

September 25, 1961

Greetings of Love in the Blessed name of our Dear Redeemer!

Our trip to Texas was indeed an uplift to the soul...

*Monday, August 21*, Br. Alfred, Br. Ray Lumley, Br. Jerry Leslie, Sr. Sandra Corey, and I left Chicago at 5:30 a.m. en route to Memphis. On our way amid delays of sickness and catching up on lost sleep, we discussed the parable of the Penny and prayer. We arrived in Memphis, Tenn., about 8:30 p.m. or so. After eating temporarily, we, that is Sandy, I, and Br. Ray, departed to our respective rooms. Br. Alfred and Jerry stayed up late discussing the Gospel once delivered to the Saints. Amid cold weather, we arose happy.

*Tuesday, August 22*, we left Memphis about 7:30 a.m. and went to **Brinkley, Ark.**, where we visited Sr. Helen Lacefield (Sr. Kasper's daughter.) She has 3 gorgeous daughters and one due the next day. We had a nice time, about an hour visit, but no spiritual feasting re doctrines—not with three kids around!

We left there and visited Sr. Wilkins, a sickly sister, thus not permitting her to fellowship much with the neighboring Brethren. She lives in Little Rock. There is a colored brother who also lives there, but since her husband isn't in the truth and anti-colored, they can't meet, but converse over telephone. It was a real boost to see our Brethren really using all the opportunities at their control.

From there we visited Br. Birch. He is an elderly Brother, colored, who has a hard time understanding the difference between the Herald and the Dawn, and thus supports both. We had a short, but very rich time with him. Just as when visiting Sr. Wilkins, we discussed where we are on the stream of time, and just how short the time is for the Church.

We left there and headed for **Fort Worth**. By the way, we were in such a discussion between Brinkley and Little Rock, that we overshot Little Rock and had to come back or miss the blessings that we received. The discussion was on consecration and the tentative justification of children. One comment was that the children are already righteous, and thus the consecration that Br. Russell was referring to was the consecration to death and not to Righteousness. Volume 6. The opposite view was that they are righteous, but a separateness is between that state and a positive step—a consecration to righteousness. The former view states that a consecration to righteousness on the part of the child in no way helps or hinders him. The latter view states that it helps him, for he then is active and not passive in his reaction to righteousness. This discussion was continued, as we progressed to Fort Worth, where we arrived at 10:00 p.m.

Br. Ostrander and Br. Paul Felps were already sleeping, so, hush-hush, we went to bed. Sandy and I slept on the porch, Bros. Alfred, Ray and Jerry in the Living Room, and Sr. Ruth and Br. George Wilmott slept either in the Dining Room or the Kitchen. Bros. Ostrander and Paul had the bedroom. George and Ruth have a duplex with one washroom, so it's a riot for thirteen people in the morning (that's including another family).

*Wednesday, August 23*, we tracted, tracted and tracted. We poured out our feet in the Lord's service. Arriving home at the Wilmotts, we were (almost all) going unshod. Sandy and I estimated in just the afternoon's tracting, that we walked 4 miles, or better. So you could just imagine what the others did! These tracts were for the "King of Kings" showing the following

evening. In the evening, we attended the study at the Wilmott home. They are nearing the conclusion of the 5<sup>th</sup> Volume and combine that with a testimony meeting; just like the way the Ecclesias had it back in Br. Russell's time. Their Ecclesia: Br. George, Sr. Ruth, Br. George's mother (Sr. Wilmott), and Sr. Vance, four in number, but great in spirit. That evening Sandy and I stayed at Sr. Vance's home. The others stayed at Wilmotts. That evening as we bed down, planes rushed passed sweeping our house like a dusty floor, leaving us clutching our pillows—what a night spent! Sr. Vance, who is hard of hearing, didn't even think there was an airport near!

*Thursday, August 24*, we arose and tracted around Sr. Vance's home, for about 1 ½ hours. The others went tracting, colporteur and follow-up names. Many were interested. Br. George and Br. Paul had wonderful success in colporturing—many bought the Volumes. (They did this even prior to our coming and found it very beneficial, both to themselves and to those whom they contacted.) Br. Alfred sold a set of Volumes to a doctor. In the afternoon we had a talk from Br. Kolliman, who arrived with Sr. Kolliman a few minutes before he spoke. His title: "The Temple of God."

