

Ten Testimonies That Blessed My Ministry

by Dr. Manford George Gutzke

J. Mackay Niven

Faith is the very essence of the Christian life. When we say that a Christian lives by faith we mean faith in Jesus Christ. It is always helpful to remember that no one is ever born with such faith. This kind of faith is acquired. I'd like to say that it is received rather than achieved. This is not something you work up. This is something that comes to you from God.

You know, the natural reaction of men to anything is to doubt. Any child doubts. Suspicion, rejection, neglect, ignoring, evasion - all of these things come naturally. You can see them in any boy. But faith can be received because it is given. We read in the Bible, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. 10: 17). The Word of God is given to men. When men come to know the Word of God they can believe it and have this thing we call faith.

The Word of God can be thought of as being incarnate in Jesus Christ. It is seen also in witnesses. There are people whose lives actually speak. They are living testimonies, living epistles of the grace of God. Peter speaks in his epistle about wives winning their husbands without any words. We all commonly can refer to that saying that means something to everyone of us - "actions speak louder than words."

My own spiritual life has been affected by the witnesses of the gospel that I have met and have dealt with. Actually, my faith is grounded in the Word of God. That's where I get it. Now my own spiritual life, however, having, been grounded in the Scriptures and derived from the Scriptures was actually affected by certain men and women I met who were witnesses of the gospel.

When I came away from the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, I came to take up my ministry in North America. In the providence of God I began to preach at St. John's Presbyterian Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Here I met an amazing servant of the Lord, a dedicated minister of the gospel, the Reverend J. Mackay Niven. When I met him he was already becoming an old man. After years in the pastorate he then worked as secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Winnipeg, Canada. Now my preaching was being done in St. John's Presbyterian Church in Winnipeg, where this man, Mr. Niven, attended with his family. Now I want to draw your attention to the things that affected me.

Mr. Niven was the veteran preacher, he had preached for years, and he knew the Scriptures. I was an untrained novice in preaching. I had been to the Bible Institute two years. I had read a great deal of the Bible, and I had studied it and had become a genuinely converted Christian. But he was the veteran preacher. He was a good preacher. His messages were always well thought out and well arranged. He was an honest, faithful workman who got himself ready to preach, and he was sound in his doctrine. But he was not popular. The fact was that the people asked me to preach when all the time among them was Mr. Niven. Yet his personal attitude toward me was always pleasant, always kind, always cheerful, always helpful. He could see through me to the work. He saw through me to the open Bible on the pulpit, the task of getting the Bible preached and the people to listen to it. He was conscious of the war that is on between truth and error, and he was ready to enter the battle for souls and have them won. And if another soldier could be used in place of himself, he'd back up that soldier. He was one of the amazing persons I ever saw of unselfish, completely self-denying dedication to the task of promoting the gospel.

When I think of this man I remember too that probably his most outstanding testimony was his personal habit and conduct in the matter of honoring the Lord's day. Mr. Niven was committed to a plan to honor the Lord's day. And it had such little things in it as this. Although he travelled all over the province of Manitoba and the Canadian west in the interest of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he never rode a train on Sunday. It meant that he would go Saturday afternoon and get there Saturday night and not leave before Monday morning. He would not ride a street car in Winnipeg on Sunday. If a meeting was to be held four miles away, he walked. He didn't make any big to-do about it. I never knew him to criticize another man for riding. I know with what a shock I realized that he would not ride with me if I was riding on the trolley. He would find some excuse that would not draw attention to the fact that it was his conviction. But you see he had the feeling that it was wrong for him to work on Sunday and it was wrong for them.

He was the first man I ever met who would not personally send out a Christmas card. He felt that Christmas was a pagan idea. He felt that the day was given to us by a group of people who believed in a mass, and they called it a Christ mass, and for that reason it was Christmas. He didn't believe in the mass. Then again he knew that the Christmas day, the 25th of December, was taken up from the pagans. In general he just didn't like it. You would say how in the world did he get along? He had a very simple little trick. He sent out New Year's cards at Christmas time. You'll smile. I smile right now. But deep down in my heart I can honor the witness and integrity of a man who played it straight - straight the way he believed it.

I want to tell you something I'll never forget. On one occasion I preached a sermon in that church, and because I was young I am sure I was awkward in what I said. Evidently I could have been misunderstood, and a certain family took offense. I didn't know anything about this. But several months later I heard about it. You know what he did? It was a stormy Sunday afternoon. He walked three miles in the storm to sit down with this family and persuade them that the young preacher meant no harm in what he said. And then walked home three miles. I never knew it for months afterwards. I always had the feeling that he is one man I'd like to have at my back anytime I was anywhere. He'd protect me.

Humble about himself, bold in the Lord; skeptical about man, confident in God; yielding anytime in personal interests, jealous for the gospel; meek in the face of arrogance, unyielding in the face of unbelief - that was a wonderful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Reverend J. Mackay Niven.

Dr. McTavish

Near my boyhood home in southern Manitoba was a small town called Plum Cooley. Cooley in our country was a term used for a valley or gorge. The town only had a few stores. I am sure it was a town in which gospel preaching would be very spotty. In this little town of Plum Cooley lived a widow by the name of Mrs. McTavish who had several sons. The older one of the boys earned the groceries while he was going to high school working as an errand boy in the local drug store. In due time he educated himself to be a druggist and continued in his service, earning support for his family, his mother and the other brothers. And so he put his brothers through medical college. He had several brothers and they all became doctors. When the boys were through school this man McTavish left the little town of Plum Cooley, moved to Winnipeg and opened a drug store in north Winnipeg. That was then a poor neighborhood. Today we would speak of it as an inner-city region. The people were poor. Many of them were foreign immigrants. Many of them were ignorant, and there was sin and filth. This is where he opened up his store

While he was conducting his drug store there, he noticed how oftentimes these poor, uneducated and uninformed people were exploited by quacks. People took advantage of them. They were sold patent medicines at high prices and got no benefit from them. His heart went out to these people. He felt it was such a shame that it should be this way. And so, even though he was already approaching middle age, he sold his drug store and put himself through medical college. He specialized in obstetrics, because one thing that these people in that poor neighborhood did was have babies. He became one of the outstanding specialists in obstetrics in western Canada. The name, Dr. McTavish, was great in that area of the country.

