

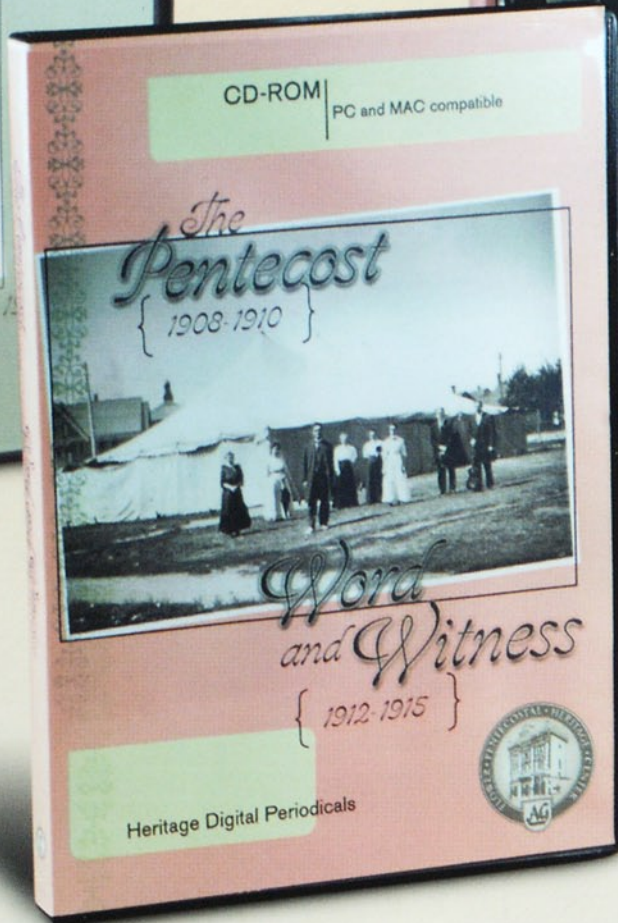
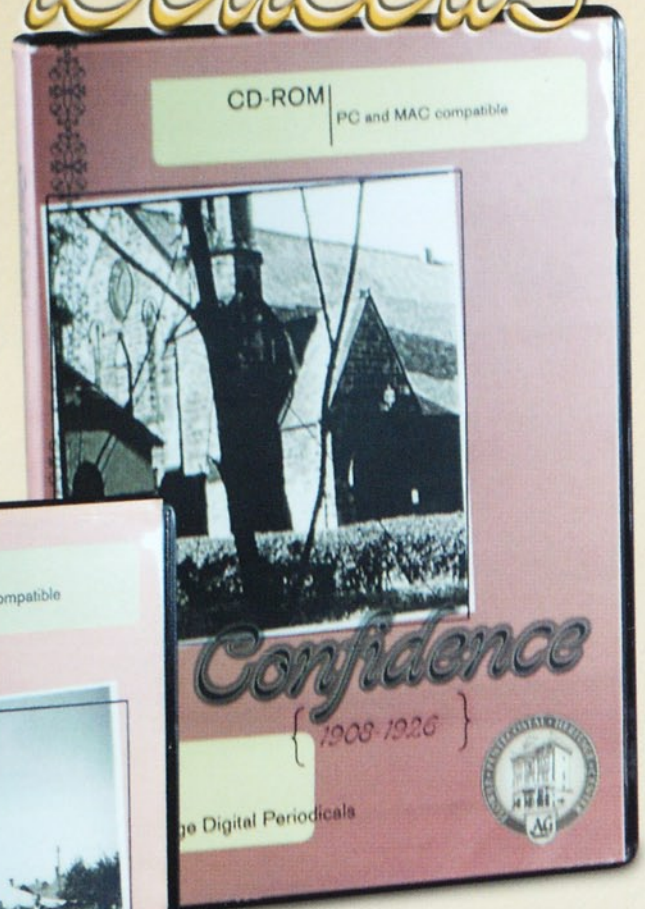
Assemblies of God

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THE HEALING EVANGELIST WITH A PATRIOTIC TENT

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Cover: Raymond T. Richey (left) with Captain Kinsey and William F. Kirkpatrick at Galveston, Texas in 1918.

Heritage Letter

I often think about how men and women, ministers and lay people, youth and children of all races, have contributed to the growth of the Assemblies of God. The seed planting and cultivating for the past 88 years has brought tremendous results. This quarterly publication, other periodicals, and electronic media can only touch the surface of the stories that need to be told. Dedication, sacrifice, and accomplishments make up the whole of what we know worldwide as the Assemblies of God. To write and publish stories of deserving people of whom we know would require us to change *Heritage* from a quarterly to a daily publication. Even then many would be left out. But we try to give a few highlights without trying to make our subjects perfect—as they would appreciate.

Take this issue for example. You'll read about some well-known saints and some not so well-known. Maybe you knew some in our winter lineup: Evangelist Raymond T. Richey; Huldah Needham; Wesley R. Hurst, Jr.; a blond, blue-eyed part Korean child

rescued by an army chaplain, Talmadge F. McNabb; Alice Anderson Flagstad; Ivan and Beatrice Kramer; and Ernest and Virginia Berquist.

When you get through, we hope you'll promote this publication and urge others to subscribe. An increase in circulation will lead us to believe that history is not "bunk," as Henry Ford supposedly claimed, but that it is part of our lives that will live on to inspire and teach the present and coming generations.

Chaplain Talmadge F. McNabb

Last spring we featured the ministry of former beauty queen Edith Mae Pennington and hosted her daughter Edith Lorraine at the FPHC (see spring 2002). Sister Pennington presented a wealth of clippings taken from newspapers across the country beginning in 1921, focusing on her mother's winning of a national beauty contest and then of her very successful evangelistic meetings across the nation.

One of our guests last February came all the way from his home in New Jersey. Little did we realize we would not see retired army chaplain Talmadge F. McNabb again. Talmadge would often send us books and other items he had accumulated. We could usually count on him to stop by our General Council exhibit at least two or three times. Earlier last year we ran into him at the Pentecostal World Fellowship in Los Angeles. We counted him a personal friend and a friend of the FPHC.

The reason Talmadge wanted to attend the special ceremony with Edith Lorraine Pennington was that it was through her mother, Edith Mae, that he—as a Southern Baptist—became grounded in his Pentecostal faith while at Shreveport, Louisiana. He learned about Pentecostals earlier when he was an enlisted man, and he later returned to the military as a trained Assemblies

of God chaplain. "I came to know some Christ's Ambassadors [Assemblies of God youth] who were really on fire for God," he told a 1967 chaplains conference. "I received the Baptism at Brother [Ben] Mahan's church in Washington, D.C., while I was in the service, just before I was to go overseas." He added that the experience meant a lot to him.

Following his service as an enlisted man, McNabb received higher education and pastored in Alabama and then was called to active duty once again—this time as an army chaplain. The army chapels were far different from his lively Alabama Pentecostal church, but Chaplain McNabb adjusted. "My big emphasis has been on lifting up Jesus Christ as an all-sufficient Savior."

Once while getting ready for a Sunday service in Korea, he announced in the bulletin that he would be preaching on "The Efficacy of the Blood of Jesus Christ." Then he learned that a general and other officers were flying in by helicopter and would be in his service. At first he thought he ought to change his sermon but decided against it. He preached on Christ's crucifixion and His forgiveness of sins and His sacrifice on the cross. When the general shook hands with McNabb at the door, he said, "That's the best sermon I've heard since I've been in the army."

McNabb was always mindful of the interdenominational flavor of his congregation but was never told what not to preach. His popular Sunday night fellowship hours gave him freedom to invite soldiers to the altar for prayer. And he prayed for the sick. A 19-year-old soldier at Fort Knox was diagnosed with cancer. An Assemblies of God pastor and McNabb visited him, prayed for him, and saw him restored to perfect health.

McNabb himself experienced a marvelous recovery when he was



Chaplain (Lt. Col.) Talmadge McNabb
(1924-2002)



Chaplain David Causey conducting the Arlington National Cemetery ceremony for his mentor, Chaplain Talmadge F. McNabb.



Chaplain McNabb was given a military burial at Arlington National Cemetery on August 27, 2002.

crushed under an overturned Jeep in Korea. He told a chaplain's conference, "Twice the surgeon thought my life was gone. He placed me on the critical list." The x rays showed eight ribs broken in 16 places. His recovery was nothing short of miraculous, McNabb said. "In three days I was up walking around. In 19 days I set an unprecedented record and was back on duty full time. In 21 days after it happened the doctors couldn't tell from the x rays which side had been crushed."

Like so many other military chaplains, McNabb was instrumental in inspiring young men and women for the chaplaincy. One of these was the chaplain who conducted his memorial service at Arlington National Cemetery, August 27, 2002, Major David Causey, a chaplain at Fort Mead, Maryland. He said, "It was Chaplain McNabb who, more than 30 years ago, helped bring me to Jesus Christ and motivated me into the gospel ministry

and ultimately into the army chaplaincy."

Causey told the mourners at Arlington, "Literally hundreds of young men and women are serving Jesus Christ today as a result of his evangelistic efforts. From hospitals to the barracks, to prisons, to the trenches, to remote overseas locations. Chaplain McNabb was everywhere soldiers could be found, bringing them the gospel and love of Jesus Christ."

You'll find a practical and loving example of Chaplain McNabb's ministry as you read "The Blond in the Mud," on page 20.

On behalf of an appreciative military and civilian constituency, we say "Thank you," to Chaplain McNabb's widow, Pirkko, his five children, and 12 grandchildren. "Thanks for lending your husband, father, and grandfather to one of the greatest mission fields in the world." Our only regret is that he wasn't around to hear the nice things

said about him.

Memorial contributions can be made to the Talmadge F. McNabb Scholarship Endowment, Account #55161366095, Assemblies of God Foundation, 1661 N. Boonville Ave., Springfield, Missouri 65803.

Selections for this column were taken from the August 1967 issue of *The Assemblies of God Chaplain*. Photographs were provided by Mrs. Pirkko McNabb and Chaplain David Causey.



Wayne Warner is director of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center and editor of *Heritage* magazine.

Raymond T. Richey

A Man With a Burning Message

By Glenn Gohr

Raymond T. Richey holds a place of endearment to many who participated in the large evangelistic meetings which he began conducting in the 1920s. Crowds flocked to hear him from coast to coast and in various parts of the world. He also ministered to servicemen during both world wars. During the late 1940s and 1950s he pastored Evangelistic Temple in Houston, Texas, which his father had founded. With a burning passion, Richey continued preaching the four-fold gospel for more than 50 years until his homegoing in 1968.

Just who was this world-famous healing evangelist? What was his background? And what events catapulted him into this high profile field of service?

Evangelist Raymond Theodore Richey was born near Atwood, Illinois, on September 4, 1893, the sixth of a family of eight children born to E. N. and Sarah Waggoner Richey. As they reached adulthood, the entire Richey family and their spouses became involved in Christian work.

Raymond T. Richey was never strong or very well as a child, but he was always intensely busy at something. He used to love to use parts from plows and cultivators, stovepipes, or anything available, and try to manufacture new inventions, or else to play the part of an engine himself. As he reached adulthood and gave his heart to Christ, he became a fireball of nervous energy for God.

When Richey was ten years old, his family moved near Chicago in order for the children to have better educational advantages. Due to a serious boyhood injury, Raymond's eyes had become so bad, however, that he was able to attend school only a short while each semester and finally had to lay out of school altogether.

To occupy his time and to channel his nervous energy, he set up a miniature store in the rear of the Richey home. This lasted from the time he was ten until he was fourteen or fifteen years of age.

In the meantime, his eyes rapidly grew worse, and the stress and worry connected with this, caused a complete nervous breakdown. He came to a place where he no longer could do any work due to his poor eyesight.

Attempting to fill the void that he felt, young Raymond would take the railroad to nearby Chicago and began to hang around with a worldly crowd, taking part in drinking, smoking, and gambling, as he drifted farther and farther away from God. His parents continually prayed for him.

Raymond continued to see specialists as his eyes grew

worse. Upon consulting a specialist in Chicago, he overheard the physician in another room tell his brother Andrew, "Your brother's eyes are as bad as they can be. There is nothing more to be done. He may be able to see a little for, perhaps, another two months, but at the end of that time, will come total and permanent blindness."¹

Richey was numb with shock at the anticipation of his fate. He was a bundle of nerves, and his family felt that other surroundings might be better for him under the circumstances.

Raymond went to Fort Worth, Texas, where his sister Mollie and her husband, J. C. Wilder, lived. There he was converted and remarkably healed at a meeting conducted by Arch P. Collins in 1911.²

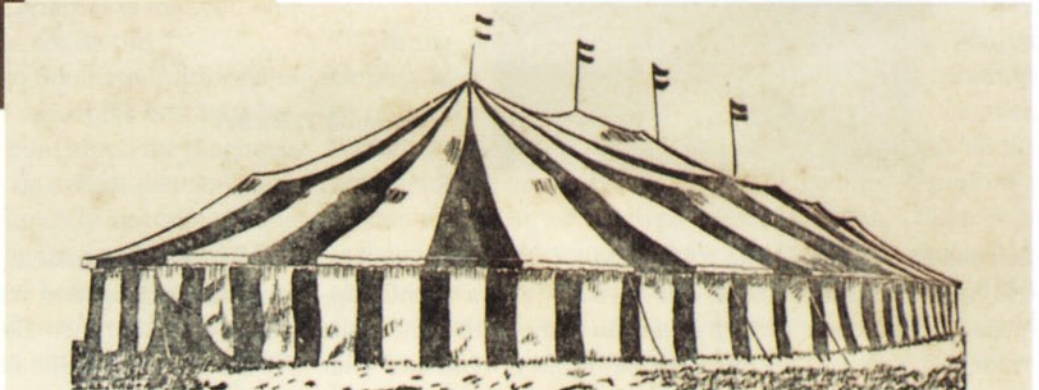
**Richey promised that if God
healed his eyesight,
he would enter the ministry.**

He returned to Chicago and made plans to carry out a promise he had made, that if God would heal his eyes, he would give his whole life's service to the cause of Christ to lead others to Him. But instead of going into full-time evangelistic work, Raymond listened to the unwise counsel of others, and took secular jobs, thinking he could still be a Christian and share his healing testimony with others without going into full-time gospel work. He tried working at a clothing store, a jewelry counter, a mail order business, and as a traveling salesman for a candy firm, but he never could be satisfied. He began giving his testimony in several of the missions in downtown Chicago.

Then one day he was visiting his brother, and a woman was present who had been stiffened by rheumatism until it was impossible for her to use her arms. This woman had heard that God had healed Raymond's eyes, and she asked him to pray for her. As Raymond and the family members prayed, the woman was instantly healed. She sprang to her feet and ran through the house and through the yard shouting and praising God for his goodness. Raymond then felt a strong urging to slip upstairs, where he wept and prayed for God to keep him on the right path. He did not want to get his eyes off of God or lose his own healing. He felt God leading him into full-time evangelistic ministry.

Shortly after this, he was in downtown Chicago, and he

Raymond T. Richey, a man
with a burning message.



The Red, White and Blue Tent—80 feet wide and 150 feet long—takes the message of salvation through Christ Jesus to Service Men and Civilians alike. Pitched as near Army Training centers as possible, the tent has travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific with the old time message that “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever.” Evangelist Raymond T. Richey and a corps of workers laboring in the tent and as opportunity presents, in the Camps, ask your prayers that thousands of the men in our armed forces shall come to know Christ as Saviour and Lord. Write to Rev. Richey, Richey Evangelistic Assn., Inc., Box 2115, Houston, Texas.



Cars outside the Richey Tabernacle, probably at Tulsa, Oklahoma, in the early 1920s.

Raymond T. Richey

felt the Lord leading him to walk to a certain train station. He had no business there, but he went, and a friend happened to be there and invited him to come with him on the train to his house, 40 miles away. Richey went, and after supper the friend brought him to some special services the young people were having. The group began to pray for a mighty revival, and they felt led to ask Richey to be in charge.

He was surprised by this chain of events, but God used him in a mighty way. In this first service he gave an altar call and 22 young people responded, many of them being friends from his youth. Other opportunities arose, and people were saved and healed in his meetings.

Raymond T. Richey and his father, E. N. Richey, were both ordained into the Assemblies of God ministry on November 20, 1914, at the second General Council, held at the Stone Church in Chicago.³ Shortly after this, circumstances worked out for Raymond and his parents and the entire Richey family to go to Texas to set up a gospel work in the city of Houston.

Brunner Tabernacle in Houston was without a pastor, and the congregation was holding out for just the right pastor to shepherd their flock. Hearing good reports of E. N. "Dad" Richey in Illinois, W. F. Carothers and others in the church invited him to come and be their pastor. Beginning in January 1916, Dad Richey served as pastor, and Raymond became his assistant. At the end of the first year, Raymond's brother Andrew came to assist with the music ministry.⁴

As the congregation grew, it was decided that they needed to build a new church building. But soon, World War I affected the economy and people's day to day living.

Raymond longed for a wider field of usefulness and attempted to enlist in the service. To borrow one of his expressions: "I was too short, too light, couldn't pass the physical examination, didn't amount to enough and they wouldn't have me." But he did not give up. He knew there was a place for him, and he hoped he would still be able to minister to the soldier boys.

Richey established the United Prayer and Workers'

League which printed and distributed thousands of tracts and other literature, including "America's Letter from Home to Her Soldier and Sailor Boys" and "Christ in the Trenches." He erected a tabernacle on Washington Street in Houston near Camp Logan where hundreds were converted to Christ. He made several trips to army camps and to naval training stations, speaking to hundreds and to soldiers one-on-one. He worked as a camp pastor with the Salvation Army and the Y.M.C.A. His uniform and his Bible opened many doors of opportunity to evangelize the troops.⁵

His city-wide meetings began in Hattiesburg, Miss., when the scheduled speaker could not keep the appointment.

