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J. A. Dennis

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GOOD NEWS

THE TEXAS HERALD

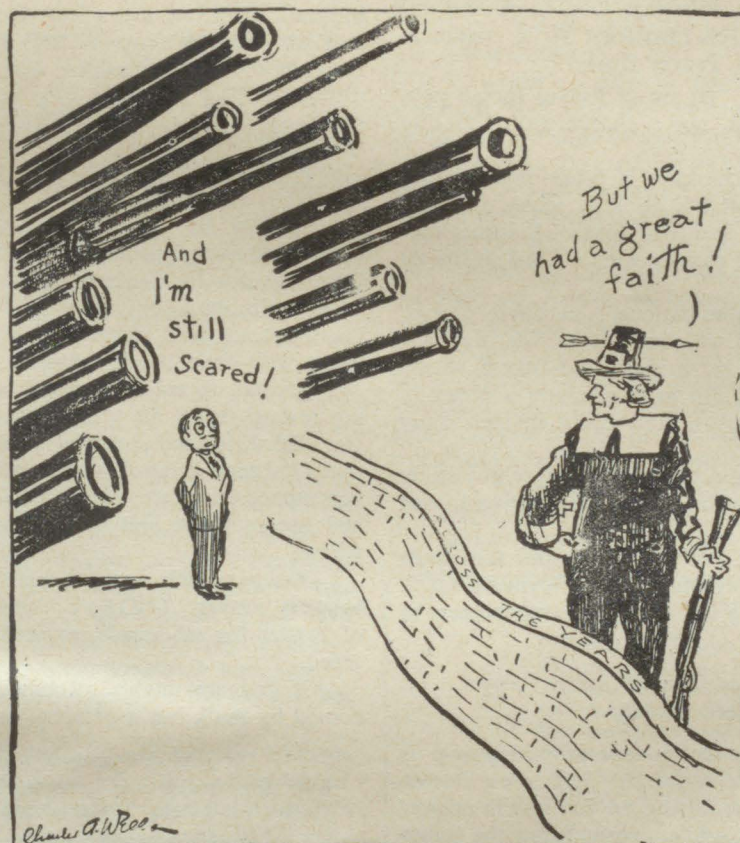
VOL. 2 No. 6

AUSTIN, TEXAS

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1951

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.

GOOD NEWS THE TEXAS HERALD

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"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

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 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, fears, 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 neighbors and friends are calling on her daily for the secret of her new power since she received the precious gift of the Holy Spirit.

A Negro minister tells how he has enjoyed Divine Health for 40 years with God as his only Physician. A lady testifies as to 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 re-

ceived 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 travelling 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 reserved 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 of 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 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 *no 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 a selfish citizenry.

That is why, if real Christianity dies out in America, Democracy is dead. When men no longer love their neighbors as them-

selves and no longer live according to the golden rule, they will find themselves again under the iron rule of despot, be he called dictator, president, or king.

This being true, the one who strives in war or peace to keep alive God's laws in human hearts, the principles of Christ in the relations between man and man, is America's number one patriot.

And since war not only breaks God's law, "Thou shalt not kill" and Christ's command, "Love thine enemy," corrupts morals, coarsens spirits and defies the brotherhood of man, but also makes inevitable, regimentation and dictatorship; war is America's number one enemy. And one who causes America to go to war is no patriot but traitor to her best interests, while one who works for peace is her most valuable citizen.

War is not caused by Pearl Harbors and the invasion of Poland. Wars are caused by actions and attitudes in the hearts of men towards other men, of government towards other governments, of business interests regardless of other's rights, in time of peace.

War is merely the final stage, the bringing out into the open all the selfishness, dishonesty, greed and hate that has been in existence while we were "at peace."

Therefore in peace time, the man who molds public opinion or public policy so as to bring about economic justice and equality best earns the name of patriot.

