



Midway Tabernacle and the Apostolic Bible Church

Beverly Newstrand Hicks



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and Apostolic
Bible Church**

Drawing of the doors of Midway Tabernacle at 464 Pierce Street
by Patricia Dehmlow, the author's daughter.

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Dedication

This history of Midway Tabernacle is dedicated to its faithful saints and leaders over the years. Many of those faithful were Swedish immigrants or children of those immigrants as well as those of German, Norwegian, Italian and other ethnic groups and to my four children: Brenda, Nancy, Patricia and John. This writing attempts to depict the history of the one church that was the church of my childhood, youth and later years and then on through its name change to the Apostolic Bible Church. This book is also dedicated to the thousands of other Apostolic Bible Institute students who were with us temporarily during their school years. I feel this account of Pentecostal history needs to be told for the glory of God and to remind us of our blessed past.

I am not a theologian but an amateur historian and will attempt through the use of literature, documents and the memories of the living to tell this story. The dreams and visions of our early leaders and the congregation must not be dissolved. Many years ago, serious trouble beset Midway—some of the congregation left to hold house meetings, some left for established churches and then there were those that stayed. Thanks be to God for their constancy and vision and for the saints who "paid the price" over the ensuing years to help preserve Midway. Recalling a history can be both sad and joyful. It is not my intent to air these dear ones' human mistakes and failures and church politics, but to remind us of their devotion and their building a church for the fellowship of Pentecostal believers and give them their deserved dignity. Furthermore, I do not want to sort out those who stayed as opposed to those who left for any number of reasons, but to leave an objective and loving history of these people. It would have been easier to collect this history fifty years ago when our dear parents and older saints could have told us more of the history of Pentecost

in the Twin Cities. I hope to keep this history as accurate as I can and try to steer away from personal commentary.

This project is a joint effort and I give special thanks to Virginia Rigdon and Robin Johnston at the Center for the Study of Oneness Pentecostalism; Darrin Rodgers, Joyce Lee and Glenn Gohr at the Flower Pentecostal Heritage of the Assemblies of God; Marilyn Stroud at the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada's Archives and Dr. Gary Garrett at Apostolic Archives. Also special thanks to Lorraine Churchill, Eleanor Grant, Sharon Nelson, W.C. Parkey and Robert Sabin for all their help and great love of history. And thanks to my dear son-in-law and pastor, Rande K. Greene, for his consideration and encouragement. Also to my siblings: Ron, Mary and Carol. Thanks to my daughters, Brenda and Nancy, for their help when I got lost in the cosmos of computer outer space. And for the book cover: special thanks to my daughter, Patricia, for her drawing that helps us to remember Midway's welcoming doors. The entrance and front steps were a backdrop for many historical pictures. And thanks to my son, John, for his giving me a computer some time ago without which I do not think I could have done this project. Also, a big thanks to Dayton's Sarah Quinn for her help with Midway's pictures and Fletcher Cloyes for his help in the printing of this love letter to family and friends. And I thank all Midway's congregation and the descendants of Midway's pastors who responded to my requests for their special memories and histories, I have chosen to start this history just after the death of the last Apostles to remind us of the many early heroes of Faith who were so used of God over previous centuries making for a foundation for the Midway/ABC story.

. . . I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. (Matthew 16:18)

*The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ her Lord,
She is His new creation, by water and the Word,
From heav'n He came and sought her to be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her, and for her life He died.*

*Elect from ev'ry nation, yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses, partakes one holy food.
And to one hope she presses, with ev'ry grace endued.*
(Samuel J. Stone 1810-1876)

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Forward

Midway Tabernacle (later renamed Apostolic Bible Church) is one of the great "mother churches" of Oneness (Apostolic) Pentecostalism. Its long rich history reflects the struggles and advance of early twentieth-century American Pentecostalism from its humble roots in the Topeka and Azusa revivals into perhaps the greatest success story of twenty-first century Christianity around the world.

Midway Tabernacle/Apostolic Bible Church – beyond its enduring ministry in St. Paul and Minneapolis – has always been a "haven of orthodoxy" for the Oneness Pentecostal movement and one of the greatest proponents of the "G. T. Haywood-W.T. Witherspoon-S. G. Norris" school of Oneness doctrine. Through its associated Bible college, the Apostolic Bible Institute, this congregation led the way for ministerial training in Oneness organizations. ABI students have literally taken the Oneness Pentecostal message around the world and many of its graduates have served as high-ranking officials in various Oneness organizations.

In this work, Beverly Hicks has written a "love letter" to her childhood heritage and lifelong affection for the Midway Tabernacle/Apostolic Bible Church community. Her story focuses on the arrival of Pentecostalism in St. Paul and Minneapolis, the early years of struggle and internal strife that plagued the fledgling community, the "long parade" of ministers occupying the congregation's pulpit (many who proved deeply influential in the birth and maturation of American and Canadian Oneness Pentecostalism), and the final triumph of stability, growth, and expansion of the congregation under the leadership of S. G. and Jessie Norris.

Beverly introduces a lively cast of characters, rich in their immigration stories, ethnic heritages, and unique contributions to the life of church. These wonderful people are the story of Midway Tabernacle. The personal reminiscences of many of these characters and their families breathe life into the congregation's story and show how this community grew into something greater than its constituent parts. Many of these people have now passed from the scene, but for those of us who met them, they live on in our memories. We hear their voices, we see their faces, and we remember the warm hospitality they showed to us.

On a personal note, I am particularly happy to help make Beverly's work more widely available. She sets a high standard for amateur historians and challenges the rest of us to gather our own local church histories – especially the rich stories and personalities – against the backdrop of rapidly changing American history in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. My hope is that many of the readers of this work will follow in Bev's footsteps in writing their own "love letters" to the churches that so shaped their lives.

Editorial Note: The editing process has been limited in this version of this book. Other than reformatting the text and images, my contributions consist of introductory and concluding remarks, a few historical notes about the ministry of Andrew Urshan, and editorial comments about the future of Apostolic Bible Church (First Pentecostal Church) and its offshoot, Grace Place.

Please forgive the quality of the digitized images. Many were copies of copies. Unfortunately, in most cases, the original photographs were unavailable. Also, I would like to thank the Reverend Ed Kozar, a former Apostolic Bible Institute professor, for his assistance in this effort.

Joseph H. Howell
June 3, 2021

Historical Background

In 33 A.D., the Apostolic Church was born in Jerusalem as written in The Book of the Acts of the Apostles. One hundred twenty followers of our Lord Jesus met in obedience to His instructions before His ascension. On a Jewish holiday, the Day of Pentecost, and after ten days of prayer, they "were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." The Apostle Peter directed the questioning onlookers:

Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

(Acts 2: 38, 39)

Most classic and Oneness Pentecostals have been thoroughly taught about the Apostolic doctrine and writings of the New Testament. I will go on to the history after the end of the original Apostolic line. I can find two viewpoints regarding the preservation of the early church doctrines. Many Pentecostals today believe in the "restorationist" view of church history—the true church was lost by the third century and fell into the abyss of the Dark Ages, but then was restored "line by line" over the centuries to the great revival and outpouring of the Holy Ghost in the early 20th century. The other view is of God's grace during the "silence" of those ensuing centuries—an ongoing stream of Apostolic doctrine was practiced and followed by a few, some in relative obscurity, and culminated in the great revival and great outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the beginning of the 20th century. Perhaps our church history is some combination of these two views. Some of the

revelations and stories were written down; others were not but were a part of an oral history.

Harold Hunter wrote in *Pneuma*, Fall of 1983:

It is difficult to ascertain when the full-blown Pentecostal doctrine of Spirit baptism emerged . . . An exhaustive research for records of tongues-speech suggests that there may not be a century without this phenomenon occurring among Christians . . . Pentecostal terminology became more prominent after the Reformation, snowballed in the nineteenth century and exploded in the twentieth century.

Bro. Andrew Urshan wrote in the *Weekly Evangel* of September 1, 1917:

Church history also proves that Pentecost can be repeated. It is said in Russia, about one hundred years ago, the Holy Ghost fell upon some earnest Protestant believers, and they received terrible persecution from the people of their country because their influence was increasing very rapidly, bringing people into the truth.

During the Reformation, many individuals felt the power of God, shaking and trembling, speaking with new tongues and stammering lips, visions, dreams and prophesies. So it has always been in operation, a few here and there.

Charles G. Finney, considered by many the greatest American evangelist, received this wonderful baptism and spoke in tongues. D.L. Moody, once having the power of God upon him, discovered his lips moving, and for a moment lost entire control of his English. He did not understand it, but thought it more like gibberish, and apologized to his audience. Who knows but that all

down through the ages other men of God spoke in tongues or stammered at various times.

The Apostles were threatened and pressured to deny their faith as they faced persecution. All that these dear saints had to do to escape torture and execution was to deny their Lord and faith. But none of them did. The details of their martyrdom can be found in the writings of the early church fathers. The first official church history was written by historian Eusebius in 325 A.D.

The Roman Empire saw Christianity as a threat to them, contrary to their own beliefs and customs. They tried to stop its spread by accusing the Christians of interfering with the people's belief in the gods and practice of Roman traditions. The first of three periods of Roman persecution occurred from Christ's death to the great fire of Rome in 64 A.D. when Nero accused the Christians of setting the fire that destroyed the city. The second period of persecution was from 64 to 250 A.D., more localized and isolated. The third took place from 250 to 313 A.D. and was more organized and methodical. As a result, churches were demolished and Holy Scripture burned. Christians gathered and hid in catacombs and other secret places to worship and yet some were arrested, put in prison, tortured and even executed.

The following is an overview, a capsule history of some of the leaders and religious movements—but emphatically this list only scratches the surface of a two thousand-year history. It includes men and women who gave some credence, some reference to the doctrine of Oneness, baptism in Jesus' Name and the experience of speaking with tongues.

John, the last of the apostles, was usually mentioned in the Bible along with Peter and James, Jesus' most intimate disciples. After the execution of John's brother, James, by King Herod Agrippa I, we don't hear of John in the history of the church as found in Acts. The early church leader Tertullian wrote that John

ended up in Rome where he was plunged unhurt into boiling oil. It is believed that he moved to Ephesus and from there was banished to the Island of Patmos but later returned to Ephesus and died about 98 A.D.

The Church Fathers (post-apostolic writers or teachers) lived and wrote in the first eight centuries of church history. The earliest Church Fathers were called Apostolic Fathers because they lived in the first two generations after the original Apostles. On the whole, they were intellectuals and cultivated men. Some were mentored by an apostle or knew someone who had seen the Lord. They preached and taught Holy Scripture—how it should be applied to the lives of the saints. It is remarkable to learn that many experienced and taught repentance and baptism by immersion in Jesus' Name, receiving of the Holy Ghost with speaking in tongues by the laying on of hands and also the Gifts of the Spirit (*charisms*). Glossolalia, or speaking in an unknown heavenly language, was practiced in the church down to the third century. Up until the eighth century, there are records of baptism in the Name of Jesus.

An interesting consideration is the Baptistery of St. John adjacent to the cathedral in Pisa, Italy. You can see that the octagonal fount is large enough to accommodate immersion of the convert—likewise, the baptistery in Florence, Italy, and other sites in Europe. Later baptism by immersion began to give place to sprinkling for the Roman Catholics.

Ignatius of Antioch (35-107) was a student of the Apostle John. He used the writings of the Apostle Paul frequently in his teaching. He wrote to the Magnesians, "God is one and has revealed himself in his Son Jesus Christ, who is his Word issuing from the silence." He died as a martyr in the Roman Coliseum. Polycarp (70-155) was also mentored by Apostle John. It is thought that he was installed as bishop of Smyrna by some of the original apostles. He also quoted Apostle Paul frequently. Before he died by fire in the Roman arena he said, "Eighty-six years I have served Him, and He

never did me any wrong. How can I blaspheme my King who saved me?" He was burned at the stake along with twelve others from the Church of Philadelphia.

Justin Martyr (c. 100-165) was born in Palestine. He founded a training school and wrote about the prophetic gifts, the doctrine of the Logos, Jesus the Word and practiced speaking in tongues. He wrote, "If you want proof that the Spirit of God who was with your people and left you to come to us, come into our assemblies and there you will see Him cast out demons, heal the sick and hear Him speak in tongues and prophesy."

Montanus—mid-second and into the 3rd century in ancient Asia Minor—claimed to have received the Holy Ghost. His beliefs were defended by Tertullian, but others thought them heretical. The writings of the Montanists have been lost, but Eusebius wrote that the Montanist prophet babbled and uttered strange sounds—a Spirit-filled excitement. They claimed their doctrine was based on the books of John and Acts. They prophesied, spoke in tongues, believed that the Trinity existed as a single person and baptism was to be in the Name of Jesus Christ. They looked for another Pentecost and longed for Christ's second coming. Some scholars have pointed out the parallels between Montanism and Pentecostalism today.

In *The Shepherd of Hermas*, a second century work by an unknown author, the subjects of baptism and regeneration were brought up. The writings generally had a significant impact on the early church. They baptized in the Name of Jesus. "... (W)e went down into the water and obtained remission of our former sins ... The seal is the water: so they go down into the water dead, and they come up alive."

Irenaeus of Gaul or France (c. 130-202) heard Polycarp's preaching in Smyrna. He believed in the incarnation of God as a man—the unity of God. He described speaking in tongues as

evidence of the Holy Spirit. According to *Eusebius V*, vii, he taught his people "by the Spirit speak with all kinds of languages."

Tertullian, (c. 160-225) lived in Carthage in today's Tunisia in Roman North Africa. In his work, *On Baptism*, he instructs the newly converted adults, "Therefore, you blessed ones, for whom the grace of God is waiting, when you come up from the most sacred bath of the new birth, when you spread out your hands (the prayer gesture) for the first time in your mother's house (the church as a mother) with your brethren, ask your Father for the special gift of his inheritance ... the distributed *charisms*. .." "(L)et him produce a psalm, a vision, a prayer, only let it be by the Spirit in an ecstasy, that is in a rapture, whenever an interpretation of tongues has occurred to him." It seems likely that the *charisms* were part of the normal daily life of the Church. He was the first to coin the word *trinitas* or Trinity, but left the Roman church late in life and joined the Montanists.

The teaching of water baptism as the symbol of the principle source of the divine gifts was taught by Origen (c. 185-254) of Alexandria Egypt. He was thought to be the greatest biblical scholar of the early church. He held that speaking in tongues was similar to *xenolalia* (the ability to preach in a foreign language) and that tongues speech was part of prayer. Because of no known protest from other writers of the time, this leads to the belief that tongue speaking must have been common in the third century. He believed that baptism washed away every stain of sin. From the Apostolic period to the fourth century, baptism was through total immersion except in cases of necessity.

There was another movement, Monarchianism, that emphasized the monarchy of one God. Sabellius, (born c. 195), a priest and theologian, did not hold to Trinitarianism—but that God was One and that the Father, Son and Holy Spirit were three modes of the same being with no distinction between them. Each "person" of the Godhead was not actually a person, but a manifestation of

God revealing himself to His people, that in the Scripture there is no "threeness" but only "One." The Sabellians baptized in the Name of Jesus and practiced tongues speech.

Asterius Urbanus (3rd century) was antagonistic to the Montanists and wrote about a church in Asia Minor that "was agitated by the new prophecy. ... And this person was carried away in spirit; and suddenly being seized with a kind of frenzy and ecstasy, he raved and began to speak and to utter strange things, and to prophesy in a manner contrary to the custom of the church . . . there was no longer any checking him to silence."

When the Roman emperor decreed that Christianity was to be done away with, Cyprian (c. 200-258) bishop of Carthage in Roman North Africa, defended the Gospel. The church at Carthage was severely persecuted. Another battle that he fought was when Pope Stephen I declared baptism by heretics valid if done either in the name of Christ or the Holy Trinity. Cyprian protested, "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Later Cyprian was executed.

Around 250, the Black Plague struck the Roman Empire and for a while, deaths in Rome numbered 500 or more per day. After about fifteen years much of the empire's population had been wiped out. The Romans and their emperor blamed the Jews and Christians beginning a session of persecution. Caesar Aurelian became emperor from 270 to 275 and killed thousands of Christians during his reign as did Diocletian when he was the Caesar (296-304.) In 313, the violent killing games of the Roman Coliseum continued. The Christians suffered crucifixion, burning and exposure to wild animals and gladiators. More capital crimes were added to the Roman law to ensure a continuous supply of human victims.

Arius, an Egyptian priest (250-336), taught the doctrine of Arianism that early on had an important following—that God, the

Father, was too infinite to appear on earth so He made Christ out of nothing as opposed to incarnation. Yet the "Logos" was to be worshiped and considered as God. Arianism was denounced at the Council of Nicaea in 321 but remained an "off and on again" battle for centuries.

The father of church history was Eusebius of Caesarea (c. 260-340) who gave his life to research and collecting and organizing material from the library at Caesarea built by Origen and Pamphilus and the library at Jerusalem. Those libraries were later destroyed.

Constantine (c. 280-337) was the first Christian Roman Emperor. He removed the penalties of professing Christianity and returned much of the stolen church property and made Christianity the state religion. This allowed the Christians and Jews to "come out" of their "catacombs." However, these changes made for a combination of Christianity and paganism which resulted in a corruption of their teachings and convictions. Constantine had one Bible completed along with fifty copies. At the end of his life, he was baptized as a Unitarian by Eusebius.

Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria, Egypt (c. 293-373) taught that the Son of God came to earth as a man to lead us back to God. The Athanasian Creed (later the Catholic position) includes ... "that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity; neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the Substance. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and or the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory equal, the majesty coeternal ... and yet they are not three Almighty's, but one Almighty; one God." This doctrine became known as the Nicene Creed in 325 A.D. Arius was exiled and his writings were then burned.

In the early second century, the Roman Empire grew rapidly and the Church as well. There were churches planted in Phoenicia,

Syria, Asia Minor, the Decapolis, at Dura-Europos and Edessa in Mesopotamia, and also in the North African cities of Alexandria and Carthage; all these in addition to those mentioned in the Bible.

Hilary of Poitiers, France, (c. 300-367) known as "the Hammer" described baptism as an experience of "intense joy when we feel the first stirrings of the Holy Spirit" He believed in the gifts of the Spirit including the gift of tongues and taught that God gave the church gifts of either speaking or interpreting diverse kinds of tongues.

Jerome (c. 340-420) was a scholar and writer of history and many commentaries. His crowning achievement was a revision of the Latin Bible from the Greek New Testament and his translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew—a process that took many years and became known as the Latin Vulgate Bible in the language of the plebeians or commoners.

The Christian bishop, John Chrysostom (349-407) called "golden mouthed" was known for his eloquent oratory. He acknowledged that in Apostolic times "whoever was baptized at once spoke in tongues and not only in tongues, but many also prophesied." However, in the church of his day he felt the *charisms* had long gone; only the tokens remained of those earlier years.

The conversion of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo (November 13, 354-August 28, 430) was influenced by the sermons of Ambrose (337-397), Bishop of Milan. Augustine was very important in the development of western Christianity, especially his teachings on salvation and divine grace, original sin and divine predestination. Augustine wrote of those who "sing in jubilation"—singing the praises of God not in their own language that "may not be confined by the limits of syllables."

The Middle Ages of Western Europe are dated from the 5th century—from the division of the Roman Empire into East and

West and the barbarian invasions to the 16th century and the Protestant Reformation. Over the ensuing centuries, the fire of the first church cooled. The Catholic Church was the only church in Europe at this time—the only main institution to survive the fall of Rome. Church leaders sat on councils and played leading roles in the government; while the parish priest took care of the sick and homeless and taught in the parish schools.

Feudalism in Europe was based on the relationship of lord to vassal. Its main purposes were for safety and defense. Most people lived near the lord's castle, the church, the village and its surrounding farmland. The serfs were at the bottom of the socio-economic ladder. They lived and worked on the noble's land and were protected from the outside world, but were made to pay heavy taxes and to give much of their harvest to the noble in the castle. The years from about 500 to the end of the 15th century were times of darkness, extreme poverty and disease for the poor and uneducated. Their average life expectancy was 25 to 30 years.

As a monk at the Northumbrian Monastery of St. Peter in England, the Venerable Bede (673-735), led his community of monks. He was a poet, had an extensive library and wrote about science, theology, history and music. He translated some scriptures into Anglo Saxon or Old English. Bede believed in baptism in Jesus' name as he found in the records of Ambrose (338-397) of Milan.

Muhammad (570-632) who was born in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, preached a new religion, Islam, and wrote the Koran. His successors set down laws known as the *Sharia*. Islamic armies conquered the Persian Empire and much of the Byzantine including Roman Syria and Palestine, North Africa, Iraq, Afghanistan and eastward into Asia. They then pushed their way into Europe. The choice given to the defeated ones: convert, pay a tax, become a slave or be killed. In 732, the Franks stopped the Muslim armies and in 1389 their invasion from the east was halted at Vienna by the king of Poland.

At the end of the 8th century, the Vikings from the North were raiding Europe—masters of cruelty and plunder. The Mongols from Central Asia invaded Eastern Europe. The Magyars' pillaging campaigns in Europe were as terrifying as the Muslims' but eventually the Magyars were for the most part absorbed and became nominally Catholic.

Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), a great theologian and teacher, also mentioned baptism in Jesus' Name in his writings. He described the jubilation of speaking in tongues as "an unspeakable joy, which cannot be expressed. The reason that this joy cannot be expressed in words is that it is beyond comprehension."

Francis of Assisi lived from 1181 to 1226. Ensley wrote "in early Franciscan literature actual sounds of certain jubilations are written out, and these descriptions are strikingly similar to descriptions of modern day glossolalia."

Monasteries became religious centers in the Middle Ages and were governed by rules set down in the 6th century by Benedict. The monks and nuns took vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. They could own no property and were unlikely to leave the monastery. They spent many hours a day in prayer. They were most often well-educated, They read and copied religious texts and music and supported abbey schools for both the rich and the poor. They also provided for the poor around them. Well-known orders are the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians and Jesuits.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153) mentioned tongues speech in his writings and teaching. He was a builder of monasteries and the writer of one of my favorite hymns describing the name of Jesus:

*Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see, and in thy presence rest*

*Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, nor can the memory
find A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Savior of
mankind!*

*O Hope of every' contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek, To
those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who
seek!*

*But what to those who find? Ah, this, nor tongue nor pen can
show, The love of Jesus, what it is, none but His loved ones
know.*

In the 12th century, Catharism and Albigenism were considered heretical. They protested against corruption in the Church. Most of their writings were destroyed. In 1208, the Pope ordered a preaching crusade against the Cathars which led to a forty-year war; thousands died. By 1229, the Inquisition was established to root out the Cathars. They rarely recanted their faith and hundreds were burned alive.

The Inquisition was formed to remove "heresies." Christians killed Christians. Cities were plundered and burned. The inquisitors were convinced they had a duty to save humanity from the fires of Hell. Accused heretics and Jews were imprisoned sometimes without bearing charges against them, kept alone in dark, cold, stinking and vermin-infested dungeons for weeks or even years. There was no shortage of devices of torture. Hundreds of thousands of people died for their beliefs that were not in agreement with church dogma. The Church used secular authorities to prosecute the heretics. There were four historical inquisitions: Medieval, Spanish, Portuguese and Roman Inquisitions. The choices presented to the accused as they stood before the tribunals were to recant their false doctrine or suffer excommunication, torture and death.

The Crusades were a series of military/religious conflicts that took place from c. 1095-1291. There were about eighteen

crusades. Their original goal was to capture Jerusalem and Palestine from Muslim strongholds and to fight against Muslim expansion throughout the Mediterranean Sea basin. The Muslims had conquered the "Holy Land" in the 7th century. The Christian religious leaders considered a Crusade a "just war." The Papal promise was the remission of penances—the offer of indulgences (a payment to the church that bought an exemption from penance or punishment) and the hope of eternal reward. Jews often provided sanctuary to the Crusaders, but sadly many Jews were killed nevertheless by mobs. It was a time of great suffering and bloodshed and hardened the Muslims' hearts leading to further jihad.

In c. 1173, Peter Waldo founded a new sect known as the Waldensians. Some scholars say that this group existed since the time of the Apostles. This form of Christianity began in Northern Italy and Southern France. In 1184, the Catholic Church declared them to be schismatic. The preachers traveled from town to town and secretly met with small groups of their denomination. Waldo made the first known translation of the Bible into French. They maintained that anyone could preach and rejected purgatory, the use of relics and icons and preached that the Bible alone was all that was needed for salvation. They also practiced tongues speech. Unlike the Cathars, they survived despite severe persecution and execution. Years later, they joined the Reformation.

The bubonic plague or black plague devastation of medieval Europe was significant in church history; it reoccurred in varying intensity in history. (The earliest known is found in I Samuel 5:6 pertaining to the Philistines.) The plague was spread by the bite of the rat flea and resulted in painful swelling of the lymph nodes and general malaise and was called black due to acral necrosis—the skin blackened due to hemorrhages. The first pandemic outbreak happened in 541-542 A.D. In Constantinople, the plague at its peak killed 5,000 a day, about 40% of the city's inhabitants. The second was called Black Death 1347-1351. About 1/3 of Europe's population

died. It destroyed the feudal system as there were fewer laborers to work. There was widespread persecution of minorities like Jews, friars, Muslims, foreigners, beggars and lepers—blaming them for the crisis. Further outbreaks in the 17th century took place in London and Vienna. The last pandemic began in China in 1855 killing more than 12 million in India and China alone. There have been isolated reoccurrences since that time.

In Czechoslovakia, John Hus (c. 1370-1415), a priest from the peasantry, scholar and writer, had a strong influence on Martin Luther and the Reformation that was to come later. The doctrinal views of John Wycliffe had spread throughout Moravia and Bohemia (a part of Czechoslovakia). Hus had his disagreements with the Catholic Church such as the sale of indulgences and wrote that the Pope and bishops had no right to take up the sword in the name of the Church. He longed for reform for the Church and wrote that Christ, not the pope, is the head of the Church. This movement led to the development of the Moravian Church—some of the earliest Protestants. Later Hus was imprisoned, tried and condemned. But he did not recant and was burned at the stake. He said, "In the truth of the Gospel which I have written, taught, and preached, I will die today with gladness."

Francis Xavier (1506-1552), a Spanish Jesuit educator and missionary, is said to have received the gift of tongues—he preached in tongues unknown to him. And he performed many miracles, healing of the sick, even raising the dead. He became a missionary to India, Japan, and China where he reportedly spoke in the people's own language. Also in the sixteenth century, Teresa of Avila (1515-1582) wrote about jubilation through tongues as well in dance and song.

In 1517, the Augustinian German priest and teacher, great reformer and hymn writer, Martin Luther, (1483-1546) nailed his ninety-five theses to the door of the Wittenberg Castle Church. The document was an invitation to the students at the University of

Wittenberg—where Luther taught—to a debate. It was a protest to the sale of indulgences and the defense of scriptural authority over the Church. Luther put forward the scripture, "The just shall live by faith" that allows us to think, speak and act by our reliance on God. We are accounted righteous by Him by our faith in Him—God sees us as righteous only by His merits, not for our own works. "We are not made righteous by doing righteous deeds, but when we have been made righteous, we do them ..." He made Christianity a religion for the laity as the original church had been. He believed in prophecy, divine healing and had his fights with the devil. More than any other book, his translation of the New Testament into German in 1522 for the common people to read helped to create the modern German language. Luther also influenced social reform, the treatment of the poor, excessive fines, rents and demands for free labor and rights for the poor to hunt, fish and gather wood. He sometimes wrote pamphlets against the ruling princes and believed God is ruler over all, including the state and the church.

Pietism was a revival movement within the Lutheran Church from the late 17th to the mid-18th centuries. The movement was first led by Philipp Jakob Spener, a German (1635-1705), and was based on Biblical doctrine with an emphasis on individual piety—living a godly heart-felt and holy way of life with a deep religious commitment. Another aspect of the pietistic influence was a revival of the Moravian Church in Eastern Europe. Pietism also had a great influence on John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church.

At the close of the 1600's, Pietism made inroads in Sweden. Although some Lutheran churchmen wanted reform within the Lutheran Church, many of the Swedish Lutheran clergy tried to suppress the movement. The Pietists organized conventicles, a "reader's" movement; they met in homes to read the Bible and devotional literature, to sing and pray. In the novel, *The Emigrants*, author Vilhelm Moberg gives a good picture in chapter VIII of the persecution of the laity by the church and Swedish civil authorities

as they met at home with their neighbors for the Lord's Supper. A later Pietist leader was Carl Olaf Rosenius (1816-1868), a city missionary, writer and editor of *Pietisten* (The Pietist.) He maintained contact with English and American Pietists and missionary societies.

The introduction of the printing press was very important in spreading the "fire" of the Reformation across the continent—printing in the people's own language. The printing in mass quantity of Bibles began in Europe by the mid 1400's and into the English language by the early 1500's.

John Wycliffe (1320's-1384) was a theologian and dissenter in the Roman Church more than a century before Martin Luther. This preacher and teacher, educated at Oxford University, believed that Holy Scripture was the basis for all Christian doctrine, that God's truth was the only authority and that the Bible should be available to the masses in common English. He supervised and inspired a group of followers, the Lollards, called "mutterers" (mumbling their prayers while writing.) They were committed to translating Jerome's Latin Vulgate version into English. Wycliffe's text was beautifully hand-written. It was completed after his death. Thirteen years after his death, his bones were dug up and together with his books were burned and thrown into a river.

Johannes Gutenberg (1400-1468) designed moveable type press and oil-based ink making for mass production printing. Before that they made woodblocks, inking them, and pressing the paper on to the inked surface. The movable-type technique allowed for making corrections and changes as the printer set a page and the type could be reused over and over to print other pages. The operation of the press was expensive—including having to buy tools and materials like fine vellum and metals. Gutenberg's major work was the Gutenberg Bible—a printed version of the Latin Vulgate translation in 1455.

William Tyndale (c. 1494-1536), a gifted linguist, translated the Bible into "Early Modern English" or that day's vernacular. He was educated at Oxford and became a priest and teacher. His aims were simple—he felt that the Bible should be available to the common people and said ... "ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." He took advantage of the new medium of printing and widely distributed the new translation into England and Europe. This was considered a heretical act and he had to go into hiding in Germany. The Bibles were smuggled into England and Scotland and those that were seized by the authorities were burned in public. Tyndale was betrayed and arrested in Belgium and was returned to England. His execution was to be by strangulation but after he regained consciousness, he was then burned alive at the stake. Tyndale is considered the father of the King James Version.

There were other versions and publications of the Bible such as Coverdale's Bible (1535), Matthew's Bible (1537), the Great Bible (1539), Taverner's Bible (1539), the Geneva Bible (1560), the Bishops' Bible (1568), and the Douay Rheims Version (the New Testament in 1582 and the Old Testament in 1609.) The King James Version was commissioned by King James I of England and first published in 1611. There are many modern translations because of new advances in knowledge and learning and the finding of ancient writings and scrolls.

By 1550, there were efforts to improve literacy in Europe. In most homes there was a Bible and someone who could read it to the family. For the Catholic Christians after 1559, a copy of the Bible not in the Latin language required a special permission.

The Reformation spread and was led by Swiss theologians John Calvin (1509-1564) and Ulrich Zwingli (1484-1531). Calvin was a lawyer and a refugee from France who had fled to Switzerland. He preached preservation of the saints or eternal security in salvation. He taught God has chosen some men and women for

salvation before the foundation of the world and cleared them of their guilty status which cannot be altered. Accordingly, he taught that God's electing love is limited to some and denied to others. Non-traditional eternal security as preached in some evangelical churches today emphasizes that after salvation, a person's life is independent from the gift itself—not necessarily resulting in increased sanctification. Once a person accepts salvation, no one can take that gift away but it is not an open door to sin.

Zwingli's made notable contributions to the Swiss reformation: he became a statesman and political leader, believed that God and man made a covenant that could be weakened by man's slipping back into sin, that Communion was a memorial, disapproved of idolatry in worship and music—especially instrumental—during worship services. His more radical followers were known to destroy church organs.

Michael Servetus (1511-1553) a Spanish theologian and physician, developed a non-Trinitarian doctrine. He wrote that the belief of the Trinity is not based on biblical teachings but on the teaching of Greek philosophers. He wanted a return to the simplicity of the Gospels and the early Church Fathers. His statement was that the divine Logos or Jesus was a manifestation of God, not a separate divine Person—the Son of the eternal God. He also taught against infant baptism. As a result, he was denounced as a heretic and imprisoned and later fled to Switzerland, There, John Calvin became the instigator of Servetus's prosecution. He was tried and burned alive at the stake.

Louis Bertrand (1526-1581) was a Dominican priest, an influential preacher and served as a missionary for seven years to Cartagena, Columbia, and later Panama and the Caribbean area. The Bull (the seal of a Papal document) of his canonization reported that to facilitate the work of converting the natives to God (over 30,000 conversions) he was miraculously endowed with the gift of tongues. He was also gifted with prophecy and miracles.

In the 16th and 17th centuries, Protestant reformers called Puritans, some quite radical, rose in England. They protested against the Church of England—against corruption and politics and believed in God's supreme authority over the lives of the people. They were an industrious group, some were quite wealthy, and eventually became a majority in the Parliament. Many of them immigrated to America in the 1620's -1640's.

In the 16th century outside of the mainstream of the Reformation, a new fellowship called the Anabaptists (or re-baptizers) was founded. At first, this label was a put-down because they rejected infant baptism and practiced adult baptism by immersion in water. Later, they were called Mennonites after their leader Menno Simmons, a former Catholic priest. These Christians were considered radical because they regarded the Bible as the only rule for faith and life and lived separated lives, forming their own communities. They were persecuted by other Protestants as well as by the Catholics and migrated to several parts of Europe and America. Other similar groups are the Amish and Hutterites.

The rulers in central and eastern Europe found it impossible to suppress the reformation there because of the advance of the Ottoman Turks. In 1526, the kings of Hungary and Bohemia along with their bishops and most of the army was defeated and killed by the Turks. This resulted in an increase in the number of Protestant refugees who fled from persecution to the East. Many of the refugees held to the doctrines of the Anabaptists or agreed with Michael Servetus about the Trinity doctrine.

The people known as the Baptists have their roots in the Free Church movement. They believed that only a Christian experience could qualify one for church membership, did away with the system of pew rents, did not wish to be under government control and used free will offerings and tithes to support their churches. The earliest Baptist church is dated from 1609 in Amsterdam with John Smyth as pastor. When Thomas Helwys took

over the leadership, they moved to England in 1611 and were part of the Puritan-Separatist movement in the Church of England. Initially they baptized believers by pouring, but by 1611 they baptized by immersion. There were differences in the beliefs the Baptists espoused: The Particulars were influenced by Calvin's doctrine and others held to the doctrine of Arminianism. Jacobus Arminius, (1560-1609) taught that after the Fall and in our spiritual helplessness, God enables us through faith and grace to repent and believe; and by His gift to us of free will, to choose between good and evil salvation or resistance to salvation.

Some famous Baptists were the writer of *Pilgrim's Progress* and preacher John Bunyan; Roger Williams, founder of the first Baptist church in America in Rhode Island; William Carey, missionary to India; "The Prince of Preachers" Charles Spurgeon, Evangelist Billy Graham, and civil rights leader and pastor, Dr. Martin Luther King.

More human suffering and bondage came with the institution of slavery. African slavery began in America in Virginia in 1619. The owners were afraid if the slaves converted to Christianity, they would demand freedom. Methodists and Baptists who stressed personal conversion and an active worship converted more slaves than those of other faiths. The slaves had to meet in secret and were severely persecuted and sometimes killed. The African American preachers and their faith held them together. Their music also played a large part in their African identity.

The slave trade was a crime against humanity with unknowable grief and misery. British abolitionist William Wilberforce, American William Lloyd Garrison and ex-slave Frederick Douglass were prominent activists against slavery. Abolition had strong political supporters—among whom were Ben Franklin and Abraham Lincoln and a religious base such as the Quakers and Oberlin College in Ohio. The abolitionists supported the Underground Railroad. With African American leaders like

Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher auctioned slaves into freedom in Brooklyn. The passage of the Thirteenth Amendment in 1868 to the Constitution of the United States officially ended slavery though it took almost one hundred years for Blacks to win their basic civil rights. But in our world today, slavery is still practiced in secret. The number is estimated at 27 million people worldwide. Most of the enslaved are held in Africa, the Middle East and South Asia.

In the early 1650's, the Religious Society of Friends or the Quakers was founded by George Fox (1624-1691) in England. It was a separatist movement from the Church of England and the Roman Church. They believed that direct experience with God was for all people, that one could understand God's will for the individual. They met in silence until someone in the meeting felt moved by the Spirit to speak. They trembled or quaked at the Word of God and the Name of the Lord—when God revealed their sins. In their worship they experienced trances, glossolalia and visions. Edward Borough explained, "We spoke with new tongues, as the Lord gave us utterance, and His Spirit led us." They were called Quakers originally in derision. The Quakers opposed violence and slavery and cruel treatment of the mentally ill. Many of them immigrated to America. It was here that they promoted prison reform, education, freedom for the slaves, women's rights and pacifism.

The Huguenots or French Calvinists had a long struggle with the doctrine of the Catholic Church. They opposed the rituals, images and government of the Church and believed in leading a strict godly life and obedience to the Bible. They practiced the gifts of prophecy, tongues and visions. By the 16th century, there were two million of them in France. Their opposition to the Church was sometimes violent. They attacked images, monasteries and church buildings, but there was also Catholic violence against them. This led to eight civil wars—resulting in the deaths of tens of thousands of the Calvinists. John Cavalier was a farmer who led a number of the Huguenots through difficult mountain passes through the Alps

in their escape from persecution. Up to a million fled to surrounding Protestant countries. By the 16th and 17th centuries, many had settled in South Africa, America, Britain, Ireland and Germany. Though they were given the right of return after the French Revolution of 1789 most did not. Today about 2% of the French are Protestants.

Another group of Huguenots and insurrectionists called the Camisards lived in central and southern France in the 17th and 18th centuries. The Edict of Nantes of 1598 had given them freedom of worship and other civil rights, but after 1685 these were revoked. They were severely persecuted and oppressed by the military in efforts to make them convert or emigrate. Du Bois of Montpellier wrote of them, "I have heard in the Extasies pronounce certain words, which seem'd to the Standers-by, to be some Foreign Language."

The Shakers movement was founded in the 1770' s by Mother Ann Lee who said she could speak in seventy-two languages. The gift of tongues was accompanied by unspeakable joy and dancing.

The established church in America in the 18th century was the Church of England. The Americans were generally not yet a Bible-reading people because no Bible in English could be legally printed in the colonies. The King James Version was published by a monopoly of printers in England.

English clergyman John Wesley (1703-1791), an Anglican and one of nineteen children born to Susanna and Samuel Wesley, preached "Christian Perfection" or holiness of heart and life and founded the Methodist Church. While in Oxford University, he became very devoted to a godly life. He was part of the "holy club" along with some other students that had been founded by his younger brother, Charles (1707-1788.) Charles, the poet of the family, wrote 6,500 hymns—putting into music the theology John

preached. It was here they were first called "Methodists," a derisive name because of their habits and methodical study of the Bible. In 1735, John sailed to Georgia to preach especially to the Indians but had little success. On his return trip to England, he was impressed with the German Moravian Pietists on board for their saving faith and true peace of mind.

Methodism came to America c. 1766 and was organized in 1784. Their desire was to reform the continent and spread scriptural holiness. A revival broke out c. 1776 in Virginia and eventually spread throughout the country with a "swing toward warmth, feeling, experience and morality" as opposed to other religions with their creeds and formality. At their camp meetings, people came together and worshiped with dancing, jerking, falling into trances and the "holy laugh." One preacher wrote, "This morning the Lord gave me a language that I knew not of, raising my soul to him in a wonderful manner." Circuit rider preachers traveled by horseback and spread the Word to the furthest frontiers with a travel allowance of \$64.00 yearly to pay for ferry tolls, shoeing and feeding their horses and food for themselves. Bishop Francis Asbury, himself a circuit rider, rode 5,000 miles a year on horseback at a salary of \$80.00.

The holiness tradition stems largely from Wesley and he is considered the spiritual and intellectual father of today's Holiness and Pentecostal movements. Wesley's theology comprised two separate phases of salvation: (1) justification or regeneration—repentance and forgiveness for sins committed and absolute deliverance from sin—and (2) the "second blessing", a crisis experience, a state of perfection, an experience of purification from inward sin.

The doctrine of the first and second blessings were accepted in the Black Methodist churches. The African Methodist Episcopal Church was founded in 1787 in Philadelphia by Richard Allen, a former slave and was the first independent Black denomination.

The First Great Awakening in the U.S. was led by a member of Wesley's "holy club," George Whitefield (1714-1770). He was more Calvinist in his thinking and rejected the theory of the "second blessing." He toured the colonies and converted thousands—preaching from the heart without a manuscript to crowds from 20,000 to 30,000 in the open air. It was a simple Bible-based emotional message and called for a response by the listener. American Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) was known as a great evangelical theologian. He preached the famous sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" in 1741—one of the best-known examples of "fire and brimstone" preaching.

The Second Great Awakening in the U.S. —led by Charles Finney (1792-1875), Lyman Beecher (1775-1863), Francis Asbury (1745-1816) and others—advocated personal conversion and the rise of evangelistic revival meetings. Finney was Presbyterian but rebelled against "gloomy and strict" Calvinism. After he was converted, he wrote "As I went in and shut the door, it seemed like I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face He said nothing ... I poured out my soul to Him ... I wept aloud like a child ...the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a way that seemed to go through me, body and soul. It was like a wave of electricity...to come in waves and waves of liquid love, like the very breath of God . . . I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart." Finney was a great preacher with spellbinding sermons. Francis Asbury was named by Wesley in 1784 to be superintendent of all the Methodist work in America. Under his leadership Methodism grew from 5,000 members in 1776 to 214,000 by the early 19th century. In the last great revival period before the Civil War, Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887) saw his church filled night after night with hungry souls.

The American Camp Meeting— born at Cane Ridge, Kentucky in June 1800—took place after three summers of revival in Kentucky. It was led by three Presbyterian ministers and lasted for over a year. The ministers preached repentance and

commitment to a holy life. They shouted, were slain in the Spirit, sang, danced and fell into trances in the services that lasted until well after midnight. By August the crowds attending the meeting were estimated at 10,000 to 25,000. From Cane Ridge, Holy Ghost fire spread through the South.

The Irvingites were a group led by Edward Irving (1792-1834), a Scottish clergyman, who founded the Catholic Apostolic Church in Great Britain in 1831. He was an attractive man with a magnetic personality and had a variety of interests from poetry to science. The CAC was an outcome of an ecumenical prayer movement. Many of his followers had been driven out of other churches for their use of spiritual gifts. They believed in personal holiness, the Rapture, prophetic events such as the Book of Revelation's judgments and the rise of the anti-Christ. They practiced the Gift of Prophecy and speaking in other tongues as the "standing sign" of the "baptism with the Holy Ghost." Much of what Irving preached and wrote is believed truth by Pentecostals today.

There was a revival in Sweden in 1841-1843 and in Ireland in 1859 with records of manifestations of the Holy Spirit and tongues speech.

Around 1845, John Morgan (1802-1881) president of Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio, founded by Charles Finney, wrote, " ... the baptism of the Holy Ghost, then, in its Pentecostal fullness, was not to be confined to the Primitive church, but is the common privilege of all believers." In 1836 Asa Mahan, another president of Oberlin, claimed he had experienced the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Evangelist and writer Phoebe Palmer (1807-1874) was a prominent leader and preacher in the Holiness Movement. She and her husband led the "Tuesday Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness," a non-denominational group, in New York City between 1835 and 1874. In those meetings, there was great spiritual power with speaking in tongues. Mrs. Palmer also founded Five Points

Mission in a New York City slum. She was a feminist in that she argued in favor of women in the ministry and in 1859 wrote a book called *The Promise of the Father; or a Neglected Speciality of the Last Days*. In it, she showed how women were being restored as in the New Testament to the role as a "speciality of the last days." She argued that God intended for them an equal right to pray, prophesy and preach—that there is neither male nor female in Him.

In the 1830's, revival came to the West of Scotland led largely by laymen. Shipbuilders James and George Macdonald were both filled with the Holy Spirit. Their sister, Margaret, had visions and prophesied. The Macdonald's taught that speaking in tongues served for both the Spirit baptism and a devotional prayer language. Others in Scotland also received a like experience.

In the 19th century, the Plymouth Brethren group broke out simultaneously in different places unknown to each other in Great Britain and Europe. A group met together only in the name of the Lord Jesus without reference to denominations. Each local assembly was independent and autonomous. They practiced Acts 2:38—that baptism should be in the Name of Jesus only.

The Businessmen's Revival (1857-1858) in New York City was led by Jeremiah Lanphier. He started prayer meetings that were attended by many people who worked in New York City's financial and business sector. Together they sought for God's power to serve and change things that seemed unchangeable. The United States was going through a financial panic—bankrupt railroads, closing of factories and the imminence of the Civil War. Within six months, 10,000 people were gathering daily for prayer. This prayer revival spread across the country. Large prayer tents were set up for informal prayer services.

With the end of the War Between the States (1860-1865) and painful Reconstruction, there came a moral depression. Religious revivals began to take place in the South. The people turned to God

for comfort after the ravages of war. In 1867, the Vineland Camp Meeting was called in New Jersey. They hoped to "realize together a Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Ghost ... Come, brothers and sisters ... and let us in this forest-meeting ... make common supplication for the descent of the Spirit upon ourselves, the church, the nation, and the world." It was a success. The services attracted as many as 10,000 people in a Sunday service. Plans were made to continue the organization. More camp meetings were held after 1867.

After about 1867 as the Holiness movement grew in the Methodist Church and other denominations, they began to stress the Pentecostal aspects of the second blessing. These developments began to bother some church leaders and the movement lost their support. This resulted in the "come-outer" movement led by the more radical believers who gave up the idea of renewing the existing churches. By the late 19th century, there were about 150 holiness groups. The holiness movement spread to Canada, England, and Italy.

William Taylor (1821-1902) brought the Holiness message to the gold fields of California, Africa, India and South America. William Booth (1829-1912) who founded the Salvation Army in London joined the movement.

A group of about 1,000 people in New England called the Gift People experienced divine healing and speaking in tongues as early as 1854. They were led by William Doughty and R.B. Swan. Crowds came from five nearby states. Frank Bartleman (1871-1936), later of the Azusa Street revival, was a speaker in these meetings on numerous occasions.

Another facet of the Holiness movement in America was the "faith home" after the 1860's. It was a hospice for healing of the sick and for the terminally ill, a place of safety for the orphan, a haven where people could rest and find spiritual or material help such as

finding employment. Missionaries on furlough were taken in. Bible study and prayer were part of the program.

Higher Life Conferences were held at Keswick, England, starting in 1874. For over thirty years, this was an interdenominational annual event to promote fullness of the Holy Spirit and empowerment to live an anointed Christian life. It was a time of prayer and discussion. There were those that spoke in tongues. Dwight L. Moody was one of many who attended the conference and brought Keswick's message back to the United States. This conference was another means of helping prepare the way for the later outpouring of the Holy Ghost in America.

By the 1890's, the term "Pentecostal" began to appear in relation to the "Second Blessing" of sanctification. Some began to teach the "Third Blessing" — the baptism of the Holy Spirit. A minister from Iowa, Benjamin Irwin, received "the fire" experience and founded the Fire-Baptized Holiness Church. When he preached, people fell under the power and spoke in tongues as the initial evidence of receiving the Holy Ghost. Charles Parham, the first great leader of 20th century Pentecostalism, learned from Irwin about a separate spiritual baptism following sanctification.

A union of Holiness people met in the more remote Appalachian area at "Shearer Schoolhouse" in Cherokee County, North Carolina c. 1896. Their worship was emotionally demonstrative; they spoke in tongues and the crowds grew. The people felt such exaltation; their worship overflowed with weeping and shouting. They felt a passion for souls and the great need to evangelize beyond their mountains. A. J. Tomlinson (1865-1943) preached in the area and later formed the Church of God.

John Alexander Dowie (1847-1907) was an independent revivalist and faith healer who founded the Christian Catholic Church, opened faith and healing homes in Chicago and established a utopian religious community just north of Chicago on

Lake Michigan called Zion. Several young preachers whose roots were in Zion became Pentecostal leaders.

Albert Benjamin Simpson (1843-1919) was the founder of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church in 1897. He was a Holiness and revivalist preacher and was influenced by the Keswick Higher Life movement. Before Azusa Street, he taught that the value of the gift of tongues was an expression of an intense and lofty spiritual feeling, but not as the initial evidence of the infilling of the Holy Ghost. His stand proved to be a problem for some of the leaders of the CMA resulting in many of them leaving the CMA and forming other Pentecostal unions. He was a great writer. Pentecostal theology adopted many of the beliefs and ideas of Simpson. In St. Paul, the Simpson Memorial Church was located just a few blocks from Midway.

For the poor and oppressed, life was a misery in Wales in the mid-1890's. People from the country moved to the cities because of the spreading famine, they were desperately poor and overcrowded in the cities—immorality, lice and hopelessness prevailed. But then God visited Wales. The Great Welsh Revival (1904-1906) was led by Evan Roberts (1878-1951.) Roberts was a common man—a coal miner but gifted as a speaker with complete recall of the Scriptures. The revival started with prayer meetings and powerful waves of intercession. Manifestations were made up of loud prayer, glossolalia and prophesy. Meetings were long, into the early morning hours, and very emotional. An estimated 100,000 people were converted.

