



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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THE MISSION TRAIL

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“Love not the World”

Radio Broadcast for April 14, 1985

Good morning, friends. I am happy for the opportunity to come your way again by means of radio with a message from the Word of the Lord. If you have your Bibles laying there on the shelf or on the seat beside you in the car, just open them up to 1 John the second chapter and let us begin with verse 15, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.”

Now, who do you think these scriptures apply to? Is it to the church or is it to an individual? Here it says, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.” Then it goes on to point out those things which are so destructive. The 16th verse tells us, “For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.” It is a warning to abstain from the things of the world. I believe this does apply to an individual. It is also a warning to the church to keep herself unspotted from the world. There have been movements whose members were awakened to a spiritual life through Christ and how carefully they did avoid the things of the world. But as time went on these individuals weakened in their stand for truth and allowed the world to come in. Just as surely as the world begins to penetrate the church there will be a decline and a falling away from the truth.

Worldliness is accompanied by an ungodly spirit. Now listen to the solemn warning from 1 John the 4th chapter and beginning with verse 1, “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world. Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world. They are of the world: therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them. We are of God: he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error.”

Then this verse from 1 John 3:13, "Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you." So dear ones, do not be surprised if the world turns its back on you because you will not walk with them. However, the scriptures fortell a great falling away before the coming of the Lord. 2 Thes. 2:3 puts it this way, "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come except there come a falling away first." And now this poem which so well describes what many professed Christians are doing today:

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD

The Church and the World walked far apart;
 On the changing shores of time;
 The World was singing a giddy song,
 And the Church a hymn sublime.
 "Come, give me your hand," cried
 the merry World,
 "And walk with me this way";
 But the good Church hid her snowy
 hand,
 And solemnly answered, "Nay,
 I will not give you my hand at all,
 And I will not walk with you:
 Your way is the way of endless death;
 Your words are all untrue."
 "Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
 Said the World with a kindly air;
 "The road I walk is a pleasant road,
 And the sunshine always there.
 Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
 And mine is broad and plain;
 My road is paved with flowers and gems,
 And yours with tears and pain.
 The sky above me is always blue;
 No want, no toil, I know;
 The sky above you is always dark;
 Your lot is a lot of woe.
 My path, you see, is a broad, fair path
 And my gate is high and wide;
 There is room enough for you and for me
 To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached
 the World,
 And gave him her hand of snow;
 The old World grasped it and
 walked along,
 Saying, in accents low;
 "Your dress is too simple to please
 my taste;
 I will give you pearls to wear,
 Rich velvet and silks for your graceful
 form
 And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain
 white robes
 And then at the dazzling World
 And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
 With a smile contemptuously curled.
 "I will change my dress for a costlier
 one,"
 Said the Church with a smile of grace;
 Then her pure garments drifted away,
 And the World gave, in their place,
 Beautiful satins and shining silks
 And roses and gems and pearls;
 And over her forehead her bright hair
 fell
 Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the
 proud old World;
 "I'll build you one like mine:
 Carpets of Brussels, and curtains of
 lace,
 And furniture ever so fine."
 So he built her a costly and beautiful
 house--
 Splendid it was to behold.
 Her sons and beautiful daughters dwelt
 there,
 Gleaming in purple and gold.
 And fairs and shows in the halls were
 held,
 And the World and his children were
 there;
 And laughter and music and feasts were
 heard

In the place that was meant for prayer.
 She had cushioned pews for the rich
 and the great
 To sit in their pomp and their pride,
 While the poor folks, clad in their
 shabby suits,
 Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the Church
 And whispered, "I know thy sin."
 The Church looked back with a sigh,
 and longed
 To gather her children in;
 But some were off in the midnight ball,
 And some were off at the play,
 And some were drinking in gay saloons;
 So she quietly went her way.

