

The



in the Wilderness

• Summer 2009 • Founder's Edition
• Free Subscription •



IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.

that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Gettysburg Address



"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." - Mark 1:3

Contending for American Freedom • Contending for Fundamental Christianity



The Voice IN THE Wilderness

PRINTED MISSIONARY

Ronnie and Terry Williamson
Evangelist/Editor
 Steve and Rebekah Lilly
Staff Missionaries

The Voice in the Wilderness is a nonprofit, independent incorporation, founded by Rev. Dr. J. Royce Thomason D.P.D. Ph.D., evangelist and medical missionary. The organization is dedicated to the spreading of the whole gospel to the world, especially in foreign lands. The program consists of building mission stations, supporting American missionaries and native pastors by partnering with the local church in various areas of ministry and preaching Christ to the lost. We are supported by the gifts of those who care. Contributions to The Voice in the Wilderness for projects or to support the ministry of a missionary will be used as indicated by the donor following approved policies and procedures. Gifts are tax deductible and should be made out to The Voice in the Wilderness.

A fundamental publication, published quarterly in behalf of the work of the Lord and preservation of the liberties of our United States.

Printed material from other sources does not necessarily imply an endorsement from this ministry.

There is no subscription charge; all interested people of good will may have a copy sent regularly to their address simply by requesting it. Address all correspondence to: The Voice in the Wilderness, PO Box 7037, Asheville, NC 28802.

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Their Voice in the Wilderness (Special Detachable Booklet)

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Their Voice in the Wilderness printed in
 the Spring '09 edition.

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MEMORIAL GIFTS

Received by The Voice in the Wilderness

Given in Honor of: ELAINE KLINE

By: Curtis Kline

We would like to express our thanks to those who have given a memorial gift to The Voice in the Wilderness, Inc. Ministry. These names will be added to a plaque and displayed in our office. If you would like to honor a loved one, please send a Remembrance Memorial Gift or a Living Memorial Gift with the person's name (legibly printed). Your gift will be listed in an upcoming issue of this publication.

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MY PERSONAL MESSAGE TO YOU



Dear Friends in Christ,

In this edition of *The Voice in the Wilderness* you will find a special tribute to the life and ministry of Dr. J. Royce Thomason. Please add the center section to the booklet insert you received in the Spring 2009 printing of *The Voice in the Wilderness*. This insert will complete the wonderful testimonies and biographical sketches of Sundar Singh, Sophie Muller, Charles Bowles, and J. Royce Thomason. I pray ***Their Voice*** will continue to sound forth the love and grace of our Saviour Jesus Christ, as well as, how the Lord can use a surrendered life for God's Glory. Remember, the complete autobiography of Sophie Muller is available through The Voice in the Wilderness office. It is my prayer that these testimonies will be a challenge and encouragement to many.



As this edition goes to press, Steve and Rebekah Lilly are preparing to leave for a six-week teaching mission to Venezuela. Your prayers are deeply appreciated. Great opportunities lay before us and we need the Lord's help in all we do. Would you pray as it is all

in God's care, and give as if your heart breaks with the burden of care?

To God be the Glory and Praise!
For Christ and Souls,

Ronnie L. Williamson
Isa. 40:31



NEWS BITS

FROM HERE AND THERE

Even Pravda is Warning America to Wake Up – From the English on-line edition of the Russian tabloid style daily newspaper *Pravda*: “It must be said, that like the breaking of a great dam, the American descent into Marxism is happening with breathtaking speed, against the backdrop of a passive hapless sheeple....To properly prepare the American populace for the surrender of their freedoms and souls, to the whims of the elite...the population d u m b e d o w n through politicized substandard education system....Then their faith in God was destroyed, until their churches...were for the most part little more than Sunday circuses until...preachers were more than happy to sell out their souls and flocks to be on the “winning” side of one pseudo Marxist politician or another...their flocks so quick to reject Christ in hopes for earthly power. The final collapse has come with the election of Barack Obama....These make our Russian oligarchs look little more than ordinary street thugs in comparison....The proud American will go down into his slavery without a fight....The world will only snicker. –*Stanislav Mishin, Pravda Russian news-tabloid style-started Jan 1999*



talk about individual liberty and they encourage death choices such as euthanasia and assisted suicide. While Washington and Oregon are the only states to currently allow assisted suicide, there is a movement to increase this choice. At the same time, a Christian couple in California is under attack for holding Bible studies in their home. As Americans, we can allow people to be killed in the name of freedom, but we cannot allow people to study God's Word with their friends in their living room because that might cause a neighborhood problem. The Fifth Amendment guarantees “the free exercise of religion.” Yet, despite this clear guarantee, religious liberty remains under assault across our nation. –*David C. Gibbs, Jr., June 2009, www.christianlaw.org*

Remaking America - “We’ve begun the work of remaking America.” Those are the words of President Barack Obama to an adoring liberal media. But what exactly does President Obama mean by “remaking America?” (1) It is the record spending—nearly \$5 TRILLION—he, Nancy Pelosi and Harry Reid rammed through the Congress in the first 100 days. (2) It is using the economic crisis to grow the size and scope of government, rack up historic deficits, foster the massive redistribution of wealth, and destroy the savings of millions of middle-class families. (3) It is the government takeover of America's financial and auto sectors, giving

Double-Standard in America - There is a growing double-standard in America. On one hand, people

Obama the unprecedented power to hire and fire and giving unions majority control of a private company. (4) It is moving terrorists from a secure location into our own backyards and having the Homeland Security Secretary coin the Orwellian term “Man-caused disasters” to describe acts of terrorism. Obama’s “remaking America” is clearly an all-out assault on our nation’s core principles of free enterprise, fiscal discipline, freedom and personal responsibility. It seems the Obama White House has made a maxim out of Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel’s dictum that, “You never let a serious crisis go to waste... This crisis provides the opportunity for us to do things that you could not do before.” They are moving quickly to nationalize our health care system and impose a job-killing National Energy Tax. Senator Lamar Alexander summed it up best when he said on the Senate floor, “This is a new kind of blueprint for a country we haven’t seen before—a planned America with less freedom, fewer choices and fewer opportunities. A society planned and run by Washington regulators and politicians that our children and grandchildren cannot afford.” It seems they will stop at nothing to end American exceptionalism and create a weak, dependent socialist state patterned after the examples of Europe. *Michael Steele 2009*

Liberal Judge Sonia Sotomayor – Barack Obama’s nomination of Sotomayor to the Supreme Court is proof that he intends to pay off leftist interest groups and pack the federal bench – at the District, Appeals and Supreme Court levels – with activist judges who share his dangerous “outcome-determined” view of the law, instead of strict constructionists

who interpret the law as written. www.JudicialWatch.org. The *IOU’s* must run deep and wide. Union bosses and big labor is looking for the pay off to tighten the noose around America’s economy, first responders and federal judiciary. Sadly millions of employees may be forced to support unwanted unions, pay dues and have undesirable representation by those with political agendas. On the foreign scene, America’s president has apologized to some of the world’s worst tyrants. Lies have been told repeatedly and what about all the talk of being from a Muslim background. Then the nationalization of health care in this country is a disaster. Look at Medicare, Medicaid, welfare, and hello, the federal governments mess of everything it meddles with. Who in their right mind wants Washington D.C running health care?

