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Why Are Ye Fearful

"O YE OF LITTLE FAITH"

The pilgrim fathers didn't have much of anything—except the dangers that surrounded them. Yet out of their rugged lives came a creative impulse that not only conquered the great difficulties of the day but also poured out into the tomorrows such a stream of creative energy and strength as the world has seldom seen. But today we Americans are the most heavily armed people in the world, and the most frightened; the most favored in material goods and the most fearful of insecurity. Foreign visitors to this country go away puzzled at our behavior in these respects. What our pilgrim fathers had, which we lack, was a great faith. They knew they didn't have much, so they depended upon God and became unconquerable. With our dependence upon things, and our neglect of God, we may be the strongest richest nation and yet fail because we are spiritually weak and morally impoverished.
THE "PRAYER HOUSE"

"Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people." (Isa. 56:7)

Every night, except Sunday, for the past six months a little group of Christians who sincerely believe that God hears and answers prayer TODAY, gathers at 1108 East First St. in Austin at what one faithful attendant calls the "Prayer House." The name over the door reads, "House of Prayer for all people." It is not another denomination, not a church, but what the name indicates—a house of Prayer.

The dominant theme in most churches is preaching; second, teaching. Jesus did both of these, but His disciples sensed that the difference between His life of power and their lives of failure some­how lay in His prayer life and they came asking, "Lord, teach us to pray." (Luke 11:1).

At the House of Prayer denominations, doctrines, creeds, racial differences are forgotten. You will find Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Disciples of Christ, Nazarenes, and others sitting together side by side, drawn by a common faith in prayer and a common hunger for more of the power of Jesus' Holy Spirit in their daily lives.

The evenings are given to singing, testimony, prayer, the study of God's Word, and a brief message on Jesus, the Answer to our every need, TODAY.

A growing list of requests for prayer is read and the needs offered up to God: sickness, discouragement, unemployment, doubts, the need of peace and a great revival of repentance in America.

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." (Matt. 21:22)

The time for sharing of experiences is especially inspiring. A dear lady from China tells how God saved her defenseless household and the entire village from harm during the last war in answer to prayer. How, when the Japanese soldiers rushed into the house brandishing their guns and swords, she closed her eyes and lifted up her hands, and her heart to God in earnest prayer. And when she opened her eyes the soldiers were gone and no one harmed.

A wife tells how her entire home life has been changed and how God took away her sinus headaches in answer to prayer; an­other to how God has taken care of their every need for food, raiment and shelter through faith and prayer.

Another witnesses to God's healing power that took off his glasses, worn for twenty years. A man tells how, after prayer, he re­ceived employment. Another gives thanks for the quick healing of a back injury. Does God heal today? These people know He is the “Same yesterday, today and forever.”

A passage of Scripture is usually read in unison. The group has been traveling with Jesus and His disciples through the Gospel of Matthew, re-living their experiences and applying the lessons to their lives today.

A message on the Bible story follows the reading, interspersed with comments by the listeners. Then a closing prayer.

Before dispersing, the group gathers around anyone in special need of prayer and lifts that person and his needs up to the loving Father.

"They shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall recover." (Mark 16:18)

Thursday night is guest speaker night. Saturday has been re­erved for a series of studies and prayer services on the Holy Spirit. Many folks in many denominations are hungrily seeking what Jesus promised to ALL Christians:

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me." (Acts 1:8)

The House of Prayer witnesses by deed as well as word to faith in the power of prayer. No mention is made of money and no collections are taken. A tithe box is placed near the door for those who wish to help in the work. Contributions are also received by mail. God has met every need: rent, lights, telephone, cooling fans, etc. Several times a check has been received on the very day the rent or other bills were due.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33)

"For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." (Matt. 6:32)

What is the purpose back of establishing the House of Prayer? Certainly not for fame or profit or to start a new denomination or organization.

First, to help, through faith in God and prayer, those who come with their needs: physical, financial, spiritual.

Second, to enlist men and women in prayer for a great shaking revival in all the churches of Austin.

Third, to bind men and women together who believe in prayer, that God may bring America and the Church to their knees in true repentance, that we may be spared the horrors of another war and live in peace and brotherhood with all God's children, everywhere.

Are you sick or in trouble? Do you believe God hears and answers prayer, TODAY? Then you are welcome at the House of Prayer for all people, regardless of your denomination, race or creed.

If you are unable to come, your prayer request will be welcomed by mail, but a personal attendance will testify to your faith.

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." (James 5:14-16)

Those who attend the House of Prayer are recapturing something the modern church has largely lost: the joy that sustained and inspired the first century Christians.

"The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. 14:17)
TRUE PATRIOTISM

A great deal is being said these days about patriotism. That is always true in time of war, as though to intimate that only war-like men are patriotic. What is true patriotism? Is it necessarily doing what the majority or other citizens are doing at the particular moment? Is it necessarily fighting or urging others to fight? Is patriotism a different thing in war time than when our country is at peace?

True patriotism consists in standing for and working for those things that are of real and lasting benefit to our nation, whether the country is at war or we are living in peace. A real patriot therefore will be working for the best interests of America as much before, as after, she is threatened with war.

What, then, are the things that benefit the Nation, and what do her harm? Taken in a deeper sense and with lasting benefits in mind, they will not be the things that contribute to her selfish nationalism, but those things that help America fulfill her unique destiny in the world.

A century and a half ago America was handed the torch of Christian civilization. She is a child of Christianity, of the urge towards liberty from oppression, freedom of worship, and the right of each individual to live his life as a child of God.

