

HWAPP # 1605 524

531 West 10th Ave.,
Eugene, Sunday Aft.,

8/23/31

Coarest:

I wonder almost whether I really have been called into active service for the Lord as yet, or whether I am not doing what men have ever done -- getting impulsive and taking things into my own hands, and rushing on ahead of the Lord, deceiving myself into thinking He has called me. Jacob got impulsive and in a hurry and took it into his own hands to wrest the birthright from Esau. The Jews got in a toot to go back to Jerusalem and rebuild the temple, took it into their own hands, and had to go back and get another decree for it after all. They are still today rushing off half-cocked in their own human wisdom and strength, in this Zionist movement, instead of waiting for the Lord, whom HE is to take BOTH Israel and Judah together, with KNEELING and supplication, and repentance, acknowledging their Lord, to Jerusalem.

Jesus said tarry for the POWER of the Holy Spirit. He meant the full baptism with the Holy Spirit, or the fullness of the Holy Spirit. He meant for the disciples not to rush out into the work until they were indued with it. They tarried and waited upon God, and when He gave them the gift of His very own fullness, they did possess a spiritual POWER utterly lacking before. I have not tarried for that POWER, and have not received it. I know I have a measure of the Holy Spirit, or I would not want to serve the Lord and obey Him as earnestly as I do, but I am not like Bro. Stith -- I do not feel I have all I need.

And then I tell you I see more and more trouble ahead. There are dangerous rocks and shoals ~~ahead~~ ahead. The foremost is simply Bro. Taylor himself. The Lord can use Bro. Taylor mightily if Bro. Taylor will let him, but I see more and more of Bro. Taylor cropping out, and things, which, unless he is willing to yield utterly and surrender, will absolutely unfit him for work and put him where the Lord can't use him.

They all snout at me to keep humble, and they are so afraid I will let pride assert itself. They see dozens of faults in me, and everybody feels free to criticise and criticise until I have really been criticised into shreds. That's all right -- I guess all the faults are there all right, and I recognize them and am calling upon God to take them out, and I am doing more, I am yielding and trying to get them out and willing for them to go out. Now I know that I AM thoroughly surrendered and yielded to the Lord except that at times, when off my guard or when I have not been praying often enough, I lose patience or permit a little strife or antagonism to enter my mind as I did that day at Mrs. Runcorn's. And just to prove to myself that I was surrendered on the point we argued about, even tho I did feel Bro. Stith should have no part in our work here, I suggested to Bro. Taylor that we invite him to go ahead and preach, and he did. My judgment on having him in our work was exactly Bro. Taylor's, so far as that goes, and when I told him of our argument at Salem on the point after returning here, he told me positively that if Stith came around he would be quite plainly invited to just move right

along, for the Lord had started a work thru us which Stith could not fit in with or harmonize with and it would not be right for him to be permitted to upset it. Yet after that he consented with me to invite Stith to talk. Today we learned from Johnson's that Stith came determined to horn in and preach on our subject of the four beasts that night, and purposely brought along his queer and funny little chart to illustrate it with. We turned him loose on a packed tent, with Bro. McGill having to sit on an odd camp stool, and even then he got tangled up ~~and~~ on his "three ribs" and finally changed it to just "two ribs" and ignored the third one. This amused Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Of course the Lord worked it all out for us, for Taylor turned it into a live spiritual testimony meeting after Stith got thru.

How no one ever has seen anything wrong in Taylor. They all see him as one who is perfect, without faults, far more spiritual and yielded than any of us, having greater power in preaching.

So far he has been able to keep anyone from seeing anything to criticise, except the Johnsons and some outsiders here in Eugene, who are beginning to criticise what they call some questionable business dealings. I know nothing of the real facts however. I intend to take this right up with him and find out, and if he has made the mistakes that are charged to him he must make them right.