Some key points: Idolatry tends toward beauty—thus, the command against idols shows that God forbids us to imagine what He looks like. Gideon refused to rule people—Judges 8 and 9 (parable of trees). 2 Sam. 7:2-12, God says to eat is more important than building a temple to Him. 1 Kings 5, Solomon presumes he is the son to fulfill promises given to David in 2 Sam. 7:12,13. 1 Kings 6, God overrules his presumption. 1 Kings 8:12, dedication of the temple; vs. 27 Solomon realizes his presumption; vs. 39 he is forgiven.

Br. Kolliman mentioned temples destroyed except us—the temple of the Living God. Isa. 57:15. Br. Kolliman said, "God dwells in heaven and in the heart of men, not in Brooklyn or Rome." 1 Cor. 3:1-9—Carnality = partiality, to follow men. Return to our first love, that of loving everyone at the beginning of our consecration. Don't pick our brethren apart, and be partial. Then hold this love we attain. When our vision dims, inspiration fails, then comes the necessity to doubt. The Lord's spirit won't push us forever.

The above thoughts I especially appreciated. It was the best talk that I heard the two weeks, probably because it was the one I most needed.

Thursday evening we had the film showing. Forty-five public came to see the "King of Kings." We were all thrilled to see the efforts of sore feet and feeble hands.

That evening after the film, Br. Ostrander also came to Sr. Vance's. We warned him of the planes, but he, also hard of hearing, wasn't affected.

*Friday, August 25*, we left Fort Worth early, after having been picked up by Br. Alfred, Jerry and Ray. Br. Ostrander went with us, too. On our way to Witchita Falls, we discussed the "Sanctification" of us—taking apart the meanings of the terms Sanctification and Consecration, using the 6<sup>th</sup> Volume. Then we took apart the 7 or 8 statements Br. Russell makes re Sanctification, Vol. 6, p. 137. The key point was: study, set your objectives, then get out and do something (for the Lord and truth, naturally).

Arriving at **Witchita Falls**, we went tracting to advertise the illustrated lecture, slides, which would be given by Br. Kolliman on Sunday. I looked like a first class pig—having almost as much dirt on my feet as the ground contained. We tracted in the morning and the afternoon.

In the evening the convention began. Br. Kolliman gave an illustrated talk, slides. I was pianist. Br. Kolliman, finding it hard to read the song from the screen, turned the lights off in the

midst of a song. I nearly “died,” but the Lord pulled me through. When Br. Alfred noticed it, he held up the lectern so that the light would shine on the music. Then I really made the mistakes, I was so nervous. Anyhow—“I’d rather go in the dark with God, than go alone in the light.”

*Saturday, August 26*, Convention all day. I don’t remember too much for the hall was so air conditioned that I received a beautiful cold. Br. Meggison gave a talk, I believe, on the Garden of God. He brought in the various scriptures which suggest to us how to keep this garden. See Song of Solomon.

Br. Ostrander spoke on Sanctification. Br. Buel had a very unique way of presenting the talk. He had various Brethren read scriptures when he’d call for them. He asked you before the meeting. Mine was #13, 1 Tim. 2:5,6. His talk was on Comfort. One of the best thoughts was that comfort, consolation, was a compound word, from beside, call aloud, call forth. The thought was of presence. Consol—better to be present. Br. Tiemeyer also spoke. In the evening Br. Kolliman gave another talk via slides. Mentioned Eph 1:14, earnest of our inheritance, same as engagement ring. Thus we received the Holy Spirit from our Beloved....

*Sunday, August 27*. Sandy was quite ill. The “King of Kings” was shown. 1 public and no tracts put out. The only witness was a poster in the lobby of the hotel. That afternoon was the public talk. No public. Topic was “The Penalty for Sin.”

I believe Br. Meggison gave a talk in the morning on the book of Haggai and brought out the significance in regard to Israel as a nation, that it will be used as a blessing nation.

We left Wichita Falls, amid good byes, and a sick Sandy. We also picked up Caz Skruch, who came with Carl Hagensick, Marge Hagensick, Cher-El, Sr. Florence Trzyna, and Sr. Adele Karr to Wichita Falls. From there Caz went with us the rest of the trip, and the others went to Mexico for rest and study and back into Texas to meet us at San Antonio for the convention the following weekend. We drove to Waco and stayed in a motel. Sandy was quite ill.

