



The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey • Kathleen E. Murphey • Patsy M. Murphey

VOL. 4, NO. 3

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 9, 1968

"The Cross of Christ"

Radio Broadcast for week of February 4, 1968--(See back page for list of stations)

It is indeed a pleasure to be coming your way once again with a short message from the Word of God, and it certainly seems timely that all should seek for the truth found in the scriptures. We are living in perilous days with perplexity and uncertainty all around us. So many people are looking to the wrong source to find comfort.

Listen to this 14th verse of the 6th chapter of Galatians. "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Now if anyone would have something to boast of, I believe the Apostle Paul could well have boasted of his strict life as a Pharisee, of his schooling and background, but when he received a revelation of what it meant to follow Christ, he took all of his schooling, learning, prestige and laid it at the foot of the cross. He no longer found glory within himself or his accomplishments, but he took up his cross and followed Christ. The following verses would certainly apply to his life. Listen.

I walked one day along a country road,
And there a stranger journeyed too,
Bent low beneath the burden of his load,
It was a cross, a cross I knew.

Take up thy cross and follow me,
I hear the blessed Saviour call,
How can I make a lesser sacrifice,
When Jesus gave his all.

Oh, let me bear thy cross, dear Lord,
I cried,
And lo a cross for me appeared,

The one forgotten I had cast aside,
The one so long that I had feared.

My cross I'll carry 'til the crown
appears,
The way I journey soon will end,
Where God himself shall wipe away all
tears,
And friend hold fellowship with friend.

Now a few words concerning the cross. A cross is a symbol or emblem of suffering and death. When Paul caught the vision of the glory of Christ, the beauty of his own life and accomplishments faded from his vision. He no longer looked upon himself in a way which brought honor to him, but he looked upon himself as the chiefest of sinners. His own beauty seemed to fade away, and he found himself wretched and undone before the cross of Christ.

Oh, my friends, we need to catch a glimpse of that cross today--an emblem of suffering and shame. Jesus bore his cross for us that we through his

suffering and death might find eternal life.

One song writer, George Bennard, so well worded it when he wrote "The Old Rugged Cross".

In the old rugged cross, stained with
blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suf-
fered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me.

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown.

To the old rugged cross I will ever be
true,
Its shame and reproach gladly bear;
Then He'll call me some day to my home
far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share.

Some people seem to have an attitude as though they would ask the question, "But who do you think I am?" Friends, it does not matter who you are. It does not matter whether your parents were rich or poor. It does not matter if you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, figuratively speaking that is, or if you lived in the poorest shack on the side of a mountain. The question is this: Have you taken up your cross to follow the Lord? Have you been crucified to the world? Have you separated yourself wholly to follow Christ? It is then and then only that we find the glory which lingers near the cross.

Now let me bring this thought of the cross nearer home to each of you. It is not enough to speak of it in a far-fetched manner, but here is an experience which I had not long ago.

Well, to be exact, it was on January 25. It was in the afternoon, and the sun was shining beautifully. A number of saints, friends, and relatives gathered on a hillside near Shawnee, Oklahoma. They were there to show their respects for an aged minister of the gospel who was being buried that day in the cemetery there. His name is John W. Wilson. Early in life Bro. John saw the value of the cross of Christ. He took up this cross, and he took it up for life. For many years, perhaps sixty or more, through afflictions, troubles, and persecutions, he preached the cross of Christ, but then, with our hearts filled with sorrow, we stood nearby as his remains were laid to rest beneath the sod. He had fought a good fight. He had finished his race.

There was something unusual about the manner in which this was done. At Bro. John's own request before he died, we sang that song; "God Be With You Till We Meet Again", while the casket was gently lowered into the ground. Friends, he had learned to place the values where they belong--in the cross of Christ.

And may I ask you today upon what do you anchor your soul in these perilous times? Is it in the might of our nation? Is it in the weapons of warfare, the atomic or hydrogen bomb, in ships, planes or tanks? Security rests not in these. Security for soul and body is found only in the cross of Christ. Have you found our Lord as your Saviour? Listen to these verses.

THE SCHOOL OF SORROW

By Harold Hamilton

I sat in the school of sorrow;
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

Instead of looking upward
 And seeing His face divine
 So full of tender compassion
 For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden--
 The cross that before me lay,
 The clouds that hung thick above me
 Dark'ning the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson
 And say, "Thy will be done".
 And the Master came not near me
 As the leaden hours went on.

At last in despair I lifted
 My streaming eyes above,
 And I saw the Master watching
 With a look of pitying love.

