



Gospel Broadcasting and Publishing

The Mission Trail

Box 99

Guthrie, Okla. 73044

Willie C. Murphey • Frances E. Murphey •

~~~~~"LIFT UP YOUR EYES. AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST." — JOHN 4.35 ~~~~~

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THE MISSION TRAIL

DECEMBER, 1979

## *Learning to Trust God for all Things*

Radio Broadcast for November 11, 1979

Good morning to all! Don't you find it hard to realize that another year has almost slipped away? But this is the case. And we are reminded that the Christmas season is on the way! I am so glad the coming of Christ Jesus the Lord is ever new:

Through the solemn midnight ringing,  
Falls the sweet, triumphant singing  
Of the choir of God.  
Hear the message they are bringing;  
From the echoing sod.

Blessed voice of God's own angels,  
Echoing word of his evangel.  
Hark! They fall again.  
Balm for wounds and peace for anguish,  
Rest for souls that toil and languish,  
Peace, good will to men.

From the sad earth's stricken places  
Lift the tear-worn, furrowed faces;  
Christ, the Lord, is born--  
Born to bear our cross and sadness;  
Born to change our gloom to gladness,  
Bring our night to morn.

The subject for our broadcast today is "Learning to trust God for all things." It is one thing to say that we trust God and quite another to feel assuredly that "All things work together for good to them that love God." Let me introduce this thought with a verse from Isa. 54:7, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." First remember that God has a church, a people all for Him-

self. There have been times when this church was in the wilderness and hardly discernible but it has always been since Christ purchased it. Now in this evening time as the prophecy has declared, "but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." Zech. 14:7.

Now as individual members in the family of God, the Lord desires that we grow strong in Him and stand for the truth. There is a wonderful lesson in the text: "For a small moment have I forsaken thee but with great mercies will I gather thee." There are times we feel forsaken and all alone. But even these experiences are for our good.

The picture is that of a fond mother or father teaching their child to walk. First, the child is asked to "stand alone." After some patient effort the child stands for the first time entirely alone. What a thrill to the mother! She is overjoyed, and doesn't hesitate to tell it when the opportunity arises! Then one day she withdraws a short distance and holds out her hands appealing to the child, "come to mother!" The child wants to come but scarcely dares to

make the attempt. The mother slips back a little further, still coaxing. Finally the child lifts its foot to come but its muscles are not strong enough and the little one begins to fall. Does the mother let the baby bump? No indeed. In an instant those loving arms have caught up that child and pressed it to her heart in tender affection. But the time must come, even after failure, when the child learns to walk alone. So when we are seemingly alone in danger the Father is near. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Psa. 34:7.

But remember, it requires storms for the tree to take root and become strong. The root system must develop if it supports great branches. The terrific storms strike. It twists, turns, wrenches and at times is almost torn from the ground. If the tree could speak think of the complaining it would do! But would nature listen and cease the storm process? I am afraid not. On and on the storm almost bends it double. What can such seeming cruel treatment mean? Is that love? But wait!

About all the tree the soil is loosened. Great cracks are opened up down into the ground. Deep wounds they might appear to the inexperienced. The rain now comes in with its gentle ministry. The "wounds" fill up. The moisture reaches deep even to the utmost root. The sun again shines. New and vigorous life bursts forth. The roots go deeper, ever deeper. The branches shoot forth. Now and again someone might hear something snap. It is the expansion of the bark of the tree. It is growing into a giant. It is rooting down.

O learn one truth in all its fair com-

pleteness,  
A sorrow's crown of thorns, if worn aright  
With calm humility and patient sweetness,  
Becomes a crown of light.  
Each suffering heart, by hope most unbefriended,  
Should feel that if its faith to God be given,  
When love and fortitude are closest blended,  
It then is nearest Heaven!

In winter there are no roses blooming in the deserted, wind-swept, snow-covered garden. Nor in summer do crystal snow flakes fly. Each season has its own work, its own beauty, and by hands of another season this work cannot be done, this beauty cannot be breathed.

And so of man's life. Each season has its own duties and its own joys; and if they are not laid hold of, no other season can make up the loss; they are gone down the dim, untraversed river of forever.

Each day, indeed, has its own duty, its own smile, its own tear, its own heart-throb. If only it be lived one day at a time, life would be fuller and richer; and the clusters of blessedness hanging from the boughs of each day would proclaim life's every season to have wrought well, for what lies before.

Alas! that we let the burdening tomorrows crush our energy, and strength for today. Give your "today" a chance, my brother. Give it only its own work to do, and evening will find you happy over the beauty and faithfulness that smiles up to you from the well-done duties; and the eternal tomorrow will meet you with kisses of tenderness,



not with wounding blows.