Her constitution was written by Christian men. Her laws were based on the laws of God. Separation of Church and State made possible man's giving final allegiance to God rather than to nation.

Freedom and Democracy, a government of, by and for, the people, is only possible among good people, honest people, fair people. For if it is a government where the rights of others are considered equally with our own. It cannot long endure among unscrupulous, or evil or selfish people, or those who are constrained to do justly only by compulsion. For in America the people are the government. If her people are good people the government will be good government. If the people become corrupt, the government will soon become corrupt. Our system of government by law rather than men safeguards us against an occasional bad ruler but cannot save us from disaster should the general citizenry degenerate either mentally, morally or spiritually below the level of men qualified to govern themselves.

For men must be governed by something or by someone. They must be disciplined, either from without or from within. They must be ruled by God or by man.

America is a great and daring experiment in self-government —of being ruled from within the hearts of the people themselves; as their inner beings reflect the standards and the laws of God.

As long as her citizens base their conduct on God's standards of right and wrong, little outward compulsion is necessary. And that is what Democracy is: a minimum of government. When men depart from God's laws in realms of morals, honesty and unselfishness; wrongs are done to others, rights are impaired, and government must take more and severer supervision over the lives of her citizens.

That explains the present drift in the United States towards regimentation and dictatorship. It indicates that those who would rule by such methods have forgotten the basic reason for America's birth. But the fault lies not alone with those who would so rule. The fault lies also with the citizens of America. There is no need or opportunity for dictatorship with a people who live according to God's laws. But when men become selfish and greedily try to take rights and wealth and privileges at the expense of others, then it is necessary for government to step in and protect the helpless.

When men become immoral and dishonest, government must increasingly become powerful and severe to prevent chaos and ruin. So that dictatorship is not alone brought on by evil men at the head of government; it is invited or at times made inevitable by an evil or selfish citizenry.

That is why, if real Christianity dies out in America, Democracy is dead. When men no longer love their neighbors as them-
"Couldst thou in vision see
The perfect man God meant
Thou never more wouldst be
The man thou art content."
—Author unknown

At the beginning of Christ's ministry He announced His platform in the Sermon on the Mount, recorded in Mathew 5, 6, and 7. In this Sermon He sums up what it is to be a Christian.

In a letter to a church convention in 1942, Franklin D. Roosevelt said: "Often in years past I have emphasized the need for a revival of religion. Many times have I emphasized that the one solution of the problems which confront a distraught world will be found in a return to the practical application to everyday life—among nations as among men—of the eternal principal of the Christian religion as summed up in the Sermon on the Mount."

E. Stanley Jones, great spiritual leader, missionary and evangelist, says the Sermon is found, and few give it serious thought. Ministers usually steer clear from doing practices. It is revolutionary. It threatens to disrupt industry, challenge religious authority, and has the government officials worried and watchful. People have been stirred the past month as they have not been aroused since John the Baptist preached and baptized along the Jordan River last year.

The center of this new religious revolution is a young man from the small town of Nazareth in the back country. He is said to be the son of an obscure carpenter and never to have attracted much attention until the past month...

This new evangelist is known as Jesus. He seems to have some strange power of healing sickness and can sway crowds into believing that the abundant life consists of his teaching. People have been inspired to throw up their jobs and wander around the country with him. Already one tax collector has abandoned his business and joined this new movement. In consequence, the price of fish in Capernaum has jumped alarming and the present supply threatens soon to be exhausted.

Other industries are also in danger if the movement continues to spread. Already one tax collector has resigned and is roaming about with this young carpenter. They apparently do no work, yet all seem well fed and strangely happy.

This upstart has the rabbis muttering in their beards. Their synagogues are already empty, their leadership slipping, as old and young hang on the words of this un-school carpenter.

Government officials here and at Jerusalem are watching this new leader and his revolution. If so it will be quickly snuffed.

The Capernaum Chronicle, April 22, A. D. 27.
Reconciliation with an adversary is more pleasing to God than coming to church with a gift; for without love, worship is blasphemy. "If a man say, I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" (1 John 4: 20)

Then follows ten verses which are the mountaintop of the Sermon. (Matt. 5:38-48) The Love-Way forbids retaliation, outlaws the meeting of evil with evil. Instead the Christian must do (and will want to do) as God and Jesus do, meet evil with good, enmity with love, cursing with blessing, and persecution with prayer.

No one on earth would ever be saved, or inherit Heaven if he received only what he deserved. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23) Jesus has given us forgiveness instead of punishment, mercy rather than justice. He loves us when we are anything but lovable. "How can he love us when we are anything but lovable?" (John 14:23) Without love, then, the Sermon on the Mount becomes impossible, being a Christian is impossible, for "God is Love." (1 John 4:8)

That's what Christianity is: a loving concern for everyone else in the world. Not belonging to a church, not worshipping God on Sunday, not living up to a moral code; but a desire to share the good things of life with the rest of God's children, because you love them. Being a Christian extends the family relationship to all people, gives one the loving concern for everyone that a father and mother have for their son, or that one brother has for another. "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." (Matt. 12:50)

Without this loving concern, no amount of ceremony will make a man a Christian, or a church a Christian church. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." (John 13:35)

The goal of the Love-Way is to be perfect, as God is perfect.

Half a century ago Charles M. Sheldon wrote a book, "In His Steps" in which he describes the unusual things that take place in a town after about one hundred men and women in a conventional, well-do-do church had pledged themselves to act as they honestly thought Jesus would act in their place. Their every decision was to hinge, not on the future. Half of the things I fear never happen. Perhaps half of those that do are caused or heartened by my fears. What are the symptoms of this fear that wrecks my life?

