



# The Mission Trail

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“LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST.” — JOHN 4:35

VOL. 3, NO. 22

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

JUNE 16, 1967

. . . A cheerful greeting to all the listeners of radio station XEG. This is Willie Murphey coming to you once again with another gospel message. May I remind our listeners and readers that this is a work of faith, and no one guarantees our support on this radio station. Your assistance and cooperation is needed to keep this message coming each week. You may write to us in this way: THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Listen now to our text found in John 6:28. "Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that

## WE MIGHT WORK THE WORKS OF GOD?"

I wish more people were concerned about fitting their lives into the great work of God. I am aware that success many times does not come overnight. Long hours of patient study and a continued interest in the things of God will, however, bring results.

It is reported that Dwight L. Moody, the noted evangelist, once met a young man known as Harry Moorehouse who was termed as "the boy preacher".

This incident had an important sequel which may be told in Mr. Moody's own words as follows:

"I looked at him. He was a beardless boy; didn't look as if he was more than seventeen; and I said to myself: 'He can't preach.' He wanted me to let him know what boat I was going on, as he would like to return with me. I thought he could not preach, and did not let him know. But I had not been in Chicago a great many weeks before I got a letter which said he had arrived in this country, and that he would come

to Chicago and preach for me if I wanted him. I sat down and wrote a very cold letter: 'If you come west, call on me.' I thought that would be the last I should hear of him, but soon I got another letter. He was still in this country, and would come on if I wanted him. I wrote again, telling him if he happened to come west to drop in on me. In the course of a few days I got a letter stating that next Thursday he would be in Chicago. What to do with him I did not know. I had made up my mind he couldn't preach. I was going to be out of town Thursday and Friday, and I told some of the officers of the church:

" 'There is a man coming here Thursday and Friday who wants to preach. I don't know whether he can or not. You had better let him try, and I will be back Saturday. '

"They said there was a good deal of interest in the church, and they did not think they should have him preach then; he was a stranger, and he might do more harm than good.

" 'Well,' I said, 'you had better try him. Let him preach two nights. '

"When I got back Saturday morning, I was anxious to know how he got on. The first thing I said to my wife was: 'How is that young Irishman coming along?' (I had met him in Dublin, and took him to be an Irishman, but he happened to be an Englishman.) 'How do the people like him?'

" 'They like him very much. '

" 'Did you hear him?'

" 'Yes. '

" 'Did you like him?'

" 'Yes, very much. He has preached two sermons from John 3:16: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and I think you will like him, although he preaches a little different from what you do. '

" 'How is that?'

" 'Well, he tells sinners God loves them. '

" 'Well,' said I, 'he is wrong. '

"She said: 'I think you will agree with him when you hear him, because he backs up everything he says with the Word of God. You think if a man doesn't preach as you do, he is wrong. ' I went down that night to church, and I noticed everyone brought his Bible. '

" 'My friends,' began Moorehouse, 'if you will turn to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text. '

"He preached a most extraordinary sermon from that verse. He did not divide the text into secondly and thirdly and fourthly--he just took it as a whole, and then went through the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation to prove that in all ages God loved the world; that He sent prophets and patriarchs and holy men to warn them, and last of all sent His Son. After they murdered Him, He sent the Holy Ghost.

"I never knew up to that time that God loved us so much. This heart of mine began to thaw out, and I could not keep back the tears. It was like news from a far country, I just drank it in.

"The next night there was a great crowd, for the people liked to hear that God loves them. He said: 'My friends, if you will turn in your Bible to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, you will find my text. '

"He preached another extraordinary sermon from that wonderful verse, and he went on proving God's love again, from Genesis to Revelation. He could turn to almost any part of the Bible and prove it. I thought that sermon was better than the other one; he struck a higher chord. It was sweet to my soul to hear it.

"The next night--it is pretty hard to get out a crowd in Chicago on Monday night, but they came. Women left their washing, or if they washed, they came, and brought their Bibles; and he said again: 'My friends, if you will turn to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of John, you will find my text;' and again he followed it out to prove that God loves us. He just beat it down into our hearts, and I have never doubted it since.