Another stirring scripture is found in Deut. 32:11-12, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

Think of the mighty eagles which build their nests in the rocks of the mountains. It might seem strange to us, the way in which they proceed to build their nests. She selects sharp thorns and weaves them into the structure. Deep within the framework she places them. Thorns for a nest! How strange! Then grass, thread, hair, feathers, and mud is added. This makes a soft downy place for her young.

A pair of eaglets find themselves in this wonderful place with about half enough feathers to cover their tender flesh. But father bird and mother bird keep busy on the search for food. The eaglets have but to open their hungry mouths and parent birds simply supply them. We might say they are "sitting pretty" or "they have it made." Everything is lovely. The eaglets grow and grow and fill the nest. But one day the mother eagle seems to get a grouchy spell. Her feathers stiffen up; her wings spread; she seems upset. Then the storm breaks for the little eaglets and the mother tears into that nest and upheaves it so much that the thorns are sticking up so that there is no place of comfort for the eaglets. They try to find that comfortable place but a thorn sticks them here and another there: a gouge here and a terrible sharp jab there. What can it mean? How cruel! There is but one thing for the eaglets to do. Climb out and up. So out of the nest they climb and perch on the edge

of the nest. They look about and wonder what it is all about. What a cruel, harsh world! They get more food. Father bird and mother bird are faithful to provide; the eaglets grow and grow. Again the mother eagle takes a mysterious spell. This time she knocks one of the eaglets out of the nest! He screams and calls and tries to use his untried wings but in vain. He is falling! It is terrible! How unspeakably cruel! But just as he is about to be dashed against the crags, the mother eagle fluttering about the frightened, little creature swoops down underneath him and catches him on her back. Then she soars away out into the great blue sky and gives him a taste of the glory of flight. Then swings around and impulsively dumps him back to his perching place on the side of the nest. He no doubt thinks, what a strange awful world this is!

But the feeding process continues and the eaglet becomes stronger day by day. Again the mother eagle pushes him overboard the nest. This time he is a little stronger and less frightened, uses his wings better, but still needs help which mother eagle gives. Again he gets a ride into the blue sky. He tastes the grandeur of the skies. Again and again this process goes on until one day the eaglets soar into the blue all alone. But it took thorns, knocks and bewildering conditions to produce his freedom. Had he had his own soft way he would perhaps have tumbled finally to his death. So in life we are buffeted here and disappointed there. We are permitted to struggle and agonize. Heart aches and all but overwhelming disasters seem to overshadow us. We cannot understand it. But we learn that:

"The things for which we yearn are only

reached by anguish and by pain. And tho we groan and writhe beneath our crosses, We yet shall see through our severest losses, The greater gain."

How can we as the privileged saints of God, with all the promises of the Word, treat them so lightly? It is one thing to say we trust in God and quite another to prove it by our actions! My friend, God loves you and all that is allowed to come is sent your way with an abundance of grace! Do you remember what Jesus told Peter? "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not". So, through Christ, who came so lowly, who suffered so greatly, died in agony, rose triumphantly and ascended on high we have victory through faith in His name. I hope this Christmas season will mean more to you than the giving or receiving of gifts; more than some Christmas party or revelry of the world. May your faith be strengthened even to a victorious level. In 1 John 5:4, "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "Wherefore he saith, When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." Ephesians 4:9. It thrills my very being to know that Christ led captivity captive. The very thing which brings into bondage and captivity, Jesus destroyed and gives us victory over it. Captivity has been taken captive!

Our Father, bless each listener of the broadcast. As the holiday season reminds us of the greatest gift of all, may we in turn give ourselves anew to thee for time and eternity. Bless the message to the good of all and thine shall be the praise in Jesus name. Amen.

Our hearts are saddened at this season

when we remember those who were with us in the years gone by, but today have passed on to their great reward leaving us to finish our earthly pilgrimage. May God's richest blessings abide with each one giving grace and happiness both now and throughout the days ahead. Until we meet again, this is Willie Murphey saying God bless and keep you always and a very cheerful goodbye!

## *Testimonies*

From Okla.: "May God continue to bless the work and keep it going over the air... Seeing how busy the enemy is makes me know we sure need to be busy for God. He can only get glory out of work of the righteous. All else is vain. Please keep remembering us in your prayers as we do for you especially remember the young converts. The enemy is giving them such a battle." -- Sis. Theresa Gaines

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From Ala.: "Today the weather is pretty, cool, clear and sunshiny... I am well, and enjoying the many blessings that come my way. God is so good to us. I love Him better each day. I can never praise and thank Him enough for what He means to me. My heart goes out to the lost world that is perishing every day without Him. Oh, that they could see the love and beauty of God and His Church... The dear Lord permitted me to attend four camp meetings, besides ours here in Alabama. This old world seems to be drawing near the end of time, when Christ shall come back for His Church. I do want to be ready for His coming. I have been quite busy since all the meetings, canning, freezing, sewing, mowing... I do thank God for the joy, peace, love, mercy and strength He gives me daily."