When I am discouraged it is because I am afraid—afraid I'll lose my job, my health, or miss success. I worry, because I am afraid something will befall me or mine. I am self-conscious—afraid I won't do well and folks will laugh. I talk too much, for fear others won't realize how much I know, and thus reaveal it is so little.

When I cheat, I am afraid honesty will not bring enough return. When I pretend, I fear my true self is not good enough for the world to see. If I swear, it is for fear I will not be emphatic or tough enough with decent words. If I am persuaded to drink, or smoke, or gamble, it is because I am afraid of ridicule should I refuse.

Should I dread criticism, I am afraid my reputation will not bear much shaking. I gossip, for fear some other will become in the race for news, and to turn the public eye away from my own faults. I fear sickness, because I haven't properly cared for my body; and death, because I haven't been careful of my soul. Darkness brings terror—"I am afraid God is asleep and has forgotten His promise, "I am with you always." I lie because I fear the truth is not sufficient for my purpose. I don't trust God because I am afraid I can't. I don't fully surrender my will to His, and step out upon His promises, for fear His boat will sink and leave me gasping in the deep.

Jesus' answer to fear is FAITH. "O ye of little Faith!" John answered, "Perfect love casteth out Fear." If I loved my body PERFECTLY, I would not poison it with too much food and tobacco and drink, or a lack of sleep and exercise, and I would have little fear of sickness. If I loved my neighbor PERFECTLY, he would not be unemployed or starving in this land of plenty. If I loved the Nations and their rulers Perfectly, I would not fear their plunging us into war. If I loved my God perfectly, I would not fear to trust my life to Him.

"Yes, I am Afraid! And so admitting, I admit I have no Faith and little Love! For Jesus promised both. Fear is the greatest barrier between myself and God—and so perhaps the greatest sin. When one is truly close to God, fears, doubts and worries slip away. If there is an area in my life, physical, mental, or spiritual, that is ruled by Fear, it is an area that is not filled with Jesus' love—for Jesus is not afraid.

What if I fall, or fail, or die? It matters not. But it matters tremendously that I die courageously, like Jesus and Stephen and like Paul. There is ONE I ought to fear—God. I ought to be afraid I was not walking close enough to Him and so strive harder to become His own.

"The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?"
A Modern Jew's Own Faith Story

AS TOLD BY
LEE KRUPNICK
HISSELF

NOTED JEWISH EVANGELIST

(Reprinted From Healing Waters Magazine)

I am a Jew. I have been born a Jew twice. Once in the flesh, as Jesus was and second I was "born again."

Just after my conversion to Jesus Christ one of my friends, a prominent Tulsa business man, called me aside and offered me a large sum of money if I would publicly renounce that I was a Jew. I had been voted the most popular man in Tulsa; I had won first prize for taking the most outstanding photograph in the nation; I had been called upon to photograph the president of the United States and several governors. All these honors had come to me while I was the official photographer for the Tulsa World, largest newspaper in Oklahoma, and manager of their photography department.

My Jewish friends were flushed with pride that a Jew had reached this place of national prominence. But, out of all these things I emerged miserable, unhappy. When I found Jesus was alive, not dead, as I had been taught he was by my Orthodox Jewish parents in St. Louis, I turned to Him and believed in Him and He set me free from my miserable, unhappy life.

The newspapers stated I had become a Christian Jew or a Jew who believed in Jesus Christ. This infuriated my Jewish friends and relatives.

My business friend said, "Lee, you are no longer a Jew."

I said, "But why? I was born a Jew."

He replied, "You are not a Jew any longer. You forfeited all rights and claims when you turned to this dead Jesus the Gentiles say is Christ."

"But, I have been born again," I said. "I am a Jew now more than ever, because I am "born again."

"How do you get that?" he asked.

"Who is a Jew?" I asked. "Not one who is merely born a Jew, because Jesus said to a learned Jew, Nicodemus of Jerusalem, a teacher of the law, a man born a Jew, 'Ye must be born again.' That's why I know I am a Jew. I have been BORN AGAIN. In fact, I am more a Jew than you are because I have been born again; I have been born the second time!"

He began to curse and spit. Once more he offered me money. "If you offered me all the money in the world," I said, "you couldn't get me to stop saying I am a Jew. I am more a Jew now than ever because I am a Christ-saved Jew."

My father was a wealthy business man. He and my mother were strict in their observances of the orthodox Jewish faith. Papa was a "Koin" which is the highest honor that a Jew can obtain. To have a Koin in the synagogue is like having a governor or senator in your midst. A Koin is from the Levitical Tribe set aside for the priesthood. My father was a Koin and his father was a Koin and so on down the ancestral line. Because my father was a Koin, I became a Koin.

When I was twelve, going on thirteen, I became a "Son of the Law," a full-fledged Jew. I became responsible for my sins and was presented to the synagogue. A large crowd was present and Papa spent hundreds of dollars for the feast. I wore my "Tallus and Twilub" for the first time. That is, to wrap a strap around my hand, put a little square box on my forehead, a tallus on my shoulder and pray every day. I had a wonderful "Bal' Mitzvah."

Then after my mother died, I said a prayer every morning and night for a whole year and for 23 years I went to say "Yur-site" in the synagogue, always praying in the Hebrew language. This, the Jewish people call "Kadish." I have learned since I am a christian that one should pray for loved ones before they die; it's too late to pray for them after they die.