And in war the one who tries hardest to salvage and keep alive the spirit of Christ, of love and honesty and fairness in the human heart, is America's best citizen.

"Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens."
—Daniel Webster

In peace or war, as America and her people approach the standards of Christ and the laws of God, she becomes strong and secure, as she slips away from them she hastens her destruction.

Anything that subverts obedience to God, to allegiance to the nation, will eventually wreck the nation and our founding fathers well recognized that fact.

Hence one who conscientiously gives his final allegiance to God is after all the most loyal citizen of America. For in challenging every edict inconsistent with God's laws, in keeping the American conscience reminded of any discrepancy between her laws and those of God, he is slowly but surely changing America for the better, though he get small thanks for his pains. Though he be statesman, preacher, humble citizen, or conscientious objector in camp or prison, the one truest to God is truest to America, the truest Christian is truest Patriot.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Ps. 127:1.

Patriot

"Who is the Patriot?
The one who urges on to War?
Though War means death of her best sons;
And staggering debts;
And coarsened men, who turn away
From Christ's commands; to kill or die,
In servile obedience to ruler's cry.
Does he serve best?

Not in America!
For she is based on God's commands;
And one who challenges every law
Not like His Laws;
Or who refuses to obey,
If that means disobeying God;
Who best reminds men of His Way:
He serves her best.

He who makes peace;
And saves destruction of her sons;
And of her wealth; and Christ's ideals
In human breast:
He is the best American.
Though he receive small thanks; though men
And nation scorn; he knows within,
He is true Patriot.

The Love Way

*"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.*" (Italics mine.)

E. Stanley Jones, great spiritual leader, missionary and evangelist, says the Sermon is the very heart of Christianity. Gandhi took ten verses from the heart of the Sermon and set 350,000,000 of his fellows free; a feat he could not have accomplished with ten million soldiers. And this was done with very little bloodshed.

If Christ alone has the Way to peace, and His Way is summed up in the Sermon on the Mount, these three chapters deserve a great deal more study—and obedience—than they are getting.

The church has shied away from the Sermon on the Mount. She has left it out of her creeds and her requirements; she has doubted its being possible or practical and has centered her attention on easier things: worship services, baptism, communion, church membership. Many members do not know where in the New Testament the Sermon is found, and few give it serious thought. Ministers usually steer clear from its implications and when the nation is at war the Sermon, like our civilian clothes, is laid away in moth balls for the duration.

Why? Because this Sermon is like a charge of dynamite in the midst of our present practices. It is revolutionary. It threatens to overthrow and render obsolete most of our modes of thinking and living. It faces us with a standard so drastic and challenging that we refuse to accept it.

Yet, we can never know Christ until we know the Way. And we cannot know that Way until we are willing to obey without reservations His commands as summed up in the Sermon on the Mount.

You can like it or not, you can accept it or not, but you can't find any other way that will save the world, any other way that is Christ-like, any other way to be a Chris-

10:9), "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold; but climbeth up some other way the same is a thief and a robber." (John 10:1)

When Jesus finished the Sermon His hearers were astonished "because he spoke with authority;" the authority of *knowing*, of *being*. Every word He spoke, He *was*. Everything He here said, He afterwards *did*. No human lips are pure enough to tian. Christ said, "I am the Door" (John

Preacher Threatens Fishing Industry

(News as it might have been written if there had been newspapers 1900 years ago.)

A wave of religious hysteria seems to be sweeping across the entire province of Galilee and 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 in throwing up their jobs and wandering around the country with him. Already some of the ablest fishermen on the Sea of Galilee have abandoned their ships 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 almost empty, their leadership slipping, as old and young hang on the words of this un-schooled carpenter.

Government officials here and at Jerusalem are watching this new leader carefully. Is this revolution? If so it will be quickly scotched.

The Capernaum Cronicle,
April 22, A. D. 27.

repeat these holy words, except the coal of fire be pressed upon them.