The sly World gallantly said to her,
 "Your children mean no harm--
 Merely indulging in innocent sports."
 So she leaned on his proffered arm,
 And smiled, and chatted, and gathered
 flowers,
 As she walked along with the World;
 While millions and millions of death-
 less souls
 To the horrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and
 plain,"
 Said the gay old World with a sneer;
 "They frighten my children with dread-
 ful tales,
 Which I like not for them to hear;
 They talk of brimstone and fire and
 pain.
 And the horrors of endless night;
 They talk of a place that should not be
 Mentioned to ears polite.
 I will send you some of the better
 stamp.
 Brilliant and gay and fast.
 Who will tell them that people may live
 as they list,
 And go to heaven at last.
 The Father is merciful and great and
 good,

Tender and true and kind;
 Do you think he would take one child to
 heaven
 And leave the rest behind?"
 So he filled her house with gay divines
 Gifted and great and learned:
 And the plain old men that preached the
 cross
 Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor" said
 the World;
 "Far more than you ought to do.
 If the poor need shelter and food and
 clothes,
 Why need it trouble you?
 Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
 And horses and carriages fine,
 And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
 And the rarest and costliest wine.
 My children they dote on all such
 things,
 And if you their love would win.
 You must do as they do, and walk in the
 ways
 That they are walking in."
 The Church held tightly the strings of
 her purse;
 And gracefully lowered her head,
 And simpered, "I've given too much
 away;
 I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door
 in scorn,
 And she heard not the orphans' cry;
 And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
 As the widows went weeping by.
 And the sons of the World and the sons
 of the Church
 Walked closely hand and heart,
 And only the Master, who knoweth all,
 Could tell the two apart.
 Then the Church sat down at her ease
 and said:
 "I am rich, and in goods increased;
 I have need of nothing and naught to do
 But to laugh and dance and feast."

The sly World heard her and laughed
in his sleeve,

And mockingly said aside,
"The Church is fallen--the beauti-
ful Church--
And her shame is her boast and
pride!"

The angel drew near to the mercy-
seat,
And whispered, in sighs, her name;
And the saints their anthems of
rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame;
And a voice came down, through the
hush of heaven,
From him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy work, and how thou hast
said,
"I am rich", and hast not known
That thou art naked and poor and
blind
And wretched before my face;
Therefore from my presence I cast
thee out,
And blot thy name from its place!"

Our Father, we are so glad that you do
have a church without spot and
blameless. And they are not walking
with the world. These are the ones
whose robes have been washed white in
the blood of the Lamb. Bless each true
child of God this day and give them
grace to walk with thee whatever the
cost, for we ask it in Jesus' name.
Amen.

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

--o--

*"Because Christ lives, I too shall live!"
With Him I'll ever be
Rejoicing that He broke death's chains
And set my spirit free!*

Testimonies

From OK: "I send greetings to you in
the name of our blessed Redeemer in
whom we have redemption through his
blood, the forgiveness of sins. I'm
glad I counted the cost, gave up my own
selfish will, and accepted the way of
the Lord. Without Him my life would be
dreary. Thank you ever so much for the
nice Christmas letter, the beautiful
calendar with verses of scripture, and
the heart touching poem Crippled Tommy
and Singing Jessie"--Sis. Elnora Conley

--o--

From OK: "Hello Bro. Willie, I thought
I would write to see how well every-
thing is going. I hope well. I sure
appreciate your efforts to reach the
lost and to strengthen the children. I
want my life like that. I am thankful
God has burdened me with an outreach to
souls. I feel much more satisfied when
I have a chance to testify of Jesus to
the world. The other evening the
thought came to me that I was but a
little soldier, like David and his
stones. When I see older saints and
how the Lord brings scriptures,
thoughts, etc; it makes me want to
compact their many years experience
into my few . . . The Lord knows
where I am best suited. I am looking
for guidance, so pray for me. Bro. in
Christ,"