In the midst of the flu epidemic of 1918, he went to Camp Bowie in Fort Worth, Texas. Wading in the mud and slush and ministering to the sick and dying there, he over extended himself, many times not taking the time to eat properly. He became sick. The best army specialists said, "Richey, you have tuberculosis. There is only one hope for you and that, at best, is only a slim one. Go to California for a year and take the rest cure. Do absolutely nothing for a year except to lie on your back. Relax completely. Do not read anything at all. Not even the Bible. That may help you. We cannot be sure. It may help. Certain it is that you will live only a very short time if you do not do this."⁶

Following their advice, he went to Southern California to stay with some friends. He went to one of the best tubercular specialists in Los Angeles who confirmed the diagnosis of the army physicians and put him on a strict diet and complete bed rest. Soon he became completely discouraged and said, "Lord, I've done the very best for you I could. I've worked myself completely down and here I am, no good to you, no good to myself and no good to the world. The doctors say there isn't any hope for me anyway, so just let me die."

He picked up his Bible and opened it to the 22nd Psalm and read, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? Why are Thou so far from helping me?" He continued grumbling to himself and to God, feeling exactly like what he had just read. He felt he would rather die than be in the situation he was in.

Then he heard the still, small voice of God say: "Don't you remember that your mother wrote to you that this morning all the church would be praying for you and that they would believe for God to heal your lungs and make you strong and well for service again?" Raymond was also reminded that his father had been healed of tuberculosis when he was on his death bed. His brother had been healed of spinal meningitis, and he himself had been healed of blindness. Is anything too hard for God?⁷

As he prayed, Raymond became repentant and said, "Dear Lord, forgive, I do remember and I do believe." He reached for his Bible again and came to the 103rd Psalm and read: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." This brought faith to trust in God for a total and complete healing. He staggered across the room, claiming his victory. Over and over he repeated, "I praise you, Lord. I know that You are healing me." With each praise his voice got louder until he was shouting. Almost immediately his strength came back to him, and he ran out of the room to tell his friends "The Lord has healed me! The Lord has healed me!"⁸

They tried to quiet him, but he would not be quieted. His healing came in September 1919, just at the close of the war. And his lungs remained strong and sound from then on, and he went back into gospel work, holding mammoth evangelistic meetings all across the U.S.

For years God had been speaking to Raymond T. Richey about preaching the gospel message, but more than ever, after he was healed of tuberculosis, he felt a strong urgency to set out on his own to preach the gospel.

During World War II, Richey ministered to military personnel in his colorful red, white, and blue tent.

During the summer of 1920 he was assisting Warren Collins in a meeting at Fort Worth, Texas, and meetings were scheduled in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in October. Richey went a week or so early to Hattiesburg, made all the arrangements, and advertised for the meetings to start on a certain date. But he received a telegram from Collins saying that it was absolutely impossible for him to come at the stated time. The meeting had already been advertised. Bills for motel and advertising had to be paid. And people would be coming, so Richey was forced to direct this campaign on his own. He announced that he himself would begin an "Old Time Revival and Gospel Healing Meeting" in the Red Circle Auditorium.

About 14 people showed up the first night, not knowing what to expect. He preached a rousing message on the need for a revival and what would be required to bring one. The next evening it rained, but about 30 or 40 showed up. He gave a message on prayer and 2 or 3 came forward for salvation.

On the third night he conducted a healing service. Over 100 attended, and at the close of the service, Richey prayed for the sick. The first person prayed for was a young woman with a crooked arm. Doctors had done everything possible, even trying to straighten the arm with a mechanical device. She was prayed for and instantly that arm straightened. The report of her healing was written up in the newspaper the



“Mom” Sarah Richey and her four sons on the steps of Evangelistic Temple, Houston, in 1953. L-r: Raymond, Earl, Leonard, and Andrew Richey.

next morning, and the following evening the building was filled to capacity.⁹

The evangelist was certainly busy enough, for he had no song leader, no pianist, no secretary, no help of any kind. But God had told him to hold this meeting, and soon the pastor of one of the local churches volunteered to lead the singing for him. And so the meetings continued. A couple nights later Mary Williams was wonderfully healed of serious stomach trouble she had suffered with for years. She had taken nothing but liquids for several weeks. God healed her instantly, and afterwards she volunteered to assist others in the services who were looking for healing. He now had a song leader and someone to take care of the sick, but no pianist.

A young lady on her way from New York to San Antonio stopped in Hattiesburg for a couple days, heard about the meetings, and she came and was healed of a chronic trouble she had had for years. It turned out that she was a splendid pianist, and she decided to stay and volunteer her services for the benefit of the meetings.

In three weeks of meetings God saved hundreds of souls, and hundreds were prayed over for healing. There were many reports of healing of deafness, rheumatism, and other maladies. This was Raymond’s big start in the evangelistic and healing ministry. Through most of the next four decades he conducted mammoth meetings where thousands of persons claimed healing of blindness, rheumatism, lame-

ness, and other ailments.¹⁰

On November 18, 1920, Richey married Eloise May at Fort Worth, Texas. Arch P. Collins officiated.¹¹ They had met about 3 years earlier after Eloise was converted at a revival service in Houston where the Richeys and Bosworth Brothers (Fred and Burton B.) were in charge.

After Hattiesburg, Raymond T. Richey held campaigns in Pritchard, Alabama, and Meridian and Laurel, Mississippi, and then on to Houston, Texas. Andrew J. Richey, oldest brother of Raymond, was for years the director of music at all his campaigns. He was also a soloist and a trombonist at the Richey meetings.

At Houston, Richey and his revival team secured a large tent that would seat around a thousand, rented a piano, built seats, and launched a big campaign. A soldier attended the meetings, was saved and healed of a serious affliction. Soon crowds flocked to the meetings, and the campaign was moved to the City Auditorium. One night a healing service was held for those in cots or wheelchairs. Out of 13 who were prayed for, 12 of them went home healed. Night after night for the next 40 days, the auditorium was filled to capacity.

**More than 5,000 were saved
in the 1921 Houston campaign.**



**RAYMOND
T.
RICHEY**
"God's Anointed"
THE MINISTRY OF MIRACLES

Returns from Wash., D.C. with Startling Disclosures!

SUN MAR. 20
10:45 A.M.
2:00 P.M.
7:30 P.M.

Continuing Old-Time
Religion Revival
Evangelistic Temple
Capitol at Houston
HOUSTON

HEALING FOR THE NATIONS

W. F. Carothers, who was an altar worker, reported that Richey "had the most remarkable meeting here that Houston has ever experienced, it was more than a revival, it was a VISITATION FROM GOD to this city and section." He continued by saying, "The City Auditorium, seating 7000 was over flowed every night and well filled at the day services ... The whole city was literally stirred and very generally in a most favorable way."¹² Over 5,000 were saved in this campaign, and over 4,000 were prayed with for healing.¹³

From Houston the Richeys went to Galveston for ten days and then to San Antonio. Raymond T. Richey began publishing a monthly paper called *The Full Gospel Advocate* which included helpful articles and testimonies of healing. Others of the Richey family also came to assist him in his campaigns. Meetings were held in Fort Worth where "one night seven deaf and dumb people were healed. Then the 'big break' came." By the next night the auditorium was crowded to capacity.¹⁴

Richey held another large campaign in Houston in the spring of 1922. This was followed by meetings in Wichita Falls, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Fort Worth again, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Atlanta, and a second revival in Tulsa. He conducted meetings in huge city auditoriums in all parts of the U.S. It is reported that 10,000 were converted at one of his campaigns in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1923. Those who were healed were paraded through the streets,

with "a truck piled high with discarded crutches." Marchers carried signs that said "God Heals!" "10,000 Converted in the Richey Meetings!" "These People Were Healed in the Richey Meetings!"¹⁵

One of his largest meetings was held at Albany, New York in September 1925. Healing services were started, and a woman who had been blind in her left eye for 35 years was instantly healed. Then deaf ears were unstopped, blind eyes were opened, and life was restored to paralyzed limbs. People crowded in to participate in the services. It is reported that 13,480 souls were saved in seven weeks.¹⁶

Throughout his ministry, Richey made sure to honor Christ above all else. One of his chief scriptures was I Cor. 2:2: "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He also preached the four-fold gospel which has become a watchword to many: salvation through the shed blood of Christ, healing through His striped back, the baptism of the Holy Spirit to prepare Christian people for service, and the soon return of the Lord Jesus Christ to claim his bride.

In 1929 Richey ministered to Spanish people in the south Texas valley and labored in the city of Beaumont where he founded a small church which his sister Roxanna and her husband, G. E. Franklin, took over.¹⁷

During World War II, Richey had a great tent fabricated with red, white, and blue stripes and held meetings for members of the armed forces with reportedly thousands profess-



Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center Museum

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You are invited to stop by the new Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center whenever you are in Springfield so you can see firsthand how we are working together to preserve our Grand Heritage.



ing conversion. He first traveled to Washington, D.C. where he met with high-ranking military personnel who gave him permission to start this campaign. He knew how to communicate with the average soldier as well as with generals and colonels. From there he traveled to Camp Blanding, Florida, to set up his first tent in April 1942.

He held campaigns at other bases across the country for the duration of the war. He also was active in hospital visitation, tract distribution, and radio broadcasts. A report in the *Helping Hand Magazine* said: "Around the huge Red, White and Blue Tent Tabernacle revolve other meetings, some in tents, others in tabernacles, still others in auditoriums, while other are carried right into the camps ... This unusual 'Big Top' has been used from coast to coast in the interest of the Armed Forces."¹⁸

At the close of the war, Richey took his tent overseas to Seoul, Korea, to serve the Korean and U.S. military personnel.¹⁹

After his father's death in 1945, Richey gave up his intensive evangelistic work to become pastor of Evangelistic Temple in Houston which his father had founded. His brother Andrew joined him as copastor. They were assisted by their brother-in-law, E. G. Gerhart. In 1955 Evangelistic Temple moved to larger facilities on West Eleventh Street.²⁰ Richey continued as pastor until 1956, when once again he went into full-time evangelism.

Even while pastoring in Houston, he held some meetings in Alaska and Central and South America in the early 1950s. He took his big red, white, and blue tent with him to a missionary campaign in Cuba. He was heavily involved in the Voice of Healing, directed by Gordon Lindsay, and he gave the dedicatory prayer at the opening of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in Los Angeles in 1953. Richey also held campaigns in Germany, Switzerland, Japan, and Korea in 1957. In later years he ministered in the Far East and the Philippines.

In the early 1960s Richey retired from active ministry, but continued to give wise counsel and prayer support to those in need. He passed away in Houston, Texas, on April 22, 1968. A large following attended his funeral in Houston. Who could forget the influence of this zealous man of God with a burning passion for souls, who had prayed healing to thousands in campaigns all across the globe? A conservative estimate declares that throughout his ministry more than one million people responded to his invitation to come to the altar for salvation and/or healing.²¹



*For additional information on Raymond T. Richey's ministry, see *What God Hath Wrought In the Life of Raymond T. Richey*, by Eloise May Richey, 1925; "Raymond T. Richey" in *Out of Zion Into All the World*, by Gordon P. Gardiner, 1990; and *The Promise Fulfilled: The Story of Eli N. Richey and His Family*, by Lois J. Betz, unpublished manuscript, [1991].

Notes

1. Eloise May Richey, *What God Hath Wrought in the Life of Raymond T. Richey* (Houston, TX: The Full Gospel Advocate, 1925), 17.
2. *Ibid.*, 30.
3. Raymond T. Richey, ministerial file.
4. Lois J. Betz, *The Promise Fulfilled: The Story of Eli N. Richey and His Family*, unpublished manuscript, [1991], 38.
5. *Ibid.*, 41.
6. "Raymond T. Richey: Early Ministry." In "Out of Zion Into All the World," by Gordon P. Gardiner (Shippensburg, PA: Companion Press, 1990), 187.
7. *Ibid.*
8. Betz, *The Promise Fulfilled*, 43.
9. Richey, *What God Hath Wrought*, 60.
10. Peggy O'Rear, "Evangelist Recalls Four Decades of Pioneer Healing Ministry," *The Houston Chronicle*, June 23, 1967, 18.
11. Richey, *What God Hath Wrought*, 61.
12. W. F. Carothers letter to E. N. Bell, October 25, 1921.
13. "Raymond T. Richey: Evangelistic Travels." In "Out of Zion Into All the World," by Gordon P. Gardiner (Shippensburg, PA: Companion Press, 1990), 196.
14. *Ibid.*, 198.
15. Richey, *What God Hath Wrought*, 107.
16. Betz, *The Promise Fulfilled*, 48.
17. *Ibid.*, 49.
18. "A National Ministry," *Helping Hand Magazine*, 1945, 15.
19. Lester Sumrall, *Pioneers of Faith* (Tulsa, OK: Harrison House, 1995) 135.
20. "New Temple Dedication Set Sunday," *The Houston Chronicle*, September 24, 1955.
21. "Raymond T. Richey and Associates." In "Out of Zion Into All the World," by Gordon P. Gardiner (Shippensburg, PA: Companion Press, 1990), 212; Peggy O'Rear, "Evangelist Recalls Four Decades of Pioneer Healing Ministry," *The Houston Chronicle*, June 23, 1967, 18.



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The Huldah Needham

Story By Lewis Wilson

In the central Indian city of Akola in the region of Berar, a simple gravestone marks the final earthly resting place of one of the earliest General Council missionaries to die on foreign soil, Huldah Eldridge Needham. She and her husband Harold were in India under missionary appointment entrusted with a unique assignment.

The high priority given foreign missions from the formation of the Assemblies of God in 1914 had resulted in a flourishing missionary force that soon exceeded 200. But the rapid growth was accompanied by problems. Along with dedicated and effective missionaries, unqualified and ill-prepared personnel spent more time at home raising funds than on the field, able fund raisers collected offerings for which they

Friends and family asked questions when the Needhams left their three daughters in California and responded to a missionary assignment in 1920. They asked more questions when Huldah did not return.

were unaccountable, and lack of coordination at times resulted in overlapping efforts and even conflict. An increasing number of concerned pastors recognized these problems, but the infant fellowship was not equipped to deal with them. The missionary treasurer in Springfield published missionary reports and forwarded funds but lacked the resources or authority to deal with such matters. Missionaries, who were most aware of and affected by the problems, had for several years called for an official field visit which they hoped would lead to their correction.¹

Partially in response, the Seventh General Council, held at the Stone Church in Chicago in September 1919, created the Department of Foreign Missions to establish policies and provide greater oversight of its growing missionary program. J. Roswell Flower, one of its most respected leaders, was elected as the new department's administrator, and the executive presbyters were made its governing board. It had been



Huldah Needham with daughters Elizabeth and Katherine. Mary Jo was not yet born.



Huldah (Eldridge) Needham



Harold Needham

hoped that one of these officials would be able to make the requested field visit, but none could be spared for the many months such a trip would require. Consequently, in early 1920 the Executive Presbytery, in its role as the Foreign Missions Board, asked the Needhams to visit Pentecostal missionaries and missionary work throughout Asia and the Near East.²

Though they were in their early 30s and had not served as foreign missionaries, they were an excellent choice. Both were widely known and highly respected. Just months before Harold Needham had been elected secretary at the 1919 missionary convention which had preceded the General Council. Reared in an affluent and influential California family, he had left what would shortly become the California Institute of Technology to prepare for the ministry at the Missionary Training Institute at Nyack, New York, the school which trained many early Assemblies of God missionaries.

Huldah was the youngest daughter of George Eldridge, a general presbyter, who had founded Los Angeles' Bethel Temple and led in the establishment of the Southern California District of the Assemblies of God.³ Both Needhams were effective speakers, and she was gifted with a beautiful voice. They had met while students at Nyack where she had gone to prepare for missionary service following the example of her sister Josephine who with her husband Louis Turnbull served in India for 20 years with the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

After their marriage, the Needhams had served as assistant pastors at Bethel Temple where they not only recognized a Pentecostal missionary training school was needed but believed they were to found one. With little financial, institutional, or other support, the undertaking proved such a challenge that only their confidence that their vision was God-given made them persevere. Finally, when no other facilities could be located for the school, they donated their home in the Highland Park section of Los Angeles and announced that the Southern California Bible and Missionary Training Institute would open there in the fall of 1920.

In the midst of this preparation, they were asked to make the missionary trip. Though the assignment could delay their school's opening, the Needhams recognized it as an important opportunity for service while providing invaluable knowledge and experience that would assist in their training of missionaries. And so they accepted the responsibility and by faith booked their passage.

But their faith was soon tested. Though requests for offerings to finance the trip were made through the *Pentecostal Evangel*, virtually none were given. The trip seemed in jeopardy when their steamship company informed the Needhams that a major corporation wished all of the cabins on their ship and their reservations would be forfeited without prompt payment. When the required funds

were provided, the Needhams regarded the provision as further confirmation that they were to make the trip.⁴

Their confidence that God was in their school as well as their trip grew with the arrival in Los Angeles of D.W. Kerr as the speaker at Bethel Temple's missionary convention. Kerr, widely known throughout the fellowship that he served as an executive presbyter, was deeply committed to the development of Pentecostal Bible schools. He agreed to lead the new school during the Needhams' absence, and his reputation attracted students from across the nation when it opened in their former home in May 1920 just as the Needhams were departing for Asia.

Harold and Huldah Needham's departure had been especially difficult because of their three young daughters, Elizabeth, 9, Katherine, 7, and Mary Jo, 2. They could not take their daughters on such a long and even dangerous journey, but the complementary talents and personalities of both Needhams would be needed for the trip. Should they, could they leave them for so long? The lengthy separation would be a painful sacrifice for both parents and daughters, but other missionaries left not only their homes and families but some also sent their children to distant boarding schools. The girls would be well cared for by two sets of grandparents assisted by many other relatives and friends. Though it was a difficult decision, eventually the Needhams entrusted them to their paternal grandmother and aunt believing that the One who had asked them to go would also care for their daughters.