But really, Loma, I am utterly surprised to begin to learn that Bro. Taylor does not seem to be turning out to be as willing to yield and give up his own way as I am. I am beginning to be just sickened with a realization, now becoming plainer and plainer, that Bro. Taylor is AMBITIOUS. He aspires to run and to rule. He plans to get utter and complete charge. And I tell you HE MUST NOT GET IT. I believe you had better just read this to Bro. and Sister Runcorn. If tell you the Devil is scheming and fighting in ways clear beyond our mental powers, with cunning and deception, to drive in entering wedges, and he is descending upon our work here in Oregon now from every direction. We must have our eyes open, and if we relax our vigilance of prayer and faithfully TRUSTING God, even for a single day, he will accomplish his aim. Why, the Disler's are not a drop in the bucket. The Devil has only been using them to draw our minds off of his real point of attack. The meeting went off fine up there yesterday -- everybody there but Fisler's -- big crowd, and fine spirit and fine meeting, Bro. Taylor says.

But here is Bro. Rowe causing more trouble at Harrisburg than the Fislers are at Dever. That first-day Church of God woman who led the Sabbath School lesson a week ago did not even come yesterday, because of the row they started and the ungentlemanly way they treated her while she was trying to teach the class, and I understand she has said she won't come again because of the quarrelling. They find something to row and quarrel and wrangle over every Sabbath. Now unless either the board, headed by Bro. Hobbs and Runcorn, or Taylor and I, can put this down and keep it out, we might as well give up and quit and let it be broken up. I surely felt called upon of the Lord to rebuke it, and Bro. ~~Stith and McGill~~ McGill and others said I did not hit it half hard enough, and while Bro. Stith got up and tried to knock down everything I had said, and to exhalt himself and put me unjustly in a wrong light, a mean trick I did not dream he

would stoop to, yet several came to me afterward to wrung my hand and said they hoped I would keep right on giving them the TRUTH and what they NEEDED, no matter how many tried to knock it down.

I didn't say that out of any superior or exalted feeling. WHY is it, Loma, they, some of them, try to impute a pride and exaltation to me I do not feel or have at all? Now if Taylor had been there he would have hit that thing harder than I did, and in fact he told me today that, since this is about the third or fourth time, he would have adopted forceful measures if necessary and put it down right in the middle of the Sabbath school lesson. If ever I felt a leading from the Lord Himself, it was to deliver what I did yesterday. It was from the Lord, not me. If we are to preach the Word, and the Word is for correction, reproof, and admonition, and we can't preach that part of the word or use it for that purpose, we are not fit to preach at all. If we are to minister we are to feed the flock. If we lack courage to feed them the correction and reproof of the word at a time like yesterday, we are not feeding them, and then are like Ezekiel's watchman. Now if I must feel that unless I go around as a whipped pup with his tail between his leg, with an inferiority complex, and that to deliver a message, or permit the Lord to deliver thru me a message as he did yesterday, is to be received as a sign of self pride and exaltation -- if I am to feel that all the bretheren are over me, and I under them, in the sense that I must weakly and meekly take correction and reproof from them, and they never hear any preached thru my lips, but that I must preach only smooth things, and prophesy deceits, and that which they would like to hear, then I cannot longer serve the Lord in the ministry. No one realizes more than me how humble I need to keep. But if I am to feed the flock, while being humble myself I must be able and willing to feed them meat in DUE SEASON, and correct and reprove if necessary. What does I Thes. 5:12-14 mean? Does it not plainly say that, so far as laboring among the bretheren and ministering to them and feeding them on the word and conducting services, that we who labor among them, the elders or ministers or whatever you want to call us, are over them in the Lord, in this sense? And are we not plainly told to warn them that are unruly, or, as the margin says, disorderly? Are we to be muzzled so we cannot do that? Of course I realize that the head officials like Bro. Hobbs and Bro. Run-corn are over us, and we are to be in entire subjection and obedience to them as long as we remain under them in the work. That is a different matter, but it surely is plain that the Scriptures place us in a sense over the congregation, especially in meeting, so far as insuring orderliness and preaching the word is concerned. I feel Bro. Stubb did wrong in openly criticising me. If I did wrong in delivering such a message, then I need more instruction and light on the Scriptures and am not yet ready to be called into the ministry. A meek and humble and thoroughly yielded and surrendered man must be able to speak plainly and ~~strongly~~ strongly if occasion demands, It is GOD we are to be yielded to, not unruly bretheren. It is the SELF within us we are to yield. So when such a message is delivered in humbleness so far as self is concerned, and as a duty in the Lord, isn't it right?