The years passed. I moved to Tulsa where I became the official photographer for the Tulsa World. The hand of some strange genius was on me and soon I was climbing to the top in the world of photography. Famous people sought my talents, as well as clubs and business organizations. I became the official photographer for the Tulsa baseball club, the fight and wrestling matches, and the University of Tulsa football teams.

Within a few short years, I had risen to heights I had never dreamed of. Some of the world's greatest people stood before my camera. Presidents, governors, celebrities, Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer in Hollywood called me and I did a lot of their photography.

Something was burning inside me. I wanted more, more, more. None of this satisfied me. I would walk down the streets and hear people say, "There's Lee Krupnick." For years the Tulsa World ran a four-inch ad with only these words: "Everybody knows Lee." I had been selected as the city's most popular man in a city-wide popularity contest, among the banks, oil companies and civic industries.

One night I was in a dance hall. There I met a beautiful girl. We fell in love. Then I discovered she was a Gentile. I loved her so much we got married anyway. I was deeply afraid to let my father know that his son, who, in his presence, had become a Son of the Law and later a famous photographer had married a Gentile.

One day with trembling fingers I summoned courage to write, but there was no answer from my dear father.

One night Bonnie Jean, my wife, was invited to attend a revival at the Full Gospel Tabernacle, Fifth and Peoria, in Tulsa. There she was deeply impressed and moved religiously. There she found a marvelous experience from Jesus. We had both loved to attend shows and dances, night clubs and horse races. We both were church-goers because it increased our prestige and business influence. She was supposed to be a christian but I didn't see anything different in her life than mine.

Bonnie Jean heard the people at this church talking about the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. She had never heard of it in her church. They said to her, "It's in the Bible." She replied, "If it is in the Bible, show it to me and I'll believe it." They did and she received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I didn't know all this was going on but a short time later I noticed a great change in her life. She had no desire to go with me to our usual haunts of sinful pleasure. Also she discontinued using artificial make-up.

I said, "Bonnie Jean, what does all this mean?"

She said, "Lee, Jesus has come in my life. The way I've been living is wrong. I believe a christian should act and be different to the world. From this time I intend to have the joy of the Lord. I won't go anywhere that Jesus won't go."

I said, "You're crazy. Don't you ever mention the name of Jesus in my house again." I spat contemptuously and stalked out of the house.

She would read the Bible late in the night. I would yell, "Turn off the light and come to bed."

I finally went to the husband of the woman who invited my wife to this church and warned him to keep his wife away from mine and not to invite my wife to church anymore.

But that night my wife went to church again. I stayed home with the baby. I fell asleep at 9:30 and awoke at 1:00 a.m. Bonnie Jean was not there.
I ran and knocked on my neighbor's door. "Didn't my wife go to church with you?"
"Yes, she did."
"Where is she?"
"I left her at church."
"At church? Do you know what time it is? It is 1:00 o'clock in the morning."
"Well, I left church at 11:00 and she was still there."
I made her give me the church phone number. Believe me, I won't ever forget it . . . 2-6308. I called and asked for Mrs. Lee Krupnick. They called her to the phone and she answered me in a peculiar tongue. (Later I found out she was speaking in tongues as they did on the Day of Pentecost, Acts 2:4). I shouted, "Bonnie Jean, get home as quick as you can.

She was drawing on some secret source of power and happiness. She said, "Daddy, she's in the bathroom praying for you."

When she didn't reply, I began saying these words, but like a neon sign going on and off, they rang in my mind.

She said, "Lee, Jesus is not dead. He is alive in my heart."

I guess this must have happened a thousand times. I would say, "Jesus is dead." She would say, "He's alive, I feel him in my soul."

There was one thing I noticed and never could get away from: she was happier without going to the things of the world than she used to be when she went with me. Not only that, she was happier than I was. She was so glad and I was so mad.

One night I came home mad. I had just lost $750.00 gambling. I decided to take my spite out on my wife. I began to curse her. When she didn't reply, I cursed her church. When she didn't reply I cursed Jesus. Her eyes became very bright and I saw big tears roll out of them down her cheeks. With quivering lips she said, "Lee, please don't curse Jesus, curse me if you want to, but not Jesus."

But I went on cursing Jesus.

She said, "If Jesus could stand it, surely I can stand it.

I turned and walked out of the house. I walked the streets of Tulsa for six hours. All I could hear was, "If Jesus could stand it, surely I can stand it."

And because I couldn't help it I began saying these words, "If Jesus could stand it, surely I can stand it." I didn't want to say these words, but like a neon sign going on and off, they rang in my heart, over and over.

I returned home and as I entered I made a loud noise. I couldn't see Bonnie Jean, so I said to my little girl, "Honey, where's your mother?"

She said, "Daddy, she's in the bathroom praying for you."

Think of it, for six hours she had been on her knees praying for me. My wife would never fight back at me, she always prayed for me.

During all this time, I continued to prosper financially and to win many coveted awards. Day and night however, I was tormented with the question: What will I do with Jesus? I say he is dead, my wife says he is alive.