To the cross before me He pointed
 And I thought I heard Him say:
 "My child, thou must take thy burden
 And learn thy task today.

"Not now may I tell the reason;
 'Tis enough for thee to know
 That I, the Master, am teaching
 And appoint thee all thy woe."

Then kneeling, the cross I lifted;
 For one glimpse of that face divine
 Had given me strength to bear it,
 And say, "Thy will, not mine".

And so I learned my lesson,
 And through the weary years
 His helping hand sustained me,
 And wiped away my tears.

And ever the glorious sunlight
 From the heavenly home streamed down,
 Where the school tasks all are ended,
 And the cross is exchanged for the
 crown.

--Sel. by Ada Scanlon

Let us pray.

Our Father,

We acknowledge that we need thee
 in joy and in sorrow. May the words
 of the message today convict the sinner
 of his need for a Saviour, and, also,
 may they strengthen the believer and
 cause them to know the joy and beauty
 of the cross. Accomplish that which
 is pleasing in thy sight, and to thee we
 will give the praise through Christ our
 Lord. Amen

This gospel message has been
 brought to you today by THE MISSION
 TRAIL of Guthrie, Oklahoma. This is
 Willie Murphey speaking. Friends,
 we are not here to sell you some mer-
 chandise. We are here to proclaim
 the gospel which will save everyone
 that believes. We are trusting God by
 faith to keep his message on the air
 that it may reach the heart of those who
 are hungry for the truth. We print
 these weekly messages and mail them
 free of charge to those who request
 them. If the Lord should speak to you
 and direct you to write us, we would
 be glad to hear from you. Address
 your letter to THE MISSION TRAIL,
 Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Here now is a song, "No Tears in
 Heaven". The singers are Lynn Carver,
 Arnett Carver, Troy Gentry, and Edgar
 Martens.

This message has been brought to
 you by THE MISSION TRAIL of Guthrie,
 Oklahoma. This is Willie Murphey
 speaking. Be with us again next Sunday
 at this same time on this same station.
 Until then, may the Lord's richest
 blessings be with each of you and a very
 pleasant good-bye!

--o--

"He that findeth his life shall lose
 it; and he that loseth his life for my
 sake shall find it." Matthew 10:39

God's Gleaners in Mexico

"Dear Ones, 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.' II Cor. 9:15. We are ever so thankful for God's gift of salvation and His Holy Spirit who is our guide each day.

"By the means of this letter we wish to express our sincere gratitude to each of you that have remembered us in such nice ways during the past two months. To God we give the glory as we know that many of you had no way of knowing our needs, but God impressed you to remember us and our work here. Our hearts have been encouraged and the work of the Lord has gone forward here.

"We have continued visiting in some of the ranches around here and have seen the Lord working, drawing these hearts to him. Two families have moved onto one of these isolated ranches, and they are very glad that we are visiting them as they have been saved for a number of years. . .

"Oh yes, we now have six children. The sixth one is Rafael, 12 years old, who was driven from his home by a cruel step-father. We found him hitch-hiking with a man that said that he was the boy's uncle and was going to take him to his mother. But the little boy told his story to my boy Bobby, then Bobby pleaded with me to not believe the man but send him on his way without Rafael. This we did because it was evident that the man had the boy as his subject to help him steal and beg. Rafael is a very good boy, and he wants to stay with us. We have written his mother in order to find out more. Bobby divided his clothes and shoes with Rafael as they are both the same size. He tries to do as our children do. The other night we found him praying by himself. He is helping Tim wash the dishes now.

"We thank the Lord that we are soon to move into our new house, as we are now in a one-room house that was loaned to us last Oct. We were able to start this project because we sold our property in Calif. and received monthly payments from the owner. Also some of you have helped us greatly to build this home by your generous offerings, for which we are very thankful. Our lot is on a little hill on the north side of the valley, less than a half-mile from the Pacific ocean. It has only two bedrooms with a total of 648 sq. ft. of floor space. We still lack 5 windows, 2 plumbing fixtures, cabinets and paint in order to move in. We have a well with water to the house for which we are thankful as it will be our first time to have piped water in a house in Mexico. . .

"Attention saints in Southern Calif. : We are planning on having campmeeting here in La Mision the last week of May, that is Memorial Day week. We have the tent. We will cook outside. There will be places for some to stay or camp. Do pray for this as we will probably have quite a lot more interest than last year. . . Yours in His service,"
--James Huskey and family, P. O. Box 2262, San Ysidro, California 92073

--o--

THE BIBLE

The Bible is like a good loaf of bread. It is nourishment for the soul, and is the bread of life. Each slice is a chapter of the Bible, feeding the soul and body on the good things of God. Each bite is the victory we have in Christ Jesus in the saving of our souls and giving us health and strength. To live in this evil world, the angel told John to "eat the little book".