--Bob Wilson

--o--

From MO: "This finds me still saved and
trusting in the Lord for my every need.
I am so thankful to have been raised in
a Christian home. I have been blessed
with better than usual health this win-
ter and to God goes all the praise. I
want you to know I appreciate getting
your calendar and enjoy the Mission
Trail so much. Please pray that I will
continue to enjoy good health and all
the Lord's blessings. . . Christian
love,"

--Sis. Violet Sinkhorn

From OK: "It thrills my heart to know the Eternal God, Savior Jesus and Holy Ghost lives and moves and has His Being in each one of these saints of God in all the world thru all the tests and trials and temptations; thru the lion's den, the furnace fires often heated 7 times hot; thru pain-tortured bodies; thru aging bodies, sight, hearing, helpless, inactivity they have come like a mighty army of God thru the years, leaving a trail of the glory of God upon them and the shouts of high praise and victory to God, sounding out into all the earth, the echoes resounding thru the corridors of time: praise and gratitude to Almighty God and our dear Jesus who, tho He was equal with God, made himself of no reputation and took on Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, of things in heaven, of things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God. Phil. 2. I can not find words to express my joy and gratitude to all heaven and all of my spiritual family praying fervently one for another until we are promoted to our heavenly home. What a family reunion that will be! God bless every one! Dear aged, lonely, shut-in, blind, deaf, wheel-chair, bed-fast, there is much labour for you to finish before you are released to go home! Fervent prayer, availing prayer, believing prayer, intercessory prayer, prayer in the spirit, in the will of God, seeking the pleasure of God, the rejoicing of Jesus and reward God promised Him!"

--Sis. Ada Scanlan

From WA: "Greetings to you in the dear name of our Lord and Saviour. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy name.' Psa. 103:1. It is good to trust the Lord. I have had trouble nearly all winter with my eyes, but the Lord has healed me. I could never thank Him enough for all He has done for me. He is just the same today . . ."--Sis. Violet Thomas

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From Guthrie: "We are glad to be back in Guthrie again; thank you for sending the Mission Trail to us. It is just like a letter from home. We are thankful this morning for the blessings of the Lord. How thankful we are for His saving and keeping grace. I want to testify to His healing power. He is still healing His people. . . I was expecting about a dozen people for lunch. I had been suffering for several months which I feel was arthritis, having to walk stooped much of the time. I couldn't seem to find a bed I could rest on. I went about my work preparing food for lunch. About 10:00 o'clock I hurt so bad I had to lay down. I began to pray and ask the Lord to make me able to finish the meal. It was good to lay there. But I said You tell us to be given to hospitality and to do good to all men, especially to the household of faith. Now these are your children and I want to feed. Please give me strength to complete the meal. I sat up on side of bed. It felt as though something fell off my back. I stood up and began to thank the Lord for touching my body, finished my preparations of food setting table etc. I kept going all the rest of the day, rode to the City and finished the day about 10:00 that night. My back has been well of all the aches except a little soreness up to now . . . I'm glad my doctor never gets sick nor goes on strike." --Sister Edith Wall

From TX: "I'm still saved and sanctified, pressing my way to the glory world, praying Lord, send laborers into this vineyard. It would be so good if some of the saints lived here, buy the cafe and feed the people two ways. We could have worship together in my house."

--Sis. Nellie Lovell

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From SC: "I am still pressing on. I do want to make heaven my home. I have no desire to turn back. There is nothing in this old world to look at. Thank the Lord I am still able to do some work for Him . . . I am helping take care of some old senior citizens. Some have strokes and cancers. I am forcing food down them. Some can talk, some cannot. One is all drawn up, cannot straighten out. I am telling them about the Lord and my Savior. Please pray it will help them understand. I do not know how they lived before all this happened. So pray for me."

--Sis. Nettie Harbeson

--o--

From OK: "I am yet standing on the promises of God. He is so good to all. My heart is fixed on His precious Word. If I never hear another sermon I know enough to make it home. Pray for me."