I developed a serious case of stomach ulcers. Because of my position and fame, I received the help of some of the most eminent doctors in Oklahoma. The x-rays showed the lining of my stomach was eaten up by ulcers. They ordered me on a milk diet. Every fifteen minutes I was given a small glass of milk and a powder with it. Still I suffered untold agony. I lost 50 pounds of flesh and in order to walk I had to use crutches. Thousands of people learned of my case through the newspapers and pulled for me but I couldn't regain my health.
Then came the hour of desperation. I wanted to jump out the window. I thought that would be an easy way out. My father had disowned me when I married a Gentile and would not lift his feet in my house. I believed I was going to die either through my sickness or by suicide so I wrote him a letter and told him I was going to die. My wife stood over my bed and began to cry...

She looked at me. Quietly she said, "Honey, Jesus can heal you." The way she looked at me her eyes spoke to me. There was reality. I hated Jesus. I had believed he was dead. But I saw him in her eyes. Then I knew for the first time in my life, Jesus was not dead.

All she had said was, "Honey, Jesus can heal you." But she said it with such authority.

Then she said, "Look at me." I looked at her eyes and I saw Jesus again. She said, "Lee, do you believe Jesus can heal you?" The way she said it, it was not a question. The force of her words said: Lee, I believe it, do you? (Oh, the power there is in the anointed words of a person who believes in Jesus and does not doubt.)

She pointed her finger at me and repeated, "Do you believe Jesus can heal you, Lee?"

I looked into her eyes and said, "I do."

I had despised Jesus, yet now all the hatred for him drained out of my soul and I was free from hating Jesus.

She put her hands on me and spoke in the name of Jesus. Her words seemed to live and breathe. They had life in them. They had power and authority. They shook me and suddenly I was healed!

My journey on "The Damascus Road" began to end that night. Bonnie Jean got up and cooked me a T-bone steak and I ate it with no ill effects. I have had a perfect stomach ever since.

A miracle of healing through faith in Jesus started me on the last lap of my journey where I would meet Jesus and claim him as my Lord. Don't tell me Jesus doesn't heal, I know he does. My instant recovery was the talk of Tulsa.

Can the faith of one person help another? It was Bonnie Jean's faith that came into my heart. Her faith made my faith alive. Mine had been like a seed in the ground—now it broke open and came to life.

It was not so hard for my wife to get me to church after that. I was amazed at what I saw there. I saw people shouting because they said they were redeemed. Down in my heart I said, "You can do that in a church." The same night on the way home I dropped in at the Coliseum to cover a wrestling match. I heard 5,000 people, many of them prominent and rich, shouting and screaming because two men, almost naked, were trying to break each other's arms. I stopped and though: if these same screaming people should go into the House of God they would make fun of folks who were shouting.

Yet, the full gospel church folks know what they are shouting over; THEY HAVE BEEN REDEEMED, they have something to shout about.

There in the bedlam of a wrestling match, God spoke to my heart and I began to see the light a little more clearly.

Easter Sunday—April 21, 1935—Bonnie Jean said, "Come on, Lee, and go to church with me this Easter morning."

I said, "All right," and after I said it I wondered why I had so readily agreed to go.

The Full Gospel Tabernacle at Fifth and Peoria was packed and we had to take a seat up front. An evangelist by the name of Watson Argue was preaching. His subject was: "God raised Jesus from the dead." All the old hatred of Jesus started coming in my soul again. I heard the evangelist say with words of authority, "God raised Jesus from the dead."

Suddenly, I seemed to be getting what I thought must be a chill, yet it was very hot outside. It was a beautiful Easter morning. Every few seconds Brother Argue would say, "God raised Jesus from the dead." I began to tremble. Down in my heart the words began to ring, "God raised Jesus from the dead." I said (whether out loud or to myself I don't know), "Why, I thought Jesus was still in the grave and that he's a dead Jew. If God raised him from the dead, no wonder my wife's life has been so changed."

Then I thought of how I used to curse Jesus and my wife would say, "If Jesus could stand it, surely I can." It hit me like a bolt of lightning. GOD DID RAISE JESUS FROM THE DEAD! HE IS ALIVE!

I jumped from my seat and ran to the altar right while the evangelist was preaching. I couldn't wait until the end of the sermon. Twenty-five other people ran too, and the altar was filled.

I knew Jesus was alive. No dead man could stir my heart and send me racing to an altar of prayer.

It took me four hours to get saved. I cried for four hours, "Lord, I was sincere in my hatred of Jesus, I thought I was doing you a favor when I cursed Jesus. Can you ever forgive me, Lord?"

When it came, it came suddenly. Something from heaven seemed to engulf me and sweep me in. My heavy burden was gone, someone took it away. I felt as light as a feather, like a balloon tossed in the air. Jesus took my burden of sin away.

When I opened my eyes I saw hundreds of people standing around me. I leaped up and embraced the men and shook hands with all the women. I loved them. I had hated and despised them and had threatened to tear their church to pieces but now I loved them. I loved the Full Gospel Tabernacle, I loved the pastor, I loved everybody!

I was feasting. All I could feel was Jesus taking me to his bosom. I was born again. I could not contain myself. I wanted to shout, to run. Then I realized why my wife loved to go to the full gospel church. I was happy. I felt I was floating around on air.

Next day it was raining, but I thought the sun was shining.

I wanted to read the New Testament. Night after night, I would stay up late reading it and loving every word of it. Finally, it turned out I was reading until long after midnight. My wife would say, "Please turn off the lights and don't read the Bible anymore tonight."

Look who was telling me to turn off the lights now.

Back at the Tulsa World, in the restaurants and in business houses I would start a conversation about my lovely Jesus. Wherever I went I talked about Jesus. I had no desire to go where I couldn't talk about him.