In 1938 in a church convention a home missionary made a rapid and impassioned eight minute plea. When his allotted time was up he closed with this statement: "I'm going to sit down now and let my mind catch up with my mouth!" With most of us our mouths get away ahead of our minds, and still farther ahead of our actions. With Jesus, thought and word and deed were one. His hearers sensed this and recognized the authority of His speech.

A few years ago the writer went up into the mountains of New Mexico to study this great Sermon. Sitting on a mountain peak with the open Bible he realized that no other place than a mountain top would have been appropriate for the delivering of the Sermon. This platform of One, half-man and half-God, must be pronounced higs up, between earth and heaven.

At two points in history has the law of God been revealed to man, both times on mountains tops. Moses ascended Mt. Sinai to receive the Ten Commandments and the Law. And the Son of God ascends a mountain to pronounce the final Word in law: the Law of Love. God is Love. This Sermon is the Love-Way.

Jesus began where every Christian must begin: with Himself. You can have more influence on your own life than on anyone else. In the Sermon the Beatitudes trace the straight and narrow path, the stairway from earth to Heaven, for the individual.

Beginning with the first and necessary step: self surrender and recognition of our own spiritual poverty, He traces the upward way through meekness (not weakness, but willingness to learn and obey), righteousness tempered with mercy, to the table land of a pure heart, and the mountain top of accepting persecution with perfect peace. Up here the Christian's life has become so positive as to encounter unjust opposition. When taken calmly or with joy, the pilgrim is up in the land of the prophets, the Kingdom of Heaven.

After inner cleansing and growth comes widening circles of influence over others. "Ye are the salt of the earth" to preserve from rottenness everything you touch, to add zest to living. A wider circle follows: "Ye are the light of the world" making brighter the life of those around you.

Then Jesus repeats certain basic laws from the Mosaic code and lays beside them the higher Love-Way of the christian. Murder is of the personality and feelings and reputation as well as of the body. Adultery can be committed in the heart as well as the flesh. Divorce and false swearing are forbidden.

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 hateth 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 and wins us by that love. And He demands that we give others the same treatment He has extended to us.

Man speaks much of justice—but always for the *other fellow*. For *himself* he cries out for forgiving mercy. Jesus puts love and mercy to others as a prerequisite to our own forgiveness and a badge of our discipleship. *"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."* Matt. 6:15)

True love doesn't count the cost, or consider the worthiness of the loved one. Jesus said, *"If ye love me ye will keep my words."* (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. *"Who-soever 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-to-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

FEAR NOT

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Matt. 8:26.

The great destructive force in the world today is FEAR. I know, for I have been afraid, and afraid to confess my fear. Fear runs like a black thread through the Bible; from Adam hiding in the Garden, to Christ's disciples fleeing in panic and leaving Him alone. Because fear is so universal, bravery is so admired. Bravery is not lack of fear, but rather going on in face of fear.

I spend most of my time regretting the past, complaining of the present, or fearing

*"It is not hard to turn the other cheek
After an insult, or hot tempered blow,
And easier still it is, if we but know
How deadly are the weapons of the
meek."*

—Kenneth Boulding
in Fellowship Magazine

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

what would people think or say or do, not what it would cost, but on *"What would Jesus do?"* Then they were to do it regardless of consequences. The results were thrilling and marvelous.

The book has sold more copies than any other printed book except the Bible, probably because of a universal hunger in mankind to see just that thing carried out.

Can we shrug off that story as just a book of fiction? It is but a pale imitation of the Book of Acts, the record of what happened in the first century when the disciples actually lived as Jesus would have them live, in accordance with the plan laid down in the Sermon on the Mount.

Would you dare take that pledge and live up to it in your community? Isn't that exactly what you did pledge Christ to do when you accepted Him as your Saviour and your example, and walked down some church aisle to proclaim that decision before the world?

much, for fear others won't realize how much I know, and thus reveal 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 beat me 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

HIMSELF

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 Twilluh" 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' Mitzva." 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 deathly 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.