When I came to Winnipeg to preach at St. John's Presbyterian Church, this man Dr. McTavish and his mother, still living, and his brothers, also doctors, were members of that church. I had heard about Dr. McTavish from my sister who used to teach school in Plum Cooley and boarded at the McTavishes when he was a young drug store errand boy. I found out these facts about him. He had opened his office in the midst of the poor that he might serve them.

Dr. McTavish was a real Christian. He believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior, and he believed in heaven as his home. He understood that living down here is only for a time. He knew that these people he was helping had souls and those souls could be won to God. But it was in his heart to show them something of the grace of God in his own dealing with them, and that's why he did what he did. He had a feeling that when he couldn't preach maybe he could reach these people with his service as a doctor. He highly magnified the whole idea of a professional man, rendering himself completely dedicated to the service that he could give to other people. He devoted himself to their needs. It was his policy that he would not attend the wealthy, although he was a very famous doctor. Any number of people would have been glad to have him be their physician because of his unusual ability. He would not take any wealthy person as his patient. If they could go to a hospital, they were to go to a hospital. He never worked at the hospitals. The people he attended to had their babies in their homes. Only in a rare case did he ever take anyone to the hospital, because they didn't have the money. If anybody had money enough to go to a hospital he knew they'd be taken care of. He never sent any bills. Any time he had an office call, or he would go to the home, it was all recorded. His bookkeeper kept it. But they never sent a bill. People came in and paid as they could, and this is the way he lived.

You will wonder, could he have a family this way? The interesting thing was his wife was a great athlete. She was golfing champion of western Canada. She joined in with him in this service, and she and Dr. McTavish opened their home. It was the only office they had. They didn't have enough money to have a regular office.

When we were expecting our second child I went to him without knowing all of these things. I knew who he was because my sister had lived in his home years and years before. I went to him and introduced myself. He knew from where I had come, and he was a member of the church where I was preaching as a pulpit supply. He agreed to be our doctor and delivered our second child. When he was through with his service, I went to see him to pay him. That's when I found out about his policy. He said, "You know my work is such that my attendance at church is very irregular. Babies come any time," he said to me with a smile, "and my people haven't got a chance to go to the hospital. They don't have nurses. I have to be there when they call me. Many times my attendance at church is broken up, and of course I can't take any part in church activities as such. So I have sort of an understanding with the Lord: I'll not only do what I do in my lifetime, serving these people because I think that's what He wants me to do, but I also have an understanding with Him that when any minister comes to me I'll never charge him." So he said, "I hope you won't mind, but you can't pay me." I wanted to give him something, and he

asked me, "Please don't press the matter. I'd have to break something that is an understanding between myself and the Lord. I just don't want to do it." And so I gave the money to missions. But still that's the way in which it was.

When I think back on Dr. McTavish's long lifetime of service, one great witnessing for Christ, how he humbles me when I think of my own ministry. This man worked day and night, always faithful to his task, because he felt he was serving the Lord. Since then I have met some other wonderful doctors. These men are of great inspiration when you think what there can be when a professional man comes face to face with his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Jack Kennedy

The name Jack Kennedy may strike you. This man was a deacon in the church I supplied in Winnipeg. For that matter he was chairman of the finance committee. His wife was a very active person in the church and for most of the time I was there as their minister and preacher she was president of what they called the Women's Missionary Society. That was the name used then for the women's organization in the church. These two people became very important in my own personal life.

Jack Kennedy himself was a man that always had a very realistic, practical approach to anything. He made no pretense about himself. I can remember one time when we had a meeting of the men of that congregation. They had in front of them the problem of building a sanctuary. Various men got up to make talks. I can remember Jack Kennedy getting up smilingly, saying to the folks, "Fellows, there are not so very many good men in the world. We've got a lot of them in our church, but a lot of good men don't have any money. We want a church built." I'll never forget what a surprise it was to hear this man then say, "If we're ever going to get this church built it's going to take money. And you know, it's us sinners who've got the most of it. So I'll just tell you what we'll have to do. It's just going to be sinners like you and me who will get together and build this church." I'll never forget that, nor will those men I think. He did us a great service in the time he served in this capacity.

Now his own personal spiritual experience became very meaningful to me. I had begun preaching in that church in the fall of the year. By January I had moved in from the school where I was principal. At their request I resigned as principal of the school and came into Winnipeg to serve this congregation as pulpit supply while I attended the University of Manitoba. In June I received a phone call from the Kennedys who asked me to come over to see them. I remember Jack said, "It's going to take some time. I want you to come when you don't have anywhere else to go and stay until you're through." I said "All right, we'll arrange that.," He said, "I mean it. It will take some time. It will probably be after midnight before you're through, maybe two or three o'clock in the morning. You may have to stay all night." So I didn't know for sure what I would run into but I had to go. So over to the Kennedys I went. That night do you know what I faced? Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy sitting there in front of me? They said, "We have listened to you preaching and we're satisfied from what you're saying from the pulpit that we don't have what it takes to be real Christians. There is something missing in our lives. Now we appreciate everything we have ever had. And we appreciate what you are telling us. We think what you are telling us is really it. This is what we want. What do we lack? What else should we have? For us to have real Christian life?" So we got into the conversation and it was about two o'clock in the morning before we ended. Jack afterwards said a number of times over, and I always felt strange when he did, "My wife and I were converted that night." But there's no doubt but that they entered into a very real spiritual relationship with the Lord.

In September, following that June, Jack had a great shock. His wife was going to entertain the women of the church. About a week before the time she wasn't feeling well. She and Jack decided that she would see the doctor. So they went down to have a physical check-up. And Jack had the great shock of his life. The doctor took him aside and told him, "Your wife has an infection in her blood stream that is fatal. She probably will not live to the end of the week. She is very nearly gone, but she doesn't know it. She'll know about it in a day or so, but I don't expect she'll live more than three or four days."

Well that day when I came home from the university I found a note to call Jack Kennedy. I called him on the phone and he said, "Come on over I want to talk to you." When I got there he told me the story. I was just as shocked as I could be. And so we sat. He said, "She doesn't know about it now. There's no use of going up now. She'll know probably tomorrow. Then you can go talk to her. In the meantime I have something to ask you. What is heaven like?" Do you know, we spent hours, I mean like from 7 to 11 o'clock at night, talking together about what it would seem to be, what do we understand from Scripture. I searched the Scripture back and forth.

