegg Presbyterian Church Friday and Saturday nights. Walter went on to say, "I went to both services. They talked just like you do. And when they gave the invitation I went forward. Didn't I tell you?"

I can tell you right now I just felt like hitting him. I could have known that all during those months and rejoiced in it. Here it was the following June and now I heard about this happening in the past November. But that was the very thing I had asked for on my knees in Los Angeles about six weeks before it happened. In answer to that prayer this unusual rare thing had happened. As you think of these things as I write them all may seem simply a matter of unusual interest. To me it is all still unbelievable.

Our family lived in that community, Walter lived in that community, for seventy-five years. That was the only time in all those seventy-five years that Salvation Army officers or workers ever came from Winnipeg to Morden to preach. They came on that occasion, and preached in our little country church. That was the only time ever in its history that Salvation Army men preached in that church. They preached there and Walter heard them.

Walter never doubted his Lord. Throughout all his life he took a keen interest in all my ministry. It

was always a joy for me to report to him throughout the years the wonderful ways of God and the Gospel. This was how he came to faith, and I am humbled even now when I think of the fact that it was in direct answer to prayer.

I remember on my vacation trips home, I would tell of my experiences, as I witnessed for Christ and tried to preach the Gospel. Walter was always fascinated by the stories I told. On one occasion I told of approaching a group of shop workers in a shed in a "Southern California Edison Company" plant in Los Angeles. I intended to offer each man in the group a tract, and then invite him to attend a short open-air service that several of us students were going to conduct.

I had never offered a tract to anybody in my whole life. I am sure Walter could understand that very well. It was not our custom to hand out things to strangers. As I looked at the group of about ten men, I picked out the oldest hoping that he would be the most likely to accept my tract and my invitation. As it happened he swore at me and insulted me. At that moment I had a profound spiritual experience. Instead of being provoked and angry, my heart was filled with compassion. My spirit rejoiced in this evidence that I was truly a child of God, because I "loved the brethren."

I remember how fascinated Walter was when I told what happened then and later. At a later time I had an opportunity to tell that old man that he could come home to God, to his heavenly Father, any time. The Father would receive him. More than a year later that old man on his deathbed sent a message to me, "Tell that big student who talked to me that the prodigal son came home." I remember how Walter, when he heard that, cried out, "Why don't our preachers ever tell anything like that in church?"

He Lived To Serve

When my brother finished high school he hoped to earn enough money working for his father on the farm to be able to open a garage of his own. There he could make his living repairing automobiles and other machinery. He was unusually gifted for such work, and he loved to do it. But his mother was afflicted with some glandular disturbance that caused her to become much overweight. In seeking relief she was given medication that sharply reduced her weight. But it had disastrous side effects in disturbing her mental reactions in her practical everyday activities. She quickly realized that she could not trust her own thinking as she went about her work. This bothered her very much. She became very fearful of everything and everybody. The only person she would trust was her only child, Walter.

Thus it soon developed that Walter needed to be around the house, and needed to be on hand at any time to guide and to assure his mother. It was his manner to do all things so simply that it would not be obvious how helpless his mother really was. This went on for years.

Because of this situation Walter could not see his way clear to setting up his planned garage business away from home. At the same time he could not see his way clear to getting married. On one of my vacation trips I mentioned to him that we were rather expecting to hear of his marriage plans. In reply he gave me an insight into his problem. "Manford, you know our house is not large. Any woman living in her home would want to be the woman in the house. She would want to be in charge. Mother certainly feels that house is her's. If I get married my wife would naturally want to be in charge of our home. Two women in the same small house, each wanting to be in charge? That just would not work out."

Because of that insight and because of that good sense on his part, Walter just never did get married. By the time his mother died, Walter had reached an age when he felt he was too old to consider getting married. My now my father had become an aged man. The thought of leaving the farm to go into the garage business, and so leaving his aging father alone was not for Walter. He stayed on, supervising the housekeeping and helping in the farmwork.

On one of my vacation trips I mentioned to my brother how both my sister Miranda and I deeply appreciated his acceptance of the providence that kept him on the farm caring for our parents. First his mother, who had been our step-mother, but really a mother to all of us; and then his father. This had

enabled Miranda to teach school, to get married, set up a home of her own. It had enabled me to teach school, serve in the army, become a preacher, then a professor and finally to have a world-wide ministry in The Bible For You, Inc. with a large family and a home of my own. All this time he had accepted his lot to stay at home and take care of our folks.