They had planned to begin their mission by visiting Pentecostals in the Hawaiian Islands, but their ship was scheduled to make only a brief call at Honolulu. To gain additional time they would have to change ships which for logistical reasons was a rarely granted privilege.

When without difficulty the Needhams were allowed to transfer to a ship scheduled to arrive a few days later, they saw it as still another indication that they were moving in God's will.⁵ After ministering at the small but enthusiastic multinational Pentecostal mission, they appealed for a resident missionary family to

help develop the work in the Islands.

On May 24 the Needhams were greeted by the sights, sounds, and smells of Shanghai, the cosmopolitan gateway to the Orient. During their 2-week voyage from Honolulu, they had been able to conduct services and visit the wide spectrum of fellow passengers from coolies in steerage to the U.S. ambassador to China in first class, but they were eager to begin their assignment of visiting missionaries and mission stations throughout the eastern regions of China.

They understood that they were missionaries sent to serve rather than visiting dignitaries to be entertained, and during their six months in China the Needhams lived in the same modest fashion as the missionaries they visited. At times this meant traveling in rickety boats, sleeping on dirt floors, and eating whatever was available as they preached, taught, distributed tracts, and baptized converts. Their most hazardous adventure came on a boat trip when they were rammed by a Chinese junk. Fortunately they had been moored to a small bridge for the night, and as water filled their small craft they were able to scramble to shore where they found shelter in a grass-roofed, dirt-floored structure until they could return to Shanghai by train.⁶

From Shanghai, the Needhams moved north to Nanking, visiting missionaries as they went and reaching Peking by mid-September. Though there were over forty Pentecostal missionaries in North China, they had never met together, but word of the Needham's coming encouraged the calling of a 5-day missionary conference opening September 15. In addition to worship and fellowship, the missionaries discussed such matters of mutual concern as the printing of a

Missionaries attending conference at Sainam, South China in 1920. Front, l-r: W. R. Williamson, Mrs. Williamson, Harold Needham, Huldah Needham, George M. Kelley, George Kelley, Jr., Mrs. George Kelley. 2nd row: Mattie Ledbetter, Ruth Needham, Myrtle Bailey, David Barth, Elizabeth Kunkle, Emma Daab, Blanche Appleby. 3rd row: Albert Bateson, Luella Morrison, Lettie Ward, Ella Finch, Lizzie Johnson, Tillie Habacker, Bertha Milligan. Back row: Ralph Phillips, John R. Spence, Clinton Finch, Mrs. Finch, Lavada Leonard, Adde Harrison.





Huldah's grave in Akola, Berar, India.



Louis and Josephine (Eldridge) Turnbull who served as missionaries at Ahmadabad, India. They later were pastors of Bethel Temple in Los Angeles.

Chinese songbook, creation of a Bible school, selection of a Chinese church name, and the opening of a school for missionary children. At the end of the meeting Needham chaired a business session which created the North China District of the Assemblies of God.⁷

In mid-October the Needhams traveled across the Korean Peninsula to Japan where they visited the eight Council missionaries who, over the preceding seven years, had laid the foundation of the Japanese Pentecostal work. Though it had recently been blessed with a revival, its unity was threatened by the unilateral and unauthorized actions of one of the missionaries, a problem the Needhams were able to eventually help resolve.⁸

Ruth Needham, Harold's younger sister, met them in Tokyo and decided to accompany them as they sailed south to Hong Kong to visit the missionaries in South China before proceeding to India where in addition to visiting Pentecostal missionaries they were to spend some time with Louis and Josephine Turnbull who were still with the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

In South China the Needhams found that two dozen Council missionaries had opened fifteen mission stations, fourteen schools, a Bible school, and a missionary home at Sainam near Hong Kong in less than 10 years. They also discovered that South China missionaries were even more dependent on water transportation. Evangelistic trips were taken in dilapidated, disease ridden, and usually crowded boats which at times reeked of opium and resounded with profanities. The Needhams were soon persuaded that a motor launch would be "one of God's greatest agencies for spreading the Gospel in South China," and Huldah appealed for such a boat in the *Pentecostal Evangel*.⁹

After visiting each of the missionaries, they participated in a conference at Sainam with over fifty Chinese workers, followed by a missionary conference where the South China District of the Assemblies of God was formed and plans made for a Chinese paper and Bible school.¹⁰

Clearly the Needham trip was accomplishing its mission. After the Peking conference, Harold Hansen reported, "They are chosen vessels for this missionary tour."¹¹ Blanche Appleby wrote from South China, "The coming of Brother and Sister Needham has greatly refreshed the hearts of the missionaries and the Chinese. Their stay is all too short."¹²

And J. Roswell Flower believed "the Needhams have proved to be of inestimable value to our missionaries and the missionary department.... Our knowledge of conditions on the field has been increased and much blessing has been realized on the various mission stations through the ministry of these consecrated servants of the Lord."¹³ At the end of their conference, the grateful South China missionaries asked the Needhams to return the following year.

But that was not to be. The trip was exacting a heavy toll from Huldah. Though she understood that part of their

assignment was to deal with missionary problems, she was more deeply troubled than she could show by the petty human frailties of some missionaries. And she missed her children.

In a letter to her girlhood friend, Alice Reynolds Flower, she confided, "I don't dare to think of my own little ones. Sometimes my heart almost stands still when I realize how far away I am." Such stress together with the harsh living conditions and the exposure to disease had weakened her resistance. While visiting Alice's sister, Zella Reynolds, at Tsien in North China, Huldah had a bout with pneumonia which required several weeks of rest and recuperation. And at Hong Kong she contracted malaria. But as the Needhams sailed for India, they were confident that the long voyage followed by a few weeks under her sister's care would result in Huldah's full recovery.

And their faith seemed justified. While Harold and Ruth visited missionaries further north, Huldah convalesced at Ahmadabad, the Turnbolls' station, with Josephine. The sisters relished each hour together, and after two weeks Huldah seemed sufficiently recovered to accompany the Turnbolls to a missionary conference at Akola in the Berar region, some 350 miles away. A number of the missionaries had been Needham classmates at Nyack, and they anticipated a joyous reunion. As a concession to Huldah's weakened condition, the sisters did upgrade to a second-class compartment for the journey. Harold and Ruth planned to meet them at the conference.

It seemed impossible that this dedicated 32-year-old mother would not recover.

The joy of seeing old friends was soon tempered by a concern for Huldah's health. She was able to sing for the conference's opening service on Friday evening and again on Sunday. Her confident spirit and encouraging words raised hopes that she was stronger than she seemed. But when Harold arrived on Monday evening, she was unable to eat, and by Tuesday her condition notably worsened.

For the next three days and nights Josephine remained by her sister's side. It seemed impossible that this dedicated 32-year-old mother would not recover. Conference business gave way to day and night prayer meetings for Huldah, and two of the missionaries who were trained nurses did all they could to assist. But by Friday she realized that her work on earth was ending, and she prepared to go. Early Saturday morning, January 22, 1921, eleven months after receiving her missionary appointment, she peacefully breathed her final breath.¹⁴

Telegrams were immediately sent to shocked family and friends in Los Angeles and Springfield. The end had come so quickly that the news was difficult to accept. Some quietly questioned the entire venture. Though they would live into their 80s, the three Needham daughters could never understand their parents' decision to accept the missionary assignment.¹⁵

But the Needhams had no doubts. They not only remained confident that they had made the trip in obedience to God's will but also believed His purpose would be done through what seemed a human tragedy. In her last hours Huldah emphasized to Josephine that "they had made no mistake in taking the journey," and hours before her death, she quoted John 12:24: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."



The Needham home in Los Angeles which was the first campus of Southern California Bible School (now Vanguard University). President Harold Needham and Dean John Wright Follette are in 2nd row, center.

Though devastated by his loss, Harold insisted in a letter to J. Roswell Flower, "I have no regret at any step we have taken, and now, whatever the future may hold, I am sure He is able." And he had John 12:24 inscribed on Huldah's gravestone.

Eight decades later questions remain, but it is clear that Huldah's short life did have significant consequences. Word of her death was published in the *Pentecostal Evangel* less than a month after her appeal for the motor launch for South China. A spontaneous call to raise the needed funds in her memory met with such a response that by July, the *Huldah E. Needham* was transporting missionaries over the rivers of south China.¹⁶

Within months of Huldah's death the Turnbulls returned to California where George Eldridge at 74, and after nearly 50 years of pastoral ministry, needed help with his church. Resigning from the Christian and Missionary Alliance, they began over 30 years as pastors of Bethel Temple. Under their leadership a larger building was erected and the church became a great missionary center.

Needham's initial inclination was to return home as soon as he could secure passage. But that impulse soon gave way to a conviction that he should fulfill the mission they had begun. Ruth changed her plans and accompanied her brother for the rest of the trip as they visited missionaries and mission stations in India, Egypt, and Palestine. Their work completed, they reached New York on June 10 over 4 months after Huldah's death. In Springfield Needham personally gave their report to the General Council leadership and returned to St. Louis that fall to present its recommendations, all of which became missions policy, to the 9th General Council.

But Huldah Needham's greatest legacy is the school that she sacrificed so much to create. On his return to California Needham reluctantly assumed leadership of the now thriving school when in 1922 D. W. Kerr moved to Springfield to begin Central Bible Institute.

Needham recognized his limitations, and without Huldah's support and complementary gifts the task seemed even more daunting, but he never lost confidence that he was doing the work God had given them. In 1927 he was able to relocate the school from their former home to a beautiful new campus in neighboring Pasadena where it would continue until growth forced another relocation in 1950. For over 20 years until a heart attack forced his retirement, Needham dedicated himself, and during the dark days of the Great Depression his personal financial resources, to the school.

Under his leadership the school prepared pastors, evangelists, and eventually teachers and army chaplains, but Needham was most proud of its missionaries. A large world map hung behind the chapel pulpit as a silent reminder of the need for world evangelism, and within a decade 35 of his students were serving on eight mission fields. After World

War II three others determined to spread the gospel in Asia by radio and founded the Far East Broadcasting Company.¹⁷ Over its history the school has prepared some 500 missionaries for service in most every part of the globe.

Though her death brought enormous loss, sorrow, and questions, Huldah Needham's short life has indeed borne much fruit.



Notes

1. J. Roswell Flower, "To Visit the Mission Fields," *Pentecostal Evangel*, April 3, 1920, 12.
2. Gary B. McGee, *This Gospel Shall Be Preached: A History and Theology of Assemblies of God Foreign Missions to 1959*, vol. 1 (Springfield, MO: Gospel Publishing House, 1986), 112.
3. See "The Life and Legacy of George Eldridge" by Lewis Wilson, *A/G Heritage*, spring 2001.
4. "The Missionary Deputation," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Oct. 15, 1921, 8.
5. "Brother and Sister Needham," *Pentecostal Evangel*, June 12, 1920, 13.
6. Hulda Needham, "Sirs, I Believe," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Sept. 4, 1920, 13.
7. "The North China Missionary Conference," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Nov. 27, 1920, 12-13.
8. Minutes of the Missionary Committee, Sept. 28, 1921.
9. Huldah Eldridge Needham, "Visiting South China Mission Fields," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Jan. 22, 1921, 5.
10. "The South China Missionary Conference," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Feb. 19, 1921, 20.
11. "The North China Missionary Conference," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Nov. 27, 1920, 12-13.
12. "A Convention in South China," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Jan. 22, 1921, 12.
13. J. Roswell Flower, "Brother and Sister Needham in China," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Sept. 4, 1920, 12; J. Roswell Flower, "The Huldah Needham Memorial," *Pentecostal Evangel*, Feb. 19, 1921, 17.
14. Josephine wrote a detailed letter to her parents describing Huldah's last days.
15. Elizabeth is deceased. Katherine lives in Georgia, and Mary Jo in California.
16. "The Memorial Motor Boat," *Pentecostal Evangel*, July 9, 1921, 28.
17. Eleanor G. Bowman with Susan F. Titus, *Eyes Beyond the Horizon* (Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 1991), 34, 39.



Lewis Wilson is professor emeritus at Vanguard University. He wrote *A Vine of His Own Planting*, a history of that school.

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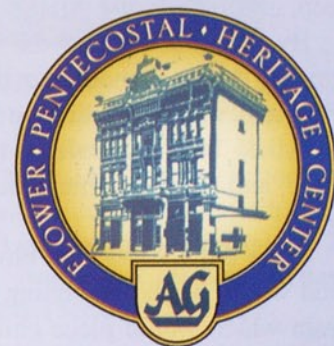


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The Blond in the Mud

The Story of an Army Chaplain's Role in an International Adoption Agency

By Talmadge F. McNabb

It was spring 1955. The harsh Korean winter was over, and a fresh breath permeated the air. Birds sang in the tree outside the chapel window. Korean farmers in the distant valley plowed their paddy fields with oxen.

A U.S. Army chaplain sat in the office of his little tin-covered chapel, reading the Scriptures, preparing for the Sunday morning services.

Suddenly a Jeep drove up. A young soldier jumped out, rushed into the chapel, and burst into the office. "Chaplain," he exclaimed, "I was in a convoy and couldn't stop, but in the next village I saw a little blond-haired girl being pushed into the paddy field by Korean children. Could you go see about her?"

I was that Army chaplain. When the young soldier spoke of seeing a little blond-haired girl, I read between his words. This was a GI baby, one of many in Korea fathered by American servicemen who had since returned to the States, leaving the baby behind. I also knew that sometimes these babies, because of their different features, were ostracized by other children and often mistreated.

I was exceptionally busy, but I dropped everything, jumped in my Jeep, and sped to the village.

By the time I found the little girl, she had been pushed into the paddy field and was struggling to climb up the slick bank to safety. I reached down, and her little arms reached up to me.

Little did I know that blond in the mud would be the beginning of a program which would place children like

her in tens of thousands of good homes around the world.

I took the little girl to my chapel, her muddy arms still clinging around my neck. Some GIs went to the mess hall for a pan of warm water. Soon I had cleaned the mud away. She was a beautiful 2-year-old.

I found the little girl's mother and secured permission to take the baby and find a good home for her in the States.

After searching and visiting orphanages, I found some missionaries with whom I could leave her.

Meanwhile, I had visited the Department of Child Welfare in Seoul and explained my need. The woman in charge flipped a letter toward me and said, "Well, here is a letter just received from a man in Oregon who wants to come to Seoul and adopt eight GI babies."

The letter was from Harry Holt, a retired farmer and lumberman, from Creswell, Oregon. I wrote to him. In a few days a letter came from his wife Bertha. She told me about the time I had written, Mr. Holt was traveling to Korea and would soon be there.

In a book published last fall by the Holt International Children's Services, Eugene, Oregon, titled *Bring My Sons From Afar*, Mrs. Holt tells the story.

She had received a letter from the missionaries who were caring for the little girl. It read in part: "A little 2-year-old girl has been brought to our office for placement. Her father has returned to the States assuming no responsibility.

"The weather is warm, and she is

old enough to play outside," the missionary continued, "but the children of the street hit her, call her names, and spit on her because she is different. She is sweet, has nice brown eyes, and light brown or blondish hair. She looks healthy but is easily frightened. Her name is Christine. Do you want her?"

Mrs. Holt continued: "Chaplain McNabb had written at the same time, explaining how he had rescued her from a gang of children who were throwing mud at her. . . . I answered his letter saying that if the Lord planned for Christine to be in our family, I knew He would manage to get her here."

I shall never forget when I met Mr. Holt in Korea and introduced Christine to him. He looked startled, as though he might have seen her before.

The little girl screamed as I tried to hand her to Mr. Holt. She smacked his face. Finally it dawned on her this was a kind man who would help her. She reached out her arms to him and kissed his cheek where she had just smacked him.

Mr. Holt had seen pictures in Oregon of the plight of Korean GI children, shown by Dr. Bob Pierce of World Vision. He had become deeply concerned for them. During the winter as he lay in bed, he could see as in a vision a little blond girl. Then in the spring as he was plowing, he seemed to see the same image of a little girl in



Chaplain Talmadge F. McNabb and Bertha Holt

Korea reaching out to him. Sensing the Holy Spirit speaking to him, he stopped his tractor, went home, and told his wife he must go to Korea.

On June 30, 1955, in Korea, Mr. Holt had gathered seven other children he would be taking to the States to adopt into his own family. He looked at little Christine and wrote this letter for her:

“To my new mother, sisters, and brothers: I cannot write, and I do not know about all this, so my daddy will write this letter for me. He does not understand about this either, but he knows it is true, and he was there when it happened. This is a letter to be read only to those who are close to the Lord, or someone will think my daddy is off his rocker.

“You see, my daddy has known about me since way last winter, soon after Dr. Pierce was in Eugene showing pictures of the orphans. He kept seeing little moving pictures of me at night when he tried to sleep, when he drove his car, when he plowed with his tractor. . . . He would see my funny little face with those brown eyes that are so full of fun and mischief. He knew how I like to sit on my heels and look at him. He knew just how I hold my head to one side when I look at people. He knew how quickly I move, and many other things about me.”

Was it a coincidence? An Army chaplain in Korea feeling compelled to rush out to find a little GI baby a soldier had told him about? An Oregon farmer, thousands of miles across the Pacific Ocean plowing furrows in his field, seeing a vision so real he would never forget? One thing after another dovetailing until the little girl and the Oregon farmer were united?

Though some may be skeptical, others believe the Holy Spirit works in the world, and amazing results are accomplished.

Nearly 2,000 years ago Peter was praying in Joppa and saw a vision while he was praying (Acts 11:1-12). Three men came by, and Peter said, “The Spirit bade me go with them,

nothing doubting.” Peter obeyed, and a great Holy Spirit outpouring came with many saved and Spirit-filled.

As a result of people obeying the Holy Spirit’s promptings, more than 200,000 homeless children have found good parents.