The next day when I came over he met me at the door and he said, "Well she knows, and she wants to see you." So upstairs I went to meet Mrs. Kennedy, wondering what in the world would I say to a woman who was dying, leaving two girls 11 and 13 years of age, and leaving this fine husband. What would I say to such a person? I was in health and strength, and I had no experience in doing this at all. She put me at ease. I was trying to broach the matter. I felt I ought to say something, I asked her if she wanted to ask me something. She said, "No." Presently she looked at me and with a little smile, her head on the pillow, she looked up and said, "Do you mean am I afraid?" I said, "Well, I guess that's what I do mean." "Oh no." She reached out and took my hand in both hers and then she said these famous words for me. "You taught me to say, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'" Then she went through the 23rd Psalm, quoting it with a smile on her face. I remember yet the way she squeezed my hand when she said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." I came out from her bedroom and for the moment I wished that I had all the agnostics and skeptics in front of me. I'd like to tell them one time that when a person really believes in God, God keeps them through every circumstance of life and will bring them home to Himself.

When we went to the funeral Jack was riding in the funeral car with me. He turned with that smile on his face and said, "You know, heaven seems so much closer now." It's been that way ever since. He became very charitable to the poor, giving on any occasion. He didn't have a large amount of money. He was a salaried man. But he was generous. His mother came to take care of the daughters and lived with him in his home. She protested and said to him, "Jack, you'll just wind up in the poor house the way you're giving your money away." He said, "Mother, it says in the Bible that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." And with his smile he turned on her. He said, "What's the matter? Have you no confidence in the security?"

Dr. William M. Anderson, Jr.

As I have reviewed in my lifetime the various persons that have affected me, I was thinking as I was running over the list, wouldn't there be one preacher that in his personal spiritual experience would actually be close to me? I have told you about Mr. Niven. He was an older man, old enough to be my father, and a man whose mature Christian testimony was a shining light in my heart. But I want to talk to you now about a younger man, a man almost my own age, probably a little older than I but I met him

in the days of my more mature youth, we will say. Met him as a young man, and this particular man passed through spiritual experiences as a minister, as a preacher, that were profoundly impressive to other people. God used him greatly.

I had the great privilege in my lifetime of coming to know personally a man I can only speak of as a prince with God. I am referring to Dr. William M. Anderson, Jr., who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Dallas, Texas. Anybody in Texas in the past two or three generations will know the name of Anderson, especially Bill Anderson, as he was called. His father was a great preacher and a famous pastor. I would meet some old-timers there in the southwest. They'd say to me, "Did you ever meet his dad? Did you ever know William Anderson, Sr.?" I'd say, "No." "Ah, there was a man!" That's the way they would talk to me. Well I never had the privilege of meeting that great man, although I heard many things about him, but I had the privilege of knowing his son.

As a student, Bill Anderson was the playboy type. I don't know that he ever did anything particularly vicious. I am not sure that he was a real out and out sinner. But he certainly didn't take life too seriously through college, and for that matter through seminary. In theological seminary the students have an experience when they are to preach in the presence of the faculty. Then the faculty criticizes their sermons. The criticism used to be very sharp and rather unkind. And Bill Anderson, knowing that no matter what he preached they were going to tear apart, did something that I am sure we wouldn't commend to anybody. But it belongs in that particular part of his life. He memorized the message of a great preacher Alexander McClaren, a great Scottish preacher called the Prince of Expositors. Bill Anderson found one of his sermons that wasn't too well publicized. He memorized it and preached it. And of course the faculty tore it to pieces and found fault with it. He just chuckled to himself. It wasn't his sermon anyway. You will think that wasn't honest. Maybe so, but I want to tell you it was very human, and it was Bill Anderson.

He became an assistant to his father. When his father was older he had a heart condition that made it necessary for him to slow down. The congregation called Bill in to run his father's errands for him and be assistant to his father. As assistant he was a very popular young man. Then when his father died the congregation startled everybody in the whole country by calling Bill to be pastor. In those days it could be done. Our church has arranged now that a man can't be called pastor in a place where he has served as an assistant. He can't immediately be called as pastor. But back in those days that hadn't been the rule. Bill accepted the call. And of course everyone had all kinds of thoughts about it because he was known to be as I have described him, very popular but certainly not very deep.

I always have been impressed however to think that this action on his part showed considerable depth. He called his elders together, many of whom had been elders when he was a boy in the primary department in that very same church where his father was pastor. He told them, "I know that for some of you men it would be a real burden to see me called to be a pastor of this church. You will have the feeling that it's impossible for me to be able to do the work that my father was doing. Well, the congregation seems to want me as pastor, and I have the feeling in my heart that this is where God wants me to be, so I expect to stay and be pastor. But I'll look upon you men as my fathers. And I want to tell you this, if you just feel you cannot follow me and you cannot look up to me as your pastor, there are a number of other good churches in this city, I just want you to know that if you decide to go to one of them, there'll be no ill feelings. We'll be good friends anyway, and I wouldn't blame you a bit if you go somewhere else." Well, of course, with that kind of a candid talk you know what happened. Nobody went. But nevertheless that's the way he felt about it.

He accepted his new office of being pastor with sober responsibility. He felt utterly inadequate. He

hadn't trained himself. He hadn't studied. He hadn't really worked. But he did the best he could. One of the things he did was to arrange a Bible conference and have a Bible teacher come into teach his people. He said, "I don't know enough about the Bible to give them the ministry, and they need to know the Bible." He called in a man who at that time was pastor at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, George Gill. He called this man over to be a Bible conference speaker in the First Presbyterian Church in Dallas, Texas.