There was the power of singing in the Spirit, often in ancient Welsh chants. The Welsh people have always enjoyed singing. Beginning in the late 1700's, there was a movement in the Welsh churches to gather annually to sing together. A description of their music was written up in the December 13, 1904 *London Daily Chronicle* by William Steadman. "(T)his marvelous musical liturgy—a liturgy unwritten but heartfelt, a mighty chorus rising like the

thunder of the surge on a rock-bound shore, ever and anon broken by the flute-like notes of the Singing Sisters, whose melody was as sweet and as spontaneous as the music of a throstle (a singing thrush) in the grove or the lark in the sky. And all this vast quivering, throbbing, singing, praying, exultant multitude intensely conscious of the all-pervading influence of some invisible reality—now for the first time moving palpable thought not tangible in their midst."

Soloist Annie Davies, part of the team, moved the congregation as she sang "*Dyma gariad fel y moroedd*" or "Here is Love" written by William Rees (1802-1883).

Here is love, vast as the ocean, Who His love will not remember?

Loving-kindness as the flood, Who can cease to sing His praise?

When the Prince of Life, our Ransom, He can never be forgotten,

Shed for us his precious blood. Throughout Heav 'n's eternal days.

The Welsh revival grew from southern Wales into many countries and captured the attention of the Americans. Sadly, the movement began to diminish under a storm of criticism. However, the revival spread to America, to the Welsh settlers in Pennsylvania, to Yale University and New England, along the Eastern Seaboard and into the Midwest. Theological classes in Asbury College in Kentucky were turned into days of repentance and confession. The Christian Missionary Alliance Nyack Missionary Training Institute in New York had a revival: "For three weeks preachers, teachers and students were lying upon their faces. God had struck with mighty conviction and the mighty presence of God filled the place." The atmosphere was so holy—just about three

months before the Holy Spirit was poured out in the Azusa Street Mission.

Indigenous revival broke out in India forty years before Azusa which surprised the missionaries from Britain and America. Some criticized the Indians' independent non-ordained clergy, glossolalia and other emotional worship. Pandita Ramabai (1858-1922) was a social reformer, educator and Pentecostal pioneer who established the Mukti Mission for child widows and orphans in southern India. In 1905, she called for daily intercessory prayer. A Holy Ghost revival came and continued into 1907. Pandita Ramabai's assistant, Minnie Abrams (1859-1912) who was born in Wisconsin and graduated from the Minnesota's Teacher's Normal in Mankato and the University of Minnesota, contacted a friend in Chile, Methodist missionary Dr. Hoover, and in 1909 a revival began in Latin America. In 1907 revival came to Korea, not connected with Western groups, with daily and all-night prayer meetings and Bible study. God gave them mighty healings and miracles. Revivals came to Africa—the Ivory Coast, Ghana and Nigeria in 1915-1922. Hundreds of thousands were saved. The Shaudong revival in China (1930-1932) fell mostly on Baptists and Presbyterians.

By the 1890's in America, there were a greater number of Holiness churches—some more radical than others. These holiness groups were our most recent Pentecostal "ancestors." They believed in repentance, sanctification, water baptism, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, divine healing and the Second Coming of Christ. They sought God in open-air gatherings, tents and brush arbors. Not all of them held the same beliefs or worshiped in the same way. Many Pentecostals adopted their traditions and symbols. Some were known for their loud and boisterous singing and shouting, hand clapping, foot stomping, trembling, jumping, dancing and falling into a trance—all done with much exuberance. Camp meetings were even livelier.

These Holiness Christians sought to live holy, separate lives of sacrifice and devotion and expressed them in shunning even the appearance of evil. They preached against worldly pleasures like dancing, card games, smoking, and alcohol. Women were not to wear "men's pants." The devoted were not to eat foods like pork, drink pop or anything with caffeine. Some refused medicine. No reading of novels or newspapers. No "worldly music" from ragtime to classical music. Other beliefs were no cut hair for women, chewing gum, sports such as football and baseball. They were against Christmas trees and home movies. For the most part, they did not buy insurance but believed in the "insurance company of heaven"—divine healing—and the policy of everlasting life.

STIRRINGS OF PENTECOST IN THE UPPER MIDWEST

Before the revival at Azusa, there were isolated Pentecostal revivals. Darrin J. Rodgers, the director of Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center of the Assemblies of God in Springfield, Missouri and attorney, wrote a paper called *Rediscovering Pentecostalism's Divers Roots: Origins in Scandinavian Pietism in Minnesota and the Dakotas*. He wrote that speaking in tongues and divine healing were practiced among Scandinavian settlers in Minnesota and the Dakotas in the late 1890's and early 1900's. He found that for the most part that these events have been overlooked by historians. Two of their leaders were Evangelist Carl M. Hanson who witnessed glossolalia in Grafton, North Dakota as well as Pastor John Thompson who led a Swedish Free Mission in Moorhead, Minnesota. There is a letter written by A.O. Morken, a Norwegian from Audubon, Minnesota, showing that Pentecost was practiced in Audubon in 1904.

A copy of the *Apostolic Faith* has been sent to us, and we're much blest when we read and saw that God baptized His children with the Holy Ghost exactly the same way as He has done here. It is two years ago since God began to baptize His children in this

place and some are talking with tongues, some have the gift of prophecy, etc.

On February 25, 1904 Morken sent a letter to the Norwegian language newspaper, *Folke-Vennen* based in Chicago:

Praise our God. He has also blessed us abundantly with all spiritual blessings in Christ, as some did in the Apostolic times, the gift of grace appeared among us when a portion received grace to speak in divers tongues. It was perceived that it was not common speech, but rather angelic language; those under the Spirit's effect, gripped in a power that seized them completely in the endeavor. What they tell is incomprehensible for themselves and for the others, but the Spirit Himself has given (the interpreters) a share, so that all indicate an encouragement and admonition to the children of God who will be staying awake and imploring that Jesus comes soon.

Revival also broke out elsewhere in Minnesota and the Dakotas in house meetings and Swedish and Norwegian-speaking churches, more so in the Evangelical Free Church of America and the Evangelical Covenant Church of America. Darrin Rodgers did not find evidence that this group of Scandinavians had any contact with the Pentecostals led by Charles Parham in Kansas.

Evangelical Free Church historian, Arnold T. Olson, wrote that he doubted "that all of the pioneers would be accepted in our churches today. Some preached a second blessing and some even practiced speaking in tongues."

These findings help show that these pre-Azusa Scandinavian Christians in the Upper Midwest practiced tongues

speech and witnessed mighty miracles even before the outpouring of Apostolic power in Los Angeles.

*I have Friend called Jesus,
Whose love is strong and true,
And never fails howe'er 'tis tried,
No matter what I do;
I've sinned against this love of His,
But when I knelt to pray,
Confessing all my guilt to Him,
The sin clouds rolled away.*

*Chorus: It's just like Jesus to roll the clouds away,
It's just like Jesus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Jesus all along all along the way,
It's just like His great love.*

(Edna Worell, 19th century)

PENTECOSTAL OUTPOURING IN KANSAS 1900

Although the Holy Spirit moved through speaking in other tongues, prophecy and divine healing, the 19th century revivals did not grow into a "Pentecostal movement." However, this changed at the turn of the 20th century. The outpouring of the Holy Ghost took place at Charles Parham's Bethel Bible School in Topeka, Kansas.

Charles Fox Parham (1873-1929), a traveling Holiness revivalist, is considered by many to be the leader/framer of the Pentecostal movement. The basic doctrines of Pentecost were laid down by him. He viewed glossolalia or speaking in tongues as the evidence of having received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Parham was converted at the age of thirteen and while in college was miraculously healed. From Methodism and the teaching of two works of grace (salvation and sanctification), he came to know those in the Fire-Baptized Holiness church and learned about a

third experience, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire with speaking in other tongues.

In 1898, Parham founded the "Bethel Healing Home" in Topeka, Kansas and published a paper called *Apostolic Faith*. In 1900, he opened a missionary training school, the Bethel Bible College. Before he left on a trip, he assigned each student to search the Bible individually for the evidence of the infilling of the Holy Spirit. After prayerful research in the Word, they found that speaking in tongues was the evidence of receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit as in The Acts of the Apostles. The students continued in prayer and expected the Acts experience. Early in the morning of the first day of the twentieth century, 1901, and after "the laying on of hands," eighteen-year-old Agnes Ozman was the first of the students to speak in tongues.

An interesting aside: It is documented that Agnes Ozman enrolled in T.C. Horton's Bible Institute in St Paul, Minnesota in 1892. Information is rather sparse, but I found that Thomas Corwin Horton (1848-1932) worked for the YMCA in different cities including St. Paul where he founded Northwestern Bible School. He became an ordained minister and a well-known Christian writer. After moving to California, he helped found the Bible Institute of Los Angeles in 1908 which is now Biola University.

Parham also taught that tongues was a supernatural gift of human languages (xenoglossolalia) and that missionaries did not have to study foreign languages, but would be able to preach miraculously in tongues all over the world.

Ethyl E. Goss wrote in *The Winds of God* what her husband, Howard, said about Bro. Parham:

I remember well Bro. Parham's preaching. Being a personable, gifted, accomplished original and forceful thinker as well as a vivid, magnetic

personality with superb versatile platform ability, he always held his audience in the curve of his hand. People sat spellbound, one moment weeping, the next moment rocking with laughter, as the words flowed from his lips like water gushing from a fountain. But through it all he was sending home with clean, incisive, powerful strokes, the unadulterated Word of God. His humility, meekness, and consecration impressed everyone most favorably, and he became a father to us all.

The Apostolic Faith Movement continued to grow and it is estimated that about 1,000 people in the Midwest had received the Pentecostal baptism along with about sixty or more ministers. The revival spread into Missouri and Texas. In Houston, Parham opened another Bible school in Bryan Hall. There William J. Seymour, an African American Holiness evangelist, studied. There are estimates that by the winter of 1905, Texas alone had 13,000 to 25,000 Pentecostal believers—all as a direct result of Parham's labors.

By the summer of 1906, Charles Parham—deeply influenced Alexander Dowie, a faith healer from the Chicago area—brought in over 2,000 converts many of whom became preachers and missionaries. In October 1906, Parham traveled to Azusa Street, but disagreed with the interracial and emotional atmosphere there. He said "God is sick at His stomach" and left making for the first major division at Azusa. He opened up a rival mission in Los Angeles, but never reconciled to Bro. Seymour. He had planned to take over the mission as William Seymour had been his student and they called the mission "Apostolic Faith." But by late 1906, Bro. Parham became discredited for a variety of reasons. The *Weekly Evangel* of August 19, 1916 explained that Bro. Parham was "disfellowshipped." W. Faye Carothers, a preacher, attorney, scientist and businessman became the director of the Apostolic Faith movement.

THE 1906 AZUSA STREET REVIVAL

The Azusa Street revival came to be known as the beginning of the modern Pentecostal movement. Originally, the Azusa Street Mission was an African American church. Worship styles at Azusa came from the African American Christian culture. It became an interracial fellowship with the addition of white and other ethnic Holiness groups.

This movement followed the pattern that led to previous revivals—mass and private prayer along with a high level of expectancy. For example: Edward J. Boehmer (1881-1953) and Frank Bartleman (1871-1936) were workers at the Peniel Mission in Pasadena in 1905 and often prayed all night for a Holy Ghost outpouring. God was stirring people over the globe to gather in prayer meetings and "upper rooms." Old-time restitution took place—people took care of their old "debt" and forgave their "debtors."

William J. Seymour (1870-1922) was the son of former slaves in southern Louisiana and attended a freeman's school in Centerville, where he learned to read and write. To better himself he traveled to Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois—to get away from the poverty and oppression that were common for the Blacks in Louisiana—he most often worked as a waiter. In Indianapolis at age twenty-five, he had a conversion experience. From the Methodist Church, he joined the "Evening Light Saints" and was called to preach. He attended God's Bible School and Missionary Training Home in Cincinnati, Ohio, a Holiness school led by Martin Knapp, open to both Blacks and Whites. There he contracted smallpox which left him blind in one eye and with facial scarring. From Cincinnati, Seymour traveled to Jackson, Mississippi and Louisiana.

In 1905, he came in contact with the Apostolic Faith Movement in Houston led by Charles F. Parham. He attended

Parham's Houston Bible Institute. Because of segregation laws, he was not allowed to sit in the same classroom with whites. He sat just outside the door in the hallway and absorbed all that was said. In just a few weeks, he began to preach and teach the Pentecostal message to others and served as a supply pastor for Lucy Farrow in her absence in a small Holiness church in Houston.

Neely Terry from Los Angeles, a preacher and student in Houston Bible Institute, met Seymour during revival services in Houston. She was from the Santa Fe Holiness Mission at 1604 Ninth Street in Los Angeles, founded and pastored by her cousin, Julia Hutchins. Julia Hutchins and a small group of people had been asked to leave the Second Baptist Church in 1905 due to their acceptance of Wesleyan-Holiness beliefs. In the warm weather, they held tent meetings and later opened the storefront mission. The group needed a pastor because Sis. Hutchins planned to go to Liberia as a missionary and was looking for a successor. When Neely Terry returned to Los Angeles, she recommended Seymour to the church. Originally, he was scheduled to preach for a month. He arrived on February 22, 1906 and preached on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost even though he had not yet himself experienced speaking in tongues. Pastor Julia Hutchins and Seymour had a quarrel about speaking in tongues and she locked him out of the church. (Later Pastor Hutchins received her Spirit baptism.)

A couple, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lee, took Bro. Seymour into their home to live and they began to hold cottage prayer meetings. The group grew in number and after a couple of weeks they had to move to a cottage on 214 North Bonnie Brae, the home of Richard and Ruth Asberry. It was a racially integrated middle-class neighborhood. The Holy Ghost fell on April 9 and word of mouth spread quickly. Hundreds gathered in front of the Asberry home—the street was filled with hungry people listening to Bro. Seymour as he preached from the front porch.

Their numbers increased and they found an abandoned building at 312 Azusa Street, once an African Methodist Episcopal Church, located on a dead-end, one-block-long dirt road in downtown Los Angeles. During the day, they met for prayer and worked getting the building ready for services. They continued to hold their evening meetings at Bonnie Brae. The Azusa neighborhood consisted of warehouses and small businesses including a tombstone shop and what was left of a citrus orchard. It was ideal in that no one would be disturbed with the prayers or shouting during the night. Pentecostal historian, Cecil M. Robeck, Jr., writes in the Winter Issue of *AG Heritage* 2005-06 that it was "not a slum— it was not a skid row which is the way that it has sometimes been portrayed." After the Stevens African Methodist Episcopal Church had moved to a new building at 8th and Towne; the building on Azusa had become a tenement and later a warehouse and a livery stable. An arson fire had destroyed the peaked roof. Seymour's followers cleaned, remodeled and whitewashed the building of 2,400 square feet and called it the Apostolic Faith Mission. The barn-like ground floor assembly room had a low ceiling and unfinished walls and a dirt floor covered with sawdust and scattered straw. On Easter morning, April 15, 1906 they met for their first service at 312 Azusa and would hold their last services there in July 1931.

Bro. Seymour sat or knelt behind the "pulpit" made of two stacked empty shipping crates covered with a cotton cloth. He wept and prayed. Pastor Seymour is remembered as a man of wisdom and power with God, but yet was gentle and humble. Adolphus Worrell, a Bible translator, wrote, "His strength is in his conscious weakness and lowliness before God." William Durham of Chicago wrote, "He walks and talks with God ... He seems to maintain a helpless dependence on God and is as simple-hearted as a little child, and at the same time is so filled with God that you feel the love and power every time you get near him." Sidney Ahlstrom, a noted church historian from Yale University, said in 1972 that

Seymour was "the most influential black leader in American history." He has been described as a short, stocky man. He spoke quietly with a strong Cajun accent.

At 5:15 A.M. on April 18, 1906, the great San Francisco earthquake occurred. It lasted only a minute. Most of the destruction came from the fires fed by broken gas mains that lasted for three days. The estimation of the death toll from the earthquake and fires was more than 3,000. Frank Bartleman wrote that he found the earthquake had opened many hearts. Bartleman preached and wrote a tract about the quake and within three weeks 75,000 tracts had been distributed in Los Angeles and southern California.

The worshipers at Azusa sat in old, discarded chairs and on planks placed on nail kegs. One source explains that there was space for about two hundred people; but other sources argue that the building held far fewer worshipers. Dr. Cecil M. Robeck, Jr. wrote that at the height of Azusa, 1906 to 1907, 1500 people flocked into and around the mission on a Sunday evening. However, Vincent Synan wrote in the *AG Heritage* Winter 2005-06 that though the area was only 40 by 60 feet, the mission sometimes saw as many as 600 people packed inside while hundreds of others looked in through the windows.

Tim Peterson in a private treatise entitled *The History of the Pentecostal Movement* records:

When all this was 'noised abroad;' the crowds began to gather. Newspaper reporters from cities as far away as St. Louis, Missouri, came to see and hear. They were soon convinced and wrote front-page reports with large headlines for the big dailies. Soon other reporters brought along government interpreters, professors of languages and even

foreigners, to hear and identify the languages being spoken through human beings by the Spirit of God.

The *Los Angeles Daily Times* was their inadvertent publicist, ridiculing them as fanatics. A reporter wrote:

Meetings are held in a tumble-down shack on Azusa Street, near San Pedro Street, and the devotees of the weird doctrine practice the most fanatical rites, preach the wildest theories and work themselves into a state of mad excitement in their peculiar zeal. Colored people and a sprinkling of whites compose the congregation, and the night is made hideous in the neighborhood by the howlings of the worshipers, who spend hours swaying forth and back in a nerve-racking attitude of prayer and supplication. They claim to have the "gift of tongues" and to be able to comprehend the "babel."

The *Los Angeles Herald* reported, "The rambling old barn was filled and the rafters were so low that it was necessary to stick one's nose under the benches to get a breath of air." A boardwalk around the building gave standing room for many who crowded together to look in through the low windows with more people standing on the dirt street. In the hot summer with no insulation, they suffered biting flies and the intense heat despite their use of cardboard hand fans.

Upstairs were the Pastor's quarters and offices. A prayer room was set aside to seek for the Holy Ghost—an "upper room"—with a sign on the wall that read "No talking above a whisper." Prayer, and some say tears, were Azusa's main theme. The congregation knelt several times in each service for particular needs. Often, they interceded in prayer in all-night prayer meetings. The mission walls were decorated with crutches, canes and braces that the saints no longer needed.

Glenn Cook (1867-1948) who served as manager for finance and correspondence of the Mission wrote, "I was seldom away from that old building for nearly a year except to go home to sleep. Much of the time I slept in the building in a room adjoining the Seymour's. We seemed to live in an atmosphere that was separated from the rest of the world. Evil speaking, and even evil thinking, had departed. We were saturated with the spirit of love and prayer and the days passed all too swiftly."

There was a great emphasis on evangelism and missions. By December 1906, the message had spread to the Twin Cities and other cities in the U.S. Thirty-eight missionaries left Azusa within six months and in two years the movement had been planted in about 50 countries including China, India, Japan, and Egypt.

The Azusa Mission became known as a worldwide revival. From just a few worshipers, it grew to hundreds in three months. On a usual Sunday, 500 people attended the services, Services were long and held seven days a week with three meetings a day, scheduled for 10 AM, 3 PM, and 7:30 PM, more often flowing into one another. The building was never closed or locked. The result was one 3 1/2-year service. Glenn Cook wrote of one communion and foot washing service that lasted until daybreak. Other local meetings and missions were closed for lack of attendance.

People came from every denomination and from all over the world to Azusa. There were workers from the mission at the Los Angeles train station to welcome the pilgrims. Some said in their coming within a few blocks of the mission they began to feel a "supernatural atmosphere."

I loved the account of salvation from *Apostolic Faith*, November 1906, titled "Baptized on a Fruit Wagon." Bro. G. Zigler who ran a fruit wagon drove into Los Angeles early one morning and said:

I was on my wagon coming down to the market praising God, when the Lord covered me with His power and I began to sing such a sweet song I had never sung anything like before. I was riding along at three o'clock in the morning. All at once I commenced to talk in a new tongue and it was the most wonderful blessing I have ever received. What He has done for me, He will do for everybody,

Azusa was made up of a multiethnic and multiracial congregation—Blacks, Whites, Latinos, Orientals and Jews. This was in contrast to the racial segregation of the times. The congregants included those of all classes: the highly educated to the unlearned; the rich to the very poor.

Some came to view the "show"—to watch as the saints spoke and sang in tongues, fell under the power and danced. "The women shouted until their hats fell off or the pins came out of their hair." To some it looked like wild confusion, but the saints at Azusa claimed that even though the order of the services was not preplanned, all was led by the Holy Ghost

A report in the *Apostolic Faith* of November 1906 reads:

It is while under the power of the Spirit you see the hands raised and hear speaking in tongues. While one sings a song learned from heaven with a shining face, the tears will be trickling down other faces. Many receive the Spirit through the laying on of hands, as they did through Paul at Ephesus.

Little children from eight years to twelve stand up on the altar bench, testify to the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and speak in tongues. In the children's meetings little tots get down and seek the Lord.

It is noticeable how free all nationalities feel. If a Mexican or German cannot speak English, he gets up, speaks in his own tongue, and feels quite at home, for the Spirit interprets through the face and people say Amen.

However, opposition came to Azusa from some of the Holiness groups and leaders such as Phineas Bresee of the Church of the Nazarene and Alma White of the Pillar of Fire Group. Troubles between clerics came. Some tangled with Bro. Seymour on subjects such as when does the sanctification experience occur in conversion. Their arguments, disputes and fighting led to serious hostilities and antagonism despite Pastor Seymour's pleas for love and unity.

The "Good News" was spread by word of mouth and print. Azusa published a bimonthly four-page periodical called *Apostolic Faith* from September 1906 to May or June 1908. As to the subscriptions: the "papers are free but none to waste. Pass your paper on to another to read." The growth of the *Apostolic Faith* was largely through the help of the devoted Clara Lum who was proficient in taking shorthand and served as editor and writer. The paper's circulation grew to over 50,000.

Randall J. Stephens wrote in *There is Magic in Print, Part II* of December 2002:

The immediacy of newspapers and the ways in which they allowed individuals ... to correspond with one another made them an unusually potent medium ... W.B. Godbey, one of the most influential southern holiness authors and evangelists, perfectly summed up his co-religionist's sentiments. "Let us remember that there is magic in printing, rendering it far more influential than words spoken ... Spoken words faded away soon after they were uttered, but the printed

word could last indefinitely and influence far more individuals as a result."

With each edition, about 25 young people met upstairs in the Mission to fold and mail out the paper to all over the world. There was usually no one listed as the editor of *Apostolic Faith*. The explanation given in the January 1908 edition was "The reason we put no name of editor at the head of this paper is because we want Christ exalted, that in all things He might have the pre-eminence." The readers loved the saints' testimonies that were read aloud in the services: personal reports of salvation and healing, letters from the missionaries and theology.

Other periodicals helped spread the revival: *The Bridegroom's Messenger* from Atlanta; *The Church of God Evangel* from Cleveland, Tennessee; the *Latter Rain Evangel* from Chicago; *The New Acts* from Alliance, Ohio; *The Pentecostal Testimony* from Chicago, and *The Way of Faith* from Columbia, South Carolina along with other publications.

Water baptismal services for the Azusa Street Mission were often held at Terminal Island, a beautiful beach near Los Angeles. They could use the bathhouse and pavilion which seated several hundred without charge. For one service, there were 106 candidates to be baptized in the Pacific. Up to 500 saints went along—extra cars were added to the train-filled with their singing and praising God.

Bro. Seymour held special meetings for the leaders of Los Angeles churches to plan outreach efforts. The revival spread to surrounding communities. The Pacific Electric streetcar system owned by Henry Huntington was a blessing to them as it connected every household within four blocks in the city and many of the outlying suburbs. The saints passed tracts, held street meetings, erected tents and opened storefront churches. When someone was arrested, the Mission sent a streetcar full of people for cover and

assistance.

A quote from the *Apostolic Faith* issue of September 1906:

Some workers were preaching on the street corner in Los Angeles and a poor drunkard had just been saved, when a policeman came up and ordered them to stop, and took two of them off to jail. The sister sang all the way to the jail and shouted and prayed while they were there. They soon were anxious to get rid of them and let them go. Meantime the other workers returned to the mission and told how the workers had been arrested and they all went to the altar and prayed and arose praising God; and soon in walked the ones who had been arrested. We are ready not only to go to prison but to give our lives for Jesus.

At first, there were no hymnals or instruments. Their singing was called "heavenly singing." One of them would start a hymn with some singing in English and some in tongues in a beautiful heavenly language. Tyson describes it:

Once in a while a soprano voice would leap out, and you would hear it above the whole congregation. Then it would be mingled with other voices, and it all found a beautiful harmony. Then the singing would stop short, and everyone would start praising the Lord, some speaking in an undertone in tongues, some clapping their hands in praise to God. No one who has ever heard a congregation singing under the unction of the Sprit could ever forget or mistake it.

*I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining ev 'ry day*

*Still praying as I'm onward bound,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

*Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith, on Heaven's tableland,
A higher plain than I have found;
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

(Johnson Oatman, Jr. 1856-1922)

Bro. Durham wrote in his periodical, *The Pentecostal Testimony*:

" . . . (W)hen about twenty persons joined in singing the "Heavenly Chorus," it was the most ravishing and unearthly music that ever fell on mortal ears. It seemed and still seems to me, I could not sing in that chorus. I know it came direct from heaven."

One reporter described their singing in tongues as "weirdly beautiful."

A favorite hymn celebrating the coming of the Holy Spirit to hungry hearts was "The Comforter Has Come."

*Oh spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let ev 'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
The Comforter has come!*

*The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from Heav'n, the Father's promise giv'n;
Spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found—
The Comforter has come!*

The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last.

*And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast,
As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast!
The Comforter has come!*

(F. Bottome, 1823-1894)

One reporter wrote:

A colored woman with the voice of a Patti [*Adeline Patti, 1843-1919, was an Italian opera singer, thought to be the foremost soprano of her day*] began singing in a tongue which probably never before was heard. Her voice was joined by a contralto of great depth and richness, but singing another tongue. Others took up the chant, each after her own tune and tongue, till the building was vocal with the tones of golden mellowness. They say that the Holy Ghost tunes their voices . . .

*Since Christ my soul from sin set free
This world has been a Heav'n to me;
And 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe
'Tis Heav'n my Jesus here to know.*

*Chorus: O hallelujah. yes. 'tis Heav'n,
'Tis Heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;
On land or sea, what matters where?
Where Jesus is, 'tis Heaven there.
What matters where on earth we dwell?
On mountain top, or in the dell,
In cottage, or a mansion fair,
Where Jesus is, 'tis Heaven there.*

(Charles J. Butler, 19th century)

Pastor Seymour has been described as preaching in the

"call and response" style—in a musical flow of rhythmic poetic language, a half-singing, half-talking chant—much like we hear from some of the Black preachers today—inspired and improvisational. The congregation responded to him with hums, outcries and shouts of praise.

Women were free to preach and lead. Although "Jim Crow laws" controlled relationships between the Whites and Blacks in the outside world, in a Holy Ghost atmosphere Whites were willing to be submissive to Blacks. Also, children had a role in the worship service and spoke and sang in the services. They all believed that each of them was God's own vessel.

In the October 1906 *Apostolic Faith*, there is a wonderful testimony by one saint who had attended a meeting in Pasadena. She was described as unlearned; she washed and ironed for a living. The preacher invited the people to come up to the altar and receive the Holy Spirit.

I had a little baby in my arms and could not get to the altar but knelt in the aisle. I did not get anything but I went home and washed my baby and put him to bed, and got down on my knees and said, "Dear Lord, please give me the Holy Spirit if there is such a thing as the Holy Spirit. Give me what you would like me to have." That night He called me and anointed me with the Holy Spirit It was just like an outpouring rain from heaven, and the next day it seemed I was nothing but a feather walking around.

Bro. J.M. Taylor wrote in *The Pentecostal Herald* (an early Holiness paper out of Louisville):

Men, women and children—boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, young men and maidens, preachers, deaconesses, mission workers

and business men of all colors, races,
denominations, and stages of culture, intelligence
and means are receiving the mighty baptism of
power, and speak with tongues and prophesy.

The following is a description of a service at Azusa in the
Apostolic Faith, Vol. I, No.7, April 1907:

Bro. Seymour then started the congregation singing:

*Jesus, Jesus, how I Trust Thee,
How I've proved thee O'er and O'er;
Jesus, Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Oh for grace to trust thee more.*

(Louisa M. R. Stead, 1850-1917)

He then said: "Glory! Beloved, I want to say 'Goodnight' to you all for a short while. It has now been over a year ago since I left Texas and came up in this portion of the country to labor and work for the Lord, and I am going back there through that old state where the Lord called me from a year ago. I am going to pass through there and see those precious children that prayed with me for Pentecost, and while I am gone, I want you all to pray that God may use me to His own honor and glory" ... "God Be with You Till We Meet Again" was then sung as Bro. Seymour shook hands with as many as possible and left for the train.

*God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.*

*Chorus: Till we meet ... till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet ... till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

*God be with you till we meet again;
When life 's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.*

(Jeremiah E. Rankin. 1828-1904)

Initially offerings were not collected but dropped into a mailbox on the back wall. The people tithed and gave liberally. The Azusa Street property was eventually bought for \$15,000 with a down payment of \$4,000. In February 1908, Cecil Polhill, a wealthy English layman and former missionary to China, gave the mission 1500 pounds to help clear the mortgage. By April 1908, the mortgage was paid off. Articles of Incorporation were then filed with the state. Yet some grumbled that the incorporation and elected trustees made them a "denomination."

Sadly, some leaders continued to fight over correct doctrine, splitting hairs over certain points, Frank Bartleman wrote, "The doctrinal issue has also been a great battle. Many were too dogmatic at Azusa ... much harm was done the work in the beginning by unwise zeal ... Little love remained."

Cecil M. Robeck wrote in the *AG Heritage*, Winter 2005-06 that Azusa was:

. . . also a Pentecostal story because it becomes the most dominant place where Pentecostal theology was most publicly debated. There was all this experimentation that went on at the Mission; there were all these wild ideas that got debated right in the middle of a sermon or in the middle of a testimony service. There were actual fights that developed in the middle of the service, and police came in, separated, and even arrested people because they cared so much about what they were

arguing.

Like most good things, the Azusa revival cooled and ended—after three-and-one-half years with only a few Blacks in attendance—but peaked once again in 1911 with the return of William Durham. But by 1915, there was just a handful of faithful Blacks. Despite the sad loss of this wonderful revival of the Latter Rain church, the message spread nationally and globally—evangelizing the world. It appears that the missionary vision held by the faithful preserved the message of Pentecost in America and the world.

On September 28, 1922, Bro. Seymour after experiencing chest pain and shortness of breath for a few days died. Some people said of a broken heart. His last words were, "I love my Jesus so." He is buried in East Los Angeles' Evergreen Cemetery with a gravestone that reads "Our Pastor." His death was largely unnoticed—not mentioned in the Los Angeles press. Other Azusa saints, including Ruth and Richard Asberry, Ivey Campbell and Jennie Seymour are buried in Evergreen.

Jennie Seymour became minister of the mission until 1931 when the building was torn down. The little group once again held meetings at the Asberry home on North Bonnie Brae Street. Azusa Street was made into an alley—now in the Little Tokyo neighborhood of Los Angeles—covered by a brick plaza. There is a sign marking the alley: "Cradle of the Worldwide Pentecostal Movement" and two small plaques at the actual church site.

Afterward Glenn Cook wrote:

In this meeting you not only were baptized in the Holy Ghost, but also lived in such a heavenly atmosphere of love that you never can forget it, and all else seems so empty and void. Even as I write these pages, the memory of that meeting comes

floating back, my eyes begin to swim with tears, and such a longing and yearning seizes me for a return of such a condition. I can feel that sacred fire still burning, and I have the conviction that God will again visit His people in a like manner before the present dispensation ends.

The Azusa story is ongoing even today, The Pentecostal message has been taken around the world and God continues to pour out His Holy Spirit.

WORKERS IN THE HARVEST FIELD

Men in Leadership Early On

The following men and women are a brief representation of the devoted and life-giving early messengers of Pentecost who felt called and personally accountable to spread the Gospel.

Frank Bartleman (1871-1936) was the historian of early Pentecost. He was converted in the Baptist Church and later became a Holiness preacher. He attended the prayer meetings at Bonnie Brae and later at the mission. For 43 years, he evangelized in the U.S. and abroad. *How Pentecost Came to Los Angeles* was among the 550 articles, 100 tracts and 6 books he authored.

Alexander Boddy (1854-1930) was an English clergyman. He was much inspired by the Holiness Movement and had a profound religious experience at Keswick in 1892. His wife was miraculously healed there. In 1904, he attended the Welch Revival and later visited T.B. Barratt's work in Oslo, Norway, where he heard the Azusa Street message. Boddy, his wife and daughters experienced the Baptism of the Holy Ghost c. 1907. (See his article in the section about Andrew Urshan.)

Fred Francis Bosworth (1877-1958) was a pastor and healing evangelist who received the Holy Ghost in Chicago in 1910 under Bro. Parham at John A. Dowie's "Zion City" just north of Chicago. Sometime between 1906 and 1909, he visited Azusa Street. He conducted many healing campaigns throughout the early 1920's and 1930's.

Gaston Barnabas Cashwell (1860-1916) a southern Holiness preacher took a train to L.A. to visit Azusa St. (A one-way train ride from North Carolina took six days.) It bothered him that an African American was in charge. After he returned to his hotel room, he experienced a "crucifixion" and "died" to racial prejudice. The following night, he asked Bro. Seymour to lay hands on him and Cashwell received the Holy Ghost. Later, he returned to his home in North Carolina and held meetings in a large warehouse in Dunn. An eyewitness to this revival, G.F. Taylor described the meeting: "They went to Dunn by the thousands ... went down for the Baptism with all the earnestness they could command and were soon happy in the experience; speaking in tongues, singing in tongues, shouting, weeping, dancing, praising and magnifying God. Thousands attended, received their Pentecost and scattered to their homes spreading the fire." As a result, the Pentecostal message spread over the South. A number of Holiness ministers came into Pentecost.

Glenn Cook (1867-1948) a journalist who worked for the *L. A. Times* and a Holiness lay preacher initially had some hard things to say about Bro. Seymour, but later asked Seymour's forgiveness and received the Holy Ghost. He then became business manager at the Apostolic Faith Mission. In 1907, he returned to his hometown, Indianapolis, and preached the Holy Ghost message. In 1914, he was re-baptized in Jesus' Name and was a pioneer in the Oneness movement. Cook brought the Jesus' Name message to Indiana, Missouri, Oklahoma and Tennessee.

William H. Durham (1873-1912), pastor of Chicago's North

Avenue Mission and known as a "pulpit prodigy," received his Spirit Baptism at Azusa. On his first visit to Azusa in 1907, he heard the singing from about a block and a half away. They were singing "Under the Blood." Durham and a friend had to crowd through the back door. The first person he met on entering the building was Bro. H. L. Blake from Ruthton, Minnesota. He wrote, that God's "mighty power came over me, until I jerked and quaked under it for about three hours ... I had a depth of love and sweetness in my soul that I had never even dreamed of before."

*Under the blood. the precious blood,
Under the cleansing, healing blood;
Keep me, Savior, from day to day,
Under the precious blood.*

(E. E. Hewitt)

When Durham returned to Chicago, a revival broke out in his church and continued for several years. They had services almost every night, sometimes all night. Reportedly over 800 people were water baptized between 1908 and 1910. According to eyewitnesses, North Avenue Mission was so full of God's power that a thick haze like blue smoke, like the biblical *Shekinah*, hovered along the ceiling. Howard Goss wrote that when people entered the building they would fall down in the aisles. Some never made it to the pews. Thereby in the early days, Chicago became one of the Upper Midwest "hubs" of Pentecost along with the Twin Cities and Winnipeg.

A controversy rose between those who held with the traditional Holiness doctrine (also held by Parham and Seymour) of entire sanctification or Christian perfection. Durham felt that this Wesleyan second work of grace could not be verified and sometimes no clear evidence could be seen in those who claimed Christian perfection. Durham taught that the cross covered it all: both justification and sanctification. All that a believer needed was included in "the finished work of Calvary." Sanctification was a

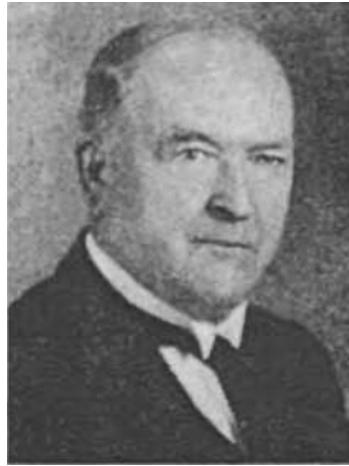
gradual process, an on-going, life-long process.

In 1911, Bro. Durham again traveled to Los Angeles bringing the teaching of the "Finished Work of Calvary." At the Upper Room Mission, Pastor Elmer Fisher refused to let him preach his message. So, Durham was invited to the Azusa Mission, by then a local Black church with just a handful of saints. Soon the crowds returned to Azusa leaving other missions almost empty. Bro. Seymour was on an extended preaching trip in New York. Bro. Durham stayed for two-and-a-half months and taught the Finished Work doctrine. Bro. Seymour returned and cautioned Bro. Durham against this "false doctrine" but Durham did not comply and called for a vote with only a few siding with Bro. Seymour. As a result of their difference, Bro. Seymour padlocked the Mission's door to Durham. Bro. Durham relocated to other churches in Los Angeles explaining that he stood for unity for all God's people, but preserving the truth was more important. Tragically Bro. Durham died of tuberculosis in 1912 at age 39. As time went on, the "Finished Work of Calvary" doctrine became the guiding theology among Pentecostal groups like the Assemblies of God.

Frank Ewart (1876-1942) was a former Baptist minister who received his Spirit Baptism in 1908. At Arroyo Seco in 1914, he heard and accepted the Oneness doctrine. Bro. Ewart helped spread that message, via his periodical, *Meat in Due Season*, and his writing at least eight books.

Howard Archibald Goss (1883-1964) was converted to Pentecost under Charles Parham. Bro. Goss was baptized with the Holy Ghost in 1906 in Texas while riding a train with other Pentecostals. He then became an evangelist. He and E.N. Bell helped organize and were part of the leadership of the Assemblies of God. In 1915, he was rebaptized by E.N. Bell in Jesus' Name. After the separation of the Trinitarian and Oneness ministers in 1916, he served on committees and boards of the General Assembly

of the Apostolic Assemblies and the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance. In 1919, the Goss family moved to Toronto, Canada, where they pastored until 1927. In 1945, he was chosen as General Superintendent of the UPCI. (As a little girl I remember him on the platform at Midway as a very pleasant, grandfatherly, dignified gentleman dressed in a black suit with noticeable bags under his eyes and who whistled his s's.)



Lemuel E. Hall. Wacker wrote in *Heaven Below* that Hall was the grandson of Alabama governor and U.S. senator Arthur Pendleton Bagby. He was educated at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, Asbury College, Vanderbilt University, and Washington University Law School. In 1915 Hall, was baptized in Jesus' Name. He was a pastor at San Antonio and Memphis and a renowned speaker at conferences and camp meetings. Later, he returned to the Assemblies of God fellowship.

Thomas Hezmalhalch (1848-1934) was an Englishman known as "Brother Tom" who went out of Azusa as an evangelist serving in Colorado. After age sixty, he became a missionary to South Africa and founded the Apostolic Faith Missions there in 1908.

Abundio and Rosa de Lopez came from Guadalajara, Mexico to southern California where Abundio worked as a laborer on the railroad. They received the Holy Spirit at Azusa and began to evangelize in outside plazas and street meetings. Abundio was ordained by Seymour in 1909. Rosa was healed miraculously at a Maria Woodworth-Etter meeting. They are believed to be among the first Spanish-speaking Pentecostal evangelists.

Charles Harrison Mason (1866-1961) the son of former slaves founded the Church of God in Christ in Memphis, one of the largest Pentecostal groups in the world. He went to Azusa Street and said, "I fixed my eyes on Jesus and the Holy Ghost took charge of me. I surrendered perfectly to Him ... Then I began singing a song in unknown tongues and it was the sweetest thing to have Him sing that song through me."

Daniel Charles Owen Opperman (1872-1926) was an early evangelist who received his Spirit Baptism in 1908. He was also an educator in the early days and conducted several short-term Bible institutes. (See the article on Andrew Urshan.) He resigned from the AG to become chairman of the General Assembly of Apostolic Assemblies.

The **Osterbergs**, a Swedish family from Chicago, were old friends of William Durham. They had moved to Los Angeles and young Arthur Osterberg pastored a Holiness church in L.A. The family attended the Bonnie Brae prayer meetings. After the Azusa Street property was found Arthur helped clean and remodel the "old barn." His father, Louis, was a trustee at Azusa. Young Arthur witnessed his first miracle while working at the site when a man was miraculously healed of a clubfoot. A lumberman friend gave Arthur the wood to build the altar there.

William H. Pendleton (born 1847), a Holiness minister after 1893, attended Azusa Street and then preached the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. He took over Frank Bartleman's mission at Eighth and Maple in Los Angeles.

Mack M. Pinson (1873-1953) was converted in 1893 after several family tragedies, attended a Holiness Bible school and began preaching. In 1907, he came under the influence of Cashwell and Mason and was baptized in the Spirit. He later became the editor of the *Bridegroom's Messenger* and founded his own paper, *Word and Witness*. In 1916, he helped found the Assemblies of God,

but after 1920 he returned his credentials.

H. G. Rodgers received the Holy Spirit under G. B. Cashwell at Birmingham, Alabama. He was a leader in the Church of God—there were a number churches that went by that name—a loose fellowship of Pentecostal ministers in Dothan, Alabama. H. G. Rodgers was baptized in Jesus' Name along with other well-known ministers such as E.N. Bell, Frank Ewart, Howard Goss, and W.E. Booth-Clibborn. Later Bro. Rodgers left the Oneness doctrine and headed an independent Pentecostal group in the southeastern U.S.

Elder Sturdevant was an African American who as a missionary en route to Africa brought the message to New York City in December 1906.

Ambrose Jessup Tomlinson (1865-1943) was an Indiana farm boy influenced by the teachings of Charles Finney. In 1900, he organized an orphanage in North Carolina and published *Samson's Foxes*, a Holiness newspaper. He was an avid reader and prolific writer. Tomlinson was baptized in 1897 and began traveling and preaching. In 1907, he began to preach the doctrine of Spirit baptism with tongues speech and in 1908, he helped found the Church of God, Cleveland, Tennessee.

Other early seekers and leaders were Edward J. Boehmer, Elmer Fisher, and Russian immigrants, Demos and Goolisar Shakarian. There were so many of these dedicated early Holy Ghost-filled leaders.

Azusa Street was not the only early center of Pentecostalism. Glad Tidings Tabernacle in New York City was founded in 1907 by Marie and Robert Brown. Stone Church in Chicago experienced a great revival in 1907 under William Piper. Queen Street Mission in Toronto, Ontario was called the "Azusa Street of Canada" under the leadership of Ellen and James Hebden.

Women in Leadership Early On

... I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ... and your daughters shall prophesy... Joel 2:28

Over the centuries women's roles in the hierarchy of the church were marginalized. But in the Azusa revival atmosphere six out of the twelve elders were women: Jennie Evans Moore Seymour, Sis. Prince, May Evans, Clara Lum, Phoebe Sargent and Florence Crawford. Gender inequality and negative interracial attitudes did not generally exist at Azusa; therefore, women's ministries succeeded better in the more deeply spiritual environment there. However, as time went on, inequality developed and the opportunities for women clerics were gradually less available.

Ruth Asberry, a cousin of Neely Terry, opened her home in March 1906 at 214 Bonnie Brae Street when a place was needed for prayer meetings before the happenings at Azusa Street.

"Mother" Leanore O. Barnes (1854-1939) was an early evangelist. It is thought that Evangelist Glenn Cook of Azusa Street brought this message to Mother Barnes in St. Louis. She was associated with Mother Mary Moise, a Pentecostal social worker who had a Faith Home for the homeless in St. Louis. Later "Mother" Barnes left the Assemblies of God and joined the Oneness movement and taught in the short-term Oneness Bible school in Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Daisy Batman and her husband G. W., together with their three small children, took the Azusa message to Liberia. One of the Azusa people paid for most of their fares. They traveled to Africa in December 1906 with Julia Hutchins and Lucy Farrow. Sadly, the whole family died of the "plague" soon after arriving in Africa.

Ivey Campbell (1874-1918) had established a Holiness

church in East Liverpool, Ohio, before moving to Los Angeles. She received her Holy Spirit baptism at Azusa in the summer of 1906 where she served as a mission worker—a soft-spoken woman except while preaching.

She returned to Ohio in November 1906 and spoke at the Broadway Mission in East Liverpool. But her message was generally rejected. She went on to preach in Akron, Ohio and Chester, Pennsylvania and other area towns. Pastor McKinney of the South Street Mission in Akron and some Quakers in Alliance had heard about Azusa and contacted Ivey. Within a month, forty people had received their Baptism. Pastor McKinney wrote postcards to many pastors and church leaders in nearby towns with the invitation to come and see. The services were full of fire, like an old-fashioned camp meeting. Frank Bartleman also came to Ohio and joined in these services.

But opposition came. Again, the newspapers served as their publicist. One reporter wrote that the "new sect has been denounced as a fraud by nearly every local minister, and some people have asked the police to stop the meetings, claiming that the meetings are working harm to the community." Ivey in righteous anger threatened the news people "with the curses of God for their ridicule" and the crowds kept coming. The persecution also continued—about midnight one Saturday a gang came to the tent with "squirt guns" that held sulfuric acid. The clothes were burnt off some and others suffered painful skin burns. Ivey went back to Los Angeles, a broken person after all the criticism and persecution. She never recovered. Ivey died there in June 1918.

"Mother" Emma Cotton (1877-1952) moved from Louisiana to California, evangelized and founded churches with her husband. She was described as "a little woman with a mighty Hallelujah, neatly dressed, unprepossessing and a firebrand." She wrote regarding Azusa: "God was exalted and the power fell ... People left their big churches and temples and went to that old barn to pray.

The lame, the halt and the blind came and God healed them ... The saints were so saturated with the power of God that the thing swept the city." Mother Cotton was one of the first to receive the Holy Ghost at Bonnie Brae Street and continued to work at Azusa. She also wrote some gospel songs. Later in life, Mother Cotton co-pastored Azusa Temple, a large Church of God in Christ congregation in Los Angeles.

Florence Crawford (1872-1936) wrote of Azusa, "I looked around to see if anybody saw me go in, but I would not have cared if the whole world saw me go out." She was an entrepreneur, a gifted speaker and worker at Azusa, part of the leadership team. "Mother" Crawford was appointed state director of the Pacific Coast Apostolic Faith Mission carrying the revival on the road, even preaching in the Twin Cities. In 1906 in late fall, she moved to Portland, Oregon after having a difference with Pastor Seymour and opened up an independent work.

Maria Woodworth-Etter (1844-1924) had a call to the ministry at age thirteen. In 1879, she received her Baptism and started her preaching ministry. Her husband did not share her calling, but she never doubted God's call. She began to hold revival meetings and to organize churches. She reached thousands in her services and also through her books. As a healer and evangelist of the "sawdust trail," she preached from coast to coast with as many as 25,000 people in a single service and by 1889 her 8,000-seat tent was sometimes too small. (She must have had a very strong voice.) Sister Etter was the main speaker at Arroyo Seco in 1913. She was also a contributor to women's rights. Howard Goss wrote in *The Winds of God* that "Sis. Etter was a great warrior ... an ideal evangelist. She never seemed to tire; she could keep preaching night and day, year after year, in top form and with the same results ...Nothing daunted or shook her faith." Sis. Etter was described by one historian as looking "just like your grandmother but exercised tremendous spiritual authority over sin, disease and demons."

Lucy Farrow —born in slavery and sold on the slave block in Norfolk—was a niece of Frederick Douglass (1817 -1895), the great African American abolitionist. She founded and pastored a Black Holiness mission in Houston. Under Bro. Parham's ministry she received her Spirit Baptism. Later, she served as cook and governess for the Parham family and then moved to Los Angeles in 1906. She was an outstanding altar worker and had a special gift in praying for people to receive the Holy Ghost often by "the laying on of hands." She did not always stay at Azusa, but held meetings in Texas, Louisiana and Virginia and became a missionary to Liberia for one term. After her return to Azusa, she continued to minister from a small "faith cottage back of the mission" where the staff gathered for prayer. She also used the cottage to prepare and serve meals for the staff. Later, she went to Texas to live with her son and died from tuberculosis at age sixty.