Several years after Mr. Holt adopted the eight Korean GI babies, he built a large orphanage north of Seoul. Also he established the Holt International Children’s Services to place children in good homes around the world.

To date over 55,000 children have been placed through the Holt agency.¹ Many of these children now are grown and leading productive lives, some as medical doctors and other professionals.

What about the principal characters in this amazing story?

Harry Holt died of a heart attack while in Korea overseeing his work. He is buried on a hill overlooking his orphanage. His work, built on a solid foundation, continues.

Bertha Holt is nearly 83 years old.² She remains active, sometimes jogging 3 miles a day!

Recently she wrote of some of her 1986 activities: “I visited 66 cities and had meetings there, spoke 62 times in 36 states and four countries; attended 32 receptions, spoke on TV or radio 36 times, had 29 magazine or newspaper interviews, traveling 78,703 statute miles and saw approximately 16,809 people in 7 1/2 months.”

Christine Holt, the little girl I rescued from the miry paddy field that spring day in 1955, grew up in the Holt home and later attended Oregon State University, majoring in home economics. She married a graduate of the university, an engineer. They have two lovely children, a boy and a girl.

While I consider my part in the amazing Holt drama little more than any chaplain would have done, yet I believe God has people at times and

places where His Spirit can use them if they will obey His urgings. I recall how busy I was that morning, and, at first, I felt I should wait. But the Spirit of God prompted me with urgency, and I’m glad I obeyed.

A humble farmer, thousands of miles away, also listened to the voice of God, and the Spirit bade him go to find the little girl he saw in a vision.

As a result of people obeying the Holy Spirit’s promptings, more than 55,000 homeless children have found good parents.

Hudson Taylor was praying one morning about China. The Holy Spirit spoke to him, “I am going to walk through China. If you wish, you may come along with Me.”

May we ever listen to God’s Spirit. He will work. All we need to do is to obey and go along with Him.



Notes

1. By October 2002 Holt International Children’s Services had placed more than 200,000 children with U.S. families.

2. Bertha Holt died in 2000 at the age of 96. This past October the National Women’s Hall of Fame inducted her into the Hall at Seneca Falls, New York.



The late U.S. Army Chaplain Talmadge F. McNabb wrote this article for the *Pentecostal Evangel*, June 28, 1987. Chaplain McNabb died July 7, 2002, in San Antonio, Texas, while visiting his daughter Lisa Brown. His burial was in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia. (See page 2.)

Almeda Elliott Interviews

Ernest and Virginia Berquist

Ernest and Virginia Berquist ministered in several districts and in foreign countries. They retired and moved to Maranatha Village, Springfield, Missouri, in 1990. Almeda Elliott, who also lives at Maranatha, interviewed the Berquists in their home. However, Ernest became sick and died last July. Mrs. Berquist continues to make her home at Maranatha.

Almeda: Brother Berquist, I understand you were saved in 1934 and received the baptism of the Spirit in a theater in Ohio.

Ernie: Yes, it was in Youngstown, Ohio. I was 19. Pastor L. A. Hill found a theater that had closed, and had meetings thirteen nights and afternoons. I was the first to receive the baptism of the Spirit.

Almeda: I think you were raised a Methodist, Virginia. That same year at Christmas time, what happened to you?

Virginia: The group had outdoor meetings at Christmas time. The singing was something I had never heard before. It was around midnight, and Christmas carolers were outside the door of the housing on Glenwood Avenue in Youngstown. All of a sudden the music was like a blast from heaven, and I felt that something came down and just broke my heart open. I can't explain it another way, just that my heart suddenly was open. It was just like heaven came down. Just like heaven! Music—oh I can never, never, never explain to anybody the way I felt. I thought, "Oh, dear Jesus, I never dreamed that it would be like this," but I know that's when I was born again.

Almeda: I believe you felt the call of God upon your lives before you were married, and began to work among young people.

Ernie: I felt called to the ministry but didn't tell anyone.



Ernest and Virginia Berquist in 1936 at their first pastorate at Beall's Mills, near Weston, West Virginia, during the Great Depression.

Then a message was given that the Lord was calling us to the ministry and was going to supply every need. After that I went to a music store and the owner was playing a vibraharp. I felt God was going to give me one, and He did.

Almeda: Virginia, when were you filled with the Spirit?

Virginia: I was filled with the Spirit right after I gave my heart to the Lord, right after Christmas that year. I was at the altar of the theater building. In the afternoon, right after the morning service. Mom and I were standing there.

Dad had to go to work. Mom and I had gone back to church, and I fell under the power of God that afternoon. My mother (Jeanette) prayed with me. (Huldah later became my stepmother.) She kept praying as I was lying there. And you know for a week after I received the Baptism, Mom wouldn't let me go to the door if anyone knocked at the door, for all I did was speak in tongues. I couldn't speak in English.

My Mom was so precious. She sang beautifully. She would take ones that didn't feel good and bring them home, put them to bed, take care of them for maybe weeks. Never thought a thing about it—just that she would take care of them. She was like that. Then later on she developed cancer, and the Lord took her home. Sometime after that, a couple years I guess, Huldah, my teacher in Sunday school, and my Dad were married. She had been close friends of Mom and Daddy.

Almeda: Tell us about your father's occupation.

Virginia: My father was a steel worker. He was one of the ten men in charge of the different steels, and every month he would get a notation for producing the most steel. It was liquid. Just like water. If there was anything wrong it would come to the top. It wasn't supposed to be there, and they would skim it off. The fire was underneath. Just like in the Word of God.

When Lillian Trasher visited, she said, "Oh, I've got to see the steel mill." Daddy said, "Sure, Sister Trasher, come on." So she got ready, and Daddy took her to the steel mill. Daddy showed her all around this great big Youngstown sheet and tube, and she was so happy!

Almeda: You told about the leading of the Holy Spirit and your call.

Virginia: The one thing that always stayed with us, and I have record of this. It was before we left our home church, Highway Tabernacle [Youngstown, Ohio], where we had been saved and filled with the Spirit. There were two messages in other tongues. We were standing there, and Brother Taylor, a Sunday school teacher, now gone to heaven, got



Charles Bower (right), board member at Bethany Church, Paterson, New Jersey, welcomes new pastors, Ernest and Virginia Berquist.

the interpretation. The first was, "Behold, I have called and ordained you, and will send you forth," and then more added to it, but the next was, "I will supply all your needs according to my riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Well, that was enough. We were just filled up to overflowing. There was no question, but that this was God. We still have that little interpretation given by Brother Taylor that he wrote down.

I was pianist in the church at Highway Tabernacle for awhile before I met Ernie, and I happened to look back at him. He was sitting in the pew and was looking at me, and we smiled. We weren't going together then. When I went back to leave the church, Ernie met me. He was coming out of the pew. He asked, "Virginia, will you go to the jail with me this afternoon?" Jail! Can you imagine? I said, "Oh yes, Ernie, sure! And I'll go to the camp meeting with you tonight." And those camp meetings were something too that you just didn't say, "Well, it's over now." It went on and on, the Spirit of God moving in such a marvelous, warm way, souls saved and laying prostrate under the power of God. You know, they would be slain in the Spirit. It was just beautiful.

We started working together among young people. Ernie would come after me where I lived, at Mom's and Dad's, and then we'd go out to the street meetings. We just kept busy, busy, busy for the Lord. That's the way we got started together. I guess it was about two years that we worked at that. We had a real full life. Of course when we got married, all was just as happy, happy a time as you would ever have. We were so glad and used to working with each other. No problem.

Then God brought Ernie and me together. We will be married sixty-seven years in February, and we have never spent one day apart. He'd pick me up at our home, and it was like evangelism. There was a great response too. We

were working together at the Poor Farm in Youngstown. They called them Poor Farms then. Then we had street meetings every Saturday night, and the young men had prayer meeting. Ernie would take me to my Mom and Dad's, and then he would go back to the prayer meeting that the young men had. This was at Highway Tabernacle in Youngstown, Ohio.

Then of course on Sunday the meetings went on and on. The Spirit of God was so beautifully outpoured. You didn't worry about a roast or anything in the oven. The Spirit of God was so beautifully outpoured.

Almeda: In 1966 my home church in Washburn, Maine, called you as speakers for their 50th anniversary convention. Their report was that you had a unique ministry in sermon and song, sang beautifully, played electric guitars and vibras-harps. Your cassette tape, "Songs of the Sojourners" has been a blessing to us all. I know now, since hearing you play the piano here at Maranatha, what a beautiful pianist you are, Virginia. Did you take piano lessons when you were a young girl?

Virginia: Yes, when I was about eight or nine years old.

Almeda: I first heard about you when you pastored at Bethany, in Paterson, New Jersey. Where did you pastor before that?

Virginia: The Lord called us into the ministry after we were married. Sister [Elva K.] Stump was a pastor in Louisville, Ohio. She was also a registered nurse and had quite a large home for children in the past, and now was an ordained Assembly of God minister. She and I got acquainted, and I did some altar work in the church with the young people. Sister Stump said, "Virginia, I'd like for you



Bethany Church, Paterson, New Jersey, took first place in a city parade with this float highlighting Sunday school. The float depicts a courtroom scene and a Sunday school class with the theme, "Children brought up in Sunday school seldom brought up in court." Pastor Berquist stands in foreground, and Virginia Berquist is the Sunday school teacher.



Enthusiastic youth release gospel tract-filled balloons in front of Bethany Church, Paterson, New Jersey. Virginia Berquist, now 89 and living at Maranatha Village, recalls that many responses came from the evangelistic effort.

to come down to West Virginia where I've started a work. They are just mountain people. and I wish you could come down." We had nothing else, although God had laid His hand on us and we felt He wanted us in the ministry full time. We talked and prayed about it, and then we said, "Absolutely, we'll go."

Ernie: So we went down to Beall's Mills, near Weston, West Virginia. We didn't have a car. In fact, to get to the church there wasn't a road. We had to walk the last thirteen miles.

Virginia: The mill where we lived was over a hundred years old, and had quite a reputation of being a hideout and everything else. Anyway, that's where we started, and we didn't get twenty-five cents a week. In those days you just didn't. We never cared, because God gave us food and shelter, and we didn't worry about anything. Then my Dad and my brother got us a little car for about \$60 or \$70, I guess, and brought it down, and a little pull trailer, a little thing that you put your things on and cover them with canvas or something. We stayed there about a year and a half.

Oh, the people were kind, but we had no promise of a dollar a week, five dollars a week, or anything. But we just went, and God was good to us all the way. Then we got a call from Brother and Sister [Charles and Ida] Shuss up in Warren. They asked us if we would come and take a little place just outside of Akron. We said, "Sure, we'd be glad to." We came home and pastored the little Krumroy Pentecostal Church. We were there for some years. Well, there we felt this was a church. We had a little congregation, and just had a beautiful time there.

We pastored in Louisville, Kentucky; then we were in Chelsea, Massachusetts where Ernie was a guest pastor.

Almeda: Ernie said that in one of the meetings in Chelsea

a man and his son were saved together. Do you remember that?

Virginia: Oh yes, I do. That was Matthew Patten and his son Calvin. Now here's what happened. We were playing our guitars and singing, and suddenly there was an eruption in the congregation, which often happened in those days. Someone would speak up and say, "Oh, I've got to tell you what the Lord has done for me," and the whole church would just go up in a praise to God. But anyway, we were singing and suddenly heard the praises of God and the gasps. We stopped and looked, and up one aisle in a far corner saw someone, and in the other aisle was also a man. Two men. They didn't look at each other, but came up to the altar. It was Matty (as we called him) and his son Calvin. Well, when we found out what was going on, we stopped everything and went to the altar to pray. The people just came storming up to the altar.

Matty Patten didn't have a coat. It was fall, and he was just in his shirt. We soon found out he had been down ready to walk out in the Charles River that goes through there. He laid his coat down on the beach, ready to jump in, when God spoke to him and said, "You go to the church. Go to the church and get right!" Right away he started. He left his coat there and came back. I don't know if he was driving or not. Calvin hadn't been saved. He was a nice boy, about eighteen. Here they came together at the front of the church.

Almeda: They hadn't seen each other?

Virginia: No! They didn't see each other coming. At the altar they looked at each other and fell on each other's arms and shoulders, and then knelt at the altar. There was a screaming of people. The people just shouted. This was just marvelous to see these two men, one who was about to commit suicide.

Almeda: That was just before you pastored in Chelsea?

Virginia: Yes, and when we went back, after they called us, Matty was on fire for God and never forgot that time when he left his coat on the beach by the Charles River, went to get right with God and found his son at the altar too. Calvin later was in the army and lost his life in the Battle of the Bulge. He was one of the fatalities there. We are in contact with Mildred Patten, the girl that Calvin married. But when you think of these things, it's marvelous what God has done! So many outstanding things have happened.

Almeda: Later you entered the evangelistic field?

Virginia: Oh, we were in evangelistic work in between churches. We were always busy. We never had any time to think, "Oh what shall we do?" "Where shall we go?" "Who shall we ask?" It was just that God had everything all turned out for us. We finally ended up in Wayne, New Jersey. When we were pastoring in Paterson, we had felt for some years that we needed something out in Wayne.

There was nothing, just beautiful churches, nice pastors, but a lot of people didn't go to church and every time we'd go to visit some of our folk from Bethany, I would say,

“There needs to be an Assembly of God church here, a Pentecostal church. They need something.” So later on, even after we had left Paterson Bethany Church, and gone out in evangelistic work, we received calls from Bethany people in Paterson who lived out in the Wayne area asking, “Brother and Sister Berquist, wouldn’t you please come and start a work here?” There were five families, very precious people. They said, “We’ll be with you, we’ll stick with you, and we’ll do something for the Lord, and the Lord will help us.”

We talked and talked about it. I said, “Oh, dear me, to start a new work from the ground, at our age!” We did go through some very hard times to get that work started, but within a year we had over a hundred people and a beautiful little brick church.

The pastors in Wayne treated us beautifully. The Methodist pastor and the Presbyterian pastor opened their doors and said, “You can come in here,” and they let us hold meetings in their churches, like the Wednesday night meeting, and Thursday. One thing, too, our people would sing with all their hearts. Many more were coming all the time.

One of the ladies from the Presbyterian church went by the room where we were singing one night. They were having a choir practice, and we were gathering for church. It was one of those big beautiful churches. She said to her people (she told us this afterwards), “I wish you people could sing like those people down there!” She didn’t realize we were just Pentecostal people. Years ago they really had a song in their hearts. That’s the way it started, and that church now is running close to 2,000.

Almeda: From a small beginning! And a vision! Praise God!



Ernest Berquist was a pastor, evangelist, popular camp meeting speaker, and conducted preaching missions in other countries.

Virginia: Well, you know Ernie has preached a great deal in Europe and has had a good ministry there. He has been in Oslo preaching, ministered in Sweden. He was in Rome several times, preached in London, Germany, Belgium, and France. We had meetings for Pastor Kenneth Ware in Paris, France. He had been pastor at the time Hitler was after the Jews. They had taken over Paris.

Almeda: When you went to Florida, did you plan to retire there?

Virginia: Yes, Ernie was 62 when we left our church in Wayne that we had started. We went down to Ft. Myers. We were there a year or two.

Almeda: You weren’t pastoring then?

Virginia: No, Ernie preached in various churches. He was always very active. Then the superintendent, Brother [J. Foy] Johnson, called us and asked, “Could you possibly come down to Naples? I would like for you to help. It was the only Assembly of God church in Naples. Brother [Arthur] Godard had been the pastor. We said we would look into it. It was the Lord’s will because right away we got everything packed in a little trailer, a house, and Ernie said I was the best packer that ever lived. I packed it right to the ceiling. We got everything in, just a few things left behind.

When we got down to Naples, the Lord provided. Anyway, Ernie was interim pastor two different times. Finally, one time, Ernie was voted in. He said, “Look, I’m not just going to do this. If you want me, all right. Vote.” And they all voted.

We didn’t live in their parsonage in Naples. We had a double-wide mobile home. It was a beautiful thing, and the Lord just helped us get that. A miracle, a real miracle. In fact, all of our lives it’s been a miracle.

Almeda: So you were in Florida 15 years?

Virginia: Yes, 15 years.

Almeda: And when did you come to Maranatha?

Virginia: Twelve years ago, 1990.

Almeda: What was your morning ritual?

Virginia: We’d get up, have our breakfast, and we’d have prayer. Where we’re sitting is our chapel. We love this room. This is where Ernie sat, and I was over there. That’s why I wouldn’t take his place away.

Almeda: When did he go to be with the Lord?

Virginia: It was last July 12. As you remember, he was hospitalized and in Maranatha Lodge his last few days, with oxygen. I sat beside him day after day, until the Lord took him.

Almeda: It was during that time that I began interviewing you and Ernie. He gave details about your early life. Then one day he was gone. In your 65 years of married life, you said you weren’t apart even one day. Now he is with the Lord, but the Lord is by your side constantly watching over you. We thank God that He brought you here to Maranatha.



When the Spirit Fell

AT WHITEHALL,
WISCONSIN

By Sylvia Phillipson Curry

In the 1920s, my Aunt Lillian Kurth (later Cornwall) was helping to care for a Methodist woman by the name of Mrs. Joseph Augustine in rural Whitehall, Wisconsin. They had heard of Dr. Charles Price's healing ministry at the Assemblies of God Bible Camp in Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and decided to drive to the camp so Dr. Price could pray for Mrs. Augustine.

Although Mrs. Augustine was not healed, Aunt Lillian started to read the *Pentecostal Evangel*, and she later received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Lillian told my mother Laura about her experience, and my mother was saved and was also baptized in the Holy Spirit.

My father was an alcoholic. When he'd come home intoxicated, he'd throw furniture around. We were scared of him. I remember my brother and I hiding behind a copper boiler covered by a white zinc worktable on which mother made delicious bread. Other times when my father became abusive, we squeezed into a small closet on the landing beside the steps going upstairs.