Walter's response was so simple – "Manford, are you satisfied with the work you are doing?" "Oh yes." "Do you ever feel imposed upon that you could not have become a lawyer?" "Oh no." "Is it because you feel that God wanted you to be a preacher?" "Yes, that is it. I only wish I were a better one." "Well, could you understand how I could feel that my lot is to do what I was born into this world to do? Can you see how I can feel this? I have done exactly what I was brought into the world for. This was my job under God. I am glad I could do it." Then I knew that I was standing in the humble presence of one of the greatest men I have ever known. "I am among you as he that serveth."

When my brother was in St. Boniface Hospital in Winnipeg being treated in his last illness, he was visited by one of our friends who reported to me the conversation that he had with Walter. My friend recognized Walter's serious condition. It was apparent that Walter might not survive his second operation. My friend mentioned this to my brother. Our friend told me that Walter's reaction was expressed in these words. Very quietly he said, "If I go that will be all right. I have more friends over there than I have here."

And so he passed into the presence of his Lord. His body was laid to rest in Morden, Manitoba, beside his father, his mother, and his sister Lorinda. One life, 75 years on the same farm where he was born, a humble man with a kind spirit: "I am among you as he that serveth." When I think of his manner of life I remember the word of Paul, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Ephesians 4:31-32). These words come to my mind when I think back on the life of my brother.

I can see so clearly so much of the ways of God with men when I look at Walter's life. Each person is born into this world as one unique person. That is one thing anybody can think for himself. There is just nobody else like him. No one is exactly like anybody else. Nor will anybody ever be just like that person.

The world constitutes the problem that the person must face as he lives. In all its confusion and uncertainties, the world promises that person pleasure and threatens him with pain. He must learn how to choose and what to do.

Then the person finds he is not alone in the world. There are other persons, some of whom want what he wants. These will oppose him when he acts, because they want something that he has in his hand, or that he is moving to get. Thus he experiences conflict and quarrelling. At the same time the person may realize that he has personal desires that can lead him into doing what is hurtful to others, and even to himself. So as the person becomes more aware of himself he realizes that he is not strong enough, not smart enough, not good enough to be successful in living.

And now the person can become aware of God. He sees the world as God made it. He sees things happen with God's providence in control. In all this he learns "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This he finds to be the law of God.

In my brother's case he went to Sunday School and church. There he learned that the Bible is the Word of God. The Bible would tell you how God had dealt with Israel in Old Testament times, and it would tell about Jesus Christ, that He is the Savior. How much Walter understood I have no idea. I went to that same church and that same Sunday School, and I never got the idea that God would forgive sin because Jesus Christ died for us on Calvary's cross.

I remember when I talked with Walter about it, he listened as if this were a brand new idea. But as I think back into my brother's life I feel that there is a third way in which God reveals His will. He reveals His will in nature and events of history. He reveals His will in Scripture, in the Bible, written and taught. The third way is in providence.

I think I can see how God overruled events in circumstances to bring certain crises to confront my brother. The illness of his mother, the aging of his father, the fact that there was no one else at hand to respond to the need of caring for them. He did not choose that his mother should be sick, but she was. And he was confronted by her need. He did not choose that his father should become an aged man on the farm with no one else to help him, but this is what my brother found facing him.

When he did not leave home to eventually get married and have a family of his own in some other place, Abe Unrau, who was working on the farm as a laborer, married Nettie who became the housekeeper. In time Abe and Nettie had a number of children born right on that farm, among whom my brother acted as grandfather. Thus a home was produced on the farm where he was born and from where he never left.

The hand of God was so obvious in all that happened to him, overruling and bringing to pass that which was in the will of God. The marvelous thing when I look at it, is to remember how my brother accepted these things, how he yielded his life into the hands of God. How much he knew about meeting God personally I never knew because we did not have time to have that kind of personal fellowship in communion. But that he trusted in God was obvious. But what I am interested to point out is that whether he knew it or did not know it, the hand of God was on him, leading him, guiding him and working out God's will in God's own way.