--Sis. Mentie Nurse

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From OK: "I hope this finds both of you well and encouraged in the Lord. We are so thankful for all the Lord has done for our family, for His precious love, mercy and longsuffering. We truly love Him and want to please Him. Thanks for the beautiful calendar and I always enjoy reading the Mission Trail paper."

--Sister Ruby Bell

--o--

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen: that ye may know and believe me, and understand that I am he: before me there was no God formed . . ." --Isaiah 43:10.

A FRUITFUL OLD AGE

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.

We cannot keep from growing old, but by the grace of God we can avoid the pitfalls that make some folk peevish and unfruitful. When Longfellow was quite aged, an ardent admirer asked how he was able to remain so vigorous and write so beautifully. Pointing to an apple tree, the poet replied, "That tree has been there a long time, but I never saw prettier flowers on it than it has right now. Its branches display a little new wood each year, and I suppose that is what accounts for the lovely blossoms. Like the apple tree, I still grow new wood each year!" We cannot stop the flight of time, but we can keep growing in grace so that we may continue to bear spiritual fruit. The following prayer for the elderly is worth repeating: "Lord, Thou knowest I am growing older. Keep me from the idea that I must express myself on every subject. Release me from the craving to meddle in everyone's affairs. Keep my tongue from the recital of endless details of the past which do not interest others. Seal my lips when I am inclined to talk about my aches and pains. They are increasing with the years, and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful, but not interfering; helpful, but not bossy. With the wisdom and experience I've gained, it does seem a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends left at the end. So help me to pray more, talk less. And beyond all this, let me continue to flourish spiritually and bring forth fruit to Thy glory even in old age. Amen!"--Selected.

"* * * They shall still bring forth fruit in old age . . ." Psa. 92:14.

at press time

we understand:

ANOTHER SAINT IS CALLED HOME



It is with sorrow that we announce the home-going of Sister Lula Tucker in the early morning hours of March 16. Sister Tucker lived for the Lord, His cause,--and

her family. In December, 1983 she and her husband, Carl, commemorated their 55th wedding anniversary along with their eight children. She attended the little congregation of Coffeyville, KS and so often would pray, "Lord, help us to be what we are called to be, saints" She will be so greatly missed. Do pray for her family in this time of great sorrow. Funeral was March 18.

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From PA: "My husband passed away the 7th of March. The burial was the 11th of March. We rented a new 'downstairs apartment, as we had been living in an upstairs apartment. Steps were getting hard for us. We lived in the new apartment one day and one week. He just simply fell asleep. If he had lived until July 30th he would have been 88 years old. Last May 29 we celebrated our 58th wedding anniversary. The Lord is so good . . . My sister is Rosella Scott. I know that many prayers were offered for me. I appreciate everyone. My friends are many and oh so kind to me. I asked the preacher to read the poem 'Jesus, I'll go through with Thee.' Many told me how beautiful it was . . . Pray for me and family." --Sister Mabel Kinsey

TENT MEETING!

From OK: "Thank the Lord, thank the good Lord for His wonderful love toward all His children--the release of Connie and Dwane. He has surely answered all prayers . . . There will be a tent meeting in Fairview, OK at the Fairgrounds starting April 27th and going through May 5th."

--Alferd and Martha Classen

--o--

GOSPEL SINGING

We plan to have a singing at Upper Wharton church on 74 east of Huntsville Arkansas on Saturday, May 18, 1985 at 730 p.m. Everyone is welcome. Bro. Merrill Smith comes down for church once a month. We sure appreciate his labors. Christian love, --Wanda Evans

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CONGRATULATIONS

To Ben Rabel and Linda Mitchell whose plans are to be married in Jena, LA May 31st. We wish them much happiness!

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"Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Luke 17:8. This question is good for all men of all ages. Since we know not the day nor the hour in which our Lord cometh we are instructed to watch and pray. The apostle foretold there would be a falling away. Professors, yes, many of them but without real faith. There will be lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God. That final day is fast approaching. As one dear saint would say, "Eternity is looming in sight." Thanks to all who help us keep the message going forth.



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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

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