Jeannie Lancaster (1858-1934), wife and mother of five, was the founder of a Pentecostal congregation in Australia. She began to actively search for what the Bible had to say about divine healing. In 1906, someone from England sent her a book about salvation, tongues speech and healing. She preached the fourfold gospel: salvation in Jesus, baptism in the Holy Spirit, divine healing and the second coming. She and her small congregation bought a hall and named it "Good News Hall." During the depression years, the congregation provided for the poor and needy. The church had an outreach over the continent. She published her own paper, *Good News*, with a circulation of 3,000.

Mrs. Edward S. Lee and her husband, members of Sis. Hutchins church on Santa Fe, offered a room in their home to Bro. Seymour after he was locked out of the Santa Fe Mission. There he gave Bible studies and held prayer meetings. Many people came and they soon needed to find a larger space.

Miss Clara Lum (1869-1946) was born in Wisconsin, moved to southern California and taught school in Artesia. In 1897, she

moved to Shenandoah, Iowa, and was part of a radical holiness group and training school where she received a powerful spiritual experience. By 1899, she was associate editor of the paper of the World's Faith Missionary Association, *The Firebrand*. She learned typing and shorthand and oversaw the monthly printing. Cecil Robeck wrote that she also collected and wrote the history of the group. Due to health issues, she moved in 1904 to Salem, Oregon, but by 1906 she was in Los Angeles helping the Nazarenes publish their paper.

In May, Clara visited Azusa Street and received the Holy Ghost and felt that the Lord had given her the supernatural gift to write. Oral tradition held that she stenographically recorded the testimonies, sermons and the interpretation of tongues at Azusa and became the principal editor of the mission's newspaper, *Apostolic Faith*.

There are different versions of what really happened to the *Apostolic Faith* paper. In the summer of 1908, Clara joined Sis. Crawford in Portland, Oregon. She took a significant number of the 22 *Apostolic Faith* mailing lists of subscribers with her, leaving only the Los Angeles area names and addresses. The Azusa Mission lost its primary communication tool. With the loss of advertising, there also was a substantial reduction of funds for the mission. Clara wrote in the July and August 1908 *Apostolic Faith* issue from Portland, "We have moved the paper which the Lord laid on us to begin at Los Angeles to Portland, Oregon, which will now be its headquarters" with the addition that offerings be sent to Portland. Why the change? Some felt she may have left over Pastor Seymour's marriage to Jennie Evans Moore. After years of debate, no one knows for sure.

This removal of the *Apostolic Faith* led to hard feelings. William and Jennie Seymour went to Portland in 1908, but failed to recover the mailing lists. Supporters of Sis. Crawford and Clara insisted they left Azusa with the blessing of the mission. For many,

decades the paper prospered in Oregon and was renamed *Light of Hope* in 1965. Clara continued to live in the Portland area until her death.

"Mother" Mary Gill Moise (1850-1930) did mission work in St. Louis, Missouri. She was born in Richmond, Virginia. Her parents entertained Confederate President Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee in their home. Around 1907, she opened a "faith home"—a place where prostitutes, drunks and drug users could live. It was also a Bible training center where training focused heavily on prayer, street ministry, and living by faith. The home also served as a "motel" where early Pentecostals could come for short stays. It was called "The Door of Hope" at 215 1/2 North 13th Street, later moved to 2829 Washington and renamed "Christian Rescue Home." Glenn Cook came from Azusa to faith home, held Bible studies, and subsequently baptized forty people including "Mother" Moise and her staff in Jesus' Name in the Mississippi River.

Sister Prince was known as a "Mother in Israel" at Azusa for her pious life and childlike faith. People came to her for prayer and advice. Frank Bartleman described her as "... a very ordinary woman, as natural talents go."

Phoebe Sargent, a Los Angeles businesswoman, was appointed as a "city missionary" to oversee the work throughout Los Angeles and the outlying communities such as helping to coordinate street meetings. She was the wife of a successful homebuilder and she opened and operated a sanitarium, the Elysian Hospital.

Jennie Evans Moore Seymour (died 1936) was an original member of the Asberry prayer meetings and Bible studies. Jennie was a cousin of Ruth Asberry and lived across the street from them on Bonnie Brae. Before her marriage, she served as a "city missionary." She and two other sisters visited Chicago and were very impressed with the children's ministry there. Jennie married

William Seymour in May 1908 and became a partner at Azusa through her preaching and overseeing the work when Bro. Seymour was out of town. She was gifted musically and was involved in the singing at the Mission. A.A. Boddy wrote in the November 12 issue of *Confidence* that as he entered the church "Mrs. Seymour was leading the hymn singing and giving exhortations between. The assembly went into prayer and she led very earnestly as one who knew God."

The Seymours lived upstairs at the mission in a small apartment. After Seymour's death, she continued at the mission until 1931.

Rachel Artamissie Sizelove (1864-1941) had been a Free Methodist evangelist. She introduced Pentecostalism to Springfield, Missouri. By 1907, the group had become a thriving congregation and eventually became the center of the Assemblies of God.

Miss Mable Smith traveled to Chicago with a team in 1906 and spread the message of Azusa.

Mother Elizabeth R. Wheaton was a well-known prison evangelist who said that tough work required tough people.

PENTECOST IS TAKEN TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Go ye into all the world. and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark 16:15

William Seymour wrote in the *Apostolic Faith* of October 1, 1906, "Missionaries for the foreign field, equipped with several languages, are now on their way and others are waiting for the way to open and for the Lord to say 'Go.'" By October 1906, thirty-eight saints had left the Azusa mission for foreign fields and by 1908, the

movement had been taken to over 50 nations. Early on the first missionaries thought that tongues speech, *xenolalia*, would allow them to preach in a foreign language, but most readjusted and learned the native tongue. A. J. Boddy, an English vicar, wrote in *Confidence* of August 1909:

In spite of what seemed to be a disappointment when they found they could not preach in the language of the people, and in spite of mistakes made chiefly through their zeal, God has blessed, and now more than ever the Pentecostal Movement is truly a Missionary Movement. With more training now an increasing band of missionaries is in the field or going out . . . to preach Christ and Him crucified to the heathen people, often in very hard places, amidst terrible difficulties.

Also, there were spontaneous outpourings of the Holy Ghost and revival under indigenous leadership. There were "Jeruselems" other than America's Azusa Street—Pyongyang, Korea; Beijing, China; Poona, India; Wakkerstroom, South Africa; Lagos, Nigeria; Valparaiso, Chile; Belem, Brazil; Oslo, Norway and Sunderland, England. The Holy Spirit had set the world aflame.

Frank Small, Robert E. McAlister and A.H. Argue brought the message of Pentecost to Canada.

The Scandinavian connection to Azusa was Thomas Ball Barratt (1862-1940), born in England, a Methodist Episcopal minister in Norway. He also published a Norwegian paper called *Byposten*. (Incidentally, he studied music as a young man with Edvard Grieg [1843-1907], Norway's great composer and pianist.) Barratt came to the U.S. to raise funds for his City Mission in Kristiana (later named Oslo after Norway won her independence from Sweden.) He came in contact with the Apostolic Faith Mission

in New York City and received the Baptism and never got to the West Coast.

He then brought this message to Pastor Lewi Pethrus (1884-1974) of the Filadelfia Church in Stockholm who received his Baptism. Filadelfia was thought to be the Pentecostal church largest (5,887 members in 1938) in the world until about 1975. Barratt also brought the Pentecostal message to other parts of northern Europe and India including Jonathan Paul in Germany and Alexander Boddy, an Anglican vicar whose publication, *Confidence*, helped spread the Pentecostal message worldwide.

The *Apostolic Faith* Vol. I, No. 4 of December 1906 contains a letter from Bro. Barratt while he was staying at the Alliance House at 150 Fifth Avenue. NYC. He described the events that happened to him there when tongues of fire fell on October 7:

The Lord was going to make this a public testimony of His power. I was not therefore to have it in my little room but among friends. It was a meeting in a little hall. The power was very great. At about half past twelve I asked a brother there and Sis. Leatherman to lay their hands on my head again. And just then she says she saw a crown of fire and cloven tongues over my head. The brother saw a supernatural light.

Immediately I was filled with light and such a power that I began to shout as loud as I could in a foreign language. I must have spoken seven or eight languages to judge from the various sounds and forms of speech used, I stood erect at times, preaching in one foreign tongue after another, and I know from the strength of my voice that 10,000 might easily have heard all I said ... The most

wonderful moment though was when I burst into a beautiful baritone solo, using one of the most pure and delightful languages I have ever heard. The tune and words were entirely new to me, and the rhythm and cadence of the verses and chorus seemed to be perfect ...

Alexander Boddy (1854-1930) was the Anglican Vicar of All Saints' Parish in Sunderland, England. He wrote after visiting Bro. Barratt's meetings in Kristiania, Norway: "I remember well the scenes two years ago when I stood with Evan Roberts in the pulpit in Tondy-Pandy (1904), but wonderful as such scenes in Wales were, the scenes in the Torvegadon Mission Room and other places "were more supernatural." Back home in Sunderland, Boddy was baptized with the Holy Ghost and led many others into this glorious experience. And on that day the walls of the church were engraved: "September 1907. When the fire of the Lord fell it burnt up all the debt." He began to publish his magazine, *Confidence*, in 1908 and up to the onset of World War I and after the war he resumed publishing. In 1912, he traveled to Azusa Street.

Missionaries through the help of William Durham and the Chicago mission served in Latin America. One of them was Dr. Willis C. Hoover (1856-1936), a medical doctor and Methodist-Holiness missionary to Chile and Brazil who was used by God to bring about an outpouring of the Holy Ghost in 1909. Darnel Berg (1884-1963) and Gunnar Vingren (1879-1933), two Swedish immigrants from Bro. Durham's church (there was a large Scandinavian population in Chicago) founded a number of churches in Brazil in 1911. Two Italian immigrants from Bro. Durham's North Avenue Mission in Chicago, Luigi Francescone (1866-1964) and Giacomo Lombardi (B: 1866) built churches in Italy, Argentina and Brazil.

A great spiritual awakening came to Europe. Early converts of Berg and Vingren went as missionaries from Brazil to

Portugal in 1913 and 1921. Swedish missionaries, Julia and Martin Wahlsten sowed the seeds of Pentecost in Spain in 1923. Barratt from Norway sent a worker in 1907 to France and by 1909 there were small individual groups of Pentecostal believers there. Frank Bartleman preached in France in 1912 and wrote that it was a difficult field.

In the 19th century, there were reports of "jumpers" who spoke in tongues in the Ukraine. Among other groups who spoke in tongues were the Smorodintsi who denied the doctrine of the Trinity. Ivan Voronaev was born in 1886 in Russia and was a Baptist minister in Siberia. Because of severe persecution, he left Russia for the U.S. He converted to Pentecostalism here and then returned to Russia in 1920. He established churches in Bulgaria, the Ukraine and Russia in the 1920's. The church in Odessa, Ukraine, had 1,000 members—many went underground due to Soviet persecution. After 1930, Bro. Voronaev and about 800 other pastors were sent to the Siberian concentration camps and by 1940 were presumed dead.

Many workers traveled to Africa after 1907 when African Americans such as Sis. Farrow from Azusa Street first went to Liberia. The Thomas Hezmalhalch party went to South Africa and started the Apostolic Faith and the Black branch—Zion Christian Church which became the largest Christian church in South Africa. John Lake (1870-1935) was baptized in the Holy Spirit in 1907 after which he led a large missionary party to South Africa and there founded 2,500 Apostolic Faith assemblies. The Meads, Samuel J. (1849-1936) and Ardella, (1843-1934), were Methodist Episcopal missionaries to Angola under William Taylor who advocated the "Pauline" model for missions to be self-supporting and self-governing. The Meads spent twenty years as missionaries in Africa, but they longed for something deeper from God. They went to Azusa where they were baptized in the Holy Spirit and then returned to Africa along with other missionaries.

Pentecost came to Asia including Myanmar (Burma), Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore and the Philippines. The Pentecostals did not arrive in Indonesia until 1921.

Protestant missionaries to China had a sixty-year start before the Azusa Pentecostals came—having built churches, schools and hospitals. In 1907, Pastor M. L. Ryan who took a group from Seattle to China ministered in Hong Kong, Shanghai and other parts of China and then into Japan. As I read some of the literature, there were a good number of missionaries to China. One of them, B. Berntsen, reported in the January 1908 edition of the *Apostolic Faith* that he received the message from the paper and traveled to Los Angeles where he received his Baptism. He reported, "Quite a stir" and signed off, "Yours for lost souls in China. B. Berntsen, Tai-ming-fu, Chih-li, North China."

Alfred Goodrich Garr (1874-1944) was a Baptist called to the ministry and began to preach in Kentucky. He met his wife, Lillian, at Asbury College. They pastored the Burning Bush Mission in Los Angeles, a Holiness church. Garr received the Baptism and led part of the Burning Bush people to Azusa Street. The Garr's sailed for India and in Calcutta they visited and taught at a missionary conference and told them about the Azusa revival. They also ministered at Pandita Ramabai's mission in Ceylon and had a great influence in Hong Kong. Tragedy also befell them on the trip with the deaths of their two daughters. After preaching in Japan, they returned to the States in 1911 and served as pastors and evangelists.

Leonard Coote was an English businessman who went to Japan in 1913 and received the Holy Ghost there in 1917. While in Japan, he married an American missionary. He began to work with missionaries and became a powerful, anointed preacher. He began to hold tent meetings, opened a Bible school in Ikoma, Japan, and formed the Japan Apostolic Church. The PAW and later the PAJC sponsored his ministry. Before the outbreak of World War II, government officials demanded to sit on the platform and to read

his sermons before he preached them. The newspapers also persecuted the work. At the onset of World War II, he came to the U.S. Most of Ikoma's population were evacuated to the countryside and the city escaped war damage. After the war, Bro. Coote returned to Japan and resumed his missionary work.

The Korean Pentecost started in 1903. A group of Methodist missionaries met for extended prayer and subsequently were filled with the Holy Ghost speaking in tongues. Then in 1905, an American missionary, H. Johnson, told them about the revivals at Keswick and after daily noon prayer meetings, the Holy Ghost fell more extensively and the Korean church doubled in size. Dedicated indigenous preachers continued to lead. In 1928, Mary Rumsey who had received the Baptism at Azusa Street established a Pentecostal church in Seoul, Korea and by 1940 five other congregations were born. The years during World War II and the Korean War were especially hard for the church. Mary had to return to the U.S., but the churches survived. Today the Yoido Church under Rev. Cho has upwards of 700,000 members.

THE CAMP MEETING AT ARROYO SECO PARK

Evangelist R. J. Scott, a businessman from Winnipeg, was a part of the Monday morning leadership committee at Azusa and was named organizing chair for planning a camp meeting for 1907. Other missions and churches in L.A. of like faith were to join the Azusa people at the camp that was to run from June 1 to September 1. Azusa had become so crowded and the summer heat and biting flies were almost unbearable. The *Apostolic Faith* promoted the first camp meeting in the May 1907 issue, describing Arroyo Seco as a place where you can pray as loud as you like.

There was the large main meeting tent plus a tent for the children's meetings, one for those seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and a cafeteria/dining room tent. The small family tents

were arranged in rows and the "avenues" were named, about 250 tents lined along both sides of the arroyo. The creek was dammed up in a couple places where they could baptize converts. It was a great success: 3,000 ministers, missionaries and lay people gathered from all over the world. God met them in such a wonderful way so other camp meetings were planned.

Dr. Cecil Robeck wrote in the AG *Heritage* Winter Issue 2005-2006 that when he takes people on tours of Pentecostal sites, "I try to get people to imagine what it was like to have a racially-integrated, half-mile long expanse of tents, carefully laid out, where people brought their cows and their chickens, where they fixed their own meals or ate together in a big tent cafeteria, and they held meetings in a tent that would hold as many as 2,000 people."

According to the Spring 1983 *Assemblies of God Heritage*, the camp meetings continued on an irregular basis until about 1920. Fred Griesinger remembered a later camp meeting:

... the exciting month-long happening. Hundreds of people flocked to Arroyo Seco from thousands of miles away. More than 200 ministers—many of them well known in the Pentecostal movement—were there. A big 5,000-seat tent was set up on the temporary Hallelujah Avenue. Scores of smaller tents formed a tent city around the larger tent. Many were saved, healed, and baptized in the Spirit ...

In 1912, R. J. Scott dreamed of another meeting for the spring of 1913 which would "gather His saints together in one place and deal with them, giving a unity and power that we have not yet known." Bro. Scott went to Dallas, Texas, to meet and possibly invite Sis. Woodsworth-Etter, sixty-nine years old at the time, to be the camp evangelist. This was then announced in *Word and Witness*, February 20, 1913. The meetings were to be held from April 15 to May 15.

On Monday, April 14, 1913, the day before the Worldwide Camp Meeting opened, the sky grew black—a storm blew up and pounded the Arroyo Seco with thunder and hail and even some snow.

Adolfo C. Valdez—who was a teenager in 1913—wrote that his family set up a tent at the intersection of Praise and Glory and that hundreds of children were saved and filled with the Spirit in the children's tent. The legacy of the Valdez family is remarkable. Adolfo (1896-1988) said that the gift of speaking in tongues had been in his family over 150 years. The family was devoutly Catholic. He stated, "My father was filled with the Spirit, and many times I found him in the barn on his knees, praying and shaking from head to foot and speaking in tongues." His ancestor Eugenio Valdez, a Spanish soldier, was converted by Junipero Serra, (1713-1784) a Spirit-filled Franciscan priest, who preached to thousands and established nine missions along the California coast. The Valdez family came to the Azusa Mission and after 1909 joined William Durham's mission in Los Angeles. Adolfo was called by God as a young man and throughout his life served as a preacher with a healing ministry and as a foreign missionary.

M. M. Pinson wrote in the May 20, 1913 *Word and Witness* "A thousand people were camping on the grounds; 2,000 were attending week-night services and many more on Sundays." Several missionaries were there and a missionary offering of \$4,140.55, plus jewelry and real estate was received.

At the 1913 World-Wide Camp Meeting, Robert E. McAlister, a young Canadian minister, was chosen to preach on the occasion of a baptismal service. He started with the accepted message and spoke on the different modes of baptism. He said that the scriptures showed that the Apostles all baptized their converts in the Name of Jesus Christ not using the titles of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. A missionary cautioned Bro. McAlister about this viewpoint.

The next morning John Scheppe, after meditating on the subject all night long, ran around the camp proclaimed that Jesus had revealed to him this truth on water baptism. As a result, people began to study and discuss this message. Pentecostal leaders such as Frank Ewart and Glenn Cook accepted the new doctrine. They spread the word and many other leaders in various parts of the country were re-baptized. In Indianapolis, Bro. L. V. Roberts and his entire church were baptized in Jesus' Name as well as Bro. G.T. Haywood and his congregation of 465 people. Other leaders were re-baptized in the name of Jesus including E. N. Bell, Howard Goss, L. C. Hall, B. F. Lawrence, R. E. McAlister, D. C. O. Opperman, H. G. Rodgers, and Frank Small.

Frank J. Ewart, one of the Los Angeles ministers at the meeting and later a pioneer in the Oneness movement, wrote that 364 people had received the Baptism during the four weeks. After the camp meeting, nightly services continued at Azusa Street. The altars continued to be filled and many were saved and healed. You can visit the Arroyo camp meeting site today which is adjacent to the #110 Pasadena Freeway between Marisol and Avenue 60.

ONENESS PENTECOSTALISM AND WATER BAPTISM IN JESUS' NAME

Baptism in Jesus' Name has been documented earlier than Arroyo Seco. Pastor Easterling wrote that as early as 1902 Charles Parham saw that the Apostles baptized in Jesus' Name. Parham baptized converts in the Name of Jesus during the Galena, Kansas revival in 1904. In 1909, Latinos in southern California were baptizing and re-baptizing converts in the Name of Jesus. Both the Trinitarian and the Oneness formulas were used at the Azusa Mission. Andrew Urshan began to baptize in the Name of Jesus in 1910.

By 1914, leaders like Frank Ewart and Glenn Cook had accepted and preached the message of the one God who had

revealed himself as Father, Son and Holy Ghost and was none other than Jesus Christ. They believed that the formula for water baptism was not in the titles of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but "in Jesus' Name." By the spring of 1915, the effect of the "New Issue," sometimes called the nontraditional view, was growing. R. E. McAlister and Frank Small took the message to Canada.

Later in 1915, in response to the Oneness doctrine and baptism in Jesus' Name, those holding to the Trinitarian view met at the Assemblies of God General Council, to study the problem. But in the summer of 1915, E. N. Bell was baptized in Jesus' Name causing confusion in the A/G. Later Bro. Bell returned to the Assemblies of God teaching.

After other meetings a "showdown" regarding the Oneness and Trinitarian doctrines occurred at the Assemblies of God General Conference in St. Louis in 1916. A "Statement of Fundamental Truths" of the organization was drawn up supporting the Trinity doctrine. The Oneness group wanted to take out the strong Trinitarian references. However, the Trinitarian doctrine was approved by a majority of the brethren. This resulted in over 155 ministers leaving the A/G fellowship. The Louisiana brethren left *en masse*.

Oneness leaders such as Howard Goss, H.G. Rogers and D. C. O. Opperman announced a meeting at Eureka, Springs, Arkansas, and the General Assembly of Apostolic Assemblies was formed, but did not last long. The GAAA merged with the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World in 1918.

PENTECOST COMES TO THE TWIN CITIES, 1906-1917

I do not know exactly who brought the Pentecostal message to St Paul. The following is from an unsigned typed report that was handed out at ABC's 75th anniversary.

As early as December 1906, evening meetings were

held in downtown St. Paul in a building on Jackson Street between Seventh and Eighth Streets that was a restaurant in the daytime. It was called Pacific Garden Mission. Apparently, there was no specific leader at first but lay elders conducted the meetings. Some lay elders were Julius Granberg, Gust Johnson (later changed his last name to Edwards) and another Bro. Johnson whose first name was not known but he was called "Three-fingered Johnson." Later Eric Stone [Jeanette Stone Ahlstrand's and Clinton Stone's father] was a lay elder.

Thomas Griffin was an early evangelist who came from Azusa Street to the mission. There are occasional short reports in the Assemblies of God's periodicals submitted by Bro. Griffin about his preaching experiences in the Midwest, but I was unable to find a report by him specific to the Twin Cities.

Cecil M. Robeck wrote in *Azusa Street* that in 1907 Jennie Evans Moore traveled to Minneapolis where she held some meetings.

This report is from *The Apostolic Faith* of May 1907:

April 15. Yesterday, our first Sunday, was a day of great victory for the Lord. At the afternoon and evening services, the altar was crowded with earnest, anxious seekers between fifty and sixty last night. I feel that God is going to sweep Minneapolis as she was never swept before. Glory! We have been giving the strong meat of the Word, preaching repentance and restitution as the only foundation upon which the Holy Ghost will build—and it is taking. The Dowieites are closing up their missions and coming with us. We have a large hall, and it was filled all day yesterday. Hallelujah.

May 3. This is a blessed day after our great victory of last night. One sister received her Pentecost and talked for some time in tongues. Some understood her when she spoke the Polish and others recognized several sentences spoken in the Bohemian. I recognized the Chinese when she spoke that and another recognized the Italian. She sang beautifully in the Norwegian tongue. Of course the devil was stirred and there were threats of throwing me in jail because someone suggested hypnotism. We are having wonderful meetings. Bro. Pendleton felt the presence of the Holy Ghost fire as I did at the beginning of the meeting last night. He had no sermon—we went to the altar after singing a couple of songs. The Swedish sisters are with us. Their ship sails May 17. They are blessed women of God. J. R. Conlee, 320 S. Cedar St.

(Bro. Conlee and Bro. Trotter came to Minneapolis from Azusa. The Cedar-Riverside area was Minneapolis' "Swede Town" as was Payne Avenue in St. Paul. Bro. Pendleton came from the 8th Street and Maple Avenue Mission in Los Angeles.)

A report from Minneapolis in *The Apostolic Faith* from June to September 1907 Edition Nine is as follows:

On Sunday the power of God came upon us in the morning meeting and in the evening the Pentecost began to fall, and by 11:30 the next morning six had received Pentecost. For they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God. It was like some scenes in Azusa, all around lay the slain, Methodists, Baptists, and Lutherans. Young people arose with shining faces speaking in the power of the Holy Ghost in unknown tongues. Two elderly sisters also spoke in tongues, magnifying God. We have the

happiest band of baptized people you ever saw. Young ladies that were so timid, now clap their hands and shout Glory, all the time.

Another night when the meeting lasted till five o'clock in the morning, one young man, a Methodist, came through about one a.m. and spoke in tongues for two hours, giving some of the most blessed messages and interpreting: the burden was "Jesus is coming soon, get ready to meet Him."

One little girl received her baptism and spoke beautifully in tongues, and then spoke to some unconverted young men in tongues and interpreted, which was a plea for them to give their hearts to Jesus now as He was soon coming and they would be lost. The men were visibly affected by the message.

Three baptismal services were held (up to June 19th) at a suburban lake, and 24 were buried in the likeness of His death.

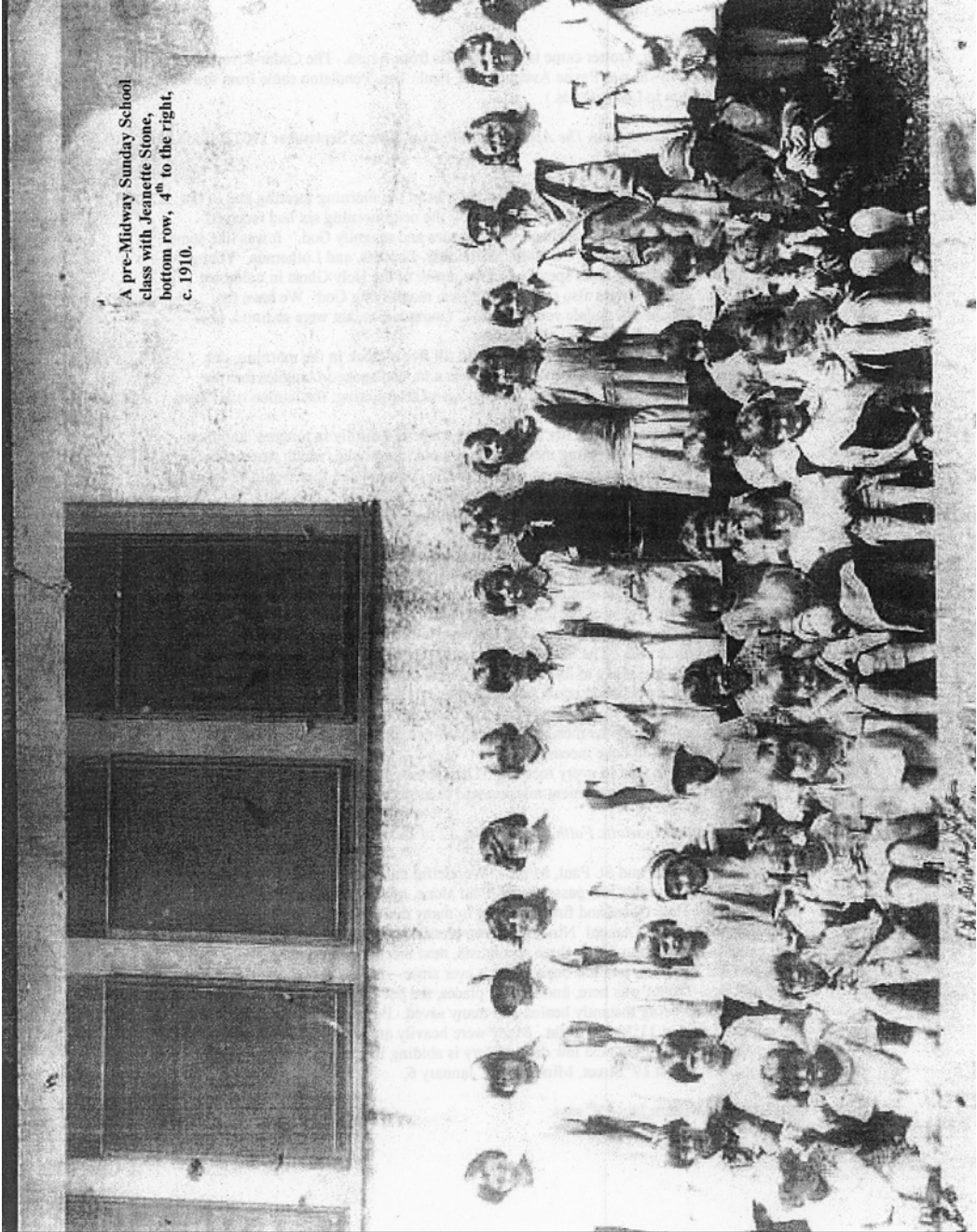
Most of those who received the baptism in the Spirit are prostrated on the floor. Some received it while sitting in a chair or standing on their feet. Some have received it at home. Those who are prostrated, many of them tell of having a vision of heaven or of Jesus the Lord or otherwise of having come into a full and far deeper sense of God than ever thought of before. A brother coming out from under the power where he had received revelations said, "The hand of God is certainly on this work, and those who scoff and oppose it are likely to have the Lord's hand put on them in a terrible way."

The papers published many false reports, and they were threatened with arrest and to have the meetings stopped on the charge of disturbing the peace; but Bro. Pendleton announced that the meetings would continue for they must obey God. If they went to jail, they would have meetings there.

Some get to God in every meeting. They obtained a large hall that will sit four or five hundred, where a permanent mission will be established, (No signature.)

Two reports in the *Apostolic Faith* in Vol. I No, 12 of January 1908 were:

Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.—Wonderful outpouring of the Spirit here and at St. Paul. In five nights just passed in St. Paul alone, nine have received old time baptisms of the Holy Ghost and fire, speaking in many dialects and receiving wonderful visions from tile Lord. Amen! Nine have been blessedly sanctified—a woman dying with cancer—given up to die by three specialists, next morning after being prayed for arose and did her work, and has been doing it ever since—healed. I was in St. Paul last week and Bro. Trotter was here, and in both places, the power was wonderful—yesterday especially, many being instantly healed and many saved. People were prostrated under the power of God at 11:30 last night. Many were heavily anointed for their baptism, and we expect a shower in the next few days. Glory is abiding in our hearts." By Florence Crawford, 1315 East 19th Street, Minneapolis. January 6.



A pre-Midway Sunday School class with Jeanette Stone, bottom row, 4th to the right, c. 1910.



The Full Gospel Assembly at 700 Jenks Street

A later report written Jan. 13th says:

I wish to report victory in both St. Paul and Minneapolis. Yesterday was a great day. We had the ordinances of the Lord's Supper and Foot-Washing Saturday night and the saints from St. Paul all came over and participated with us. Some fell under the power and lay for several hours. We had a blessed time. We then invited St Paul saints to worship with us on Sunday afternoon. Sis. Crawford gave the message in the afternoon. I gave it in the morning and Bro. Trotter in the evening. People fell under the power all day. And when I left the hall at 5 p.m., they were lying all over the hall under the power. The hall was an altar from the stand to the door. So many are getting saved, and many that have been claiming to be sanctified are finding that they were just saved, and are now getting really sanctified. Greetings to the church at Azusa Street. By J. R. Conlee, 1003 25th Avenue N.E., Minneapolis.

By 1911, the meeting place of the St. Paul congregation was at 913 Payne Avenue and in 1912, the church moved to 816 Payne Avenue—on St Paul's East Side. Services were held in the upper floor of a storefront building in the winter and in the summer, they held tent revivals. Attendance fluctuated sometimes in a revival campaign there were several hundred in a service. In 1912, Erick Stone, a mason by profession, began to construct the 700 Jenks Street building with Carl Sweed of 758 Maryland Avenue. The church was a one-story stucco building on a corner lot in the Victorian style and called The Full Gospel Assembly. Erick Stone was pastor of the church in 1913. The congregation was made up mostly of Scandinavian saints.

F.A Sandgren had been friends with William Durham since 1903 and had received the Holy Ghost in 1907. He served as an

elder in William Durham's early church in Chicago known as the North Avenue Mission. Sandgren published a weekly Scandinavian periodical called *Folk Vennen* (The People's Friend). According to the Federal Census, there were 116,740 Swedes in Chicago in 1910. Sandgren's publication was helpful in establishing several Swedish, Norwegian and Danish Pentecostal missions in Chicago and helped spread the Good News to the Upper Midwest. I found two short reports from F.A Sandgren written from St. Paul in the *Christian Evangel* of 1913:

August 20, 1913. St. Paul, Minn. — At our place of worship we have services both in English and in the Swedish. Lately 2 have been saved, 3 baptized with the Spirit and 4 baptized in water, and 2 more will be baptized in our new baptistry tonight. Many hungry souls are coming and the Lord is blessing, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans and Americans all come together at this place, praising God in unity and harmony.

Meetings at the Full Gospel Assembly, corner Jenks and Greenbrier. SWEDISH services Sunday 3:30 p.m. and Thursday 8 p.m. ENGLISH Sunday 7: 15 p.m. and Tuesday 8 p.m. — F. A Sandgren.

November 20, 1913. St. Paul, Minn. — At last the fire is beginning to fall in our tabernacle at Jenks and Greenbrier. Many are seeking God and the Baptism with the Holy Ghost The place is filled and some have come through in the past two weeks. Bro. Webster Horton of Los Angeles has been with us for the past two weeks and God is using him — F. A. Sandgren.

The Full Gospel Assembly was housed at 700 Jenks Street until 1950 when a new location was found at 581-585 E.

Minnehaha. The church building was then occupied by St. Volodymyr and Olga Ukrainian Orthodox Church until 1961 when it was converted into a private residence.

The doctrine of Oneness and baptism in Jesus' Name brought division to the Full Gospel Assembly on Jenks and Greenbriar. My question is who brought the message of Baptism in Jesus' Name and the Oneness doctrine to St. Paul? It had to be between 1913 and 1915—a rather narrow window. It is highly likely that it was Bro. G.T. Haywood of Indianapolis as he had friends in the Twin Cities at least from 1911. Bro. Glen Cook brought the Oneness message from California to Indianapolis where Bro. Haywood and 465 of his people were baptized in Jesus' Name. Then many of the saints at the Jenks Street church were baptized in Jesus' Name. As a result, they were obligated to leave the Full Gospel Assembly, though they were in the majority, because the Oneness doctrine violated the church charter. Elder Stone, his wife and his daughter, Jeanette, are shown in the 1915 camp meeting photo of the Oneness group. In the PAW's Ministerial Record of 1920 E.S. Stone is listed as an evangelist from St. Paul.

Evangelist R. L. Scott had accepted the Jesus' Name doctrine at Arroyo Seco in California and had a vision of a great Pentecostal Camp Meeting in the Twin Cities. In the summer of 1915, the Scotts came to minister to the Minneapolis and St. Paul saints together with an African American congregation from Franklin. (The only connection I can think of is that there is a Franklin Avenue in East Minneapolis that adjoins University Avenue; that Franklin Avenue may have been the location of their meeting place.) Revival came and lasted for three years. Hundreds were baptized in Jesus' Name. Evangelists such as Bro. Horton, Bro. Webster and Bro. G. T. Haywood were some of the speakers. (See Charles Nelson in "Memories...")

The 1915 picture of the camp meeting was sent to me by Sharon Nelson who had received it from W.C. Parkey. He wrote, "I

preached in Puyallup, Washington, in 1963 and there was an old couple there who were originally from St. Paul. They are the ones who gave me the picture which I have kept." Another picture is owned by Robert Sabin and there is also a copy of the picture that hangs in the hallway of the parsonage of Elim Tabernacle in Milwaukee pastored by my nephew, Steve Rogers. These two copies have inscriptions pasted on the back listing various people's names. Another source of those in the 1915 picture is a letter from Mona Werner of Tacoma, Washington, dated November 19, 1987 to Virginia Rigdon. Sis. Werner wrote that she brought the picture to Herman Werner, her brother-in-law, age 89, the only one left of the Werner family who was part of Midway's young people's group around 1921. "He found several people that he knew. This was in 1915 at least five years before he came to St. Paul. "have marked the people by numbers on a separate sheet."

Part of the camp meeting group came to form the Pentecostal Assembly under Pastor Herbert O. Scott, R. J. Scott's son, and was located at 1899 University Avenue. The following property descriptions are from the Ramsey County Historical society. The record shows that the 1899 property is identified as Lot 22. By 1926, Lot 22 and Lot 23 were known as 1885-1901 University Avenue. In 1890, a Mr. Andrew Jackson built and owned a hotel and restaurant at 1899 University on Lot 22. However, it must not have been long-lived as the business is not listed in the 1900 City Directory. But I wonder if that was the building used by the newly formed Pentecostal Assembly. Bro. Norris sometimes spoke of the beginning of our assembly being in a harness shop (housed in that building?) as the church would have to have had an inside meeting place during the cold winter months. There was a stable that "imported stallions" at 1905 University Avenue on Lot 21 that was built in 1903 and owned by the McLaughlin Brothers. Another horse dealer was Barrett & Zimmerman and was located at 1933 University Avenue. In 1904, a harness shop was run by Leo Levi, located on the south side of the street at 1950 University Avenue.

University Avenue was the main street linking the downtowns of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Along University Avenue, there were a number of light industries, retail and wholesale businesses. Yellow electric streetcars provided good service on this thoroughfare.

Jacob Nelson (born 1918) remembers that a gospel tent was pitched in a field that was directly across from what was later the property of Midway Tabernacle at 464 Pierce Street, sometimes referred to as "the wilderness" because the land was undeveloped. Robert Sabin substantiates this location. (Midway Hospital was built in May 1925 on the southern end of that field and was first called Northwestern Baptist Hospital.)

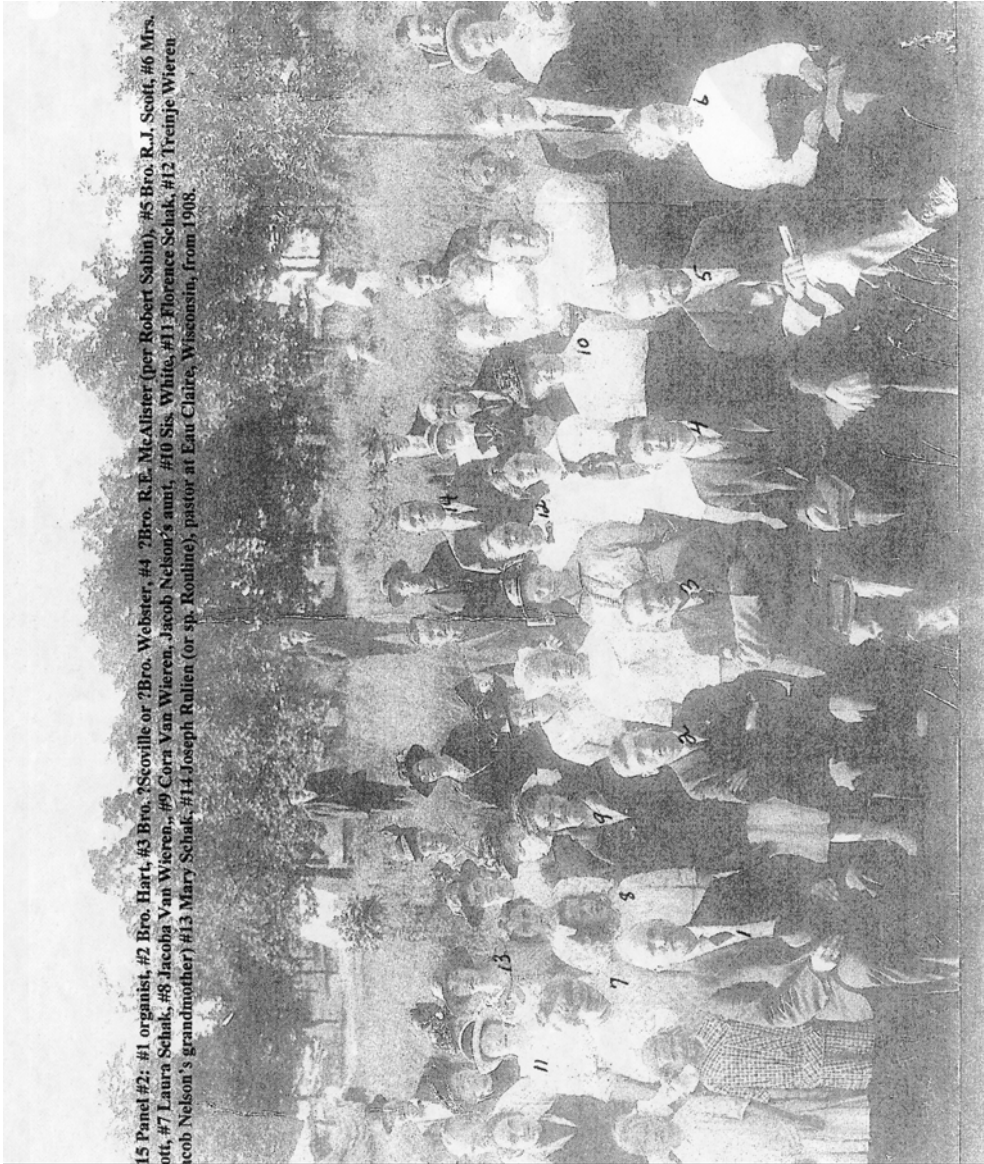
Jumping ahead to the 1930's and 40's, gospel tents were erected at various places. Eleanor Grant writes that sometime after 1936 Bro. Norris had tent meetings on University Avenue just west of Midway Tabernacle. The tent was pitched next to or near the Griggs and Cooper Company building at 1821 University Avenue, a candy and cracker factory which at that time was one of the largest buildings constructed in St. Paul's Midway district. Bro. V. Guidroz was one of the speakers. Joyce VanNess remembers another site by the old Tastee Bread Bakery—the property that is now across from Regions Hospital. I recall the wonderful aroma from the bakery.

The tent meeting I remember best was near Prospect Park. The water tower and park are actually in Minneapolis about a block west of the KSTP television and radio station on University Avenue—pretty much on the border of the two cities. The canvas tent had screened sides with large flaps that were raised for cross ventilation and let down for rainy or cold and windy weather. The wood shavings on the floor gave off a wonderful fragrance. Suspended bare light bulbs hung from the tent frame. We sat on crudely built wooden benches and sang our precious songs with the help of some dear soul playing on an upright piano. I remember one evening when Sis. Edna Goserud came for special prayer.



1915 Panel 1: #1 Mattie Martin, #2 Jeanette Stone, #3 Josephine Hammergren, #4 Henry Schak "Buck" holding daughter, Phyllis, #5 Buck's wife, Catherine Schak, #6 Dorothy Schak, #7 Sis. Schak





15 Panel #2: #1 organist, #2 Bro. Hart, #3 Bro. ?Scoville or ?Bro. Webster, #4 ?Bro. R.E. McAllister (per Robert Sabin), #5 Bro. R.J. Scott, #6 Mrs. Ott, #7 Laura Schak, #8 Jacoba Van Wieren, #9 Cora Van Wieren, Jacob Nelson's aunt, #10 Sis. White, #11 Florence Schak, #12 Treinje Wieren Jacob Nelson's grandmother) #13 Mary Schak, #14 Joseph Rullien (or sp. Roulline), pastor at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, from 1908.



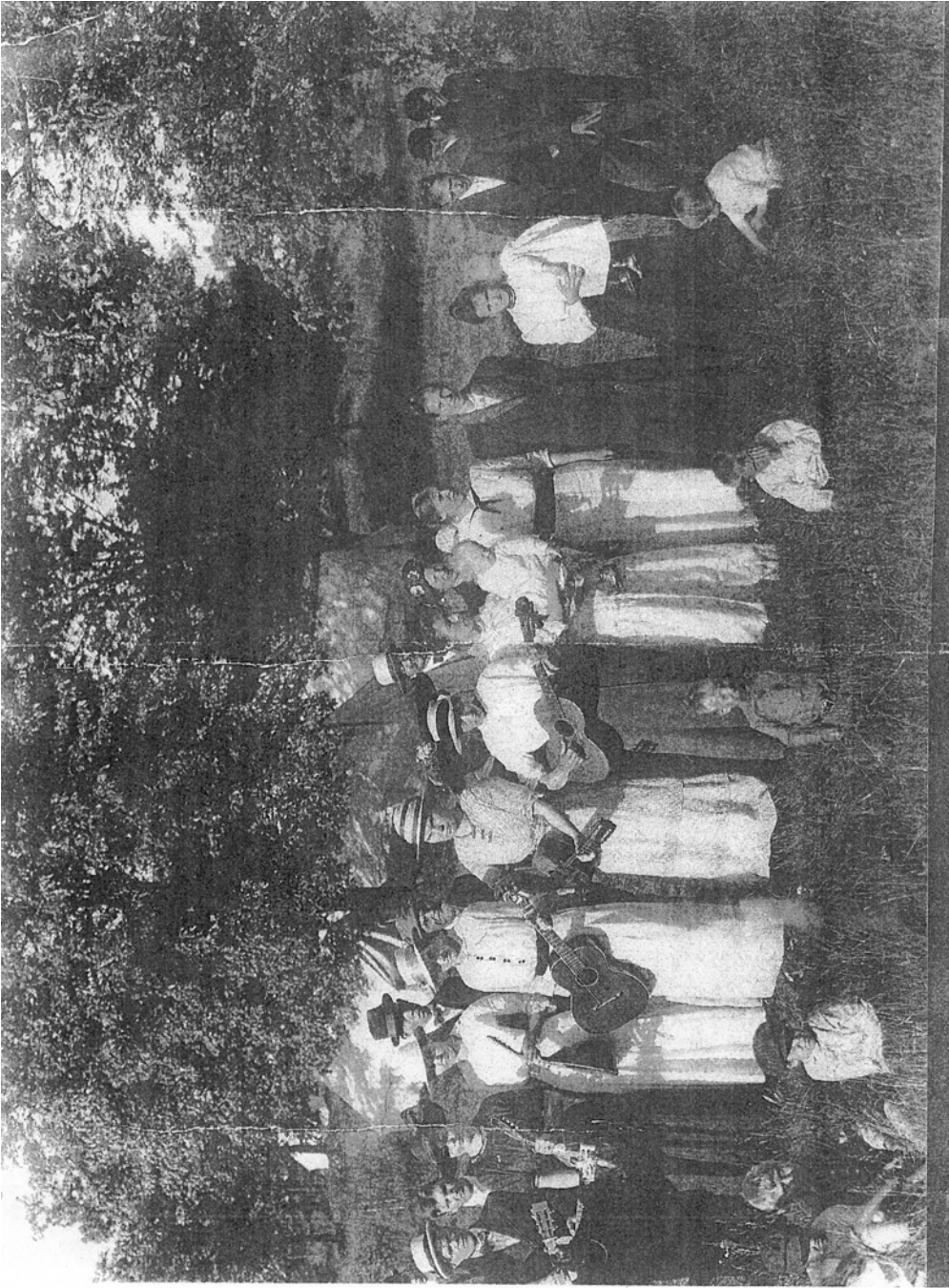


1915 Panel 3: #1 Herbert O. Scott, #2 Mrs. Scott, #3 Eric Stone, #4 Mrs. Stone, #5 Mrs. Philleo, #6 C.W. Philleo, #7 Mildred Hammergren, #8 Riika Van Wieren, Jacob Nelson's mother.



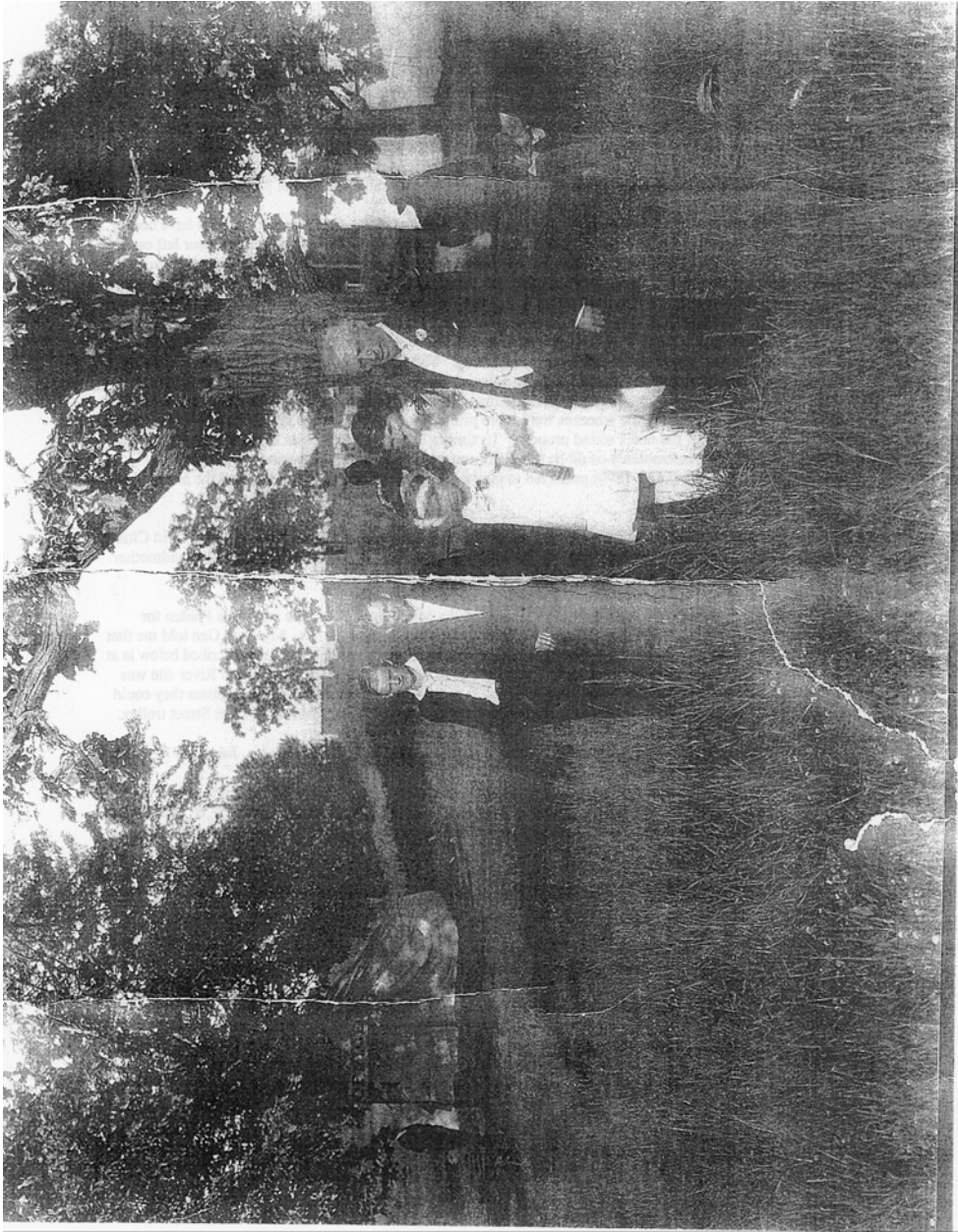


1915 Panel 4: #1 Paul Andreasson, #2 Delia Andreasson, #3 Annie Gulbrandson, #4 Martha Gulbrandson, #5 Gudrun Gulbrandson, maid of honor at the wedding of Mildren Hamnergren and Andrew Urshan. She was a great friend of Mildred and babyset Nathan when he was small.