--Margaret Travis

Testimonies

From Texas: "Dear Bro. and Sis. Murphey and family, Greetings in Christian love. We are so thankful for the work you are doing for the Lord, making it possible for we who are isolated to be fed from Father's table. Your short messages are all good and edifying, but we got a special blessing from the one, "The Benefits of Prayer". I have at times become discouraged at seeing no results praying for my. . . loved ones. This has really inspired my faith and given me new courage to pray on. We appreciate the news letters keeping us in touch with the saints. . .

"The assembly meeting was such a precious gathering of the saints, especially fast day. How we appreciated the messages encouraging the saints to search their hearts who were expecting healing, also the ministers to be in perfect agreement. The healing virtue from their prayers seemed to fill the building. After such a blessing as we received at the meeting, there are usually some trials and tests to follow. I had a severe head and chest cold after coming home, but the Lord has delivered me. I now am having a food problem which seems to be about the same thing that took my father's life. It appears to be a liver ailment. It has troubled me all my life. While in sin I went to many physicians and none found the cause. The Lord has given relief down through the years, but I know he is able to complete the work. We ask your prayers in our behalf to that end. Our only desire to hold on to life is to do more for the Lord and fill the place he has given us, also to be more like him.

". . . May the Lord bless and supply your every need according to his great riches in glory--giving you health, keeping you encouraged and joyful in this life. Yours in Him," --Edith Wall

From Arkansas: ". . . It has been some time since I wrote you telling you about our son's accident. Well, they took off his foot the 5th of this month. He is getting along very well. He is out of the hospital and is staying here with us and his wife's parents too. He surely has suffered ever since the 13th of Dec. when it happened. I know God did answer prayer for him as the doctor told him he would stay in the hospital two weeks after he took off his foot. Well, he hardly stayed in there a week. The Dr. told him this last Monday that it had healed better than any he had seen, so I know and thank God for it. Hope you are all well. I want to tell you about the last Mission Trail I got. Oh, it was so good on the benefits of prayer and the poem, 'The Saints' Prayers'. That's just the way it is. All the saints carry each other's burdens the way it should be. Oh, how we should hold each other up in prayer. I thank the dear Lord for what he means to me. I love him and want to live closer to him and do more this new year than I did the past. We should be as lively stones and not be neglectful or slothful. The need is great for workers. There are so many dear lost souls we need to win. Pray that my very life the way I live each day may be just what God wants it to be. I do so desire to know his will and help and work and do all I can. I surely desire and carry a burden for my loved ones to be saved and want to have a home of prayer. I pray for all the saints who have children or companions not saved, but we must keep encouraged and not give us. . ."

--Della Anschultz

--o--

"On the 7th of January God answered prayer and showed love and mercy and power to completely destroy a small growth on my cheek below the eye. . . Praise our God!" --Ada Scanlon

From Kansas: "Dear Frances and Willie, I was so glad to hear you over KCLO today. I certainly enjoy the messages and the singing. I enjoy the printed message so much. The poem 'God Answers Prayer' has meant so much to me. Some of the mornings before I start to school I take time to read it before I leave the house.

"Forrest, our brother, is very sick. He has the flu, and he kept trying to do his work until he could hardly hold his head up. He is bedfast now and Naomi and I take turns staying with him. I will stay with him this week, and Naomi will work. She will come over as soon as she can when she gets home to give me a break. We hope this won't last too long as we are expecting God to undertake for him. Please have special prayer for him. . . May the Lord richly bless each one of you. Remember us in prayer that we will be able to stand the tests of life. With love,"

--Mamie Norcutt

--o--

From South Carolina: ". . . I am writing a little testimony that it may help and encourage others to press on and not look back. The time now is too short to waste any time with the devil. I got my Mission Trail paper today and read it over. It sure did bring joy to my soul. . . It encourages me more to press on and get closer to God. I think so much of this passage of scripture found in Ephesians, 2nd chapter, beginning at the 19th verse. 'Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God. And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; In whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord. . . ' Your brother in the One body,"

--Eddie Driggers

BORN AGAIN

Brother, sister, pilgrim, friend,
God made the earth, all things therein.
Made the earth, the trees, the skies,
God made all things both far and nigh.

God made the land, he made the sea,
Made the ocean wide and deep,
Made the mountains, hills, and plains,
All things created was made by Him.