One night as Mom was rocking baby Earl, Dad came in and heard her talking in tongues. He came at her with a club saying, "I'll put an end to this religious stuff and Lillian's ideas." Lawrence and I were hiding on the steps. As Dad raised his arm to hit mother, Jesus suddenly appeared with His arms held out in front of the rocking chair and shielded mom.

Dad told it later how Jesus said to him, "Edwin, you are fighting against Me."

He fell on his knees and began to cry. He made his peace with God, and then went out and threw away his snuff boxes and whiskey bottles.

Later two of my brothers, Conrad and Robert, heard a couple of locals talking. "Those are Ed Phillipson's boys.

They are fine boys. Ed hasn't touched whiskey for thirty years. We hated to lose him at our church, but he is so much better off."

After Dad was saved, he loved the Bible which he read during devotions. He would play the violin, and each of us children said a little prayer. My father was an accomplished musician and played all over France during World War I in the United States Army band.

Black River Falls, 25 miles from Whitehall, was one of the first Pentecostal churches in Wisconsin. Hjalmar and Olga Johnson, pioneer Assemblies of God pastors in Wisconsin, went to Black River Falls with their seven children. Hjalmar worked as a carpenter to support his family.*

The Johnsons opened their Black River Falls home for a meeting place as there weren't any Assemblies of God church buildings then—mostly cottage prayer meetings—and services were held in their big living room. We'd make the 50-mile round-trip to Black River Falls in a Model T Ford with side curtains. Each passenger except the driver had a blanket to keep warm. When we arrived, mother would put us children on a goose-feather pillow behind the chairs along the wall next to Dad's violin and cover us with a quilt so we'd be safely out of the way and could sleep. From that vantage point, we could see people being slain in the Spirit.

I remember watching the feet of women dancing in the Spirit. Their feet seemed to move as fast as hummingbirds' wings. They were so graceful, I was certain they didn't touch the floor. Grandma Alice Dissmore, who never accepted Pentecost, used to say, "I kept them from the dance floor, and now they dance in church."

My father was amazed that God spoke to people through tongues. He was also impressed by Louise Johnson, who at 14 years of age, played the banjo under the anointing better than anyone he knew.

I loved to listen to people testify. Mr. MacMillian told how he came home one night, and set his whiskey bottle on the table. As he watched, the liquor started turning red. It got redder and redder, and finally the bottle exploded. He was set free from alcohol that night and was saved.

Emma Dissmore told about the revival in the Whitehall Baptist Church. The pastor, Edward Bowen, received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and began giving out *Pentecostal Evangels*. At first, Emma had wrapped her copies and put them in the basement; but when she saw the wonderful changes the revival caused, she retrieved them and began to read the articles. She too was filled with the Spirit.

Half the people stayed in the Baptist Church, and half followed Pastor Bowen to the home of Arne and Christine Rasmusson where Pentecostal services were started. Our family decided to attend there rather than make the long trip to Black River Falls.

As children, we would sit on a beautiful rug during the services so the adults could have the chairs. I remember the



Arne and Christine Rasmusson's big house where the Assembly of God started in Whitehall, Wisconsin, in 1927.



Pastor Hugo Olson conducting a baptismal service in 1937. The author is in the water, third from left, and Avelone Rasmusson is at the right.

large fern in the east window that we were told not to touch. I was impressed by the white enamel table where we had Sunday school; the crayons were wonderful. There I got my first Christian educational insights. Women cried when they took communion because they were sorry for their sins and happy Jesus had died for them. When I heard the words, "There my raptured soul shall find, peace beyond the river," I wondered what a "ruptured" soul was. There were many discussions about the deeper walk. I decided I was going to find out more about spiritual things and explore Pentecost.

One day a visiting evangelist preached a good sermon and then gave an altar call. Because the children were in the way, he became upset and said, "Get those babies away from the altar so people can pray." The pastor protested, but the evangelist insisted. So my mother told me to take the babies out into the fresh air and she would pray. At the altar that day were a future missionary, preachers, deacons, a teacher, and an actress.

The next morning, I went down by the creek and threw myself face-down on the wet grass. I cried out to God for forgiveness and experienced a wonderful sense of being pardoned. When I returned to the house, I found my mother and dad tilling the garden with the horse and a walking cultivator. My mother was very proud of her blue ribbon garden, but she left it and came over to me. She took off my wet, dirty dress, gave me a bath, and put me into dry clothes. I was so impressed that I was more important than her garden.

One of the young people in the congregation was Avelone, Arne and Christine Rasmusson's daughter. While attending Central Bible College in Springfield, Missouri, she met and married R. B. Cavaness. They later went to Indonesia as missionaries.

After my mother Laura was newly saved and filled with the Holy Spirit, she prophesied in a service, quoting from Isaiah, a book she had never read. The pastor reacted and said, "If God has something to say, He would tell me. I am the pastor!" He hadn't yet realized God was pouring out His Spirit on ALL flesh.

One evening in March 1937, we couldn't get to church because the mud was too deep. It was a beautiful moonlit night without any wind. We were having family devotions when suddenly there was a sound of a mighty rushing wind. It sounded like a violent thunderstorm. Dad was very afraid of thunderstorms, so he headed for the basement. My brothers told me they saw tongues of fire on my head for more than three hours. I spoke in tongues and saw visions of brown-skinned people, a lot of Chinese soldiers, and people dressed in white clothes. I thought I had received a missionary call.

We had only one service, so the children continued to attend the adult Bible studies. When Hugo Olson was our pastor, he stressed that people should have the gifts of the Spirit. I knew a scientist never took things for granted but

always seeks proof. So I wanted to be very sure that if I gave a message in tongues, I wasn't just blabbering. When I was a freshman in LaCrosse College, I gave my first message in tongues, and the pastor interpreted. It was a thrilling experience.

One Sunday morning I gave a message in tongues, but there was no interpretation. A couple of weeks later, a woman said to me, "My, that was a beautiful talk you gave in Norwegian. It was classical Norwegian like they speak at the University of Oslo, and Norwegian pastors learned." I didn't know the language I spoke.

Another time, a man came up to me at a prayer meeting in Minneapolis and began speaking to me in Swedish. I told him, "I'm sorry; I don't understand you." My friend added, "She doesn't speak Swedish." The man responded, "She has been speaking Swedish all afternoon." That convinced him the gifts of the Holy Spirit were for today.

Lyle Curtis, a former Wisconsin-Northern Michigan District Superintendent, said, "Those were great days. Everyone, both pastors and laity, were learning wonderful things."



***The author's sister, Marie Dissmore, has contributed stories to *Heritage*, including a feature on Hjalmar and Olga Johnson and the founding of the church at Black River Falls, Wisconsin. See the summer 1995 issue.**



Sylvia Phillipson Curry lives with her husband Ross in Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin. After she graduated from North Central Bible College, missionary doors closed for her, so she remained in the U.S. where her mission field became teaching Sunday school, Missionettes, Vacation Bible Schools, ministering with youth, and teaching public school. She has been a part of Assemblies of God congregations for 75 years. She and her husband are members of Baraboo Assembly of God.

A Pentecostal Evangel Reprint from April 12, 1964

A Cherished Spiritual Heritage

By Wesley R. Hurst, Jr.



Wesley Hurst's father, Wesley R. Hurst, Sr. (1884-1973).

Ominous claps of thunder and pelting rain overtook us as we rode our bikes across the Fargo-Moorhead Bridge. My brother Dewey and I were frightened. We had misjudged the time when the storm would break.

As we pedaled furiously, we shouted our fears to one another. High winds had preceded the downpour. We both supposed the 40- by 60-foot gospel tent must have blown down. We were camped beside the revival tent, and it was our responsibility to tighten the ropes and drive extra stakes to hold the guylines in the event of high winds, but we had slipped away after the service for a bike ride to Fargo.

We prayed as we rode toward camp. When we got there we found one corner of the tent was down and flapping in the wind and rain. One lone man was struggling with the ropes and stakes, trying to keep it from blowing over. It was Dad. He had been awakened by the storm and had come to see how we were getting along—only to find that neither of us was there!

Without a word we boys grabbed post malls and extra stakes and began to secure the main lines of the tent. The three of us worked feverishly for 30 minutes. I can still see my father's rain-soaked face and his wet hair hanging over



Wesley Hurst, Jr. (right) with his brother, D. V. (left), and his father, Wesley Hurst, Sr., at Lincoln, Nebraska, 1966.

his eyes as he finally looked at us. We had won the battle against the storm.

We went inside the tent, turned on the lights, and sat down. Dewey and I were teenagers in high school then—two sons of a Pentecostal preacher, pioneering the work of God in Moorhead, Minnesota, in a gospel tent. I shall never forget the remorse and shame of that moment. But this, too, is part of the rich Pentecostal heritage that is ours.

Our family's Pentecostal experience began in 1928 when Dad was pastor of the Advent Christian Church in Annandale, Minnesota. While pastoring there he became increasingly hungry for God. Mother was the first to receive (in our living room) the mighty infilling of the Holy Spirit with speaking in other tongues. Within the week the Lord gloriously filled my father while he prayed in his study.* Following this, the Lord sent an outpouring of His Spirit, and in a little over a year more than 60 people in this church were filled.

“As one of the second generation in the Pentecostal Movement, I cherish my heritage. I wish to perpetuate it.”

Miracles of healing took place. Mrs. William Shannon was healed of near-total paralysis. She had been consigned to an early death by the doctors of Mayo Clinic. She is still alive today, nearly 35 years later.

It was shortly after this that Dad bought a 40- by 60-foot

meeting tent and trailer and launched out in faith. The trailer was designed to form a three-room tent for the family—Dad, Mother, Dewey and I, and our two sisters, Pauline and Ruth. We started out in Pentecostal tent revivals, knowing very few other Pentecostal people and having no knowledge of the Assemblies of God fellowship.

Three or four years of this itinerant Pentecostal ministry brought us in contact with the Assemblies of God. We began to attend the Lake Geneva Bible Camp in Alexandria, Minnesota. I vividly remember the ministry of Charles S. Price, A. G. Ward, A. A. Wilson and other pioneers. In a missionary meeting, following Brother Ward's message, I gave all the money I had—\$2.63! It was my pop and candy money which I had saved for weeks for this special camp time. God used this to do a work in my heart.

We stayed in the tent-trailer at the edge of the grounds, arriving before the first service and remaining until the last prayer meeting was over; we didn't miss one meeting. The campgrounds were always teeming with life and excitement—spiritual excitement. From these meetings Pentecost spread as the Spirit sent people into remote sections of the north central states as full gospel messengers.

It was at this same camp in 1934 that I was gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit. It happened at two o'clock in the morning. As God filled me, He called me. The battle of the ages became vivid to me during that spiritual experience. I learned that “we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers.” I felt called to battle, and although I was only 12, I became amazingly aware of the purpose of the power that He was giving me. I recall this

Holy Ghost experience so vividly. Jesus came to me, spoke to me, filled me, and asked for my life. Praise His Name. He is wonderful!

When he was 12, in 1934, he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. "Jesus came to me, spoke to me, filled me, and asked for my life."

This is my heritage—the Pentecostal infilling, real and sufficient for today and every day. As a member of the second generation in this movement of the Spirit, I cherish this heritage.

Subsequent years taught our family many things. We learned of the manifestations of the Holy Spirit. The gifts of the Spirit became precious and communicated Jesus to us and to the congregations of which my father was pastor.

I remember an incident in Superior, Wisconsin. A deacon, Brother Ackley, was in earnest prayer, speaking in other tongues in a prayer service one evening, and following his prayer, a young man who had studied Spanish, said: "This man has been praying for China in perfect Spanish. He has been praying for the Christians in China, naming the provinces. The Christians in each province have been the burden of his prayer."

After this unusual experience the 20 or 30 people gathered in prayer began to praise the Lord, for it was a fulfillment of the scripture, "We know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession."

Following this time of praise, Brother Ackley again began to pray in other tongues. For some time he continued to intercede, feeling moved upon by the Spirit of God. At the conclusion of this manifestation a registered nurse, who had been a missionary in India and was then working in the local hospital, asked to speak. She said: "I am not Pentecostal: I have never been in a Pentecostal meeting before. I do not understand your worship, but as this man prayed I understood him, for he prayed in perfect Hindustani, and again he prayed for China. He prayed for the provinces of China and for the Christians in each of these provinces. He indicated in his prayer that great trouble would face these people, and that they would need the comforting power of the Holy Spirit."

This was in 1941. After this woman's testimony, the people again gave God praise and glory for the mighty power of His Holy Spirit and the efficacy of this Pentecostal experience. These testimonies remain vivid in my memory.

In the second year of my ministry in South Dakota, at the district council at Mitchell, God again confirmed the reality of the supernatural power of His Holy Spirit. I had been experiencing struggles and questions. In that meeting Henry Mock came to me. Brother Mock had been in Cuba,

and he told me that while speaking in tongues I had used Spanish, including colloquial expressions peculiar to the people around Manacas, Cuba, where the Bible school in which he was ministering was located. He further stated that when the message was interpreted by Pastor Lloyd Wead from western South Dakota, the interpretation was as if he in the natural were telling the people what had been communicated by the Spirit in other tongues. At this point of my spiritual experience this meant much.

Thirty years have passed since I was filled with the Holy Ghost. There is spiritual excitement as we pause to look at the past victories of the Pentecostal movement, but greater excitement as we contemplate our glorious future. Our hearts quicken in anticipation. For the vision is clearer now. God's purpose is to pour out His Spirit upon all flesh. We are living to see it. His power shall be increased!

Great segments of the historic church world are moving today toward new working relationships. Unprecedented events occur with each passing year—ecumenical councils, papal visits—all of which point significantly to the coming of the Lord.

While the world streaks toward becoming one community commercially, politically, and culturally, and while the nominal churches seek a similar collectivism, we must be watchful. We guard the spiritual heritage that is ours. We refresh our spiritual vitality and appropriate the Spirit's power which is given that we may be like Jesus—looking, living, loving as He did. We can fulfill the purpose of Pentecost: to establish the Lord's church in the hearts of men everywhere, a church that will be ready when He comes.



*For a story about Wesley Hurst, Sr. receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit, see *Heritage*, winter 2001-02.



The late Wesley R. Hurst, Jr. (1922-1987), served as a missionary and Far East field director. His widow June Hurst lives in Springfield, Missouri. Their missionary sons are Jhan and Randy. Jhan has served in the Far East. Randy is director of AGWM Media/Fundraising and director of the Commission on Evangelism. Wesley's brother D. V. Hurst, Kirkland, Washington—mentioned in the story—ministered at Headquarters and is president emeritus of Northwest Assemblies of God College and is president of

Asia Theological Centre for Evangelism and Missions, Singapore.

ALICE FLAGSTAD

Pure Gold

By Arleen Wixtrom

In describing the life of Alice Flagstad, her son Jim Anderson said, "She was able to transcend pain and grief and came out like pure gold."

Alice, a minister with the Assemblies of God, had many disappointments and trials in her lifetime, beginning with the loss of her family as a small child. It was traumatic for a 2-year-old to lose a mother, father, and siblings, and to relocate with strangers.

Years later when Alice married Ted Anderson in 1932 and times were hard for their family, it was her strength of character that kept everyone together. Alice and "Teddy" met at Bethel Baptist College in St. Paul when some students locked the two of them in the library together. Alice fell deeply in love with broad-shouldered Ted, who was a photographer and artist. Eventually Ted also became a carpenter, machinist, and had hundreds of inventions to his credit. He also had great wit as a storyteller.

A year after Alice and Ted's marriage, in the late summer of 1933, a great revival broke out in Willmar, Minnesota. Christians from all denominations—Mission Covenant, Baptist, Methodist, and Lutheran—had been getting together for prayer. When altar calls were given during revival meetings, spiritually hungry people literally ran to the altars crying for salvation. They were hungry for more of God, more spiritual power, and more concern for the lost. Those looking for a deeper Christian experience found it in the

manifestations of the Holy Spirit and in reading the Word of God. Many were called into the Lord's work at this time.

Because of this revival, Ted and Alice, already staunch Christians, were drawn into a deeper commitment to Christ. They were called to become ordained Assemblies of God pastors and later shared a ministry together. Alice said, "We do not know how God will move, but he desires us to be emp-

tyed of self in any form and yielded to Him. We were just filled vessels (with the Holy Spirit) He could use."

Between them, they ministered at churches in Barnesville, Litchfield, and Sauk Center. Ted was very tender to Alice, and they were very close. When Ted died in 1960, Alice showed her strong and resilient nature. Labeled as a pioneer of her time and an excellent speaker, she kept on with the ministry in Litchfield, Minnesota. She later remarried and moved to Sacred Heart, Minnesota. Alice had moved 26 times in 25 years. By 1990 she had moved 32 times, even living in a tent at one time during her ministry. In her later years Alice was loved as a Sunday school teacher and a VBS leader in Willmar.

Eighty-nine-year-old Vila Baker, who still attends the Assembly of God of Willmar, was a friend of Alice. She met Alice and Ted 69 years ago when they began coming to the Willmar revival meetings in January of 1934. The Swedish Methodist church was packed every night for many weeks. Vila says that the body of believers had never heard such preaching like that of E. Elsworth Krogstad.

After each meeting, Vila and the other young people could hardly wait for the next meeting. Vila says that they were a blessed and happy people and loved everybody. Both Alice and Vila spoke of persecution in the early days. But the more the new converts were talked about and made fun of, the more others became interested. Night after night people were saved, filled with the Holy Spirit, and joined with the other believers.

The Assembly of God of Willmar was started by these new converts after Vila's husband Charles circulated a petition to build a church. Alice said that God called all of them into His vineyard, and they pioneered a church with children who had never before gone to church. The church has flourished since the beginning, and many from the church have gone into the ministry. Since its humble beginnings, three new buildings have been constructed to accommodate the overflow of new believers. In later years, Alice talked about how pleased she was to see the growth of the church and to listen to the talented congregation, singing and playing instruments unto the Lord.

