

"Holding fast the Faithful Word . . ."



The *Word and Work*



"Holding forth the Word of Life."

May, 2005

**WOMEN,  
WOES, AND  
WRITINGS**

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**2 SERVANTS OF GOD GO HOME**

# An Important Announcement

We are sorry to say that at the end of 2005 we shall not publish our Sunday School Quarterly any more. Our last quarterly will be for the months of September through November, with lessons on the book of Acts written by Bob Yarbrough.

The quarterly goes back almost 90 years. R. H. Boll began writing regular lessons for Lord's Day classes when he became editor in 1916. So far as I know, he was the one and only writer of those lessons till his death in 1956. Forty consecutive years--wow! And of course he edited the monthly W&W too, all those years. Again, wow!

Since then a number of other capable men have written the S.S. lessons, but Carl Kitzmiller had by far the longest tenure: two separate periods adding up to 29 years. During those decades the W&W editors hardly had to worry about a thing so far as the quarterly was concerned.

In recent years nobody has combined the three great traits of ability, continuing *availability* and willingness to carry on with such a thorough commitment. We are very thankful for all who have helped. But none was able to write for an entire year, due to other commitments. Several took an entire quarter at a time. But as time passed, we had to divide most quarters between two writers, or even three (and one time, four!). The burdens also have become too great for the publisher and our office manager to continue.

There are various other good quarterlies available. Perhaps you who read Word and Work can suggest to our subscribers which quarterlies you have found (or heard from others) to be truly profitable—true to God's word and written both capably and practically. Let us know your recommendations and we will pass them on to all our readers.

We hope our present subscribers will continue through the fall quarter. The June through August quarter covers the synoptic gospels—Matthew, Mark and Luke. Our writers are Darren Johnson, Cecil Garrett and Bob Yarbrough. Then the fall quarter will cover Acts, as mentioned above.

We appreciate you, our readers. I wonder which living subscriber has taken the SS quarterly for the greatest length of time? (Anyone care to say?) More important, I wonder who has learned the most, applied the most, grown the most? Only the Lord could tell

Continued on Back Cover

# THE WORD AND WORK

*"Declare the whole counsel of God"*

Alex V. Wilson, Editor

Dennis L. Allen, Missions

Bennie Hill, News & Notes

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## *Women, Woes and Writings*

# Something Different for the 3rd Month in a Row?

Alex V. Wilson

This month we're taking a double risk. This issue is mainly written by women or about women. And mainly it consists of hymns or poems they wrote. Poetry!

Maybe you're thinking, "Women? And poems? Neither of those interests me much. Give me the good old days when you knew the W&W would be by and about men, and written in prose."

Oh well, *Live dangerously*, they say. So we're trying it. Actually, some of you (though probably a minority) may consider this issue one of your favorites. And not just the ladies, either. (By the way, I don't really think most of our readers are extreme male chauvinists.) As for the rest of you, give it half a chance and you too will reap some blessings. If a majority of the human race are females, God must think they're something special. And if over 150 chapters of the Bible are poems, then poetry's not all that bad, either. Happy reading!

Actually our theme has a third ingredient too: "Women, WOES and Writings." Is that a strange combination? Well, if we look closely at life, history, current events, and the Bible, we'll notice that most *great* literature, works of art, and spirituality arise in times of trials and troubles. Mediocre times tend to produce mediocre people and achievements; most often outstanding heroes arise during crises. Isn't it true that every godly character in the Bible underwent extreme difficulties? Can you think of a single exception? In the same way, this month's most stirring poems were born in the crucible of pain and tears. These facts should tell us something. They should also help us as we non-poets struggle with strains, stresses and heartaches. The God who helped those writers can help us as well.

A final suggestion: If you absolutely can't stand poetry, just skip that part. (Or get someone who can read poems well read them aloud to you.) Whichever, do read the valuable biographical parts, and the other prose. And whatever you do, don't cancel your subscription. Next month will no doubt be more normal.

# Challenges

by Barbara Cornet Ryberg

I know nothing about Barbara Ryberg's life, except that she wrote some excellent poems such as these two.

## GROWTH

Until I learned to trust,  
I never learned to pray;  
And I did not learn to fully trust  
Till sorrows came my way.  
Until I felt my weakness,  
His strength I never knew;  
Nor dreamed till I was stricken  
That He could see me through.  
Who deepest drinks of sorrow,  
Drinks deepest too of grace;  
He sends the storm so He Himself  
Can be our hiding place.  
His heart, that seeks our highest good,  
Knows well when things annoy.  
We would not long for Heaven,  
If earth held only joy.

\* \* \*

## The Greatest Test

Help me to walk so close to Thee  
That those who know me best can see  
I live as godly as I pray  
And Christ is real from day to day.  
I see some once a day, or year,  
To them I blameless might appear;  
'Tis easy to be kind and sweet  
To people whom we seldom meet;  
But in my home are those who see  
Too many times the worst of me.  
My hymns of praise were best unsung  
If He does not control my tongue  
When I am vexed and sorely tried

And my impatience cannot hide.  
May no one stumble over me  
Because Thy love they failed to see;  
But give me, Lord, a life that sings  
And victory over little things.  
Give me Thy calm for every fear,  
Thy peace for every falling tear;  
Make mine, O Lord, through calm and strife  
A gracious and unselfish life;  
Help me with those who know me best,  
For Jesus' sake, to stand the test.

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## Songs from a Sickbed

**Martha Snell Nicholson** was bedridden for almost 30 years, and in the last years of her life she suffered from four incurable diseases at the same time. Talk about problems! Yet from her sickbed she wrote many poems of faith and warm devotion to her Lord. Here are three of them.

### Let Me Hold Lightly

Let me hold lightly Things of this earth;  
Transient treasures, What are they worth?  
Moth can corrupt them, Rust can decay;  
All their bright beauty Fades in a day.  
Let me hold lightly Temporal things –  
I, who am deathless, I, who wear wings!

Let me hold fast, Lord, Things of the skies;  
Quicken my vision, Open my eyes!  
Show me Thy riches, Glory and grace,  
Boundless as time is, Endless as space . . . .  
Let me hold lightly Things that were mine –  
Lord, Thou dost give me All that is Thine!

\* \* \*

## He Died Alone

He made the earth, But it had no room for Him;  
He made the rock, And it was a tomb for Him.  
He made the steel, Which pierced to the heart of Him;  
The imbedded thorns, Which became a part of Him.  
He gave their breath To the mob which jeered at Him;  
He molded the shape Of the faces which leered at Him.  
Yet never a tear Did the multitude shed for Him;  
Though the sin of us all Lay heavy as lead on Him.  
He called to God, And God turned His face from Him;  
And He died alone . . . Marvelous Grace of Him!

\* \* \*

## My Advocate

I sinned. And straightway, posthaste, Satan flew  
Before the Presence of the Most High God,  
And made a railing accusation there.  
He said, "This soul, this thing of clay and sod,  
Has sinned. 'Tis true that he has named Thy Name,  
But I demand his death, for Thou hast said,  
'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Shall not  
Thy sentence be fulfilled? Is justice dead?  
Send now this wretched sinner to his doom.  
What other thing can right ruler do?"  
And thus he did accuse me day and night,  
And every word he spoke, oh God, was true!