Worldings Mourn Their Fallen Star – *Beat it you “Thriller” Killer. Take a pill the pain is more than the “season” of it all.* His new age eastern guru, Depak Chopra, said Michael Jackson was “innocent, pure, loving and misunderstood.” Another friend said Jackson “had gifts from [god].” Then it was said by a fellow *rocker*, “Michael had his demons but maybe now his fans and legacy will be his music. Now that he is dead, fans can remember the Michael Jackson they loved.” In the end Michael Jackson desperately craved eight hours of rest and sleep.

“There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked” Isa. 57:20.

“...evil doers shall be cut off...” Ps. 37:9.

“Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for

(News Bits continued on page 31)



MINISTRY UPDATE

THE ENVELOPE PLEASE

For many years the “Founders Edition” and “Anniversary Edition” of *The Voice in the Wilderness* has been Envelope Month. Please do not delay your response to this urgent request. This ministry needs your help. We are working extra jobs and overtime at that, to maintain present commitments, as well as, the pursuit of opportunities God has placed before us. An example is our current project in Venezuela. Steve and Rebekah Lilly at this printing are working with pastors in Venezuela. They will teach and minister for six weeks in churches and the Bible Institute training workers to serve in various callings. The Lilly’s labored hard and long for months saving their money to finance this missions venture. Plus some very generous contributors have given to help the Aquila/Priscilla team serve in Venezuela. Thanks again to all who partner with *The Voice in the Wilderness*.

Frequently we receive letters from subscribers who have lost employment. Some are on a fixed income. Obviously, the ability of these individuals to support a work like *The Voice in the Wilderness* is limited. Yet thankfully, there are those who can give a little extra to make up the difference. Please consider at this time returning the enclosed envelope with a special gift to *The Voice in the Wilderness*. Your help through the summer months and the remainder of 2009 is deeply appreciated. Your prayers, partnership and participation is so very precious to us. God Bless!





J. Royce Thomason

J. Royce Thomason

HOME SWEET HOME

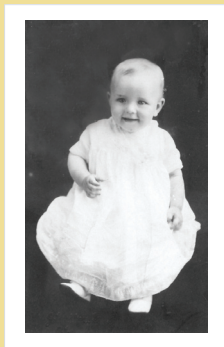
I grew up on the rolling plains and prairie of southwest Oklahoma only 11 miles from the Red River that divides Oklahoma and Texas. We were farmers/ranchers. My parents were very poor, hard working, independent folks who taught their six children to earn their living by the sweat of their face (Gen. 3:19). That was God's orders to Adam and Eve, and everybody of my acquaintance thought they were included in that formula for existence.

Our area was a big cotton producing area as well as that of cattle. I went to work in the cotton fields with my mother at the age of four. I was too small to drag the long, cotton-laden sack, so I picked in a basket and emptied it in my Mom's sack. She had no such thing as a baby-sitter, so she carried my tiny baby brother on the end of the sack, and when he needed feeding, she stopped and let him nurse.

My first school was a two-room building called Pleasant Ridge about six and a half miles northeast of Frederick. It also served as a church. Rev. Irb Agee, a Baptist, preached each Sunday morning, and a Rev. Woods of the Methodist faith preached Sunday nights. Yes, all churches in these areas believed Sunday night was God's time and Hebrews 10:25 applied there too.

I still have precious memories of good, God-fearing teachers (not a bad egg in the basket) who read a scripture each morning and had prayer before classes. On days of inclement weather, my mother took me to school on Bird, the old gray mare - a three-mile journey each way. Otherwise, I walked.

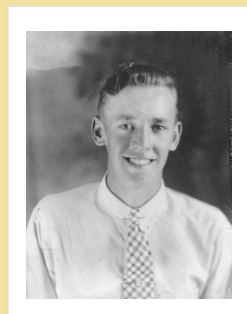
Later my Dad rented a farm in another school district, and there I graduated from the eighth grade at Rose Hill, a one-roomer. It seems as only yesterday I heard my folks talking about high school for me, but we had no transportation and it was too far to walk and inconvenient to ride a pony all the time. So, for some time I hitchhiked, then a neighbor who took cans of milk to the produce house practically every day let me ride one way with him; and somehow I managed the way back after school hours. Modernization of farming machinery was taking place speedily, making it impossible for the little farmer to compete so that, along with some serious medical problems with my father,



First born of
Mr. & Mrs. James Thomason
1916

we moved to town and there I graduated from Frederick High School in 1936.

It was during my senior year that some old-fashioned, separated, Bible-believing folks came to town to start a revival that culminated in the organization of a church. They were dubbed “Holy Rollers” and other unbecoming titles. I soon heard the tales, my curiosity got the best of me, and I wanted to go to the meetings to see what I had heard described as a “real show.” None of my buddies would venture into the building, so I went on my own. The singing was spirited, the preaching rugged, the standards high. Old-time, devil-routing conviction seized my heart as never before and I borrow from a little story I read to describe my conversion something like this:



Teen years

“The ragged little fellow stood looking in the window of a candy store. He was so hungry for some sweets but he had no money. A kind gentleman saw him, walked over and said: ‘Son, would you like some of that nice candy?’ The little boy nodded a ‘yes.’ The man took him inside, told the manager to fill up a big sack of the boy’s choice pieces, paid for it, handed the little fellow the sack and said, ‘Now you just eat until your heart is content’.”

I was something like that little boy, standing as it were, looking in at all the goodies in the store window, unable to make any purchase for I had not the price to pay. It was as if some beautiful creature came down from above and bought for me that which I could not buy on my own and seemed to say, “Son, here are the sweets of heaven which your heart craves. I paid for them with my own blood that splashed down on the limestone rocks of Calvary, thy sins be forgiven thee, go and sin no more.” I don’t have any tombstone to buy or any grave to keep up for He buried my sins in the sea of His forgetfulness far beyond my knowledge as to where He buried them. As that grand old song goes:

*I can tell you the time, I can take you to the place,
Where the Lord saved me by His wonderful grace.
I know not how, and I know not the why,
But He’ll tell me all about it in the bye and bye.*

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

Like so many other folks, I suppose I could truthfully say that I have always been somewhat religious but had never really been born again.

Those “holy rollers” came to town and started a revival in that half-basement building. Some folks spread untrue tales about them, alleging those church folk put spells on people, etc. I went one night, and it was under the

preaching of their pastor, Rev. R.E. McCain that I got saved. Bro. McCain, as a young man, had been the song evangelist for Rev. George Bernard who wrote *The Old Rugged Cross* during one of his revival meetings, and Bro. McCain sung the song for the first time in public that night.

