



Gospel Broadcasting and Publishing

# 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

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## "But Seek Ye First . . ."

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Good morning, friends. I am glad to be coming your way once again by means of radio. I hope that I may be able to impart to you by this way of communication something that will be a blessing in your life. Listen to this scripture, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. 6:33, 34

I believe this to be good advice which our Lord gave. Listen to these first words again, "But seek ye first. . ."

There are a lot of things to search for. Many seek after knowledge and wisdom. Some folks spend a lot of time and money to get an education. And just think of the many many conveniences and pleasures which are to be had in this life. Now I believe the Lord will take care of us and provide for us the things which he sees that we need if we will only put him first. But here is where a sad mistake is made by so many. Other things are sought first.

Let me tell you what I want to do. I would just like to take a little time to share with you this poem. I will say for it like Bro. Lewis Williams often says about the singing, "There is a message in every song." So I say there is a message in this poem. It will take a few minutes for you to hear it, but who knows? It might be some of the most important moments of your life.

Here it is:

### A MESSAGE OF LOVE

I am only a little poem,  
Five minutes will read me through,  
But I come in the name of Jesus  
With a message of love to you.  
You may not see how you can spare  
the time  
My few short lines to trace;  
But if never again till the  
judgment-day,  
There I'll meet you face to face.

As on life's rapid transit line  
You are nearing some fancied goal,  
Have you ever stopped to soliloquize  
About your immortal soul?  
Do you know that somewhere your  
journey will end?  
Does your conscience ever tell  
That when time shall end, your  
endless life  
Is to be spent in heaven or hell?

Do you know when your life of sin is  
done  
And you before God are posed,  
That your being will tremble with  
dreadful awe

With all of your wrongs disclosed?  
 And then while you wait your just  
   reward,  
 With all opportunities past,  
 You will look to the prize which might  
   have been yours,  
 And say, "I have missed it at last!"

Then, what are you doing to save your  
   soul?

Is your life too busy to spare  
 From your pleasures and toil and  
   greed for gain  
 One moment a day in prayer?  
 Do you know that the perishing things  
   of life,  
 Which you selfishly call your own,  
 Will not attract your attention much  
 When you stand at the  
   judgment-throne?

Will you toil and struggle from day to  
   day;

Till you draw your latest breath,  
 And never consider the awful change  
 That will come to you in your death?  
 Will you strive for knowledge or  
   worldly fame,  
 No matter how much they cost,  
 Yet in the end, with all you know,  
 Be foolish enough to be lost?

Do you know that except you repent of  
   your sins

And have every one forgiven,  
 And walk in holiness here below,  
 You can not enter heaven?  
 A mere profession or joining some  
   church

Will not meet the demands of your  
   soul,  
 But Christ alone through his precious  
   blood  
 Can cleanse and keep you whole.

They tell us the world has better  
   grown,  
 And we live in a Christian land,

And churches to suit most any one's  
   taste  
 Are found on every hand;  
 But when we behold the discord and  
   fuss  
 That exists among those who profess,  
 We conclude that something is out of  
   fix  
 With their so-called righteousness.

The inundation of worldly schemes  
 And of clerical opulence  
 Have smothered out the fires of truth  
 And of spiritual innocence.  
 The days of shouting and prayer and  
   praise,  
 With many, are things of the past,  
 And God only knows what is yet to  
   come  
 Ere we hear the trumpet's blast.

Joy and singing and Christian love  
 Were our fathers' happy lot;  
 Now with salaried preachers and  
   rented pews  
 They worship they know not what.  
 Once hymns were sung from peaceful  
   hearts,  
 Now by choirs of modern lore;  
 While the voice of the bride and  
   bridegroom  
 Are heard in their chamber no more.

Yet standing aloof from this clashing  
   of creeds  
 Are a people who dare to be true,  
 And carry out the commands of God  
 Just as he told them to.  
 They join no church that man has  
   made,  
 But follow the highway trod,  
 By the prophets, apostles, and  
   Christ, their head,  
 And belong to the church of God.