-- Sis. Pearlene Whitson



From Mo.: "I think of us as saints in this light. We are not all the same set pattern, but we can all be beautiful in the sight of God. To me that is so wonderful. We are having a cold, dreary rain. Guess winter is close at hand. Wishing you and your family a wonderful Thanksgiving Day."

--Mary Lela Taylor

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From Ill.: "We certainly have appreciated God's handiwork all about us in the autumn colors. May His beauty be seen in His children as they live in His world... Trust both are well and in His service."

--Andrew and Thelma Reineking

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From Kansas: "I always enjoy your Sunday morning program. May God wonderfully bless and keep you right there on the Coffeyville station."

--Mrs. Beryl Immell

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From N. Car.: "I am really pleased and happy to be in God's great kingdom. I appreciate his love and mercy he shows to me every day. I hope everyone there is still pressing on! I'm so thankful for this paper, for it is a source of encouragement to young and old. May the Lord keep blessing the work there."

--Sis. Ivey Lennon

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From Okla.: "We love Him, because He first loved us. While we were yet in sin and unlovely with our backs toward Him, yet God loved us and sought us out of sin and the kingdom of darkness and brought us into His Kingdom of light. What a difference! We can sing what a wonderful change in my life has been brought, since Jesus came into my heart. Light and truth came into my heart and life and I ever want to be true and live for Jesus, because He gave His life for me."

--Sis. Julia Llewellyn

From Oklahoma: "We are saved and pressing onward for the dear Lord."

--Sis. Joy Williams

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From Ind.: "Though I have been sorely afflicted this summer, I am so thankful that God hears and answers our prayers. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried by fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." 1 Pet. 1:6-7."

--Bro. Earl Bliss

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From Okla.: "I hope when these few lines reach you it will find you running up the King's highway with victory in your soul. The Lord has come to my rescue and blessed me in body. Yesterday Sis. Johnson and I went out north of Boley, working for the Lord. The man is blind and one of his legs is off. We prayed for him and his wife. They sure enjoyed our visit and songs and prayers... There is so much field work, visiting the sick and shut-ins to see about and pray about. We need to do more... Give all the saints my love... I'm still doing all I can to help save this world." --Sis. Lizzie Jordan

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From Okla.: "I am yet saved and mean to follow on until I am called from labor to reward. You will find enclosed a love offering to help you stay on the air. Pray for me."

--Sis. Mentie Nurse

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From Okla.: "...well, it won't be long until Jesus will come. God's word tells us there will be wars and rumors of wars, but the end is not yet, until the gospel is preached to all the world. Then the end will come."

--Sis. Ben Harrison

## IN MEMORY OF SISTER SPAUR

Why should we bitterly weep  
For the loss of those we love  
When we know they've wended homeward  
To their heavenly home above.

Soon we too may join them  
'Tis this we're longing for  
That grand and joyous meeting  
Where we shall part no more.

Farewell, Sis. Spaur  
We will miss you--  
Your sun of life has gone down  
You have exchanged your heavy cross  
For a bright and glittering crown.

--By Sis. Grace Jones  
--o--

From Minn.: "Greetings in the holy name of the Lord Jesus our all in all, in whom I trust and I am still under the shed blood of our Savior. I am so tired of this sin cursed world that I want the Lord to take me Home. It just appears that my work is done here as I do not get around so good any more. The Lord bless and keep you all in the center of His will."--Bro. Andrew Senti

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From Colo.: "Oh, what would we do without Jesus to help us. I am so glad one day the Lord sent conviction to my heart and I repented so that's my only desire--to trust and serve him and be ready to go when he calls for me...oh, for grace to serve him better each day. The world has no attraction for me."

--Sis. Addie McEndree  
--o--

From Ill.: "Greeting in the wonderful name of Jesus who saved me from my sins and made a different person out of me. And I can still report victory in my soul...Please keep sending me the Mission Trail. I sure liked the lesson you had on Job. Every once in a while I go back and read Job."

--Sis. Mildred Snell

From Kansas: "I went to Sister Margaret's Nov. 3rd, on the bus. I was able to attend part of the revival. I came home on the 8th. It really was a good meeting...I still enjoy the Mission Trail and the broadcast...I'm so glad to know some of God's children and to be able to go to God for help, and to know we will receive help from God."