I was a senior in high school. The spiritual transaction took place about 8 p.m. February 8, 1936. It was almost immediately that I felt the call to preach and within a short time in a miraculous way (it is a long story actually) a call came for me to go to Boehler, Oklahoma, a town consisting only of a combination slab store and post office, a one-room school, three or four houses, nothing more, no churches near, located in the Kiamichi Mountains of the eastern part of the state. Friends took me in their car, for I had no transportation. Kind folks in Boehler gave me room and board in their home.

Some men on horseback came the next day to help me build a little brush arbor, someone loaned us three Aladdin gasoline lanterns (no electricity near Boehler at that time), and I started the meeting. We had no songbooks, so we sang familiar hymns; we had no music. I knew unless God helped in a special way, I was in for trouble being totally inexperienced. But help me He did. **My first text was from the KJV; my last one, when it comes, will be from the tried and proven KJV.** Folks came in large numbers, horseback, wagons, on foot, a few in old cars. Things were very primitive, but I was right at home for I had never had any of the finer things of life myself. My folks were poor; had we known there was a war on poverty, we would have surrendered at once.

Several people were saved in the meeting. At least three of them are still living and serving the Lord faithfully in a fundamental church in the next town. Boehler no longer exists except for two or three houses. I have never kept any record of my converts, and it is just as well for I soon found that many professions are not real cases of genuine conversion. I have never kept an account of how much money I have raised for the Kingdom for I have left that job up to heaven's bookkeepers for they do it all perfectly. The record is there, that is all that matters.

I preached three weeks, and the total offering was 68 cents. In the next town there lived an elderly cowgirl who was well known as Granny Bryant. She was trying to keep the doors of the little church she attended open. They had no pastor and only a handful of people. She asked me to come and preach for them a week. She arranged it with the mail carrier to give me a ride over as I had no transportation. I preached there a week, there were some converts, and the offering was \$5. I had not the money for a bus ticket home (some 300 miles) so I hitchhiked. Cars on that road were few, going was slow, and night caught me near Madill, Oklahoma, so I pulled some grass and made me a bed in the road ditch, used my Bible for a pillow, looked up at the stars and thanked God that He accounted me worthy of being His unworthy servant.

During the next four years there was some time for further schooling and

more revivals, and then there arose the war clouds of World War II. When President Roosevelt drew from a huge fishbowl the names of the first young men to be drafted, my name was the 17th one drawn for my county of Tillman. My dad had died suddenly only a few weeks before so the draft board gave me a seven-month extension period to help my mother, five younger brothers and sisters, and our aged grandmother. Then, on March 26, 1941, I put on the greatest uniform in the world and marched off to serve the greatest country God's sun ever shined on. Draft dodging was looked on then for what it really is — inexcusable cowardliness, shameful lack of patriotism, and total disregard for one's responsibility. I went gladly and would go again tomorrow if Uncle Sam needed me. Money was certainly no incentive, for a beginner's salary was \$21 a month and after insurance and other deductions, I had \$5 left out of my check.

At the induction center, there was a request for 17 men to go to Camp Wolters,



Family Photo
(undated)

Texas (Mineral Wells area) to open a new base hospital. A large group of us were given IQ tests, and I was one of the 17 chosen. Even in the army, I often found a chance to hold services at some surrounding churches or else made a place to hold meetings.

Once overseas, we had no assigned chaplain, so my commanding officer appointed me to be the unit's chaplain along with my medical duties. Those positions I

held till the last shot was fired in Germany; and I soon got to come home. My mother was an invalid by then, two younger brothers were still engaged in the Pacific War, the Japs did not surrender when the Germans did. I ran for City Councilman, got elected, got a public job and took on the pastorate of two nearby churches without pastors, and canceled my wedding plans. She married another, and they named their first baby boy after me.

Eventually my mother died and all the brothers and sisters except one brother had married and he went to the Navy. It was then that I was able to give full time to missionary work and evangelism, and I am still at it. I have traveled some 150 foreign lands, most of them in the interest of missions or charity medicine. I am on my second millionth mile driving a car, this says nothing of hundreds of thousands traveled by air, ship, bicycle, horseback or boat. In all the years, the only preaching service I ever missed due to sickness was a bad case of laryngitis. I was present for the service, but another had to preach. Once a tornado destroyed my tent and laid me up in a hospital for three or four days with some broken bones, but once dismissed (too early because of my persistence) I went back and re-started the revival,

propped up by pillows. That case was injury, not sickness. To the best of my knowledge, I never missed a scheduled service because of car trouble along the road but once. Much of this due to the fact that friends have kindly made it possible for me to drive a reliable car. Thanks be unto God for all His bountiful mercies He hath bestowed upon me, undeserving as I am.

Most of the years have not been easy so far as great accomplishments and finances were concerned. That has all been more than compensated by thousands of sincere friends who have stood by me through thick and thin. Of course, as Jesus warned us, not everybody loves Christians and some speak evil of us, but here's a little poem I have relied on at those times:

*If you've not been treated right, just forget it!
Don't get ready for a fight but forget it!
Life's too short to hold a grudge,
Twill your happiness be smudge,
Anyway, you're not the judge, so forget it!*

FULL TIME EVANGELISM

It was somewhere around 1947 before I could get into fulltime evangelism again. I also felt the Lord would have me go back to Europe to hold some meetings, for I had found it to be a mission field of its own. Almost as a sudden cloud out of a blue sky, the amount of money to go came in and some openings for meetings at the same time. Little did I know that the Lord was opening up a way for me to add foreign missions to my slowly growing work. I held meetings in several English towns, Scotland, and North Ireland. Then I had the feeling that the Lord had something to show me in Israel, which was a very unsettled place and held no attraction for me. Then there was the problem of changing money from what American friends had sent me to the amount of British money allowed to be taken out of the country. Keep in mind, the war was just over and things were far from normal still. However, I felt the leading was of the Lord when He used an atheist banker to help me with the money exchange even against some stringent British laws.

It was in Jerusalem where I found Matilda Davis, a blind Arab, an American-trained therapist who had returned to her native Jerusalem to do therapy in a Jewish hospital. She had lost her home and equipment during the Jewish-Arab War. She was feeling her way from one refugee tent (she herself now a refugee) to another, trying



Matilda Davis
Missionary to Jews and Arabs

to help the suffering. I managed some money to get her a place where she could carry on her work and get some of the needed machines. We took her as a missionary project for she had no outside help, with exception of the few coins the people who came for help could afford. We supported her until she went to Heaven some seven or eight years ago at the ripe old age of 97.

Again while there, the Lord showed us His approval. I had a revival scheduled for the Oriental Missionary Society in Athens, Greece, and to get there by boat I had to go to Beirut, Lebanon, to get another boat. When I crossed the Israeli border at the “No Man’s Land” crossing, I again had problems with exchange of what *little* money I had. I went to the president of the Israeli bank, who was an Orthodox Jew, and he, against Israeli banking laws, helped me get the exchange. First it was the atheist banker in England, and now the Orthodox Jew in Israel.