The dazzling gifts of the early church  
 Are ours by right today;  
 No man can truly say that one

Was ever done away.  
The blood of Christ does still atone  
And every need supplies;  
It heals our bodies when they are sick;  
It saves and sanctifies.

Do you like that poem? I do. I hope that you will get the message of its contents. How much better we would be equipped to leave this world when we are called to go if we sought "first" the kingdom of God and his righteousness. And, dear ones, I can truly say that many blessings have come my way since I have earnestly sought to do the will of God. Just think what a moment might mean to those who are unready to go when the Lord calls for them.

A young man who is a close friend of mine recently told me of a tragic accident which happened overseas. There was this cargo plane coming in for a landing. I believe if I remember correctly it was on the island of Okinawa, or at least nearby. Ground control gave the pilot the word that he was coming in too low. But the pilot replied that "I have the runway in sight and will be able to handle it all right." But sure enough, he was too low to reach the runway and crash landed in the water. The water was shallow but immediately the fuel began to spread in the area on the surface of the water. Now this plane was loaded with cargo and mail for the service men overseas. The door to the cabin of the plane was jammed and blocked with the weight of the cargo. Yet there remained alive after the crash one or two of the members of the crew in the plane but they were unable to get out. At once ground forces were rushed to the spot. They heard this fellow inside wanting to be taken out but they were afraid to use a torch to cut the wreckage away for fear of the fuel which might explode into

flames. A rescue boat was called to assist, or at least there was one or more which came, but certain delays prolonged the rescue efforts until all of these men died right there in that plane in the shallow water not too far from the shore.

But the touching thing about it all was the type of cursing, swearing, and vile language which came from inside that cabin as those dear men drew near to their final end. One would think that a person in such a condition as this would have been calling upon the Lord for help and assistance, that they might be rescued. But all of this crew perished right there in this shallow water not too far from shore.

Friends, let me warn you, if God calls you you ought to give heed to that call. And one sure way to avoid meeting death without God is to seek him early in life, seek him first.

Let us pray,

Our heavenly Father,

It is not for us to know how many may be tuned to this broadcast. But out there somewhere may be a heart who is yearning and longing for rest in their soul. May this day be the time and right where they are, the place that a change will be brought in their life and from here on they will seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. For that which is accomplished we will surely give thee the praise through Christ our Lord. Amen

Thank you, friends, for allowing me to spend this few moments of time with you. If you would like to have a copy of the poem all you have to do is just write me a line and give me your name and address. It is free of charge with-

out cost or obligation to you and if we may be a help to you with some spiritual problem or need be sure to let us know. Address your letter to The Mission Trail, Guthrie, Okla. Here is a song, "I'm happy, redeemed, and free." The singers are Lynn Carver, Arnett Carver, Troy Gentry, and Edgar Martens.

Until we meet again this is Willie Murphey saying may God's richest blessing be with each of you and a very cheerful good-bye!

### *Testimonies*

From Mo.: "Greetings to all of the Mission Trail family, So good to know that Jesus doeth all things well. Feel a great burden for brothers and sisters in trial of affliction and pray earnestly that their faith fail not, for faith is the victory that overcomes all things. I often think of the dear soul I stayed with in New Jersey in '33 and '34--a dear friend we learned to know over there in the east--got acquainted thru the Faith and Victory paper. She was a girl 37 who had never married, had very little of this world's goods so had no money to travel, was unknown to the saints in this middle west except thru a little correspondence but she discerned the Church and was not deceived by any sectarian teaching and prayed things thru concerning her life and surely died in the faith. Some time before her death she said she realized the Lord did not see fit to heal her and she would ask prayer that she would have victory in death and she surely did. I was with her to the end. She wrote a message for those attending her funeral. The preacher read it and it was really touching. She also had the funeral director come in and she selected her casket. Not too long before her departure I asked her how she

felt about going. She smiled and said, 'Oh I could just welcome death'. As I bent over her crying day before she went, she smiled and let me know she wanted to kiss me--was too weak to talk then. Oh the blessedness of seeing one depart in such a manner surely is worth more than all riches. After all these years tears come to my eyes yet as I write about it. My earnest prayer is for those in affliction now that they be comforted and have peace that passes understanding in spite of all the enemy presents, for I'm sure Satan is busy. Rec'd. the Mission Trail yesterday--so glad for truth that is presented to people in such a way they surely can find the good way of the Lord if they are honest at heart and have a spirit to choose God's good way instead of being a slave to the enemy of souls. . . Please remember us in prayer. "