1915 Panel 5: The family to the right may be the Goulds. I cannot defend this other than the shape of the mother's face and the dark complexion of one of the little girls. There were three sisters, Helen (Meyers), Russell's mother and, of course, Sis, Sjostrand. If I am correct, the couple would be Don Sjostrand's grandparents.





Looking at the 1915 camp meeting picture, the music of the early congregation must have been a form of country gospel and bluegrass. The organist—whose name I don't know—is seated to your left on the clergy row holding his hat. According to early written accounts, a small portable folding pump organ was used to accompany gospel singing for street and tent meetings and visits to hospitals and jails. The smaller organs weighed about 25 pounds with straps at the sides of the case and so could be easily carried by hand. The bottom of the chest was dropped down to form a base for the organ. The wooden legs folded down to support the keyboard and metal rods were used to attach the bellows to the two foot pedals. The keyboard in the smaller organ was about two to three octaves long. The sound was created by air pressure flowing through the reeds when the player alternately pumped the pedals—rather like fingering the keyboard while riding a bicycle. A pump organ required maintenance. Holes in the bellows made for "wheezes" and needed to be patched. When the wheezes were more pronounced, he/she had to pedal faster to keep enough air moving to make all the notes sound properly. Its timbre or sound was similar to an accordion. It held its pitch so that other instruments could be tuned accurately. Ira Sankey, soloist and song leader for Evangelist D. L. Moody (1837-1899) preferred to play the portable organ, sometimes called the harmonium, when he sang a solo.

As at the Azusa Street Mission, women played an important part. Best known in the Twin Cities was Sis. Booker who preached frequently to Twin City groups. She is James Booker's great grandmother. Both Minneapolis and St. Paul congregations were racially integrated.

Before Midway was built the early saints used the Mississippi River site and Lake Phalen for baptism by immersion. (What they did in the cold and icy winter, I don't know. My Aunt Gen told me that in South Dakota they used a horse-watering trough to immerse the converts.) The site described below is at the west end of the Marshall Avenue/Lake Street Bridge in

Minneapolis. The Mississippi River site was about five or six miles from the gospel tent. With 200 people attending, this particular baptism they could have gone by car (they had to bring the changing tents with them) or by the Marshall/Lake Street trolley.

These excerpts are from an article in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* dated Sunday, July 4, 1915, titled "Dipped in Mississippi, 35 'Speak in Tongues'."

Some Negro singers began a hymn, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow." Rev. S. W. Webster of Pasadena. California and Rev. Elmer J. Emery baptized the thirty-five people "in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The group on the riverbank sang the following hymn. So simple and sweet but yet so powerful in their rich voices:

Where He leads me, I will follow.

Where He leads me, I will follow.

Where He leads me. I will follow.

I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I can hear my Savior calling.

I'll go with him, with Him all the way.

I'll go with Him through the garden.

I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

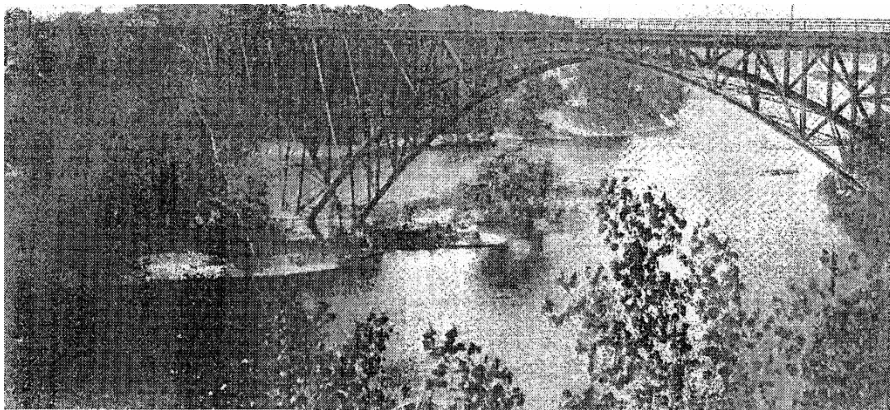
He will give me grace and glory.

And go with me, with me all the way.

E.W. Blandy, c.1890

The group of 200 folks came—some by automobile and some by the Lake Street trolley—some from Minneapolis and some from St. Paul. It was about six miles from the camp meeting tent. What better way could you spend a beautiful Saturday afternoon

than to sit on the grassy meadow or on a folding camp stool, listen to Bishop G.T. Haywood preach, sing hymns together, pray and witness 35 people's baptism.



Marshall Avenue—Lake Street Bridge, Between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.

This picture of the shore and sandbars of the Mississippi River with the Marshall/Lake Street Bridge in the background is from a 1909 postcard I bought from a collector. Marshall Avenue in St. Paul turns to Lake Street in Minneapolis and is a major east-west thoroughfare. The old wrought-iron bridge you see here was built in 1889 but then was replaced with a four-lane, arched concrete structure in 1989.

To find more information about the baptismal site, I contacted the Minneapolis Rower's Club who use the river for training and regattas. Ann, their secretary, is a professional photographer and was very helpful. I sent her a description of the location as written in the *Pioneer Press* of July 4, 1915. Ann wrote that the area most likely used is a sandbar on the west side of the river just south of the Lake Street Bridge. Depending on the water level, there is a nice sized sandbar. People today walk down there with their dogs to that very spot. To reach it, drive to just north of where West River Parkway ducks under the Lake Street Bridge and

Dipped in Mississippi, 35 "Speak in Tongues"

SNAPPED at the Holy Roller baptismal ceremonies yesterday. In the upper picture, one of the overalled attendants is assisting a newly baptized member from the river. In the lower left is Rev. S. W. Webster of Pasadena, Cal., and right, Rev. Elmer J. Emery of Pine Island, Minn.



Converts of Pentecostal World-wide Camp Meeting Utter Strange and Unrecognizable Sounds as They Come From Water at Baptism in River.

SOUNDS inarticulate or unrecognizable were cried out by several of the twenty-three women and twelve men who were baptized by immersion yesterday afternoon in the Mississippi river just below the west end of the Marshall avenue bridge as converts to what outsiders call the "tongues" movement.

For believers in the creed of this movement are convinced that Christians of a sufficiently mature age who truly receive at baptism the gift of the Holy Ghost will repeat the experience of the apostles as set forth in Acts II, 1 et seq.:

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance," etc.

Two small tents for the use of the converts had been pitched near the river bank on the natural meadow several blocks south of the bridge and not far east from foot of the thickly wooded bluffs leading up to the junction of the bridge with Lake street, Minneapolis.

About 200 There.

About 200 men, women and children had gathered by the tents shortly before 3 P. M. to hear a sermon upon conversion through immersion, the preacher being a negro, Rev. G. W. Hayward of Indianapolis.

Many "amens" and "glorys" had encouraged the speaker before a group that included some negro singers began a hymn, "When He Leads Me I Will Follow," as all started towards the river, and Rev. S. W. Webster, an evangelist from Pasadena, waded out into the turbid but sunlit water and fixed a rallying post, or safety mark, some twenty feet from shore by pushing into the river bottom a ten-foot slender sapling from which the bark had been removed.

Wore Long Robes.

Mr. Webster, smiling and bareheaded, wore a new shining black all robe, very long, somewhat snug and lightly fastened about his wrists. As he stood by the pole, with the water well above his waist, Mr. Webster was joined by another young evangelist similarly robed, Rev. Elmer J. Emery of Pine Island, Minn.

Immersed Two Minutes.

The immersions that followed seldom lasted more than two minutes each. A man bercoated and without good or vest, a woman usually wearing some but ordinary dress a black, gray or tan rubber overcoat, with a blue, tan or black bathing cap upon her head, would wade out alone, or accept the escort of a venturesome, burly man in blue overalls, until she was received by the broadly smiling men beside the pole.

Face Down Stream.

Mr. Webster, with his back towards shore, takes the right hand of a woman in a black rubber coat and a blue cap. Mr. Emery takes her other hand. The men keep her face directed down stream, and if she has not waded in with one arm lifted, they try to raise one or both arms diagonally towards the sky as they support her with two hands upon the small of her back or the back of her neck. Mr. Webster recites a prayer not easily overheard.

He Keeps Ejaculating.

Mr. Emery, with closed eyes, smiles as he faces the shore and keeps ejaculating, "Yes, Lord," "Glory!" or "A-a-a-amen!" Mr. Webster reaches the sentence, "I baptize thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," when the woman is steadily but quickly tilted backwards until her face disappears a few inches beneath the surface of the water. As quickly she is brought up again, when, with blinking but happy face, she makes her way towards the shore, often passing another convert already on his way.

Not Chilled; Only Blessed.

Always the immersing clergy smiled and repeated their congratulatory "Glorys" or "Amens," but frequently the convert would keep his arm or arm lowered and say nothing audible while in the river. Again a man raised both hands on high, calling "Glory! Hallelujah!" Another man leaped up and stood apparently on his toes. An elderly woman waved her hands convulsively. A young woman emitted a prolonged, tremulous cry, while her lower jaw quivered as if she had been chilled. But a man on shore observed, "I ain't that; the water's pretty warm. She's been blessed."

Utter Strange Sounds.

Three or four of the thirty-five men and women were heard uttering strange or inarticulate sounds as they were raised from the water and started towards shore.

Unlike baptisms among the sect better known, this was marked by a preponderance of converts that were gray-haired men and women. Reflecting, too, the congregation on the bank the converts or their parents had evidently come not long ago from foreign lands.

Afraid of Getting Wet.

Just as the sudden shower started an hour after the immersions had begun, the last of the converts manifestly hurried to complete the service and reach the tents before everybody got too wet.

An American origin was given by Mr. Emery to what he called, when questioned, "this Pentecostal, non-denominational, world-wide camp meeting." It was a missionary movement, he said, that was started nine years ago in Los Angeles by a Rev. Mr. Seymour. In the first two years, he declared, a quarter of a million converts had received the Holy Spirit.

No Strict Account.

Since then no strict account had been kept, but the movement had spread into many countries. Numerous ministers of other sects had been converted. The name "Holy Rollers" really belonged to another sect; for the "manifestations" of his sect were merely those, he said, often seen among Baptists and Quakers, and were identical with the experiences of Paul when on the road to Damascus. There were 2,000 converts in the Twin Cities; two groups of the sect, one colored, in Minneapolis; and one of St. Paul or group, the Pull Gospel assembly, controlled by Rev. Eric P. Stone at Jenk and Greenbrier streets.

you will find a concrete drive with a yellow gate. Take the drive half-way down the bluff to a clearing. Then take a very sharp right and head down the bluff back toward the bridge. You will find the club's two boathouses at the bottom of the drive.

The banks of the river here form a natural gorge. Brian Valentine of the Mississippi National River and Recreation Area wrote "The elevation is about 725 feet at water's edge, and roughly 800-815 feet at the top of the bluff, depending on where you measure." The limestone bluffs are covered with trees—oaks are dominant—with shrubbery, grasses and wild flowers. A description written in the 1817 journal of visitor Stephen H. Long also describes "cascades of fine spring water pouring down from a projecting precipice about 100 feet high." On the floodplain, silver maple and cottonwood grow on seasonally inundated soils depending on the length and duration of annual flooding. But by July, the floods had come and gone—the white sandbars were inviting and the grass in the adjacent meadow grew lush.

To access the baptismal site, they may have used the Winchell Trail that follows an ancient Dakota Indian footpath with its main path along the bluffs. It lies between the River Road West and the river, reaching from Franklin Avenue to Minnehaha Park. Today it has been developed as a pedestrian-only trail with an adjacent bicycle trail. Unpaved paths break away from the main trail cutting into the woods that lead to the lower gorge. One section goes down to the sandbars. You can find a satellite view of the sandbar on Google Earth Maps. However, in today's world, it is not always safe to visit this area alone.

Descending by car or on foot, it probably was a little tricky for the women in negotiating the steep, irregular paths in their long skirts while the men carried the changing tents and stakes. And 35 of them carried an extra bundle of dry clothing.

The *Minneapolis Tribune* recorded the temperature for July 3,

1915 as 63 to 67 degrees, partly cloudy with a northwesterly wind up to 24 miles/hour. It started to rain toward the end of the service. After the meeting, they retraced their steps, climbing the steep bluff to reach their cars or board the trolley. And you can almost count on their meeting again that Saturday evening for a service with Bishop Haywood in the camp meeting tent at Pierce and University. Revival was in the air and they loved being together.

(Young Albert Newstrand was among one of the groups baptized at this site and preserved the July 3, 1915 newspaper clipping from the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*.)

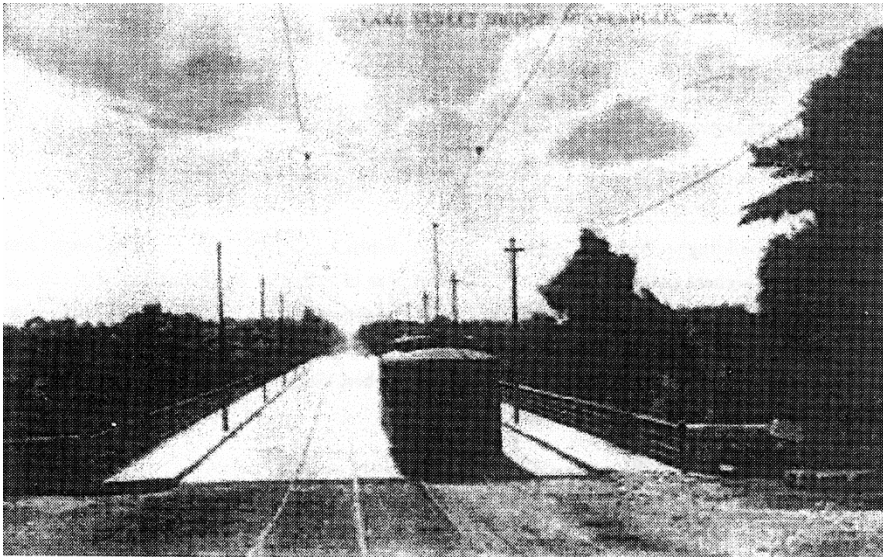


Photo from an early 1900's postcard

The spokesman of the baptismal service at the Mississippi River site, Pastor Elmer J. Emery, was from Pine Island, Minnesota. I believe that our Bro. Robert Molberg lives there now. Bro. Emery was also a church "planter." He and Bro. C. M. Neve started the mission at Pine Island.

BUILDING PERMIT INDEX CARD—CITY OF ST. PAUL DEPARTMENT OF PARKS, PLAYGROUNDS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS—DIVISION OF BUILDING INSPECTION
 W. P. S. PROJECT NUMBER

STREET Pierce St. No. 464 TYPE OF STRUCTURE Church LOT 18 BLOCK 3 ADDITION 7th fl.

ORIGINAL-CONSTRUCTION PERMITS OWNER Method Pentecostal Church GENUS TRACT BLOCK

TYPE OF PERMIT	DATE ISSUED	PERMIT NUMBER	DATE LAST INSPECTION	CONTRACTOR	ESTIMATED COST	TYPE OF STRUCTURE	TYPE OF CONSTRUCTION	3-26-17 <u>Mr. Pentecostal</u>				
BUILDING	<u>4/17</u>	<u>69949</u>	<u>4/21</u>	-	<u>6000</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>78</u>	NO. OF STORIES	WIDTH, FEET	LENGTH, FEET	HEIGHT, FEET	LOORSPACE
PLASTERING								<u>2</u>	<u>36</u>	<u>75</u>	<u>30</u>	
								INTERIOR LATH	EXTERIOR PLASTER	EXTERIOR LATH		
								TYPE OF WORK DONE				
ELECTRICAL								CODE NO.	CODE NO.	CODE NO.	CODE NO.	CODE NO.
HEATING STEAMFITTING	<u>4/17</u>	<u>69949</u>	<u>4/21</u>	-	-	<u>ALSO</u>	<u>78</u>					
WARMAIR												
PLUMBING								CODE NO. I.A.	CODE NO. I.O.	CODE NO. I.O.	CODE NO. I.O.	CODE NO. I.O.
ELEVATOR								TYPE	POWER	NO. OF CARS	NO. OF LOGS	
AGE OF BUILDING AS OF JANUARY 1, 1938				TOTAL ESTIMATED COST OF BUILDING								

DEPARTMENT OF PARKS, PLAYGROUNDS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS
 BUREAU OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS
 DIVISION OF BUILDING INSPECTION

APPLICATION FOR BUILDING PERMIT

The following is a detailed statement for the erection of a 2 story addition to a 1 story Stucco alterations and repairs to a 1 story frame, brick, Stucco and steel or concrete building to be used for Church purposes, to be erected on the 6 side of Pierce Street No. 464 between University and Spaulds Streets, upon lot 189 Block 3 of Home H. Hoyt Addition.

Estimated cost \$ 6000

Dimensions of building: Width 36 feet, depth 75 feet, height from curb level or finished grade to highest point 30 feet, size of cellar or basement 36 x 75 feet

Is roof to be peaked, flat or mansard? Peaked, covered with what materials? Asbestos Shingles, means of access to the roof Roof Number of chimneys 2, material Brick, thickness of walls 8 inches, size of smallest flue 8 x 8 inches, size of largest flue 8 x 8 inches.

How will building be heated? Steam

Number of stairways 2, how built? 2 Number fire escapes 2

What material under footings? 2, width of footings 24 inches, thickness of footings 8 inches, depth of footings from finished grade or curb level 2 feet.

		Basement	1st Floor	2nd Floor	3rd Floor	4th Floor	5th Floor	Roof	
Height of Stories		7 1/2	14						
Thickness of Exterior Walls		12"							
Thickness of Interior Walls									
Material of Walls		concrete 1-3-5 Or if Bond run to 3							
BEAMS AND COLUMNS UNDER EACH FLOOR	COLUMNS	Size	10 x 10						
		Length	7 1/2						
		Material	Tim						
	GIRDERS	Size	12 x 12	first floor 10 x 14 4 in. Sec. second floor					
		Span	8	second floor in basement					
		Material	Tim						
	JOISTS	Size	2 x 12	2 x 10				2 x 8	
		Span	18	12					
		Centers	16	16					
		Material	Tim	Tim					
	Material of Flooring								
	Live Load Floor is designed to carry								
Material of Partitions									
Material of Ceilings									

BUILDING INSPECTION DEPT.
RECEIVED
APR 18 1917
CITY OF ST. PAUL

The undersigned hereby agrees that all the work performed and material used upon the above described building shall comply with the plans and specifications submitted to the Commissioner of Parks, Playgrounds, and Public Buildings, and with the above detail statement, and conform to the laws and ordinances of the City of St. Paul.

NOTE: This application and permit does not cover any plumbing work in the building.

Owner Madras Coal and Lumber Co. Address 1599 University Ave.
 Architect W. S. Hardwick Address _____
 Contractor W. S. Hardwick Address Cap. Volina Bldg. 310

The newly established St Paul congregation grew steadily. An application for a building permit was made on April 18, 1917, to build a church at 464 Pierce Street—a street two blocks long turning south off University Avenue. The estimated cost was \$6,000.00. The dimensions of the building were 36 feet in width and 75 feet deep and 30 feet high. (See the copy of the application and permit.) The average wage in 1915 America was \$687.00 per year or \$57 per month; the median age of the 1915 population was 24 and average life expectancy at birth was 54.5 years—so indeed this was a serious commitment made by a small but faithful group of people.

In 1917, the church was incorporated. The official records of the Register of Deeds of Ramsey County, Minnesota, show that the congregation posted legal notice for a nineteen-day period beginning on June 1, 1917. A business meeting was to be held on June 19, 1917. A report of that meeting and its outcome was affirmed the following day, June 20, 1917, by Pastor McAlister before A. W. Uhl, the Notary Public in the Office of the Register of Deeds, Ramsey County, Minnesota. Midway Tabernacle was built for the most part by the people of the congregation including my father, Albert Newstrand. The exterior was of shingles and stucco. Years later, the entire outside was resurfaced with a light gray stucco.

ORGANIZATION OF ONENESS PENTECOSTALISM

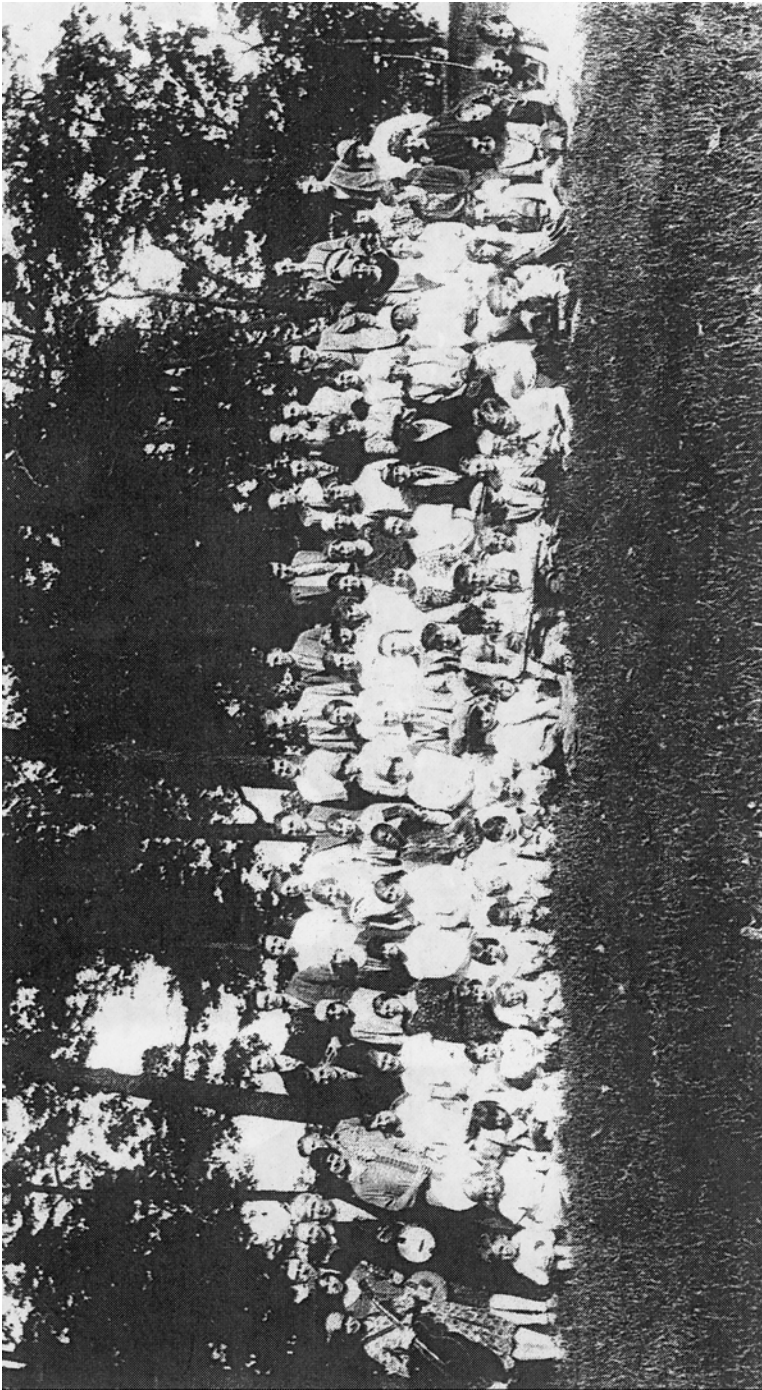
In the *Word and Witness* of July 17, 1915, E.N. Bell wrote that the Oneness matter was a fad and would soon fade away on its own. However, hundreds of fellow church members were re-baptized in Jesus' Name.

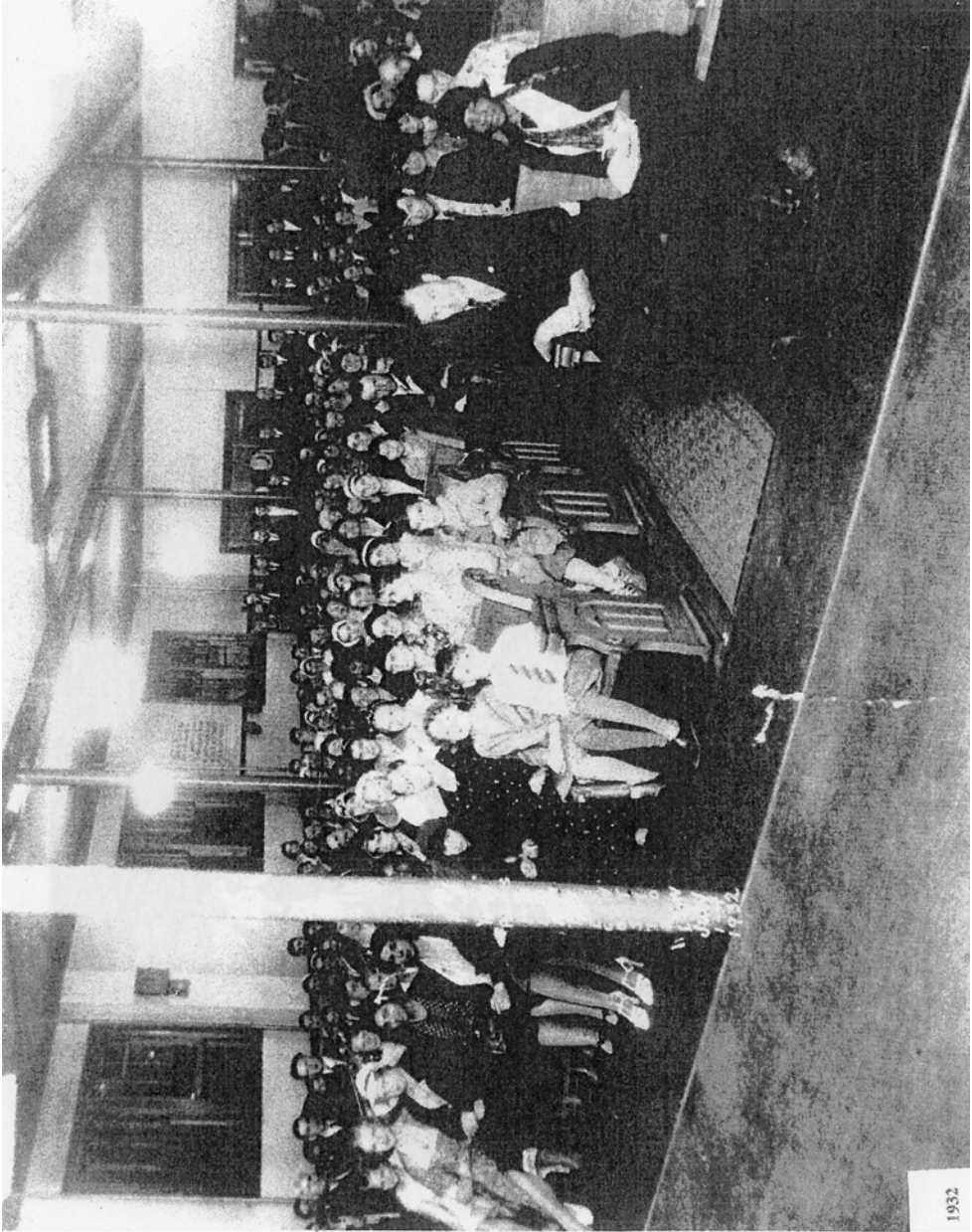
After their separation from the Assemblies of God in 1916,

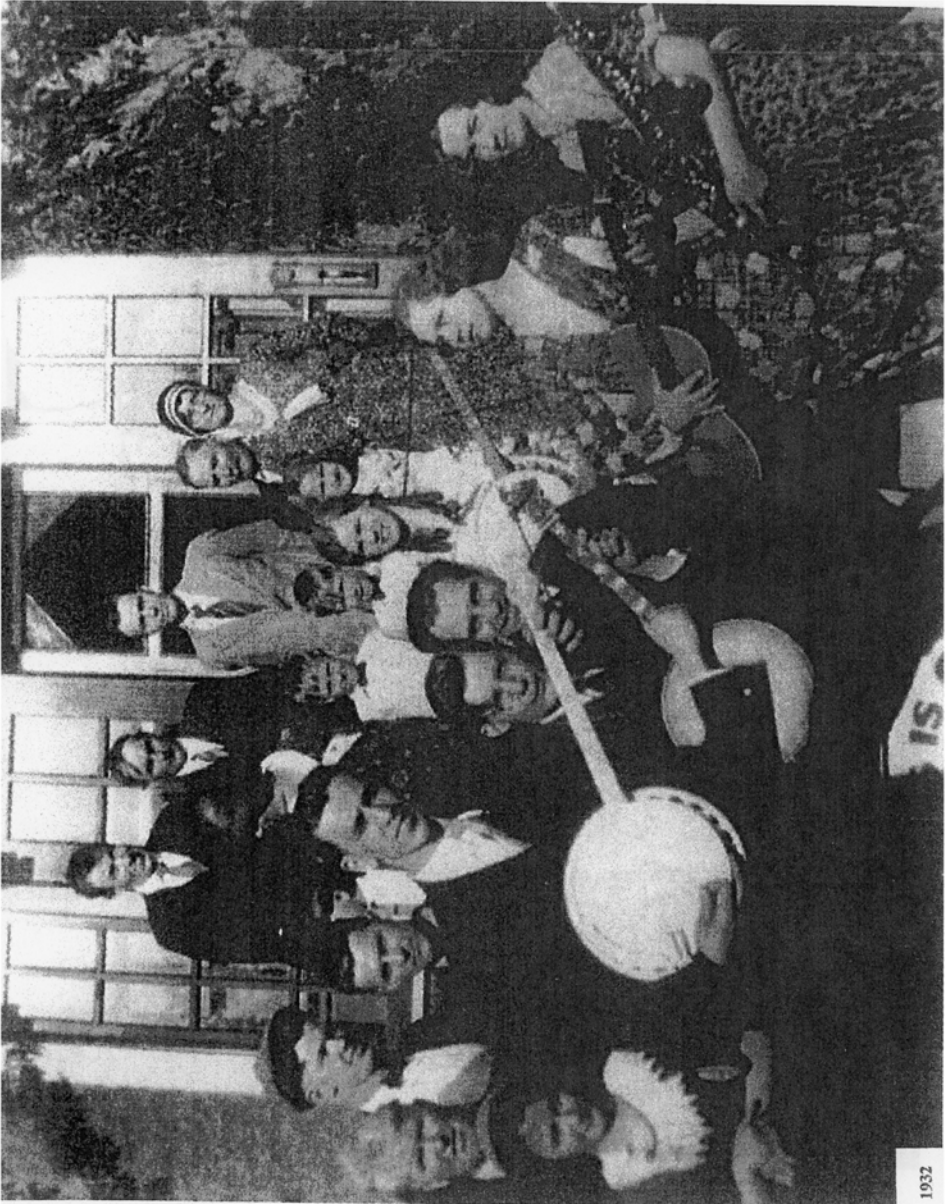
the Oneness group led by Howard Goss, D.C.O. Opperman and H.G. Rogers formed the General Assembly of Apostolic Assemblies in 1917, but it was a short-lived group. The principal problems were that they were organized too late to get credentials for clergy to be exempt from military service—the United States would soon enter World War I—and reduced train rates since most ministers did not own a car. In Canada, Frank Small was a charter member of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. After his changing to Oneness, he formed the Apostolic Church of Pentecost.

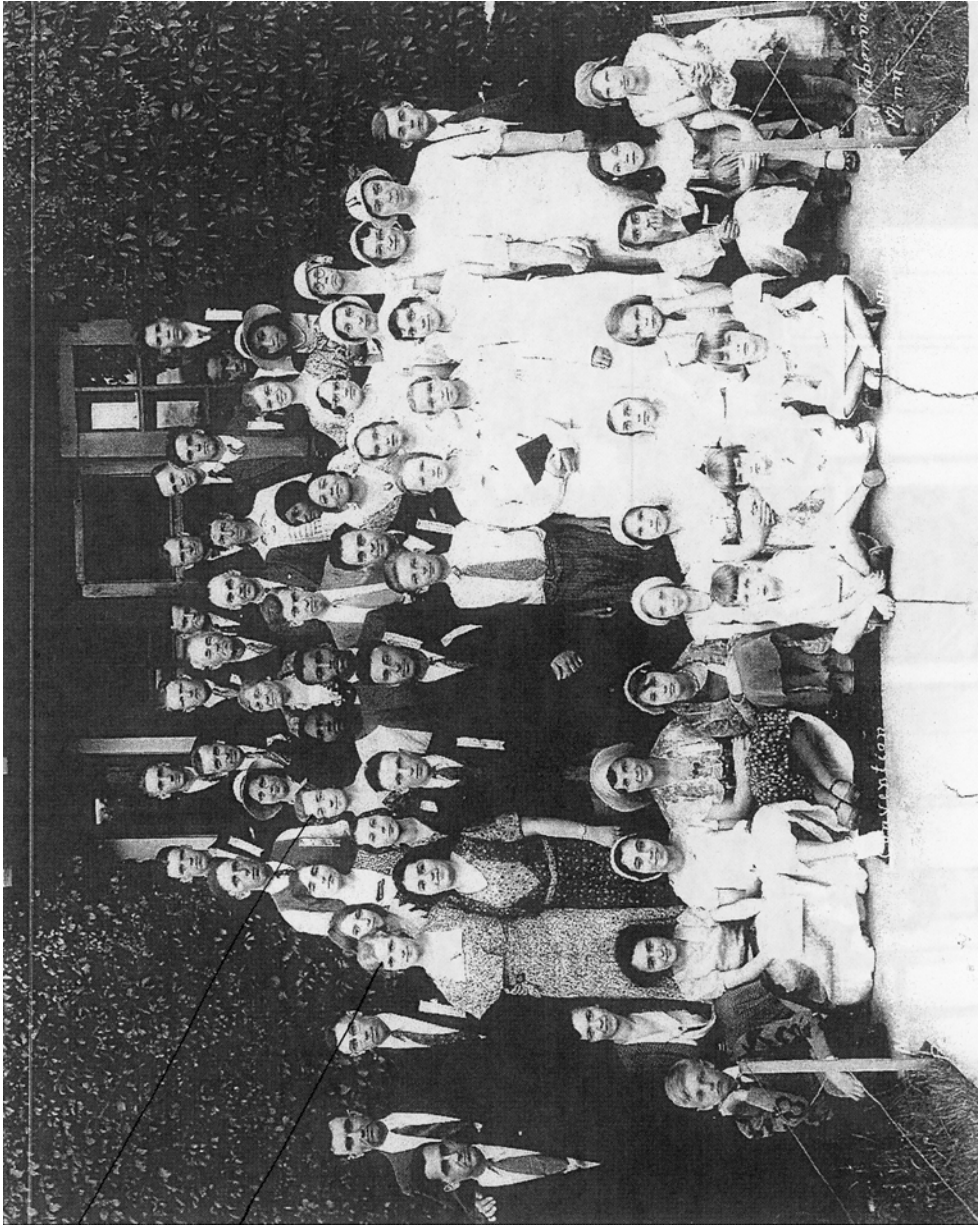
The Pentecostal Assemblies of the World was first organized in October 1907 in the Los Angeles area and had a legal charter. Bro. Haywood helped negotiate a merger between the GAAA and PAW in 1918. In 1919, the PAW was incorporated under his leadership and took on the identity of "Oneness." Haywood favored racial integration in the PAW. Their headquarters moved to Indianapolis and soon the Blacks were in the majority in the North. Because of the racial laws of the South, conventions were held in the North. Many of the southern whites could not afford to travel north for conventions and were afraid that an integrated group would hinder growth in the South. The white faction proposed that two racial administrations be formed under the PAW. The Blacks did not approve of this and about 50% of the white ministers left. These acts left pain and distress on both sides. Many felt the general problem was racism.

Because of differences, three groups were formed in 1925. First, the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance was formed in Tennessee led by L.C. Hall and Howard Goss. Later, W. E. Kidson became general secretary. (In 1932, their name was changed to Pentecostal Church, Incorporated.) Second, in 1925, Emmanuel's Church in Jesus Christ was formed in Houston and represented the Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas ministers. Then also in 1925 a third group, the Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ was organized. The ECJC merged with the ACJC in 1927 and held that water baptism in Jesus' Name and reception of the Holy Ghost with the evidence of tongues









speech was essential for salvation.

In November 1931, an attempt was made to unite the ACJC and the PAW under a new name, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. Because there was also a move to change the PAW's episcopal form of church government plus the name change, Bishop Grimes and other PAW leaders rescued their charter and called a convention to reorganize. At the 1937 convention of the PAJC in Tulsa, Black ministers had to stay in segregated hotels resulting in many of them returning to the PAW.

In 1932, the PMA changed its name to the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated led by Ben Hite, Howard Goss, and W. E. Kidson. As far as doctrine, there were differences of opinion as to the new birth. Bro. Arthur R. Clanton wrote in *Here We Stand*, page 98 and 99:

To make it plainer, some believed that one's sins were remitted by virtue of the efficacy of Jesus' shed blood, and that this remission occurred when the sinner genuinely repented. But others in the organization believed just as strongly that this was effected by water baptism in Jesus' name, which was the same as being born of water.

Similarly, some in the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated believed that one was saved, and then received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Others strongly affirmed that one was not saved, or born again, until he had received the baptism of the Spirit.

Finally, let it be remembered that the Pentecostal Church Incorporated, as had the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance before it, granted considerable

latitude concerning the doctrine of the new birth. This was the basis upon which the organization had been founded.

However, there were those in the PAJC and the PCI who wanted a united group. In 1941, L.R Ooton of Indiana took a large number of ministers from Indiana, Ohio and West Virginia out of the PAJC to form the Apostolic Ministerial Alliance. In 1945, the PAJC and the PCI merged to form the United Pentecostal Church Incorporated after a compromise that baptism in Jesus' Name and Spirit Baptism as in Acts 2:38 constituted the new birth. Bro. Clanton wrote on p. 120 and 121 that though there were some differences in doctrine as above, the brethren felt there must be a fundamental doctrine that both groups could accept. To help bring the two sides together, Bro. W.T. Witherspoon left the committee room and went downstairs in the publishing house, borrowed a typewriter and wrote:

The basic and fundamental doctrine of this organization shall be the Bible standard of full salvation, which is repentance, baptism in water by immersion in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost with the initial sign of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance.

We shall endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit until we all come into the unity of the faith, at the same time admonishing all brethren that they shall not contend for their different views to the disunity of the body.

The members of the committee accepted the statement and at the first joint conference session, the two organizations came together with practically no dissenting voices. Bro. Goss was chosen as General Superintendent. However, there were more Oneness

Pentecostal organizations formed after 1950.

MIDWAY IN THE FORTIES

This part of the report of Midway's history is written mostly from my perspective as a child and teen growing up in Midway. It was a "home" to me as well as my white Victorian home at 2274 Brewster Street in the St Anthony Park section of St. Paul.

In the basement were two classrooms, a dining hall and kitchen and the restrooms. On the first floor was the sanctuary with its golden oak pews that faced the platform that was carpeted in dark green. Sis. Norris wrote in *Comfort*, "The old green kitchen chairs found themselves replaced with new—to us—oak pews." Bro. Chester Goserud was instrumental in buying the oak pews for the church. The pews were eventually placed in the chapel of ABI on Grand Avenue and are still used at ABI. On the platform were the oak pulpit and Bro. Norris' Bible charts that were suspended from a sturdy wire that he could easily move as he taught using his wooden pointer stick. The baptistery was on the far front wall and the piano on the right side of the platform.

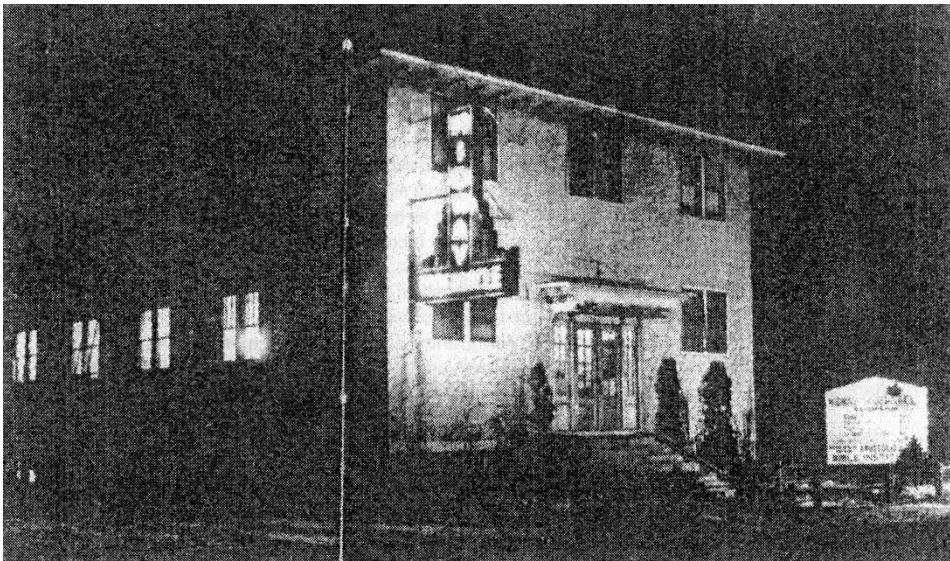
On the main floor just below the grand piano was our orchestra with its members made up of young people. There were six sets of double windows set high on the wall on both sides of the sanctuary—high to a child—as you gazed up you could only see the sky and the clouds. In the vestibule at the entry to the sanctuary, there was a sign that read "Enter To Worship" and on leaving the sanctuary was another sign at the rear of the church that told us "Leave to Serve."

On the second floor was the pastor's apartment with living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, and three bedrooms. Toward the rear of this apartment was a hallway that led to an apartment for the caretaker.

The service schedule was posted on a painted sign on the



Midway Tabernacle by day and night



front lawn of the church:

Sunday: 9:45 AM.

Sunday School 11 :00 A.M.

Preaching 8:00 P.M.

Preaching and Evangelistic Tuesday: 8:00 P.M.

Bible Study Thursday: 8:00 P.M. Worship

Later a rose and blue neon sign was hung that read "Midway Tabernacle." It was an eye catcher.

Saturday was open to revival services, young peoples' service, street meetings or a trip to a nearby church for a "rally." Revival campaigns were extended meetings that usually lasted two weeks with a guest speaker or evangelistic party often including musicians and singers. Meetings were advertised on a special sign outside the church and were held every night at 8:00 P.M. except Monday.

Closing times of our meetings were variable because the altar service would often last until the midnight hours on Sunday evenings. Tuesday Bible Study was usually dismissed around 9:30 P.M. and Thursday at 10:00 P.M, or later. We did not complain—it was what we did.

I was always a little afraid of Bro. Norris. He could be stern—make someone "quake in his boots." But I knew he loved us and we loved him. He had a gift for "expectation," i.e. expecting our best efforts, and he made room for our talents and their development. I started playing the piano for the Sunday School service at age thirteen. Bro. Norris was a source of great encouragement in my musical efforts all along the way. Our auditorium pianos were always kept in good condition and tuned.

Problems were managed by Bro. Norris in "Saints' Meetings." My parents never talked about these situations to us children so there is much of that sort of history that I do not know.

Bro. Norris could not abide resistance against authority or "cliques." Occasionally, an individual—or a family—were dismissed from the church. However, in the late forties a whole group was excluded—about six or seven young couples along with about eighteen children. They were part of the leadership, a gifted group.

We believed in repentance of sin and baptism by immersion in the Name of Jesus. The baptistery was in an alcove behind the back wall of the platform and was framed by a wooden arch on which was written in gold letters: "One Faith, One Lord, One Baptism." Some artist of long ago had painted a scene on its far wall mostly in blues and greens of a flowing river with beautiful trees along its bank. The "candidate" changed into a baptismal robe in one of the basement restrooms and walked up the flight of stairs and then descended down four or five steps to meet the pastor or elder in the water. In those days, there was no water heater. Bro, Norris baptized his daughter, Ruthie, and me on the same night. Later she and I both received our Spirit Baptism on another Sunday night.

*Are you in the church triumphant?
Are you in the Savior's Bride?
Come and be baptized into the Body,
And for evermore abide.*

G. T. Haywood

Another facet of salvation was the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. After the preaching portion of the service, seekers were invited up to the altar to tarry as found in Acts 1:4-5. Jesus on the Mount of Olives just before his ascension told his followers, "they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which ... ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence."

Lord, send a revival of the old-time power,

*Lord, send a revival this midnight hour,
Grant sinners repentance, grace to be baptized,
Fill all with thy Spirit, Lord hear our cry.*

We wept tears of repentance and by faith asked for this promised gift. "Altar workers" surrounded the seeker with prayer and words of encouragement and short instructions such as to "Yield" or "Let go." "Let the Lord have his way" or "Just praise Him." We were taught that without the experience of receiving the Holy Ghost with the evidence of speaking in tongues we could not go up in the rapture into heaven. So, this step of salvation was of utmost necessity. One of our high school buddies related, "Do you remember how we tarried for the Holy Ghost—night after night after night? I'd go to school on Monday morning hoarse."

When I was very young—about seven or eight years old—I went through a time of inner turmoil. According to the above teaching, I was not qualified to go to Heaven until I received the Holy Ghost speaking with other tongues. This was very troubling—many nights I had trouble falling asleep. The day hours were filled with school and family, a distraction to this fear. It was a fear of abandonment—my parents would go up in the Rapture and leave me all alone.

The second coming of Christ for his Bride, the Church, taking them to Heaven was emphasized. It will occur in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye with no announcement. The dead in the grave are to rise first, and then we which are alive will meet the Lord in the clouds and to ever be with the Lord. It was a glorious spectacle to meditate on but also a sure-coming event that kept one on one's toes spiritually.

*In these, the closing days of time,
What joy the glorious hope affords,
That soon, oh, wondrous truth sublime!
He shall reign, King of kings and Lord of Lords.*

*He's coming soon, He's coming soon;
With joy we welcome His returning;
It may be morn, it may be night or noon.
We know He's coming soon.*

Thoro Harris

Thoro Harris (1874-1955) was an African American preacher and musician—a child prodigy and classically trained. Bro. Harris was a composer and publisher and owned the Windsor Music Company in Chicago. Well-known compositions of his that the Midway folks loved to sing are "All That Thrills My Soul Is Jesus," "Caught Up," "I'm Going Through," "More Abundantly" and "Looking for That Blessed Hope" along with many others. L.V. Roberts of Indianapolis wrote in the summer of 1915, "I expect to make Chicago in a short time, where already Thoro Harris writes me that this message has taken hold upon his heart and desires to see me soon, and said that there was to be a baptizing there next Sunday."

There was scheduled prayer at church on Wednesday afternoon attended by the women and led by my mother, Fern Newstrand. At 7:00 P.M., before the 8:00 P.M. Thursday night worship, there was prayer in the church prayer room. As a church body, we were to fast the supper meal on Thursday. When we came home after the service, Mother made us children sandwiches so I guess you might call it a postponed meal for us.

We stood for prayer during the church service. Those with requests raised their hands, were called on and gave the saints a brief explanation. But if the request were "unspoken" for whatever reason, it was "signified" by a raised hand. Most of us had some personal need that we kept to ourselves. One saint or an elder led prayer. We prayed all together aloud, each his own prayer. For those that have not been in a prayer session like that, it is a beautiful and comforting sound. And of course, after the preaching there was an appeal to the unsaved and a call to prayer at the altar

usually accompanied by soft invitational music by our pianist, Virginia Caldie.