I have personally appreciated the report brought back to me from the farm home where my brother lived in the Unrau family. My son, John, told me that he had been told that on Wednesday evening when my voice would come over the radio from station CFAM in Altona, Manitoba, Walter insisted that all conversation in the house cease. No one was obliged to listen. Anybody could leave the room that wanted to. But no one was allowed to talk while that broadcast was being heard. I could believe that report because I felt that he had a deep appreciation of the ministry of the Gospel, as I have. been privileged to share it in our Bible For You broadcasts.

My Brother's Country

I have just recently visited again the land of my childhood. This was the first time I ever returned home when my brother wasn't there. Circumstances kept us apart so much of our time, but I always had a brother. The few short times of fellowship that we had together were always so very precious.

I could always tell Walter what I had experienced. In his presence I never felt I was boasting, or that I talked about myself too much. He seemed to see that I wanted to share with him some of the wonderful things I had learned about our Savior and Lord, Jesus Christ. My brother always seemed to know this was for him as well as for me.

And so for the first time in my life there was no brother to greet me as I pulled into the town of Morden. We always met at the filling station next to the motel where I had often spent a night or two. This time as I drove in I could not help but look to see if his car was there; and whether I could recognize him with his hat on his head, his broad smile on his face, as he welcomed his brother from any and all parts of the world where he had never had the privilege of going.

It was an empty feeling that I had. And I still have it! God in His providence has been very gracious to me in giving me many wonderful personal friends. And I do appreciate them. But I feel they would themselves understand when I mention that I had only one brother. I am so glad I appreciated him while we had each other.

And I make no apology for saying right now, "I still have him"! I rejoice to recall that Walter understood the Gospel well enough that he expected to meet his own loved ones and his friends who had gone on before him.

I took the time to visit our old farm again. I remembered when I first heard the baby cry when Walter was born. I was upstairs in my bedroom. I recalled also what a frail little boy he was, afflicted

with a hernia so that he had to wear a truss, before he was a year old, until he was about eleven years old; when he had surgery to correct that condition. I could remember the pleasure he had in playing with the pups which always seemed to be around.

We were not so close to each other during his high school days. I have no memory of how it affected him when I came home from Gilbert Plains where I was teaching, and told my family that I had come to believe that Jesus Christ in dying on Calvary's cross had taken away my sins. And that because I accepted Him as my Savior and Lord, God had forgiven me and had adopted me as His own child. Heaven was now my home. And of course I wanted all my family to come with me. Just how that news affected my folks I had no way of knowing.

From the farm I drove up the country road to the spot where the Clegg Presbyterian Church once stood. That was where we went to Sunday School and to church. The building is no longer there. Only a marker stands on the spot, as silent witness to show that here at one time people gathered to worship God. I took off my hat and bowed in the presence of God. The old white wooden building could pass away, but God had not changed. He stood with me as I read the inscription on the marker.

I had not learned the Gospel in that place. I could still remember my Sunday School classes, the old church organ, the choir chairs where I sat, and the minister who drove out from Morden seven miles with horse and buggy. I recalled how we sang the old hymns, how we respected the Bible, and how we studied the Sunday School lessons. We were moved from time to time to try to be good, and to do good "for goodness' sake." But I never got the idea that I could or would be forgiven because Christ Jesus died in my place.

As I look back now I feel almost sure there must have been some persons in that congregation who knew the truth of the Gospel, but I can humbly testify that so far as we boys were concerned they kept their light under a bushel measure. I can remember a day when we were hauling hay, and I had crossed through the fence to chat with my neighbors, Volney and Erlo Henderson, during an impromptu rest period. I recall Erlo saying, "I do not know what it means to become a Christian, but I am going to be one." And as I went back to my own wagon I had deep appreciation of Erlo's sincere intention, and felt that I wanted that for myself. But I remembered too that we had no idea what to do.