During the Great Depression in the 1930s, times were hard, and it was a real work of faith to build the church. It was also a hard time for ministers. The pay was poor for those who chose this profession. But Alice was trustworthy in all areas of her life. She made sure the bills were paid and had the discipline she needed to prepare sermons and



Alice Rose Flagstad

entertain parishioners, while running a household with three sons. Sometimes she would stay up all night to see that her obligations were met. Alice was a woman of conviction, serious about her Lord, and yet she had a sense of humor through it all. She wrote in her memoirs, "Laughter doeth good like medicine." Her youngest son Mark Anderson described her as gutsy with an incredible personality.

When Ted felt called to Litchfield to pioneer a church, they spent much time in prayer for the Lord's direction. They lived by Proverbs 3:6: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," and also by Exodus 33:14: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." They bought a house in Litchfield with a large downstairs, and began looking for people to come to their church. Little by little the congregation grew until they were able to buy a little white church and move it into town. On moving day, they laughed and cried. With great joy, they sang; "The Ark Is Coming Up the Road."

Alice was known to her congregations as a tremendous preacher and teacher. She also showered a great amount of love on everyone in the church. Large numbers of people have testified how she helped them. When someone in the congregation ached, she ached with them. One woman, under Alice's ministry, went through tremendous difficulties. She speaks of Alice with love, "The Lord was so gracious to bring Alice into my life during those hard years."

Alice had a great love for literature. As a child, she had been shy and turned to books for her companions. As an adult, she was a great reader, speaker, and a master of the written word. She instilled in her children this love of learning. Alice's boys seem to have inherited their mother's sensitive nature, as well as their father's ability to create and invent. Jim is a former English professor and Christian radio announcer in Phoenix, Arizona. David and Mark are engineers. David is in Golden, Colorado, and Mark in Eden Prairie, Minnesota. Alice's descendants also include eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. As a typical grandmother, she adored these children, in fact, thought them to be perfect—the cutest and the best in the whole world.

Just as all Christians, Alice was not born with the qualities that made her strong during hardships. She did not just try to love others and be a good example on her own. Through her trials, she learned the secret of allowing herself to be made over by God. By abandoning herself to God, she let Him do a work in her life.

Alice Flagstad's life was one of many accomplishments, but her greatest attribute was her willingness to go through the fire. She came out refined, as pure gold.



Arleen Wixtrom has written more than 500 articles, stories, and activities that have appeared in more than 60 magazines and papers. She lives in Republic Michigan.

From the Author

When Assemblies of God minister Alice Anderson Flagstad's name appeared in the *Pentecostal Evangel* under "Deaths" I felt a sadness to know I would never meet this grand lady.

Two years earlier I had received a letter from Alice. She had read one of my articles in the *Evangel*. She wrote, "I noticed you live in Republic, Michigan. It so happens I was born there to Mary and John Erickson."

Alice went on to say that her mother had died when she was 2 years old. Her grandmother took Alice and her oldest brother to live with their uncle, a Baptist minister in Willmar, Minnesota. Alice left behind her dad, three brothers, and a sister in Republic, a family she would never again be a part of. She saw her father only once in later years, but as an adult she kept in contact with her brothers and sister through letters and visits. When Alice arrived in Willmar, Christina Anderstrom, a childless widow in her uncle's church, became the only mother Alice ever knew. Stina adored Alice, calling her a "God-send."

Even in her 80s, Alice still had a strong desire to know about her past. She asked me many questions and then wrote, "Any information you can give me concerning my Dad or my background, I would greatly appreciate."

When Alice told me who her parents were, I was excited to tell her that I was very familiar with her background. My husband had just received a family history from his cousin that read:

"On March 29, 1851, Erik Gustaf Eriksson married Martha Magdalena Ericsson in Burtrask, Sweden. They had six children. Their son, Erik Ericksson (changed to Erickson) and his family came to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan from Sweden in 1878. Erik's younger brother, Johan Ericksson (changed to John Wixtrom) and his family moved from Sweden to Republic, Michigan in 1891."

Erik was Alice's grandfather and his brother John was grandfather to my husband Bruce.

A number of wonderful letters followed as Alice and I got to know each other better. We wrote of our families and our interests. We also talked about things of the Lord. Alice wrote, "He came to give us life and more abundantly. How merciful He is, not willing that any should perish, but that all shall accept His salvation and live for all eternity."

While researching this article, people told me that Alice was a *saint*. Alice's sons, Jim, David, and Mark Anderson heard their mother called this as well. But they also knew their mother as human, as we all are, with human failings. David probably said it the best when he told me his mother was not a saint, but closer to being one than anyone he ever knew. When we think of a saint in the Christian context of one who believes in Christ as their Savior, Alice certainly qualifies. Near the end of her life, she waited for her Savior to bring her home. In Alice's last letter to me she wrote, "The Bridegroom is coming! What a day that will be!" Alice died August 14, 1996.

The Birth of A Church

FIRST ASSEMBLY IN CEDAR RAPIDS

By Wayne Warner

How many couples do you know who have been married 70 years? And how many do you know who also started a church 62 years ago? Probably not too many if any.

But here's one couple: Ivan and Beatrice Kramer, Rockwall, Texas. They were married on December 24, 1932, and founded what became First Assembly in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1940. They just observed their 70th anniversary the day before Christmas.

The Assemblies of God came into existence early in April 1914, in Hot Springs, Arkansas. For the past 88 years whenever the denomination observes its birthday, Ivan Roy Kramer celebrates his own. For he was born April 1, 1914, a few hundred miles from Hot Springs in Linn County, Iowa.

Beatrice Alfreada (Wheeler) Kramer is the daughter of a farmer-turned Assemblies of God minister, Luther Wheeler. She was a toddler in Hanston, Kansas, when her future husband and the Assemblies of God were birthed in April 1914. She observed her 90th birthday last August 8. She and Ivan met after Beatrice's parents moved the family to Cedar Rapids. Some 25 miles north of Cedar Rapids, in Spring Grove Methodist Church, Wheeler began holding meetings in the early 1930s in which several people in the area were converted—including a young farm boy by the name of Ivan Kramer. The rest is history.

Today Cedar Rapids First Assembly is a thriving church of 800 members and a Sunday morning average attendance of 1,671. Under the leadership of Pastor Larry Sohn, the church has experienced a revival during the past few years. One of his staff members, Bernard Reece—no spring chicken



Church members and the pastors, Ivan and Beatrice Kramer, at a KWCR radio program in Cedar Rapids. Ivan is standing in the center, and Beatrice is on the left with the accordion.

himself at 87 in January—is the seniors pastor and writer of the 50th anniversary booklet for the church in 1990. *Heritage* is indebted to Pastor Reece for material used in this story to call attention to the Kramers and Cedar Rapids First Assembly. Reece, incidentally, was also converted in that Spring Creek Methodist Church under the ministry of Pastor Wheeler. Including Reece and Kramer, seven converts went into the ministry from the Spring Creek church.

From Cedar Rapids in 1954, the Kramers took their ministry north to Minnesota. Here they pastored in Fairmont and International Falls, evangelized, and administered nursing homes. When they retired, they settled in Rockwall, Texas. Six of their seven children are living, and they are planning to celebrate the couple's 70th anniversary in the spring when more of the family can attend.

A Growing Church in Cedar Rapids

By Bernard Reece

Fifty years ago God birthed the vision for this church in the hearts of two young preachers, Ivan and Beatrice Kramer. God promised to heal Brother Kramer's serious back injury if he would leave his farm and return to preaching. With Brother Kramer's obedience came God's anointing to those early days with 40 people in a rented storefront on 7th Street S.E.

Ivan Kramer started a construction company around this time to help support his family. Only God knew at this time that this company would be used for His glory in later years.

In 1943 the Kramers moved



Ivan and Beatrice Kramer.

This Sunday school group of what became First Assembly, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, gathers for a photograph outside their double garage church building in May 1945. Pastor Kramer is on the far right. The church now has 800 members and runs more than 1600 in the morning worship services.

services into their home on 11th Street N.E. In 1945, Brother Kramer built a double-wide garage on the back of his lot to accommodate the growing congregation.

Bessie Young remembers the street meetings held most Sunday afternoons in Green Square Park in downtown Cedar Rapids. Right after the Sunday morning service, many of the church's congregation would visit the city jail for ministry, then move to the park for singing, testimonies and preaching. Also, a weekly radio broadcast was done during this time on KWCR.

Brother Kramer wasn't the only preacher in the family. Beatrice Kramer, while managing a household with seven children, preached most Sunday mornings. In a recent interview, Sister Kramer remembers the frustrations she felt when realizing people were getting saved under her husband's preaching but not when she spoke. Bea says God finally showed her that He was using her preaching to cause spiritual growth and maturity in the Body and her husband for the evangelism.

Baptismal services were held regularly in the Cedar River. One memorable baptism occurred when Sam Madlom, Jr. desired to get baptized one

cold day in March. Pastor Kramer and a few men from the church literally had to cut through the ice on the river in order to baptize Brother Madlom.

First Assembly continued to grow under God's anointing and the leadership of Brother and Sister Kramer. In 1948, land was purchased by the Kramers at 1101 Oakland Road N.E. with construction beginning in 1949 and completed in 1954.

But the congregation did not wait for the building to be completed. They began meeting in the basement in February of 1950, moving into the partially completed upstairs in September of 1951. Much of the actual cost of building the new church came from Kramer Construction Company, which Brother Kramer started in those first years in Cedar Rapids. The actual bricks for the church were made in a machine Kramer purchased in 1950.

It was also during this time that the church changed its name from "Full Gospel Assembly" to First Assembly of God of Cedar Rapids. But God was not finished. Though average attendance at this time was 80 to 100 people, God had a greater work in store.

According to Sister Kramer, it was a long, hard process filled with discouragements and triumphs, but "The

thing that stands out in my mind above everything else is how precious the presence of the Lord was through all of those times."

It was also in 1954 that the Kramers felt led to leave the Cedar Rapids area for a new church in Minnesota. As is always true, the parting was hard. The church in Cedar Rapids had grown so much in the 14 years since its beginning.

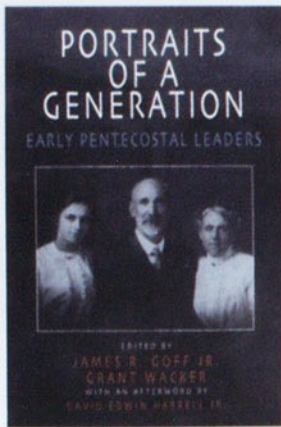
In a letter to the Kramers, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Madlom, Sr. wrote a touching good-bye: "It is going to be hard to have you leave, but God knows best, and we have to do what we know is right ... someday God may send you back to us, and I hope each one you leave now will be here then and a lot of new ones. May God bless you in your work and keep His hands on you and all of your children."

Mr. and Mrs. Carl (Fern) Kenney wrote, "Your lives and testimony have meant a lot to us, and we thank God for your faith in Him, for the wisdom you've shown, for putting your hands to the plow and not turning or looking back, but living the truth that we go forward in Christ."



From "The Birth of First Assembly in Cedar Rapids," 1990.

Seen in Print



Portraits of a Generation, Early Pentecostal Leaders, edited by James R. Goff, Jr., and Grant Wacker.

Historian David Edwin Harrell, Jr., wrote in the Afterword, "In the twentieth century Pentecostals reshaped the religious demography of the world. It is difficult to judge accurately their numbers at the present time, but the spread of the movement is probably the most important Protestant story of the twentieth century."

Are you interested in people who contributed to the origin and development of the Pentecostal movement? Do you want to know more? Here is a single volume that will help with 20 significant studies on leaders who cannot be overlooked in the study of the movement. The book is divided into three groups: Forerunners, Visionaries, and Builders.

Forerunners: John Alexander Dowie, E. L. Harvey, Charles Price Jones, Frank Sandford, and Alma White.

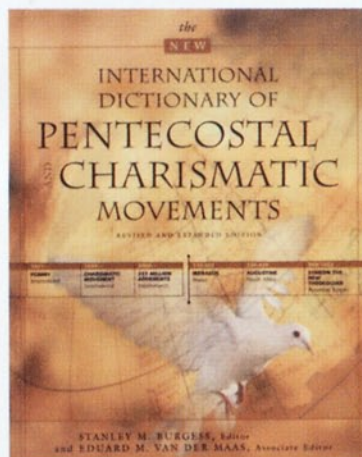
Visionaries: Minnie Abrams, Frank Bartleman, William Durham, Thomas Hampton Gourley, Alice Luce, Francisco Olazabal, Maria Woodworth-Etter.

Builders: Florence Crawford, G. T. Haywood, Charles H. Mason, Carrie Judd Montgomery, Antonio Castaneda, Ida B. Robinson, George

Floyd Taylor, A. J. Tomlinson.

Contributors who have also written for the *Assemblies of God Heritage* include Grant Wacker, James R. Goff, Jr., Gary McGee, Edith Blumhofer, Everett Wilson, Cecil M. Robeck, Jr., David Bundy, Vinson Synan, Roger Robins, and Wayne Warner. Along with the other 10 writers, in the words of David Edwin Harrell, they make these chapters brim "with intriguing tales of bold and adventuresome religious pioneers launching out into new and uncharted waters."

The book is published by the University of Arkansas Press, Fayetteville. It has 430 pages, photographs of each leader, and endnotes and index. \$34.95.



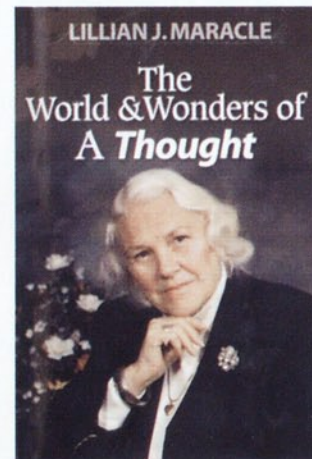
The New International Dictionary of Pentecostal and Charismatic Movements, Edited by Stanley M. Burgess, and Eduard M. van der Maas.

Based on the 1988 *Dictionary of Pentecostal and Charismatic Movements*, this revised and expanded work is worth waiting for. And what a treasure it is! The original dictionary focused on North America; now the new work includes exhaustive coverage of Pentecostal and charismatic movements in 60

countries and regions—individual histories, cultural and theological aspects, and key figures and institutions. A statistical section has a wealth of current information on the growth of classical Pentecostalism as well as charismatic and neocharismatic movements. It includes 1,000 articles and 500 photos, illustrations, maps, and timeline.

The major parts are Global Survey, Global Statistics, and the Dictionary. Contributors include FPHC staff members Glenn Gohr and Wayne Warner, and many others who have contributed to the *Assemblies of God Heritage*.

The book has 1278 pages and is priced at \$49.99. It is published by Zondervan, Grand Rapids, Michigan. This book and *Portraits of a Generation* are highly recommended for pastors, teachers, and anyone else interested in learning more about the Assemblies of God and other Pentecostal and charismatic groups and people.

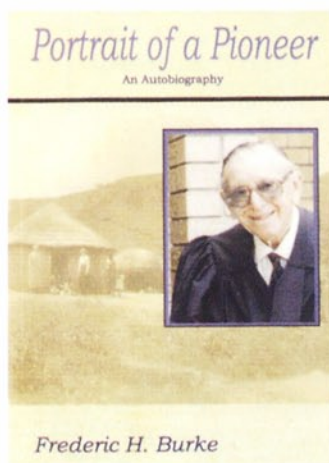


The World & Wonders of A Thought, by Lillian J. Maracle.

The author recently wrote to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center and donated her new book to the collection. Dr. Gerard (Dah Hodah) and Peta (Uts Sto Hoh) Roberts wrote, "The God and Creator of the heavens and Mother earth, the

God of the great Mohawk warrior Andrew Maracle, Sr. (Karoniaktakeh) and the God of Lillian J. Maracle (Katsigiohawah) is that Hope.” Within the covers of this book is a lyrical tapestry, woven with the observations, memories, emotions, prayers and revelations of one godly caregiver, wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and widow. Take a glimpse as Lillian opens the window of her soul and pours out her thoughts in quiet meditation and honest reflection. Throughout the pages of this book is the consistent reminder that God is the Hope for a lost and dying world, an oppressed people and a broken hearted individual.

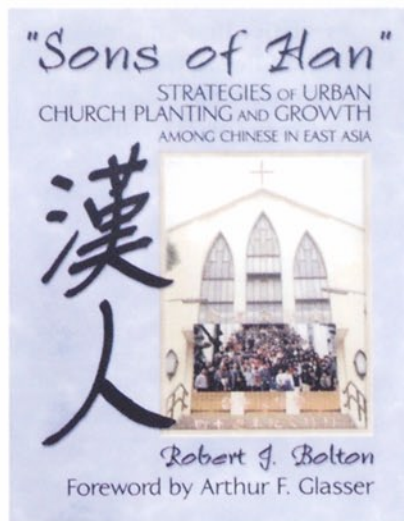
The book is available from the author, Box 173, Deseronto, Ontario, Canada K0K 1X0. Canada, \$12.95. U.S., \$10.95. The author’s late husband Andrew Maracle spent 5 hours with Wayne Warner in 1992, telling his life story from the Mohawk Reservation in Canada to the ministry in the Assemblies of God. The recordings are available through the FPHC.



Portrait of a Pioneer, an Autobiography by Frederic H. Burke. He first went to South Africa as a missionary in 1921. This past June—81 years later—Fred Burke, at age 102, entered the presence of the Lord whom he served. Fortunately, last year he published this 96-page autobiography. The book is well illustrated with early and later

photographs. Even though he no longer is a familiar figure in South Africa, his students continue preaching the gospel and teaching as Burke taught. He was instrumental in helping to train more than 10,000 leaders during the 81 years he spent in Africa.

The book is available for \$7.50 postpaid from Robert Bolton, 200 Lincoln Ave., Havertown, PA 19083.