Dr. Gill was a very kindly, amiable man who taught the Bible in a sweet fashion. It was easy to listen to and was just a blessed experience. Bill liked him very, very much. But one evening toward the end of the week, while they were in the pastor's study just before going out into the sanctuary, Dr. Gill turned to Bill and said, "Bill, do you love His appearing?" I remember Bill Anderson said if he had spoken French it couldn't have been any stranger to him. He didn't know what the man meant. He recognized dimly that it was Scripture, but he didn't know what it was. While he stood there wondering what to say, Dr. Gill went on, "You know, there's a crown of righteousness laid up for those who love His appearing." And he walked out and went on to preach. That thing, stuck in Bill's mind. That night Bill went alone with his Bible and concordance and hunted up the passage where Paul had written to Timothy that a crown of righteousness was laid up for him and not for him only but for all those who love His appearing: (2 Timothy 4:8). Bill said, "Why I didn't even know He was going to appear, and I don't know when nor how." And he began to study the Bible. The result was he was profoundly stirred spiritually. He always said he was converted as a result of this. A word that I could use would be "illuminated." In any case he came to a new spiritual relationship with the Lord and came to a new life entirely in Christ Jesus.

Then his Session was rather startled when he called them together and asked them to give him permission to resign as pastor. They all said, "What in the world, why do you want to quit now? Things are going along fine. You've been doing real well. Why do you want to quit now?"

I remember Bill Anderson said to them, "Has my preaching been acceptable?" They said, "Why yes, you're doing better all the time." "Do you mean you're satisfied with me?"

"Yes."

He said, "Well that's just what I mean."

They said, "What do you mean?"

He said, "I'll never preach the same again. If you were satisfied with me before, you'll never be satisfied with me now. I'm a different man; I've been converted."

He told me afterwards there were elders who broke into tears. They said to him, "Bill, that's what we've been praying for."

That began a marvelous experience in the First Presbyterian Church of Dallas, Texas. He lived there for some years before he died, just past forty years of age. But he became widely known, undoubtedly one of the most popular Bible preachers, Bible expositors, that you will ever meet. He did his very best, went out of his way, to offend nobody. He used to say to me in a kindly way, "Manford, we want to make friends for the gospel." He would hold up his Bible to me and he'd say, "You know, if a man would read this book he'd get to know the will of God. But he'll never read it if we don't get him to read it. And if he gets mad at us he won't read it either will he?" Well I agreed with him. "No," he said, "we want them to become friends of the gospel." I've never forgotten what a wonderful testimony this man, Dr. William M. Anderson, Jr., had as a minister of the gospel.

James H. Edwards

Now I want to tell you of a man in my congregation whom I met in the course of my lifetime as a minister that helped me a great deal. This particular man's name was James H. Edwards. If you are acquainted with American Church history, you will know that there was a great minister and thinker by the name of Jonathan Edwards. This man, James H. Edwards, belonged to that family. He was the seventh in line from Jonathan Edwards. At the time that I knew him he was about seventy years of age or more. He was a man whose father was a minister. He had a number of brothers, all of whom were ministers. He was the only one in the family that didn't become a preacher. He stayed home, earned money and sent his brothers through seminary. His older son became a preacher. One of his daughters was a missionary in Africa. He was a man who was right in the Lord's service as a family.

This particular man operated a shop from which he made his living. He repaired piano keys. I remember one time visiting in his shop. With a twinkle in his eyes he said to me, "You know, I have a silent partner." Of course, I wondered who it could be. He said, "Yes, I have a silent partner. He's really the boss. I'm just the one that meets the public." Then in a nice way he told me that his silent partner was the Lord Jesus Christ. He operated that shop in relationship with the Lord. Mr. Edwards told me, "He in His providence arranges for me to get business, and I just take care of it. I always do every bit of business remembering that the Lord is my partner." The keys he repaired were shipped to him. He said, "If I get in a lot of piano keys at any particular time, I work long hours into the night. I don't think the Lord would like our business to get behind. Sometimes I don't get much business. I accept that as from the Lord too. He knows how to do this." It is very wonderful thing to think of a man who would operate that way.

Before the time I got to know Mr. Edwards, an incident happened that was often talked about in our church. On one occasion in our congregation some money given to missions had been borrowed by the Treasurer for current expenses. And there was quite a stir in the congregation because that should not have been done. That amounted to a misappropriation of funds. The argument was long and drawn out. Then one day as this was being debated, this man, James H. Edwards, astonished all when he rose in his place and said, "I have one request to make. On one condition I will give you this money." Remember that in his trade he would not earn a large amount of money. In the time this happened the amount involved, \$900, was really a large sum. He said, "I will give you this money on the one condition that there will be no more argument. Nothing more is to be said about this." He did just that. When I came to the congregation years later, this action on the part of Mr. Edwards was still being talked about.

Another thing about this man that interested me was he always walked the two miles from where he lived. One day I took him home in my car. He seemed to appreciate it and thanked me. The following Sunday I wanted to take him home again, but he said no.

I said, "You don't have a ride, do you?"

"No."

"Well," I said, "I'd be glad to take you."

He replied, "That's all right." And then smiling he said, "You see, if I started letting you take me home regularly, I would get to the point where I'd think you ought to do it. Pretty soon I would complain because you didn't do it fast enough. No, it's better for me not to receive something for nothing that way."

There is one particular way in which Mr. Edwards helped me that I especially remember him for. He had a way with him whenever he would be present at the church service of coming and talking to me

after the service. Ordinarily, he would come along with other people and join in with the company that would go by and shake my hand and give me his greeting and I would always appreciate it. But there were times when he had special things to say. Those would be the times when he would wait until everybody else was gone. And when they were all through he would come up and shake hands with me. I learned to recognize what it would mean. When he would shake hands with me he would express appreciation of my message, usually always he would say he enjoyed it or that he learned something. Then he would say, "But . . ." Then he would start in telling me some place where it was possible I could have added or altered something or I could have been careful to protect an impression I was making. I'm grateful to God really for the grace that was given to me to accept this over and over again. Sometimes I didn't like it, but I knew it was good.

On one occasion I preached a sermon on "Three Model Conversions." I used for my material the story of the Ethiopian in Acts 8, the story of Saul the Pharisee in the 9th chapter of Acts, and the story of Cornelius the Centurion in the 10th chapter. Of course that's too much for any one sermon, but I was young and I didn't know that. I tried to preach it all. So I went ahead and preached on "Three Model Conversions," drawing attention to these. As I had gone along I had drawn attention to the various features that I wanted to bring out. They were each one different from the other, and yet they were all alike in that each one had come to know the Lord and each one went on his way rejoicing.