"I used to preach that God was behind the sinner with a double-edged sword, ready to hew him down. I have got done with that. I preach now that God is behind the sinner with love, and he is running away from the God of love.

"Tuesday night came, and we thought surely he had exhausted that text, and that he would take another, but he preached the sixth sermon from that wonderful text, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have'--not going to have when you die, but have it right here, now--'eternal life.' Although many years have rolled away, his hearers never have forgotten it.

"The seventh night came, and he went into the pulpit. Every eye was upon him. All were anxious to know what he was going to preach about. He said: 'My friends, I have been hunting all day for a new text, but I cannot find one as good as the old one; so we will go back to the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse,' and he preached the seventh sermon from that wonderful text. I remember the closing up of that sermon. Said he:

" 'My friends, for a whole week I have been trying to tell you how much God loves you, but I cannot do it with this poor stammering tongue. If I could borrow Jacob's ladder and climb up into Heaven, and ask Gabriel who stands in the presence of the Almighty if he could tell me how much love the Father has for the world, all he could say would be, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." ' "

It was a revelation to Mr. Moody of

the inexhaustibility of Scripture such as he had never dreamed of. From that time he became a more diligent student of the Bible. He asked Moorehouse how to study, and invited friends to his Chicago home for the first "Bible readings" that were held in America. Let us spend a moment in prayer.

Our Father, Bless all those who hear the message tonight. May we all unite our efforts ere the day of grace is past. Help us to speedily proclaim thy word to the ends of the world for we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen

Before going today I want to leave these two verses of poetry which I hope will linger in your minds.

O ye saints, arouse, be earnest,  
Up and work while yet 'tis day;  
Ere the night of death o'ertake thee,  
Strive for souls while still you may.

Must I go, and empty-handed?  
Must I meet my Saviour so?  
Not one soul with which to greet Him?  
Must I empty-handed go?

Here now is a beautiful song, "The Love of God" and is sung by Sister May Carver, Lynn and Alma Carver and Marie Mitchell.

Friends, this message has been brought to you by THE MISSION TRAIL of Guthrie, Oklahoma. If you have enjoyed our little visit today, we would be pleased to hear from you. If you would like a printed copy of today's message, you may have one free of charge by simply sending us your request. And now until next Friday night at 10:45, that is CST, this is Willie Murphey saying may God's richest blessings be yours and a very pleasant goodnight!

## Testimonies

From Missouri: ". . . I am very grateful that God was so good to me in bringing me to the true saints of God. I feel much indebted to God. I want to spend the rest of my life in his service and do what I can to make the way as attractive as others have made it to me. . . With Christian love,"

--Bro. T. V. McMillian and family  
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From Louisiana: "Dear Sis. and Bro. Murphey, Greetings to you, 'God's precious children', in Jesus' name. . . Campmeetings are fast coming up, and I am looking forward to seeing the dear saints again and being in meeting more. . . . We have much to look forward to if we keep the victory to the end. I have no greater desire than to be true to my Lord. How I praise Him for all He has done for me and others! In Christian love,"

--Gladys Cashio  
--o--

From Colorado: "Dear Bro Murphey and family, Greetings in the blessed name of our dear Lord, and may He bless and supply all your needs that you may even do more for His kingdom. I love to read The Mission Trail. It gives some information about the saints I wouldn't get otherwise, and I wish I could get your program over the air. . . Your announcement of an offer on a powerful Okla. station--if it is KOMA, Okla. City, or KVOO, Tulsa, I can get those two stations, but whether your gain would be greater than your loss would have to be determined some way. I enclose an offering to help a little in your expenses. Your Bro. in Christ,"

--Fred B. Allen  
--o--

From Oklahoma: ". . . The Lord is blessing us every day, and we are saved and working for Him. . . The Sisters,"