*Monday, August 28*. We went to **Livingston** instead of Shreveport, **LA**. We got in at noon, arose Sandy from her sleeping pill, ate, got a motel. While Sandy slept again, Caz stayed in the air conditioned room, Jerry and Ray washed their clothes, I sat and meditated, Alfred got the car revitalized and bought a melon, of which we ate all afternoon long. After a while, Br. Alfred and I got into a conversation regarding our trip and experiences, and soon the others joined in, except Sandy who still slept.

That evening we met with Br. and Sr. Coats, Senior and Junior, really elder and younger. They are truly jewels in the Truth, staunch students of the Lord’s Word. Br. Coats younger has a son, crippled by a car accident about 6 or 7 years ago, and is in a wheelchair, can’t control himself. He’s 23 or so, unconsecrated. He also has a daughter 20, (that is Br. Coats younger), who is divorced and has a child about 8 months old. Daughter, Paula, was at I.U. about 1956. We corresponded until she asked me to pray for her boyfriend so they’d marry after he got better. I wrote back and that ended that. Anyhow, she was very glad to see me, us, and is going through some very trying experiences. She is going to school for a degree to teach.

Br. Coats younger’s wife is a wreck having to care for the family, sick boy, girl, and grandchild (all day). Br. Coats older is the more quiet type and his wife is ill. She, too, is unconsecrated from what we know, but attends the meetings and lets Br. Coats elder travel with his son to the various meetings and conventions.

That evening, all but Jerry and Sandy (still ill) went on a walk. I had an experience there that really hurt, but think it best not to delve into detail since it will only open a sore wound, or perhaps only make a wound (it having only been imagined). Many of the minute details I'll not go into because of inadequacy of letter writing, and these earthly words and thought conveyance. Beyond the veil we'll all understand, and then see the foolishness of our anxieties. But onward.....

*Tuesday, August 29*, we left for **Houston**. Arrived in the A.M., and went tracting. After lunch we went to the Gilliams. Br. Gilliam is 83 and goes tracting. He's deaf and has a hard time walking, but he's put out 6,000 tracts in the last 1 ½ years. Isn't that wonderful! Doesn't that put us to shame? By the way, he asks us all to pray for him that he may be able to continue and meet last year's sum. There has been a lot of rain and thus he's been prevented from tracting more.

In the afternoon we showed two of the Chicago series films. The first 15 minute ones, in black and white. After supper we went to the Brethren Frels home. There we showed the "King of Kings" again (by now we know it practically by heart). They had a group of their class over: the Gilliams, Frels, Johnsons, Sr. Rogers, Sr. Smith another consecrated sister and her son Bill (about 25-30). They wanted Br. Alfred to speak, but he wouldn't. That evening Sandy and I slept in the Gilliams home, while the Brothers slept next door in a vacant house belonging to the Gilliams. The renters moved out so Mrs. Gilliam (unconsecrated, but knows the truth and attends the meetings), said, the Lord must have wanted us to stay there. (We were going to stay at a motel.) Anyhow, about 23 or 12:15 a.m. a terrifying noise was heard. Sandy and I sat up petrified. CRASH! What was it? Accident? I was so nervous I began to imagine sounds. Sandy heard them, too! To quiet ourselves, we talked on Sanctification until 2:30 a.m., when we finally fell asleep. Awoke next morning to find out—it was a jet breaking the sound barriers. What a barrier! The other sounds were the noises of the refrigerator. What a power Satan can lay old on if we don't use the Lord and Truth to dispel our fears.

*Wednesday, August 30*. Left Houston for our final destination, **San Antonio**. I believe we progressed in our discussion of Sanctification. We got in at noon. Some rested the remainder of the day (Ray and Caz). I kept Jackie, the Shaws 7 year old, busy with her girlfriend. Sandy ironed a bit, and Br. Alfred talked to Br. Roe (Father of Sr. Shaw, grandfather of Sandy). He is sick with cancer of the ear. That evening, I don't remember what happened, except Br. Roe spoke to Sandy and Me and called us sweetly, "My dear little sisters." He warned us to stay on this way—it's the only way—no matter what earthly tie we must sever. He brought out a different interpretation (to me at least) of Psa. 91, "1,000 shall fall at thy side, and 10,000 at thy right hand." These, he said, are the classes around us, Great Company and Second Death (?), which may not fully devote all to the Lord now, yet we are to be firm and steady. Br. Roe's love for the Lord and courage in his last fleeing hours is remarkable—blessed!

I received much pleasure and joy just seeing him—the pain must have been intense and yet no sympathy is sought. How I need to cultivate this!!