As I drove back from Clegg Church to our farm, I was so vividly reminded of my high school days in Morden. Our school principal, Mr. T. G. Finn, was an upright man, the very soul of honor. Honesty was the rule in that high school in my time. But Mr. Finn never made any profession of religion. We boys understood that he was not a member of any church. We boys discussed religion, the Bible, God, and eternity. We respected people who claimed they had faith, though that was not common in the big churches. Religious faith was a sort of an elective: if you wanted it, you could go that way, but it was not really required. You could be a good person on your own, and if you were honest you could well take your chances with whatever God there might be. I remember that we had no sense of omission because we did not seek to become members of any church. Belonging to a church was somewhat like putting on a uniform: it would not really change anything. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

As I recalled these memories I could understand in a fresh way my brother's own experience. He lived in the same situation in which I had grown up. And I could realize in a new way the interest and the uncertainty he experienced when he heard me tell the Gospel truth in my conversation. He always listened with breathless attention. He never argued against anything I said. He just wanted to hear more. And yet it must have been hard for him to accept as true the testimony I gave of being forgiven and being adopted as a child of God as an actual, real fact.

I remembered that on the first Sunday I was home for the summer holidays after I had become a believer in Christ, I went to Clegg Presbyterian Church as was our custom. None of our family was a member of the church, but we normally went to church on Sunday. On that Sunday the preacher did not come. After waiting about twenty minutes the folks began to get ready to leave. Someone suggested,

"Manford can lead the service." The idea seemed to be acceptable, and I found myself in charge. At that time I had no idea of going as a missionary and certainly no notion of ever being a preacher. But I had come to know the Lord, and I could give my witness to His saving grace. Without any notes or preparation I spoke on John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

In the next week I was riding in a wagon with one of our neighbors who said to me, "Manford, I was at church last Sunday and heard your talk. You seemed pretty sure you were going to heaven." I answered him, "I am." Then he said to me, "You must think you are pretty good." That shocked me, and I fairly shouted at him, "Oh no! I am not good! He is good, That is how I will get there."

As I recalled that incident I realized that my brother grew up in that atmosphere. It was commonly felt that we were down here on earth in a sort of preparatory school. We felt that we were being judged and we just hoped the judge would be sympathetic and merciful. Somehow we felt that if we were doing our best, He should appreciate that and give us a passing grade. But we could have no real assurance that we would make it. To have assurance was considered to be self-righteous and arrogant. The proper response on the part of church going people to the question, "Are you going to heaven?", was at the most to say, "I hope so."

Into this atmosphere I would come home on vacation and from time to time talk to my folks about my faith. I have no clear recollection of what association I had with my brother while I was in the army during the first World War; nor in the years after, as I taught school, saving my money to enable me to study law in Winnipeg. Shortly after I enrolled in the law school I accepted the call to go as a missionary. I remember how I dreaded telling my folks that I would not become a lawyer because I was going to devote my life to telling the Gospel story in the hope of winning one soul to faith and eternal life in Christ Jesus.

In fact it was thinking about my brother that was used to get me ready to resign as a law clerk in the office of Col. A. W. Morley in Winnipeg. The thought came to me: "Suppose my Uncle John in Ontario had died, and in his will had bequeathed \$40,000 to be divided equally between myself and my brother. Suppose I had checked in and found that to be true, so that I received \$20,000, while my brother was still unaware that his legacy was waiting for him to claim it. Could I leave him in ignorance of the fact that he was also an heir?" As I faced that thought I knew I would have to give up preparation to be a lawyer, and devote my time to telling the Gospel in the hope of finding someone who did not know, as I had not known.

As I recalled those days I remember going to the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, where Dr. R. A. Torrey was Dean. I had gone back to teaching school to get the money to go to Los Angeles. But now I began to study the Bible that I might grasp the Gospel I was going to teach on the mission field. I had not the slightest idea that I would ever be a preacher in a church. I expected to be a teacher, looking for some soul I could win.

During this time I became increasingly aware that my own family was not sure of salvation. Whenever I came home on holidays I talked to them about the Gospel. They were always kind, but I did not feel they really grasped what I was trying to share. But on the last Sunday I was on the farm before starting out for California to go to Bible school, I took the opportunity to outline and to explain the Gospel to my brother. I did not then press him for a decision that he would accept Christ as his Savior, but I made it all as clear as I could and answered any questions he may have asked. Then I went to California in preparation for my going as a teacher to some mission field.

As I returned to my motel in Winnipeg, I reflected on the situation in which my brother lived his life. The congregation which he had joined in Morden eventually was dissolved. He never had the privilege of belonging to an active group of believers who acted as if they truly believed in the living Lord Jesus Christ. No doubt there are such groups in that community but apparently they never established relationship with him. I continue to be grateful for something I was led to do about twenty years ago.