Then quickly One rose up from God's right hand,  
Before Whose glory angels veiled their eyes.  
He spoke, "Each jot and tittle of the law  
Must be fulfilled; the guilty sinner dies!  
But wait—suppose his guilt were all transferred  
To Me, and that I paid his penalty!  
Behold My hands, My side, My feet! One day  
I was made sin for him, and died that he  
Might be presented faultless at Thy throne!"  
And Satan fled away. Full well he knew  
That he could not prevail against such love,  
For every word my dear Lord spoke was true.

## *Songs Born of Sorrows*

# **The Triumphant Life of Annie Johnson Flint, 1866-1932**

(Abridged and adapted by Alex Wilson from  
Rowland Bingham's biography, long out of print)

Annie Johnson was born on Christmas Eve, 1866, in a small town in New Jersey. Her parents, Eldon and Jean Johnson, welcomed that Christmas present as their greatest earthly gift. But just three years later her mother died at the age of twenty-three, following the birth of her second daughter.

The father took the children to board with the widow of an old army comrade who had been killed in the Civil War. It was not a happy arrangement. The woman had two children of her own and her means were very limited. During the next two years the Johnson girls were evidently unwelcome and unwanted. At that time the outlook seemed very dark for their young lives.

But then came a providential change for the better. A school teacher became strongly attached to the sisters, and continually spoke of them to her friends, the Flints. At last their sympathy for the motherless children was so aroused that they adopted them. From then on the two girls went by their new parents' family name.

Two things had made Mr. Johnson willing to part with his daughters. First, he was suffering at the time with an incurable disease from which he shortly afterwards died. Second, the Flints offered a home after his own desire. They were Baptists, and Mr. Johnson was very anxious that the children should be brought up in the Baptist faith.

Mr. and Mrs. Flint were true Christians, and love reigned in their home. The two girls were taken right to their hearts as though they were their own flesh and blood. Daily spiritual training was thorough. When Annie was eight years old the family moved into Vineland, New Jersey. When they reached their new home, Methodist revival meetings were in progress and she attended. It was during one of those meetings that she placed her faith in Christ. She always believed that at that time she was truly converted, though she did not join a church till ten years later. Strongly endorsing Jesus' words, "You have hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and have revealed them unto babes," Annie opposed the idea that young children cannot apprehend spiritual truths.



## School Days

About the time of her conversion, interest in poetic expression began to awaken within her. She tells of the thrill when she realized she could communicate in verse. In the following years she was very fond of reading, and made good use of her adopted father's library. It contained a good number of works by standard authors, such as Dickens and also many poets. She and her closest girl friend would meet on Saturday afternoons to read their favorite poets, and then try to write poems themselves.

During these formative years she became more conscious of her great blessing to have such a home and such foster parents. The Flints were people of high principle. They taught the girls to be self-reliant, independent and economical. They gave her a healthy horror of debt. "Owe no man anything" was a command they emphasized. Mr. and Mrs. Flint provided a good home with plenty to eat and enough to wear, but there was no waste. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" was a rule strictly observed. By this time Annie made all her own clothes as well as her mother's, except their best dresses, for which a dressmaker came into the house twice a year. She was also capable of taking charge of the housekeeping if necessary.

It was in her youth that she stored up in her mind the wealth of those things that burst forth years afterward. In those later long years in which she was "shut in," her nature psalms would never have had the touch that was given them except for the memories of girlhood when she ran freely in the open fields and woods. Not that she ever lost her observation of nature. A friend remembered standing beside her sick-couch years afterward when Annie suddenly observed "We are going to have rain today. My robin has just changed his note. He never sings in that tone unless the rain is coming." Sure enough, the rain came.

## Characteristics

Whether by nature or through her early Christian experience, Annie was generally disposed to be cheerful and optimistic. She looked on the bright side of life, and was quite fond of jokes and able to enjoy life. She also had a generous nature, always ready to share what she had with others, and always more willing to grant favors than to accept them.

But it is a mistake to touch on her commendable characteristics without lifting the veil on the other side too. Annie was very human, and she herself left a record of her glaring faults as she saw them. While still a child she had a very quick temper which flared up on

slight provocation, but just as quickly died down. She never claimed entire freedom from this tendency, but she did learn the secret of grace in overcoming it.

Another characteristic was her acute sensitiveness, which made her keenly aware of the wrongs of others. And her likes and dislikes were intense. She admits further that if she was accused of something she had not done and for which she was unjustly reproved, she indulged in sulky spells which lasted far longer than the storm of temper. She would not speak to anyone while in these moods nor condescend to explain any mistake which might have been made. This was an unfortunate trait in her girlhood.

But she records her greatest fault as lack of patience, with herself as well as others. She did not like to wait for anything; she wanted to see results at once. With this there was coupled the virtue of dogged persistence. She refused to give up anything once begun, until it was finished. This helped her to accomplish many a hard and distasteful task, but all through her life the hardest lesson she had to learn was patience. Again and again she had to be reminded to wait patiently for the Lord. It was so much easier to wait eagerly and impatiently, or to spend the time making plans and devising schemes for doing something when the waiting time was over. One text that seemed especially written for her was, "Through faith *and patience* (we) inherit the promises." (Heb.6:12.)

### **Mixing the Bitter with the Sweet**

Finishing her high school she spent one year at normal school and had a teaching position offered to her. It was a great temptation to begin earning money, as her mother was failing in health and already had had one slight stroke. Annie felt that she was really needed at home, so she started teaching the primary class in the same school that she had attended as a girl.

According to her contract with the normal school she taught for three years, though early in the second year arthritis began to show itself. She tried several doctors in turn, but it steadily grew worse until it became difficult for her to walk at all, and she had a hard time finishing out the third year. After that she was obliged to give up her work, and there followed three years of increasing helplessness.

The death of both her adopted parents within a few months of each other left the two sisters alone again. There was little money in the bank and the twice-orphaned daughters had come to a real "Red Sea Place" in their lives. Arrangements were made for Annie to go to a sanitarium at Clifton Springs, New Jersey. She used the rent from the house she was leaving for her income.

Picture if you can the hopelessness of Annie's position when she finally received the verdict of the doctors of the sanitarium, that henceforth she would be a helpless invalid. Her own parents had been taken from her in childhood, and her foster parents both passed away. Her one sister was very frail and struggling to meet her own situation bravely. Annie was in a condition where she was compelled to be dependent upon the care of others who could not afford to minister to her except as compensated by her. In after years she always stated that her poems were born of the need of others and not from her own need; but one knows full well that she never could have written as she did for the comfort and help of thousands of others if she had not had the background of facing those very crises in her own life.

### Pressed into Poetry and Print

With a pen pushed through bent fingers and held by swollen joints she wrote first without any thought that it might be an avenue of ministry, or that it would bring her returns that might help in her support. Her verses provided a solace for her in the long hours of suffering. Then she began making hand-lettered cards and gift books, and decorated some of her own verses.