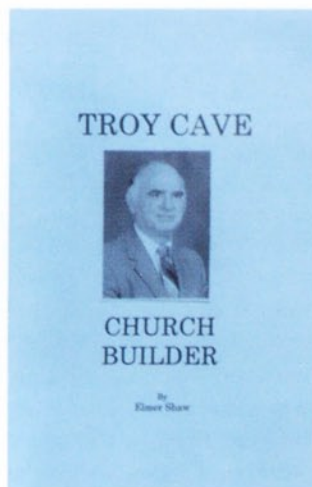


Sons of Han, Strategies of Urban Church Planting and Growth Among Chinese in East Asia, by Robert J. Bolton.

The author was born in Kunming, China, in 1929, son of Assemblies of God missionary parents, Leonard and Ada Buchwalter Bolton. After receiving his college training at Central Bible College, he ministered with his parents in Jamaica for 6 months. In 1955 he and his wife, the former Evelyn Burke, began missionary work on Taiwan. He draws from Taiwan some of the case studies used in this book. Other case studies are from Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, and the Philippines. The author and his wife also wrote the Gospel Publishing House book *China Call* (a biography of Robert’s parents) and helped to produce *Portrait of a Pioneer* (a biography of Evelyn’s parents).

Sons of Han is available for \$9.50 postpaid from the author at 200

Lincoln Avenue, Havertown, PA 19083.



Troy Cave, Church Builder, by Elmer Shaw.

The author wrote that Troy Cave will “go down in the annals of the Appalachian District as a Great Preacher. He preached great sermons, but it might be better to say he was a great man who was a preacher.” This little booklet helps fill the gaps of Assemblies of God ministers with particular gifts. Troy Cave’s gifts were preaching and building.

Cave joined the U.S. Marines 6 months before the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and in August 1942 his First Marine Division landed on the island of Guadalcanal. But his battles were more against the mosquitoes than they were with the Japanese. His fourth attack of malaria sent him back to the states aboard a hospital ship. Following his marriage and release from the service, he enrolled at Central Bible College to train for the ministry. He later attended Southeastern Bible College where he also worked part time as a builder, a trade he would use many times in constructing churches, parsonages, and an office for the Appalachian District.

Troy and Vergie Cave are both past 80 and live in Daleville, Virginia. Elmer Shaw is a layman in St. Albans, West Virginia. The book is available at \$5 from the author at 315 Kanawha Terrace, Saint Albans, WV 25177.

Photos from our Past

To the Regions Beyond Missionary Prayer Reminders

This inspirational message was found on the back of a missionary prayer reminder for Mrs. Eunice Princic, during the time she was serving as a missionary to the Belgian Congo (now Democratic Republic of the Congo), from 1935-1943. She later served as a missionary in Kenya, East Africa. This poem demonstrates the strong commitment and sacrifice that our missionaries have made throughout the years, whether serving in Africa, China, India, the Middle East, South America, or some other far off field to spread the gospel. Although technological advances have changed the way missionaries minister, the trusty prayer reminder is still very much in use in the 21st century. Here are prayer reminders selected from the FPHC collection. Perhaps you will remember some of these missionaries who often left their families and friends with the idea that they would meet again in heaven. And many did not return. (See the Huldah Needham story on page 12.)

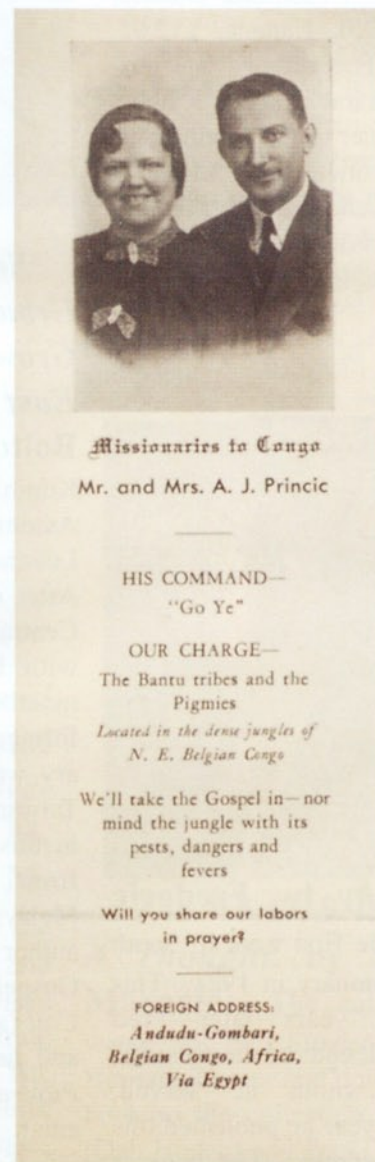
Let Me Go Back! Words of a Missionary

Let me go back! I am homesick
For the land of my love and toil
Though I thrill at the sight of my native hills,
The touch of my native soil.
Thank God for the dear home country,
Unconquered and free and grand!
But the far-off shores of Africa for me
Are the shores of the Promised Land.

No longer young—I know it—
And battered and worn and gray,
bear in my body the marks that tell
Of many a toil-filled day;
But 'tis long to the end of a lifetime
And the hour for the sun to set.
My heart is eager for years to come;
Let me work for the Master yet!

My brain is dazed and wearied
With the New World's stress and strife,
With the race for money and place and power
And the whirl of the nation's life.
Let me go back! Such pleasures
And pains are not for me;
But, oh! for a share in the harvest-home
Of the fields beyond the sea.

For there are my chosen people,
And that is my place to fill,
To spend the last of my life and strength
In doing my Master's will.
Let me go back; 'Tis nothing
To suffer and do and dare;
For the Lord has faithfully kept His Word,
He is 'with me always' there.



MISSIONARIES TO CHINA



Glenn and Pauline Dunn

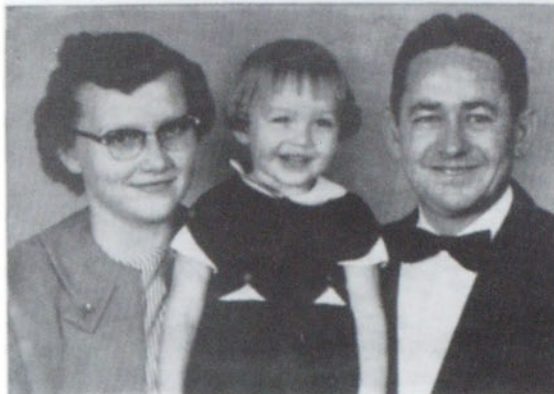
*Stir me, O stir me Lord, I care not how;
But Stir my heart in passion for the world:
Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray;
Stir, 'till the Blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,
O'er deserts where no Cross is lifted high.*

And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be
preached in all the world for a witness unto
all nations; and then shall the end come.
Matt. 24:14.

Home Address
2914 Jones Street
Greenville, Texas

In Fellowship With:
General Council
of the
Assemblies of God.

ASSEMBLIES OF GOD MISSIONARIES TO BURMA



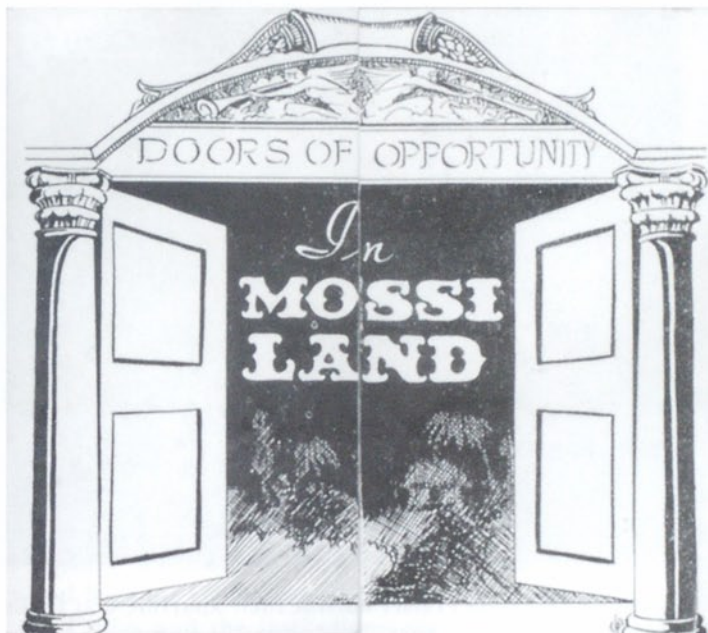
GLENN, KATHLEEN
and
SONDRA KAY STAFFORD

Addresses:

HOME: 810 N. Pierce St.
Amarillo, Texas

FOREIGN: 11 Windermere Road
Rangoon, Burma

"And they went forth, and preached every where,
the Lord working with them, and confirming
the word with signs following."—Mark 16:20.



YOUR AMBASSADORS



Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Kitch and Paul

Time Frame

That Was Pioneering!

By Gordon F. Preiser

When I see young preachers living in modern homes or comfortable condos with all the modern conveniences, I wonder if they know what pioneering was like. I know; I was there.

The year was 1948. It was the dead of winter, and I was about to become pastor of my first church, in Dickson City, Pennsylvania, just north of Scranton. I had been informed that the congregation had no church building. They worshipped on the third floor of an Odd Fellows Hall.

They had no parsonage, either, but a family in the church offered to give us room and board for \$15 a week until we could find an apartment. We moved in with the Davis family in Scranton on the Scranton-Dickson City line, across from the Glen Alden Colliery, the largest coal mine in the world.

There was no hot water. The only spigot was a cold-water tap in the kitchen, and the only hot water was what was kept in the kettle on the combination coal-and-gas range! The only heat was provided by a coal-burning parlor stove in the middle of the first floor, which was their dining room. A register in the ceiling allowed heat to rise into the Davises' bedroom above the heater, but our bedroom was the front room—with no heat. The only way we could get heat in our room was to open our door after we had settled in under the covers, to let in whatever heat could find its way up the stairway to filter into our room. What does the old song say? "I've got my love to keep me warm."

There was no bathroom in the house. In one corner of the Davises' bedroom was an enclosed toilet with a drape hung in front of it for a door. We had to go through their bedroom to this toilet if we needed to go during the night. There was no bathtub and no shower. We were given a small electric heater and a basin and took baths in our cold room. Much to our joy, after a month or so, we found a three-room apartment for \$25 a month. There was no hot water but there was a bathroom with a sink and tub.

The only heat was from another parlor coal stove, so the first thing I did was order some coal. But I had never ordered coal before. When the man at the coal company asked me whether I wanted nut, pea or stove coal, I reasoned that since this was a stove, I needed stove coal.

Well, when the coal truck came and dumped that ton of stove coal at our back door, I went to my wife and said,

"Honey! Look what I've done!" There was a ton of huge clinkers! I learned too late that I should have ordered pea coal, but I sure couldn't send back that ton of stove coal. So with hammer in hand, I began to break up the clinkers. It wasn't long before I gave up and determined that I would burn that coal whatever it took!

"Pioneering! How many beginners in the ministry today know what it is to pioneer like this?"

But not only had I never ordered coal before, I had never made or kept a coal fire before. I knew that I had to leave the damper open a bit or we wouldn't get enough heat



Esther and Gordon Preiser outside their apartment at Dickson City, Pennsylvania in 1948.

through the night. But the next morning, to my dismay, the fire had burned out! I had left the damper open too much. "Tonight I'll close it down some," I thought. The next morning we awoke to find the fire still burning slightly—but the house was still cold!

How could I get this thing regulated? If I left the damper open enough to provide us with sufficient heat, the fire would burn out before morning. What to do? I set my alarm for 3 a.m., got up and threw coal on the fire and went back to bed! And it was warm the next morning.

While we were expecting our first child, we decided something had to be done. We couldn't have a new baby in that cold house. We went to Sears and purchased an oil-burning space heater.

When my dad visited us from New York, he bought a 55-gallon drum, which he set up behind the back door. He connected the drum to the space heater with a gravity-fed copper line, and our heating problem was solved.

Dad had been a plumbing and heating contractor all his life, and when he found we had no hot water, he installed a side-arm gas water heater in the little dirt-floor basement. Now we had hot water as well as gas for our kitchen combination coal-and-gas range.

Pioneering! How many beginners in the ministry today know what it is to pioneer like this? We didn't even have an icebox or refrigerator. Dad had given us a porcelain can, which had been the bottom of an apartment clothes washer, and we used it for our refrigerator. I would go down to the railroad yard and buy a 10-cent piece of ice from the ice car and carry it home on the bumper of my 1936 Ford. I put it in the can, and we positioned our perishables around it.

Fortunately, one of the men in our church who was a refrigeration man discovered our predicament one day when he came to the house. At church the following Sunday, he came up to me and said, "Pastor, I want you to come to my house and pick out a box."

We went to his home and looked over his collection of used refrigerators and selected one he recommended. It was a brand we had never heard of, but it worked—and we had a real refrigerator!

Did we know what pioneering was? I'll say we did.

Gordon D. Preiser is a retired Assemblies of God pastor living in Eustis, Florida. This story from 55 years ago at his first pastorate in Dickson City Pennsylvania, is a reprint from the March 2002 *Good Old Days* and is used by permission.

Testimony Time

These Are the Craigs I Remember

By Curtis W. Ringness

Last fall I talked with Curtis W. Ringness about a negative report that an individual wrote about Robert and Mary Craig during the Great Depression. The Craigs founded Glad Tidings Temple and Glad Tidings Bible Institute in San Francisco. The school is now Bethany College of the Assemblies of God, Scotts Valley, California. Because Ringness attended GTBI in the 1930s (see "The Three Norsemen," in the fall issue), I asked him to give our readers a look at Robert and Mary Craig as he saw them. He was pleased to write this positive statement about his mentors and friends. For an earlier feature on the Craigs and the institutions, see

Everett Wilson's "Robert J. Craig's Glad Tidings and the Realization of a Vision for 100,000 Souls," summer 1988.—Wayne Warner, Editor

It is difficult to think that anyone would have a negative report or viewpoint about Robert and Mary Craig. It would be interesting to read the article you referred to. Attacking successful men and women of God has always been the sport of critics.

While Ted [Ness] and Lloyd [Christiansen] were with me recently, I asked that they share their judgment of the Craigs. They were in total agreement with what I expressed to you on the phone, that Robert and Mary Craig were two of the most godly and self-sacrificing servants of God we had ever known.

My initial personal contact with Robert Craig was in the first early morning chapel service after enrolling as a student in Glad Tidings Bible Institute (now Bethany College). Throughout our undergraduate years he brought the 6:30 a.m. devotional without fail. They were always brief, to the point and rich in spir-

itual context. The presentations were practical, helpful, and uncompromising in defense of the gospel. He instilled in the students a respect and love for the whole of God's Word.

At the first chapel service Brother Craig made it very clear to the students that they had enrolled in a ministerial training institution; and if they had other expectations, they were in the wrong place. Students would be treated and respected as ministers, and they were to offer the same respect and courtesy to their schoolmates. We were to speak, dress, and to conduct ourselves as ministers.

Because of Robert Craig's spiritual stature and loving, humble, and forthright manner, the students embraced the policies and rules. Perhaps we knew we had no other choice, but I believe we all soberly realized we were truly God's anointed, much like the members of Elijah's School of the Prophets. It is possible students today would respond favorably to positive and disciplined leadership.



Robert and Mary Craig

I realize you already have rather complete information of the Craigs' lives and ministry in your files. What I say may be repetitive. My memory is still quite keen, and I share from information I gleaned from written records from students, from members at Glad Tidings Temple, and in personal contacts with the Craigs. On two occasions I had dinner with them in their small apartment

while a student. The conversation always centered on the spiritual growth and progress of the students.

Robert and Mary Craig sacrificed lives of comfort and ease to obey God's leading after receiving the Pentecostal experience. Brother Craig was a well-respected Methodist minister when God led him into the Pentecostal mission ministry in San Francisco. He married Mary McCullough, a Bible teacher, and together they developed a great ministry from humble beginnings. Their passion was to win souls, and many who found Christ in the mission ministry and later in the great church and Bible college become leaders in full gospel ministry around the world. Brother Craig's goal was to win 100,000 souls to Christ. That number was exceeded many times by the thousands of ministers, missionaries, and laymen who went out from the church and school in fulfillment of Robert J. Craig's vision.

I was told that during their mission ministry days it was not unusual for the Craigs to give up their bed for a sick convert. They always lived in or near their mission. After the Temple and Bible Institute were completed, they

lived in a small apartment on the second floor of the dormitory building. Mrs. Craig had received a sizable inheritance which she donated to the church and the school building fund. This I was told by leading laymen of the church while a student. During my last year as a student I worked part time in the business office and was impressed with the unbelievable sacrifice of the Craigs, the officials, and instructors of the church and school. It had a lasting impression on my life.

While a member of the school's male quartet (Ted Ness, Ted Henke, Elwin Argue and Curtis Ringness), I traveled several thousand miles one summer on the west coast and in Canada holding concerts and recruiting students. Robert Craig let us use his old Willys Knight automobile. The 10-year-old car was another proof that the Craigs never indulged in an extravagant lifestyle. Their interest and investments were totally in soul-winning ministries.

The Craigs were loved, honored, and respected not only by the church, the school, and staff, but also by the city of San Francisco. Only honest and totally committed servants of God could leave such a remarkable and lasting legacy.

From Our Readers

Remembering Friends of the Past

Thanks for another good issue of *Heritage* [fall 2002]. I always find names of people I have known (such as Maybell and Verne MacKinney, J. K. Gressett, Herbert Bruhn, and even a photo of dear Mother Bamford, our dean of women at Southwestern Bible School in Enid, Oklahoma. I was Mother Bamford's personal maid during my first year at Southwestern. Quite an education in itself!).

I have a photo of the student body and faculty of Southwestern, taken May 2, 1941, by one of P. C. Nelson's sons. The photo is 28" long, and about 6 1/2" high. I graduated that year, the last year Southwestern was in Enid, Oklahoma. If you would like it for the Archives, I would be glad to send it. Blessings!