"Closet" or personal prayer time with intercession for others was an important part of the saint's daily life—a dialogue between just two. It was a time of "garden" prayer.

*I come to the garden alone
while the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear
falling on my ear,
the Son of God discloses.
And He walks with me
and He talks with me
and He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share
as we tarry there
none other has ever known.*

C. Austin Miles

I have often heard my mother and father praying. Mother prayed in the morning and Daddy usually in the evening. If I happened to walk in the room, I found them on their knees with the Bible lying open in front of them while quietly praying. With Grandma Lundquist it was different—the more intense her prayer—the louder she became.

*What a Friend we have in Jesus.
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!*

Charles C. Converse (1832-1918)

We viewed the Bible as the true, literal and "God-breathed" Word, our final authority for salvation and the conduct of our personal lives. There was no way to add to or take away the words of this holy book. It was our principal text for learning about God and was to be read daily.

Bro. Norris loved to explain and teach doctrine and prophecy. He used a large chart with painted pictures of events depicted in the Book of Revelation. Whatever happened to the easel he drew on? He drew with a grease pencil on a large tablet of paper, about 2 X 3 feet. When he finished with one sheet, he would either rip it off or swing the easel around and there was more clean white paper. How many times did he draw the diagrams of the dispensations of the Jewish Law to the Church Age to the Tribulation and the map of Israel?

Sometimes in the Tuesday evening Bible Study, Bro. Norris read from *Kiplinger's Letter*, a conservative paper from Washington D.C., that focused on current events and then he related it to the present and coming world events. He was especially interested in political events concerning the Jews.

A teaching method he used sometimes was to divide some of us into two groups and line us up facing one another. Then we asked each other questions about the subject just studied and he would oversee and keep score. On most Tuesday evenings, Ronny and I went with Daddy and the little girls stayed home with Mother. These evenings were a good way for me to learn about a variety of biblical truths.

When testimonies were called for as part of the service, one stood up and waited to be called on by the leader—usually one of the elders. This short report was intended as a "witness" to salvation, to relate a blessing or an intervention of God in one's life, or perhaps the experience of witnessing to others or a favorite scripture. Sometimes the saint giving his/her testimony would

begin by starting a chorus in which the congregation joined. Our pianists were practiced in quickly finding the correct key for the spontaneous singing.

In Young Peoples' service and Children's Church we had "popcorn" testimonies. Usually a one sentence report—very generalized. We were taught this was a time for praising God. I remember one time a woman was going on and on with her story when Bro. Norris, sitting in his big chair up behind the wooden pulpit, raised up one hand and interrupted her telling her, "Just praise the Lord, Sister, and then sit down." I found this part of the service to be very interesting.

Sometimes the presence of the Lord was so prevailing that the testimony service might continue "without preaching." It was a quiet, holy atmosphere—a "holy hush." It was like G. T. Haywood wrote in *The Christian Evangel* of February 27, 1915, about a service in Indianapolis: "The power of God hovered over the assembly like a cooing dove. Everyone seemed to be borne away in the Spirit and a heavenly atmosphere filled the room." It was something like that. Maybe there would be a quiet message in tongues, with or without an interpretation. Then someone started softly singing a beloved hymn.

*Far away in the depths of my spirit tonight
Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm:
In celestial strains it unceasingly falls
O'er my soul like an infinite calm.
Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace,
Coming down from the Father above:
Sweep over my spirit forever, I pray,
In fathomless billows of love.*

W. D. Cornell

We believed in divine healing—the calling of the elders of the church to pray over us with the anointing of oil in the

Name of the Lord.

And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." James 5: 15

We were aware of the many promises of healing in the Word and were taught to cling to those promises. Bro. Norris always welcomed the sick and ailing at the altar for anointing and prayer. How often the saints would relate marvelous healings.

*By His stripes we are healed,
By His stripes we are healed,
On his guiltless head all our sins were laid
And, by His stripes we are healed.*

Thoro Harris

My big brother, Ronny, (probably about eight years old then) became ill and was lying in his bed. He was suffering and crying out with abdominal pain. It was in the daytime and Daddy was working. Mother called the Norris's and found that Bro. Norris was out. So, Sis. Norris came to our house and prayed for Ronny and he was instantly healed. What a faith booster.

Another time, Daddy was out tending to his beehives—we had our own honey—using all precautions with his proper clothing, a special hat with its veil and a "smoker" to chase the bees away. But somehow the bees swarmed and attacked him. I stood there watching him lying on our living room sofa. He was very weak, overcome with toxin. It was a frightening scene. Some of the bees were still crawling over him. Bro. Norris came over and prayed and Daddy recovered with no lasting ill effects.

One night after service, my Mother requested Bro. Norris to pray for me—I had a fairly severe earache. I sat in a metal

folding chair near the exit from the sanctuary. Bro. Norris asked me which ear was hurting. I didn't want to hurt his feelings as he was standing on the wrong side. I pointed to the uninvolved ear. They prayed and God being so merciful healed me anyway.

Sunday School in the early 1940's was held at 2:00 P.M. One of the reasons for this was that some of the saints traveled to church on the streetcar and could only afford tokens for one trip on Sunday. I believe a token cost five cents but those coming from Minneapolis had to pay a double fare. In the severe Minnesota winters, some families put their cars on blocks until warmer weather. They brought their lunch and ate together in the basement dining room. (See Sis. Forry's writing of Midway's early days.) Many times, they boarded the streetcar at 11 :00 P.M. or after midnight with hearts so full of joy, still living in the glory of the service. Later, Sunday School was held in the more traditional 9:45 a.m.

Paul Ahlstrand was the Sunday School superintendent in my young years. (Later superintendents were Roland Grant and Frank Sanders.) Bro. Ahlstrand was a salesman by profession and was blessed with an enthusiastic leadership and sincere interest in children's religious education. His wife, Jeanette, worked along beside him. It was he who started the bus ministry to some of the poorer sections of St. Paul.

*I have a wonderful treasure,
Given to me without measure,
And so, we travel together,
My Bible and I.*

The women in the Ladies' Prayer Group could not help but see that some of the children were dressed poorly. I remember the ladies cutting out fabric on the long tables and zipping up new clothes on portable sewing machines for these boys and girls. I can still see my mother sewing brown corduroy pants for some little

MIDWAY TABERNACLE – 1942
MEMBERS AND ABI STUDENTS

(Photograph on opposite page)

1st Table from left, up right side: #3 Lillian Testa, #4 Lillian Palumbo, #6 Ingrid Johnson, #7 Esther Erickson, #8 Susan Becker, #9 Augusta Lindquist, #9 Susan Norris, # 15 Dorothy Gosrud, #17 Eleanor Norris.

2nd Table from left, up left side: #1 Charlotte Howe, #2 Vivian Howe, #3 Ruth Stone, #4 Will Larson, #5 Lorraine Bye, #6 Irene Anderson.

2nd Table from left, up right side: #3 Alice Johnson, #4 Charlie Johnson, #5 Ronald Newstrand, # 6 Mary Newstrand (behind pole), #7 Beverly Newstrand, #8 Fern Newstrand, #9 Carol Newstrand.

3rd Table from left, up left side: #2 Eileen Olson, #7 Bro. Kahler, #8 Sis. Kahler.

3rd Table from left, up right side: #2 Sis. Scoville.

4th Table from left: Unable to visualize clearly.

Standing against far-right wall: In front with tag on dress—Pearl Palumbo and behind her, from left, #3 Violet Testa.

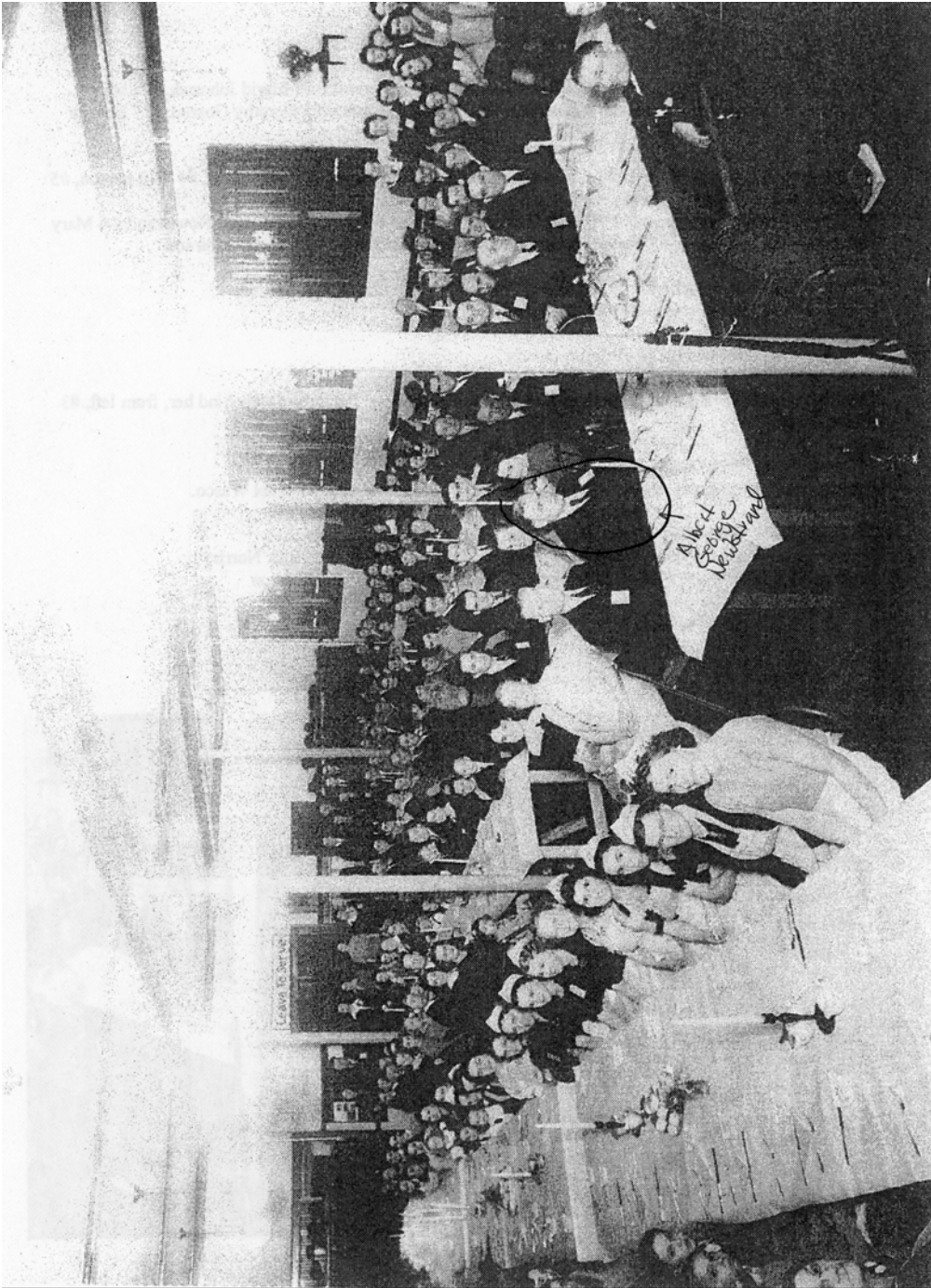
1st Head Table: Bro. Dainty, Willard Barnett.

Facing: Paul Andreason, Albert Newstrand, William Hodge, and Bro. Michael Wasco.

2nd Head Table: End—Sis. Norris, Sis. Moffatt.

Front: Genevieve Lundquist, Virginia Gosrud, Bro. Robert Martin, Bro. S.G. Norris.

Facing: #1 Lester Ward, #3 Gerald Mangun, #4 James Norris, #5 Arvid Larson.



boy. This group also rolled bandages for the Red Cross during World War II.

Mother read to us children out of *Hurlbert's Story of the Bible* most every night and those wonderful stories were reinforced in Sunday School. In the Beginner's Class, Fannie Cruipi told us stories she illustrated with a flannel-graph. Sis. Norris taught the Junior Class in which we memorized the Books of the Bible and many other Scriptures. We also had blue workbooks to study the wanderings of the ancient Israelis.

On one Sunday, our Junior Class gave a presentation where we did a formation and marching routine with songs—kind of like a "half-time" presentation at a football game—how enjoyable. Sis. Norris rehearsed us until we could perform pretty accurately.

*Boys and girls for Jesus, this our earnest prayer,
Boys and girls for Jesus—home, at school, at play and
everywhere,
We'll tell the world of life in Jesus, He is all our song,
There is all you need in Jesus. Won't you come along?*

Clifford Murray and Paul Cook were my intermediate teachers. I remember a lesson from Bro. Cook—that our Christian walk consisted of both mountains and plateaus. He drew a series of lines showing different levels on the blackboard—there were times of spiritual gain and a leveling off with a quiet waiting—not to fret but to grow in both situations.

Daily Vacation Bible School was held in the summertime for a week. Jimmy Norris usually picked up us Newstrand children in their big black family car—I think it was a Buick. Bible lessons and crafts were followed by snack-time and devotion. The teachers made this instruction fun and enjoyable. One summer the teacher was my Grandma Lundquist assisted by Viola Haigh, all ABI student from Wisconsin.

A quote from Bro. Goss on Apostolic music in *The Winds of God* written by his wife, Ethyl, regarding Pentecostal singing in the South: not the "slow dragging and listless" music of the mainline churches but singing at a fast tempo "at almost breakneck speed." Not so at Midway—it was a different story. We loved the old hymns like the easy-to-sing songs of Fanny Crosby and Ira Sankey. We loved to sing worship choruses, but sung in a slower tempo, yet with a steady beat.

Bro. George K. Bye, one of the elders, a Norwegian immigrant who spoke broken English, often chose one of his favorite hymns, Number "Tirty-tree" (#33), "'Saved, Saved." He had a severe visual impairment and held the hymnal very close to his eyes. Interspersed between selections he would exhort with great "entusiasm" Once he told of his "conversation" with God. Bro. Bye felt he was doing quite well and told the Lord this. God responded, "Yeorge, there's room for improvement."

*Saved by his power divine,
Saved to new life sublime.
Life now is sweet and my joy is complete.
For I'm saved. saved, saved.*

J. P. Schofield

I associate "He the Pearly Gates Will Open" with the Swedes. My Aunt Gen took me with her to visit the Larson family at their farm in Dairyland in northern Wisconsin. The Larson's sang this beautiful song in the Swedish language as they sat around their large kitchen table with the oil lamp illuminating their sweet faces while "Pa" accompanied them on the zither.

*He the pearly gates will open
So that I may enter in:
For He purchased my redemption,
And forgave me all my sin.*

Fred Blom

When my mother first came to Midway from their family farm in South Dakota, she was much impressed with the music. (She is shown with a guitar wearing a cloche hat in the 1928 photo of Midway.) She also sang and played the piano. Daddy played the violin as a young man in the early, early days and provided music lessons for us children over the years. It was expected that we would use whatever talents we had for the Lord.

Midway gave people the opportunity to play their instruments in the worship services. Some of the members in the early 1940's orchestra that I remember were:

Conductor: Bob Dainty
Violins: Barbara Dainty, Paul Ahlstrand
Cello: June Ellen Dunn
Mandolin: Uncle Will Larson
Clarinet: Uncle Rudy Bowe
Saxophone: Aunt Genevieve Lundquist
Trombone: Aunt Vivian Lundquist
Chimes: Mary Norris, Lorraine Bye
Vibraharp: Mary Norris, Ruth Norris
Drums: Jimmy Norris
Piano: Virginia Caldie, Jeanette Ahlstrand

They loved the Lord and loved to play their instruments. They played this song that I loved to hear and sing to myself even today:

*If you'll take my Jesus while he's passing by,
If you'll take my Jesus He'll sure satisfy;
If you'll take my Jesus He'll hear your heart's cry,
If you'll take my Jesus tonight.*

Dave Williamsons

And we loved to sing! Solos, duets, trios, quartettes, choir, and congregational singing. We sang from the hymnal called

Tabernacle Hymns Number Four and then later we used *Melodies of Praise* and later still *Sing Unto the Lord* which had more of the Southern Gospel tradition. Sometimes when we were singing Bro. Norris would ask different people to stand and sing a verse such as Agnes Anderson or Margaret Swanson.

Our special singers were:
Mary Testa—Soprano
Margaret Swanson—Soprano
Jessie Norris—Mezzo
Howard Goserud—Tenor
Wendell Gleason—Baritone

Today larger churches employ professional musicians, but these joyful young people sounded good to me.

Bro. Norris had very definite ideas about rhythm. In a 4/4 meter, we clapped only on beats 1 and 3—to clap on the after-beats was too much like "jazz." When Jimmy Norris played the drums, there would be no flourishes on the snare—I don't recall there were cymbals. (After I grew older and played the piano and organ, I told Bro. Norris that his foot—as it tapped out a tempo—directed many song services.)

I would like to give a tribute to Wendell Gleason (1918-1997) for his many years of service to Midway and ABC. Bro. Gleason came with his young wife, Rea (Fleischman, B: 1922) from Oregon in the fall of 1946 to attend ABI. He came from a large, devoted Pentecostal family. Wendell's Uncle Andrew Baker was his pastor at Christ Apostolic Church. Their four children were born in St. Paul: Gary, Patsy, Pam and Stanley and are all such wonderful and talented people—kudos to



the Gleason's parenting skills. After he went through ABI, he stayed with us until 1981. He gave us his gift of music: a fine baritone voice, the sousaphone played with beauty and dignity. He was a strong leader in congregational singing, in instrumental and vocal quintets and conducted both the ABI and Midway choirs. Christmas cantatas were really special—we did our share of John Peterson creations. He was also instructor in ABI where he taught Music: theory, applied and performance, plus supervising recording sessions. Other subjects included Bible Geography, Life of Christ, Gospels, Acts, Minor Prophets, Intertestamental History, Speech and Drama. He was faithful, always had a pleasant smile. Around 1960, he wrote "He Had Compassion on Me." Son Stanley wrote verses to the chorus that is on a Gleason family album called *Reunion* that was recorded in 1990,

*He had compassion on me,
Touched my eyes, now I see.
Healed my feet, now I 'walk in His way.
He had compassion on me,
Now from sin I am free.
Oh praise the Lord,
He had compassion on me.*

Even up into his older years and onset of ill health, he went on ABI choir tours around the country on a bus full of students. After he was retired, he and Rea returned to Oregon where his son Gary lives. Sometime after Bro. Gleason's death, Sis. Gleason made her home with her daughter, Patricia Bollman, in St. Louis. I read one time that the volunteer choir director's job is the most thankless job in the church—so here I give Bro. Gleason my thanks. God bless his memory. After Bro. Gleason left, talented Mary Kloepper became choir director and principal pianist/organist.

Our Junior Choir was not only a singing group, but a social group formed in the mid '40' s. Our first leader was Virginia Lee (Rigdon), then Joyce Drinkwater (Lindsey), and Eleanor Norris (Grant.) The group sang in the Sunday Evening service.

We met routinely on Friday evenings for a variety of activities. We Newstrand's were happy to see the bus coming up the street. You could not miss it! It was a very short version of a school bus and was painted a bright canary yellow (yellow was Bro. Norris' favorite color) with "Midway Tabernacle" printed in bold black letters on its sides. We referred to it as the "Banana Wagon." I cannot recall who drove different ones—some faithful saint or older young person. We met at the church. Besides our leaders' lessons, some of our activities were putting on a play, playing games, an old-fashioned taffy pull, going with an older young person making a door-to-door canvas in the Midway neighborhood, ice skating on the Hamline rink or watching a film from Bro. Norris' collection of "Our Gang" black and white movies.

After the Norris's had moved to 1456 Lincoln, Bro. Norris hosted a gathering there for us on a Sunday afternoon. We had an afternoon snack and afterward he talked to us and we agreed to refrain from reading the comics for a week—a lesson on the consecrated life and developing a life-long habit of Bible reading.

One summer, Bro. Norris took the youngsters up to their lake home on Long Lake near Brainerd. Of course, the boys and girls went on separate trips. My Uncle Rudy and Aunt Vivian Bowe were there for the group of us girls. We swam, rode the surfboard behind the motorboat, fished some, explored the woods, were introduced to an "out-house" and had sweet devotions in the evenings along with delicious food prepared by Auntie.

As to our daily Christian life, part of it was related to modest conduct and appearance. Bro. Norris did not engage in an ongoing harangue on the subject, but taught us and encouraged principles of Christian decorum and propriety in speech, conduct and dress. These principles were expected of us and became part of our lives. Our sense of "belonging" to Midway, to our social group and our many activities and God's keeping power, preserved our young lives. Holiness living for the girls included long hair, longish



Virginia Lee and Junior Choir Girls at Como Park Conservatory (c. 1940's): Joyce Anderson, Beverly Newstrand; Barbara Pitzer, Charlotte Bowe, Mary Fern Newstrand, Carol Newstrand, unidentified child, Virginia Lee.



*The Junior Choir, c. 1949.
1st row: Jimmy Sabin, Bobby Sabin, Donny Antonson, Earl Smith, Dick Benson, Ronny Newstrand, Donny Sjostrand.
2nd row: Kenny Benson, Betty Smith, Dorothy Larson, Bev Newstrand, Arlene Benson, Ruth Norris, Barbara Pitzer, Gladys Atchison,
Leader: Eleanor Norris.
Pianist: Glenna Brott.
3rd row: Shirley Atchison, Rachel Torres, Mary Newstrand, Joyce Anderson, Carol Newstrand, Charlotte Bow, Shirley Sjostrand.*



Combined Midway/ABI orchestra, c. 1949

1st Row: Paul Ahlstrand, violin; Will Larson, mandolin; Werner Larson, mandolin, Ruth Norris, vibrabarp.

2nd Row: Bob Molberg, guitar; Clarice Noiles, accordion; Leonard Wurch, violin.

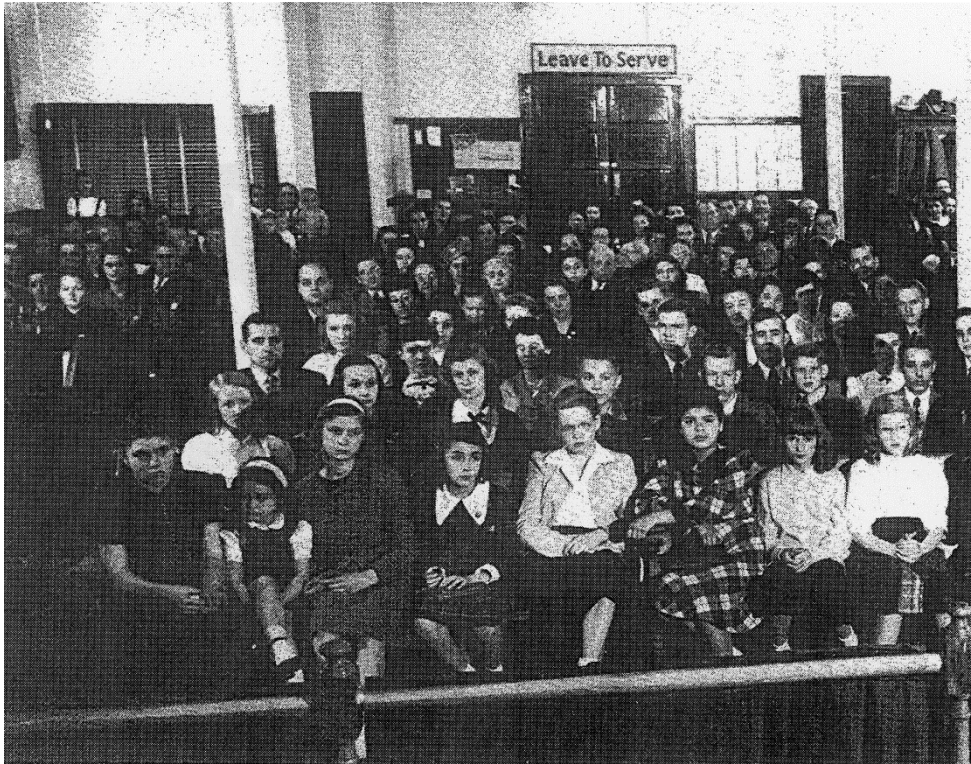
3rd Row: Karl Schweiger, accordion; Myrtle Bishop, accordion; Arnie Johnson.

4th Row: Bob Cook, saxophone; Faith Johnson, saxophone; David Kiner, saxophone; ?, clarinet; Bill Schmidt, trumpet; Jim Norris, drums.

5th Row: Jimmy Sabin, trumpet; ?, Gene Hill, trumpet, Bobby Sabin, trumpet; ? Dean Hawkes; Rommy Newstrand, trombone.

Leader: Robert N. Sabin; Wenden Gleason, tuba.

Pianist: Virginia Caldie.



sleeves and skirts, no pants, no makeup or jewelry. The boys were to have long pants and short hair. We were to stay away from worldly amusements such as movies and participation in organized sports.

Bro. Norris wrote a piece in *The Pentecostal Outlook* of September, 1945 called "Back to Holiness" based on Proverbs 14:34 and I Corinthians 11.

God has given woman long hair for a covering ...
The cutting and bobbing of hair is not just a "fad"
that will soon pass away. This is a real stroke of old
Satan on the womanhood of our nation to rob us of
the best opportunity we ever had, that of a righteous
womanhood ... but our sad plight is that we do not
have enough women in America who have power
with God to turn the tide of sin.

This separation and special appearance did lend itself to a certain loneliness, especially for the young people. It is human to want to be accepted and have friends in school and work. We had a wonderful set of friends in church and a close association with peers in the Junior Choir group. One related, "I wasn't crazy about high school; it was hard. You felt so separated from your classmates. You couldn't do anything." Despite young frustrations, this person has stayed an active and very devoted Christian. In a sense, we were a marginalized group partly because of our social and economic status, our appearance and the ways we worshiped. Ridicule and mockery came in the tag "Holy Roller," but I can't remember it being a real issue for me.

The lines between Midway/ABC and ABI are blurred—they are bound so closely together. Bro. Norris opened up the Apostolic Bible Institute in 1937 to train Pentecostal young men and women for the ministry. 464 Pierce Street also housed ABI in the early days. The students were attractive and interesting to us youngsters. I

learned most of their names and they added a lot to our church family with their exuberance and youth. "Welcome Night" was on a Sunday night when the new students would introduce themselves to the congregation. It was like having our own built-in "celebrities." They joined with our congregation in their testimonies, singing and prayers—most were "on fire" for the Lord. Some of them became practice teachers and assistants in the Sunday School. Midway/ABC proved to be a source and sustenance financially in their support of the school.

A highlight of their school year was the ABI graduation with its dramatic productions. The students and instructors wrote the script. Costumes might be a shawl over the girl's hair, a housecoat for a robe, a cardboard or wooden sword, or lights flashing at the wrong time. But it was before TV or videos. It was our "audiovisual" of Bible stories. I was impressed and missed them when they were gone over summer break and holidays.

*ABI is the school we love, ABI is the school we love,
For proclaiming the message sent from above,
Where young and old may learn the truths o/God,
ABI is the school we love, ABI is the school we love,
May God 's rich blessing ever be resting
On the school that we love.*

Russell Walters

I loved to listen to the adventures of the returning missionaries, especially the thrilling and dramatic stories the Urshans told us about Persia. On the last Saturday night of his meetings, Bro. Joseph Urshan usually wore a native costume for his presentation. It was a hair-raising tale.

Louise Dickson was a dinner guest in our home—a petite elderly woman whose mission field was Jerusalem and Haifa from 1912. She came from the Winnipeg church originally and was a good friend of my Grandma Lundquist. Then there were ABI

graduates that we kept track of who served on the mission field such as the Ball family in Columbia.

Many of the newly converted at Azusa Street were moved to go to the mission field often without knowing the particular country's language, exactly where they were going, and how they would support themselves or have the money for a return trip to America. Bro. Wynn Stairs was the supervisor of our missionaries and looked after them more carefully. He was a frequent visitor to Midway.

*Hear the Lord of harvest sweetly calling,
Who will go and work for me today?
Who will bring to Me the lost and dying?
Who will point them to the narrow way?
Speak, my Lord. Speak, my Lord.
Speak, and I'll be quick to answer thee.
Speak, my Lord. Speak, my Lord.
Speak, and I will answer "Send me."*

George Bennard

Grandma Lundquist was a faithful letter writer to many missionaries and taught Missions in ABI. She loved to tell us children about some of the missionaries' adventures. I do not recall a prison ministry, but it may have well existed on a personal level of a particular saint.

For a long time, the church did a live radio broadcast on Sunday afternoons over WMIN every Sunday night from 6:05 to 6:30 P.M. The station was located on St Anthony Avenue two or three blocks east of Snelling Avenue. The building looked like a house—white clapboard. The engineers worked behind a big plate glass window. A few times the children supplemented the singing adults. Bro. Norris gave the sermon and made announcements. Jeanette Ahlstrand or Virginia Caldie played the piano.

Our sign-on song was:

*He's the One who loves me in the morning.
He's the one who loves me all the day.
He's the one who loves me in the evening.
He loves me alway.*

Then our sign-off song was:

*Goodbye, our God is watching o'er you,
Goodbye, His mercy goes before you,
Goodbye and we'll be praying for you,*

America had joined with the Allies in World War II after December 7, 1941. There was a plaque on the wall of the sanctuary listing "our boys" who were serving in the military. Ed Caldie sent me a CD copy of a recording that Midway's young people had made on the evening of December 15, 1944, at their Christmas gathering held at the Norris' home. They sang the sign-on song of Midway's radio program with piano accompaniment. Bro. Robert Martin emceed and different ones gave a Christmas greeting and blessing to Ed who then was in New Guinea in the South Pacific. The speakers were his wife, Virginia, Clinton Stone, Bob and Barbara Dainty, Rudy and Vivian Bowe, Guy Atchison, Esther Larson, Vernon and Victoria Johnson, Bro. George Dainty, Jeanette and Paul Ahlstrand, Will Larson and Violet Testa. At one point you can hear his infant son, Eddie Junior, crying in the background. Then they finished with "Goodbye, our God Is Watching O'er You." The CD is quite scratchy with a lot of static—most likely made with a wire recorder, the up-to-date technology then but their voices sound so sweet.

We youngsters went along with Bro. Norris and others for street meetings. I remember most often going to Hastings—a beautiful town about twenty-five miles south of St. Paul on the Mississippi River. We sang and handed out tracts. Now there is an

established church there led by Bro. D. Keith Leaman.

Azusa Street and early Pentecostalism taught living by faith, trusting in the insurance company of heaven, and radical dependence on the Lord. They had many stories of how the Lord miraculously provided for His children's needs. My Grandma and Grandpa Lundquist had their own story. When serving as pastors (Grandma was also an ordained Pentecostal minister) on one occasion, they had no food to eat. So, of course, they prayed. Soon a man came to their front door with a large bag of groceries. Grandma thanked him and walked away from the door. Almost immediately, she turned around to see him, but there was no one in sight. She told us children it was an angel.

Our church people for the most part trusted God for their living. They most likely learned to manage their finances well especially so with having just come through the Great Depression. They followed the teachings of tithes and offerings. Good stewardship included not wasting food or goods. Trusting God, saving and spending wisely were the answers. And we were also reminded by a beautifully framed, glass-covered writing of Malachi 3:10 that hung in the sanctuary. My father, Albert Newstrand, most always stood and pledged money for whatever project or need that Bro. Norris presented. Daddy's finances were not great, but he showed us children the aspect of faithfulness.

A "Watch Night" service was held on New Year's Eve—beginning at 10 P.M. and lasting until after midnight into the New Year. We celebrated with songs and worship followed by a foot-washing service as recorded in John 13. The men and women went into separate groups, men washing men's feet and women, women's feet. They took turns washing one another's feet by cupping the hand and pouring water over the feet that rested in a basin, then dried the feet with a towel. All the while the group worshiped with prayers and song.

*Sweep over my soul, sweep over my soul.
Sweet Spirit, sweep over my soul.
My joy is complete when I kneel at Thy feet,
Sweet Spirit sweep over my soul.*

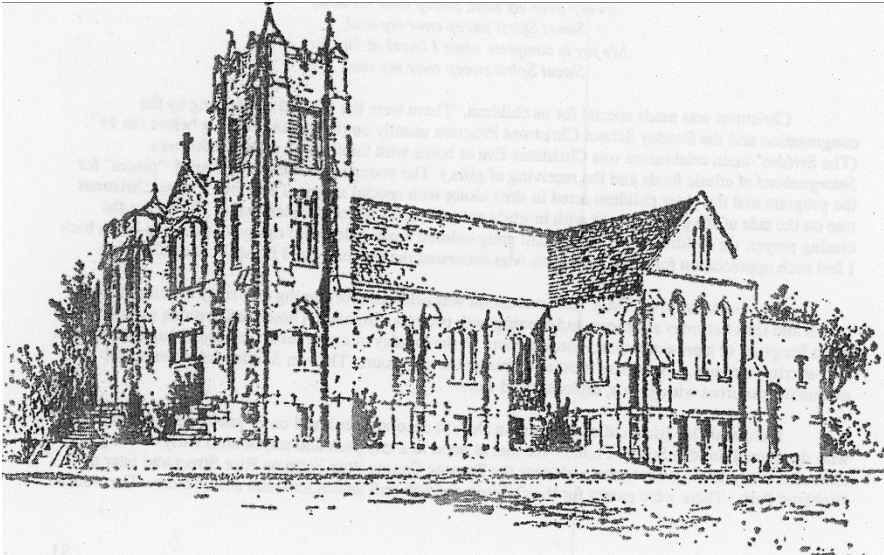
Christmas was made special for us children. There were the beloved carols sung by the congregation and the Sunday School Christmas Program usually on the Sunday evening before the 24th. (The Swedes' main celebration was Christmas Eve at home with family with a special *Svenska Smorgasbord* of ethnic foods and the receiving of gifts.) The younger children recited brief "pieces" for the program and the older children acted in skits along with special songs. There was a huge Christmas tree on the side of the platform—lit with brightly colored bulbs, tinsel and glass balls. Then after the closing prayer, we children were given small gaily-colored boxes filled with candy. Now when I look back, I feel such appreciation for those dear souls who decorated the sanctuary and filled those candy boxes.

On a weekend in late May, ABI graduation was celebrated beginning on Friday evening with a drama and then Saturday afternoon and evening with two more dramas. These presentations were based on Bible Scripture or a preeminent religious leader. In the Sunday morning service, a special guest preached a soul-stirring message. There was another drama in the afternoon. Then on Sunday night, the actual graduation occurred with gowns, diplomas and tears.

Memorial Day (then called Decoration Day to decorate our loved ones' graves) was celebrated with the annual Sunday School Picnic. We met at noon in a city park and stayed until early evening. I remember early on we went to the park near the Ramsey County Poor Farm on Rice Street and later at Highland Park. There were games for the children and soft ball games for those a little older. The women brought dinner—a tasty potluck for all. Then ice cream was served, kept frozen in a big box filled with dry ice.



860 Hague Avenue



OTHER EARLY TWIN CITY PENTECOSTAL MISSIONS AND CHURCHES

The following congregations held to the Pentecostal doctrine as we believed, but for reasons generally unknown to me were not fellowshipped by Midway though there were old ties—some family ties—between members of the congregations.

John A. Nelson pastored the Apostolic Faith Assembly located at 83 Eleventh Street in downtown St. Paul from c. 1920 and was "the oldest Negro preacher in years of service in St. Paul" according to an article in the *St. Paul Dispatch* of May 31, 1951 which his daughter Ruth Nelson Rearsby-McLaren sent to me. Bro. Nelson was an evangelist who came to St. Paul with his family in 1919 from the lumber camps in Wisconsin. He began to preach on street corners gathering large crowds. The Nelsons had 10 children—two of the daughters are still living, one of whom is Ruth Nelson Rearsby-McLaren who remains a very active member of Christ Temple.

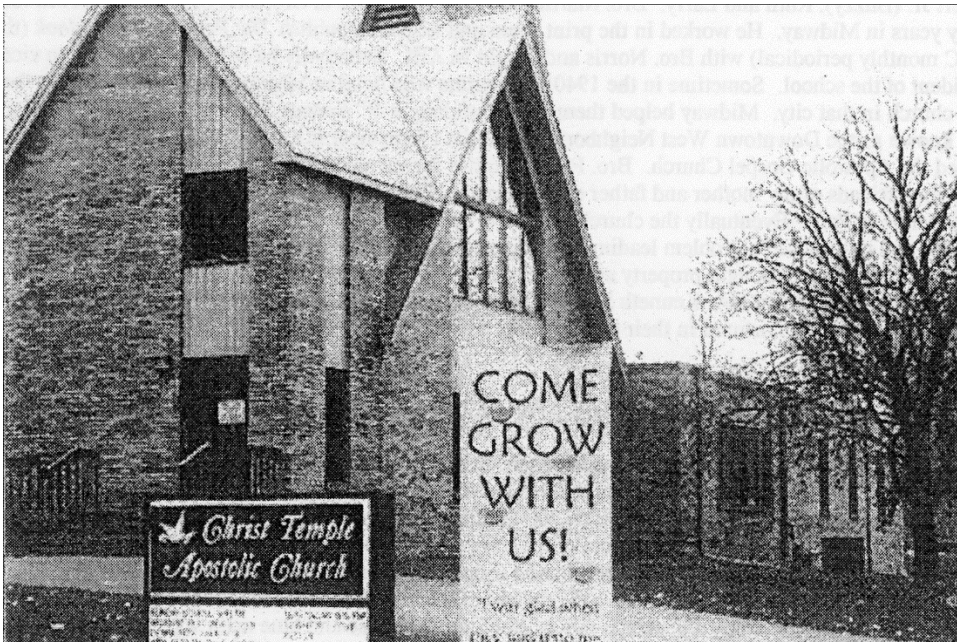
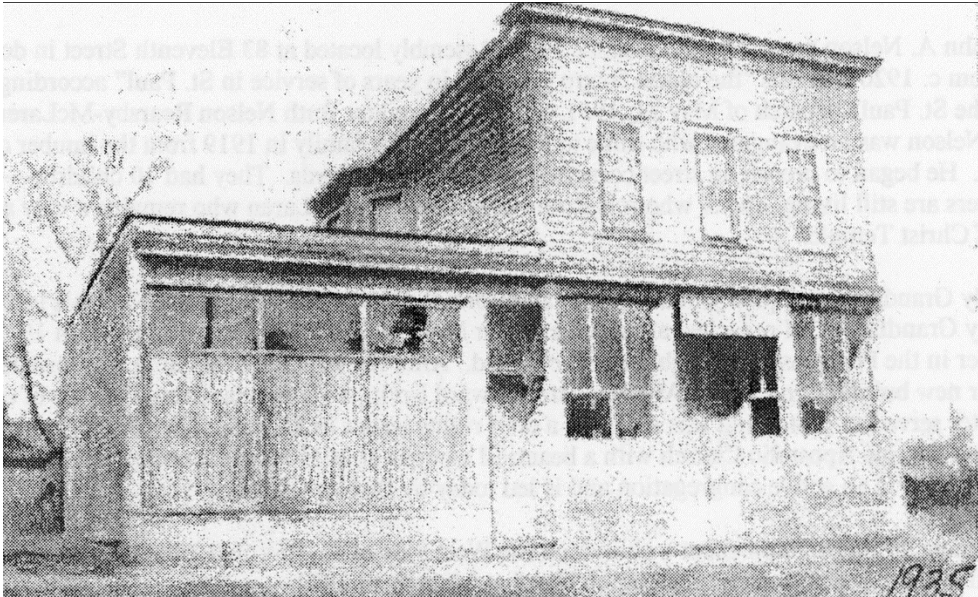
My Grandma Lundquist jotted a line in an informal diary: "We went to the Nelson's last night." She and my Grandfather Ed preached around the Upper Midwest. Bro. Nelson was chosen in 1923 as a district elder in the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World. After the 11th Street building was torn down, they met at their new building on Central Avenue. Bro. Edward Ervin, a young man who was part of early Midway later served as pastor and was active as a civil rights leader in St. Paul. The congregation is now called Christ Temple Apostolic Church with a beautiful campus at 2615 North Hamline Avenue in Roseville. There is an active congregation and is led today by Bishop Charles J. Foye.

I know no information about a church on the West Side of St. Paul that Bro. Archie Saunders pastored other than he had been on the church board at Midway in 1937.

Bro. Robert Martin was an early member of Midway. He and Bob Sabin's father, Robert N., received their Spirit Baptism in an early tent service around 1929. He and Lillian had four children: Faith, Robert Jr. (Buzzy), Ruth and Larry. Bro. Martin was assistant pastor to Bro. Ben Urshan and served for many years in Midway. He worked in the print room and helped to publish *The Pentecostal Outlook* (the PAJC monthly periodical) with Bro. Norris and taught in ABI. Eventually, he worked himself up to vice president of the school. Sometime in the 1940's, the saints who lived in Minneapolis wanted to have their own church in that city. Midway helped them buy a building at 5th Avenue South and 9th Street in what is now known as the Downtown West Neighborhood. What I remember is a small white clapboard church named the Apostolic Gospel Church. Bro. Robert Martin served as their pastor. He and his wife Lillian were good friends of my mother and father over the years. I remember their coming for dinner at our home in St. Anthony Park. Eventually the church wanted to be independent—not a Minneapolis branch of Midway—and that caused a problem leading to severance of ties with Midway. Later the church, renamed Christian Life Church, bought property at 9000 Emerson Avenue South in Bloomington. After Bro. Martin's death, his son-in-law, Kenneth Benson, became pastor. Ken is married to Ruth Martin. Some of the families that were nurtured in their congregation over the years were the Amundsens, Bensons, Wards and Bookers.

MOVING DAY AND LATER DEVELOPMENTS

Around 1950, the 464 property became too small to be used for both church and school. Gloria Dei Lutheran was selling their building at 860 Hague Avenue and was building a beautiful edifice in the Georgian Colonial style in Highland Park on 700 South Snelling Avenue. The 860 building was designed with the "Latin Cross" plan, the flatter roof of the tower and the pointed-arched windows suggest West European Gothic. The interior featured height and light. The beautiful stained glass windows were



Christ's Temple original and present day buildings in St. Paul, Minnesota.

inspiring. The large window behind the balcony was of the resurrection scene. Sometimes students from nearby colleges came to study and sketch this work of art. The rose and blue neon sign was re-hung there. The church bought our first Hammond organ. 860 was about six blocks from our home on Hague Avenue so if we needed to, we Newstrand kids could walk to church. Today the Shiloh Baptist congregation worships there.

In 1952, ABI left old 464 and moved to 745 Grand Avenue. It had been a St. Paul elementary school. There were two floors plus a full basement and a good-sized chapel. It was more spacious, new and exciting to us. 464 was converted to apartments for married students.

A temporary setback occurred c. 1958. A fire accidentally started at 860 when the furnace was changed from oil to gas. But the St. Paul Fire Department was "on the spot" and repairs were made—just like new.

For a variety of reasons, it was decided to buy forty acres of property out in Washington County on Highway #694 (6944 Hudson Blvd. North) eight miles east of downtown St. Paul. This complex housed both ABI and the newly named church—the Apostolic Bible Church. Bro. Norris liked that name. In 1966, ABI and ABC were together again like the early days. The first sanctuary which seated 500 later became a chapel/gym. The second sanctuary built in 1978 with a seating capacity of 1,000 could well provide for conferences and ABI presentations. Most of the labor was donated by the men and women of the church. Old 464 was sold and sadly demolished.

In 1971, Robert A. Sabin was elected pastor. Bro. Norris became Pastor Emeritus and ministerial assistants were Wendell Gleason, Gerald Grant, David Norris, and James Molberg.

Around 1977, the congregations of the Minnesota-Manitoba



Welcome to Camp Galilee



*"Camp Galilee! Camp Galilee!
No place on earth I had rather be.
Camp Galilee! Camp Galilee!
Where there's peace and harmony.
Where we sing and we pray.
Work, laugh, and play.
At beautiful Camp Galilee!"*



I am so glad that I have been buried in the name of the Lord.



District of the UPCI came together to build a summer camp. A good share of the labor and funds was donated by ABC. It was a forty-acre campus called Camp Galilee at 11975 Grey Cloud Trail in Cottage Grove. There was an eight-acre sized lake just down from the entry to the tabernacle. Bro. Norris named it Lake Galilee where many of our youngsters were baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost.

It seems that in every generation that grew up in Midway/ABC there was a special touch of the Lord on the youngsters. I give my thanks to Bob and Louise Sabin for their patient leadership and teaching of my children. There were times when there was no scheduled meeting that the group met in our home usually led by Greg Boyd—I could hear them in our family room—singing, praising and discussing the Bible. There was a special "harvest" of these children who as adults became pastors, pastors' wives and church workers. Some of them were Tula Barcus, Greg and Anita Boyd, David Churchill, Ann Grant, Craig Moorman, Shelly Marche, Gretchen Meyers, Jeff Priessler, Tim Olson, Craig Sawyer, and my children.

Sometime in the 1980's, Bro. Sabin and Jill Maxe began a school called LEAP or Life Eternal Alternative for Parents. It was an elementary-junior high program and was in operation for about ten years.

The stirrings of a church split began about 1985. Services of both ABC and the group led by Bro. Norris and Bro. Gerald Grant were held simultaneously—ABI in the auditorium and ABC in the chapel next door. By 1988, negotiations were started regarding the property owned jointly by ABC and ABI. Arbitration and offers were made to buy or sell and after much hurt, frustration, pain and back and forth, a financial settlement was approved by both parties. ABC bought the property at 1545 Dieter Street in 1990 that had housed the First Evangelical Free Church and ABC worships there today. After Bro. Michael Friend was voted in as pastor in 1997,

Pastor Sabin became Pastor Emeritus.

However, in about 2001, a nucleus of about fifteen members left ABC resulting in another congregation who met at first in house meetings. Then about 2007, another group left who had disagreements and planned for a lawsuit that failed to materialize. But the life of "Mother" Midway goes on through her children. Ministries have been born in new generations both in foreign fields and here in America. The following are some of those that lead and serve in the Twin Cities.

About 1996, Bro. Sabin approved Gary Weisbrod's taking about forty saints for a weekly prayer meeting and Bible Study. When Bro. Friend came to St. Paul, he helped them begin services at first in a building shared with another church and in 2005, ABC helped them build a nice church building in Coon Rapids.

The church associated with ABI on Hudson Blvd. changed its name to First Church United Pentecostal Church International with Pastor Gerald and Eleanor Norris Grant. First Church continues to serve the Apostolic Bible Institute and saints who elected to stay.

Roger Barcus founded the St. Paul Apostolic Tabernacle, an inner-city church, in 1990 eventually settling on 207 North Lexington Avenue. They have done extensive remodeling and are a lively and enthusiastic group with a vision for their community.

Drew and Heather Foster Baldrige founded King's Quest Pentecostal Church in Woodbury, a nearby suburb of St. Paul. The home missions work was begun in 1998 as an extension of Life Tabernacle in Hastings, Minnesota pastored by Bro. D. Keith Leaman. Bro. Baldrige is from South Dakota and graduated from Northwestern College in Roseville and ABI and worked for some time as an instructor in ABI.

Greg Boyd was our next-door neighbor in Cottage Grove

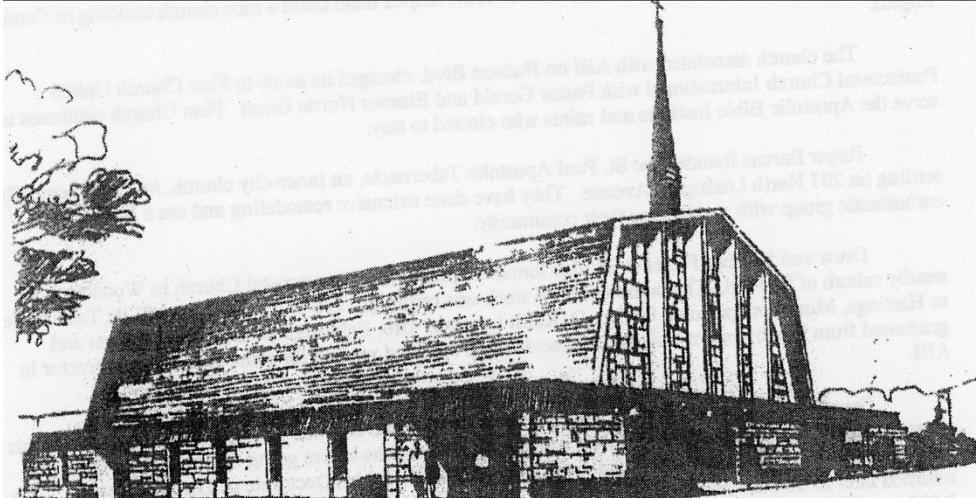
and was won to Pentecost along with his sister, Anita, by my children. He was with us for only a short time before going off to the University of Minnesota, to Yale for his Masters, and Princeton where he earned his Doctorate of Theology degree. Greg returned later to St. Paul and founded one of the Twin Cities' larger churches with a congregation of over 3,000 worshipers. It is called Woodland Hills and is located in East St Paul. Beside his role as senior pastor, he has written several theological books. Midway's David and Terri Churchill are two of his many assistants.

Jeff and Tula Barcus Priessler pastor the Minnetonka Apostolic Church just west of Minneapolis near the beautiful Lake Minnetonka.