Her "Christmas Carols" became popular. Two card publishers printed these greetings and this helped to get her foot on the first rung of the ladder of support. It gave her the larger vision of possibly securing openings through some of the magazines, by which her poems could be a wider blessing, and at the same time bring some little return that would minister to her own pressing need. When we [the Bingham] first met her, she had succeeded in placing a number of her poems in the old *Christian Endeavour World* and the *Sunday School Times* had accepted several. From the first her writings appealed to us and we early made them a special feature in the columns of *The Evangelical Christian* [which Bingham edited]. Testimonies came in from many directions of blessing received, so in 1919 we put forth the first little brochure of her poems, under the title "By the Way--Travelogues of Cheer." Seven of these brochures--ever increasingly attractive and ever more widely circulated--were issued through the years.

The publication of her booklets and the wide circulation of the *Sunday School Times* linked her up with a world wide fellowship. For a long time she sought to deal with this ministry herself, and to carry the burden of correspondence. One wonders how she could ever get a pen through those poor twisted fingers; but she was a wonderful correspondent. Her letters were unique, bright and breezy, though written from her bed of affliction. They were as rich as her poems. Whatever the stage of her affliction, or however great

the pain through which she might be passing, she always had a touch of humor that was refreshing. One of her great regrets in the after years was that the progress of her affliction made it necessary to dictate the messages to her friends and of course this added to her expense.

When she could afford it, she liked to go into the Sanitarium for a month or two around the Christmas season. It gave her a little more care and helpful medical treatment and at the same time she came into contact in that institution with a large number of guests who purchased her booklets and cards.

One of the lessons which she learned in connection with the life of faith was that she could not dictate to the Lord as to how He was to supply the need. She had been brought up with a sturdy independence. She still struggled to make ends meet. She still sought to cut down expenses in order that she might be able to pay as she went. The thought of receiving charity was obnoxious to her. She loved to give to others and help those who were in need, but to receive from others—that was quite another matter.

The breaking down of her prejudice in this sphere came about in a very simple way. One of the boarders staying at the house where she lived, when saying good-bye, tactfully slipped into her hand a gift of money. This was the first time such a thing had ever happened, and Annie's pride was up in arms at once. The woman evidently noticed a difference in her manner and explained that she wished to leave some remembrance with her, but not knowing what her special need might be, thought it better to let her choose. Then she added something which went home. Annie never forgot it. She said, "You know Jesus Christ said 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' but how can there be any givers to whom the blessing can come unless there are those who are willing to receive? It takes two halves to make a whole." Then she appealed to Annie and asked if their positions were reversed and she had the means, would she not be glad to give? This turned things around so completely that Annie had to admit that she had no right to withhold from others the blessing of giving. She took the gift so kindly meant, and tried to be a willing receiver if that would help some giver to obtain a blessing. Her life was lived, as someone has said, from hand to mouth, but as she liked to have it expressed, the mouth was hers, and the hand was God's and His hand was never empty.

But there came times of real trouble and testing. Sales sometimes fell off, and extra needs pressed in. Sometimes for considerable periods she had to have a trained nurse. There were doctor's bills running up, and then too she was under pressure of many other trials. But often those very conditions taught her lessons and brought her

blessings which she then could pass on to others through her writings. One of her sweetest compositions was born of someone else's agonizing experience. The special incident that drew it forth was the visit of a little, tired, discouraged deaconess to Clifton Springs. She used to call and tell her troubles to Annie. When she left and went back to the West, she wrote saying how down-hearted she felt. She didn't see why God allowed such hard things to come into her life. Annie put her answer in a poem, and titled it "What God Hath Promised." It may well be the best-known of all her poems.

In another sphere her friends criticized and challenged her faith. As her story became known far and wide it was natural that she should receive many visitors. Many of these were sincerely interested in her welfare. Among them were some who strongly believed that healing of the body was for every child of God in this life. Their claim was that healing was in the Atonement and purchased for us by Christ, and that everyone who was walking obediently could claim deliverance from physical infirmities and bodily sicknesses. She listened to what they had to say. More than that, she went earnestly and prayerfully to search the Scriptures as to God's will. It was only after a most painstaking, prayerful study, and reading of the best writers on this subject that she reached the conclusion that, while God can and does heal in this way in some cases, in others He does not. He has seen fit to leave some of the most triumphant saints deeply afflicted.

She saw too that many of those who pressed their theory were themselves afflicted with infirmity, and while telling others that they ought to claim healing, bore in their own lives the failure of their theory. Annie became thoroughly convinced that God intended to glorify Himself through her in her weak, earthen vessel. Like Paul she had three times and more prayed that this might be taken from her, yet there came to her with real assurance the promise which said, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." She reached the place where she could also say with Paul, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me" [2 Cor. 12:9-10].

### Sunset and Eventide

Annie determined that there was to be "no moaning of the bar when (she) put out to sea." The last years of her life brought her no ease from her affliction, no lessening of pain and suffering. Yet, we think that in those closing years she really exemplified more than ever some of the sweetness of her earlier verses.

In Annie's own notes from which this sketch of her life is written, her affliction receives little notice. She would have it so. Al-

though crippled, she did not consider herself helpless and that she could do nothing but bemoan her lot. She believed that God had laid her aside for a purpose, even though that purpose was obscure to her at times. She also believed that He had work for her to do and she put her very best into the writing of her poems, rendering this ministry unto Him. The results have been that her verses have an unusually deep appeal to human hearts. The simple reason is that she felt what she wrote, and out of the crucible of suffering she was able to administer that comfort to others by which she herself had been comforted by God.

No one but God and she knew what suffering she endured as the disease became worse with the passing of the years, and new complications developed. But through it all her faith in the goodness and mercy of God never wavered. There were many times, no doubt, when her soul would be burdened with the mystery of it all--the "whys?" of the thing that she was called to endure. In that respect she was most human like the rest of us. But the marvelous thing is that her faith never faltered, and that she was at all times able to say "Thy will be done."

For more than forty years there was scarcely a day when she did not suffer pain. For thirty-seven years she became increasingly helpless. Her joints had become rigid, although she was able to turn her head, and in great pain write a few lines on paper. But long before those years of helplessness came, she had faced up to her anguished questionings and doubts, and considered that God's grace and faithfulness surpassed them! She rested her confidence on 2 Cor 1:20,

"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God." On September 8th, 1932, she entered the presence of the One she loved, and her suffering and sorrow ended forever.

In considering the life of Annie Johnson Flint one is perplexed with questions as old as humanity itself, such as the mystery of pain and suffering. That the wicked should suffer as the reward for their wrong-doing seems just and right, but that the righteous should pass through the furnace is a great stumbling block to many people. That is because we only see half the circle of life. One thing we are sure of, and that is that the Divine Potter makes no mistakes as He molds the clay in His hands. When it comes forth from His hand, He has fashioned it indeed, a good vessel prepared and fit for the Master's use.

*[In Bingham's book, now out of print, there are 83 poems as well as Annie's story. 8 of them follow here.]*

## What God Hath Promised

God hath not promised skies always blue,  
Flower strewn pathways all our lives through;  
God hath not promised sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.

God hath not promised we shall not know  
Toil and temptation, trouble and woe;  
He hath not told us we shall not bear  
Many a burden, many a care.

God hath not promised smooth roads and wide,  
Swift, easy travel, needing no guide;  
Never a mountain rocky and steep,  
Never a river turbid and deep.

But God hath promised strength for the day,  
Rest for the labor, light for the way,  
Grace for the trials, help from above,  
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.