--Sis. Rosella Scott

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From Minn.: "Greetings of love in Jesus holy and precious name. The Lord bless you and reward you for your faithfulness in bringing the message of salvation over the air and through the Mission Trail. I love to hear the story of unseen things above of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and his love for all mankind. My heart goes out to Him for saving my soul and keeping me in the straight and narrow way that leads to everlasting life. Jesus has kept me these 84 years and I know that with every fleeting moment I am that much nearer home and my Saviour Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God. Jesus said I am the way the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me. The richest blessings from the Lord be upon you and all who love the Lord. A new commandment I give unto you that you love one another. Christianity is based on love one for another. "

--Bro. Andrew Senti

From Mo. : "We send greetings of love to each of you. So thankful for all God has done and is still doing for us. He has been so good of late, to give special strength to our bodies during our move. Many times we are reminded of a few years back when our bodies were not so strong and we could not have done what we have done during our move from Grubbs, Ark. to Myrtle, Mo. Oh, what a good God is. The Lord led us to make the move. We were sad to leave the little flock at Grubbs, but we believe they will be faithful and God will be with them. We are happy with the saints here at Myrtle and believe the Lord will be with us all as we endeavor to do the sweet will of God. It seems so long since we've had a Mission Trail paper, so now we are sending you our new address as we do enjoy reading it each week. We are hoping to see you all at Monark campmeeting and we hope you all can come to Myrtle campmeeting. Christian love,"

Albert and Margaret Eck  
 General Delivery  
 Myrtle, Mo. 65778

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"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way." Psalms 37:23

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From Ark. : "This has been a precious day at home alone with the Lord. I have prayed, sung some precious songs of Zion, and read, rested some also. Some days I don't feel so well. I planned to go to meeting today, but had no way to go, but thank the Lord for His blessed presence, . . . I do enjoy the Mission Trail paper. . . This one: 'Present Salvation', is really good. . . We are without a pastor at Grubbs, Ark. now. Dear Bro. and Sis. Eck have moved to Myrtle, Mo. I pray God to bless them there as He did here with

us. We do need a pastor. . . I am enclosing a tract:

Because you prayed  
 God touched our weary bodies with  
 His power,  
 And gave us strength  
 For many a trying hour  
 In which we might have faltered,  
 Had not you, our intercessors  
 Faithful been and true. . .  
 Because you prayed  
 God touched our lips with coals from  
 altar fire.  
 Gave Spirit fullness, and  
 Did so inspire  
 That when we spoke, sin-blinded  
 souls  
 Did see; Sin-chains were broken;  
 Captives were made free.  
 Because you prayed  
 The 'dwellers in the dark'  
 Have found the Light.  
 The glad, good news has  
 Banished heathen night.  
 The message of the cross  
 So long delayed  
 Has brought them life at last  
 Because you prayed. . .

I do pray God's rich blessing upon all and your labors for the Lord and souls. I do wish all people knew the Lord as I do. For 57 years He has kept me saved, sanctified, and He heals me. I do most of my work and some outside. I sew, read, and write without glasses. Thank God forever. . . "

--Sis. N. E. Adams  
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From Ohio: "I would like to have the Mission Trail sent to me. I read one at a brother's house and enjoyed it. Please send me a few different back copies. The one I read was April 16, '71 paper. I love to hear all I can about God. . . I want to be put on the mailing list. Thank you and God bless you abundantly. " --Mrs. Estill Sexton