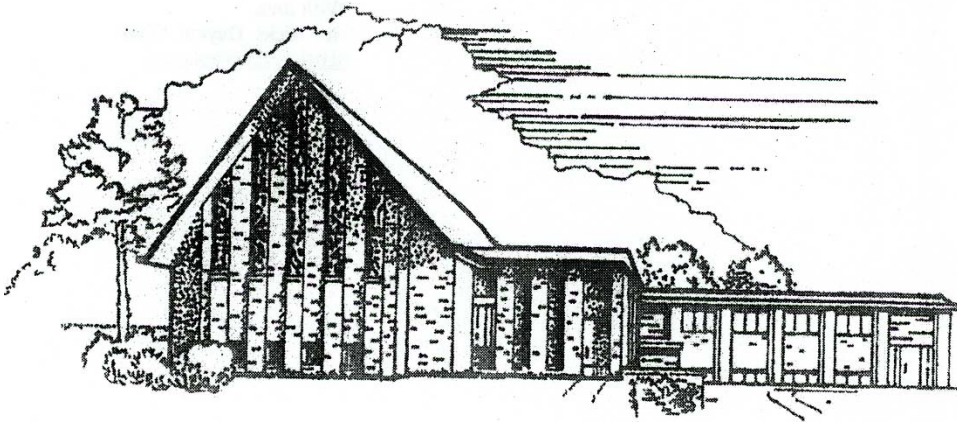
Franklin Sanders Jr, ("Fritz") is another of Midway's children. In 2001, Bro. Sanders and fifteen adults founded the Spirit of Life Bible Church in Woodbury. They now worship in their new building and the church is growing, Frank's son, Tim, has recently returned to pastor the church in Coon Rapids founded by his uncle, Gary Weisbrod.

Despite the ups and downs, joys and sadness. love and injustice, this story continues to tell the message of the cross and God's great love. And I remember that He is the One who builds His church.

With love,
Bev Hicks, Dayton, Ohio
BHicks1026@aol.com



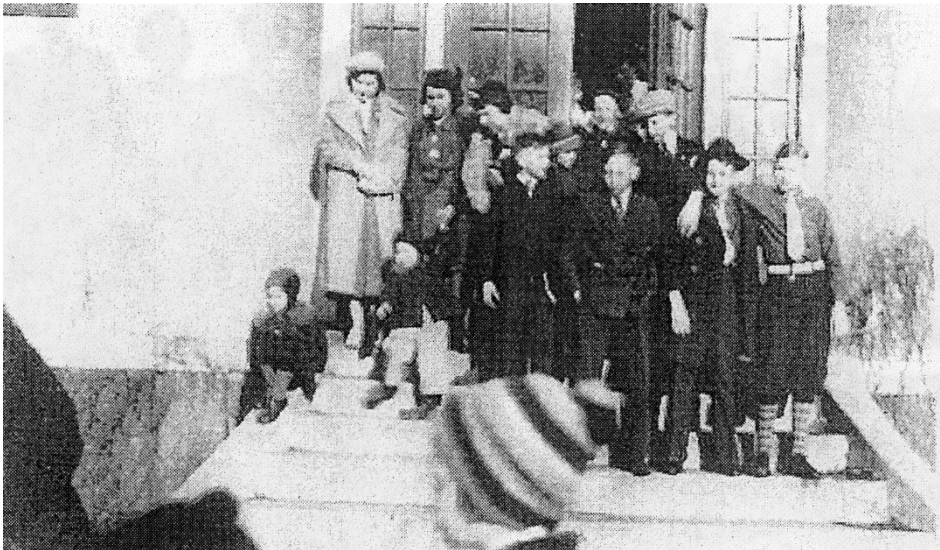
Apostolic Bible Church, 6944 Hudson Blvd. North and 1545 Dieter Street.



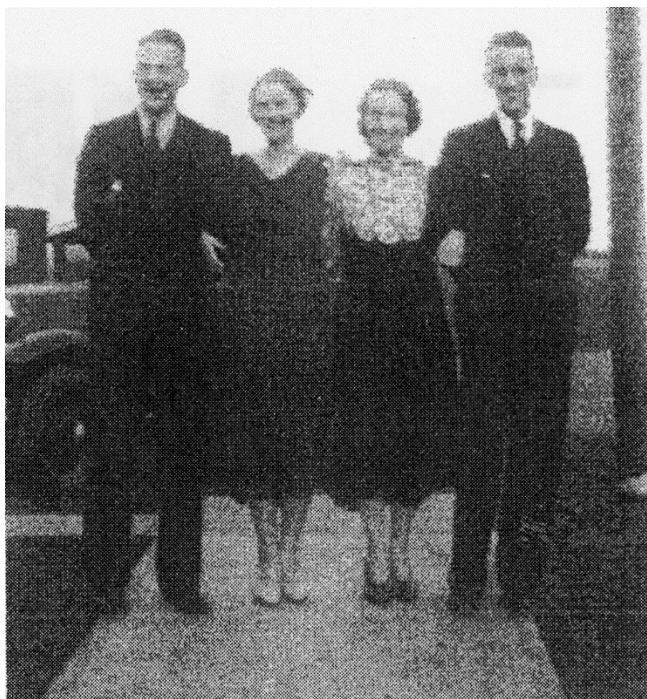
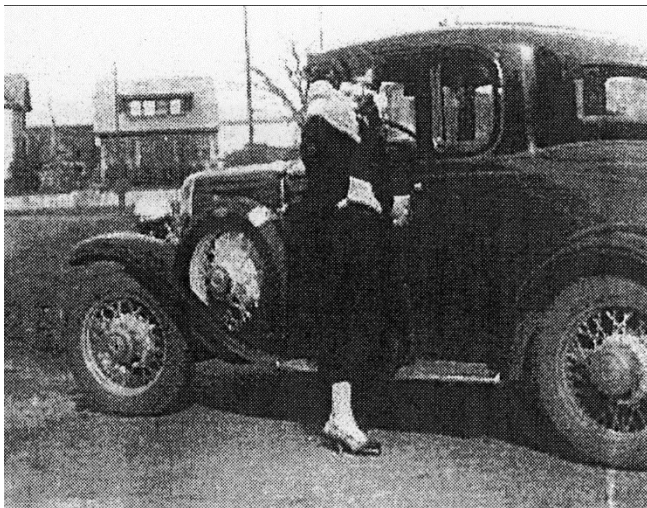
1920's



A 1928 Sunday School class and Midway's young people.



1930's



Above: The two young women are unknown to me.

Below: Left – saxophonist, Right – Clint Stone, Jeanette Stone, Genevieve Lundquist, Kenny Olson.

1930's

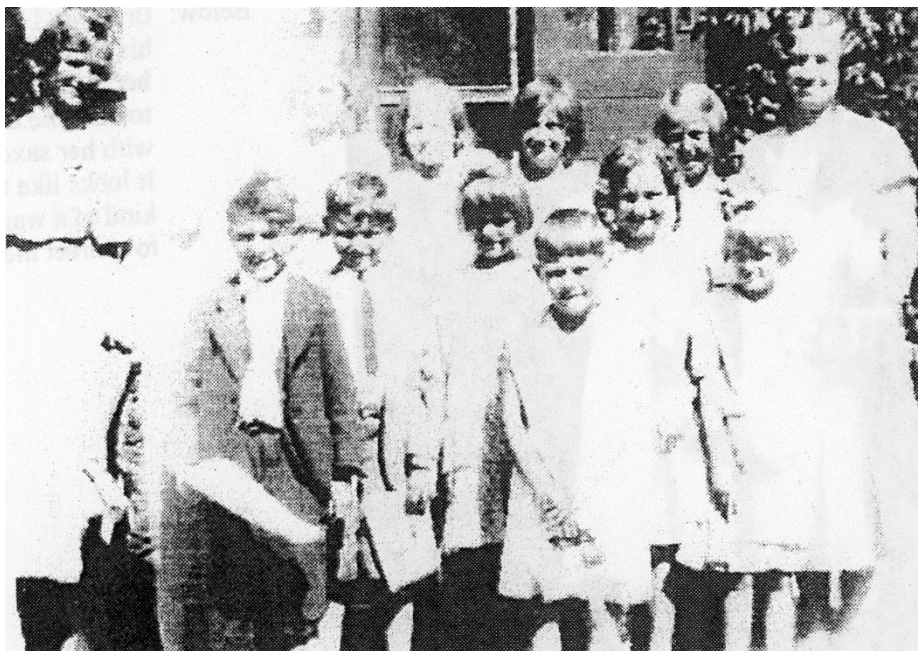


*The young people and their music.
Above: Lillian (Martin) and
Vivian Lunquist*

*Below: Bro. Ben Urshan with his
trombone. Vivian with her
trombone, standing back
toward the back is Gen
with her saxophone.
It looks like they are in some
kind of wagon on their way
to a street meeting.*



1930's



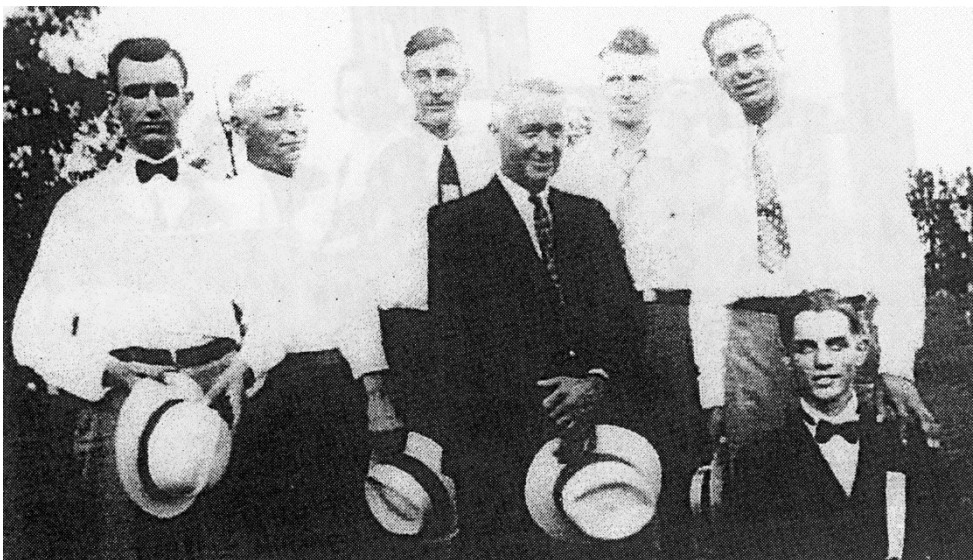
*Sunday School. Above: Teachers Vivian and Genevieve Lundquist.
Below: Youngsters with Vivian Lundquist.*

1930's

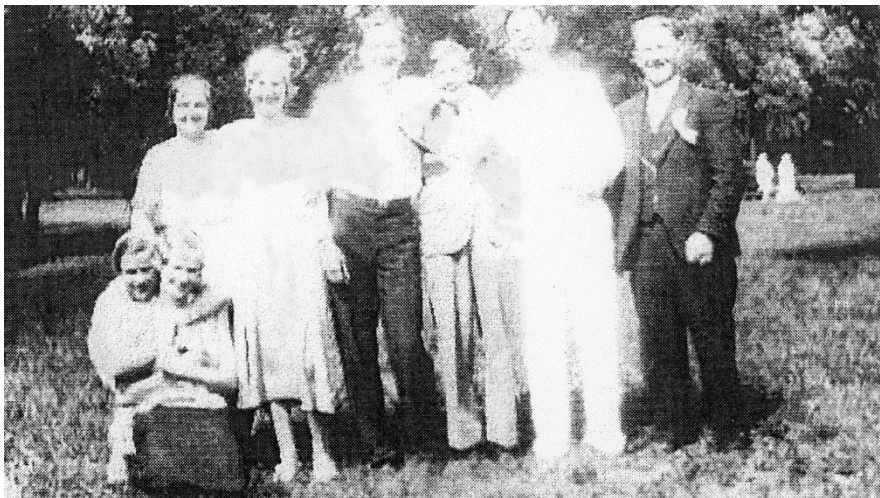
*Hostesses wearing aprons,
observing a church feast. #2
Delia Andreason, #3 Fern
Newstrand, #4 Sis. Peterson, #5
Sis. Lemmer.*



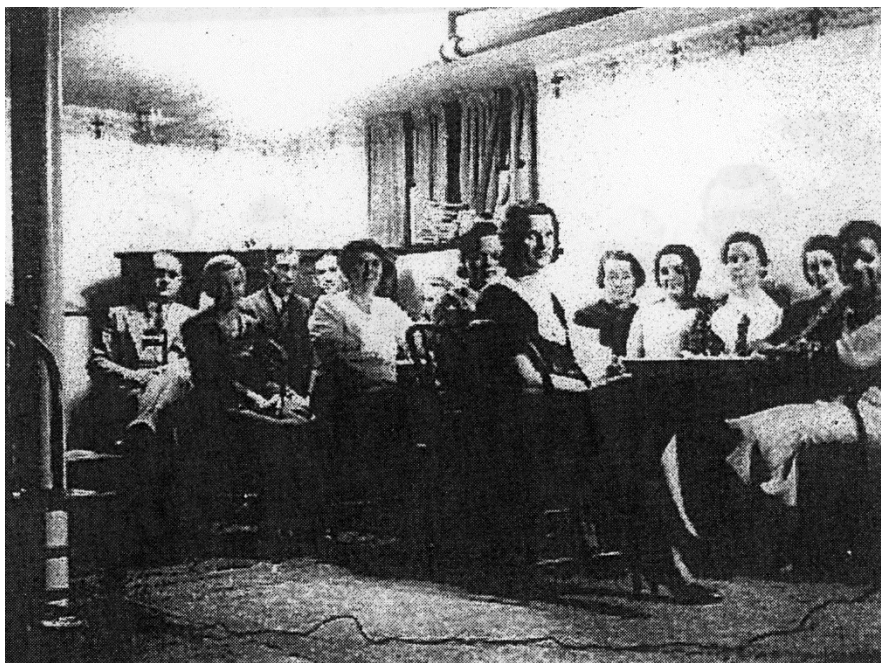
*Below: Clergy standing: #1 Ben
Urshan, #2 Ed Lundquist, #4
Bro. Ebert from Eau Claire, #6
Joe Urshan.*



1940's



Standing: #1 Lorraine Bye, #2 Jeanette Stone, #3 Clint Stone, #5 Kenny Olson, # Lloyd Knutson.

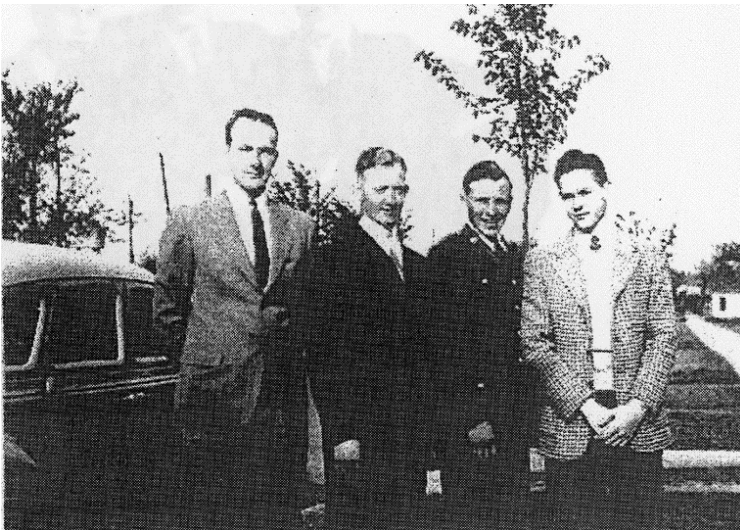


Bro. Norris' Young People's Class.

1940's

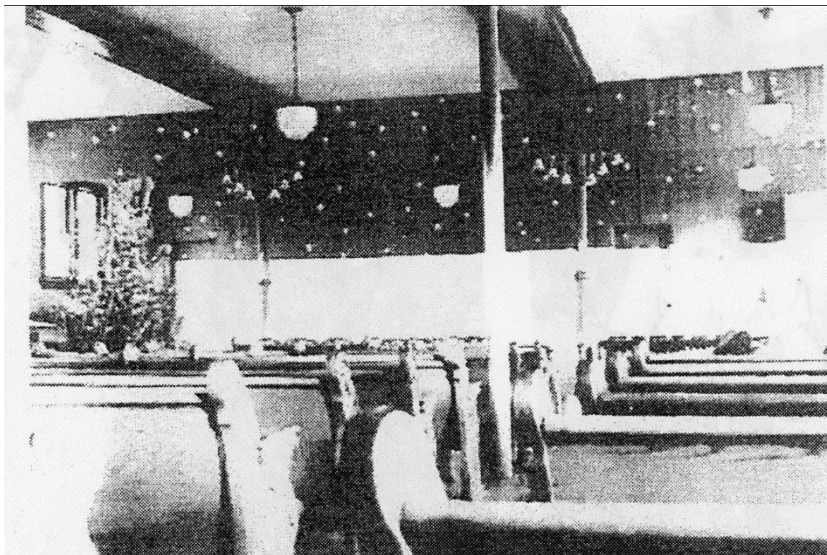


*Left: Working on the 464 addition, 1941, with Roy Maki and Lavon Stevens.
Right: Irene Anderson, Lorraine Bye, Lillian Evenson.*



Clint Stone, Arvid Larson, Johnny Johnson in his WWII uniform, Todd Andreason.

1940's



Christmas time with its beautiful tree and starry backdrop.

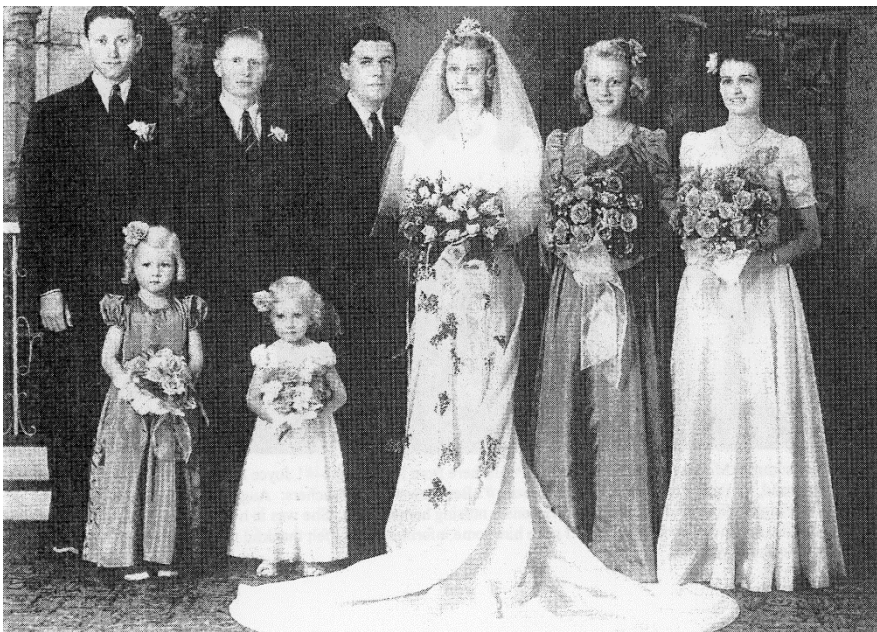


Four Musketeers: Fayne Lundquist, Kenny Olson, Russell Swanson, Clint Stone.

1940's



Two weddings: the George Byes and their daughter Lorraine and Colby Churchill.



Attendants: Robert Dainty, Willard Barnett, the Bride and Groom, Winifred Bye, Perhaps Mrs. Tiller. Flower Girls: Carol Newstrand and Shirley Swanson.

1940's

Joyce Drinkwater Lindsey.

Our 2nd Junior Choir leader.



Every summer, Midway held DVBS for us. Pupils here from left to right: #1 Joyce Anderson, #2 Mary Newstrand, #3 Betty Smith, #6 Dorothy Larson, #7 Bev Newstrand. Teachers: Augusta Lindquist and Viola Haigh. Viola died last year in a Wisconsin nursing home, alone. She was in her nineties. Her local pastor did not know much about her. I gave him some information and felt thankful that she gave us girls her time and prayers.

1940's

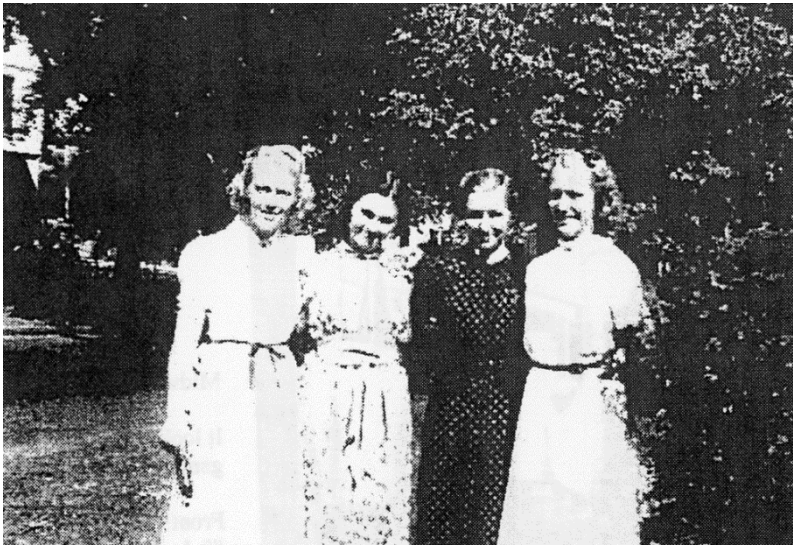
Midway 1940.

It looks like a softball game.

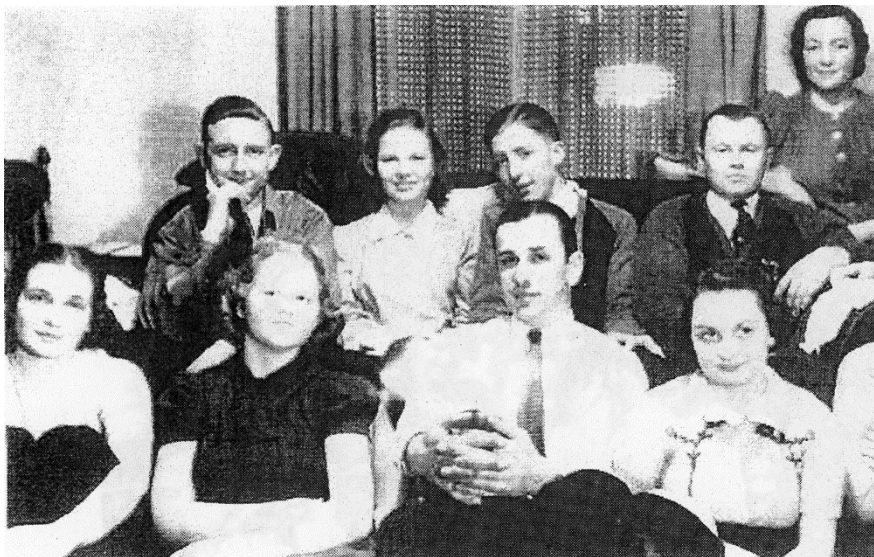


Front: # Ruthie Norris, # June Bye, #4 Faith Martin. Back: #3 Eleanor Norris.

1940's



Winnie Bye, Barbara Goserud, Irene Anderson, Lorraine Bye.



Front: Ruth Stone, Elsie Larson, Kenny Olson, Lorraine Bye. Back: Ed Larson, Betty Winkler, Will Larson, Charlie Johnson, Genevieve Lundquist.

1940's



I do not know the names of all these beautiful children. The two little cousins in the front row are David & Johnny Larson. In the back row are Krystal Lundquist in the middle and to the right is little David Norris. Also, #1 in the back row may be a little Churchill.

1950's



A beautiful evening at Taylor's Falls on the St. Croix River.

Front: Jin Hosch from ABI—he must have stayed to work that summer—and Donny Antonson.

Middle: Ruth Norris, Dorothy Larson, Eleanor Norris, Sharon Bennett.

Back: Bev & Ron Newstrand. Others unknown.



Boy's Sunday School Class with teachers Fritz Sanders, Dub Parker, and Marvin Weisbrod.

1960's

*The Helping Hands:
Front: Hildur Larson,
Augusta Lindquist,
Susan Norris, Agnes
Bye. Back: Ruth
Anderson, Genevieve
Larson, Ruth
Antonson, Else Smith,
Mildred Johnson,
unknown, Sis. Leaman,
Unknown, Sis,
Engeseth, Sis, Kaeler,
Sis. Verdeja, Helen
Nelson.*



*Eleanor Grant, Hazel Sawyer, Kathy Maki, Dorothy Sawyer, Alice Johnson &
Doris Walker.*

1960's



The four girls to the right, left to right, are Gloria Larson, Eleanor Demos, Carrie Demos, and Linda Norris. Boys: #2 Bill Larson, #3 David Norris, and #4 Pete Verdeja.



A scene from Children's Church at 860 Hague Avenue.

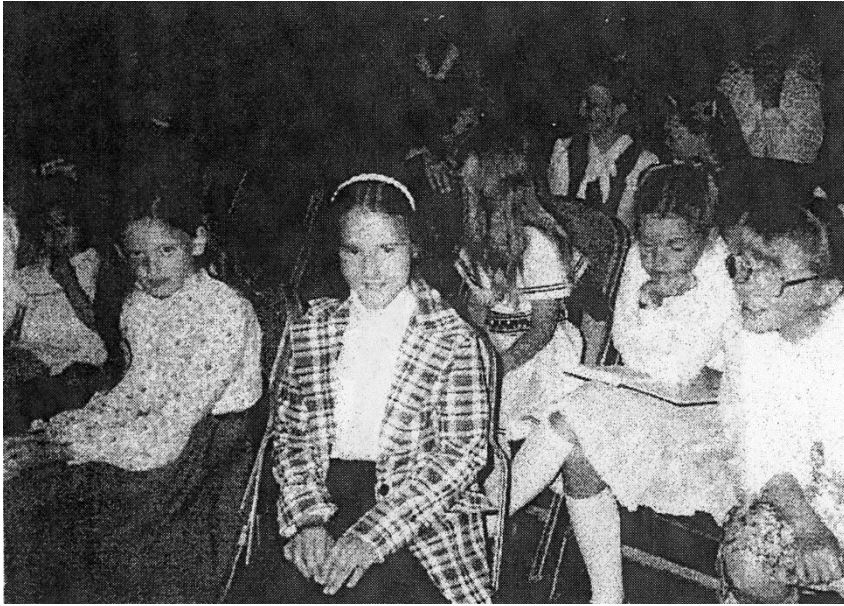
1960's



Doris Walker and Grace Larson with the Beginners.



1970's



ABC Sunday School.



1970's



Scenes from ABC Sunday School.



1980's



An outing with Elaine Bowe, Marvel Weisbrod, Eunice Mrenca, Sharon Andrusek, Betty Roos, and Elsie Norris.



Mom's get tired too--Linda Sandstrom.

1980's



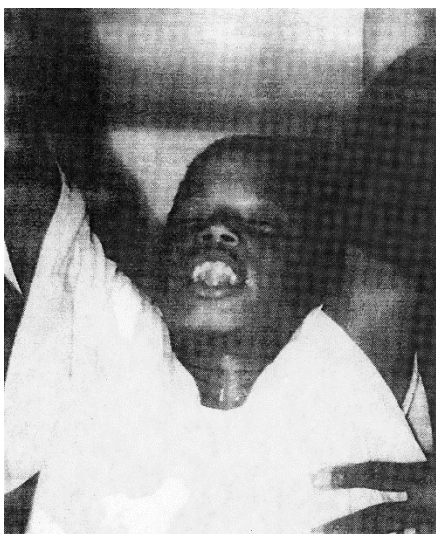
1980's



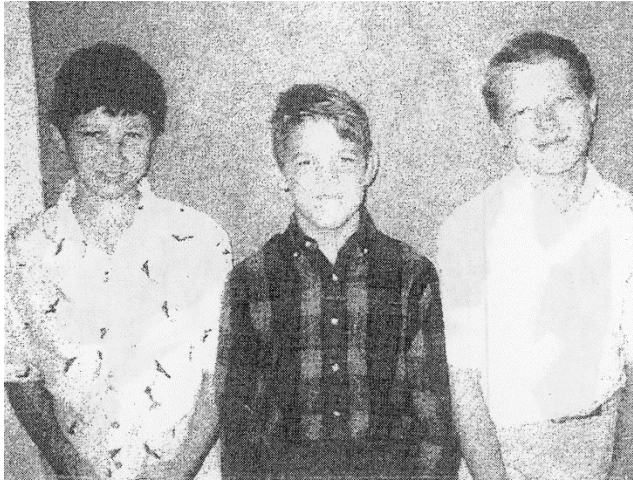
The beautiful Dupree twins, Hia and Nadine.

Big brother, Michael, at his baptism.

Now they are adults with their own families at ABC.



1990's



ABC Sunday School & "Ladies Set Apart" Saturday afternoon tea.



Pastors of Midway Tabernacle & the Apostolic Bible Church

Herbert O. Scott 1915-1917
Harvey McAlister, 1917-1918
Robert E. McAlister, 1917-1918
William E. Booth-Clibborn, 1918-1920
Andrew David Urshan, 1920-1921
R. Sweazy, 1921-1922
William E. Booth-Clibborn, 1922-1925
L. R. Ooton, 1925-1927
Edgar C. Steinberg, 1927-1929
Frank Small, 1929-1930
Joseph Rex Dyson, 1930-1931
Benjamin David Urshan, 1931
Robert Dawson, 1931
Benjamin David Urshan, 1931-1934
Stuart Greene Norris, 1934-1971
Robert Sabin, 1971-1997
Michael Friend, 1997 to the present

The above list has been taken from the program notes of the 75th anniversary of the Apostolic Bible Church that was held on October 4th to the 7th in 1990. The other source was a handwritten but unsigned document of 1991 that I obtained from the Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center. Their times of pastoral service sometimes overlapped with each other. The following pages contain brief biographical sketches.

I could find no record of the elusive Bro. R. Sweazy as listed on the ABC 75th Anniversary handout. Bro. W.C. Parkey wrote, "I believe that Bro. Sweazy was named Gilbert Sweazy and have read about him, but don't know that much about his ministry. Since you have the initial "R" then Gilbert may not be right. I cannot remember exactly where I saw his name but it may be on a ministerial license given to a minister in the Popular Bluff area and he signed the document as an official." Also, Glenn Gohr of the

Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center wrote, "There was a Gilbert Sweazy with the early Pentecostal movement from about 1912-1915. He seems to have been an evangelist and pastor in various places in Missouri and in Des Moines, Iowa." Sis Forrey mentions Bro. Sweazy once in her writing about early Midway. And I found a reference in *Word & Witness* of December 20, 1913, but was spelled Gilbert C. Sweaza from Missouri.

Further information on Gilbert Sweaza is in Carl Brumback's *Suddenly From Heaven, A History of the Assemblies of God*. In the chapter titled "The New Issue," he writes the Grand Council met for the fourth time in 1916 to discuss and vote on fundamental truths. This quotation is found on page 208:

Following one negative vote, Chairman Welch leaned forward and expostulated with Howard Goss: "Howard, you know you believe this point to be Gospel truth!" "Sure I do," retorted Goss, "but you are making a creed, and I am opposed to it." It was in the best interests of the "Jesus Only" group for the Assemblies of God not to adopt any theological statement, to enable them to retain membership and at the same time be free to propagate their new theology.

As the sections of the report on Fundamental Truths were considered, there was spirited and sometimes humorous debate. At one point, T. K. Leonard facetiously referred to the "Oneness" doctrine of G.T. Haywood and his colleagues as "hay, wood and stubble," with the further remark, "they are all in the wilderness and they have a voice in the 'wilderness,'" (referring to the periodical published by Brother Haywood entitled *Voice in the Wilderness*). Haywood turned pale and started to rise to his feet, but was

pulled back into his chair by those sitting near him. Gilbert Sweaza, a member from Southeast Missouri, red-faced and indignant, stomped out the door. Voices from both sides were raised in protest, and it was some minutes before things quieted down and the reading of the report was continued. From that time on, the advocates of the new doctrine took little part in the discussions, having come to the conclusion that opposition would be futile: The tide had definitely turned against them ...

Sharon Nelson wrote that her husband remembered a Bro. E.G. Koppe who took care of Midway for a while. Evelyn Forry wrote that a Bro. Marsh came down from Canada to be a pastor: "His wife also was anointed to preach and also was a blessed leader. So they were a team who worked together." This seems to indicate there were other pastors who served Midway, but are unknown to me.

I have also included Evangelist R. J. Scott who was so important in bringing the message of Oneness to the Twin Cities and his enthusiasm for the 1915 Twin City Camp Meeting. Also Bro. G.T. Haywood of Indianapolis, Indiana, was a frequent visitor to the Twin Cities and Midway Tabernacle in its early days. Information on the early pastors was difficult to find unless they had left some written record.

The question is why were there so many pastors that served for such short periods. I offer some possible answers: Jessie Norris (Sis. S. G. Norris) wrote the following in her book, *Comfort*, "Some ministers, seeing the attitude of the church group, politely resigned; some left before the blows fell. Others, blamed and crushed, left to recover faith enough to start again in another church."

Also, I might add that it was the very exciting era following the revival at Azusa Street. They believed this

outpouring of God's Spirit was the preparation for the coming of the Lord whom they expected momentarily. They felt impelled to travel from place to place and establish Pentecostal missions—all over North America and in every country across the globe—wherever they could. As I read their accounts, the pioneers pastored a church for a while and then took off on an evangelistic tour or traveled to a foreign field. The time was short and so much needed to be done—it was a pressured, almost a frenetic life they lived. They felt if they tried a little harder Jesus would come sooner—that through their efforts they could help to hasten the end of the age.

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations and then shall the end come. (Matthew 24:14)

And the gospel must first be published among all nations. (Mark 13:10)

Benjamin Urshan, in his autobiography *Survivor*, wrote of Pastor David Johnson of Duluth and his having gone to hold a meeting in South Dakota. "Pastors did this quite often in those days, mixing pastoral work with evangelism. There was a driving impetus to spread the gospel, to reach out to another city."

Roy J. Scott
Monday Morning Leadership Committee at Azusa
Evangelist to the Twin Cities 1915-1916

The following is taken from *Apostolic Faith*, the newspaper of the Azusa Street Mission dated November, 1906; the lead article is "Bible Pentecost."

The news has spread far and wide that Los Angeles is being visited with a "rushing mighty wind from heaven" ... One brother stated that even before his train entered the city, he felt the power of the revival ... There is such power in the preaching of the Word in the Spirit that people are shaken on the benches. Coming to the altar, many fall prostrate under the power of God. and often come out speaking in tongues ...

Bro. Scott wrote in *Apostolic Faith*, Vol. I Edition 6 of February/March, 1907 that he hungered for a deeper experience in God. Although he was superintendent of Missions in his hometown of Winnipeg, Canada, and was a successful businessman, he wanted more than justification and sanctification. Someone had given him a copy of *Apostolic Faith* and then God spoke to him and his wife to go to Los Angeles.

He went to the Azusa Street Mission, saw for himself and became so hungry for the gift of the Holy Ghost after witnessing God's power on the people there. Sis. Scott received her Spirit Baptism. After another nine days of his seeking God, Bro. Scott was filled with the Holy Ghost. After that their eleven-year-old daughter was gloriously filled. Their son was also filled with the Holy Spirit and was called to preach the Gospel.

Bro. Scott became a leader at the Azusa mission. God inspired him to call a camp meeting. The Lord said, "I have

called a mighty camp meeting that I might get a chance to speak to My people. I am coming soon and I have great things to show them..." For three days, Bro. Scott fasted and prayed. On April 6 about midnight, he heard a knocking at his door. He saw a vision of Jesus standing in the doorway all dressed in white with his arms outstretched saying, "Go. Tell My people, behold I come quickly."

Over the next few days, God continued to talk with him about the camp meeting. Two sisters and a brother at the Mission verified the call. A group went out to the proposed site and Bro. Scott was overwhelmed with God's presence. It seemed that heaven opened; it was a holy place. On another visit to the grounds to check on some improvements, the workers gathered around him in a beautiful area and together they all sang "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." When they knelt in prayer, the Holy Ghost fell. They said it was a happy place and decided to put the Children's Tabernacle on that spot.

They leased 15 acres in the arroyo for four months. (*Arroyo* in Spanish means a steep-sided watercourse or gulch.) Arroyo Seco is near Mount Wilson in the San Gabriel Mountains and runs through steep mountain canyons for about twenty-two miles passing into Pasadena and Northeast Los Angeles. There were acres of sycamore and oak trees and a stream of fresh water in the arroyo.

He went on to explain about transportation for the saints. That the fare is only five cents on the electric cars which run every seven minutes and the people had to walk only three blocks to the camp. He went on to write that the tabernacle tent would hold about 1,000 people and there was room in the grove for many tents. There was to be no charge to stay there. Individual tents could be purchased or rented at a reasonable price. That the sea breeze is fresh and there is good water. The children would have their own meeting tent. Spirit-filled workers from other missions

in Los Angeles were invited.

R. J. Scott again served as organizing chair for the 1913 camp meeting. The members of the planning committee were in agreement and advertising was begun in the *Apostolic Faith*. Some of the R. J. Scott committee were Rachel Sizelove, May F. Mayo, and Tom Anderson. R. J. Scott then traveled to Dallas to check out Maria Woodworth-Etter's ministry. He liked what he heard and invited her to be the camp meeting speaker for 1913. Mrs. Etter (1844-1924) had conducted a five-month healing crusade in Texas for F. F. Bosworth.

He reported in *Word and Witness*, Vol. 9, No.3, from Malvern, Arkansas dated March 20, 1913:

This camp meeting belongs to the Apostolic Faith people the world over—to all as many as our God calls ... Come or send or give just as the Lord lay's it on your bean. There is no financial support behind this meeting, only God, who is abundantly able to supply all our needs.

Tents and cots for rent will be on the grounds. The meeting will be held on the old Apostolic Faith camp ground in the Arroyo. Take the South Pasadena or the Garvanza cars going north on Main Street and get off at Avenue 60 and walk east to the grounds. Garvanza Station on the Santa Fe railroad is near the campground.

Bro. R.I. Scott visited and preached in the Twin Cities. Later he also did missionary work. There was a notice in *The Christian Evangel* of February 27, 1915 that reads:

Byline: Minneapolis, Minnesota by A.E.
Sidford: Bro. and Sis. Scott from Los Angeles were with us recently and united meetings were held: St.

Paul, Franklin, Minneapolis and the colored missions. It was decided to hold a World-wide Camp Meeting in Minneapolis next summer.

I take this to be the three-year-long "Pentecostal Camp Meeting," in the tent meeting located at Pierce Street and University Avenue.

BISHOP GARFIELD THOMAS HAYWOOD
April 15, 1880-April 12, 1931
EVANGELIST TO THE UPPER MIDWEST AND TWIN CITIES

I have chosen to include Bro. Haywood in this account of Midway Tabernacle because of his influence and his frequent visits to our area. G.T. Haywood was born in Greencastle, Indiana to Benjamin and Penny Haywood, one of nine children. The family moved to Indianapolis when he was three years old. During his school years, he became a cartoonist for two black weekly papers. In 1902, he married



Ida Howard and they had one daughter, Fannie Anne. In 1907, a Bro. Barbour witnessed to young Haywood about the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and asked him to attend church with him. He visited the church of thirteen people that was held in the "Little Tin Shop" on West Michigan Avenue. Their pastor, Elder Henry Prentiss, had come from Azusa to open the mission. Bro. Haywood received the Holy Ghost and began to seriously study the Bible and to recognize his calling to the ministry. In time, Elder Prentiss resigned and left the church to Bro. Haywood. In the early years, he was both pastor and custodian. Services were held every night and Bible study every afternoon at the "Little Tin Shop".

The church grew rapidly and they soon needed larger quarters. They moved to a storefront at Michigan and Minerva Streets. A 1908 article in the *Indianapolis Star* described an incident that occurred there. A brick came crashing through a window showering them with broken glass. Incidents such as this had happened before. At that time 40% of the congregation was white and the segregationists wanted to shut them down. Next, the

congregation moved to a building at 12th and Missouri Street that seated 150 people. Altogether there were six moves before they built Christ Temple at Fall Creek and Paris in 1924. Usually there were 500 to 1000 people in attendance in the services at Christ Temple.

Starting on page 137 in *A Man Ahead of His Times* author Dr. Gary Garrett wrote that in 1911 Bro. Haywood planned to travel to Winnipeg, Manitoba, for a ten-day meeting. It was wintertime. He arrived at the Union Depot in St. Paul and between trains took the streetcar to Minneapolis to look for friends with whom he had corresponded previously. He finally found one of them and spent the day. Then he was back on the train to Winnipeg. The custom inspectors refused him entry to Canada because he did not have \$50.00 and a required medical exam report. After much ado and trouble, he arrived back in Minneapolis with six cents in his pocket.

He was hungry and it was very windy and cold. He hunted for a mission that he had previously known about but the young man in attendance closed the door on him. A kind owner of a restaurant gave him a meal at no charge. He left and as he walked down the railroad tracks, railroad hands directed him to a Methodist pastor, but when he found him the Methodist man said he already had someone to preach. (*He was probably along the Milwaukee railroad tracks, next to South Washington Avenue, east of downtown Minneapolis.*) The brother of the Methodist pastor's wife, an undertaker, kindly rented a room for him in a nearby residence to sleep for three nights. Bro. Haywood contacted a Baptist preacher who said he had no opening for him to preach, but his wife cooked a meal for him. A Scandinavian Mission on Minnehaha gave him an offering and invited him to preach. (*In both cities, there is a Minnehaha Avenue. Minnehaha in St. Paul is on the East Side, a few blocks from Jenks Street.*) On Sunday morning, he returned to the Methodists and preached on speaking in tongues, divine healing, and the second coming. He was paid sixty cents. He preached again that afternoon at the Scandinavian Mission where he received

another liberal offering, enough to get back to Indianapolis.

The Canadian minister sent him \$60.00 to return to Winnipeg, but Bro. Haywood felt led to return the money and postpone the adventure. In later years, he learned that three of his listeners in cold and snowy Minneapolis had eventually been saved. Bro. Haywood wrote, "Through these precious souls, many have born into the kingdom of God, and all because I was stranded for five days in the metropolis of the Middle West."

I was unable to find who actually brought the message of Oneness and Jesus' Name baptism to the Twin Cities. It may well have been Bro. Haywood. In 1915, Glenn Cook traveled from Los Angeles to the central and eastern parts of the U.S. to preach the message of Jesus' Name. On hearing this message, Bro. Haywood was baptized in Jesus' Name in Eagle Creek. After he preached this message to his congregation, 465 of them were also baptized. Bro. Haywood was the speaker in July 1915 per the well-documented baptismal service in the Twin Cities at the Mississippi River. According to written accounts about Bro. Haywood, he preached the Oneness message in many places in the U.S. and Canada. In her memory of Midway, our Sis. Forry feared that his death at the young age of 51 was due to his having "burned the candle at both ends."

For those that may not be familiar with the Oneness doctrine, this succinct explanation is from the *Minute Book of the PAW*.

The Godhead: We fully believe in the mystery of the Godhead. We believe that Jesus was both human and divine. and further, that the Godhead be understood to mean all of the fullness of God (Colossians 1:19, 2:9.) We believe that Jesus was Mary's son and Mary's God, Creator and creature, God manifest in the flesh; that the flesh of Jesus was the same as ours

with the exception that it had no sin; that Jesus was the Eternal Father made visible, apart from whom there is no God. We believe that at the final consummation of all things there will be only one God, and that will be our Lord Jesus Christ.

In 1910, he began to publish a local church paper called *The Voice in the Wilderness*. Collections of his sermons were made into books such as: *The Finest of the Wheat*, *The Victim of the Flaming Sword* and *Before the Foundation of the World*. He began to print tracts he had written and so purchased a black iron printing press. His brothers, Bennie and Orville, ran the print shop which formerly had been a chicken coop and later the Haywood garage. In 1923, he was appointed Editor-in-Chief of the PAW official organ, *The Christian Outlook*, and served until 1930.

Bro. Haywood loved to draw and paint and was well known for his charts and paintings. Three of his paintings were hung in Christ Temple. He loved poetry and was a terrific composer and poet. Sometimes he received a song while he prayed and went to the piano to sing and play. Bro. Haywood is remembered for his songs: "I See a Crimson Stream of Blood," "Jesus the Son of God," "We Will Walk Through the Streets of the City," "Thank (God for the Blood)," "Baptized into the Body," "Coming as a Thief in the Night," "The Day of Redemption," "I am the Good Shepherd, I'm Seeking" and many others. "It was a beautiful, beautiful, thing to sit and listen to Bishop Haywood sing," Sis. Reeder said.

*On Calv'ry's hill of sorrow,
Where sin's demands were paid,
And rays of hope for tomorrow
Across our path were laid.*

*I see a crimson stream of blood.
It flows from Calvary,*

*Its waves which reach the throne of God
Are sweeping over me.*

If one were black, poor and Pentecostal at the turn of the century, there was persecution from organizations like the racist, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic and homophobic Ku Klux Klan. This terrorist organization was known to take part in lynching and other violence. The KKK was originally founded after the Civil War. It was put down but reorganized in 1915 with chapters all across the United States.

Jim Crow laws operated in the southern and border states to promote racial segregation. They called for "separate but equal" public transportation and facilities. But of course, they were not equal. An interesting announcement that was included in the newsletter advertising the Seventh Annual PAW Convention in St Louis in 1924 was:

All colored brethren and saints planning to attend please correspond with and upon arrival report to Elder Austin Layne, 3103 Bell Ave. White brethren and saints communicate with and report to Elder B.H. Hite, 3109 Bell Avenue.

The PAW began to support missionaries as early as 1913. The established differences in doctrine after 1916 affected the future of several of the missionaries. Some stayed with the Trinitarian believers. However, the PAW immediately underwrote those who practiced and preached the Jesus Name message.

Over the years Bro. Haywood traveled extensively — preaching and teaching in the West Indies, Jamaica and West Africa. In 1928, he toured the Holy Land and while there baptized Timothy Urshan, a PAW missionary (Andrew's and Benjamin's brother) in Jesus' Name in the Jordan River. Bro. Haywood was very interested in missions and served for a while as supervisor

of that department.

The following are quotes from Dr. Gary W. Garrett's book, *A Man Ahead of His Times*, on pages 81 to 83. Some of the memories of Elder Paul Moore who lived as a 17-year-old in the Haywood home.

One of Bishop Haywood's personal trademarks was his mustache. I was blessed to see Bishop Haywood in a way that most people didn't get to see him . . . I saw him at the dinner table and in the living room. Bishop was just a normal person around the house. He laughed and would talk about everyday things. He wasn't serious all of the time. He had a jolly side too. Around the family and friends, he was a regular person like anyone should be.

We ate chicken a lot. Bishop raised chickens and I was the one who killed and plucked them. Bishop Haywood was a tea drinker. He always sat at the head of the table. Sister Haywood sat at the other end. I sat beside Fannie and Sister Hilda Reeder and her daughter sat across from us.

Bishop Haywood owned a little white poodle that barked a lot.

Bishop Haywood used to ride a bicycle everywhere he went. Then after he built Christ Temple, he got his first car. It was a Studebaker.

Dr. Garrett recounts that about a week before he died, Bishop Haywood wanted to come to Christ Temple, so they brought him—he was very ill and weak. He wanted to sing one last song with the congregation, "Yield Not to Temptation."

Yield not to temptation,

*For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.*

*Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort. Strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.*

Dr. H.R. Palmer. written 1868

Bishop Haywood died on Saturday, April 18, 1931, at the age of fifty-one. It was felt his early death was due to exhaustion. *The Indianapolis Recorder* printed:

The Rev. Garfield T. Haywood, founder of Christ Temple, Pulpiteer, Builder, Artist and Man of Noble Parts, Succumbs at Capitol Avenue home, after short illness.

HERBERT O. SCOTT

Pastor of Pentecostal Assembly, 1899 University Avenue

Editor of *A Living Word*, St. Paul, Minnesota

C. W. Philleo, Assistant Pastor*

Services Wednesday and Friday, 8:00 P.M.

Sunday Services, 10:30 A.M., 2:30 and 7:30 P.M.

ELDER MITCHELL

Pastor of Minneapolis Assembly People's Mission

1204 Washington Avenue South**

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Services Tuesday and Thursday, 8:00 P.M.

Sunday Services-All Day

Pastor Herbert O. Scott, originally from Winnipeg, was the son of R. J. Scott who was one of the leaders at the Azusa Street Mission. Together, they had planned a tent revival in the Twin Cities that took place the summer of 1915 and Herbert became pastor of the fledgling congregation in St. Paul.

This article about Bro. Herbert Scott has been taken from some of the information in his "Editorial Notes" for *A Living Word*, of August 1915. Pastor Scott was very impressed how rapidly the Oneness message was being received despite the opposition and fighting against it and how important it was to publish the message especially for the isolated saints. He wrote:

Over the top of this opposition and compromise God has again done that which delights Him, the apparently impossible thing. Today the truth has swept over the earth in leaps and bounds until now as we survey the field, home and foreign, we feel safe in predicting a sweeping victory for the name of Jesus. Hallelujah! The tempest in a teapot, as it was lately designated, has suddenly developed the propensity of a cyclone. The feeling of ostracism has

gone. Doors that were shut a few weeks ago have swung open again as suspicious ears caught the strains of a pure note of praise to the Redeemer of men. Thanks be to God, our saints, schooled in the school of the Holy Ghost are recognizing that there is nothing to fear in that message, the avowed object of which is to exalt Jesus Christ.