When my father passed away, a few days before he reached his 90th birthday, he left me a small legacy in his will. I was led to use that legacy to pay for a 30 minute broadcast on Wednesday night over CFAM from Altona, Manitoba. I definitely had in mind that Walter would have the opportunity to hear "Plain Talk About Bible Truth For Everyday Living." The legacy was soon absorbed, but it has been my privilege to put tens of thousands of dollars of my own money into the support of that broadcast which has continued for about twenty years to this day.

My heart was deeply touched when I was told that throughout the years my brother regularly listened to that broadcast, "The Bible For You." This was what I had in mind, as well as that my sister, my niece and her family, my nephews and their families, could listen if they were minded to do that.

As I came back to my motel I was oppressed to realize in a fresh way the appalling cloud of unbelief that hangs over the cultural sky in my home province. A dark cloak of skepticism seems to enshroud the consciousness of the people. Here and there is to be seen a bright light of triumphant faith, which upon closer recognition is seen to belong to some small sect, or to some unusual emphasis in doctrine. The name "Christian" seems to be somewhat of a weather-beaten sign, faded in the glare of secular indifference. To mention "prayer" would seem to invite ridicule. My brother lived in that atmosphere.

My first and persistent reaction on this recent visit has been one of abject discouragement. As I returned from my visit to the farm of my boyhood, the high school of my youth, the obliterated church of my family, and picked up the daily newspapers, watched TV, and listened to the radio and felt the preoccupation of the news media with disaster, calamity and danger, I felt moved to depression in tears. The temptation was to let them all sink in the slime of their own self-centeredness. And then it all came back to me. This is how it always had been.

I was reminded of what I faced when I applied to be taken under care of the official representatives of my own denomination in Manitoba many years ago, I had just resigned as principal of the Tyndall public schools, and had come to Winnipeg to serve as pastoral supply of one of the churches in Winnipeg. I was receiving less money than I had received in Tyndall. My rent and living expenses were higher. And I was coming away from my chosen profession of law to become a minister of the Gospel. I think I expected to be appreciated, perhaps even praised.

I will never forget the shock I experienced when I realized the official body to which I was applying was debating whether to allow me to come in as a supply preacher on the ground that I was an insincere, deceitful character who wanted to profit by preaching in a Presbyterian church. I remember sitting in that meeting, and how I was going to jump to my feet and tell them that they could keep their church and their pulpit, I would be glad to go back to teaching school. Then I had felt the Lord's hand on my shoulder and heard Him say to me, "Just sit still. You haven't seen anything yet. You should have seen how they treated me in Jerusalem. They spit in my face, pulled my hair and beat me with rods. If you are going to serve me, you will have to just sit there and take it." I remembered how I was then given the grace to endure and how it then all turned out. I remembered how I found there were interested sincere true believers who encouraged me and stood by me, even as they do to this day more than fifty years later.

But somehow now in my motel room I just did not seem ready to face it. And then I realized that this was because of my own human weakness. Somehow I had slipped into that frame of mind where I was thinking that it was up to me to do it, and I knew that I was not up to being able to face it. Then the word of Moses came through my soul as it did more than fifty years ago: "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Then I found myself on my knees in my motel room in Winnipeg praying, "Forgive me Lord. Keep me behind the cross. Help me to be simply thy servant, and do thou glorify thyself in all that I attempt to do."

And so I arose to face the impossible task now of bringing the Gospel to souls that are in the dark. I am sure there are churches and groups of believers and individuals in Manitoba who preach and teach

the Gospel, and I thank God for them. But I feel that somewhere there may be one soul now in the dark that my words might help to come to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The human inspiration just now is my brother, depending largely on one radio program each week, Wednesday night at 9:30 over CFAM, thirty minutes. This humble quiet man cherished his faith and was able to lay down his head upon the pillow of his deathbed with the quiet confident assurance to his friends who saw him in his last hours, saying, "I have more friends over there than I have here." And it is to share and to nurture faith like that that I am minded to carry on doing all I can to spread the Gospel in Manitoba and in Western Canada.