I landed in Beirut and found out that the ship was broken down in port and that it would be another week before it sailed and nobody was allowed aboard until it was ready. I had a ticket and expected to board the ship immediately upon arrival in Beirut thus had not expected a financial crisis. I had about \$3 to my name, so where would I find lodging and food for that week? Walking around, I saw a big fence and gate around what looked like a school. Upon investigating, it turned out to be a Christian Armenian school and they put me up in a nice home and I left Lebanon with a few dollars more than I arrived with.

On and on I could go with account after account of God’s marvelous provisions and blessings in the meetings as well as my physical protection in places where fools rush in and where angels fear to tread. It would take a book to tell it all. Perhaps the most memorable place so far as danger and utter confusion lurked, was in Yugoslavia. From Beirut I had sailed to Greece and had held a week of meetings there and the next stop would be Liege, Belgium. I would have to pass through Yugoslavia which had not recovered from the German and Russian invasion of World War II. When I reached the border, I was the only passenger left on the train. The guards came through, looked me over, and spoke not a word of any language I knew. They took my passport and left. I had no idea if I would ever see it again nor if they would put me off the train or what. Finally they came back, handed me the passport, and left.

I arrived in Belgrade about two hours before dark, having had nothing to eat but an orange all day. The train would be staying in Belgrade until the next morning when it would go on to France and Belgium.

I tried several people inside the station to find somebody who spoke something I could understand. Finally some soul figured me out as being American and though he could not speak English, French or Spanish, he took me by the arm upstairs where the railway manager sat behind a desk. His left leg was missing, and I found later that the Germans had treated him inhumanely. He had finally escaped to the Russian army, but didn’t fare any better. After all that, he had lost a leg. He informed me

that though Belgrade was the capital of Yugoslavia and a big town, no hotels could yet be found and that the price of everything was unthinkable.

He said, "Me and my mother live in a tiny apartment and all we have to eat is black bread, jelly and some coffee. If you can manage that and sleep with me on a three quarterbed, all I have to offer, you can stay with us and why not change your plans for Liege for four or five days and I'll show you around town and help you get information about the nearly two million Serbs, Jews, and others the Catholic Ustashi killed under Hitler." I felt badly taking even a slice of bread from those poor folks, but they insisted. Where else could I go even for the night? So I agreed to stay a few days. Never was I treated more royally. I heard later that his mother had died and Andre had married and was living in some socialist housing project. With all the unrest that poor Yugoslavia has experienced and now with the Bosnian mess, I wonder what ever became of my dear friends. All efforts to find them have failed.

When I left for Leige, women guards came on the train, took all the women passengers into a compartment, stripped and searched them while men guards did the same with the men, but left me untouched. Yugoslavia was a scary and heart-rendering experience, and I was glad to cross the border into Belgium. While stationed in a suburb of Liege during the last part of the war, I attended the Salvation Army services in the French language. It was the only fundamental Protestant church in the city of 500,000 people. They had scheduled me for a week of meetings as I came through Europe. I arrived with only a few coins in my pocket, but I was not worried for I had a ticket from there to the English Channel on the train and a boat ticket across the channel and another train ticket on to London's Victoria Station. I would have meetings in London and then go home on my return ticket. During the Salvation Army meetings I had to spend most of the money I had and was finally down to a mere penny in Belgium money. I said nothing to anybody but the Lord, for though I had tickets for London, I discovered that I did not have anything for food that day nor for a coin to phone the folks in London that I had arrived at the station. Even a dollar would do the trick. But where was the dollar? The Salvation Army captain was taking me to the train station in his car and as we were going down the walkway to the car, the postman came up with a letter addressed to Rev. J. Royce Thomason, Salvation Army, Leige, Belgium. That's it, no more address than that in a city of 500,000 people? How did it ever find me? And the biggest mystery of it all: who on earth knew where I was at the time?

I opened the letter, and it was from a poor Free Will Baptist preacher who worked in a coal mine at Sassafras, Kentucky. It read: "Dear Brother Royce, while you were here in a meeting last year, you said you would be at the Salvation Army in Leige somewhere about this time. I don't know just where you are, but the Lord spoke to me this morning about sending you a dollar. I hope you receive it." Talk about a miracle! If the postman had been even

three or four minutes later, I would have been gone, but the Lord knew where I was and what time the train ran; and He knew all about the inefficiency of the postal service, but he spoke to that dear preacher not a moment too late. What timing! This is but one of several similar incidents I have experienced.

In all my years, I have never operated on a surplus. It has almost always been right down to the line financially but as in this case, what I really needed has usually come. Before me is a little motto I picked up recently, a motto that pretty well describes my case. It reads: "I started with nothing, and still have most of it left."

Turning from the more serious side, some of you are wondering what has been perhaps the most comical experience. Well, it happened in St. John, St. Kitts, an island in the Caribbean chain. I was there in some meetings, all black people. It was nearly time for me to preach when the pastor called the congregation to prayer and they all got on their knees.

He called on somebody to lead in prayer, and this dear brother, with all sincerity and fervency, started praying. Loud he was. Somewhere he had heard American and English people use a phrase that I used to hear in the early days. "Lord, empower the preacher and stir the congregation." This dear brother had heard this but got the words mixed up a little. His prayer was almost loud enough to wake the dead and it went: "Oh Lord, paralyze the preacher and sterilize the congregation." It was some time before I could regain my composure before preaching.

Some are wondering what the most unusual case has been. It is hard to pick between two of the outstanding ones. One happened on a train in Turkey and one in a bombing raid in Belgium during World War II. It was Christmas Eve. A bomb had fallen in our compound that afternoon and killed one of our soldiers. Some of the fellows came to me and asked that as soon as the supper dishes had been cleared from the mess hall tent, would I lead them in some Christmas carols and then preach. I agreed to do so. There was a chaplain across the way at the Second Field Hospital who had as his chauffeur a young man who played a portable pump organ, so I asked him to come and bring us his organ and help us cheer things up a bit. He gladly came.

I had just started the service when a runner came saying that a bomb had fallen up the street about two blocks away and an American soldier was lying there in the snow, possibly dead, and unattended. I turned the service over to the chaplain, took my medical kits, and went to see about the soldier. The electric wires were all down, snow was about 18 inches deep, and the temperature was about 35 below zero. The soldier seemed lifeless. I could not detect any heartbeat, but he was still warm and I felt I should do something radical that might just bring him around. So I intravenously injected five ampules of caffeine sodium benzoate, enough to equal about 20 cups of coffee. It was a case of cure or kill for ordinary efforts were useless. Soon I began to feel a faint pulse, and I felt he was going to come around. So I busied myself gathering

some pieces of wood from the ruins around me to make splints for both legs and one arm that was broken. By the time I got that done, his pulse was much stronger, but he was still unconscious. I had no ambulance so I put him in the back of a weapons carrier and sent him to 122nd Field Hospital. Doctors there worked on him most of the night. A buzz bomb hit the hospital the next day, throwing him, casts and all onto the floor. He was still unconscious. They then took him to another hospital, and I lost track of him.