--Nancy Jones and Belle

From Louisiana: "Dear Bro. Willie and family, Greetings of love in Jesus' dear name. I'm glad to report I still have victory in my soul. I have felt some better in body for 4 or 5 days for which I'm very thankful. It's so good for some of the pain to be gone. I'm still expecting the Lord to heal me completely. It seems I have some good days and some bad ones, but I intend to just hold on for complete victory. . . Please continue to pray for me. I want to be faithful to the Lord whatever He sees fit for me to do. . . Christian love,"

--Viva LaCroix  
--o--

From Oregon: "Dear Bro. and Sis. Murphey and family, I greet you in the wonderful name of Jesus, our friend at all times. Trust you're all well and had a happy anniversary yesterday. How I wanted to phone you! I hope others on your mailing list aren't as slow about writing as I am, but I do pray for you daily that all your needs will be supplied. . . . Love to see you all. Remember us in prayer. God bless you all. Love,"

--Ruby Hutchinson and family  
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From Louisiana: "Dear Bro. Willie and all The Mission Trailers: It's with real thanksgiving to our wonderful Saviour we greet you this morning. We are unable to count all the blessings we receive from his bountiful, merciful hands. It is so wonderful when we think of the mercy and longsuffering way in which God deals with us. How patiently and mercifully He has dealt with us all when we were not so careful to love and serve Him as we are now. None of us want justice, for justice would have cut us off perhaps long ago, but, oh, the mercy of God toward mankind! . . . In Christian love,"

--Melvin and Philimine Flynn

From Illinois: "Greetings dear beloved saints, We are saved and kept by the power of God, and we praise and thank God for being made to us all we need. The Mission Trail is read and passed on as the Lord leads, and we are also remembering the requests of God's people in our prayers. Please remember my father and children. Thank you for sharing these messages with us and may God continue to supply your needs from His riches in glory as you do his will for precious souls and the up-building of his divine kingdom. Enclosed is a love offering to help in some way--a little something for our Lord. Yours in Him,"

--Sister Hattie Graine

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From Oklahoma: "Dear Bro. and Sister Murphey and family and all the dear saints scattered abroad, Greetings of love to all. This morning finds me yet pressing my way upward toward that beautiful home which the Lord has prepared for all the pure in heart. I truly thank the Lord for this wonderful salvation that makes us love everybody. . . . I realize as never before it takes much watching and praying to keep my pathway clear. Truly I have found the Lord, and he is mine. He won me by his love. I mean to serve him the rest my days and dwell with him above. . . . Sis. Frances, I sure did enjoy your piece in the paper and was much encouraged by the decision that you and Bro. Willie have made--'But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' I felt so rejoiced when I read that I felt like shouting and praising the Lord for that wonderful decision to go all the way with the Lord, and we are so thankful to know his grace is sufficient to carry us through. Just trust and obey. Pray for me that I will ever hold to God's unchanging hand."

--Carrie Woods

From Colorado: "Dear Bro. and Sis. Willie Murphey and family, Greetings of love in the precious name of Jesus our blessed redeemer. . . . Wife and I are both well and enjoying the blessings of God. We are having nice weather here now--have had quite a bit of rain the last two weeks for which we do thank the Lord. We do appreciate you dear ones and the Mission Trail so much both by radio and the printed paper. We read where you had a chance to get radio time in Okla. for Sunday morning services. We believe that would be fine. Will be praying for you about it. Just mind God. . . . Remember us when you pray. In Christian love,"

--The McEndrees, Ed and Addie

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From Oklahoma: "Dear Bro. and Sister Murphey: Greetings in Jesus' name. We are just fine. Had a wonderful rain last night. . . . Aunt Lizzie Eck had the misfortune to hurt her left foot while trying to clean the ice box. The glass fell on her foot, broke the glass, and cut a gash and probably cut a blood vein as she lost blood and had some stitches taken. I saw her last night. She feels weak. She thought perhaps because of loss of blood. But is up and doing what she can. Pray for her. . . . This morning I enjoyed 148 Psalm, 5th verse, 'Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.' I get the understanding He, God, still commands and creates. Praise ye the Lord. He created in me a new heart. Isn't that wonderful?"