All my old buddies wanted to know why I wasn't using my free tickets anymore to the things of the world. (Since I was affiliated with the three largest news syndicates in the world, I was given press privileges with free tickets to everything. Therefore, my withdrawing from these worldly amusements was not because of the expense).

I told these men exactly how I felt: I had quit because I had found something more wonderful than they could offer me.

One of my newspaper friends said, "Lee, why don't you give Jesus a rest?" He said this because I went to church so much and loved to talk about Jesus.

I said, "Did you ever love anybody?"

He said, "Yes."

I said, "If you have ever loved anybody, just try to stay away from them and you will understand my love for Jesus and why I love to go to church so much and be around people who love him."

My big business friends said it was swell I had become a Christian and why was it, they wanted to know, I didn't go to their churches; why did I choose a full gospel church. I told them and I told you now: the pentecostal people know Jesus—my lovely Jesus—in a greater measure than I've seen among any other church group. I have found that other churches do not give proper place and emphasis to the baptism of the Holy Ghost and healing, both of which have meant so much to me. So many of the other religious groups say there is nothing to these things when I know there is. I have been healed, I have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I love all the churches and especially those that love my Jesus, to the extent they exalt and magnify him as the Savior and Healer of His people.

I kept my job for several years and would not give up to preach. Raymond T. Richey talked with me. He said, "Lee Krupnick, thousands of people are going to hell because of you."

He scared me. I said, "Brother Richey, what do you mean?"

"Lee, why don't you give up the newspaper game, trade your..."
camera for a pulpit and go out and tell the people what Jesus has
done for you and what he can do for them?"

I squirmed and twisted. "Brother Richey, when I go out to
preach the gospel," I said, "I want God to call me, not Raymond
Richey."

But he got me to thinking and thinking hard. I fought the call
for eight years. One night I called my wife. "Bonnie Jean, I've given
up." I heard her whisper, "Thank you Jesus, you've answered my
prayer."

When I laid my faithful camera aside, closed my private com-
cmercial studio, walked out of the Tulsa World office, turned my
back on my old cronies to preach Jesus, I gave up all for my Jesus.
I was disinherited by my Jewish father, my income was cut off, my
brilliant future was cut short and although
I had never been
back on my old buddies to preach Jesus,
Richey."

I said, "I can't outgive God. Everything I have God gives me.
I thought he had accomplished anything. He couldn't shake me for hadn't my
lovely Jesus endured many hardships.

A few weeks later this business man approached me and said,
"Mr. Krupnick, I heard you were going to speak in Joplin and I
drove 140 miles out of my way to hear you. Something about your
sincerity, your love for Jesus, touched me and made Jesus real to
me.

"I have been an alcoholic and through this my home was brok-
en up. But through you the liquor is gone and my home is restored."
I said, "I didn't do it, Jesus did it."

He replied, "Yes, but Jesus had you to speak to my heart."
On one day the owner of the newspaper called me in. "Lee, I hear
you are giving a lot of your money to religious work," he said.

I nodded.

"Lee, you're throwing your money away. You better look out
for a rainy day."

While I gambled thousands of dollars away, no one worried or
said anything. Now, that I was saved and was giving to the Lord,
people suddenly got anxious about a "rainy day."

I said, "I can't outgive God. Everything I have God gives me.
If I don't give God a dime He can still run His business. But every-
thing I have He gives me. He won't let me outgive Him."

Tears came into my boss's eyes. My wife and I soon were traveling America in response to
hundreds of invitations. Magazines in the United States, England,
Australia and other places published my experience with Jesus.
Everywhere we have gone the crowds have over-run the churches.
The Assemblies of God gave me credentials and opened their larg-
est churches to us.

The many souls Raymond Richey said would go to hell if

we have known and believed. After preaching to large crowds in
churches across America, I am being moved by God to do a larger
work, to tell more people what Jesus did for me and what he will do
for them. For the past two years my wife has urged me to hold
union meetings for our own people, also several of the brethren in
the Lord have asked me to hold union meetings. Brother Roberts
urged me to do it as far back as three years ago. We have many
calls but somewhere along the way I have the feeling and the faith
my lovely Jesus may open the door for us to speak to more people
about the man I thought was dead but who is alive, I know he is
alive for he lives in my soul. I have already felt him there as I
write this—my own faith-story.

—The End.

( Editor's Note: If you would like to have the Krupnicks
come to your church for a revival, have your pastor
write to Lee Krupnick, 1103 S. Indian, Tulsa 14, Okla-
oma.)

Jo Thy Knees

"The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain,
To have his burden lifted off
And rest again.

My soul, thou too, shouldst to thy knees,
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift thy load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.'

—Author Unknown
The chief of U.S. Navy, Admiral William M. Fechter, stated recently "there is no possibility whatsoever of Russia's invading this hemisphere." In a report published by the U.S. News (Oct. 1, ‘51) and relayed by the AP, the Admiral stated that the American Navy was so strong in comparison to the very small anti- quated Russian Navy that the Russians knew they could not attack us—not even seriously jeopardize us by air raids—and that they also knew that we have the power to destroy Russia's war and industrial potential.

The Admiral also said that the consequences of a "Third World War would be so horrible, that, although I am confident we would win it, I just don't know what would become of civilization as we know it." Admiral Fechter states that American progress in anti-submarine warfare has greatly lessened the threat of sub- marine attack in any form against this country.