But getting back to Bro. Taylor. He has several times impressed upon me that HE took matters into his own hands and shoved me in, and that I am thus under obligations to him, and must do just as he says. So far, I am sorry to say, his attitude has been one of considering himself perfect -- that he is yielded and surrender-

ed and filled with the Spirit in a way that I am not, that he is more experienced, and I am a novice -- that I am full of faults which he must correct, but that I must never dare to reprove him. He has jumped on me pretty hard a number of times, and not always justly. I haven't said anything about it, even to you, but he is harsh and almost brutal in his criticism, at times -- just as blunt as can be, and in an attitude of being in power and authority over me. I have been told I was so proud and exalted that I have been trying to take it as from the Lord, and correct everything he has criticised, and have prayed earnestly to the Lord to help me.

On this magazine, I naturally started to go right ahead on certain details of it, such as working out a tentative sketch for a cover design from Taylor's own idea, and mentioned wanting to go to the printing plant to see what type faces they had, what sizes, and other mechanical equipment. I had a headline written for one article he had asked me to write, and it didn't suit Mrs. Taylor, and she said I couldn't use it that way in a very bossy tone of authority. Next day Taylor took me to task again a great deal in the manner of a father scolding and warning his child or a bossy foreman bossing a new employe. He gave me plainly to understand that this was HIS magazine, and that while he had invited me to help on it, that if any disagreements came up, I would have to realize very plainly that HE was boss, and might have to make some decisions against me, and warned me against trying to take any initiative into my own hands or to plan things very much myself. Now all I had gone ahead with was just what I would have done were I handling an advertising campaign for any business man -- the things any business man ~~was~~ would EXPECT me to go ahead with, and take off his hands. I thought this magazine was the Lord's, but now it seems it is to be Taylor's.

Now he has the idea that I feel all swelled up with the idea that I have some very advanced new light, and it is his idea that every bit of this must be shattered. In his own mind he has completely mastered all these subjects, and I have some wild ideas which must not be tolerated at all. In our study so far I know I have proved that I have an open mind, as he has admitted and even written to Bro. Hobbs, for on one point he did prove me wrong, and I immediately changed it and preached it in the tent differently than I had intended. But so far he has not yielded an inch on a thing, and today he made plain his attitude that he has no intention of doing so. Unless he is willing to, and to be open-minded so the Lord can lead us on together into more and more truth, we will not be able to continue on together. I am afraid that if I continue with Taylor it will be at the expense of cow-towing down to Taylor and jumping at the crack of his whip, and never daring to open my mouth except as he directs. You know I can't go on that way. I have done it so far, because I do so want to get all self out and know I am surrendered and yielded to the Lord, but I am just beginning to wonder why it is that all the bretheren seem to feel I am so filled with self and conceit and exaltation while I am suffering humiliations and submitting to things you have not known of, because I did not want to worry or disturb you, while they think Taylor is so spiritual and yielded when in reality is is a boss of bosses and as exalted as he can be in his own mind. He APPEARS to be humble in front of them. And because I HATE hypocrisy, and do not and will not do any pretending

and consequently they see me as my naked self, with nothing hid and covered up, they look on me as the proud one and him as the humble one.