--Eva Penner

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From Missouri: ". . . We will never know how much good will come of what we do for God. We just do, and we know God will do the rest. May God bless you all and keep you. Pray for me. I remember you in prayer. Christian love,"

--Sister Goldie Knapp

## Correspondence

From California: "Dearest Saints, I am so glad to receive the Mission Trail, and I don't stop long till I read and re-read it. I am sorry I didn't get a card in the mail for your anniversary, but I hope you had a happy day. I am quite busy as I do some work outside of my home, also I plan to go to Oklahoma the 22nd of June to see my sisters and all the saints back there. One request of mine is to be able to go to Guthrie as I haven't been there since I was a very small child. Pray that I will get to if it's the Lord's will. Also pray for me that I will do God's will at all times. Thank you for your prayers and the encouragement I have gotten from the little papers. . . Much love and prayers," --Edna Murry

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From Pennsylvania: "Dear Brother Murphey and family, Greetings in Jesus precious name! So glad to read the Mission Trail. It gives us such a lift. Mother isn't too well at this time-- a bad sore throat and cold. She can still smile and praise God for all of His mercies thru the years. She never fails to witness for Him at all times. . . . Enclosed a small offering to help in your work. God bless all you and yours, and may souls be saved, bodies healed, believers sanctified thru your ministry. Your sister in His service."

--Eva Cox

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From Kansas: ". . . I see people that show their life is deep in sin, and I think, 'Oh, God, what would I be if I had of had the opportunity to sin they have?' I thank God for saving my soul. But I know God didn't save our souls just so we can make it to heaven. I'm determined to live so I can help someone else get to heaven. . . With Christian love," --Mamie Norcutt

From California: "Dear Bro. and Sis. Murphey, Greetings of love in Jesus precious name. I just now received The Mission Trail, June 2, with the announcement about your wedding anniversary on June 6, and that is today so it is impossible for me to get a card to you on time. Now this is the only anniversary card I have, but if I possibly have an air mail stamp, I will do the best I can. June 1st, I sent you an order of twenty Mission Trails. I hope you can fill the order as in that way we can send forth the truth to new places. I congratulate you both to your anniversary, and I hope you can make it by God's will to the golden one which the dear Lord let my husband and I celebrate with our children on January 24, 1950, and he lived until July 27, 1956. His last testimony to us--singing two verses of the song, 'My name is written in book of life,' in German language at midnight a few days before he passed on. Then he ended with 'Praise the Lord.' . . . I hope and pray God will grant you a long happy life together in his service. Love and prayers," --Sis. Emma Luehring

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From Mississippi: "Dear Friends, Thanks for the very interesting issue of your little paper, The Mission Trail. It is certainly spiritually uplifting. Also there is much inspiration to be gained. We shall place it where others will be benefitted by it. Best Wishes. Sincerely," --Laurence C. Jones

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From Tennessee: "Dear Ones, Greetings again in the Saviour's name. I've been meaning to write sooner, but time really gets away from me. It brings to my mind the words of James, chapter 4, 'For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a

little time, and then vanisheth away. ' Time is swiftly passing, and most of our loved ones are still unsaved. If only somehow or way we could help bring them to God before it's too late. I feel that through the printed pages of The Mission Trail paper, (others too) and the messages on the radio are some of the best ways of getting the gospel to others. Sometimes a printed page can find its way to the most unusual places. . .

"I thought you might like to hear from our grandson. The casts were taken off his legs last week, and the X-ray showed a build up in the bone. Also the bone had gone back in place. I am very thankful to God for his mercy and love, also the ones who remembered to pray with us. It isn't completely healed, but I know God can finish what he started. Jeffrey has to stay off his feet for six more weeks. The Doctor said the bone was a little rough looking, although it had rounded out, it wasn't as firm as it should be, but it's a blessing to him just to be free of the casts. They were so uncomfortable, so still pray that God will completely heal for his honor and glory, and I'll not fail to declare it. I've told others what he's already done--some believe and some don't, but we know in whom we've believed.