Many, many times I thought of him and of what looked like the enemy's determination to kill him, wondering if he pulled through, and if so, would he be normal, etc. Some 15 years later I was holding a revival in Melrose, New Mexico, and walked into a little store and struck up a conversation with the manager. I asked him was he a veteran and he told me he was and inquired as to where I was during the Battle of the Bulge, and I told him I was in a little place called Loncin.

He said, "My best buddy went to Loncin on Christmas Eve that year and a buzz bomb fell on him. . ." I butted in saying: "And a medic found him and revived him and sent him to another hospital that was hit the next day by a bomb." He said, "How did you know about that?" It was then I told him that I was the man who had found him and saved his life. I made inquiry and was told by this store owner that my patient did live and was then living in Illinois, doing fine, but that so many years had expired that he had lost trace of him. I did not find him again, but did put my questions to rest. The soldier had survived.

MIRACLES, MINISTRY AND MISSIONS

There is so much to say, but time is limited. It has all been miraculous. *The Voice in the Wilderness* publication is a miracle also. During my first missionary trip, friends at home asked me to run off a mimeographed letter and send it out so they could know where I was and what was happening. I did so and when I came home they urged I keep up the mimeographed page then later as interest had grown I developed it into a four page professionally printed magazine calling it *The Voice in the Wilderness*. Then we went to eight pages, and now, the current, subscription free issue. We have also printed it in the Tamil and Korean languages in South India.

Most of the missions projects we have taken on have been of a miraculous origin. The following, some of the best God ever put breath into, have finished their duties and have now been promoted to Glory: Matilda Davis of Jerusalem, Florence Hardy of Cheung Chou, Sis. Bartalink of the jungles of Surinam, Dr. Varma of India, Dudley Gardner of Calcutta, India, and Sophia Muller of the jungles of Colombia. What an honor to have had a part in the work of these heroes and heroines of the faith.

Up until September 10, 2001 when I experienced several debilitating stroke like episodes, my health has been something of a miracle as I see it. The

Lord has graciously protected me as I enter my second millionth mile driving a car, and that says nothing of hundreds of thousands by other means. Missing a couple of scheduled services in all the years has been nothing short of our Lord's provision. To God be the glory, great things He hath done!

When I first started, I thought by now the good faithful preachers would have the wicked old world hog-tied and hobbled, resembling a meek lamb. However, it has not worked that way; quite the opposite. I figured our worst enemies to the gospel would be the ACLU, NOW, Humanism, New Agers, etc. Though these just named are the enemies of the gospel, I find that our worst trouble is a crowd who call themselves Christians, those of our own group, false prophets, compromisers, liberals, etc. They have millions to spend on TV time for they hobnob and compromise with Catholics, the Charismatic Movement, Mormons, the ecumenists, etc. Is it any wonder that the church has lost its salt? However, dear brothers and sisters in Christ, we must press the battle, the crowning day is coming. After Solomon repented of his sin, God used him to write some of the sweetest songs about Jesus. One verse of the Song of Solomon (chapter 5) is to Him as "chiefest among ten thousand" (verse 10), and like a "bed of spices, like sweet flowers" (verse 13). Oh, rich and rare and exquisite, everlasting perfume. Put it in every poor man's window, plant it on every grave, put its leaves under every dying pillow, twist it in every garland, put it in every home; and when I am about to die, and this hand that writes these things to you today is cold in death, put in that hand some Easter flower, some rose of Sharon, some lily of the valley, something typical of Him whom my soul loveth. He who has been my guide and stay over the long and often lonely journey. It is now many years since I found the Lord, and I feel compelled to tell Him how sweet He has been so patient with me by day and by night. It is the grief of my life that so much of my time has gone and that I have failed Him so many times. It has been the same story all the way through – faithfulness of His part and failure on mine. I have not had such Christian experience as some to whom Christ has been the conqueror on the white horse, or the bridegroom coming forth with lanterns and torches, or the sun of righteousness setting everything ablaze with light. With me it has been more quiet experiences, a more undemonstrative one; something very quiet but sweet. To what shall I compare it? I have it: "My beloved is unto me as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers." And last, Oh Lord:

When I come to cross the Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Bear me safely through the current
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

DEAR NEW SUBSCRIBER

The following information is mostly for newer subscribers, so as to acquaint you with our efforts. I suppose we could be described as chiefly missionary supporters. Though we do not send out any missionaries, we have tried to find some in the most needy fields on earth – mostly jungles – those who have no guaranteed support – some substantially, some less. They are faith missionaries: the Philippines, Venezuela, Colombia, New Guinea, Panama, and Uganda, and areas of Central America. Others have included Mexico, Syria, Haiti, India, and the United States. In India we published this magazine (altered somewhat) in the Tamil language, we have helped six churches there, some students in institutions of higher learning and two orphanages. In the homeland we send small donations to one home for juvenile girls, a home for juvenile girls and boys and a work on an Indian reservation in South Dakota. We have no foundations backing us, only the freewill donations of friends and what offerings come in during revival meetings.

Most of the folks who made up my early congregations (along with others whom I loved and cherished) have gone now. I have stood by many an open grave. Earth is becoming more and more a lonesome place as what few are left keep slipping into the sunset of life. Where are those grand and glorious men and women? Hopefully they have all found rest, cares all past, home at last, ever to rejoice. Some went so gradually that they had concluded the second or third stanza of heaven's song before I knew they had gone. They had on their crown before I knew they had laid down the staff of their earthly pilgrimage.

It would have been wonderful for the rest of us if they could have all stayed here with us and all have died and been raptured together. If we could have kept all the sheep and lambs of God's family together until some bright morning, the birds a-chant and the brooks a-glitter, and then we could all together hear the voice of the Good Shepherd and hand-in-hand pass over the tide to that golden shore, how nice it would have been. No, it could not be that way. It has been and will be, one by one unless, of course, the rapture comes first. It may be at midnight, it may be in a winter snowstorm, or in the morning. It may be in a strange motel, our arm too weak to reach the phone or press the bell for help. It may be in a car crash. It may be so sudden we won't have time to say "good-bye." But, one by one, we must go. Let me play you three tunes on the Gospel harp of comfort. First: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Psalm 30:5). Second: "All things work together for good to them that love God" (Romans 8:28). Third, "And the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Revelation 7:17).

Dear Reader:

After almost seven decades of ministry, The Voice in the Wilderness continues to stand in the gap preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to those who are in great darkness. Contending for American Freedom and contending for Fundamental Christianity remains a vital thrust of this missionary and printing ministry. We appreciate so very much your prayers. May God help us all to be faithful.



A Tribute to Bro. Royce



Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the power of God and Holy fear.
When came along the circuit ridin'
man
With the fire of God and The Word
in hand.

How once upon a time the church
grew cold,
The altars were bare and the devil had
a hold.
And the folk just sat and watched the
clock
While Jesus stood at the door to
knock.