No danger of a Russian attack against any point of vital American interest—this is the important fact of the hour—as we have often reported. There is no danger of a Russian attack on this hemisphere by land, sea or air. The Moscow-Communist plan for world conquest will continue to be that of conquest through the infiltration of Communist ideas and infiltration of Communist tech- niques into those areas where political and religious feudalism, poverty, hopelessness and desperation have prepared the way for internal civil revolt and civil war if need be.

Iran: There are two hot spots now for such a continued ex- pansion—Iran and Indo-China. As we reported before the oil controversy, (See BTL March 5), the British oil cartel in its operations in Iran has deliberately and continuously fostered the perpetuation of a feudal tyranny, conspiring with the wealthy oligarchy that ruled the country to funnel the oil wealth into the perpetuation of a feudal tyranny, conspiring with the wealthy oligarchy that ruled the country to funnel the oil wealth into the perpetuation of a feudal tyranny, conspiring with the wealthy oligarchy that ruled the country to funnel the oil wealth into the perpetuation of a feudal tyranny, conspiring with the wealthy oligarchy that ruled the country to funnel the oil wealth into the perpetuation of a feudal tyranny, conspiring with the wealthy oligarchy that ruled the country to funnel the oil wealth into the perpetuation of a feudal tyranny. One point that is never made clear to the American people is that the British oil operations in Iran are not the workings of the Labor Government. The Iranian British oil monopoly was established long before the Labor Government came to power and has been one of the remnants of British imperialism that was not liquidated by the Laborites as was Indian imperialism, because the oil corporation was still making money while the rest of British imperialism was bankrupt.

The practices and attitudes of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. were maintained stubbornly and blindly in the face of rising demands upon the part of restless Iranian political factions who are perfectly willing to see the national oil revenue greatly decreased, since only a few were benefiting from it anyway, in order to bring an end to colonialism in their country. With the British oil cartel unwilling to cooperate with the moderate reform groups in the Iranian Gov- ernment, the more stident, radical elements were able to forge ahead, and the only thing that now protects Iran from an internal Communist uprising is the fact that Iran is Moslem, and the Moslems refuse to accept the Marxist teachings of dialectic materialism.

But there is grave danger that an Iranian Communist party, detaching itself from Marxist materialism, and still accepting a political and trade alliance with Moscow, may yet rise to power and that Iran, oil and all, will drop into the lap of Russia like an over-ripe apple—not through any plotting in Moscow or invasion of the Russian army—but through the plain stupidity and blind- ness of western commercialism.

American oil corporations, havin gleaned their lessons in the oil confiscations of Mexico and Venezuela, have introduced new, more liberal practices in the American Near East holdings which are not the workings of the Labor Government. The Iranian British oil monopoly was established long before the Labor Government came to power and has been one of the remnants of British imperialism that was not liquidated by the Laborites as was Indian imperialism, because the oil corporation was still making money while the rest of British imperialism was bankrupt.

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American oil corporations, havin gleaned their lessons in the oil confiscations of Mexico and Venezuela, have introduced new, more liberal practices in the American Near East holdings which may prolong their days of foreign operation a little longer—how long depends upon how much they have been willing to cooperate with the moderate progressive elements in the native governments.

In Indo-China, and the French colonial holdings in North Africa, it is only a matter of months until the Communists again start serious conflagrations, and unfortunately America is deeply involved in this last futile struggle of French imperialism. The natives of Indo-China—most of them non-Communists—have for years demanded that the French get out. The French answer has been to brand anyone as Communist who asked for independence, thus driving millions of non-Communists into the Red camp; furth- ermore, they have set up one of the most rotten and cruel regimes in the history of colonialism. This is true both of Indo-China and the French North Africa colonies. See BTL, May 28). The "China lobby" clique in and out of Congress, who are the voices of the western oil, rubber, tin and other trade interests in Asia, have seen to it that American money and guns have been sent in abundance to the French to help them kill off the natives and drive back the "Communists"—half of whom are non-Communists forced to join forces with the Reds in their urge to secure national independence.

This China lobby group has pushed much publicity through press and radio urging that we back the French in Indo-China to stop communism, just as in Korea. But such publicity skips over the fact that the war for independence against the French in Indo-China began before communism was an issue, that the French Indo-China regime is symbolized by their puppet head in Indo-China—Bao Dai, a notorious wastrel who spends much of his time among the prostitu- tutes and gamblers on the French Riviera. French officials recently visiting the U. S. to secure more aid made no promises of clarifying the issues of Indo-China independence or reforming the corrupt system associated with Indo-China rule. Yet these French visitors were treated as noble allies and went away with promises of American aid.

The Russians are out-thinking us, out-working and out-maneuvering us in the contest for the attention and good will of mankind. As so many American observers have reported, the Russian propaganda line—that the Communists only want peace—has bitten into the mind of mankind everywhere. It is hard for us to admit it, but the only world-wide peace programs launched since 1945 have been those of a Communist nature, originating in Moscow—such great campaigns as the "Stockholm Peace Crusade" and other similar "peace drives" which have won millions of sup- porters among the non-Communist, war-weary peoples of the world. Not only has the democratic West failed to stage any im- pressive peace drive but many of our leaders have kept up such a din about the atom bomb and the need for a vast armament pro- gram, that we have guaranteed the success of the Russian peace propaganda by our own belligerency and war-like attitudes.

Even the Christian church of the West has failed to launch a single impressive peace effort. The occasionally worthy proclama- tions by a few alert and courageous groups have been swallowed up by the drum-beating, for many pulpits also seem to sway with the rhythm of the drums.