LEE KRUPNICK

ABOUT LEE KRUPNICK AND THIS STORY

Lee Krupnick, noted Christian Jewish Evangelist, here tells his story to the readers of The Texas Herald.

Lee Krupnick was manager of the photographic department of the Tulsa World for 22 years and official representative in Oklahoma for the three largest news syndicates in the world: Associated Press, International News and N.E.A. He was voted the most popular man in Tulsa and has won many national awards for his brilliant photography.

Ever since his conversion in the famous Full Gospel Tabernacle, 5th and Peoria, Tulsa, his unusual love for Jesus has stirred thousands of people from coast to coast. A personal friend of Oral Roberts, a leading evangelist in America today, a dynamic speaker, he travels constantly telling of his love for Jesus and what Jesus can do for lost and suffering humanity.

Many of the Jews who were embittered toward him when he was first converted are now his admirers and are seeing "a new beauty" in Lee's lovely Jesus. Some of them are realizing he is not their enemy, but a true friend.

This story will cause you to love Jesus in a new and richer way. You will want to order many copies for friends whose hearts will be touched with Lee's own faith-story.

Should this article fall into the hands of a Jew, it is hoped you will receive it in the same spirit it is given—the spirit of brotherly love, for Jesus is real. Lee Krupnick lives at 1103 South Indian, Tulsa 14, Oklahoma.



BONNIE JEAN KRUPNICK

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. If I have to come down there after you, I'll split that preacher's head in two and tear the church to pieces. Everybody in Tulsa knows me and to think you're staying at a church until one o'clock in the morning. What will people think of me?"

Pretty soon a big car drove up; a prominent Tulsa business woman brought my wife home. I didn't know many prominent people believed in the full gospel until then. (Since then I have been amazed at the increasing number of prominent people who are seeing their need of the full gospel.)

I told my wife it was a disgrace for two people to live under the same roof and live two different lives. I said, "You're wrecking my life, my joys, my business."

She said, "Honey, you can go to all the places you want to but as for me, the love of Jesus satisfies me."

I tried to analyze her. I came to realize that she *was satisfied*. She was drawing on some secret source of power and happiness. She had loved the things of the world. I had met her in a dance hall. Now all those things had left her and she seemed to have a joy, an inner peace, a radiance in her countenance, a beauty in her life, *without those things she used to love and seek to find*.

She would go to hospitals and pray for the sick and her Jesus healed many of them. She did jail and street work testifying to what Jesus had done for her.

I became so enraged that all the life-long training to hate Jesus came to a climax in my heart. When I stood before a Gentile church I would spit. I had been taught to love God and to believe that Jesus was just a dead Jew, and had died like anyone else.

I taunted my wife. "Your Jesus never got out of the grave. He's just a dead Jew. Why do you want to worship a dead man."

She would look at me and say, "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 disinherited me when I married a Gentile and would not step his feet in my house. I believed I was going to die either through my sickness or by suicide so I wrote him a final 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't 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 thought: 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 tell 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 commercial 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 was the happiest I had ever been I realized I was with a church the world hated and despised.

I went over to Joplin to speak by invitation. It was a cold night but the building was packed. A business man came out of curiosity to hear me. I didn't know he was there. I told of my love for Jesus, what he had done for me and what he can do for others.

On the road back to Tulsa I had a flat tire and had to fix it in freezing weather. The devil slipped up and asked me if I thought I 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 broken 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."

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 everything 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 largest churches to us.

The many souls Raymond Richey said would go to hell if I didn't give up my business to preach have been saved and many thousands more. Added to that is the healing faith Jesus gave us and thousands are well now who were sick.

This Jesus I thought was dead, but who lives in my heart today, has meant something to this Jew and to the multiplied thousands who have come to know and love him in our revivals.