My good friend, Mr. Edwards, waited until everybody was gone and he came up last. I thought to myself, "Well now, this is one time I am going to be able to face you, because there wasn't anything in that message that wasn't true." That's the way I felt. So he came up, shook hands, thanked me for the message, and then said that he had learned something about conversion that he hadn't known. I personally doubted that, but that's what he said. Then he said to me, with a twinkle in his eye that I can remember to this day, "How about Timothy? How was he converted?" I knew the Bible well enough to know that there's no conversion recorded of Timothy. I knew also that Paul had said to Timothy, "I remember the faith that was in thy grandmother, and in thy mother; and I am persuaded it is in thee also" (2 Tim. 1: 5). Then later in that Second Epistle of Timothy he says, "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation." So I recognized that Timothy was a boy who grew up in a believing home, was trained in the ideas of the gospel from the very first and never had the vivid experience of conversion that men like the Ethiopian had, coming out of ignorance into faith. Or that Saul the Pharisee had in coming out of blind prejudice into faith. Or that Cornelius the Centurion had who came out of a strong tradition into faith. Timothy' didn't have that. Timothy just believed.

While I was thinking about that I remember how Mr. Edwards smilingly said to me: "Now, you preach that sermon again and next time tell them about Timothy." I have never forgotten it. Over and over again in my ministry I have heard Mr. Edwards saying to me: "Tell them about Timothy." That's the young lad that was brought up in a Christian home, and who came to believe because his parents brought him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. There are so many things about Mr. Edwards that come back to my mind with deep appreciation.

Dorothy Roberts

I want to talk to you about a shy, little, soft-spoken, retiring, very girlish girl. She is one of the people that greatly affected my life as I was growing in Christian understanding. When I became pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Dallas, Texas, this little girl was in high school. Her name was

Dorothy Roberts. I remember her as one of the faithful attendants at Sunday School and Young People. When she graduated from high school, she sent me one of her invitations. When she was out of high school and had the privilege of getting employment, she brought her tithe to the church office. We discussed how to divide the tithe of her pay check. I knew her very well and appreciated her.

When she was about nineteen years old she was taken sick with a sickness that somehow or other did not get any better. After she had been in bed for a while and did not improve, she was taken away to a sanatorium. All the treatment was given to her, but she wasn't helped. She hadn't been helped at home by the doctors, and when she went to the sanatorium she wasn't helped there. After she had been there some time, apparently not getting any better, she was brought home. She was bed-ridden. It became obvious that unless something happened that we didn't see taking place, she probably would die from this sickness. So it came to pass that she was at home for something over a year, in which time she gradually got weaker and weaker and eventually died.

Now, I have particularly strong memories of my fellowship with her during those days that she was on that sick bed. She was only 21 years old and a frail little thing. I remember that in my pastoral duties I would find myself visiting in her sickroom every Sunday afternoon. It became a regular procedure; each Sunday afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock I spent with Dorothy Roberts. We talked of church matters, and I brought the good news of all the young people. She was very interested in them, and as time went along she began praying for them. Often when I reported the particular needs of the congregation as they appeared that week, we would talk about them and have prayer together. The effect that had upon me I have no way fully to appreciate. So far as that congregation was concerned, for something over a year every Sunday night the man that walked into the pulpit and preached was a man who had spent an hour at the bedside of a dying girl. It made a lot of difference to my preaching.

I remember as the days went by I became conscious of the fact that Dorothy didn't hear anybody but me. For more than two years she never heard a public worship service. She had never heard any preaching. That was back in the days before radio was as common as it is today, and she didn't have any kind of messages coming to her over the radio. And so it meant that she was dependent upon me for everything that she was getting. I was smitten in my heart to remember that many times I came and visited with her when our fellowship was cordial, friendly, affectionate, but not spiritual. I didn't talk with her about Christian things and about spiritual things. I had always found that difficult, and I found it difficult with her. But it began to burden me. So one afternoon I remember sitting at her bedside, thinking about this, wondering how I could get started. Perhaps you would think that was strange that a preacher would wonder how to get started talking to people. Well, I found it hard to get started talking with people about their souls and their soul's relationship with the Lord. I just found it difficult to find words.

I was sitting by her bedside, rather sober, burdened. She noticed, and after a bit she said to me, "You are very serious today."

I said, "Yes, I am."

She said, "Are you troubled?"

"Yes, I'm troubled." "About somebody?"

I said, "Yes, about somebody."

Then in a playful way she said, "About me?"

I said, "Yes, about you."

Still in a playful way, she said to me, "Why? What have I done? Where have I been?"

Well you know she had been right in that bed for two years. But it gave me the opening I needed. I

could talk to her. I said, "Dorothy do you realize that you are a very sick girl?"

Immediately she sobered up. But she didn't get downhearted. She just became very, serious. Looking me straight in the face, she asked me, "Do you mean do I know that I am going to die?"

I said, "Yes."

With a smile she said, "Oh, don't you know there are lots worse things than dying?" I shall cherish these words as long as I live. Oh, the victory of it! Through the years I have rejoiced in the victory of a young girl, 21 years of age, who could lie on that bed so weak she could hardly lift her head, look me in the face and smile without hesitation and say, "Don't you know there are lots worse things than dying?" She wasn't the least bit depressed because she was going to die. And from then on, every Sunday afternoon when I came, we would have some conversation about the events that were before her.

She was expecting to go to heaven and talked with me about it, asking what I thought it would be like. She grew in maturity. I used to think when I was talking with her that the things of this world looked as trivial as Christmas decorations in February, completely out of date. She had such a way with her, and she wasn't a bit mean in her spirit. She wasn't sarcastic. She was really kind. I often felt when I was sitting in her presence that she knew so much more than I did because she had looked to the end. She had seen the whole thing in focus. She got such a perspective from knowing that any hour of the day, any moment of the hour, she could look right into the face of the Lord, and she knew she would be seeing Him soon. We shared this knowledge in prayer. We shared our concern, and we talked about the ways in which I might be able to help other people.

As the days passed she grew weaker and weaker. We knew it, and she knew it. I talked with her and prayed with her. And so the time came, one Sunday afternoon when her mother met me at the door, she said to me with smiles and tears, "Dorothy left a message for you. She said that she couldn't wait." And I knew Dorothy was gone that Sunday afternoon. The following Tuesday afternoon, I preached her funeral to a packed church. The people came from all over. They had known about her illness and her spiritual courage and strength. I found myself using this text: "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father" (John 14:28).