"I really didn't intend to write such a lengthy letter, trust you'll bear with me. I know you all are very busy. There's always something to do for God if we'll only seek his will that each one would find his place or the job he'd have us do. Remember us in prayer and I trust God will work out the way for you to be on the other radio station. Christian love and prayers, "

--Sue Shell

--o--

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32

## FATHERS

"Like as a father pitieth his children,  
so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."  
Psalms 103:13

I would rather be the father  
Of a romping, joyful crew,  
Of a bright-eyed chubby laddie  
And a little girl or two,  
Than the monarch of a nation,  
In his high and lofty seat,  
Taking empty adoration  
From the subjects at his feet.

I would rather own their kisses,  
As at night to me they run,  
Than to be the king who misses  
All the simpler forms of fun.  
When his dreary day is ending  
He is dismally alone,  
But when my sun is descending  
There are joys for me to own.

He may ride to horns and drumming;  
I must walk a quiet street,  
But when once they see me coming,  
Then on joyous, flying feet  
They come racing to me madly  
And I catch them with a swing,  
And I say it proudly, gladly,  
That I'm happier than a king.

You may talk of lofty places;  
You may boast of pomp and power;  
Men may turn their eager faces  
To the glory of an hour,  
But give me the humble station  
With its joys that long survive,  
For the fathers of the nation  
Are the happiest men alive.

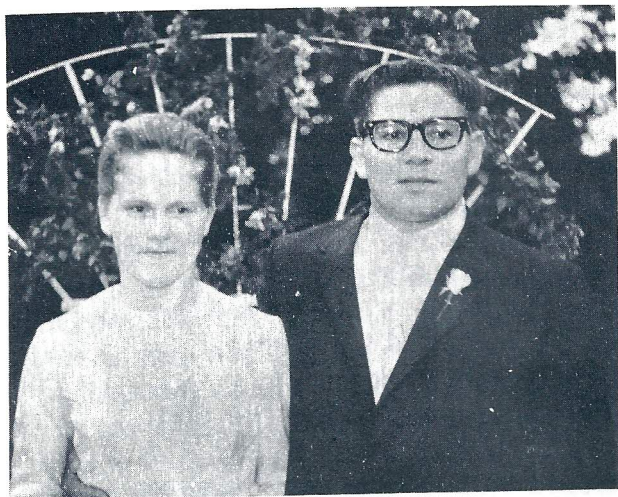
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## WHAT ARE WE DOING?

What are we doing with our lives  
And the talents God has given,  
How we use them while we are here  
Will determine our chance of Heaven.

--Selected

AT PRESS TIME WE UNDERSTAND:



DAVID AND MARILYN COLE

The marriage ceremony for David Cole and Marilyn (McMillian) Cole was solemnized Saturday, June 10 on the campgrounds of Monark Springs, Missouri. The vows were exchanged on the open lawn with the reception in the dining hall. We wish them a long and useful life in the service of the Lord.

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Invitations are extended for the wedding reception for Bro. Ostis and Sister Evelyn Wilson June 17th at 7:00 p. m. It will be held in the dining hall on the Pacoima campgrounds.

Remember the starting time for our new radio station KOMA is 8:30, Sunday morning, July 2nd. The dial setting is 1520. We will remain on XEG the balance of this month.

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We regret the death of Sister Beulah Wilson, 86, of Oregon on Friday, June 9th. Many will remember her and her husband, Bro. Sam Wilson. We extend our sympathy to relatives and friends.

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The starting date for the Jefferson, Oregon campmeeting is June 23rd. The one of Hammond, Louisiana begins June 30th. The blessings of the Lord are expected in these services.

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Sister Ruth Rudd of the Senior Citizens' Home, Pacoima, California, died Sun. June 11th. Her funeral was Wednesday, June 14th.

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The El Alamo, Mexico, campmeeting is scheduled for the weekend of June 30.

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Sister Edith Cole has been enjoying her visit at home in Missouri with friends and relatives before returning to her mission station in late June.

**The Mission Trail**

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

*Return Requested*

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