Bro. Scott wrote that there were two properties that had been given to them to fund the mission work in China. One was ten acres of land in New Jersey, the original cost was \$200.00. The other was a lot in Los Angeles, San Pedro Section, the original purchase price was \$750.00. If the L.A. lot were sold, half would be given to Bro. Frank Denney, South China, and the other half was to be put toward the fares of his family and him for their planned mission trip to China.

He announced the Fifth Annual Pentecostal Convention to be held at the Apostolic Faith Assembly, corner of 11th Street and Senate Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana, from August 27, 1915 and lasting ten days or longer. This seemed to be the practice of the early days of Apostolic Pentecost—not to make a definite date for the end of meetings. Meals would be served on the free-will-offering plan and for those not able, sleeping quarters would be furnished. He urged them to come early so as not to miss any part of it. The host pastors were Elder G. T. Haywood, Pastor, 330 W. 10th Street and Elder G. W. Cable, Assistant Pastor, 411 N. West Street.

Bro. Scott goes on to report events in the Twin Cities. In May, Sister Booker*** spoke to an assembly in Minneapolis about Baptism in the Name of Jesus. The majority of them previously said they were opposed to the message, that their doors were closed to anyone who preached "this awful heresy." With just a few exceptions, they heard and were now "zealous for the truth" and that God has added to the church "such as should be saved."

One woman—who had been a Christian for twenty-five years—visited from the Christian Alliance Missionary Alliance. It was her first time in a Pentecostal service. The power fell as the congregation received Communion. When she saw how God was moving, she felt a great conviction. Later she said she had always longed for a "something" she could not describe and now she was witnessing just what she had longed for. Her husband was also saved and delivered from his addiction to morphine. He asked one of the workers if God could even cure him and was told that nothing was too difficult for God. He was speaking in tongues within fifteen minutes and was also completely healed of bilateral ruptures. Many of the old chronic seekers came through speaking in tongues after being baptized in the Name of Jesus. Bro. Scott wrote:

Minnesota and Wisconsin are just now one great open door for the truth. Word comes in to come here or there and hold a baptismal service. Even while we write, from the saints of Wausau who have been faithfully warned against this supposed error, comes the news that they are ready to hear all things commanded us of God.

Brethren, such a sweeping victory in the face of such apparently overwhelming odds can only mean one thing: God, our God, has risen up in fulfillment of prophecy to do a quick work in the earth.

In this same paper, E. N. Bell wrote this article: "Who Is Jesus Christ?—Jesus Christ being exalted as the Jehovah of the Old Testament and the true God of the New, a new realization of Christ as the Mighty God." Another article by Bro. Scott was "The Sacrament" or the elements of the Lord's Supper. A short note reads:

One brother in making a comparison between two

publications, the one for and the other against baptism in the name of Jesus, said the thing that caused him to make his decision favorable to the present message was the very apparent fact that one paper labored to exalt Jesus while the other had a "what I know" flavor to it.

In an article in Frank Small's *Living Waters* dated June 7, 1918, Evangelist R. O. Scott wrote regarding Woodworth-Etter Tabernacle News, Indianapolis:

My wife, pronounced permanently invalided by our physician who waited upon her at the birth of our last child, now four months old, was brought to the tabernacle... She was suffering intensely... An operation was advised ... My wife, an invalid with four little ones dependent upon her, myself a minister with uncertain income, did not permit of a bright outlook ... As Sister Etter prayed, my wife was wonderfully touched...

Bro. Scott was known as an early teacher of the Oneness doctrine. His writings can be found in G.T. Haywood's periodical, *The Voice in The Wilderness*, and also printed as above one of the first Oneness papers called *A Living Word* circa 1915.

Pastor Scott apparently moved to St. Paul from Idaho as indicated in the January 20, 1914, *Word and Witness* from Malvern, Arkansas, in "Revival News in Home Land" there is a report from Star, Idaho:

Two years ago, this work was opened up, and today the congregation is larger than all the other churches in town combined." H.O. Scott, Pastor

*Bro. Philleo is listed as Assistant Secretary on the Executive Board of 1920 for the PAW. Also in 1922, he was part of a committee to introduce a

new magazine that would serve as the official monthly for the PAW called *The Christian Outlook*, still in publication.

**The building at 1204 Washington Avenue South was wrecked in 1932.

***Pastor James Booker's Great Grandmother is listed in the Minute Book of the PAW, 1919 and 1920, as Mrs. M. Booker of Minneapolis, Evangelist.

HARVEY McALISTER
1892-1978
Pastor of Midway Tabernacle 1917-1918

Harvey McAlister was born in Canada into a large Presbyterian family. He and his older brother, Robert, later became associated with the Holiness Movement and then Pentecost. Harvey was known as an able and delightful expositor of the Bible and preached divine healing. Before he was ordained in 1913, he was a schoolteacher.



Frank Small published in his *Living Waters* issue of April 1941 a letter from G.T. Haywood written in 1915 to Pastor Scott: (It is not clear to me as to what location Bro. Haywood is writing about, but it was published in Scott's paper, *Living Word*, from St. Paul. Bro. Haywood was a frequent traveler over the U.S. and Canada.)

Dear Bro. Scott: Greetings in Jesus. Peace be unto thee and all that are with thee. Peace and love be multiplied through the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Praise our God for victory through His name. Great is the truth that is going forth in these days. It cannot be hindered. God has given us a sweeping victory here with the message, and the power of God is upon the services.

There have been ninety-two baptized in the name of Jesus in the past two weeks, and more yet to follow...

Many have been healed and a number have received the Holy Ghost. We are looking forward to a greater

time yet. The unity of the Spirit is very manifest in these services. Brother McAlister and Harvey and their wives were among those baptized. He had wonderfully prepared the people for the message and when the pool was ready, he and his wife were the first to enter into the water, and the Lord did wonderfully bless us.

Yours in Christ
G.T. Haywood—
"Living Word,"
St Paul, Minn.

The McAlisters and Frank Small were responsible for spreading the Oneness doctrine over Canada. Because of rapid growth, the ministers felt they had to organize. They organized a "co-operative" fellowship. In 1917, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada was born and Harvey and R. E. McAlister were charter members. Sometime later, the McAlisters returned to the Trinitarian belief. Then in 1921, a group of ministers left the PAOC principally led by Frank Small because of the doctrinal difference as to Oneness and Jesus Name baptism.

In 1924, Bro. Harvey McAlister served as co-pastor of the Central Gospel Tabernacle at 10th Street and California Avenue in Long Beach, California. In Canada, he pastored in Winnipeg and Calgary. In 1931, Stone Church in Toronto was founded under his leadership. He emphasized signs and wonders in his ministry. Bro. Harvey traveled and preached in over fifty countries in his 70-year preaching career.



Above: Children of the James McAlister family.

*Back row: Robert, Mary, Harvey, Jessie
Front row: Lizzie, John, Margaret, James
Inset: David (left), Gavin (right)*



Left: Young Harvey McAlister



*Center: Ethel McAlister with her husband, Harvey.
Behind and to her left: Lily and R. E. McAlister at right.*

ROBERT EDWARD McALISTER

1880-1953

PASTOR OF MIDWAY TABERNACLE, 1917-1918

Evangelist, Pastor, Organizer, Teacher, Writer, Missions Promoter

Robert E. McAlister was born on a farm in Cobden, Ontario, Canada, and was raised with his twelve brothers and sisters in the local Presbyterian Church. His ancestors were Scottish Presbyterian with a Holiness and Methodist background. His home environment was strict and stern. He left school after the third grade to help on the family farm. He educated himself



and was blessed with a photographic memory. While working out in the farm fields, he would strap his Bible to the plow and memorize Scripture. Robert was converted into the Holiness movement under Ralph C. Homer, a fiery Methodist evangelist. After his conversion at age twenty-one, he attended God's Bible School in Cincinnati between 1900 and 1902, but could not complete the course due to illness.

He married Lily and they had two sons: Robert and Arnold and a daughter, Marian.

He first heard of the Azusa Street outpouring when he was evangelizing in western Canada and traveled there, arriving at the mission on December 11, 1906. Soon, he received his Baptism and then left for home. Along with Canadians Frank Small and AH. Argue, he brought the Pentecostal message to Canada.

By the fall of 1908, he had brought together a small congregation in Ottawa. At a 1910 meeting in Toronto, Mrs.

Hebden of the Hebden Mission wrote, "Bro. McAlister from Winnipeg just opened his mouth and out of his inner being flowed rivers, indeed living water, till the vessels in the household of God were filled again and again ..."

In 1911, gospel workers and ministers came together in Ottawa and held a convention in Queen's Hall. Large crowds came to hear the new Pentecostal message. They witnessed miracles and divine healing in the services and called themselves "Apostolic Faith." Revival spread. In May 1911, he began to publish *The Good Report* at first from a handset. He organized camp meetings. Robert was ordained in 1912 and stayed in Ottawa to tend the new flock.

On April 1913, while attending the World-Wide Camp Meeting at Arroyo Seco just outside Los Angeles, Bro. McAlister spoke concerning the different baptismal formulas. He stated that the Apostles always baptized in Jesus' Name—that the Matthew 28: 19 formula was not used. Reportedly when McAlister preached this, a "great distress" swept over the congregation. A missionary immediately took him aside and warned him that what he said might be supportive of false teaching.

Frank Ewart wrote that he spent many hours of study with McAlister after the camp meeting. McAlister, along with Frank Ewart and Glenn Cook, believed that re-baptism was necessary. In the *Word and Witness* of June 29, 1913, a notice states:

R.E. McAlister has moved his headquarters from Ottawa, Canada to Los Angeles, California and has amalgamated *The Good Report* with the *Apostolic Faith* published by F. J. Ewart. The new paper will go out monthly if possible and will be called the *Good Report* and will be supported by freewill offerings. Send for a roll for distribution. Address all mail to Ewart and McAlister, 319 West Ave. 56, Los Angeles, Cal.

Frank Ewart wrote in *The Phenomenon of Pentecost*:

At the Eighth Annual Pentecostal Convention, held in the city of Winnipeg in November 1913, the first message on the exclusive rite of water baptism in Jesus' Name was delivered by Pastor R.E. McAlister, the guest speaker for the occasion. In those days it was not considered a breach of ministerial courtesy for a guest speaker to advance some new truth.

In 1913 an interracial Oneness group, the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World (PAW) met in Portland, Oregon with leaders such as RE. McAlister, G.T. Haywood and Frank Ewart.

The Oneness message was preached by R.E. McAlister in the Ottawa region and by Frank Small in the Winnipeg area. They spread this new teaching into much of Canada, sometimes baptizing entire congregations in the Name of Jesus.

Frank Small in his publication *Living Waters* dated April 1941, published some old letters. The following lines are from McAlister dated December 15, 1915, originally published by Frank Ewart in his *Meat in Due Season*:

. . . I have had a revelation to my soul of the one God in threefold manifestation. How my heart melted in His presence. I could only weep and cry. Greet all the saints for me ... Love to all the family, in Jesus' name.

Yours till He comes,
RE. McAlister,
312 Lisgar Street,
Ottawa, Canada

Robert and Harvey McAlister, along with their wives, were baptized in Jesus' Name in St. Paul in 1915 according to G. T. Haywood's letter to Bro. H. O. Scott. In the March 27, 1915 *Weekly Evangel*, Bro. McAlister reported from Ottawa, "We are having fine meetings. Souls are getting saved and baptized every week."

In the fall of 1919 after serving Midway Tabernacle, R. E. McAlister returned to Ottawa to assume the pastorate and was appointed General Secretary Treasurer (serving from 1919 to 1932) and missionary secretary of the newly organized Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada.

Bro. McAlister formally renounced the Oneness doctrine in 1919 and became a Trinitarian Pentecostal leader in Canada. He wrote an article called "Confessedly, Great is the Mystery of Godliness" to correct his earlier misunderstanding of the Godhead. His nephew, Walter E. McAlister, noted in *Canadian Pentecostals*, p. 112, that it was a painful thing for his uncle to do as they had thought the New Issue was a divine revelation. By 1920, the Oneness group split off from the PAOC and called themselves the Apostolic Church of Pentecost (ACOP) largely led by Frank Small.

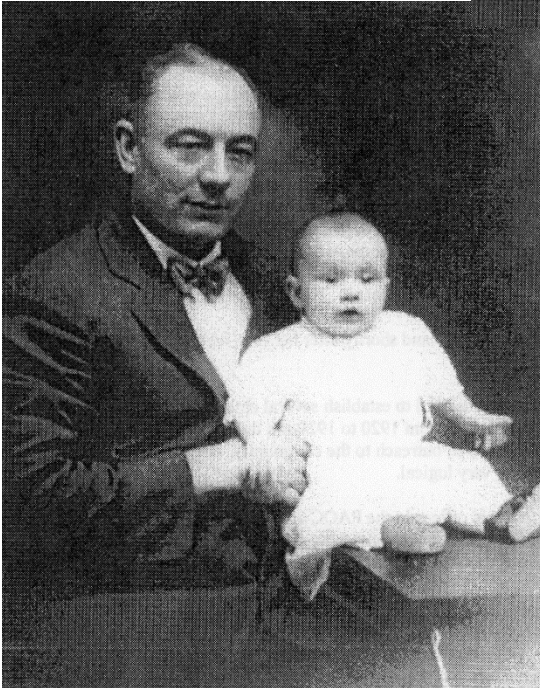
In 1921 Bro. McAlister's wife, Lily, passed away and shortly after her loss, he resigned the pastorate. Later he married Laura.

Beside the church in Ottawa, Bro. McAlister helped to establish several churches in Ontario, and pastored the London Gospel Temple in London, Ontario, from 1920 to 1929. In the 1920's when radio was in its infancy, he had a radio program from London as an outreach to the community. He was described by one of his contemporaries as a skillful speaker and very logical.

In 1940, Bro. R. E. McAlister retired from his offices in the PAOC and *The Pentecostal Testimony*, but continued to travel throughout Canada and the United States preaching and Bible

teaching. This great Canadian preacher passed way at Toronto of heart problems at the age of seventy-three.

Lily McAlister with her son, Robert, 1919.



R. E. McAlister with his daughter, Mirian.

All McAlister pictures are courtesy of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada archives.

WILLIAM EMMANUEL BOOTH-CLIBBORN

1893-1969

Pastor of Midway Tabernacle 1918-1920 and 1922-1925

William was the fifth of ten children born to Catherine Booth-Clibborn (1858-1955) and Arthur Sydney Clibborn (1855-1939). There are different reports as to where he was born: France, Belgium or Switzerland.



His mother, "Katie," was the eldest daughter of General William and Catherine Booth who founded the Salvation Army in London in 1878. The General insisted his sons-in-law change their name by deed poll to hyphenated names including Booth. Catherine was the famed *Marechael* (French for marshal or general) of France. General Booth felt that Katie was the most able preacher of all his ten children. The young couple ministered in various countries including France, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium. General Booth instructed them to return to London to help him there, but they decided to remain in Europe and won thousands to Christ.

In Paris, the Booth-Clibborns lived on a hill in the suburb called St. Cloud where young William could see the Eiffel Tower from his bedroom window.

William was converted at age twelve and held children's meetings while his parents preached to adults in Holland, Germany, Poland, and Russia. He was baptized with the Holy Spirit at age fifteen. After sixteen years, his parents left the Salvation Army ministry in 1902 for an independent ministry because, William states, they felt that had to go on with God in the

full light of his revealed Truth. This change occurred while they were in Holland and was hurtful to General Booth. In 1908, they came into the Pentecostal way. William was the first in the family to receive the Pentecostal experience. The Holy Ghost outpouring was just beginning in London.

In 1936, Bro. Booth-Clibborn wrote *Baptism in the Holy Spirit—A Personal Testimony*, showing the close connection that his family, especially his pacifist father, had with the beginning of the Pentecostal movement. He wrote that unless his parents had stepped out on questions of conscience and Pentecostal truth, they would never have experienced Pentecost as a family. His father, Arthur, was devoted to biblical research and writing and believed that a great revival would restore the Gifts of the Spirit to the church by receiving the Holy Spirit as in Acts 2.

William writes of his family life such as family prayers and devotions. After Europe, the family had settled in Westcliff-on-Sea, a beautiful town on the Thames River—about forty-five miles from London. The Booth-Clibboms had ten children: Evangeline, Victoria, Herbert, Augustin, William, Eric, Frieda, Evelyne, Theodore, and Josephine along with a secretary, a maid, and the German or Swiss governesses who taught the children languages and music. Also "faithful" Adele, called their second mother who cooked their meals, washed their clothes, etc. She was a former Salvation Army officer from France—this made for about seventeen people.

Many of the guests who visited their home also helped bring about spiritual blessings to the ten children. William writes that it was a lively place with never a dull moment—a continuing celebration with the making of an orchestra with their many instruments, outings, games, recitations, Bible plays, trips to London, and the beach. They all had individual hobbies such as stamp collecting and debating. His brother Augustin painted. William's principal instrument was the violin. They all had bicycles

to roam the countryside and loved boating, fishing, and football.

At age fifteen, William's father, Arthur, took him by train to London. Enroute, they talked together and Arthur said, "William, don't you think you ought to yield your heart to God afresh?" It had been three years since William had experienced a wonderful conversion in boarding school—all alone in his pajamas at 3 A.M. He was persecuted for this at the school, but still felt great joy. His father put his hand on William's head and prayed that this former joy would be restored.

They went to Harry and Margaret Cantel's mission. The Cantels were regarded as the first Pentecostal leaders in England (see Benjamin Urshan's story). Even after her husband's death in 1910, Margaret Cantel continued to lead the work. When the Booth-Clibborns went into the mission, everyone was standing and singing. The people had their hands lifted and their eyes closed. He wrote that they were different and he could feel the Holy Spirit. They sang as if they were in another world—something like the singing in the great Welsh revival.

*I will praise Him. I will praise Him.
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
Give Him glory all ye people,
For his blood can wash away each stain.*

Mrs. M. J. Harris

Later in the service, people gave testimonies of having been filled with the Holy Spirit and what God was doing in their lives. There were messages in tongues and interpretations of tongues. "Although no one was presiding on the platform—visibly leading the service—there was perfect understanding and perfect order." This worldwide revival had broken already in America and England and other countries of the world. William prayed and wept for forgiveness and felt, "Jesus has taken me back." The next morning, they attended a meeting at

the home of a Mr. Bristow in Plumstead. The speaker was Charles Leonard from America on his way to Egypt to serve as a missionary. He testified as to what God was doing in America as in the early days of Pentecost. William wrote:

Willing and eager, hungry for more. I entreated God.
I prayed in French, my native tongue, then in
English. I clapped my hands and opened my arms as
if to receive my Lord. My whole being was prone
before its Sovereign Creator, whom, in spirit, I could
see standing there in resplendent glory and majesty.
The light of His countenance had fallen upon me,
and as he tenderly smiled. He opened His arms as if
to receive me. My eyes had seen the King in His
beauty and everything in me cried out for Him,
everything within me blessed His holy name.

Then and there came a new power. It was easier,
richer and happier! ... It was not very long until
something let go and I was singing in a wonderful
language words I had never learned, whose charm
filled me with ravishing joy ... then I sang with
greater delight ... I continued on my knees yet
another hour intermittently singing and praying in
this new wonderful tongue.

William felt overcome with the presence and reality of
Christ. He wrote in the *Latter Rain Evangel* of April 1929 that
since that time, he saw this revolutionary awakening in others.
Right after he was filled with the Holy Spirit in London he
wrote:

With each one it is the same; they are only baptized
as the Holy Spirit is able to seize and captivate every
sense and capacity to the adoration of Christ ... The
Lord was so precious to me, so present His Spirit just

pouring through my body and soul, my eyes single to Him, the Fairest of all! ... I told Father about it, and he said so wisely, so sympathetically, "Well, Willie, just shut your eyes like a blind man and I'll lead you along and tell you when the pavement drops and when it rises a step" ... From meeting to meeting we went. Oh how the power fell! ... We knew no time, we cared less for food; away into the night the tarrying services would continue.

Young William felt such a craving for God's Word. "I devoured the redeemed soul's only food—the sacred page."

Back home in Westcliff-on-Sea, as the family gathered together in the evenings, they prayed and sang. William wrote, "Dear Father kept quietly singing with his Accord-zither, chorus after chorus, and the very glory of heaven enveloped as the *Shekinah*, in the tabernacle of old." Adele and their governess, Miss Alice Moser, were both filled with the Holy Ghost as well as the children. It was a "household" salvation. Many friends and neighbors were blessed in their home meetings.

William believed that the mantle of his Grandfather Booth fell on him. He later preached and founded churches in Europe, Canada, Australia, and in the U.S. He spoke and preached in five languages and trained at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

In 1916, Booth-Clibborn was one of the prominent Pentecostal leaders who were re-baptized in Jesus' Name, some of whom were H.A Goss, F. J. Ewart, O. F. Fauss, B. H. Hite, Robert Lafleur, S. L. Wise and others. It was thought by the non-Oneness Pentecostals that the "Jesus Only" crowd would not last long and took a public stand to distance themselves from the "New Issue" brethren. Booth-Clibborn replaced D.C.O. Opperman as secretary of the PAW.

In 1922, the first Southern Bible Conference was held in Little Rock, Arkansas, with sixty ministers hosted by the local pastor, R. G. Cook. The conference rented an Episcopal church at Fifth and Victory Streets—two blocks from the Arkansas State Capitol Building. Eventually this church became the First Pentecostal Church.

After the conference, Secretary Booth-Clibborn wrote his famous *A Call to the Dust and Ashes* published in 1923 from 464 Pierce Street in St. Paul. It was dedicated to preachers and gospel workers. As he was led of God, he wrote the slogans and key phrases voiced and collected them in a permanent form. Some excerpts are:

I deem it expedient to give a short account of the ten days that were spent face to face with God recently at Little Rock, Arkansas, U.S.A. Between sixty and seventy preachers, ministers and pastors, mostly from the southern part of the United States met together in conference on November 3rd ... Matters of discussion and business were as if by mutual agreement laid aside from the first and for seven days the Conference was absorbed in spiritual things alone, the program being entirely left in the hands of God ...

The first morning meeting a brother arose and simply said that the greatest crying need of the Pentecostal movement was a praying ministry. He said little more and sat down and we knelt in prayer. We arose and another brother stood to his feet and said "... while on his knees. God had whispered in his soul that the Conference was FOR US." We knelt again in prayer and the Spirit of God swept over us in such vigorous waves of glory that everyone was hushed in awe and melted to tears. The next to speak

said in brief that for many years he had believed that we had missed God in most of our conferences, that instead of there having been seasons in which ministers could, behind closed doors, give themselves to heart searching, confession of short comings and failures, and seeking the face of God for renewed vision, greater consecration and power, they had too often proved times of debate and contention; in which matters of business were pre-eminent on the program the discussion of which frequently brought personal feeling. He said that he felt that now the time had come for God to get an opportunity to deal with His Ministry, that it would be good for preachers to examine their lives, to mend their nets, to break their hearts, to weep with one another before God pleading for a fresh vision, interceding for a lost world.

At the PAW general conference of 1923 that met in St. Louis, Booth-Clibborn along with six other men, was chosen to serve as a presbyter "who shall have oversight over the affairs of the general body." But Tyson writes that by 1925 H.A. Goss, F. J. Ewart, Booth-Clibborn and A.D. Urshan, among others with special leadership abilities, had left the PAW. From 1920 to 1935, at least twelve major Oneness organizations were born from the PAW.

Later Bro. Booth-Clibborn returned to the Assemblies of God fellowship. Bro. W.C. Parkey wrote that Bro. Booth-Clibborn "preached the Apostolic message for a time, but later adopted some different views including the doctrine of Eternal Security. I received this information from C. H. Yadon while I worked at the UPCI headquarters." However, Robert Sabin wrote, "He did believe in once saved, always saved, but he did, like many of us, discover God's grace and backed away from the doctrine ..."

After December 1930, he evangelized internationally including a notable campaign in Brisbane, Australia, with the blessing of the A/G. These meetings grew so rapidly that he bought a tent with a two-thousand seat capacity he called the Canvas Cathedral. He continued evangelizing in Canada and the U.S. Bro. A.D. Urshan felt that William Booth-Clibborn was the greatest orator he had ever heard.

His series, "The Pulse of a Dying World" in the *Latter Rain Evangel*, were comments about the political and religious problems and as well as the needs of the world-at-large. He served as Field Editor for The *Latter Rain Evangel* in the 1930's. Booth-Clibborn eventually settled in Portland, Oregon where he founded Immanuel Temple.

Bro. Booth-Clibborn composed several gospel songs including "Down from His Glory" to the beautiful Italian melody "O Sole Mio" by Eduardo di Capua, a beautiful violin solo. He related the story of his writing this gospel song to W. C. Parkey—he had taken a group of people to California on an evangelistic tour. They ran out of revivals and did not have enough money to go back to the Midwest. The whole group had to go and work in the bean fields to get their fares to leave California. While he was working, he began to feel so bad about being responsible for the team that he got between the rows and began to pray and while he was there the words to the song came to him. "Down from His Glory" has been translated into over thirty languages.

*Oh, how I love Him
How I adore Him
My breath, my sunshine
My all in all;
The great Creator
Became my Savior
And all God's fullness
Dwelleth in Him.*

*Down from His Glory
Ever living story,
My God my Savior came
And Jesus was His Name;
Born in a manger
To His own, a stranger
A Man of sorrows, fears and agony.*

*Oh, how I love Him
How I adore Him
My breath, my sunshine
My all in all;
The great Creator
Became my Savior
And all God's fullness
Dwelleth in Him.*

*Without reluctance
Flesh and blood His substance,
He took the form of man
Revealed the hidden plan
Oh, glorious myst'ry
Sacrifice of Calv'ry;
And now I know Thou wert the great "I am."*

*Oh, how I love Him
How I adore Him
My breath, my sunshine
My all in all;
The great Creator
Became my Savior
And all God's fullness
Dwelleth in Him.*

He also wrote "When Your Cup Runneth Over," "Pentecostal Music," "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh," and others. He was a prolific writer—there are hundreds of his published articles and sermons.

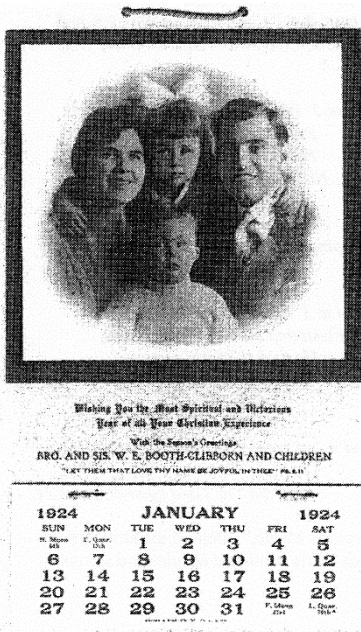
In 1918, William married Genevieve Adele Machette (1896-1982) and they had three children: Catherine Adele (1920-1988), William Carron (1922-2000) and Genevieve Lois (1924-1983). Meanwhile, William's sister Evangeline (1865-1950) maintained the outreach of the Salvation Army and served actively until 1939.

Bro. Booth-Clibborn's ministry was very influential on my Mother and Dad when they were young singles at Midway Tabernacle. Many conferences were held at this time at 464. Often after he was done preaching, he donned his house slippers and played his violin during the altar service.

Midway's Pastor Robert Sabin wrote that he met Bro. Booth-Clibborn at the Missouri Camp some years back. Booth-Clibborn had attended several United Pentecostal camps out of nostalgia. He wanted to play his violin, but was rejected in Missouri. Bro. Sabin went to him and introduced himself. Bro. Booth-Clibborn took him to his car and opened up the trunk which was filled with books and pamphlets. He had one book—*The Preacher's Fire*—that was written about 464 Pierce Street telling of his responsibility to the Swedish elders to keep the church furnace going for the many tenants upstairs. He likened it to stoking spiritual furnaces.

In reading about Bro. Booth-Clibborn, I could find no reference of his renouncing the Oneness doctrine or Baptism in Jesus' Name. My sister Carol had a conversation with Bro. Nathaniel Urshan regarding this. Bro. Urshan thought Bro. Booth-Clibborn left the Oneness people because he thought it was never going to be a significant movement or amount to anything great.

Bro. W. C. Parkey wrote: "I met Booth-Clibborn in Portland,



Oregon and visited his home. It was a large edifice with several stories; books lined the shelves in most of the rooms I saw including the stairwells. While I was going up the stairs, I noticed a copy of Frank Ewart's book, *The Name and the Book*. I exclaimed over it and offered to buy it but he said, 'You are not getting it.' Later, I saw another copy of the same book and I told him that the Bible says if you have two coats and your brother has none, you should give him one and since you have two copies of this book, why don't you sell me one, He sold me one for \$5 or \$10 and I still have it."

William married his second wife in 1947: Beulah Belle Whetzell (1899-1998). In a letter she wrote in the *AG Heritage* in 1991 of her husband: "He liked to take his Bible with him when he took a bath. He had a frame made for the tub which would hold his Bible. We could hear him shout the praises of God as he studied. I am 92 now and attend the church William founded, Immanuel Temple." William Booth-Clibborn died in August 1969.



The William Booth-Clibborn Family

ANDREW BAR DAVID URSHAN

May 16, 1884-October 16, 1967

Pastor of Midway Tabernacle

1920 and 1921

Bro. Urshan was a pastor and a frequent visitor to Midway in the early days.

Andrew Urshan was the firstborn child of his parents, David Bar Urshan and Nassimo in the village of Abajaloo, a beautiful agricultural area thirteen miles from Urmia City—in northwest Persia (Iran.) These Assyrians-Chaldeans were an ancient race who spoke the Syriac or the Aramaic language. His father was the pastor of an Evangelical Presbyterian Church.



Most biographies of Andrew Urshan's life and ministry rely exclusively on Urshan's autobiography (published in 5 versions over the course of his life.) Stanley Wachtstetter stated, "I tried not to plagiarize but my wording will be heavily sprinkled with A. D. Urshan's own biography."

Additional materials are available in articles from Urshan's periodical, *The Witness of God*, published throughout his ministry. Numerous articles and interviews with A. D. Urshan's children and grandchildren also support this body of evidence.

Two scholarly biographies have appeared in the last decade: Stanley Wachtstetter's *Andrew Urshan and the Russian Pentecostal Church* (2015) and Daniel Segraves' *Andrew D. Urshan: A Theological Biography* (2017).

Andrew was sent to the American Presbyterian Training College in Urmia after some contrariness on his part and was exposed to strict discipline and was converted. The young students at the college knew that migrating to America was a good way to make quick money. It was quite common for workers to go north into Russia to work or learn a trade. Andrew determined to learn English. He was asked to be a teacher in the Presbyterian school, but in 1901 he and other students immigrated to the United States.

They went by horse drawn wagons through neighboring Armenia and Russia. They took trains through Russia and Poland arriving at the seaport of Hamburg, Germany. There they boarded a ship traveling in the steerage section, the least expensive ticket—crammed down in the lower deck that held the steering apparatus. They suffered with seasickness on their thirteen-day voyage and cruel treatment by the porters and terrible food. Young Andrew became very lonely and discouraged.

On arrival to America, Andrew found his friends who lived in a rooming house in Yonkers, New York. He only had \$25.00 and could speak about 25-30 English words. He became very discouraged. Finally, he found a factory job making hats at \$4.00 a week. His fellow workers picked on him terribly. He attended a Presbyterian church and on a Sunday morning the congregation sang "Onward Christian Soldiers," so well known to Andrew and that made him feel so happy. Another blessing was an increase in pay to \$6.00 a week.

He lived in Yonkers for six months and then moved to Chicago where a cousin lived. His cousin was studying at Rush Medical College and young Andrew thought about learning a profession. He worked as a servant in a home for seventeen hours a day. He became very tired and discouraged. But then God spoke to him, "Arise, I have heard your cry, and I will make you one of my

servants in Apostolic power." He then found work in some of Chicago's better hotels.

The Assyrians and Armenians of Persia and Turkey first arrived in numbers in Chicago in the 1890's. By 1906, there were about 250 Assyrians in Chicago and by 1944 the estimate was about 5,000. In Chicago, many of them grew up around Clark Street where they had their homes and businesses. It was a closely knit and lively immigrant group. Many of them started off as unskilled laborers in hotel, restaurant and construction work. Like many immigrant groups they worked hard, saved their money, and saw to their children's education.

Andrew visited his cousin's church, a Syriac-speaking Church of the Brethren and also visited a Methodist church. His cousin encouraged him to be baptized by immersion, so Andrew began to study the question of baptism and was convicted of its truth. He began to hold street meetings and went to the Moody Memorial Church.

He went to a Holiness church and later was invited to a Pentecostal meeting which was very emotional and disturbing to Andrew. But he began to study the Bible with much prayer and fasting. Andrew and his Persian friends met up and heard the Pentecostals at a street meeting. On returning to their room, one of his friends began to pray and speak in other tongues. Soon another friend was filled with the Holy Spirit. To keep from offending their landlady with their loud praying, they would go to an area on the shore of Lake Michigan where kneeling on the ice and snow, they prayed until one or two o'clock in the morning.

They also held meetings in a room at the Moody Church, but the pastor disapproved of the "tongue folks." But God honored his dedication and in 1908, he was filled with the Holy Ghost. Sometime later, he went through a "dry spell" after which God gave him a wonderful experience and the Bible became new and

wonderful.

In 1909, the Pentecostal Persian Mission was established by Persian missionaries to America at 821 North Clark Street in Chicago. Many were saved and healed there. But opposition came too. Services were noisy and lasted late. This resulted in Andrew and others being arrested and jailed. They were fined \$200.00 and informed they would be fined \$200.00 every night their meeting continued after 10 P.M. The Persians then moved to a larger building next door to a Catholic Church. The crowds came but so did more opposition. Here they held three conventions. Within a just few weeks, 150 people were filled with the Holy Ghost. The neighbors signed petitions. Persecutors threw stones and broke windows.

William Durham (1873-1912) was a powerful preacher and theologian—a leader of early Pentecost. He held street meetings at the corner of Chicago Avenue and Clark Street, in the Persian neighborhood. One source says that Bro. Durham baptized twenty-two "Persians." The saints with Pastor Durham and Pastor William H. Piper in Stone Church were earnestly praying for a revival. Young Pastor Piper had recently rented "Stone Church" at 37th and Indiana in Chicago and God sent Stone Church a mighty Holy Ghost revival with a healing ministry.

Bro. Durham wrote in his periodical *The Pentecostal Testimony* that "(I)t was nothing to hear people at all hours of the night speaking in tongues and singing in the Spirit." At one time, there were twenty-five out-of-town ministers at his meeting seeking the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. In 1910, Pastor Durham ordained Andrew. The Holy Spirit began to reveal to Andrew the One God of Israel in His Son, Jesus Christ, and baptism in the Name of Jesus. It was at this time that Andrew began to baptize new converts in the Name of Jesus.

In the midst of the revival at Stone Church, he went to the

1913 Worldwide Camp Meeting in Los Angeles. He wrote in his autobiography: "I felt there was something in store for me from the Lord, and that it would be revealed to me in that great gathering of God's people." He met many people from the U.S. and Canada with invitations to evangelize. But "It was then and there, the Lord sweetly whispered in my heart; asking me to go back to Persia and to begin my journey right from Los Angeles." Andrew began to have very strange dreams filled with savage animals chasing after him, but he always escaped from them. God then blessed him in providing intercessors and his fare to Persia. With an extra \$500.00 above his expenses, he had 5,000 booklets printed on true salvation to be given to the Iranians.

God led him to call a convention in Chicago. Confession and intercessory prayer were the principal parts of the convention. Many of the saints at the mission did not understand God's call on him and about 200 of them left the church leaving 100 who remained and faithfully prayed and fasted for him.

Young Andrew traveled to Long Beach and Los Angeles and then on to Chicago where he told about 1,000 saints gathered in Stone Church goodbye. Friends went with him to the Dearborn Station where they sang and prayed together until morning. He boarded the *Lusitania* at Ellis Island and sailed to Liverpool, England. Andrew visited Pentecostals in London, Wales, and Amsterdam and then traveled into Germany and Russia and arrived in Persia in March 1914. He felt such a passionate love and concern for his people, the Assyrians. The Lord blessed a little group of Plymouth Brethren in Adda when Andrew sang and preached. The song was Psalm 51 in their language which he set in a minor key. Andrew returned in a couple of weeks. On a Sunday morning, the group marched and sang in the streets of Adda, "Hold the Fort for I Am Coming." Many followed them and listened to his preaching.

*Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven.
By Thy grace we will.*

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-1876

Fifty received the Baptism but serious persecution came too; one of the converts was shot.

In Abajaloo, Andrew again preached, marched and sang. He wrote several new songs in Syriac. Some of the Adda saints came. They had a blessed time with Andrew, talking in tongues. Later after the massacres started, the people of Adda suffered fiercely, more so than other Christian villages. The Kurds slaughtered, raped, and destroyed their homes and farms. A mob threatened death to the brethren in Karajaloo. Yet in three to four weeks about forty of the citizens received their baptism. In Shirabad, God filled twenty-five young women and two young men and a school was started.

The Russian government and the Orthodox Church were powerful forces in Urmia. The priests made a petition to stop the Christians, to throw them into prison, and to deport Andrew back to America. However, the Mohammedan chief of police was kind to them and the Persian Christians were permitted to leave.

A missionary report in the *Christian Evangel* of January 23, 1914, is titled "Bro. Urshan Not Beheaded – Report of Death Without Foundation – God's Protection Continues Through Many Dangers." He had been warned not to preach in a certain town or he would be killed. He wrote to America, "We need no pity but many prevailing prayers ..."

World War I broke out in 1914; the Young Turks saw the opportunity of ridding Turkey and the area of the Christians. Massacres took place in the mountains of Mosul in northwest Iran

where mostly Assyrians lived.

The young Turks declared *Jihad*. The Mohammedan peasants and warriors were instructed by the Mullahs. By February, 1915, the Russians had left the country as they were needed in their own country to help stabilize the situation after the assassination of the Czar and his family and the rise of the Bolsheviks and Communism. The Kurds and Turks again went after the Iranian citizens intending to kill and plunder. The locals tried to hold off the enemies. The Christians decided to try to get back to Urmia City, but were met by fighters with machine guns and spears. The people called on the Lord and He told the leaders to run in front of the people and with raised hands and to cry out "Jesus! Jesus!" After they gave the fighters their coats and a watch, they were free to go. They resumed their walk and wept when they saw the American flag over their hometown—over the American Hospital and Presbyterian Mission.

Besides the loss of many of their friends and converts to massacre, diseases, such as typhus, took their toll. Andrew suffered terribly with typhus fever, but mighty prayers were made for him and he was raised up. After four months, the Russians marched back into their city and the Turks and Kurds fled.

A headline of the *Washington Post* dated March 14, 1915 read: MASSACRED BY KURDS. CHRISTIANS UNABLE TO FLEE FROM URMIA PUT TO DEATH.

The Armenian Genocide

In October 1914, the Ottoman Empire – centered in modern day Turkey – joined the Central Powers (Germany and Austria) in World War I against the combined forces of France, Russia, Italy, and Great Britain. The Ottoman borders were pressed from the west by the

resistance of the Slavic Balkan states to the southward advance of the Central Powers armies and from the north by the armies of the Russian Empire.

The Ottoman Empire took advantage of the pressures of war to deal with internal ethnic and religious dissension. The majority Muslim government targeted Armenian Christians and other non-conformists with deportation into the eastern highlands of Anatolia, near the Black Sea. Here in April 1915, the Ottomans launch an assault on the Armenians first by detaining over 200 Armenian community leaders (politicians, doctors, lawyers, and other professionals). This was quickly followed by a policy of local massacres and forced deportation marches south into the Syrian desert. Armenian businesses and homes were confiscated. Thousands of children were separated from their parents and placed in Muslim homes. Homelessness, exposure, starvation, and disease decimated the Armenian population. Forced conversions to Islam spared some of the Armenian population.

Initially, the Armenian Christians enjoyed some protection from the armies of the Christian Russian Empire on their northern border. But this protection faded with the invasion of the Central Powers along the western Russian borders. Left without armed protection, some Armenians fled northward into the Russian empire. Those who remained quickly succumbed to Ottoman violence and starvation. It is estimated that 1.5 million Armenians perished in this slaughter – roughly one-half of the pre-war population.

The missionary travels and hardships faced by Andrew Urshan (1914-1917) occurred in the context of this international atrocity.

Persian Azaris from October 1914 to August 1919 resulted in the deaths of more than a million Armenians and 750,000 of the Chaldean and Syriac Assyrians.

When the Russian infantry was called away again from the city, the people became very fearful. The Mohammedans pledged to burn and kill the Christians. Many saints fled and most of the American missionaries had to escape to different cities near the Russian border. Andrew's passport and papers had been taken from him during the massacre and the consulate advised him to return to America.

Traveling through Russia up to St Petersburg, he preached the Name of the Lord—people flocked to hear him. The Russian people had heard of a division in the Pentecostal body in America as to the baptismal formula. It was here that Andrew was re-baptized in Jesus' Name and baptized seventy-five others in the Name of Jesus in the icy water. Among the precious souls baptized was the great grandfather to the Kisel family. My son-in-law, Pastor Rande Greene, has from time to time invited the Kisel family to minister in our church, Faith Christian Fellowship, here in Dayton, Ohio. The father is Leonid and two of his sons are Dimetri and Vitaly. They pastor the Apostolic Bible Church in Maykop City in Adygh Republic, Russia. Andrew Urshan baptized the great-grandfather in Jesus' name in 1916. A year later, the Russian Bolshevik massacres began. Nothing was heard from or about these saints but about a year later, the news came that they were safe and increased to about 1,000 people. The Kisels were proud to tell us that after 1916 and even today these dear souls are called "Urshanites."

After spending about nine months in Russia, Andrew and his party journeyed from St. Petersburg to Oslo, Norway where he met Pastor Thomas Ball Barrett. Bro. Urshan wrote, "We enjoyed the blessings of God there in his large assembly, preaching several times, through his interpretation. The brethren all were most kind

to me ..." From Oslo, Norway he went on to England for a conference at Albert Hall with Bros. A. A. Boddy and Cecil R. Pollhill (1860-1938), a promoter of Pentecostal missions—he had received his Spirit Baptism in Los Angeles in 1908. Then on to a convention in South Wales and after that to London where Andrew spoke at convention. A. A. Boddy wrote in his paper, *Confidence*, dated August 1916; "Our Brother Urshan was intensely earnest; his face and gestures were very Eastern; he speaks with great rapidity."

From London they traveled by steamship to New York, on to Chicago and eventually to St. Paul. He held special services in Midway Tabernacle and at age thirty-three met a young woman from Midway—Mildred Harriet Hammergren. In the *Weekly Evangel* dated August 25, 1917, an article is headed: "Bro. Urshan Married" under the byline of Mrs. Harvey McAlister.

A very precious wedding service took place at St Paul, Minn., on August 9th 1917, at the home of the bride's parents, 899 Case Street, when Evangelist Andrew D. Urshan of Persia, was united in marriage to Miss Mildred R. Hammergren.

Pastor Harvey McAlister of Midway Tabernacle where Miss Hammergren attended, performed the ceremony in the presence of intimate friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. J. Nader of Chicago, who represented the Persian mission there and Bro. H. O. Scott of Las Angeles.

Our Lord who attended the marriage in Cana of Galilee and adorned it by His presence was again present on this occasion. Although absent in body, yet manifestly present in Spirit; inasmuch as His power filled the room, thus witnessing his smile of approval on the scene.

It surely was a typical Pentecostal wedding! The songs of Zion, prayers and praises ascended, in such a way that one and all felt that it was good for us to be there.

Bro. and Sis. Urshan are invited by Winnipeg friends to spend this month in Minaki, Ontario, Canada, which invitation has been accepted by them. Their address for two weeks will be: Grand View Camp, Minaki, Ontario, Canada.

If the Lord tarries, Bro. and Sis. Urshan will leave this coming spring, D. V., with a band of co-workers and missionaries for Europe, Russia, and Persia. His marriage is a preparation for that much desired missionary trip.

Let us all pray for Bro. Urshan and his dear wife with more fervency than ever before that God may bless richly their new step in life to the glory and honor of His name, and this union may result in a more fruitful ministry for our brother than ever in the past.

They held revival campaigns in the Midwest, Canada, and California. In San Francisco, they held a three-week revival at Pastor Craig's Glad Tidings Temple. They then went on to Los Angeles and preached a revival that lasted six months with about 500 people coming through with the Baptism. These meetings were held in the L.A. Temple Auditorium, the Ice Palace, and also at the World Wide Camp Meeting. Their first child, Grace Suzannah (1918-2008) was born while they were in California.

The Hamnergren family played a prominent role in the lives of the Urshans. Mildred's father, David, whose parents were from Sweden, was born in St. Paul. He married Josephine

Schustedt, a native of Sweden. They had seven children—all born in Cochrane, a little village in southwestern Wisconsin. Their five sons were Sherman, Oliver, David J., Lawrence, and Russell. The two daughters were Mildred and Evelyn. Grandpa Hammergren was affectionately called D. I. by family and friends. He was an Assembly man to the state legislature, the Wisconsin Assembly—and published newspapers in St. Paul and Wisconsin. He owned and operated *The Cochrane Recorder* for a number of years and was important in public affairs and the development of Cochrane and Buffalo County.

It was also about this time that Bro. Urshan was pressured by the Assemblies of God to make a choice—either to be with them or the Oneness brethren. In his autobiography Bro. Urshan wrote:

We had done our best to remain neutral and continue our ministry to both sides ... those Trinitarian brothers became determined to interfere with our progress under God's leadership. We prayed much about the matter, and were led, per their demand, to print our confession of faith concerning the Dispensational Name of God which is the Lord Jesus Christ ..."

In the *Christian Evangel* of April 1919, is an article headlined "Andrew Urshan's New Stand—A Bit of Sad News."

We have always loved Bro. Urshan and we do yet and this is why it grieves us all the more at the time when strong men like RE. McAlister and others in Canada who have seen the full fruits and errors of the New Issue teaching and are heartily turning against it and for the old Bible truths—that just at such a time Bro. Urshan announces himself so strongly for it. In explaining why he is going to teach

baptism in the Name of Jesus ...

Why? Because Jesus is the name of God the Son, Christ stands for the fullness and name of the Holy Ghost ... and the name of the Father ... is Jehovah, the Lord.

They did not do away with the command of Jesus regarding baptism, but they practiced it according to the revelation and interpretation that Jesus gave them by the Holy Spirit ...

The above is no secret, but is in a printed circular by Bro. Urshan which he is sending to "all saints. . . "

We give this as a bit of sad news to all of our readers who may not receive Bro. Urshan's own circular from which we quote above ...

What an awful mistake ... What an awful assumption! ...

The circular ... also speaks of his re-baptism in Petrograd four years ago, and says he is going to make a campaign all over the country along these lines ...

Bro, Urshan has offered to turn in his credentials held from the General Council if they cannot endorse his teaching, and I am sure they cannot endorse it.

The above is given with deep, loving concern for Bro. Urshan and with no prejudice or ill will against him, only as news to the saints. Pray for God to guide Bro. Urshan. E.N. Bell.

(This article was followed up by several letters from writers

that echoed Bro. Bell's sentiments.)

Bro. Urshan answered their questions as found in his autobiography under the subtitle "Misunderstood: "

Many of our friends think we are deniers of the Sonship of Jesus Christ and are doing away with the Fatherhood of God. We take this opportunity to say that such a report is a misrepresentation by those who do not understand just what we stand for. There is nothing sweeter to us than the sentence "Jesus the Blessed Son of God" or "Our Heavenly Father." We see the Word proceeding from God the Father, becoming flesh; the Father in that incarnated, crucified, buried, risen and glorified Word.

Pastor John Opperman, son of Daniel C. O. Opperman, welcomed the young couple—opening the doors of his Bible School in Eureka Springs, Arkansas where they held a month's campaign. There is an interesting description of short-term Bible schools in the Assemblies of God's *Heritage of Spring*, 1991 written by Glenn Gohr. After 1909, there were several short-term schools, called Faith Schools, in the South and Midwest with a term from about one to three months. No fees were charged; they only had to bring their bedding and toilet articles. They depended on God to miraculously supply their needs. Often their mattress was a fabric case filled with hay, for light there were kerosene lamps and God provided their food. Tent meetings were held in the evenings and the Holy Ghost was poured out. These leaders felt education and training were necessary—not to rush out into the harvest fields with little preparation.

After Eureka Springs, the little family went on to Winnipeg and St. Paul. Nathan Andrew was born at 464 Pierce Street on August 29, 1920. Bro. Urshan next moved his

family and took on a pastorate in Montreal c. 1923.