No doubt the reason the rest of the world is so easily per- suaded by Communist peace talk, while Americans show little interest in genuine peace efforts, is because most of the world has suffered so much more than we from war's destruction. World War II cost Russia about 12 million lives, Germany over 4 million, China 10 million or more; Britain, Italy, France, Austria, all suf- fered greatly in loss of life and destruction of homes and property, while America lost 375,000 lives and no homes or property were destroyed.

There have been efforts from time to time to start an Ameri- can peace drive. Numerous proposals have been made by responsi- ble officials — such as the one presented some months ago by Sen. McMahon that the production of atomic weapons be held in abeyance for a time while we turn the great outlays designated for atomic development to economic aid in those depressed areas where poverty brings the constant threat of communism. This was proposed in view of the fact that we are known to be far ahead in the atomic race, and that the suggestions as the McMahon plan have gone down the drain due to public indifference and the incredible conniving of groups of military-
The reason more congressmen have not backed this very practical peace program is because so many of them are under the tremendous pressure of the military-industrial lobbies which are seeking expanding armaments and not disarmament. The steel, aluminum, textile industries all have pressure organizations in Washington to see to it that Congress passes the huge military appropriations and that each gets a full share of profitable contracts out of these vast expenditures. It is the pressure from these groups that have curbed the President also—if we assume that he was sincere in making the initial proposals.

The news of Russia's admission of another A-bomb makes our move towards control of world armaments more timely than ever. The widespread feeling over the country is evidenced by a new disarmament peace move now being launched on a nation-wide scale by American women of intellectual standing and unquestioned patriotism. This organization, W.O.M.A.N. (World Organization of Mothers of All Nations), which you will be hearing much about in coming weeks, will at least have the salutary effect of evidencing to the world that we have some thought and purpose in this country beyond our efforts to make bigger and better bombs.

THE CHALLENGE—TODAY: There is no more devastating way that we could call the Russian bluff, expose the trickery of the Communists, than by pushing this issue now. It places before the world a sound and reasonable proposal that the Communists cannot dodge, for they themselves have set the stage for it by their own great “peace” drives. The chances are very great that if this policy is pursued vigorously, world support for it will be so great that Russia could not withstand the pressure and would be compelled to cooperate. If Moscow refused, they would stand exposed before the eyes of the world and we would have reversed our long and dismal retreat in the ideological conflict and would have won the greatest single victory in the entire cold war.

Between The Lines seldom uses its space for crusading, believing that when the weapons of peace—truth—information—peace facts—are in the hands of the people, they will know how to use the instruments best. But this is one instance where we urge that you make your congressman aware of your views, that you make your influence felt in securing action by groups and organizations to which you belong that congressmen may feel the pressure of the will of tax-paying Christian voters as a force—for worldwide disarmament—comparable to the strength of the oil, steel, and munitions lobbies and their military collaborators. Here is an answer to the question of the hour, “What Can I Do?”

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"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
uttered or unexpressed."

The soul's sincere desire. Whatever it is
that, deep within you, you want most—that
is really your prayer.

is contrary to our glibly spoken words, then
our spoken "prayer" is not prayer at all but
hypocrisy, if not blasphemy.

What do you want most in life? What
are your day-dreams? That is your prayer.

If those dreams are for something that
God would not approve, then you should
recognize them as temptations from, and
prayers to, the Devil.

If they are for something that God
would approve, then you should offer them
up to Him honestly as your most earnest
prayer.

The soul's sincere desire.

Whatsoever ye shall ask in my
name, believing, ye shall receive of my
Father.

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But you say they couldn't possibly come
true? Nothing that wonderful could ever
happen to you?

"Men must be governed by
God or they will be ruled by
tyrants."

Wm. Penn

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my
name, believing, ye shall receive of my
Father."

Many a day dream when offered up to
God and left there with Him, forgotten
about, given up, relinquished; has come true
when least expected.

Several times in my life a secret desire,
a day dream, something "too good to ever
be true," I have toyed with, dreamed about,
made believe it were true, then laid it away
among my memories, my might-have-been,
and turned to more attainable goals. And
then several years later, sometimes many
years later, the thing I once had wanted so
badly and given up as hopeless suddenly
came to me.

No good dream or desire is ever hopeless.

"Is God's arm shortened?"
"All things are possible with God."

For after all who put that great desire,
that secret dream, in your heart?

God, Himself, did. And God is greater
and more powerful and loving than any of
our imaginations. And with every ques-
tion that God formed in the mind of men,
He provided the answer. For every world-
while longing He placed in man's heart, He
provided the fulfillment.

"Before they call I will answer."

Remember the story of the women going
to the tomb early on that first Easter morn-
ing and wondering who would roll away
the heavy stone? And when they arrived at
the spulchre, the stone was already moved?
By the time they began to wonder, the deed
was done!

Our trouble is that we often want things
before the time is ripe or right. God has a
time for things to happen, a time when they
will do good for His Kingdom. He has
plenty of time. We are impatient. We want
things before we are ready to use them
properly for Him.

We are like little boys who demand a
bicycle or a horse before they are old
enough to be safely trusted with one.

Jesus slipped away from His enemies and
put off His public debates and the final test
with the Pharisees, "Because his time was
not full come."

No, do not discount or think lightly of
your day dreams. If for Christ-like things,
He put that desire in your heart, for a pur-
pose.

And He never put a good desire in any-
one's heart that He couldn't fulfill, if faith
were there, and the time were right for it
to honor and glorify Him.

Be honest with your Father when next
you talk to Him.

What is it that you want most?
That is your prayer.

(Reprinted from Clear Horizons)