That evening, Sandy and I went to Br. Walter Roe's home. He is Sr. Shaw's brother, Sandy's uncle, and just recently consecrated (immersed April). His wife isn't in the Truth and his 3 year old son is a "spoiled brat"—excuse the vulgarity—but I think you'll understand better the meaning. His wife is the rough type, son takes after her, but very congenial and hospitable.

*Thursday, August 31.* We were up early to tract; 7:14 a.m. already found us marcing from door to door. Sandy didn't go because she wasn't up to snuf and her relatives were to be over. We tracted till the sun melted us—literally, we were DRIPPING!! My dress was soaked and the brothers' shirts could probably yield 1 pint. In the late afternoon we went over and visited the Alamo, and the river on which gondolas travel through the city. It's lower than the street level, bridges cross it for the auto traffic. It's just beautiful. I call it "Gondolaland." We also went to a bookstore and got a comments. It was given to Sandy since she didn't have one. That evening we showed 2 more films—black and white, 15 minutes. Br. Walter and his wife were over. His wife and Br. Alfred got into a discussion of Truth and its details—she is a Presbyterian, I believe.

*Friday, September 1.* Up early and tracted. In the afternoon, after going to the Baptist book store, we studied the first 8 or so chapters of Daniel. It was very inspiring. Thoughts: Chapt. 1—No church-state affiliation for us—just as Daniel wouldn't partake of anything at the hand of the king. Chapt. 3:17-18, Even if God will not help us, we'll be FOR HIM ONLY.

In the evening, we went to Br. Walter's house for a Bar-B-Q. Had a nice time, but didn't discuss anything of importance because of Br. Walter's wife. Sandy and I sang some, and then awhile later, Br. Alfred and Br. Walter got into some good discussions.

*Saturday, September 2.* We tried another bookstore, but closed. Got ready for the Convention. That noon at 1:30 pm the Convention began. It was very nice. There were 25 or so.

Br. Carl Hagensick spoke on "Bridging the Great Gulf Fixed." Luke 16:19. In it he went into detail of the parable. He felt the great gulf was the double of time fixed. Until that double of time was fulfilled upon Israel, we couldn't lead them to Christ. Now the time is fulfilled and thus Israel is being restored.

Br. Coats, younger, spoke on Satan's Counterfeit System. Best point was that Satan doesn't want war and trouble. He wants happy subjects, satisfied with the life at hand. He's tried his hand, but his "luck" is running out, just as his time allotted is.

Jerry spoke on Justice. I read his notes, but didn't hear him. Best Point: Be just to others, but don't expect justice from them. We must be liberal with our Brethren, but strict with ourselves.

Br. Lawther, of San Antonio, spoke on Prayer. He has the approach of a nominal church minister.

Forgot: Question Meeting in evening. Very good.

*Sunday, September 3.* Convention.

Br. Coats spoke on the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats. Best Point: The blood drawn from Jesus' side, that draws us, calls us, is a sympathetic love, genuine love.

Br. Lawther spoke here on Prayer instead of Saturday.

Br. Carl spoke last on "The Image in the Glass," 2 Cor. 3:18. Mirror is the Bible, Truth, in which we can see our true characters, and thus can correct our fallen condition by meditation on the Word of our Father, and on the meditation of His great perfect character. We must look with an open face, unveiled face, looking objectively, with no colored mask. Our personality must be taken off to see us as we really are, and thus to see what we lack that we may measure to God's character. Do not demand justice, but give it. Love prevents us from getting hurt feelings. Love, giving of self to others. Don't try to hold on to one we love, but give them freedom. Love hastens to correct failing one, go talk to our Brethren. Power balances God's character. He limits His attributes by each other.

Then we had another “King of Kings” showing. 8 public attended. After that, the convention was over, and we left San Antonio for home. We were sad to leave these Brethren behind and tearful for the many mistakes we (here I am speaking for myself) made, caused, and omitted. Yes, the trip was a great inspiration and uplift. In getting to know our Brethren personally, when we pray for their spiritual well-being, we can think of them, of the blessedness of their fellowship. I hope that this will bring you closer to your Brethren, as it has brought me. And thus by being closer to our Brethren, we are drawn closer to our Father, and His beloved Son, Our Lord and Savior, Christ Jesus.

P.S. Sr. Shaw was just wonderful. Her home was open to the Brethren. She is eagerly searching and digging for more Truth, that she like we may make her calling and election sure. Pray for her that she may have the strength and courage to bear up under the trial of caring for her sick father.