From the dust made he the human frame
Breathed divine life into the same,
To dwell right here in these tents of clay
But these tents of clay will decay some
day.

The spiritual life that he gave to man
Will live on and on in the great beyond.
We will be like him in that home on high
Live on forever and ever and never die.

We must be born again, a spiritual birth
As well as the birth of the dust of the
earth.

Be born here of the Spirit of God
To be fit to dwell in the mansion above.

--Dolly Williams

--o--

From Missouri: "I thought I would write and tell you I can get you real good on KCLO. I hope you can stay on for a long time. I enjoy listening. . ."

--Mrs. Mary McPherson

--o--

From California: ". . . Greetings in the name of Jesus. I enjoy the Mission Trail and look forward to it's coming each week. Hope this finds you and your family all well. . . I thank the dear Lord for all of his blessings. We are having nice weather out here now. . ."

--Nora Smith

--o--

Sister Snowden of West Monroe, La. requests earnest prayer for the healing of her grandson.

at press time

we understand:

Earnest prayer is requested for Steve Burdett of Britton, Oklahoma who was seriously injured when struck by a car while riding his Honda, Friday, February 2nd.

--o--

From Kentucky: ". . . My husband left last Monday and is in Jena, La. right now. He plans to start meeting in Hammond Sunday night. . ."

--Sister Verna Samons

--o--

We extend our sympathy to the Bock family in the loss of their father Chris Bock who died Saturday, February 3, while in the home of his son Ted Bock, Tulsa. He was 83 years old. Arrangements are being made for his funeral to be held here in Guthrie, Tuesday afternoon, February 6.

--o--

After so many cold and cloudy winter days, we are enjoying some sunshine in Guthrie this week.

--o--

If possible plan to attend the all-day meeting with the saints at the Central Community Building, Sunday, February 18. The location is about four miles south of Garfield, Arkansas just off Highway 62.

--o--

Volume III, MISSION TRAILS for the year 1967 are now being prepared in book form. A number of these books will be available which we are offering free and postpaid to those who request one. This book contains 51 issues with only one missing from the entire year's publications.

From Missouri: "Dear Bro Murphey and family, We greet you in Jesus' precious name! My, He is so good to us which makes us feel so unworthy that He should bestow all these gifts on us daily. All we have to do is live humbly before and look to Him for all our needs. Yes, we certainly want to keep on your mailing list as we can't hear the Mission Trail, and enjoy receiving the paper each week.

"Our dear Bro. J. R. Hooker went to be with the Lord Jan. 16. He was sick about three weeks. We were busy helping with him as he lived so close to us here. It was so precious to see his patience and complete rest and trust in God. We (in our own family) received many precious experiences through his sickness and death. It is most precious when a saint nears the crossing. . . He and Sis. Hooker faithfully attended campmeeting at Monark this past summer. Bro. and Sis. Hooker attended services at Webb City. . . We trust the Lord to bless you in your work. Sincerely in Christian love,"

--Bro. and Sis. Howard Hill

--o--

Meeting notices and announcements of interest to the saints should reach us not later than Monday in order to be included in the publication for Friday of the same week. We usually mail THE MISSION TRAIL a few days before the publication date. There is no charge for any of our services, and we are trusting God to move on the hearts of those interested in the work of the Lord to keep his message going forth weekly.



THE MISSION TRAIL, originating in Guthrie, Okla., is broadcast by radio and published weekly in printed form by Willie and Frances Murphey with the help of others. It is mailed free of charge to those who request it. Its purpose is to reach the hungry hearts of the unsaved everywhere with the gospel which will save them. Its principal support comes from the free will contributions of its listeners and readers. Those who feel directed by the Lord to assist may do so by sending their offering to: THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Okla. 73044.



For some it will come true: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. 8:20. Let us hasten with the message which Jesus gave: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Broadcast Schedule

Listen for THE MISSION TRAIL weekly on one of the following stations:

RADIO STATION	LOCATION	DIAL SETTING	TIME
KXOW	Hot Springs, Ark.	1420 kc.	Sunday, 7:15 a.m.
KCRS	Midland, Texas	550 kc.	Sunday, 7:45 a.m.
KCLO	Leavenworth, Kans.	1410 kc.	Sunday, 3:00 p.m.
WFPR	Hammond, La.	1400 kc.	Sunday, 7:45 a.m.
KCKW	Jena, La.	1480 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a.m.
KCIJ	Shreveport, La.	980 kc.	Sunday, 7:30 a.m.

The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Return Requested

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
3.6¢ PER COPY
Guthrie, Okla.
Permit No. 133