I was disinherited by my father but "inherited" by my lovely Jesus, was renounced as a Jew by my Jewish kinsmen but I AM MORE A JEW NOW THAN I EVER WAS. I was cut off from my old buddies in the world but I have found thousands of new friends who love Jesus as I do and love to talk about him.

I used to spit when I passed a christian church, now I pause to ask Jesus to bless that church. I used to hate the people who got my wife to start loving Jesus, now I love them.

A lot of people have never tasted of the world. They denounce it, not having ever experienced it. But I have been there. I sat at

the table with some of the world's greatest people. But only when I found Jesus was I ever satisfied. He is the great Satisfier. When I say he satisfies, he does. I know both sides. I didn't stop going to the things of the world because it was expensive. I had free tickets. It just didn't satisfy. Everything I ever sought for I have found in Jesus.

But now I am coming into a new experience in my life. We've had great crowds and wide acclaim from God's people. Many thousands have accepted the Lord Jesus in our revivals.

However, for the past few months I've been hungering after Jesus like I did when he first saved me. Recently I sat on the platform listening to Oral Roberts preach "Bible Deliverance" in his latest healing campaign in Tulsa. The big tent seating 10,000 was packed and jammed, with many standing. His sermons were positive, he preached faith over fear, God is a good God, Jesus wants to heal the people, faith is the dominant power in life and such themes. It awakened a new spirit, a new faith, in me. These things I 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, Oklahoma.)

To 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

Between The Lines

CHARLES A. WELLS

THE CHIEF OF U.S. NAVY, Admiral William M. Fechter, stated recently *"that 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 antiquated 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 submarine 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 techniques 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 expansion—Iran and Indo-China. As we reported on Iran just 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 hands of the rich in exchange for further guarantees of the oil monopoly. 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 Government*, 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 blindness 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 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; furthermore, 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 prostitutes 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 corruption associated with Indo-China rule. Yet these French visitors were treated as noble allies and went away with promises of more American aid.

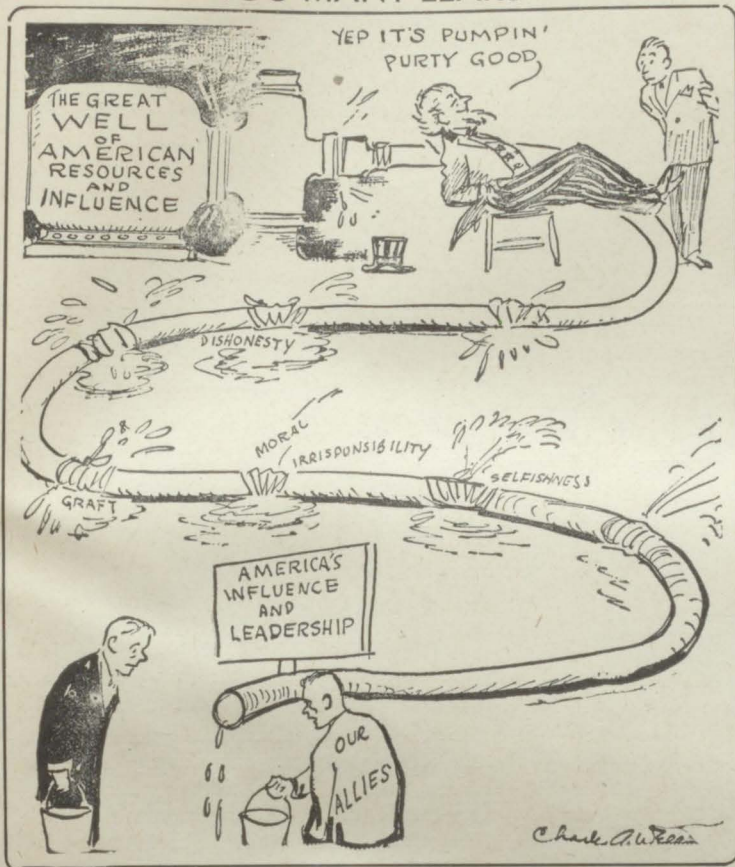
THE RUSSIANS ARE OUT-THINKING US, out-working and out-maneuvering us in the contest for the attention and good will of mankind. As so many American observers have reported, the Russian propaganda line—that the Communists only want peace—*has bitten into the mind of mankind everywhere.* It is hard for 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 supporters among the non-Communist, war-weary peoples of the world. Not only has the democratic West failed to stage any impressive peace drive but many of our leaders have kept up such a din about the atom bomb and the need for a vast armament program, 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 proclamations 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 persuaded 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 suffered 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 American peace drive. Numerous proposals have been made by responsible 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 of Russia in the atomic weapons race. But all such suggestions as the McMahon plan have gone down the drain due to public indifference and the incredible conniving of groups of military-