## Great Grace

His grace is great enough to meet the great things,  
The crashing waves that overwhelm the soul,  
The roaring winds that leave us stunned and breathless,  
The sudden storms beyond our life's control.

His grace is great enough to meet the small things,  
The little pin-prick troubles that annoy,  
The insect worries, buzzing and persistent,  
The squeaking wheels that grate upon our joy.

## Answered Prayers

We know not what we should pray for as we ought—Romans 8:26.

I prayed for strength, and then I lost awhile  
All sense of nearness, human and divine;  
The love I leaned on failed and pierced my heart;  
The hands I clung to loosed themselves from mine;

But while I swayed, weak, trembling, and alone,  
The everlasting arms upheld my own.

I prayed for light; the sun went down in clouds,  
The moon was darkened by a misty doubt,  
The stars of heaven were dimmed by earthly fears,  
But all my little candle flames burned out;  
But while I sat in shadow, wrapped in night,  
The face of Christ made all the darkness bright.

I prayed for peace, and dreamed of restful ease,  
A slumber drugged from pain, a hushed repose;  
Above my head the skies were black with storm,  
And fiercer grew the onslaught of my foes;  
But while the battle raged, and wild winds blew,  
I heard His voice, and perfect peace I knew.

I thank Thee, Lord, Thou wert too wise to heed  
My feeble prayers, and answer as I sought,  
Since these rich gifts Thy bounty has bestowed  
Have brought me more than I had asked or thought.  
Giver of good, so answer each request  
With Thine own giving, better than my best.

## **Greater Than Our Hearts**

*"God is greater than our hearts, and he knows everything." – 1 John 3:20*

My heart is heavy, my heart is sad,  
And clouds have shadowed the joy I had;  
Perplexed and doubting, my way I take;  
Hast Thou forgotten? Canst Thou forsake?  
Thou—greater then ever my heart can be,  
For my fainting heart give Thy strength to me!

My heart is troubled and tossed within,  
Tired of thinking what might have been,  
Tired of facing the future years,  
Tired of fight with coward fears;  
Thou—greater than ever my heart can be,  
For my weary heart give Thy rest to me!



My heart is fretted and anxious, too,  
Eager to venture and quick to do,  
Chafed by inaction, impatient still  
At waiting in silence Thy quiet will;  
Thou—greater than ever my heart can be,  
For my restless heart give Thy peace to me!

My heart is empty, my heart is lone,  
In the silence of night it maketh moan:  
Two walked together, but one is gone,  
No footstep echoes beside my own;  
Thou—greater than ever my heart can be,  
For my lonely heart give Thy love to me!

My heart is burdened, my heart is sore,  
As manifold sins it counteth o'er;  
I long to be holy, Thou Holy One,  
But swift to do evil my feet will run;  
Thou—greater than ever my heart can be,  
For my sinful heart give Thyself to me!

### “He WENT”

“*Go wash in the pool of Siloam.*’ He went...  
and washed, and came seeing.” – John 9:7.

“He went”—without waiting to argue,  
To question or ponder or doubt,  
Though it seemed like a foolish proceeding  
To one looking on from without;  
Why wash, when the *touch* of the Savior  
Had brought other blind eyes their sight?  
When His mere *word* had power to heal them,  
And turn all their darkness to light?

And why in the pool of Siloam?  
What good or what virtue was there?  
Why not bathe in some brook by the wayside,  
Or dip in a well anywhere?  
Perhaps the man wondered a little,  
But he stayed for no vain argument,

Whatever he thought, he was silent:  
Christ had bidden him go, and he went.

What matters the critics' cold carping,  
Their views and their vague theories?  
One great, vital fact overwhelming  
Was answer enough for all these:  
"This one thing I know: all-sufficient,  
Whereas I was blind, now I see!"  
No wonder his heart was o'erflowing  
With praise and with ecstasy.

"He went...and came seeing"; how certain  
Reward of obedience is;  
Had he tarried or loitered in going,  
The blessing might not have been his.  
Oh, haste where the Master has sent you  
And go when He bids you to go;  
Just there shall His word find fulfillment;  
Just then some great gift He'll bestow.

## **He Giveth More Grace**

He giveth more grace as our burdens grow greater,  
He sendeth more strength as our labors increase;  
To added afflictions He addeth His mercy,  
To multiplied trials he multiplies peace.

When we have exhausted our store of endurance,  
When our strength has failed 'ere the day is half done,  
When we reach the end of our hoarded resources  
Our Father's full giving is only begun.

His love has no limits, His grace has no measure,  
His power no boundary known unto men;  
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus  
He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again.

## But GOD

*I know not, but God knows;* Oh, blessed rest from fear!  
All my unfolding days To Him are plain and clear.  
Each anxious puzzled "why?" From doubt or dread that  
grows,  
Finds answer in this thought: I know not, but He knows.

*I cannot, but God can;* Oh, balm for all my care!  
The burden that I drop, His hand will lift and bear.  
Though eagle pinions tire, I walked where once I ran,  
This is my strength: to know I cannot, but He can.

*I see not, but God sees;* Oh, all sufficient light!  
My dark and hidden way To Him is always bright.  
My strained and peering eyes May close in restful ease,  
And I in peace may sleep; I see not, but He sees.

## *His Lamp Am I*

His lamp am I, to shine where He shall say;  
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,  
Nor for the light of day;  
But for dark places of the earth,  
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth,  
Or for the murky twilight gray  
Where wandering sheep have gone astray,  
Or where the lamp of faith grows dim  
And souls are groping after Him.  
And as sometimes a flame we find,  
Clear-shining, through the night  
So dark we cannot see the lamp—  
But only see the light—  
So may I shine, His love the flame,  
That men may glorify His name.

# A Life Poured Out for Others

Amy Carmichael (1867-1951), of Ireland and later England, became a missionary in India for 56 years. When she arrived in the 1890s, "Hinduism encouraged the temple slavery of children—prostitution perpetuated in the name of religion, little boys and girls sold to 'marry' the Brahmin temple priests." (Helen Hosier, *100 Christian Women Who Changed the 20<sup>th</sup> Century*. That practice is illegal in India now.) Amy began the Dohnavur Fellowship as a ministry to rescue such children. It saved, housed and educated many hundreds of them. (Over a century later, it still serves the Lord in various ways.)

In 1931, when Amy was 64 years old, she suffered a fall which crippled her for the remaining 20 years of her life. From her bed she continued to direct the work, and carried on a ministry of worship and intercession. During her lifetime she wrote nearly 40 books (a number of them still in print), and 100s of songs and poems. She fits our theme this month—women, woes, writings.

## Hast Thou No Wound?

*Hast thou no wound?*

Yet I was wounded by the archers, spent,  
Leaned Me against a Tree to die; and rent  
By ravening beasts that compassed Me,\*

I swooned:

Hast thou no wound?

*Hast thou no scar?*

No hidden scar on foot, or side, or hand?  
I hear thee sung as mighty in the land.  
I hear them hail thy bright ascendant star.  
Hast thou no scar?

*No wound? no scar?*

Yet, as the Master shall the servant be,  
And pierced are the feet that follow Me;  
But thine are whole; can he have followed far  
Who has no wound nor scar?