But they couldn't see nor could they hear
Their eyes all dry, not a fallen tear.
For the souls of men who are lost in sin
Doomed to die, will no one cry?

"But we're too busy" from day to day
Just a tryin' to make it along life's way,
To pay the liens and visa card
And keep our credit from being marred.

And the cause of it all this sad some plight
Was they let the world cloud out the light.
Just an inch at a time till they had trod
Far away from the Word of God.

A form of Godliness, no power at all
Destined for certain to a hopeless fall.
But hallelujah, God's not dead,
The Son arose, hell has fled!

The Holy Ghost and a preaching flame
Steps foward with victories claim.
He preached up a storm and the wind did
blow,
And all the folk in that place did know,

The fire of God was consuming sin
Convicting hearts and winning men.
Looky yonder, the drunkard come
Along with a backslidden church hoppin' bum.

The dunamis of God is a blastin' away
As the gates of hell begin to sway.
Don't despair and don't you quit
A fightin' sin, give the devil a fit.

For the trumpets ready and soon will sound,
Then heaven's reward and upward bound.
So even now in this Laodician age
When men run crazed in a sinful rage,

Preach on my Brother Royce, the mighty Word of
God
His call remains, it's Holy Ground you've trod.
-Ronnie L. Williamson

1996

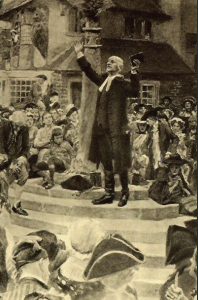
RELIGIOUS NEWS AND COMMENTS

ESV “Book of the Year” – *World Magazine* selects ESV as “Book of the Year.” Without question “The Bible is, should always be, The Book.” Yet the “English Standard Version Study Bible is indicative of today’s liberal license and agenda indulged by evangelical scholarship.” Where will this deviant confusion end? There is no pleasure in the expense of time and effort it takes to warn the many who have been led down the trail of deluded Bible versions. What does one do when error is so blatantly apparent? Do you dismiss it? Do you ignore it? Do you excuse it? I do not enjoy the constant blare of a seven alarm fire. It’s nice to have a little break from the constant pressures. But dear reader, I cannot over emphasize how critical the hour is.

In my hand is a copy of the ESV. In the Preface under *Translation Philosophy* the publisher includes this paragraph: “Every translation is at many points a trade-off between literal precision and readability, between “formal equivalence” in expression and “functional equivalence” in communication, and the ESV is no exception. Within this framework we have sought to be “as literal as possible” while maintaining clarity of expression and literary excellence. Therefore, to the extent that plain English permits and the meaning in each case allows, we have sought to use the same English word for important recurring words in the original; and, as far as

grammar and syntax allow, we have rendered Old Testament passages cited in the New in ways that show their correspondence. Thus in each of these areas, as well as throughout the Bible as a whole, we have sought to capture the echoes and overtones of meaning that are so abundantly present in the original texts.” Much could be said about that paragraph but note the statement, “...we have rendered Old Testament passages cited in the New in ways that show their correspondence.” If that be so, why does the ESV render Isa. 14:12 “How you are fallen from heaven, O Day Star, son of Dawn” while the KJB says, “How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning.” The ESV uses “...day dawns and the morning star rises...” in II Peter 1:19 while the NIV uses the same wording in II Peter 1:19 but calls Lucifer “O morning star, son of the dawn” in Isaiah 14:12.

Is this confusion? God is not the author of confusion, I Cor. 14:33. By the way, Satan did aspire to the highest above the stars of God, but Rev. 22:16 declared Jesus is the bright and morning star! I have read numerous scholars on Isa. 14:12 and II Peter 1:19. After much study the use of Lucifer is proper. Certainly an earthly king is seen here, but clearly this Lucifer (phosphorus-shining one) is far more powerful than any king of a nation. Watch carefully as modern versions minimize Satan, sin, and the Saviour’s deity.



SERMON

OF THE

MONTH

DEATH BY DENOMINATION

DEATH BY DENOMINATION I JOHN 4:6

THEIR MONUMENT

A man, the movement, and then the monument – is the progression always the same? Sadly in my near 40 years of preaching the gospel, denominational demise has been an obvious given in the documented history of Christendom. Mind you, I did not say, the history of His church. The church that Christ built has not nor ever will rise in reformation out of error, Mother Rome, or any such deception. The Lord said emphatically, “I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” The church is on the offensive and without question remains victorious. The very gates of hell cannot withstand the forward, aggressive march of God’s true church. The very meaning of *ekklesia* runs contrary to denominational organization or some executive hierarchy. Please dear brother and sister, look carefully at the New Testament church. May God help us to see these man-made devises with inevitable demise built in. As the clock ticks and pages of history turn, fewer today understand the church through Biblical perspective. This unscriptural, ecumenical, pluralistic scourge creeps in like a cancer of death. Tele-evangelists, radio preachers, “Christian” magazines, and warehouses of books echo this same sort of eclectic voice that produces the confusing cacophony of Bible versions.



Many say we have “come out from among them” while continuing to use their preachers, literature and participate in a co-operative based program. Separation indeed, yet the milieu remains the same. Conference and keynote speakers are selected from the best sellers list of business world and motivational gurus. Even an ecumenical collection of new age, purpose driven, Southern Baptist and other denominational notables occupy the platform. Psychological and sociological surveys, polls and case studies will never define the True New Testament Church. The charismatic and interdenominational movements along with high-powered media may attempt to package and market “church” but out of corrupt comes corruption. Behold the monument to the past.

But Brother Williamson, are you saying the Lord has never used men involved in such organizations or associations? In spite of men, failure and flesh, the Sovereign God of the universe in His mercy, love and grace accomplishes His good pleasure. The biographies and ministries of Asbury, Booth, Carey, Moody, Spurgeon and Wesley all were quite different but have been a blessed challenge to this preacher. These men did not agree on every point just as Paul and Peter got crosswise. But The Book is THE BOOK, good is good, evil is evil, God be true and every man a liar. For almost 40 years I have preached The Book, and for the last 18 years I have traveled across America, Canada and around the world multiplied times. Pastors, missionaries, and ministries are unique and different. What a joy it has been to know some of God’s choicest servants -- rich and poor, educated and uneducated, folk of various tongues, tribes, and nations who love the Lord, His Word and desire to obey Christ’s commands. Customs, culture, language, organization and methods are different. Often there are differences I could not tolerate as pastor. Yet God has given all His children scripture enabling us to

“know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error”(II John 4:6). When men, methods and manner differ, we **must** step up and look to God’s Word. We have His power, provision and promise to know the spirit of Truth. Ask these three questions in relation to the evaluation of teachers and movements or issues:

His Message

What is the spirit toward the Scriptures?

What is the spirit toward the Saviour?

What is the spirit toward Salvation?

We can know the spirit of Truth, and we can discern the spirit of error. In relation to **Scripture** the spirit of error typically is “adding to” and “taking away.”