This leaves me wondering where are we in our hearts? How is it with you? Are you expecting to be there?

Fred Forrest

I have been a minister of the gospel now longer than anything else in my life. In my lifetime I also have played baseball. I know what it's like to be a pitcher. I know that some days a pitcher can just tell that he can't get it over the plate. He's wild, has no control. It's that way with preaching. A man prepares his message, gets up in the pulpit and intends to preach the best that he can. But there are days when he can't get said what he wants to say. The difference between a ball pitcher and a preacher is that if the pitcher can't find the plate the manager may take him out, but when a preacher can't get it said, nobody takes him out.

I have had these bad days and when I was first a pastor I can remember how my congregation tried to adjust themselves to it. We had a sanctuary with two exit doors. Since I couldn't stand in both, I could recognize the days when many people went out the other door. They didn't come by the preacher, and I know too what it's like to have people shake my hand, look into my face and then ask, "How's the wife? How are the children?" They weren't saying a word about the sermon. I've had days like that.

Now I want to introduce to you one of the men in my church whom I counted as a fellow worker unto

the Kingdom of God which has been a comfort unto me. He was the kind of person Paul described in Colossians 4:11. The man I'm referring to is Fred Forrest. I knew him as a deacon and later as an elder. Always he was a help. He was not a prominent man. I often have thought that he probably never was president of anything in his life. More likely, he was secretary because of his dependability. But I will say one thing about this man. On days when my preaching had been poorer than usual, and I would be feeling badly, this man would be sure to come by my side of the sanctuary. He would come through my door, and when he shook my hand, he was sure to speak a word of praise.

When I would be agonizing with a sense of frustration and defeat, I would feel just as if I had been playing football and had been penalized for delaying the game. On such an occasion Fred Forrest would come by my side of the church and say, "Now that's good preaching." I used to think to myself, "Well you are a sweet old liar." Really and truly, I knew better. I knew it wasn't good preaching, but he would say it in a way that wasn't exactly like a lie either. He would emphasize something like this: "I tell you right now you're giving it to us right straight from the shoulder." Well I was trying to do that, that's true. I wasn't getting it said but I was working on it. He would do this time and time again. I knew when that man would hang back and wait until the others were gone that I hadn't done so well that day.

One of those days when I was feeling really badly, he put his arm over my shoulder. "We're all with you. We're all for you, believe me. Stay in there and pitch." Now you know that sort of thing is good. He encouraged and strengthened me. He made me a kinder, better preacher. I tell you right now. I learned from him to stop and think before I hauled off and said something hard, because I knew Fred Forrest would be coming by to tell me I was doing well. Then I'd say to myself, "Well, I'm not going to make a liar out of him this day," and I would slow down. Does that seem strange to you? One of the wonderful things in the course of my learning about walking in the will of the Lord was that I had these wonderful friends who put themselves out to come over on my side and give me encouragement when I needed it.

I wonder if this offers any suggestion to you? Is it possible that in your home you have some people that don't do so well? Would you try sometimes to say words of encouragement to them? Would you try to express your sympathy for them? You know, they are probably doing about as well as they can. And chances are that if they haven't done as well as they could have done, they probably would feel it. For instance, if you are trying to play the game of baseball and you strike out, the last thing you need is to have someone come up and ask you, "What did you want to strike out for?" It's a time when you could do that person harm. Do you see what I mean?

Let my last words about Fred Forrest describe his home-going. On a Sunday evening, dressed to go to church, he sat in his rocking chair in the front room of his home. He wore his overcoat and his hat. He was waiting for his daughter to bring the car by the front door, but when she arrived he didn't come out. When she came inside to see why, she found that he was gone. Like Enoch, he walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." What a wonderful way to go home, dressed ready to go to church.

Young People

The very term teen-ager can cause many persons to shudder. And there is no doubt that teenagers often are responsible for much foolishness. I am sure that teenagers themselves will appreciate the fact that there is no substitute for experience. And yet all of us must keep in mind and remember, even in our praying, that the major issues of living are faced during the teen years. Much is settled in that period of life.

In the Bible, we have many examples of young people. Gideon was called while yet a young man

working on his father's farm. He was just a youth, possibly in his later teens, maybe 18 or 19 years old. And so much happened to Samson with the Lord in the early part of his life. Think of David. David was anointed to become King of Israel when he was too young to serve in the army. His older brothers were in the service, and he was at home tending sheep. He was considered of no importance because he was so young. And yet Samuel came and anointed him to become king. Perhaps you will remember the occasion of Naaman, the Assyrian who was a leper, and how it was a Hebrew maid, a little girl in the kitchen, that talked about how Elisha could help Naaman. That caused Naaman to go and seek help from the prophet. Or you may come over to the New Testament and pause for a moment and consider Mary of Bethlehem, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth. You remember she gave birth to that Child before she was married, and girls were married young in those days. All I am wanting to say to you is that the Bible seems to open the way to understand that teenagers can actually have important dealings with God. Although they don't know as much as they're going to know later, they have it in their hands to do big things.

I remember my own youth; I made important decisions when I was just in my teens. And so, when I became pastor of a church, I resolved that I would covet the young men in that church for the Lord. I want to tell you some of the things that happened in our church. I will describe these in a narrative fashion, just tell as a story various incidents that occurred.

On one occasion I took two young fellows with me to hear an evangelist preach. It was some distance away and took us about two hours. While we driving over I put a question to these two young lads: "When would a congregation need revival?" We tried to pin down the condition, the situation, the circumstances that would be evidence that a church would need revival. Then I raised another question: "Is our congregation this kind of a church?" They agreed that it was. So we listened to the man preach.

After his preaching and we were returning home, I returned to my questioning of these young fellows: "How would you promote a revival? What would you do to promote a revival? Well, of course, we hadn't discussed this very long until we realized that what we must do would be to pray. As we discussed it, we realized that anybody could pray and that God would hear and answer prayer. And so when we were about half way home one of the young fellows said, "Let's pull over here to the curb." We were passing through a small town, and we pulled over to the curb. He said, "I suggest that right here we enter into a compact to pray that this shall happen with us." So that night, just before midnight, we made it a note that we were asking God to revive our church. We agreed not to talk about it and agreed not to tell anybody about our pact that we had made, our covenant we entered into. But we would personally pray for this to happen.