Elva Hoover
Lakeland, Florida

Yes, we need the photo. Thank you for thinking of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. After Elva Johnson Hoover left Southwestern, she ministered in the mountains

of eastern Kentucky (see "A Woman Ministering in the Kentucky Mountains," winter 1985-86). She served at the national headquarters for 30 years, the last 10 years as secretary of the Women's Ministries Department (1975-85).

The Three Norsemen

I wish to thank you for your excellent magazine. How good it is to keep in touch with our roots and Godly heritage.

Just recently I read the "Heritage Letter," "The Three Norsemen" [Lloyd Christiansen, Ted Ness, and Curtis Ringness, fall 2002], and found it extremely interesting, and it really touched heart-and-home since my father is Lloyd Christiansen.

Recently the Three Norsemen had a reunion at Palm Desert, Calif., where Curtis and GiGi Ringness reside. My parents flew out here from Tulsa, for their annual trip to see California relatives. We were able to arrange this special meeting of lifelong friends (78 years) when Ted and Miriam Ness made the trek from Turlock, Calif., as well. Mere

words could not do justice to this memorable reunion, but the warm and wonderful camaraderie was ever present, and they were full of good living and exuberant with joy!

Thank you again, Wayne Warner, for all you have contributed to the Assemblies of God in keeping the legacies alive! God bless you.

Carol Christiansen Russell
Lake San Marcos, Calif.



This happy group met in Palm Desert, California, in November for a reunion. From the left, Ted and Miriam Ness, Lloyd and Vivian Christiansen, Curtis and GiGi Ringness. The men have been life-long friends.

Researching Church History

Dear Mr. Gohr:

Thanks for your prompt response to my request regarding information on the Chelsea, Oklahoma, Assembly of God.

For years I have delved into history of our small community, and am delighted to have this information. Of course, this is of great interest to the members of the Assembly of God, which is probably the most active of our many houses of worship.

Thank you, and God's blessings on you and yours.

Donna McSpadden
Chelsea, Oklahoma

More on Minnesota Campground

I can verify that the tabernacle photo in the summer issue is at Lake Geneva, Minnesota. I have been there many times throughout the past decades. That snapshot must have been taken during the 1930s or 40s. With all the American flags displayed, it may have been on a July 4th.

As a young boy, my first experience at Lake Geneva Bible Camp was with my parents, Ralph and Esther Pratt. We were born again in the early 1940s under the ministry of Pastor Helen Jepsen at the Clarkfield Full Gospel Tabernacle.

Here are a few things I remember (other readers might reminisce too): before the cabins were built, we stayed in

tents at the campground, and ants would get into our food; money pledges were taken by spinning a big wheel; the benches were hard to sit on; the prayer room behind the front of the tabernacle was always full of people.

Recently we attended a wedding at the old campground tabernacle. The bride and groom, Jill Neiman and Bryce Moltemyr, had met here and decided to use the facility for their wedding.

My church is Sunrise Assembly of God, St. Peter, Minnesota, and Greg Stone is our pastor. My wife and I are both retired and will be 70 on our next birthday. The career of print has been my livelihood. I'm former editor and publisher of the *Boyd Advisor*, a Minnesota weekly.

Recently a close friend, retired pastor Bob Friesen, went to be with Jesus. My memory goes back to the time we sang in a quartet with Roger and Don Pankratz at this same Lake Geneva Camp. The memories are great!

Thanks so much for *Heritage*. We really enjoy reading it. May God richly bless you and the staff.

Richard D. Pratt
North Mankato, Minnesota



David Neiman, St. Peter, Minnesota, escorts his daughter Jill down the aisle of the Lake Geneva Campground tabernacle. She became the bride of Bryce Moltemyr.

Enjoys Reading *Heritage*

I do enjoy *Heritage*. Keep up the good work. You put out a wonderful magazine.

Marjorie Andrasek
Garden City, Kansas

Osterberg Story Brings Back Memories

Page 32 [Arthur and Dean Osterberg] of the fall issue, brought back many memories of the 30s. At that time when I was 14, my grandparents and my brother and I left Illinois and moved to Huntington Park and later to Maywood, California. I was saved the summer of 1931 in a tent revival held by the Echolses, Assemblies of God evangelists. The Maywood pastors attended that revival. Thus our

acquaintance with them. For a short time we attended the Foursquare Church in Huntington Park, being baptized by Sister McPherson at the Temple.

Sometime later that summer we moved to Maywood and thereafter grew in the Lord under the ministry of the Ericksons [Arthur and Lucinda], in the services, Bible study, and their Bible school. I was baptized in the Holy Spirit Sept. 1, 1932.

I well remember the district superintendent, Arthur Osterberg and others of the Southern California District. Brother Erickson introduced me to Brother Osterberg because I felt the call of God. While nothing opened up for me at the time, surely needing more dedication and experience, it was in 1936 that I left California to join my father in ministry. The next year, having married Thelma, I first went to Kentucky. I was licensed that year and since have been with the Assemblies of God.

Heritage magazine is food for the soul in capturing memories of the past. The Lord bless you Brother Warner and all who make this good work possible.

Ken Hardin

Farwell, Michigan

FPHC Gets a Pat on the Back

How kind of you to send me a tape of my message at the Radiant Life Chapel service. Wayne Warner told me that I had stopped just in time, before the tape "ran out." I had hoped my talk was not too lengthy.

It is always a joy to work with your office. You are doing a valuable work for the entire constituency of the Assemblies of God.

Ralph W. Harris
Springfield, Missouri

Ralph Harris was the speaker at a Tuesday morning chapel service in October, which included employees from Radiant Life Resources, Customer Services, GPH Administration, and GPH Marketing. Ralph served as the editor of Church School Literature (1954-76), now Radiant Life Resources, and created Speed the Light, the youth fund raising program for missions. In September he observed his 90th birthday. He and his wife Estelle live in Springfield, Missouri.

FPHC Observes 25th Anniversary

Nostalgia was the theme for November 12 during the regular employee chapel service at the Assemblies of God Headquarters. The event marked the 25th Anniversary of the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center, which featured an open house in the afternoon.

General Secretary George O. Wood spoke about two of the Assemblies of God pioneers, Lillian Trasher and Ben Mahan. A "heckler," Marc Cerce, interrupted Dr. Wood as Wayne Warner was introducing him. The "heckler" demonstrated how early Pentecostal services were often interrupted by egg-throwing ruffians.

Employees were encouraged to dress in fashions of the early 20th century, and several showed up in appropriate style. Setting the dress style were the women making up a trio, Jackie Chrisner, Mary Beth Draper, Helen Waggoner, and Pat Warner pianist. Their rendition of "The Old Country Church" brought back many memories to older employees. Tom McDonald, director of the music department, led the worship service with a selection from the hymnbook. Ramona Crabtree and Dixie Hackett were guest pianist and organist. A testimony service also brought back an often forgotten feature of Pentecostal services.

Adding an old-time look were two antique cars on display. Norm Gannon, Headquarters telecommunications manager, showed up in his 1939 Chevrolet coupe street rod; and Carl Alday displayed his restored 1933 Reo sedan. Both cars attracted considerable attention.



Flower Pentecostal Heritage employees Joyce Lee and Janice Stefaniw at the 25th Anniversary chapel service.



This trio sang "The Old Country Church" at the chapel service. From the left, Helen Waggoner, Jackie Chrisner, and Mary Beth Draper. Pianist is Pat Warner.

Paper in a storage area under the printing plant was moved to make room for two old cars. Looking at a 1933 Reo and a 1939 Chevrolet are these members of the Flower family. From the left, former General Secretary Joseph Flower, David Flower, Kristy Ringer, and David Ringer (back to camera).



A Springfield radio repairman, Carl Alday, displayed his 1933 Reo at the 25th Anniversary celebration.

Visitors to A/G Headquarters

The photographer caught these Headquarters retirees at their annual Christmas dinner in the cafeteria. More than 300 attended the December 11th function.



Children of the late J. Roswell and Alice Flower: Adele Flower Dalton, David Flower, and Joseph Flower. Adele is a former missionary and employee of the Assemblies of God World Missions; David is a former pastor and district superintendent; Joseph served as pastor, district superintendent, and general secretary.

Representing many years of missionary service are Virginia Hogan (Mrs. J. Philip Hogan), and Norm and Norma Correll.



These two former editors in chief of Church School Literature (now Radiant Life Resources) and their wives are enjoying their visit before the meal is served. From the left, Charles Ford, Rosemary Ford, Estelle Harris, and Ralph Harris.

Lucille and Don White (left) converse with Don Goss (right) and his son, Eric, at the Christmas dinner at Headquarters.



Hilton Griswold at the piano while Headquarters retirees enjoy their meal in the cafeteria, which was filled to capacity.

Dan Johnston, left, who worked 45 years with the Gospel Publishing House Marketing Department, brought his friends Mel and Nancy Stewart to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center museum in December. The Stewarts live in Sarasota, Florida. He is former owner of the Stewart Sign Co.



Archives Activities

Persons wishing to assist the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center in its collecting and preserving of historical materials are invited to contact the office below. Materials needed include magazines, missionary newsletters and prayer reminders, artifacts, minutes, diaries, photographs, recordings, films, books, correspondence, etc. Wish to make a financial contribution for a special project? Write for additional information. Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center, 1445 N. Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802. Please write first, describing items to donate.

Bob Armont: materials having to do with Aimee Semple McPherson: news clips, articles, booklets (presented to the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center in a special presentation, Oct. 10, 2002). **Elizabeth Baker:** cassette interviews of various people involved in Alaska ministry. **Batavia Assembly of God (Harrison, AR):** 65th Anniversary, 1936-2002. **Zenas Bicket:** books: *The coming and Kingdom of Christ: The Prophetic Bible Conference, Chicago, 1914; First Corinthians* / A. B. Simpson, n.d. **Omar Buchwalter family:** scrapbook, photograph album, and miscellaneous items. **Bob Burke:** book: *Give Me the Book!: The Story of Sam Cochran and Light for the Lost* / Chuck Freeman and Bob Burke. **AnnaLee Conti:** book: *Frontiers of Faith: the Story of Charles C. and Florence Personeus, Pioneer Missionaries to Alaska ...* / AnnaLee Conti.

Doyle Crane: books: *All They Want is the Truth* / Bob Hoskins; *And Greece Makes Ten* / Dan Betzer; *The Church in Mission* / William J. Martin; *Counterfeit* / Dan Betzer; *In Perils of Brethren* / C. M. Ward; *The James Blackwood Story* / James Blackwood with Dan Martin; *The Man in the Mirror* / Patrick Morley; *My Testimony* / C. M. Ward; *Pentecostal Catechism (Enlarged)* / Warren D. Combs; *Poems and Readings of Wit and Wisdom* / compiled by Leo S. Gaston; *Revelation Healing Power* / Morris Cerullo; *Spiderweb* / Dan Betzer. Central Assembly of God (Texarkana, AR) Handbook, 1954; *Testimony* (monthly publication of the A/G church in Belton, MO (Pastor Bill Popejoy, 1973-1977); a few other miscellaneous items; a large collection of duplicate books which have been

placed in the Archives' duplicate collection and are available for sale to researchers (Ask for a duplicate book list).

Leatha Perkins Dahlgren: photographs and correspondence relating to her father, Jonathan Ellsworth Perkins; newspaper clippings about Angelus Temple, Matthew Barnett, etc. **Division of Publication:** photographs of Radiant Bookstore in Costa Mesa, CA; architectural drawings of the A/G Headquarters. **Dixon Pentecostal Research Center:** periodical: *The Pentecostal Digest* (an abridged edition of the *Pentecostal Evangel* pub. in Braille by A/G Library for the Blind), 10 issues, 1990-1992. **Paul Ferrin:** photographs of Kathryn Kuhlman and others. **First Assembly of God (Paris, AR):** *History of Paris 1st Assembly of God Church, 1920-2002*. **Paul Greisen:** date books, notes, slides, etc. of V. G. Greisen, former district superintendent of the Kansas District. **Mary Hamby:** historical materials on Tarkio (MO) Assembly of God. **Ralph Harris:** *The Berea Beacon*, 1933-1940 (publication of Berea Tabernacle, Detroit, MI); also several songbooks. **David Harrison:** copies of obituary, ordination certificate and certificates of fellowship of his grandfather, Elam P. Harrison. **Elva J. Hoover:** photograph of student body and faculty of Southwestern Bible School, Enid, Oklahoma, 1940-41.

Burton K. Janes: tent sermons of Oral Roberts on cassette. **Charles E. Jones:** books: *Peace Was a Stranger* / William W. Hays; *Perfectionist Persuasion: The Holiness Movement and American Methodism, 1867-1936* / Charles Edwin Jones, 2002. **Ruth E. Kent:** picture postcards of the campus of Central Bible Institute in the 1930s; class lectures on cassette by Paul W. Davidson at Trinity Bible College on Pastoral Epistles and Hebrews. **Dayton Kingsriter:** "Report on the Investigation of Western Pennsylvania Bible Institute, Oct. 22, 1969" / prepared for the Executive Presbytery of the Eastern District Council of the Assemblies of God by Anthony A. Marinacci, Chairman. **Ken Klaudt:** articles, news clips on the Klaudt Indian family; video of memorial service for his mother, Lillian Klaudt; posters and LPs of the Klaudt Indian Family. **Dan MacDonald:** ordination certificate of

Alex MacDonald with Pentecostal Mission of Transvaal, South Africa, 1915; letter from P. L. Le Roux of Johannesburg, South Africa, Nov. 13, 1915; scanned images from Doornkop Mission in South Africa. **Gary B. McGee:** "The Calcutta Revival of 1907 and the Reformulation of Charles F. Parham's 'Bible Evidence' Doctrine" (printed transcript of lecture delivered at AGTS, Sept. 26, 2002). **Lucy Mitchell:** photographs of Aimee Semple McPherson, William Branham, etc.

Office of Public Relations: cassette tapes of A/G Headquarters chapel services, 1999-2000. **Oregon District Council:** photographs of 10th National Sunday School Convention, Springfield, MO, 1952; photo of missionaries at 1947 General Council; news clipping from the 1949 General Council held at Seattle, Washington. **Patricia Pickard:** anti-Pentecostal articles from *The Debunker* (Girard, KS; E. Haldeman-Julius, ed.), 1931; song: "The Shelf Behind the Door" / by S. K. Wheatlake, arr. by D. W. Myland. **Darrin Rodgers:** booklets, tracts, etc.: *Pfingstgrusse* (an early German Pentecostal publication), 1917; *Revival's Flames: A Personal Account of the Northern Minnesota Revivals, 1921 & 1934* / by Edward E. and Anna I. Logelin, 1993; "Baptism in the Holy Spirit" / John W. Moseid, undated tract; *Den Eldste Kirke paa Jord* / S. Nilsen, 1928; *50, Golden Anniversary, Karlstad Assembly of God, 1938-1988, June 17th-19th*, 1988; "Where will you spend . . . Eternity???" / Calvin K. Katter, undated tract; biographical material on Ole A. Severson. **Douglas Rudd:** book: *When the Spirit Came Upon Them: Highlights from the Early Years of the Pentecostal Movement in Canada*, 2002.

Shirley Shedd: booklets: *Living Gems: A Book of Poems* / Mrs. James E. Hyllberg, 1st ed. 1944; 2nd ed. 1945. **Melvin P. Smith:** photographs; reel-to-reel tapes; plaque commemorating J. W. Whitley; youth camp booklet for New Jersey District, 1955; miscellaneous items. **Melvin Snyder:** reel-to-reel tapes of groundbreaking service for A/G administration building (Aug. 2, 1960) and first general meeting in new office building (Dec. 22, 1961). **George R. Stotts:** oral history interviews conducted in 1975 and submitted by students for Pentecostal

Foundations class at Evangel College.
Guy Trower: publications: *Native Pentecostal News* (Native American Literature Outreach, Newcomb, NM), summer, fall 1992; *Caring Magazine* (A/G Benevolences Dept.), May/June 1993; letter to Robert Pirtle from Derva Trower, March 25, 1991 on the occasion of Pirtle's

retirement. **Wayne Warner:** book: *Portraits of a Generation* / ed. James R. Goff, Jr., Grant Wacker, 2002. **Jim Wellborn:** cookbook: *Favorite Recipes of Assemblies of God Women: Meats*, 1969. **Daniel G. Woods:** songbook: *Psalms, Hymns and Songs Spiritual* / Chas. A. Squire, Sarah L. Squire, Seeley D. Kinne,

eds., 1911; books: *As An Angel of Light* / Jennie A. Jolley, 1964 and *A Romance of Faith* / Bertha Pinkham Dixon, [194?]. **Jewell Woodward:** photographs of Women in Ministry Conference held at Central Assembly, Springfield, Missouri, March 12-14, 2001.

Don't Throw Away Wire Recordings

Do you know what a wire recorder is? Based on the blank look the FPHC receives when this technology is shown, perhaps few of our readers have experience with wire recorders. The photograph shows a wire recorder and recording in the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. Sermons can now be pulled off of these 1950 era recordings and placed on CDs and the web site. Wire recorders predate tape recorders and were used following World War II until reel-to-reel tape recorders replaced them in the 1950s. The Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center has five machines—some in use and others for parts.

Readers who used wire recorders 50 years ago are invited to relate an unusual story about this technology. Anyone having wire recordings is urged to contact the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.



Searching for Spanish Periodicals

FPHC is looking for issues of two Spanish Pentecostal periodicals published in Puerto Rico:

Nuevas de Salvación, 1918-1922

El Evangelista Pentecostal, 1922-

Early editors include Juan Lugo and Frank Finkenbinder. If you have any of these publications or know where we might find them, please contact Archivist Joyce Lee, the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center at (417) 862-1447 Ex. 4400 or by e-mail at Archives@ag.org

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