TOO MANY LEAKS



political-industrial leaders, who are willing to risk wrecking the world to promote their own political fortunes and safeguard their financial interests.

THERE IS ONE PEACE MOVE that seems to persist and may yet become effective if it can gain sufficient public support. It is the repeated proposal for world-wide steps towards disarmament. On October 24, 1950, Pres. Truman in addressing the United Nations, acknowledged the world-wide hunger for peace and proposed that the UN earnestly work on a disarmament program. A UN committee was set up for that. On February 26th of this year, a letter, signed by 14 senators and 9 representatives, was made public, asking that President Truman make Universal Disarmament a vigorously pursued objective of our foreign policy. These courageous congressmen are still persisting in the matter. It is realized that Russia—under present conditions—will only join in those proposals for disarmament as will grant them protection from the weapons they fear most—and where they are weakest: the atom bomb. But it is also realized that, since Russia has successfully convinced the world that the Communists and they alone are the champions of peace, now is the time to call their bluff with a genuine disarmament program.

Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont who has been the leader of the congressional movement for disarmament has again recently submitted to the President and to the public a compact set of resolutions which demand once more that universal disarmament become a vigorously pursued objective of American foreign policy.

The resolutions—in brief—first acknowledge that fear of the Communist revolutionary violence has caused many nations to launch rearmament programs which are destined to lower the already low standards of living and thus increase the threat of violent upheaval. But they note that since it is the history of armament programs that they inevitably lead to war. It should be recognized that such a war would bring untold suffering to all and especially to the Russians who already have been the victims of a terrible armed aggression. Therefore, they call on all the nations of the world to band themselves together under UN auspices to re-

duce their armament under a system of international inspection, to make the disarmament universal and systematic, and to use a portion of the funds saved in each country for the restoration of a healthy economy in all parts of the world. (Details of this proposal may be secured by writing Sen. Ralph E. Flanders, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.).

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 explosion 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 world-wide 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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"Men must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants."

—Wm. Penn

DAYDREAMS

By one who believes that He who gave us the dream has the answer, also.

*"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.*

*The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.*

—"Waiting," by John Burroughs, from Elbert Hubbards Scrap Book, The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y. State.

Much public praying is merely talking with our eyes shut. It gets no higher than the ears for which it is intended: the people before us. Oft times the words spoken are not the prayer at all that we are sending heavenward. And many times in private devotions the spoken word is not our real prayer.

*"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 that riches, popularity, fame, power, love? Then that is your prayer no matter what your lips may say. If this hidden desire 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.

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

"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-beens, 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 question that God formed in the mind of men, He provided the answer. For every worthwhile 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 morning 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 purpose.

And He never put a good desire in anyone'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)

Children

Little boy,
Soiled
Tired
Crying for
A lost tin cannon,
Are you
All mankind
Crying for
The tools of self-destruction?

Little girl,
Soiled
Tired
Crying for
A broken doll,
Are you
All woman kind
Crying for
The broken world?

—CAROL D. DAVIDSON
(Reprinted From Fellowship)