After that certain things began to happen in our church. For one example, the young people came out to a Saturday evening prayer meeting. Many people didn't think we'd ever have young people coming to the Saturday evening prayer meeting, but they came. We would meet and pray for our church on Saturday night.

Then sometime later, the young people conducted a planning session at which they discussed what their program should be. After various ideas had been considered, they agreed to make their program a discussion about how to activate their Christian faith. What would really count as Christians? Well the particular subject that was up for that month, in our church, was recruits for the ministry, so I asked these young people whether they wanted to discuss the possibility of recruiting for the ministry. They said they did. We had about sixteen or eighteen young people in our group. I asked them whether they thought our church should produce its own ministers. They thought they certainly could find some man to take my place some day. We also discussed whether they should provide missionaries. Out of our

discussion, we agreed that this particular group of young people should produce at least one preacher and one missionary - that would be two workers.

As we discussed it further, we decided that if two of them would actually go into full time service, four of them should start, because some would probably drop out on the way. So at least four should start in order to insure two in full time service. As the discussion progressed we raised the question: "Shall we start praying about it now?" They all looked at each other. You see, the boys hadn't counted on doing this. So the boys and girls, thinking about it, put their hearts together before the Lord and seriously began to pray. What astonished me most was that at least four of those young men actually went to college that fall and began preparing for the ministry. We have right now four men in full time service. They started out as boys, and their decision grew out of that young people's group. This is a very stirring thing for me. But there was another incident that I want to tell you about.

I remember one occasion in the month of June when summer vacation was just beginning, I had prepared a series of Wednesday evening Bible studies. On the first evening, the first night since high school had been out for summer holidays, quite a few young people were present. Our customary procedure was for me to read Scripture, then we would sing, and then there would be a time of prayer. The praying would be impromptu; it wasn't organized. We usually had about ten minutes of prayer, and then I would teach Bible for at least a half hour. On this particular evening early in June, the impromptu praying went on and on and on. One would pray, another would pray, and another would pray. So they continued for forty minutes. I never did get to make a talk. At the end of forty minutes I closed the meeting with prayer. Everybody was astonished and delighted and aroused by it all. I remember saying to them, "Well, my notes are as good as new. When you come back next week I'll give them to you." We came back the next week and we had our opening song service, made our announcements and then we went to praying. And they prayed and prayed for forty minutes again. This went on throughout that whole month of June. I never did get to make my Bible study talk.

That was a tremendous experience for the congregation. It stirred the whole church. More and more people came out to prayer meeting in order to share in the praying that was going on. And it would seem to be a remarkable thing. But there was something true I didn't know about. It came out in another way altogether.

One evening a police car cruising in our neighborhood passed a number of our boys standing under a street light like a football huddle. The policemen stopped and went over to ask these boys what they were doing. When the boys replied that they were praying, the policemen thought they must be a group of smarties, and one of the officers said to the other, "Listen, I know about prayer. I'll find out." He turned to the boys and said, "If you were praying, how about praying for us now?" The fellows said, "Yes, sure. Let's get around here and we'll have prayer." So they gathered around the two policemen, and they had prayer for the police and for the city. At the end of this time of prayer, the police agreed, "That's real. They're it."

Do you know what was in back of that? A certain group of boys in my church had organized a secret society of prayer. They met regularly and prayed. They had several objectives: during the month of June there would be so much praying going on at the prayer meeting that I'd never get to make a talk. Isn't that interesting? And isn't it suggestive? That's what young people can do, and they profoundly affected me. I was blessed by what can happen when young people really turn themselves over to the Lord.

Howard Cook

Most evangelical Christians know about accepting Christ so that they'll be saved from hell. And they may even go further and understand how, because they believe in Christ, when they did they'll be taken to heaven. But I find Christians oftentimes do not understand the plan of God for daily living, for walking in the Spirit. I realize this can only be grasped by knowing the Bible.

During the time I served as a professor, I often went out to speak in churches. I began to wish that I had an opportunity to talk to everybody that was interested and share with them what I knew of what God has provided for people who believe in Him. Into my life that time came a layman who wanted to know this very thing. He was a business man, the president of two different business enterprises. This man wanted to know about the grace that was available for living a daily life. His name was Howard Cook, a man with vision about the importance of getting to know what was in the Bible. Yet when I think about this man's vision, I'm impressed to remember that his vision was largely a projection of his own hunger to know. This man really wanted to know and he felt other people wanted to know, and he was right.

At that time there was invented a machine that many of you know about, called a tape recorder. He could make tape recordings of what I said and then afterwards he could listen to a tape and could learn from it. I conducted day time Bible studies. He couldn't come because of his business commitment, but his wife could come. So he arranged to have his wife take the tape recorder. And wherever I went to speak she'd set up the tape recorder and make a record of it.

In those days I was teaching a Monday Night Bible Class at the North Avenue Presbyterian Church in Atlanta to which all denominations were invited. We did have on occasion as many as twenty denominations actively present in that Bible class. This went week after week all during the fall, winter and spring season. And when Mr. Cook found out about this he taped all these messages and kept them in his own library. Then he found out that I was being put on a local radio station as a sort of a Bible Class feature. When he found that out he began to send his tape recordings to friends of his who operated radio stations in various places. And so my material began to go out on several radio stations. He also conceived the idea that this material would be helpful to missionaries. He began to make these tapes available to missionaries, sending hundreds of these tapes overseas to various missionaries in different parts of the world. Then he found out that these tapes would also be of interest to other Christians like himself. He began duplicating them and making them available. He sold them almost exactly at cost, which meant that he always had to put up some extra money. But he used to discuss it, saying that he wanted as many as possible to get it.

This man developed me as a tape recording teacher. You can have in mind that back of my radio teaching today there was a business man who did not so much have in mind my making tapes for the world as he had in mind learning the gospel. He personally wanted to know what Christ Jesus would mean to a man day by day by day and he had the intelligence to understand that you would get to know that if you knew what's in the Bible. And you get to know what's in the Bible if you get to hear a man teach it. That's the way the whole thing started.