[\*To grasp the figures of speech used here, see Psalm 22:12-13,16.]

## Praying for Our Children

Father, hear us, we are praying,  
Hear the words our hearts are saying,  
We are praying for our children.

Keep them from the powers of evil,  
From the secret, hidden peril,  
Father, hear us for our children.

From the whirlpool that would suck them,  
From the treacherous quicksand, pluck them,  
Father, hear us for our children.

From the worldling's hollow gladness,  
From the sting of faithless sadness,  
Father, Father, keep our children.

Through life's troubled waters steer them,  
Through life's bitter battle cheer them,  
Father, Father, be Thou near them.

Read the language of our longing,  
Read the wordless pleadings thronging,  
Holy Father, for our children.

And wherever they may bide,  
Lead them Home at eventide.

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## Trust, Dedication . . . and Double Widowhood!

**Elisabeth Howard Elliot** was greatly influenced by Amy Carmichael's writings, and later wrote a biography of her. Elisabeth was a missionary in Ecuador when her husband Jim and four other missionaries were killed by the Auca Indians they were trying to reach for Christ. That was in 1956. Later she, her young daughter, and Rachel Saint—sister of one of the other martyrs—returned and lived among the killers of their loved ones. A number of Aucas were converted. A movie about this dramatic story (which continues till now) will soon be released.

Later Elisabeth married a Bible teacher, who before long contracted cancer and died. Mrs. Elliot has written many good books, and for years had a regular radio program. But recently I heard that this modern-day Job now suffers from Alzheimers! (I'm not positive if that is true, and hope it isn't.) She wrote the two poems that follow while a student in college. They were prophetic of her life and faith.

## Sacrifice

Sacrifice? The word is not for me—  
Gladly I take my cross to follow Thee.  
Could I be loath to yield my meager pittance  
When Thou dost offer Heaven's gold to me?  
Let me obey Thee even unto death,  
That to the far-flung fields Thy name be told.  
Forsaking all? What, Lord, could I forsake  
That would not be repaid a thousand-fold?  
My life is Thine, Lord; never let me seek  
To plan that life for which my Savior died.  
Thine, Lord, is the power to will and do—  
That in my body Christ be magnified.  
To know the excellency of Christ, my Lord,  
What things were gain to me I count but loss;  
Teach me the values of eternity—  
To choose with Thee the pathway of the Cross.

\* \* \*

## Alone With Thee

Perhaps some future day, Lord Thy strong hand  
Will lead me to the place where I must stand  
Utterly alone.  
Alone, O gracious Lover, but for Thee.  
I shall be satisfied if I can see  
Jesus only.  
I do not know Thy plan for years to come,  
My spirit finds in Thee its perfect home,  
Sufficiency.  
Lord, all my desire is before Thee now;  
Lead on – no matter where, no matter how,  
I trust in Thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following fine poem is by Frances Ridley Havergal. We hope to share more from her and about her in the next month or so.

### **Perfect Peace**

I LOOK NOT BACK—God knows the fruitless efforts,  
The wasted hours, the sinning and regrets;  
I leave them all with Him who blots the record,  
And graciously forgives, and then forgets.

I LOOK NOT FORWARD—God sees all the future,  
The road that short or long, will lead me home;  
And He will face with me its every trial,  
And bear for me the burden that may come.

I LOOK NOT 'ROUND ME—then would fears assail me,  
So wild the tumult of life's restless seas;  
So dark the world, so filled with war and evil,  
So vain the hope of comfort and of ease.

I LOOK NOT INWARD—that would make me wretched,  
For I have naught on which to place my trust;  
Nothing I see but failures and shortcomings,  
And weak endeavors crumbling into dust.

BUT I LOOK UP—into the face of JESUS!  
For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled;  
And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness,  
And perfect peace, and every hope fulfilled.

# She Probably Wrote the Most of All

According to my calculations, the hymnal *Great Songs of the Church* has 8 songs by Frances Havergal, 9 by Philip Bliss, 13 by Charles Wesley, 16 by Isaac Watts . . . and 24 by **Fanny Crosby**. So you may wonder why we're more or less omitting her this month. Well, she wrote so many songs we'll have to wait till another time for her. And since she's so well known, we wanted to share about the other sisters and their lives and poems.

Graham McKay says Fanny Crosby probably wrote at least 8,000 songs—despite being blind from the age of 6 weeks due to a medical accident. But he says she really may have written thousands more! That's because she sent so very many songs to various publishers they felt they couldn't publish them all. So she used numerous pen-names to hide her identity and get her songs accepted. (One book says she used 204 such pseudonyms!) Thank God for that sister and her prolific writings despite her woes.

Speaking of Brother McKay, he is a longtime student of hymns, gospel songs, and their writers. I recommend that you invite him to your church to share other stories such as those in this W&W. (The Gallatin church did that; and Portland Ave. did it twice.) It can help us sing with deeper understanding, and appreciate our Lord more. He also wrote a book of interesting hymn-stories, *A Hymn A Day*. You may contact him at 931: 388-1759, or [mckay4fish@aol.com](mailto:mckay4fish@aol.com). He lives near Nashville, TN.

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## Notes on Our Zimbabwe Trip

March 22 – April 13, 2005  
Alex (and Ruth) Wilson

1. There is severe drought, and thus a meager harvest. So the grocery store cupboards were bare quite often: little or no sugar, flour, milk, chicken. That presented big problems when trying to prepare for camps with over 100 attending. Prospects are that the famine will get worse, not better. But pray that God in mercy will intervene.
2. 80% unemployment! 80% unemployment!! (Think of that.)
3. Thefts and robberies occur on a massive scale. Here are just 2 examples out of many others we heard about: Thieves stole 100s of meters of telephone wire, causing no phone service for several days. A large sink was taken from one church's kitchen, and sinks were also stolen from both its rest-rooms. Etc. And we all remember the



multiple robberies last October. The Garretts' home and campsite where it's located has to have a watchman nightly.

4. The Christians are vibrant and enthusiastic in their faith despite the problems. They regularly expressed great appreciation for our teaching. Overflow crowds often attended, with some standing at the back the whole time. The singing was wonderful: they never omit stanzas of songs, and sing with deep meaning and great harmony. There was also loving fellowship, including shaking hands with every other person at the meeting on at least 4 occasions. Many men in the congregations take regular turns preaching.

5. 139 campers ages 18-30 years old attended a 3-day camp. 6 were baptized and 37 made public rededications and/or sharing of their special burdens. The high-school week had 118 youth. We left on its 3rd day but later heard that 17 received Christ and 6 made public re-dedications to Him. The campsite needs a baptistry (they must travel quite a distance for the baptisms). A volley-ball court would help too.

6. Zimbabwe has a wonderful variety of animal life. Ruth can tell you how many elephants, zebras, giraffes, lions, impalas, etc. we saw. And beautiful Victoria Falls is there too—much wider than Niagara Falls!