When I was notified that I was one of my brother's heirs, it came to my heart what I wanted to do with that legacy. Just as I applied the legacy from my father's estate to the support of the broadcast of The Bible For You over CFAM, so that my brother could hear "Plain Talk About Bible Truth For Everyday Living"; so now I felt I would like to apply the legacy from my brother's estate to a continuation and expansion of that ministry.

Since my four living children will be my heirs to share in whatever estate I may leave, I felt I wanted to act with their knowledge and consent. My heart is happy to record that with one accord they encouraged me to plan this procedure. So when the legacy in due course of process comes into my hands it will be assigned in toto to become the basic asset of "The Walter Gutzke Memorial Fund For The Ministry Of The Gospel In Canada." My four children, Miriam, Mark, John and Elizabeth, knew and loved their "Uncle Walt." They rejoice now to think that his name will be associated with the ministry of the Gospel of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ in the land of my brother's birth, life and death.

I confess I have a personal satisfaction in all this arrangement for several reasons. The farm is in Canada. Walter lived his life in Canada. It seems only fitting that the legacy should stay in Canada. Then too I came to know the Gospel in Canada. This was not because of Canadian culture. In fact Canadian culture resulted in the darkness of my own unbelief, and I would have gone to hell under the influence of Canadian culture. But Canada allowed the freedom to anyone who wanted to be a believer to believe in the Gospel and to tell it.

It was in the rural community of Gilbert Plains in Manitoba that I learned the Gospel. It was in the rural town of Altona, Manitoba that CFAM is located. It was on a farm north of Morden that my brother lived and died, listening to CFAM, and cherishing his faith in his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I am deeply satisfied to think that some man, some woman, some young person or some child in Manitoba, or perchance in some other area of Canada, will have the opportunity to hear the Gospel and to be built up in his or her own faith in Jesus Christ.

I am sure there may be those who may think "You do not need to do that. The legacy is yours from your family." My answer is "Yes, it is mine from my family to do with as I wish, even as it was with my life. My life was mine. I did not have to preach, I could have chosen any career I wanted to follow. But as I was led to devote my life off the farm, north of Morden, to the preaching of the Gospel, even so now I want to devote my legacy, out of the farm north of Morden, to the spread of the Gospel. The only difference is that whereas my personal ministry now extends around the world, with recorded messages in my voice in more than 80 foreign countries, this fund is specifically designated to be used in Canada where my brother lived."

I am just human enough to wish that the project could have common approval. I could wish that honest sincere persons would face the challenge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as it is set forth in the Bible, and demonstrated in the lives of persons who have personal relationship with the living Lord Jesus Christ. But I cherish no such vain hopes. I have no expectation that there will ever be a widespread popular acceptance of the Gospel. Jesus of Nazareth Himself said, "Wide is the gate and broad is the way which leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matthew 7:13-14).

But the wonderful truth is that some will come, some will believe. As I think of this I am reminded

of the unbelievable disaster which occurred when I was a young man. The transatlantic ocean liner, built to be unsinkable, the Titanic, sank with almost 2,000 persons on board. I wonder if there were not some who tried to calm their own fears and bolster their own hopes in their last moments with such thoughts as "It can't happen to us. This many persons could not be wrong. To be sure the ship is leaning off to one side, but surely it will not sink." But it did, and all the hundreds of passengers were drowned.

And that is what I feel will happen to this generation in my brother's country. I cannot help but feel that the truth of the matter is that "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life." And "He that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth upon him." These were the thoughts that came to my mind as I came up, visited and travelled in the land of my youth. Through it all there shone before my heart; and mind the bright star of the promises of God. No matter what people may think, no matter how they may dismiss it, the fact of the matter is that Jesus Christ came into this world to seek and to save the lost. And I just thank God for the privilege of telling it to the world. And I will admit it warms my heart that I can associate Walter's name with mine in a project designed to share the Gospel with others who live in Canada.

And so I bow my head in sincere thanks to God for His providence in letting me have the blessing which my brother in his quiet, humble manner of life brought to my soul. I find that I am inwardly moved to do all I can in "The Bible For You" ministry with all that I have, in the hope that some other soul in Western Canada may also come to believe the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved. "I love to tell the story of unseen things above," but I know it is God that blesses the preaching and the teaching, and He alone can give faith to believe to the saving of the soul. "Praise His Holy Name."