There were things about the man personally that I always will cherish. I remember how many times I was impressed with the fact that in all of our relationship he never spoke a discouraging word. He must have taken up the slack. He must have carried the load. But he always was gracious to encourage me to go ahead and do everything I was doing the best that I could because in his judgment, it would be good. But the greatest thing about him was his great desire to share the Word. He died before he ever fully

realized how marvelous this thing had become in him. He had the whole Christian picture in himself - to know the Lord and to witness for Him to other people. This is what Howard Cook, a man with vision, wanted to do. And he did it.

Radio Listeners

The gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has always been offered as a free gift. The Lord Jesus Himself coming into this world made it very clear that "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many" (Matthew 20:28). Undoubtedly the very actions of the Lord Jesus Christ and His testimony before the world has affected the public mind to have the impression that if it's from the Lord Jesus Christ it should be free and generous. This doesn't mean they support Him. This doesn't mean they approve of Him. This doesn't mean they are going to take it. But somehow or other they just expect that if it's from the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ it will be free. And there are Scriptures that seem to support this. The Lord Jesus in speaking of spreading the gospel talked about the sower and the seed. You know how the sower sows the seed. He casts it out everywhere, and the seed being thrown out that way falls every place. Only some of the places are good for fruitfulness. Most of the places where seed falls don't bear any fruit. And still it's spread out that way. In the same way the Bible speaks about the sun shining upon the evil and the good. We human beings might select our spot. And there are other things that are strange in God's way of doing things. Have you ever wondered about how God lets it rain in the ocean? So many places in the world need rain and yet rain can fall in the ocean. Oh there are so many things about God's way of doing things that leave us baffled. We don't always understand.

Something about the gospel isn't the same way. God's goodness, God's grace and mercy, goes out to all men everywhere. That which is characteristic of the gospel is very much like an oasis in the desert, like any spring flowing out into the sand, watering the earth, making it spring forth and bud and bring forth fruit. Then the water is gone. This is the way it apparently is with the gospel and with the Christians. They give themselves, their witness and their testimony, and offer themselves in their service and they're gone. So far as this world is concerned it would look like it isn't a paying proposition. Certainly no one would be able to find out how the Lord Jesus could have made any profit by going to the cross. And yet the Lord had a profit in mind - for the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of God. In any case, it's true so far as the public is concerned that no one expects to pay for the gospel. We expect the seats in the church to be open and to be free.

This is true with radio programs. As you know, at this particular time our work is being done so much over the radio. We are dealing with this very kind of situation. I myself listen to the radio. I seldom think of paying anybody. When I turn on the radio and listen to a program, I seldom think of sitting down to write a contribution out so far as those people are concerned. How then can the radio work be done? You may have in your own mind various ideas about that. I'm not going to talk about that just now. What I am going to talk about is the fact that the program as it is planned and as it is promoted is not being promoted simply to pay for itself. The program is being promoted because of the people it will reach.

Do you know that many of those who hear the program write and tell us of the way it has affected them? This is what keeps us going. I am so glad that many do this. We do try to read this mail and understand it and see it and feel what is going on in the hearts of people. My radio audience has had a profound effect in my consciousness in the last few years. I think of them many times in the day. I am

thinking about things I could say and things I could do that would make it clearer to the man who is listening somewhere to the radio. Let me tell you about some of these listeners.

Just now I am thinking of a dairyman in Mississippi. He happens to be blind. My heart was deeply touched when I found that he put a loud speaker in his barn so that he could listen to our program while he was going about his work.

From another place, a barber shop in a town in Georgia, every now and again comes a letter of appreciation for the messages with a contribution from the people who listen at this man's barber shop.

Then I think of a rest home in Texas. The hours are long and time is long for the people who live there, but they receive our gospel messages. And they write and tell us about the benefit they have from this.

Then I think of certain people in high school. I can't remember all of them just at the moment. But one girl in Alabama who has been writing to me for several years told me how her father had given her a tape recorder and she was organizing some of her high school friends to come by her house and listen to tape recordings of mine. Of course she listened over the radio and invited her friends to listen to our program too, but she was doing the other work as well. I remember one line she wrote to me. "It's so hard to witness as a Christian in high school." That's what really, lay back of my producing the booklet "If You Were The Only Christian." I was thinking of the work of that young girl when I wrote one of the chapters "If You Were The Only Christian In Your High School Class." Incidentally, for a long time while she was in high school she sent me 25 cents a month. She took it out of her allowance. She is in college now, and she writes me that even in her college she still listens to our program on the radio, and she continues listening to the tapes.

In South Carolina, a neighbor wrote to us about a little girl who lived in a home so unfortunate that nobody was allowed to go to church. And so this little girl lived in what might be called the dark so far as her spiritual life was concerned. But she was able to listen to our radio program. And because she listened to our radio program, she was very deeply moved. She used to walk two miles to the neighbor's house to bring her offering. Thus, every week twenty cents came to us from that little community in South Carolina. You know that is very precious.

In Tennessee, there is a boy who made it a point for a long time to send twenty-five cents a month, taken out of his allowance. I am mentioning these to you because I want you to know these are the kind of people that inspire me.

One day I received a letter which touched me greatly from a lady who operated a beauty parlor. She had arranged her beauty parlor in such a way that some of the ladies who were having their hair done could put on ear phones and listen to our program.

Some of our greatest experiences have been with men who have listened in prison. One man wrote from a prison in Georgia that he wanted to get some of our material. We replied to his letter, telling how much we appreciated his interest, and he wrote again describing how he had accepted Christ in his prison cell. He said to me something like this, "I'll never get a chance to see you, and I'll never have any opportunity of doing anything. I am in death row. I do not expect to get out of this place alive. I don't have any money, but I'll do the best I can." He sent two one-cent stamps to help support the radio program.

Another man in prison, who was later put to death for a crime he had committed, changed himself so completely that by the time he was electrocuted he had a heart so completely different that one of the last things he did was send word to the warden of the prison not to feel badly about having to execute him. His language was something like this, "The only thing is I'll be home before you."

These people have challenged me more and more to tell about the Lord Jesus Christ and His mercy

and His grace for all men, and the wonderful privilege of having "Christ in you, the hope of glory." It has been marvelous to have a share in this. And I wanted you to know about it, because I want to bear tribute and testimony to the people who have encouraged me by their receiving the Word and responding to it. May God bless you all, every one.