7. HIV and AIDS are ghastly problems. During our stay a fine Christian couple experienced 2 bereavements (her aunt, his brother). The aunt's unsaved husband infected her; the brother probably got it when he was wrongly imprisoned for several days before being released. Here are excerpts from an article I read since coming home:

"Nearly a million children in Zimbabwe have lost one or both parents to AIDS and HIV-related illnesses. Girls as young as nine are caring for siblings or for ailing parents and other relatives. With an estimated 26% of the country's 12.5 million people infected with HIV, orphans are dropping out of school, often with malnutrition, and are more likely to be involved in hazardous forms of labor including prostitution. The social and economic consequences of HIV/AIDS are underscored by the **decline in life expectancy from age 52 to 37 since 1990.**" Ohhhh, how tragic!

8. Ruth and I thank all who prayed for us. The Lord answered and gave us safety, good health and strength, and numerous chances to minister during our 20 days there. Pray for all our brothers and sisters in Zimbabwe, especially gospel-preachers and church leaders. Pray also for Robert and Joy Garrett (both over three-score and ten) as they labor hard for the Lord. During May, a young man--Drew Schreiner from Gallatin, TN--will visit and help there. May others also hear the call to minister in this needy land.

# VOICES from the FIELDS

James (and Karen) Ashley  
April 16, 2005

Solomon Islands

I couldn't stop smiling as I held the pre-publication copy of the Sa'a New Testament that arrived here in the Solomons last Friday. The disks of the text are now at the printers in Korea, and we estimate that the boxes of 2200 finished New Testaments should arrive here in October or November. Thank you, THANK YOU, for your faithful partnership with us in bringing God's Word to the Sa'a people.

Many of you may be wondering what's next for us. I have now taken up the job of Director of the Solomon Islands Translation Advisory Group [Wycliffe Bible Translators]. It's actually 3 or 4 jobs rolled into one since we are low on personnel these days. Please pray for efficiency and effectiveness as I regularly work very long hours. I am finding it hard to keep up with the must-do tasks, and the important but not so urgent ones rarely get enough attention.

Philip Ashley      Harding University      March 26, 2005

*[So many people go on short-term mission trips—which delights us—that usually we don't publicize them because where would we draw the line? But as you can see, this case is special. --avw]*

I feel so blessed in my heritage as the third generation in a family of missionaries and Bible Translators. From the beginning I have been raised with a strong emphasis on the Word becoming flesh among us. It is one of my deepest desires to see this happen to all people of all nations and of all languages. In the long term, this desire motivates me to work towards a career in medical missions but I am also excited to share with you two ministry opportunities that the Lord has opened up for me this summer.

## 1. Papua New Guinea

Papua New Guinea has a special place in my heart because I spent two of my high school years there and it was during this time that I met my girlfriend, now fiancée, Heather Relyea. Heather's father, John Relyea, passed away very suddenly in January, in Papua New Guinea. Her parents have given their entire adult lives to translate the New Testament for the Aruamu language group of Papua New Guinea. This translation was completed and being printed at the time of John's death. The Relyeas brought John's body back to the U.S. for burial, and they are returning to Papua New Guinea in

early April. Heather is taking the semester off of school to help her mother and siblings as the family works to pick up the pieces of their lives and to finish well the task which God called them to in Papua New Guinea.

The Aruamu New Testament Dedication is scheduled for July 2nd in Papua new Guinea. This involves a great deal of planning as they try to work out all of the logistical details of the celebration. In addition to taking care of the Dedication, the Relyeas will also be working to pack up their home and move back to the US the following week.

Marsha Relyea has requested that I come over, not only to help with the "heavy work" of moving and packing a shipping crate, but also to aid them with such complicated details as getting their village house ready to live in (solar panels, radio, etc.), driving the truck in very dangerous areas of the country, and to be a male presence to support the family during this time. I am honored to serve them in this difficult but necessary "dark" side of missions. Unfortunately missionaries do occasionally die on the field and they need us as their family in Christ to step in and support them through those times. As I said, I am glad to carry the burden with the Relyeas in this way, and during the dedication I would also get the chance to visit the Aruamu area where Heather grew up. The Aruamu people see Heather as their daughter that they raised and I am sure that it would make a great impact on them if as her fiancée I am there to celebrate with them as they receive God's Word in their own language for the first time in history.

## **2. The Solomon Islands**

While all of this is happening in Papua New Guinea, God is also at work in the Solomon Islands where my parents are on the verge of celebrating a New Testament Dedication in the Sa'a language. They have been working on this translation project since I was two years old and I am on the tip of my toes in anticipation of my childhood friends receiving God's Word in a language that speaks to their heart.

My dad is now the director of Wycliffe Bible Translators in the Solomon Islands and he has asked me, because of my knowledge of the language and familiarity with the people, to come and work to raise awareness of the Dedication throughout the entire language group.

I've felt the Lord leading me to consider going to the Solomons for a month, following my work in Papua New Guinea, to travel

around the island and get the Sa'a people excited about the coming of God's Word to them.

I have been speaking Sa'a since I was two years old and have even had natives tell me I have a better accent than they do, so I am quite comfortable in the Sa'a culture. In my time there I plan to travel to many of the villages on South Malaita and prepare the way for the Word to become tangible to the Sa'a people. I've always been well received among the Sa'a (in some ways I am more Sa'a than I am American), and I am one of the few people that can "sit in the dirt" with these islanders—I would love to share with them my faith and my love for the Scriptures that are coming their way! I'm SO excited to have one more part in this monumental event, and am so thrilled at this opportunity!

I would be honored if you would prayerfully consider supporting me in these opportunities of service. My estimation is that the trip, with plane tickets, room and board, and incidentals will cost in the range of \$4,500 to \$5,000. I would be so grateful for your support—not only financially, but also spiritually. The South Pacific is a spiritual war zone, and I will be dependent on your prayers and intercession throughout this time.

I will be sending out email updates regularly as to how the trip is progressing. If you would like to receive these updates please email me at [philip.ashley@gmail.com](mailto:philip.ashley@gmail.com) and I will be sure to add you to my address list.

Fellowship Bible Church, of Searcy, Arkansas, has agreed to be my sending church for this trip. I am accountable to their leadership, and to you for this trip. To have your donations be tax deductible you will need make your checks out to Fellowship Bible Church and include in the envelope a note specifying that it is for Philip Ashley's mission trip. [Fellowship Bible Church, 1921 West Beebe-Capps Expressway, Searcy, Arkansas 72143. Attn: Shane Freeman, Teaching Pastor.]

That His glory may be spread to all nations and every tongue,  
Philip Ashley. H.U. Box 11548, Searcy, AR 72149

**Candy Garrett**  
**April 29, 2005**

**B.P. 274, Thies, Senegal, Africa**

This weekend (April 29-May 1) Mark and several of our colleagues will be meeting with a small band of Wolof believers (probably 25-35 total) who will come together from various regions around the country. They will be meeting in a far inland town, away

from most comforts and conveniences of the developed world. In the past couple of years God has been at work in a handful of villages in that area, drawing poor village Muslims to Himself—one by one. 3 of our SIM families live and minister there.

A respected Wolof Christian leader will be teaching and several Muslim background believers (MBBs) are scheduled to share testimonies. It will be an opportunity for isolated MBBs of scattered villages to be encouraged and realize that they are not alone in choosing to follow Jesus. Would you pray that as they share how God has enabled them and given them the grace to withstand very difficult physical/spiritual situations, they would return to their villages strengthened in their faith, encouraged to persevere, and hungry for more of God in their daily lives. May they realize that **THEY ARE NOT ALONE**, but that God is with them, a whole crowd of witnesses is up in Heaven cheering them on, and they have other brothers and sisters in Christ here in Senegal.