In respect to **The Scripture** “the spirit of error” will deny His true deity and His true humanity--The One, True, and Living God. (Jn. 1:1-14; I Jn. 2:22; II Jn. 7; II Pe. 2:1).

In terms of **Salvation** the spirit of error will be a works system taking away from the finished work of Christ or adding to – making man capable of obtaining or earning salvation. Romans 1:16; 10:9,10,13; Eph. 2:8 & 9, Gal. 1:9.

Again, men will differ and God has taken that uniqueness to accomplish a work of grace confounding the wise with seemingly the foolish. However, God does not take the false to birth the Truth. It’s not reformation but rather transformation. In most cases those reading these words would never argue against the fact that Roman Catholicism, Mormonism, Jehovah Witnesses, Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism and a host of cult and occults are false teachers. Yet, out of that very list have crept in damnable heresies promoted with evangelistic zeal. In

crept New Age Meditation and prayer techniques, African style dance and music plus a vocabulary and philosophy totally foreign to Scripture.

This little “recipe” for ecumenical stew came across my desk: (1) chop up the gospel thoroughly, add water to dilute effect (2) mix in some tolerance to suppress the unpopular taste of doctrine (3) add enough self esteem to neutralize the bitterness of sin (4) heat until mixture becomes lukewarm in need of nothing else (5) serve with Eucharist wafers, but avoid feeding to those who live by every Word of God. Funny? no—tragically sad. It has been said to me—my Catholic friend loves Jesus, prays and reads the Bible. Are you saying he is not a Christian? A pastor friend was kindly explaining his stand on the King James Bible and was rebuked in no uncertain terms, “I know Christians who use the NIV and they are as godly as you are!”

WHO MOVED?

I thought I had an opportunity to preach for a brother pastor in a neighboring state. Dialing his number I greeted with, “Hello brother, how are you?” After only a moment of general exchange, I proceeded to say I’ll be in your area and would like to stop in and give your church a challenge from God’s Word. *Out of the blue*, this pastor begins a litany of excuses about his people. “These are working folk and some of the ladies wear pants to the services.” He asked me what all the controversy was about concerning the KJB and other Bible versions. Out of the fog came no appointment to preach! At a recent camp meeting two preacher friends told me at the lunch table that fewer pastors would extend an invitation for me to preach because of the stand The Voice in the Wilderness took. Well, my question is, who moved? When it comes to THE BOOK, music, separation, standards, new age, worldly and

modernistic philosophies, who moved? Men that I have respected, some I went to Bible College with, preached in their churches – now embrace things they once preached and warned against, so, who moved? Yes, they are now watering down the gospel and doctrine. But one thing for sure, they are not tolerant of a preacher like me who stands where they and their pastors once stood! So I ask again, who moved?

When I first got saved, I heard a many a preacher rail against afternoon soap-operas, movie theatre going and mixed swimming. I lived in the heart of North Carolina tobacco farming, but the preachers still condemned smoking it, chewing it, dippin' it, and growing it. Hair, dress and laying out of Wednesday night prayer meeting for little league baseball was still in the sermon. Back then hell was hot, heaven sweet, sinners were lost and church folk even came to the altar. Laying out on the beach or walking around town half naked was ungodly. God hated divorce and children were to honour their parents. Oh, yes, spanking was still in The Book.

God deliver us from this bunch of psycho-analytical professional clergy. *This mamby-pamby, back-scratching, soft-soapin, ear ticklin, therapeutic sermonettes in churchettes for christianettes.*

Our children are having babies; the schoolhouse is a killing field with druggies, drunks, and debauchery. It used to be running in the halls, talking out of turn and chewing gum. Now it's murder in the halls, abortion, condoms and perversion of the unspeakable sort. The divorce and remarriage rate is as high in the church as it is in the world; and the music coming out of those church house speakers sounds like the downtown barroom.

This come-as-you-are, leave-as-you-were, user friendly,

first church accommodation looks like the shopping mall or sports center. Young people are asking why do I need the church and are leaving by the droves.

IT'S ME

Just think about it. “Why bother?” “The week-end is mine. That’s the only time I have to hunt, fish, go to the beach, garden, mow grass, shop, buy groceries, do chores or just relax and recreate. I don’t want to get up early on Sunday morning nor go back out Sunday night. That crowd down at the church lives just like I do. They dress like I do. Their music is no different. Why give 10% or more of “my money” so some egotistical preacher can build his fancy buildings and empire. I work with those church people. You should see their children.”

Indeed the blood will be on the hands of so many who carelessly squander the opportunity to be salt and light to a lost neighbor, let alone a lost world. Yes, the world is watching and **the lost man holds the church to a higher standard**. Yes, God looks on the heart, but the world doesn’t know God. The world is looking. Even though God knows our heart, He told us to be salt and light—to be different. Pastor, youth leader, dear Christian, you can make all the excuses, but the truth is, the unsaved are indeed watching. They will size you up. In terms of this world, our business dealings, reactions to difficulties, honesty, kept commitments, even our dress and music – the world expects the Christian to be different. And the world knows the difference. Go ahead, try to be like’em in order to win them. Dress like’em, sound like’em, drink with them, dance with them, but it will not work. It will not be an eternal work. The carnal, fleshly base will yield the carnal, fleshly base. Eternal results will be done in the light of the Eternal-God’s Eternal Word, will and way. Not the ways of this world! To lift them up you must stand higher.

Christ has not rescinded His teaching, commands and commission for the local church. No, we are not perfect. Yes, we have the perfect Christ. In all our mistakes and failures, may He correct us and guide us. How will He guide us? – Through some mystical experience, a new spirituality, contemplative prayers, “Christian yoga meditation?” No, absolutely not!

“So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word. Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee. I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy Word. For ever, O Lord, Thy Word is settled in heaven. Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Thy Word is true from the beginning: and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth forever. Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. The Spirit of truth will guide you into all truth.

All you write about is smoking pits and lions’ den. Have you no positive message of encouragement. Is it all doom and gloom?

I heard the message and music of the 1960’s. Peace brother peace. Make love not war. Yet, the hippies could not sing in the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. I wore the bell- bottoms and long hair listening to 5th Dimension. The music, drugs, “free sex” and peace symbols enslaved rather than liberated.

Now many “churches” have caved to the steady

eastern drum of mantra, meditation and mysticism. The emerging church has surfaced smack-dab in the middle of denominations worldwide. Sure these gurus use scripture to support their teaching, programs and conferences. D6, Drisco and doctrines of devils have a lot in common. Here Obama and Warren got it right. “Don’t let the difference define.” These purveyors of “New Age Christianity” have a lot of similarities to accentuate.

Riding down the highway my wife and I are scanning the radio station when we thought a Christian broadcast came up. We tuned in and listened only a few minutes. The announcer gave a promo for their afternoon music using the term, “Beatle-style ‘Christian’ music.” Is there anyone reading these words not aware of the Hindu connection with George Harrison and the Beatles? By the way, you do know what Google, YMCA, YWCA, Nike, Forbes, Apple, many hospitals, Health Spas’, Target, and too many American churches have in common? – Hindu Yoga!