--Sis. Mamie Norcutt  
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From Okla.: "I am rejoicing in the joys of salvation in Christ Jesus, hoping you are all well. I am looking forward to having the children home for Thanksgiving Day. I am thankful for the broadcast. May the Lord bless it to his glory here and there is also my prayer. Pray for us."

--Sis. Eva Penner

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From Calif.: "Dear brother, I do thank and praise God for putting me through the furnace; it takes the spiritual fire to take out all the dross. We must die to all of self, and to die is not easy. Crucifixion means a hard death of much suffering. And that is what I have gone through. But thank God for victory; such overcoming, conquering grace and victory, which I have longed for over the years. Oh! God's mercy for us reaches unto the cloudy and dispells the cloudy. Do pray for every child that we all might be fully purged and ready to meet our Redeemer at His coming. May God ever give you wisdom in sending out His word."

--Bro. H. P. Huskey  
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From Pa.: "People today are rushing for the pleasures of this wicked world. I heard a minister on the radio who said he went to a baseball game. When they were passing the beer around, he said he came to himself and wondered why he was there. The people are waxing worse and worse and our Lord will surely come soon."

--Sis. Eva Cox



# at press time

we understand:

## THANKSGIVING

O precious Father, as we bow,  
Before thy throne today--  
We count the many blessings,  
Thou hast showered upon our way.

The comfort of our humble homes,  
Our health and happiness,  
The strength provided for each day,  
To meet the strain and stress.

We thank Thee for Thy precious Son,  
Who brought salvation free,  
And for this mighty land of ours--  
A land of liberty;

So Lord, help us to give Thee thanks  
For all that we hold dear--  
Not only on Thanksgiving Day,  
But each day of the year.

--Sel. by Sis. Pearlene Whitson

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Sis. S. E. Abbott writes she is not able to answer all letters, but she loves to hear from the dear saints, friends, etc. Her address is: 203 Forest Dr., Apt. 3, Payson, Ariz. 85541.

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We congratulate Marshall and Melonie Whitson on the birth of their daughter, Monica Michelle on Oct. 24th.

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Congratulations also go to Dwayne and Connie Sorrell on the birth of their daughter, Vicki Darlene, on Nov. 16th.

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Assembly Meeting begins in Guthrie December 21st and continues through the 30th. Come and spend the holidays in the service of the Lord.

Egbert is better, can walk but very weak in back and legs. We are so thankful to the Lord for sparing his life and he is no worse."

--The Allen's

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From Kansas: "We are thanking the Lord for still being saved...I still contend that if Paul could make it then anyone else that is willing to pay the full price and continue to be obedient to God and have full faith, trust and confidence in him can make it to Heaven also. I am determined by the grace of God to be one of those people."

--Sis. Shirley Knight

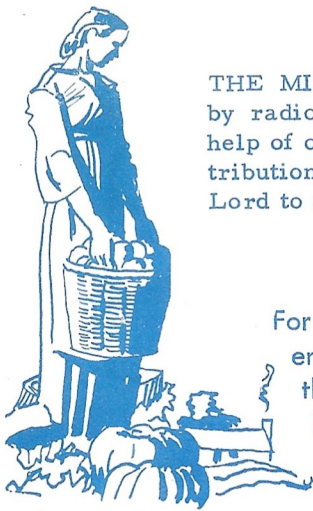
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"Another one of the saints has left us. (Sis. Beatrice Spaur). I was with her the last week, also others were helping. She was quite helpless and had to be spoon-fed all her light food and liquids. She was conscious when I fed her the last bite of beef broth and she just closed her eyes and quit breathing. Sis. Ruby Hutchinson broke a bone in her foot. Coming downstairs she turned her ankle and fell."

--Sis. Lucille Trimble

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Many thanks to those who have written for the first time. We appreciate all the encouraging letters and offerings. And may we add, if you have not written recently, please do so and let us know if you would like your name to remain on our mailing list. We would appreciate your prayers as we begin the sixteenth year of the broadcast in Jan. 1980. HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



THE MISSION TRAIL, originating in Guthrie, Okla., is broadcast by radio and published in printed form by Willie Murphey with the help of others. Its principal support comes from the free will contributions of its listeners and readers. Those who are led by the Lord to assist may do so by sending their offering to:

THE MISSION TRAIL, Guthrie, Oklahoma 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

RADIO  
STATION  
**KGGF**

LOCATION  
Coffeyville, Kansas

DIAL  
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