Would you pray too for safety on the road and for on-going stamina for our teammates who live and minister out there among the villages. This time of year daytime highs exceed 110 F and nights provide minimal relief from the sweltering heat. It's physically taxing and quickly takes it's toll on body and spirit!

Thank you again for your part in this ministry to reach the Wolof in the dry, barren grasslands of Senegal! Thank you for holding the "lines" for us! May God bless and encourage you, refresh and sustain you. May His joy be your daily strength.

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*Now With The Lord—*

## **Ernest E. Lyon, 1915-2005**

Jerry Lyon

In His discourse, which we refer to as the "Sermon on the Mount," our Lord used a phrase that defies verbal definition. He said, "Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall see God."

"Pure in heart."

Now I can try to tell you what that phrase means. First I would say that it implies selflessness in character. It requires honestly wanting Christ's will more than anything else. Not being motivated by pride or selfish ambition. Joyfully compressing one's own will in obedience to His.

But my best attempt is inadequate, shallow. It is not until you have known someone who is "pure in heart," that you can really understand the meaning of that phrase.

Those of you who knew my father, Ernest Lyon, should understand the meaning of those words. Because above all else that could be said of him, my father was "pure in heart."

### *Pastor*

Most W&W readers would have known him as pastor – pastor at the Highland Community Church where he served for 39 years. And if you knew him in that capacity, you know how utterly selflessly he approached that role.

Dad wasn't known for his "feel-good" sermons. He wanted those under his care to know Jesus as their Savior, and once they knew Him, to grow in His grace and knowledge. That life-giving, life-sustaining Truth could only be found in the Word. And so every Sunday morning, every Sunday evening, every Wednesday night, he expounded that Word, which he knew so well and loved so much. I came to appreciate the depth of his knowledge and his scholarship. He could have taught at seminaries; he could have authored commentaries. Indeed, his 13-year series on Romans in this periodical comprises a very scholarly commentary on that epistle. But God called him to the Highland Church, and he was obedient to that calling.

As a shepherd, he constantly laid down his own life to help others get along with theirs. When they strayed away, he came after them. When they suffered, or mourned, or rejoiced, he was there at their side. And he prayed. Long after many left that small church, he prayed for them. He ministered with compassion, with authority, with gentleness, and above all, with purity of heart.

### *Professor*

Most W&W readers, even those who knew him well, probably did not know that Ernest Lyon had a second full-time position as professor – professor of low brass and theory at the University of Louisville School of Music, where he taught for 47 years. The accomplishments of his students earned him a worldwide reputation. But you probably did not know of his accomplishments in that field, because in his true humility, he never thought to mention it.

Those who did know him in that capacity, either as student or colleague, knew that in that role, too, he was driven purely by a sense of duty and responsibility. Responsibility, that is, to develop

his students' talents to their fullest potential – whatever that potential was.

Professor Lyon loved his students with that *agape* love, which demanded that he do what was best for their development, regardless of their reaction to him. He wasn't motivated by what they could do for his reputation. And he wasn't deterred in that duty by their not understanding what was best for them. Yes, they called him "stern," and complained that he was difficult. But he was determined to do what he had been placed in their lives to do. He sought no glory, but the glory of seeing them succeed. And when they heard of his passing, a choir of his finest trombone students assembled to salute him in a glorious harmony that bore witness to his success. In his teaching, as in his pastoring, he was "pure in heart."

### *Father*

And then there are those of us who were so fortunate to have known him as father. We know, in a way that others could not know, that there was no impurity, no contradiction, no inconsistency in his life. What he preached and taught, he lived out in his daily life. What we heard from Dad from the pulpit, we saw lived out by Dad in his relationship to my mother, and to us, and to others. Perfect? No. But never proud; never self-serving. Always patient; always "pure in heart."

Like others in the congregation or in the classroom we learned much from our father's preaching and his teaching. But the two most significant lessons we learned from observing his life up close. We learned first that true joy in life – and he was a joyful man – came from pursuing and loving Christ's will. And we learned secondly that God will provide whatever is required to do what He calls one to do. Any "natural" man, even one as intelligent and industrious as Ernest Lyon, would have cracked under the pressure of holding two full-time, demanding positions for forty-plus years. Dad never felt that pressure. He depended on God for the time, the energy, the wisdom and whatever else was required to do what He had called him to do.

### *Now, and then.*

And so then there is the other part of that verse. "Blessed are the pure in heart, *for they shall see God.*" Now we know that all of us who have entered into a relationship with Christ by grace through faith someday not only will see God, but also will live with Him and serve Him throughout eternity. And we know that He will be faithful to complete that process which He has begun in us, so that we shall all be "pure in heart" then. But I think that a part of what

Christ was telling His disciples and us is that those who enter into that kind of honest relationship with Him now, who here and now live not for self, but wholly for Him, will enjoy a special relationship to Him, with special responsibilities, then.

And that is a great comfort for me today. It is a comfort to know that Ernest Lyon – my father, pastor, teacher, and friend – is there in a special place reserved for those whose lives defined that term, "pure in heart."

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## Ernest Lyon, Prolific Writer for W&W

AVW

The preceding article mentions in passing Ernest Lyon's writing in *Word and Work*. We feel some additional comments should be added on that point.

From Jan. 1962 through Nov./Dec. 1976 he had a monthly column entitled *A Christian Views the News*. That's 15 years! Usually the column was a compilation of quotes from various sources, comments regarding current social or political issues, and/or summaries of various articles or books. Today we'd say he was trying to cultivate a Biblical "worldview," so that Christians would think Christianly re: government, economics, politics, etc. In the earliest years of that column the worldwide threat of Marxism was emphasized. Not all readers agreed with him always, but that neither surprised nor greatly disturbed Brother Lyon. At least he made us think!

In Jan. 1977, at Ernest's request and the consent of editor Robert Heid, Jack Blaes took over that column. This freed Ernest to write a new column expounding the whole book of Romans. That began in Feb. '77 and ran through Nov./Dec. '89, a series of 142 installments! At least one reader told us that was the first article she read each month.

When he finished Romans he wrote the editor offering to quit writing. But I suggested that since the "minor prophets" are studied so rarely, he expound the book of Hosea. He agreed, resulting in a series that ran from Jan. '90 - Feb. '91.

Before and after the 3 series we've mentioned (which total at least 320 articles), he wrote other individual articles. We thank our Heavenly Father for our brother's interest, intelligence, industry and insights! Plus the love that motivated him, and the prayerfulness that enabled him.



# James S. Hardison, Sr., 1918-2005

A.V.W.

Jim Hardison passed away on April 1, after a brief illness. He was 87 years old, and with his wife had moved from Louisville to South Carolina a year ago to make their home near their daughter Sylvia.