Mrs. Taylor is very overbearing in a way. I guess it is just the Jewish blood in her. There's a lot of the Nitrogen type in her physical make-up, and they are the most proud and haughty and disdainful people we have. She's a Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde -- two radically different people. You see one Sister Taylor at church, a mild, meek, humble, smiling, Spirit-filled woman. I see another Mrs. Taylor altogether very often -- proud, haughty, cross, snappy, and catty. I guess the truth is, this is her natural nature cropping out and what you see at church is her yielded nature the Lord has given her, but that she lets the old nature just crop out and dominate around home much of the time and I see it. I do believe she WANTS to be yielded to the Lord, but she is only part of the time. But the worst is, she idolizes her husband. In her eyes he is mighty, and I am nothing, and she thinks he is carrying the whole load and I am at best only a very inexperienced young helper.

I get to feeling that way, too, because he has had so much more preaching experience than I and does at times preach wonderfully well. Yet I find the people here and at Harrisburg both like to hear me just as much as him. Somehow they ~~do~~ do not come around praising him and flattering his preaching way above mine as I expected. They don't flatter either of us much, but I have heard many compliments and they always seem to include us both together and not as if one was ahead of the other. Mrs. Taylor is always telling me about how wonderful this and that message of her husband's was, but she makes it plain she does not like any of mine.

One day this last week Taylor got to putting himself up so high, and me down so low, I just felt I had to bring down his pride a little, and so I told him that I knew there were a few who seemed to like to hear me preach even better than him. I just thought it might do him good to know it, but he came back and said it was because a few women had fallen in love with me in a sex way -- thought I had "pretty eyes", etc., and that it was all physical and sexual and low and base, and made it plain no one could ever think my preaching as good as his otherwise. He then said he had no physical charms, and did not arouse women's passions that way. That hurt me to have him say that, and thus accuse some of the women in the church. I know it can't be so. There are not as many physical charms about me as him -- I'm not as good looking, and somehow it hurt me to hear him say that.

When it comes to some new subject we have not studied together and on which we have not seen exactly alike, he is as stiff-necked and stubborn and bull headed as he can be. He just bristles up and won't give an inch. Now I know Mrs. Runcorn will say that's the way I am. But I am not, especially down here with him. I try to open it wide open, and examine the points, but he just tries to pound his way over by force of voice.

Well, I must stop. It is near meeting time. The point is this. If it will serve the Lord, I am perfectly willing to go right ahead and if necessary let Taylor dominate, and to criticise and not be criticised, except where it means a compromise with truth,

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but there I have to draw the line. I cannot be unfaithful to the Lord just to keep peace with Bro. Taylor. If he will never yield or give an inch, but insists on having his own way about everything, the Lord won't be able to use him much longer and his power will suddenly be cut off and I can't go on with him. It looks very much now as if that is the way it will turn out.

Taylor
ambitious
I can see now plainly -- I have seen it so plain I feel a conviction -- that he is ambitious to gain control over the whole conference, and then he will rule with the iron hand of a tyrant. He will continue to put ~~his~~ his best foot forward before the brethren till he gets this power he wants.

He has decided now, since I told him of yesterday, that he is going out to Rowe's this week and just tell him in a few plain and convincing words where he gets off, and tell him to keep out the rows or keep out himself. He says there's no use trying to win him, so he will just tell him in few words what to do, and see that he does it. Now Rowe needs handling, but I do not like Bro. Taylor's authoratative and domineering way of wanting to seize power and run things.

For a week or over now Taylor will hardly ever pray with me any more. I have to just force him to it, take hold of his arm, and smilingly but firmly lead him to a chair when he tries to run on home without it. Today he started out without prayer, and I asked him and wife to come back and take just a moment to ask guidance for tonight's meeting, but he would not -- said he didn't have time.

The self in him is beginning to be asserted just as the prayer relaxes. I am having now to just pray all alone and trust the Lord to carry on His work and protect it.