Satan is so masterful and subtle at blurring the lines, doctrine and theology. The Bible clearly marks truth and error.

Several pastors met in the opulent Headquarter Hotel/ Lobby before denominational meetings commenced just for a brief time of fellowship. Now these men were shocked when a well-known preacher strutted his stuff right out to the Hotel pool for a few morning laps. Well that was the talk of the convention, “Bro. so-in-so in his swim trunks taking a dip in the convention pool.” However, the buzz did not stop there. Sadly, the national youth meetings were fraught with contemporary music and the dress was poor to say the least. Now over many years, has the situation improved? No, and for a long time that same group of pastors denounced such in their local fellowship and even

preached against it in their pulpits. However, time does seem to change things. Today many of those men hold denominational offices, enable the movement with their finances and do the backstroke with the pool pastor they once-upon-a-time castigated.

Charles Spurgeon gave this rather humorous testimony. He said, "I recollect my mother saying to me, 'I prayed that you might be a Christian, but I never prayed that you might be a Baptist.' But never the less, I became a Baptist, for as I reminded her, the Lord was able to do for her exceeding abundantly above what she asked or thought. And he did it."

Spurgeon also made this observation. "There never ought to have been any denominations at all, for according to Scripture, every church is independent of every other. There ought to have been as many separate churches as there were separate opinions. But denominations, which are the gathering up of those churches, ought not to have existed at all. They do a world of mischief."

(To be continued)

-RLW



Nuggets of Gold

"The Way Kids Look at Things"

- Dear God, Instead of letting people die and having to make new ones, why don't you just keep the ones you got now?
- Dear God, I went to this wedding and they kissed right in church. Is that O.K.
- Dear God, In Bible times, did they really talk that fancy?
- Dear God, I am an American. What are you?
- Dear God, I'm sure it is very hard for you to love all of everybody in the whole world. There are only 4 people in our family and I can never do it.

CLUB MIT

(MISSIONARY-IN-TRAINING)

For All Boys & Girls

Engaging children in being a steadfast worker for Christ, *Encouraging* them to be a boy or girl pleasing to the Lord, and *Equipping* them to be a missionary every day . . . through lessons from the Apostle Paul's missionary helpers, Aquila & Priscilla.



Lessons from Aquila and Priscilla

Starting about this time of year, the people who have planted gardens begin to harvest their food. Beans, corn, squash, cucumbers, tomatoes, and the list could go on. Now if vegetables are not picked when they are ripe they will spoil and go bad. Sometimes people may pick a little too early. The key is to know the right time to pick the food. Jesus talks about harvest in Matthew 9:35-38. Look it up and read this part of the Bible. First, Jesus says that the harvest is plenteous (a lot of something). Now this harvest is not vegetables or fruit, but people. There are plenty of people who are not saved. The last verse is Jesus' prayer request. He wants us to pray for labourers to go into His harvest. The labourers are people who work together for God. What about you? Are you praying about and answering Jesus' prayer request? Who could you witness to? It may be a grandparent, parent, brother or sister. How can you do this? - Through giving them a tract or by talking to them (witnessing). If you have talked to someone recently about Jesus, write us and let us know about it.



ATTENTION Club MITers: Thank you for praying for us as we travel to help missionaries in Venezuela. You can learn more about our trip by visiting www.thevoiceinthewilderness.org. Be watching for a special mailing from us when we return home in September.

BITS AND PIECES

Boy's

Boy's Bits

Tails—Gather your friends and divide up into even teams. Have 2 different colors of “tails” (pieces of cloth) and tuck them loosely into your back pocket or belt. The “tail” should be easy to pull out. The object is to gather as many tails from the other team as possible. A player whose “tail” is taken is out of the game until the restart of the game. Stealth is a key for this game. Play the game for an agreed amount of time then start over.



PRISCILLA'S PIECES

Choose one person to be the choir director. Blindfold the choir director. Have all others line up in front of the director. Beginning at one end of the line, have each person sing one word of your favorite church song. Continue up and down the line of people with each person just singing one word until the song is finished or until the director stops and can identify who just sang the last word. When someone is identified, they become the next choir director.



Girl's

Take the Bible Scholar Challenge!

Unscramble the following words used in Aquila's Bible lesson.

Write the words in the garden.

(Don't forget to harvest them for the Lord!)



darpnnatrge
sseitr
serroablu

stnerap
yapr
oleppe

rberhot
souetenlp
sesntwi

Write TODAY for your next *Hall of Faith* card!

Cut here and give this page to a young person.

(News Bits continued from page 5)
light, and light for darkness: that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter” Isa. 5:20.

“Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the Kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God” I Cor. 6:9 & 10.

In the midst of sin, sickness, dying Jacquelin Smith said of Farrah’s death – she “now rests with the real angels.” Yet “The Book” tells us “Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live:...” Ezekiel 33:1.

Israel’s National Security – The Obama Administration’s “intense desire to appease Iran’s mullahs in open discussions; to his stated commitment to establish a Palestinian state as quickly as possible despite the Palestinians’ open rejection of Israel’s right to exist and support for terrorism; to his express support for the so called Saudi peace plan, which would require Israel to commit national suicide by contracting to within indefensible borders and accepting millions of hostile, foreign-born Arabs as citizens and residents of the rump Jewish state; to his decision to end U.S. sanctions against Syria and return the U.S. ambassador to Damascus; to his plan to withdraw U.S. forces from Iraq and so give Iran an arc of uninterrupted control extending from Iran to Lebanon, every single concrete policy Obama has enunciated harms Israel.” –*Caroline Glick, The Jerusalem Post*

Focus on the Family - affiliates give Hollywood movie reviews as casually

as a church event. Not so long ago preachers condemned the theatre with its glamorized perversion. The dating site promoted by Dobson, eHarmony, bows to a lawsuit and creates a special service – eHarmony has agreed to begin matching homosexual couples. –*WorldNetDaily*

Missions Around the World –

There are more than 2,300 languages throughout the world without the Scripture. Thankfully, hundreds of organizations and missionaries are involved in translation work. A single language translation for the Scriptures can take from five to twenty-five years depending on various circumstances. The need is for more local churches to adopt a language group with the purpose of praying and providing for the needed Bible translation.

From Friends of Israel Zvi writes

– “Believe it or not, many school children in Israel have never heard of the Holocaust. So when Holocaust Memorial Day draws near, in the spring, schools look for survivors to come and tell what they experienced during WWII, more than 60 years ago. Not many of us are left. You can almost count the number on your fingers.” The writer does a two-hour presentation to Jewish students concerning the history of the Holocaust. In that presentation he weaves his faith in Jesus Christ, the Messiah. The question is proposed, “Do Rabbi’s have the right to say which chapters in the Bible should be read or not read?” Obviously the students wanted to know which chapters in the Bible the Rabbi’s claimed should not be read. This gives the opportunity to have the students read Isaiah 53. The students had many questions, which in turn opened the door for the TRUTH to be proclaimed.

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