As a youth Jim attended Portland Ave. Church of Christ in Louisville. His obituary said he was a minister of the Gospel for 66 years--in Kentucky, Texas, Indiana and Florida. His longest tenure as preacher among Churches of Christ was at Jefferson St. Church in Louisville (actually 2 tenures, separated by a few years). He also ministered with congregations in Sullivan, Ind. and Abilene, Tex. Later he believed the Lord called him to work among Pentecostal churches in this area--Good Shepherd Church, and Evangel Tabernacle. While on the staff of the latter (now called Evangel World Prayer Center) he was active with several local mission works, such as The Lord's Kitchen (an outreach to the poor). If I understood him correctly, his beliefs fit in somewhere between his Pentecostal and Church of Christ brethren.

I have some fond memories of prayer meetings and gospel services with Jim before 1963, when Ruth and I left for Manila. I remember his sense of humor too, so I'll dare to pass on a story from the 1950s. When the younger Paul Knecht preached at Sylvania Church, he asked Jim to hold some gospel meetings there. The two of them did some house-to-house visitation in that neighborhood beforehand. Upon reaching a member's home the children, recognizing their preacher, ran out to the gate calling "Brudder Paul! Brudder Paul!" After their visit in the home, Jim seemed perturbed so Paul asked him why. Jim, who may have been struggling against a weight problem, replied, "I don't think those kids should've called me "Butterball! Butterball!"

When in 1983 we returned here permanently, I was sorry to see him only rarely. Sometimes by phone or if our paths crossed we would pray together, or discuss church problems or Bible questions, or reminisce, or exchange books. He was a lifelong subscriber to W&W. He loved the Lord, the lost (especially the poor), prayer, and the saving gospel of Christ Jesus.

He is survived by his loving wife and co-worker of 66 years, Sallie Cook Hardison, plus five children and their spouses, 19 grandchildren and 29 great-grandchildren.

# NEWS and NOTES

Edited by Bennie Hill, BHill40482@aol.com

**58th Annual Fellowship Week** is on the calendar for August 1-4, 2005. Theme: "Intentional Spiritual Growth." Speakers this year include:

Sonny Childs  
David Tapp  
Jerry Carmichael  
Mark Yarbrough  
Jim Girdley  
Earl C. Mullins Jr  
Tim Morrow  
Rubel Shelly  
Mike Chapman  
Bud Ridgeway  
Nick Marsh

You won't want to miss this Kentucky-Indiana Christian Fellowship. Congregational singing begins each evening at 7:30 p.m. Come and bring someone with you.

**LeCompte Revival** was held the last week-end in April with Bro. Bennie Hill bringing messages each evening on the "Second Coming of Christ." Thank the Lord for this congregation and the Christian spirit manifested each evening via many "hugs." Bro. Dillard Fontenot and faithful wife, Doris, along with several from LeCompte, extend their ministry to a local nursing home each Sunday where they sing favorite Gospel songs, share from the Word, and serve the Lord's supper to those desiring it.

**Disciples of Christ Historical Society** (Nashville, TN) acknowledges Moto Nomura. "Barton Warren Stone and the 1801 Cane Ridge Meeting is our latest addi-

tion to the library. The book was published in Japanese by Motoyuki Normura in December 2004. This book is a gift from the author and is available for use in the library by anyone reading Japanese who wishes to do research on the 1801 Cane Ridge Meeting.

Motoyuki Nomura was born in Kyoto and educated at one of the oldest Presbyterian high schools in Tokyo, followed by Tokyo Veterinary College, Kentucky Bible College, Bible Institute of Los Angeles and Pepperdine Graduate School. For the past twenty years he has resided in a several centuries old Buddhist mountainous rural community. He maintains constant contact with the outside world through the internet.

**Christian Youth Encampment (CYE)** at DeRidder, Louisiana announces summer camp:  
Junior Week - June 19-24 - Greg Trahan (337) 824-5356  
Junior High Week - July 10-15- Carrol Weatherford - (337)461-2263.  
Senior Week - July 24-29 - Duane Jolibois (225)262-7038

**Abortion is Murder!** A child is a child from the time of conception. Its life is as sacred as that of the born! In West Palm Beach, Fla. a judge has ruled that a 13 year-old girl at the center of an abortion fight with the state may terminate her pregnancy. Judge Ronald Alvarez ruled that the teen, who has been in state custody for four

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## From Inside Front Cover

that. Thanks be to Him for His Word, His illuminating Spirit, and faithful teachers and students who have grown strong in His knowledge, strength, holiness and humility.

Any such ministry continues through the years on the backs of a number of mostly unsung workers. In this case they are also unpaid (but great is their reward in heaven). For many years Helen & Jimmy Condra, Sherry Jansen, and Jane Heid together have addressed, bundled and mailed out the quarterlies. Our painstaking office manager, Louise Wells, not only does the banking but also keeps track of subscriptions, assisted by Dan Leppert. For a long time Louise also kept track of the various subjects and passages of the Sunday School lessons, and informed the writers. The last couple of years I took over that job, via email (and goofed up the works more than once!). For the past 12 years our printer has been George Fulda, Jr., President of the Heid Printing Company. He has been a big help in many ways.

*We are exceedingly grateful* to all of these, plus those who have prayed and/or donated. And, as in any fruitful ministry, it is the Lord Himself who works in, with and through His servants. **Give thanks to the Lord!**

## Please TAKE NOTICE:

Due to our upcoming loss of income from the quarterly, we must increase the subscription price of the *monthly* Word and Work to \$14 yearly, effective May 1. Time may prove that even that increase is insufficient, but we hope not. If we find we are over-charging you (which is unlikely), we will later reduce our price! As before, a bundle of 10 magazines sent to any one address will cost \$1 less per copy per year (i.e. @ \$13 yearly). Note again that the increased subscription rate goes into effect on May 1. We also ask your prayers regarding the future of the monthly W&W, that He will provide not only the funds but the personnel, strength, wisdom and love needed for such a ministry.

We are eager to have several upcoming issues focus on the Sermon on the Mount. And a few brothers have sent articles presenting views on some doctrines or practices which differ from the most common interpretations among us. Topics include divorce, the role of women in meetings, etc. The spirit of the writers is loving and their arguments are based on Scripture as they understand it. Shall we bother to publish such, or shall we let sleeping dogs lie? Hmmm.

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years "would not be physically or emotionally harmed by the procedure!" What about the baby??? Isn't this babies killing babies. When is enough enough?

**Stimulating Reflections:** Dr. Dale Jorgenson, known to many W&W readers, wrote some "Ambiguous Reflections" on John Paul II's life, beliefs, actions, death and funeral. He muses on both the positives and negatives of the late pope, and the Roman Catholic Church. He also interacts with the concept of revealed and absolute truth as maintained by both Pope John Paul VI and Pope Benedict XVI, in contrast with the insistence by contemporary culture upon moral relativism. References

which have been made to Rome relative to Revelation 17 and 18 are also touched upon briefly. If anyone earnestly desires a copy of this treatise, you may email the W&W editor, [awilson4@bell-south.net](mailto:awilson4@bell-south.net). (The editor reveals his e-address to you only if you raise your right hand & promise not to send him petition requests, nor jokes nor cute sayings & pictures, etc. He gets more than enough of them already. If you have announcements for W&W, please send them to Bennie Hill.) If you ask for the paper, I will try to send you a copy of Dr. Dale's reflections by email attachment (Microsoft Word), but I lack time to try to work out any bugs in the sending process if it doesn't work!