Now, Loma, the work NEEDS PROTECTING. It is in danger. It is in danger we cannot hope to cope ~~xxxx~~ with. There is no use of our trying. God has proved to me He hears my prayers and will answer by protecting our work in this state if we just continue to ask Him hard enough and often enough, and to wholly TRUST HIM. Now Bro. Taylor is breaking away into a place where the Lord will not be able to use him. I see it, and either he does not or else he is the biggest hypocrite in sheep's clothing I ever saw, and is pulling something big. In either case, we can TRUST THE LORD, and Him alone. He is able way above all we can ask to deliver us and the work and protect the work and continue it victoriously. I tell you when things go this way, I almost get to doubting Taylor. Suspicions enter my mind I can't just get out. Apparently he sold out a big lumber place and put his all into the work. But DID HE? I ask, DID HE? HOW MUCH MONEY HAS HE PUT IN? Ask Bro. Runcorn. Outside of contributing a little lumber, for the church, has he put in anything, or is he, instead, drawing a salary OUT of the treasury at a time when his lumber business got where it would not support him, and where it was about broke, and where he jumped at the change to draw a salary? There are rumors down here among those he has had business dealings with, outside the church, that do not look just right. Oh, Loma, we can't see our way ahead. We must TRUST THE LORD. He will deliver us. B

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ut we must absolutely place this work, and the future, and our very lives, into His safe-keeping. Oh, He has heard and answered my prayers so definitely and so many times since I have been down here that I would be a coward indeed if I felt any uneasiness about Him taking care of things. I don't. He just does it every time I ask, but I do realize as never before how dependent upon Him we are. We are just walking out on an uncharted sea, now, without any compass or a thing to go by. We can't see a thing ahead, except clouds and threatening storms and rocks. We are utterly helpless. I'm afraid I have cut myself clear off from the aluminum job and the advertising campaign already, and know I will in another week. We are now where we must go along in BURE FAITH.

Now unless I mistook my call, the Lord has called me, and I must stay on in the work no matter what is ahead. Just now I see Fisler's wrecking things at Dever, Rowe and the others who are so ready to row with him at Harrisburg -- Daily coming back to upset the whole conference and turn it into a seething foment of contention and strife and hatred -- Stith to come back here preaching that we are not in need of any Holy Spirit, but that we HAVE the Holy Spirit and are perfect already, and to oppose and antagonize every bit of truth I might preach and try by foul and dirty and contemptuous tricks to discredit me in the eyes of the bretheren -- Taylor possibly proving to be a wolf in sheep's clothing, trying to devour the flock instead of feed them after all, or else getting power drunk and wrecking everything -- the conference treasury soon drained and no salary for us to live on. That is just PART of the storm clouds, fogs, and shoals and rocks and reefs ahead. We cannot steer clear of them all, except we turn the ship over to the Lord Himself and trust Him to pilot it.

Now we can do that, and we will. I am not afraid. I know the Lord is my strength, and I shall not fear what man shall do to me. His promises cannot fail. They do not fail. He is giving me daily assurance of that. The only thing to decide now is whether I have mistaken His calling. Should I wait for more spiritual power? I do not have what I want and need, I need a great deal more of the Lord than I have, and I realize it. But I never in my life before tried so hard to yield utterly, and place myself so wholly in His hands as since I have been down here. I pray more now in a day than I did in a week. I make mistakes as always, but I am trying to my utmost. That's another reason for the upset last Monday. I had been so close to the Lord for two weeks that when I got away from here and relaxed part of a day I was completely upset. Yet hard as I know I try to yield everyone has criticism for me, and no encouragement. I am not proud or exalted or conceited any more. I NEED some encouragement. Now pray over it, asking wisdom in faith believing. Shall we go ahead purely on faith, not even knowing whether we can trust or depend on Taylor, depending along on the Lord? Or have I mistaken the calling and shall I come back? Above all, Mrs. Runcorn must not decide to suddenly distrust Taylor and have Stith and Daily take the field. I don't want to judge, but we might as well be plain and realize they are neither one fitted for this field and the Lord does not want them here, Bro. Stith MUST NOT COME BACK. Even tho I quit and Taylor turn traitor (I can't believe he will), Stith is not the man. We need the SPIRIT, not the letter