Daniel Segraves' *Andrew D. Urshan: A Theological Biography* points out that A. D. Urshan was a frequent evangelist at Midway Tabernacle in the congregation's early years and briefly served as interim pastor in 1920 and 1921 while he maintained his other missionary and evangelistic commitments. A. D. Urshan was also instrumental in sponsoring his younger brother, Benjamin Urshan, for the pastorate of Midway Tabernacle (1931-1934). Likewise, he was also a key player in facilitating the move of longtime Midway Tabernacle/Apostolic Bible Church pastor, S. G. Norris, from New York City to St. Paul.

Afterward, they moved to Chicago and from there Bro. Urshan resumed his evangelistic campaigns in the U. S. and Canada. The family stayed in Chicago where Faith Edith was born in June 1924. Five years later in April 1929, their last child, Andrew David, was born. Benjamin Urshan wrote in his autobiography, *Survivor*, that his nephew "Andy was stricken with infantile paralysis as a two-year-old and partially recovered. Later the doctor told the family that Andy had muscular dystrophy and would likely die in his teens." I remember Andy's visits to St. Paul—he was confined to a wheel chair—such a bright, joyful person. He lived until he was twenty-two. Andrew wrote about Andy in his autobiography: He "grew to be a fine outstanding Christian young man. The Lord blessed him with a sweet and pleasing voice which he used to testify in song until he departed from this life while singing, 'Jesus, I Love Thy Name.'

While in Chicago, Mildred left the family. During this heartbreaking time. Bro. Urshan was moved to compose "There Is Sunshine in the Shadow."

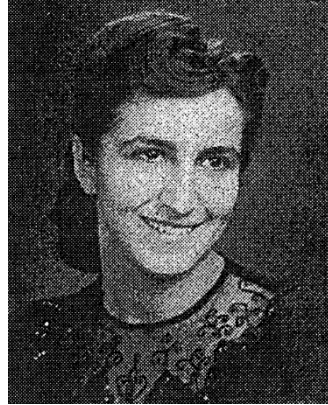
*There is sunshine in the shadow; there is sunshine in the rain;
There is sunshine in our sorrow, when our hearts are filled with pain,
There is sunshine when we're burdened: there is sunshine when we pray;
There is sunshine, Heav'nly sunshine, blessed sunshine all the way.*

I remember some of Bro. Urshan's visits to 464. He was charming and charismatic but very serious in his preaching. He spoke in a Syriac-American brogue and rolled his "R's" in a dramatic way. One time, we saints were rather quiet when he was trying to stir us up. He said he would go down to the orchestra and pick up the bass drum and beat on it until we responded in lively worship, but he did not have to do that. When he was at Midway, I remember his choosing two hymns. They were "Holy, Holy, Holy"—He amended the last phrase of the first verse to sing, "God in one Person, blessed Unity." And the other was "The Great Physician" at a healing service.

*The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus He speaks
The drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung
Jesus, blessed Jesus.*

William Hunter

In 2008, I had a phone conversation with Faith Urshan St. Clair of Albuquerque, New Mexico. She has great love and fond memories of her parents and family. She described her mother, Mildred, as 5' 9" tall, slender. Mildred's four brothers were over six feet tall. Mildred was a singer—a lovely clear soprano—and played the piano and guitar. Sometimes she was called "the sweet singer of Israel" and dearly loved the old hymns. Faith said when her parents ministered, her Dad mostly spoke, but sometimes Mildred and Andrew took turns preaching. She said the four children spent their summers with Grandma and Grandpa Hammergren in Cochrane while their parents traveled and evangelized.



Andrew wrote and published *The Witness of God* starting in 1917. Mildred helped him at times by writing in longhand while he dictated as English was a second language for him.

Mildred sewed beautifully and like to dress Faith in red complimenting her dark hair and olive complexion. Faith said she hated the pantaloons made to match her dresses. Mildred's younger sister, Evelyn, also lived in Chicago and was a great help to Mildred.

After Mildred had left the family in Chicago, she would have loved to have had the children with her. This was a very sad time for all of them. Mildred's later husband, Harry Hester, came to the Hammergren home, but Grandpa Hammergren refused to see him. Grace went with her mother for a while but didn't like it. The children looked forward to spending their summers with their grandparents in Cochrane.

Nathan loved to play baseball; he played in the street with

his Chicago friends. They lived at 3219 Osgood Street, near Belmont Avenue, not too far from Lake Michigan. In 1936, Osgood Street was renamed Kenmore Avenue and is in the Lake View area. When young Nathan visited Cochrane, his uncles bought him a real baseball uniform and encouraged him in the game. He had a great love for the sport and aspired to be a professional baseball player.

Bro. Urshan still evangelized, but decided it was better to be in one place for the children. Grandpa and Grandma Hammergren hated to give them up. In 1934, his youngest brother, Benjamin, resigned the pastorate at Midway to evangelize, Bro. Norris and his family moved from New York City to St. Paul and Bro. Andrew Urshan took the church in New York City. The family settled in the Bronx on Newbold Avenue. Bro. Urshan started a mission on 125th Street. The church was on the second floor; a business occupied the first floor. Later, they moved to a brownstone at 296 West 92nd Street that Bro. Urshan called Emmanuel's Church of Jesus Christ. Faith said it was a beautiful Jewish neighborhood on the Upper West Side. They lived upstairs—up a winding staircase to the family quarters on the second and third floors. The kitchen was behind the area used for a sanctuary. Here the delicious Persian cuisine was created and enjoyed. "Dad did most of the cooking." A specialty was stuffed grape leaves with finely chopped onions, lamb or beef, rice, spiced with oregano and mint. Faith said it was a happy home. They always had a big table of people.

A Sis. Morris was a big help to the family in cooking and cleaning. Grace and Nathan helped more with housework as they were older-ages: sixteen and eighteen. Faith tells that one day when she was about age twelve, her Dad told her to sweep the floor and then he left. She did not do so. On his return he asked her if she had swept the floor and she said "Yes." He then asked why the broom was still in the same place he had left it. At this she "confessed" and finished the job.

Bro. Urshan was the chief caretaker of five-year-old Andy

after he was diagnosed with muscular dystrophy—a genetic disease that results in progressive muscle wasting and weakness. The care included a focus on healthy eating habits and warding off possible infections. Andy eventually used a wheelchair and had to be bathed and dressed. To move him from floor to floor in their home, Bro. Urshan carried him up and down the stairs on his back—all done with such love. Range-of-motion exercises and putting on braces, especially at night, are treatments to keep muscle contractures to a minimum. Curvature of the spine could also affect sitting and sleeping. As the disease progressed, Andy's respiratory and cardiac status had to be monitored.

Faith said the children found New York City and the Bronx hard to adjust to—gangs and crime. She was in high school, but about that time contracted tuberculosis. Nathan had suffered with it previously. The cure for TB then was rest usually at a sanatorium and a healthy diet. Faith finished high school with a correspondence course. At about age 16, she went to ABI in St. Paul and then in the summers studied at the Julliard School of Music in New York City. Later at ABI, she taught music and directed the Girl's Glee Club. After about a year at ABI, she had a relapse of tuberculosis, but mighty prayer was made for her. She returned to NYC and after recovery went back to ABI. Grace worked at Helen Titus' Dress Shop in NYC and did some modeling there. Nathan finished high school and went on to Columbia University. Years later, before Andy passed away, his mother came to see the family. She asked for forgiveness and Bro. Urshan told her she had been forgiven "all these years."

Bro. Urshan resigned in 1950 to evangelize and spoke in special meetings and conferences all over the U. S. and Canada, Nathan became the pastor of the NYC church. Bro. Urshan married Ethyl May Dugas and they made their home in Long Beach, California.

I had a pleasant telephone conversation in 2009 with Stephen Schmidt, Faith St Clair's son, attorney and pastor for many

years in Greenwood, Indiana. He said his grandfather took a personal interest in all his grandchildren and kept up a correspondence with them. Stephen is the only one of the second generation who went to the family village in Iran. He walked the dirt roads and saw where the church was—a Christian chapel is on that site now.

Stephen remembers his grandfather's cooking "Bu'shala" or prophet's stew. It was made of a base of drained yogurt (the whey from the curds) and diluted with water, boiled with green peppers, barley, and seasonal vegetables. "ADU" also made chewing gum for them. You can buy the base in the village markets, then put in a drop of honey and different flavors, wrap with cellophane and knead the honey into the gum. Grandfather loved lemon drops (all kinds of sour fruit candy are sold in the Persian bazaars) and "Bit O' Honey" which resembled Persian taffy with nuts. Another thing he loved was tea, but preferred it boiling when it was brought to him. He showed the little ones Persian folk dances with their various steps and arm and hand movements. As leader of the circle, he waved a handkerchief for changes in step and energy.

Bro. Urshan was a charter member of the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World re-organized in 1916 and served as Foreign Missions Secretary. Later, he was in leadership in the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance. He was on the board of General Presbyters of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ which later merged into the United Pentecostal Church.

Benjamin Urshan wrote in *Survivor*, "Andrew lived a sacrificial life and never spent money on luxuries. During his eighty-three years he never owned a car ... When he was left with four young children to rear, it amazed me to see how he managed to care for them until they were on their own." Andrew Urshan died in Bay City, Texas, October 16, 1967. The day before his passing he told his son, Nathaniel, "Death is not important. The work of God is the most important thing."



Bro. Urshan and his daughters, Faith & Grace, at Midway.



Andrew and Midred Urshan with Grace and Nathan.

The Witness of God Monthly

A. D. URSHAN, Editor

3219 OSGOOD ST.

CHICAGO, ILL. U. S. A.

June 5/30.

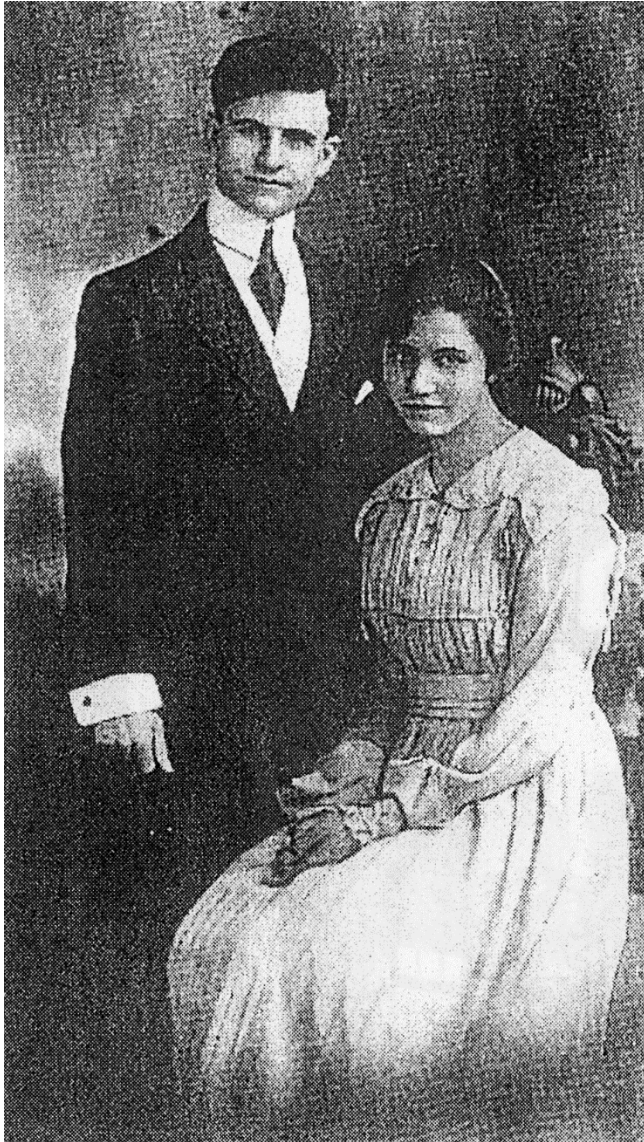
Well! Well! Congratulations a
 thousand times. Bro. Albert could
 have not ^{so} found any better bride and
 we think Fern is a fortunate girl
 to have ~~the~~ ^{her} ~~husband~~ ^{husband} for her life time
 husband.

We are deeply interested in this matter
 the best we can send you all the
 notes of joy over the wise actions
 on the good side -

May the Great Lord bless Bro.
 and Mrs. Newstrand and precious family
 of Bro. & Sis. Lundquist whom we have
 learned to love.

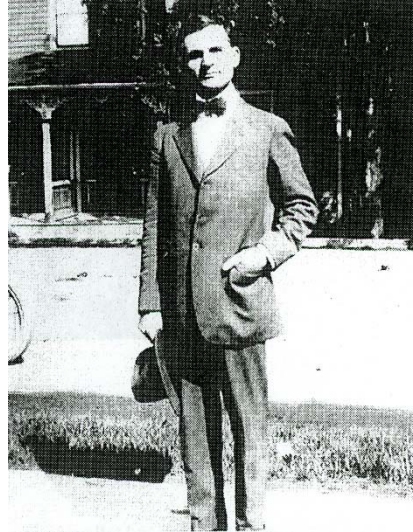
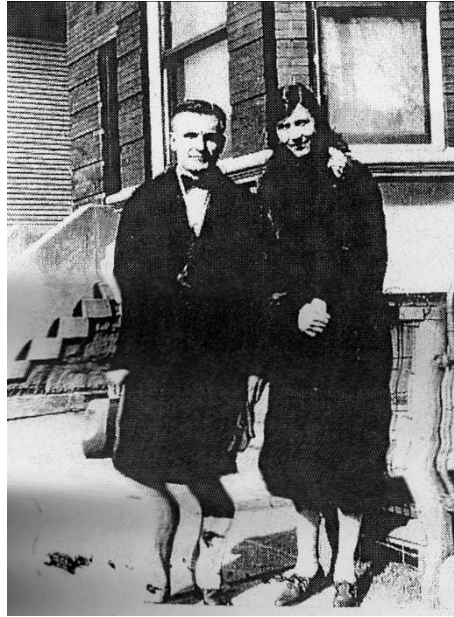
Wishing you the best of this life
 and the blessings of the soon coming Kingdom
 we remain yours as ever A. D. Urshan.

Letter from Andrew Urshan to my parents, Albert and Fern
 Newstrand, on their wedding of June 1930.

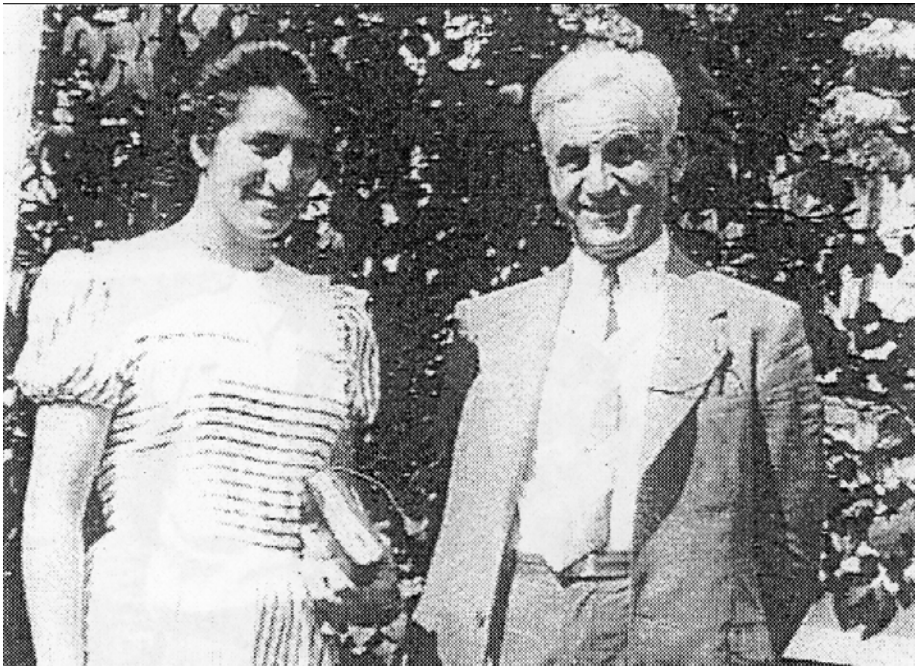
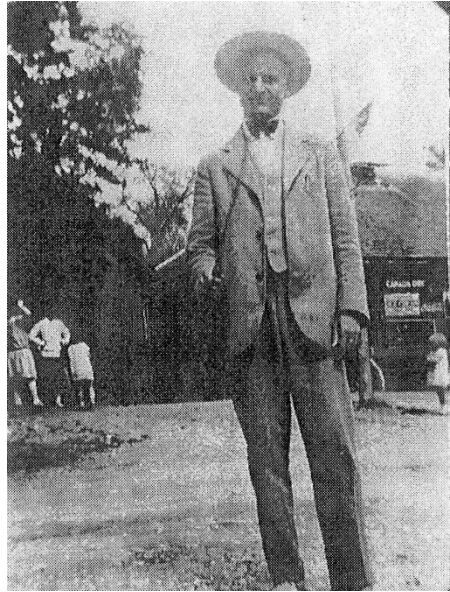


The wedding portrait of Andrew & Midred Urshan, August 9, 1917

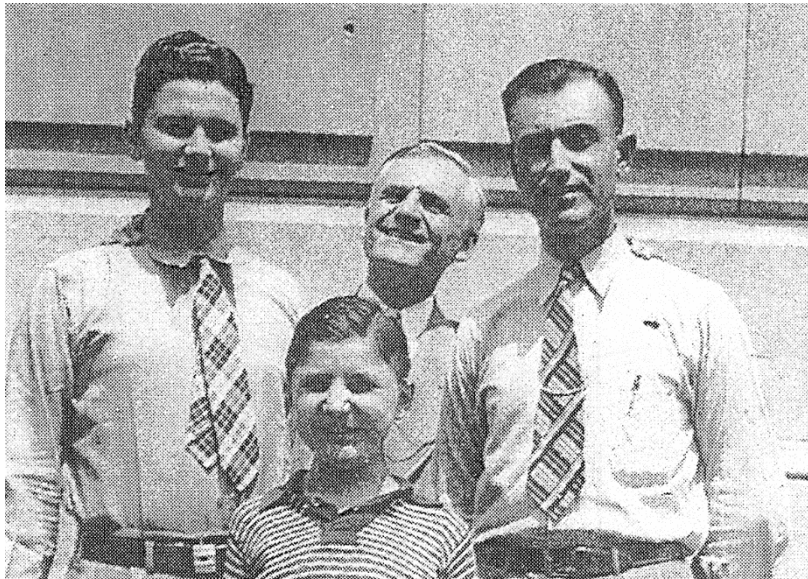
The photos on this and the following six pages are from the private archives of Stephen Schmidt and are used with his generous permission.



Andrew and Mildred Urshan with Faith.



Andrew Urshan with daughter Faith.



Above: Left to right--Faith, Andy, Alice, Nathan, Jean & Andrew Urshan.

Below: The Urshan men—Nathan, Andrew, Benjamin & Andy.



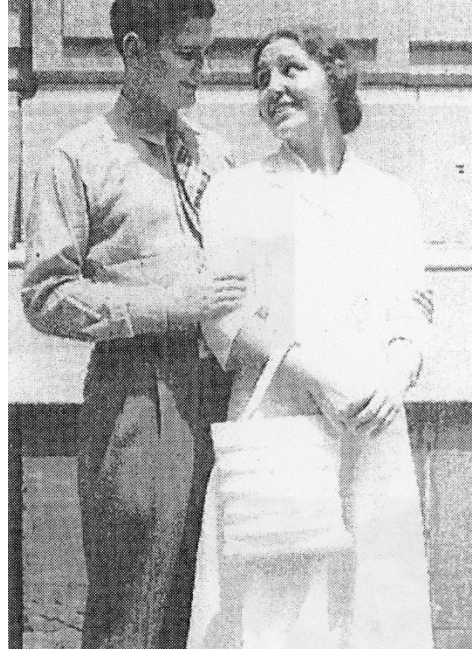
Bro. Urshan with Alice and Faith on the left.



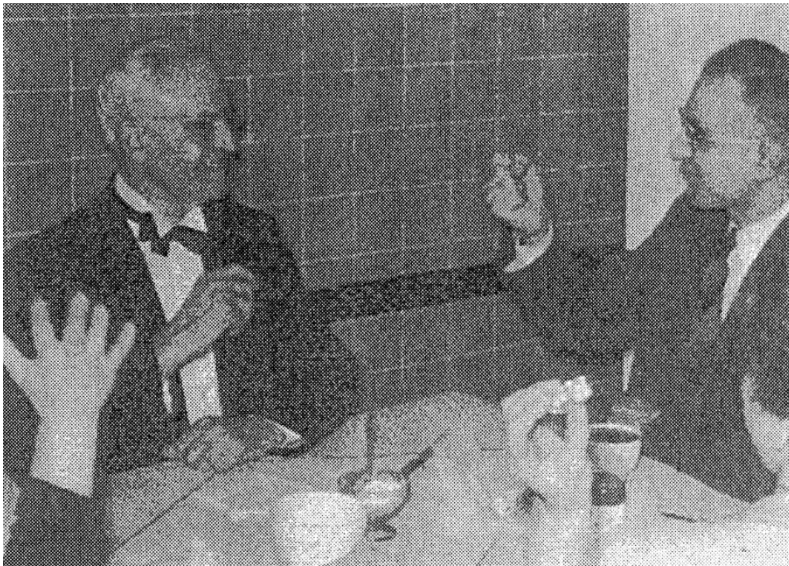
With his granddaughters, JoAnn & Marilyn Larson .In back, Alice & Ben Urshan with son-in-law John Arvid Larson.



Bro. Urshan with Ben, Alice, and Faith in back.



Son, Nathan, with his wife, Jean Habig Urshan.



Brothers conferring--Andrew and Benjamin.

LEROY OOTON
1896-1975
PASTOR OF MIDWAY TABERNACLE
1925-1927

L. R. Ooton was born on June 18, 1896, to Wallace and Hattie Ooton in Franklin, Indiana. In June 1922, he married Edith Neal and they had two children: Thomas and Polly.

When He was fifteen years old, his mother became aware that there was a special calling on her son and turned a room over to him to use to study the Bible and pray. When he was seventeen, he left his parent's home and grocery store to sing and preach.



Bro. Ooton was ordained as a young man and ministered for over fifty years—preaching and ministering in all of the fifty states as well as in Canada and Mexico. He was a well-known Bible teacher and evangelist and also pastored a number of congregations, including Midway Tabernacle.

Information was hard to find on Bro. Ooton, so I contacted Dr. David Reed, Professor Emeritus and Research Professor, Wycliffe College, University of Toronto in July 2007 for information on him. He wrote an email to me explaining that L.R. Ooton was originally affiliated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World but following the schism of 1924, he joined the white group, the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance, and became its first secretary. He was strong on Acts 2:33 as the new birth and grew increasingly discontent with those in the group that did not teach that doctrine.

So in 1927, he switched to the Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. This meant that his group was part of the 1931 merger that formed the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. He wrote an article titled "The St. Louis Merger" in the *Pentecostal Outlook* of November 8, 1932:

Numerous false statements have been made by those who have sought prominence among brethren in times past, some of which have been sent out to all parts of the country by members of both former organizations, but nothing has stopped the progress of Unity...

As General Treasurer of the new organization known as the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ, I still hold in my possession the old charter and seal of the Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ. Those making statements to any other effect are sadly in need of the saving grace of God ...

But he did not like the "dictatorial" methods of some the PAJC's leaders. In 1941, he left the PAJC and formed a loose fellowship called the Tri-State Council (Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia) which eventually became the basis for his own organization, the Apostolic Ministerial Alliance. This was the only significant split within the white Oneness movement from the late 1930's to the UPCI merger in 1945. It was the third largest Oneness organization at the time.

Sharon Nelson wrote that her husband Jacob and his brother David were persuaded by Bro. Ooton to join the ministerial organization that he was starting which they did for a short while before joining the UPCI. (See the Nelsons' story in "Memories.") I think my husband knew Bro. Ooton fairly well at that time."

Beside his gift for preaching and writing, he was a

composer and singer. He wrote many songs, but is remembered mostly for "To Be Like Jesus" that he wrote in 1923.

*To be like Jesus, to be like Jesus,
On earth I long to be like Him;
All through life's journey from earth to glory
I only ask to be like Him.*

Bro. Ooton wrote an article in a 1939 *Pentecostal Outlook* about the infiltration of "jazz" in church music:

It seems bad enough to live in the midst of such an evil influence but alas! The church has become contaminated with the jazz craze... Thousands are beginning to see the diabolical effect that these strange songs with their split beats, their syncopated accents, and the 'jungle-like' rhythms, put together with words that speak only of the carnal man, are having on the lives of our youths. The influence of Godless song is leading our youth astray. It is high time to protest.

Beverly S. Nave, Secretary Treasurer of the AMA, wrote that "In his later years during Conference time he would teach in the afternoon for as long as two hours. He was such a gifted speaker that you weren't bored ..."

On December 31, 1975 at age 79, Bro. Ooton passed away after suffering with heart trouble. He was buried in Tipton, Indiana. Willis Kessinger became the General Chairman of the AMA at Bro. Ooton's passing.



The Van Wieren wedding party. Bro. Ooten is at the far right in the light-colored suit.



The Apostolic Herald

MY DOCTRINE SHALL DROP AS THE RAIN,
MY SPEECH SHALL DISTIL AS THE DEW, AS
THE SMALL RAIN UPON THE TENDER HERB,
AND AS THE SHOWERS UPON THE GRASS;
BECAUSE I WILL PUBLISH THE NAME OF
THE LORD: ASCRIBE YE GREATNESS UNTO
OUR GOD.



HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS
ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH
GOOD TIDINGS THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE;
THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS OF GOOD
THAT PUBLISHETH SALVATION; THAT SAITH
UNTO ZION, THY GOD REIGNETH.

Volume 1—Number 6.

Louisiana, Missouri, December, 1926.

10 Cents Per Copy

MIGHTY HOLY GHOST REVIVAL IN SAINT PAUL, MINN.

A few years ago, a small Mission was started in a store building, in the Midway district of St. Paul and Minneapolis with Rev. H. O. Scott, formerly of Los Angeles, California, as pastor. Standing for the truth of the baptism of the Holy spirit according to Acts 2:4, the Mission grew and waxed stronger, under the fiery Testings heaped upon it.

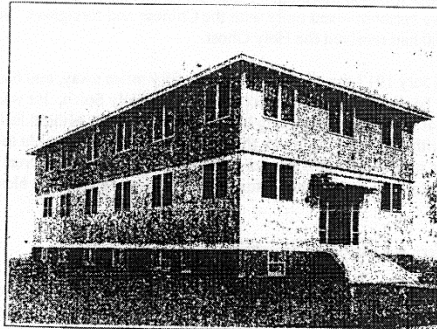
"Come," said someone: "The strangest sight you ever saw."
"Where?" said still another.
"Down here in a little Mission on University Avenue, in the Midway district," came the reply. Upon visiting the little Mission hall, there, for the first time in their life, many witnessed just such scenes as those that took place in the UPPER ROOM on the day of Pentecost.

A few years later, a world-wide camp meeting was called, and held not far from the old Mission hall, by the various Pentecostal assemblies of the Twin Cities. From far and near they came, gathering for a feast of the things which be of God. Evangelists and workers came, some from the east, the west, the north,

and the south; among them were men of world-wide reputation; men mightily blest of God in those days! How be it: Some have fallen asleep in Jesus. Others are with us this day, such as: R. J. Scott, G. E. Haywood, F. J.ewart, Harvey McCalester and others. It was during this great camp meeting that the Revelation

of JESUS ONLY, and BAPTISM IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST, so mightily went forth. Acts 2:38; 8:16; 10:48; and 19:5. As a result, seventy were baptized in Jesus' Name, and forty were filled with the Holy spirit; and a beautiful stucco tabernacle seating five hundred people was built. Later on, Brother H. O. Scott

MIDWAY PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE



464 Pierce St. St. Paul, Minn. L. R. Ootou, Pastor

The first page of an article about Midway in The Apostolic Herald, December 1926 sent to me by Joy Urshan Tschawuschian. This page was the only one available.

EDGAR C. STEINBERG
1884-1972
PASTOR OF MIDWAY TABERNACLE
1927-1929

Edgar Steinberg was born on October 21, 1884 in Kansas to H. L. and Alvina Steinberg, both German immigrants. The 13th US. Census of 1910 shows Edgar twenty-five years old and single. The family lived on a farm in Green Garden, Ellsworth, Kansas. His family background was Baptist. In preparing for the ministry, young Edgar went through a Baptist seminary.

His conversion to Pentecostalism and Baptism in the Spirit came after arriving in China c. 1913. He then served as a missionary under the auspices of the Apostolic Faith Mission. They served in North China—the Shansi or Shanxi province. For centuries, Shansi was a trade and banking center. The province is located on a plateau with mountains to the east and west. The Fen River runs through a series of valleys. The Great Wall of China forms most of the northern border with Inner Mongolia.

He and Sis. Steinberg arrived in the city of Tai Yuan Fue. The first four months were very trying. Sometime in his stay in China, he suffered with smallpox. Month and after month and year after year, he faithfully wrote reports of their work in *The Christian Evangel*. He wrote of many visiting missionaries to their city. For a while, they lived in a Chinese temple. God sent a Holy Ghost revival with such a Spirit of praise. A number of young men were called to preach and they baptized 27 in the Fen River about a mile outside the city wall. On July 7, 1917, he wrote, "We were to serve the Lord's Supper that evening but the glory of the Lord so filled the house that many were slain under the power of God. That meeting closed at four o'clock the next morning." He spoke of the unity among the four stations north of him carried on by the native brethren—and unity with the Chinese and foreigners. In three years, 100 were water baptized and about 60 had received the Holy

Ghost.

In July 1917 they went to Sinchow, fifty miles away, and had a two-week meeting. Twenty-eight were water baptized in water and six received the Holy Spirit. He was blessed with an assistant, an ex-Confucianist for the work enabling him to leave the work without feeling uneasy. In addition to their suffering with a devastating flood, the pneumonic plague spread to their area from Mongolia. Many missions as well as hospitals and schools were shut down. However, the Lord told him put up 5,000 posters that told the people that Jesus was their only refuge. God blessed them with some dramatic conversions.

Here is a sample of his entries:

4/15/1919. I do not know how it is in the States, but somehow we here feel that the pressure in the Spirit is constantly increasing; so much so that there is scarcely a day passing but what we groan under it—like the Israelites groaning before their deliverance from Egypt. So thank God, we take courage and groan on. Two of our sisters in the Lord have been suffering for Jesus' sake, the one having been severely beaten by her husband, but they became the more determined to follow Jesus.

I would like to ask your prayers in behalf of my wife who is suffering because of the high climate of Shansi. This is quite a trial for many of the missionaries. God is able to also shelter us from the inconveniences of a different climate.

A plea was made for financial help by the A/G dated *1/01/1920*:

An appeal in behalf of Bro. Steinberg—Here is a blessed opportunity for one of God's stewards to lend sufficient money to Bro. Edgar Steinberg of

China to purchase a mission station. He is asking for a loan which will be paid back to the lender.

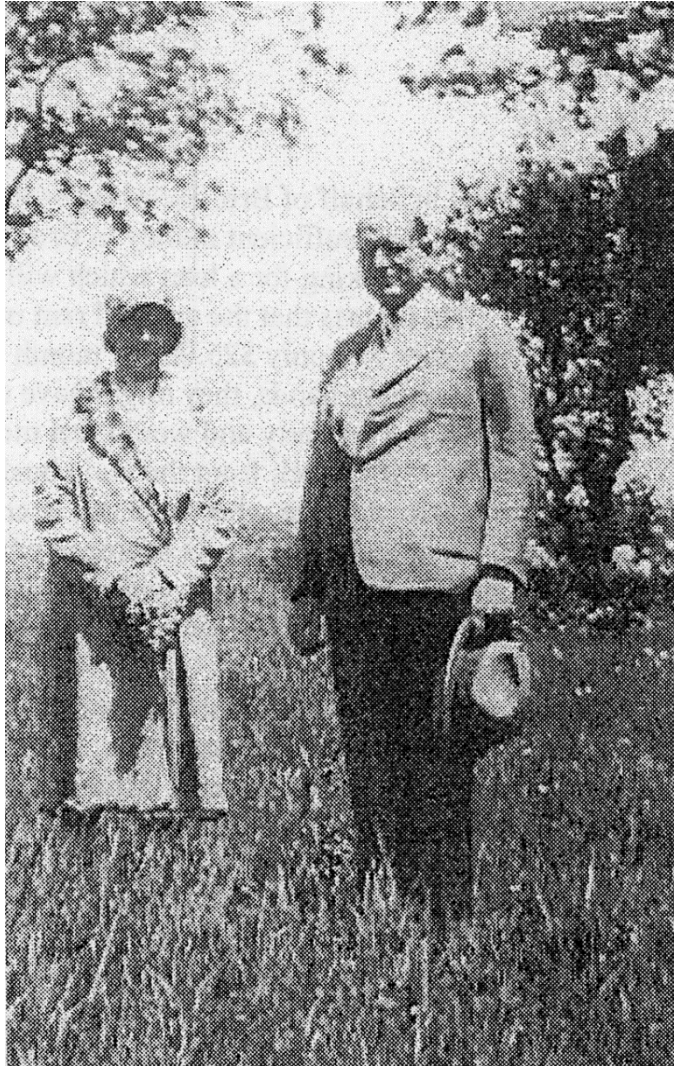
He reports that the original rent of the place they have been occupying for the last five years was only \$25.00 per month by God's grace. Because the property will soon be changing hands, they might have to pay \$50 to \$60 per month and feel that they should buy the property and would feel more free to make needed changes. The location is splendid—one block from the main business street—a minute's walk from the largest market place. A place where one can at any time of the day get a crowd to hear the gospel. Bro. Steinberg wants someone who will give \$5,000 to the Lord for ten years. If someone will lend the money without interest for ten years, he can give good security for the money and repay the loan at the rate of \$500 per year.

Bro. Steinberg took the pastorate at Midway in 1927. It was during his ministry at Midway that the Goserud family came into the assembly. In 1927, E.C. Steinberg was named as the Foreign Missionary Secretary of the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance. Pledges were taken for missionary work. The name of the PMA was changed later to the Pentecostal Churches Incorporated.

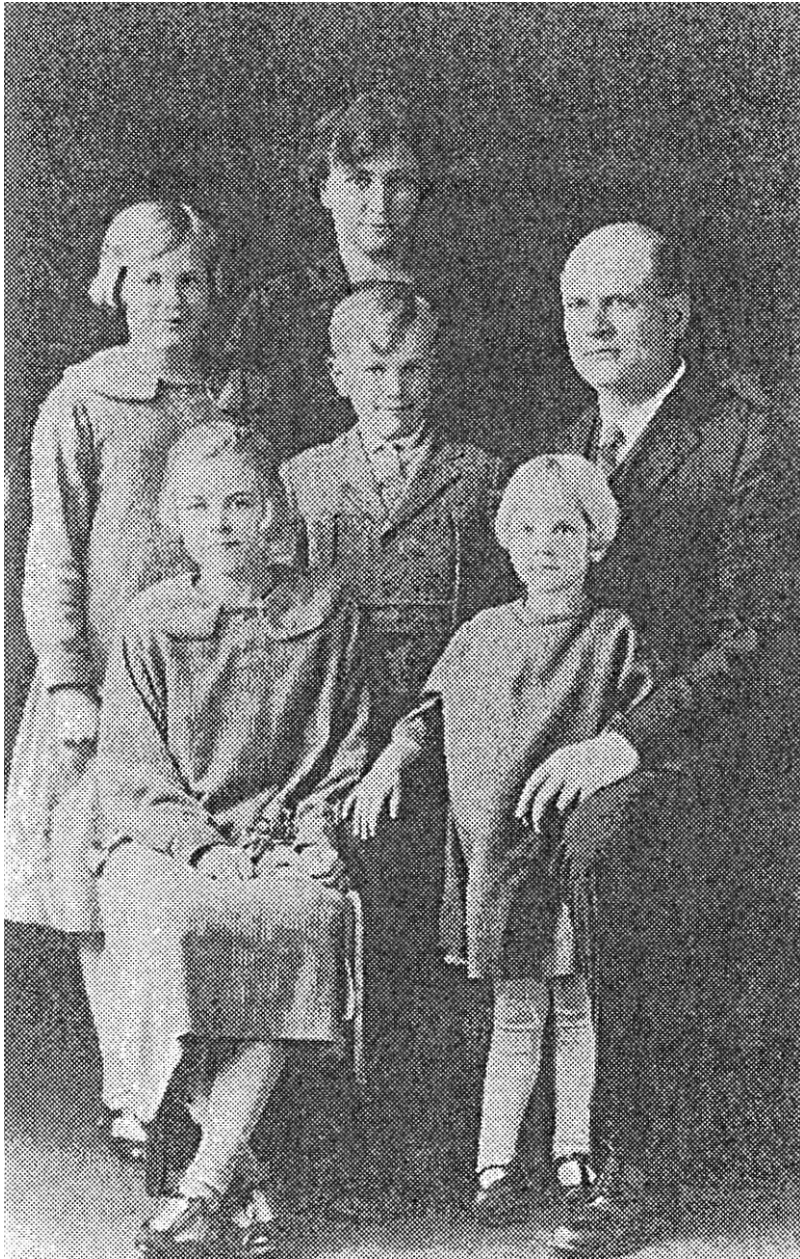
The Fifteenth Census of the U.S. in 1930 shows the Steinberg family living at 4441 45th Avenue in Minneapolis, but I have been unable to ascertain why they lived in relatively short distance from Midway after they left the pastorate. I could find no further information on Bro. Steinberg. His son, Hardy, served as National Director of the Division of Christian Education for the Assemblies of God from 1972 until his retirement in 1986, but then remained in active ministry.

Bro. Steinberg's granddaughter, Jobeth Stanton of

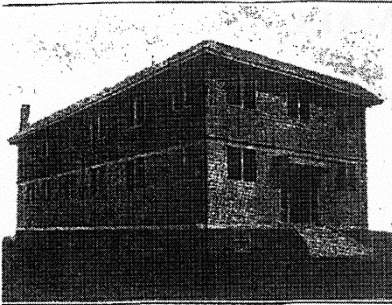
Springfield, Missouri, described her grandfather as very tall with an erect posture—with no "stoop" even in old age. In their older years, the Steinbergs lived in California where they had extended family. Bro. Steinberg passed away in Burbank, California on July 9, 1972.



Bro. and Sis. Steinberg standing in the "wilderness" area right across from 464 in 1928.



The Edgar C. Steinberg family c. 1930. Front: Erna and Ruby. Middle: Irmgard, Hardy, and E. C. Back: Ida Steinberg. Photo: Courtesy of Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center.



" . . . God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation."
II Cor. 5:19

The Midway Pentecostal Tabernacle

W. E. Booth-Cibbarn, Pastor

464 PIERCE ST., ST. PAUL, MINN. PHONE, MIDWAY 5829

THE ASSEMBLY MEETS TO WORSHIP GOD AS FOLLOWS:
SUNDAYS at 10:30 A. M., 3 and 7:30 P. M.
TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS at 8 P. M.

THE MESSENGERS of "HIS RIGHT HAND" Meet THURSDAYS at 8:40 P. M.
MISSIONARY MEETING last FRIDAY of each month at 8:30 P. M.

Prayed over handkerchiefs are forwarded to the sick upon request.
Read Acts 19 v 11 and 12.

When passing through the Twin Cities pay us a visit and be refreshed.

St. Paul, Minn., March 21 1928

Rev. E. Lundquist,
Watertown, Mo. Dak.

My dear Brother Lundquist:-

Greetings in the name of the Lord Jesus!

I trust that the blessing of the Lord continues to rest upon you, and that you are appropriating grace sufficient for your daily needs. His grace is sufficient!

I heard from Brother Hayes and he will be arriving in Saint Paul April 3rd. I should like to keep him here in meetings over three Sundays. He can give us one week in May in the Northwest, also. Would two weeks and two Sundays be satisfactory for Watertown? Possibly I could come and give you one week previous. Would it be possible for you to come in to the city for a convention meeting of the brethren during the fourth week of April, beginning April 23rd? If so then you could take Brother Hayes back with you.

At the present time I am in correspondence with Brother A. F. Varnell who is at Tausau, Wis. regarding some meetings in Clark. I expect he will be going there soon and it might be possible to arrange for him to stop a few days at Watertown, if you so desire. Please let me know.

Yours in His service,

E. C. Steinberg

You have occasionally offerings you desire to send to the Missionaries. SEND THEM TO US. We will forward such monies with our monthly disbursements. We are in constant touch with the best and most loyal to the truth.

FRANKLIN SMALL
1873-1961
Pastor of Midway Tabernacle
1929-1930

Frank Small was born in Revenna, a small town in eastern Ontario northwest of Toronto, Canada in 1873. God called him to Winnipeg and he received the Holy Ghost in 1907 with speaking in other tongues. It had only taken a few months for the Azusa Street message to be accepted by many of the Canadian brethren. The two main hubs were Toronto and Winnipeg. Soon he was assistant pastor to the great Holiness Pentecostal leader, A. H. Argue.



The "revolution" of the Finished Work of Calvary doctrine taught by William Durham of Chicago had brought a change throughout the latter rain movement as it was called then. There were accusations of heresy, but Small felt it was a correction of the old Wesleyan doctrine of justification and sanctification.

Bro. Small wrote in *Living Waters* of April 1941 that Bro. R. E. McAlister preached the message of Jesus' Name Baptism at their 8th annual convention in 1913. After the service, thirty were baptized in Jesus' Name. He said that the light on the proper baptismal formula came first but "in the fullness of time with further illumination of the Scriptures" the fullness of God-in-Christ was clear to them.

The belief in the fullness of God-in-Christ brought dissension in the ranks of Canadian Pentecost. Small and other

Oneness brethren that had been affiliated with the PAOC invited Bro. H. A. Goss to come and help them in forming a Oneness group. They met and elected officers, wrote a charter and called themselves the Apostolic Church of Pentecost. In 1920, the Canadian brethren of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada joined with the American Assemblies of God.

THE GREAT WINNIPEG REVIVAL, 1916-1926

Frank Small wrote in the *Herald of Truth* in serial form, from March to December 1941, about the "Great Winnipeg Revival;" that the Revival was born in the mid 1860' s with his mother's prayers. God spoke to him to go to Winnipeg. He moved there in 1901. One a Sunday, he passed by a mission hall and saw a crowd of people by the door. Bro. Rev. A. H. Argue, a powerful Holiness preacher, had just returned from Chicago where he had received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost at William Durham's North Avenue Mission.

Small went into the service and witnessed people speaking in tongues in such a powerful way. He wrote of one:

Just then a man sitting directly in front of me shouted —Hallelujah! The way he said it thrilled me ... I thought this seems to have fire in it. The man was a Holiness preacher from Vancouver who said, "I heard about this new thing in Winnipeg, that the people were receiving the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and speaking in other languages as at Pentecost; I decided if God Almighty had anything more for His people I wanted it. So I started for Winnipeg— Hallelujah! When the train reached the summit of the Canadian Rockies, the Holy Ghost fell upon me in the upper berth and I began to speak in other languages as the Spirit gave utterance ...

Bro. Small's mother also visited the mission. She said,

"Frank, it was the nearest thing to old fashioned Methodism I have seen since I was a little girl; and if God has anything more for me, I want it." Both mother and son received their baptism that night. The revival continued.

Bro. A. D. Urshan after attending Arroyo Seco passed through Winnipeg and said, "Bro. Small, God is going to send a revival."

In 1913, the pastor of the local church who did not believe in this way had planned to resign, but changed his mind. Small continued through three years of difficult waiting with prayer and study. One night his room was lit with a great light, he saw a vision of a rising gusher of golden oil. Next, he saw a big gospel tent and a voice said, "Your time is up. Get ready! A revival is here." He continued to wait on God.

But while he waited, Bro. Small started several cottage meetings and a Saturday night meeting with three services on Sunday. The people came and Holy Ghost conviction as well. Sinners responded; two-thirds of them were filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke with other tongues. The next Sunday seventeen were baptized in water in the Name of Jesus.

In the summer of 1916, a big gospel tent was erected along the banks of the Red River in suburban Winnipeg. The guest speakers included Elder G. T. Haywood, L. C. Hall of Chicago, and Pastor Frank Ewart of Los Angeles. Almost every day people came by streetcar carrying a change of clothing wanting to be baptized in Jesus' Name. He wrote, "Some came out of the waters speaking in new tongues for the first time while others left their diseases in the water."

Pastor Ewart was the last of the guest speakers and they saw the need to find a building to continue the meetings. Bros. Ewart and Small investigated the Jewish Synagogue which was for

rent. They made arrangements and began to renovate the old synagogue. At the dedication, the power of God fell and His glory filled the house. Bro. Small was struck down at the pulpit. God spoke to him, "If you will keep down low and humble, you will see the glory and the power of God in mighty signs and wonders from My hand." Small then rose and read:

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house, And the priests could not enter into the house of the Lord, because the glory of the Lord had filled the Lord's house. And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; and his mercy endureth forever. (II Chronicles 7:1-3)

And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord. (I Kings 8: 10-11)

When the saints witnessed the power of God, they said "Of a truth God is leading in this project." A minister told Small that God showed him a stream of living water flowing out from Winnipeg.

Special meetings were planned for late December 1916. That was on a Sunday and the Synagogue was packed to capacity with people waiting in the large vestibule—strangers; God had sent them. When the speaker asked how many desired salvation, fifty people raised their hands. They gave up on altar calls and instructed the seekers to lift their hands to heaven and immediately the power of God would fall on them. The sinners never left until

they were filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke in other languages. Night after night, week after week, month after month the Holy Ghost fell. He wrote, ... Is that not original? Is that not the way it should be? Yes. The Living Waters flowed in answer to our prayers. It was harvest time; sowing time had passed."

During that first year, there were two meetings every day and three every Sunday. Daily prayer for the sick was made each morning and afternoon. There was no begging or pleading with people to come. When the song began after the sermon, people had already decided for Jesus. The seekers would "melt down" under God's power, like men slain on a battlefield.

There was such a hunger for God that sinners would stand outside in 30-degree-below-zero weather waiting to get into the service. They refused to leave because they wanted to be saved. Others waited in a nearby hotel for hours until there was room. There were many amazing healings.

The Synagogue became too small. God told them to look for a larger building, that "the revival was only beginning." Old Knox Church at Ellice and Donald Street was vacated and had a seating capacity of about 1500. So in the spring of 1917, they took possession. On the second Sunday at Old Knox, many people had to be turned away. The meetings continued every night with three meetings on Sunday. According to Bro. Small's daughter, Alice, there was no official record of water baptisms, but it was recorded "for part of one year" that there were over 1700 baptisms in water, up to ninety at one time, and all in the Name of Jesus.

But it must have been taxing on Bro. Small. He wrote in the *Living Water* of 1923, "There were times during the past summer months when we felt so exhausted in body as a result of the heavy battle of the past year, that it seemed impossible to continue, but just when we seemed at an end of ourselves God opened the way for us to have a little vacation in the country,

which greatly refreshed us both soul and body."

They met in Old Knox until the summer of 1926 when the building was demolished and replaced by a business block. Small writes in *Living Waters*, January 1937, under "Winnipeg Work": "These two foregoing places were the scenes, so to speak, of a pillar of fire ... Through the force of circumstances and of having to vacate our church home at that time we went abroad for two or three years."

An announcement in the *Living Waters* of 1945 invited friends to visit Zion Church (Apostolic) 335 Pacific Avenue in Winnipeg. He wrote that sometimes "the roof is off" with God's power and blessing. Services were held every night except Saturday.

A PROLIFIC WRITER OF THE GOSPEL

Beside his work as a pastor, leader of the ACOP and itinerant speaker in Canada and the U. S. he was known for his writing and publishing. His works that I know of include *Living Waters: A Sure Guide for Your Faith*, as well as editor and publisher of *Living Waters*, *The Apostolic Church Advocate* and *The Beacon*. They are filled with Oneness theology, salvation, and healing testimonies, reports of his field trips, ads of his and others' revival campaigns and coming conferences, missionary reports and receipts.

I have my grandmother's book *Living Waters, A Sure Guide for Your Faith*, of 107 pages that he wrote in a series of two. "The first chapter is titled "The Finished Work."

AT MIDWAY

Bro. Small continued to write his *Living Waters* when he was pastor at Midway. On the face page of *Living Waters, January, 1930 Vol. 1*, he wrote, "A periodical published in the interests of the full Gospel embracing: Salvation from all sin, the baptism of the Holy

Spirit; divine healing in the atonement, the fullness of God in Christ and the only formula of water baptism in the NAME OF JESUS CHRIST."

He wrote, "This periodical is published on the free-will offering plan and sent forth by faith without respect of persons; as oft as the needs are supplied as the Lord may direct. Make all remittances payable by Money Post Office Order, addressed to the Editor, Pastor F. Small, 464 Pierce St., St. Paul, Minnesota." I have very limited memories of his visiting Midway in the 1940's. He was a good friend of Bro. Norris.

Bro. Small was married to Corabelle who had been a missionary to South China from 1912 to 1918 and was one of the early pioneers of Pentecost on the West Coast. Their daughter, Alice Joyce, was one of the babies born to pastors of Midway up in the pastoral apartment. Alice served as organist in Zion Church. For the last 29 years of his life, he pastored Zion Apostolic Church in Winnipeg and itinerated across Canada and the United States. Truly Frank Small was a remarkable man.



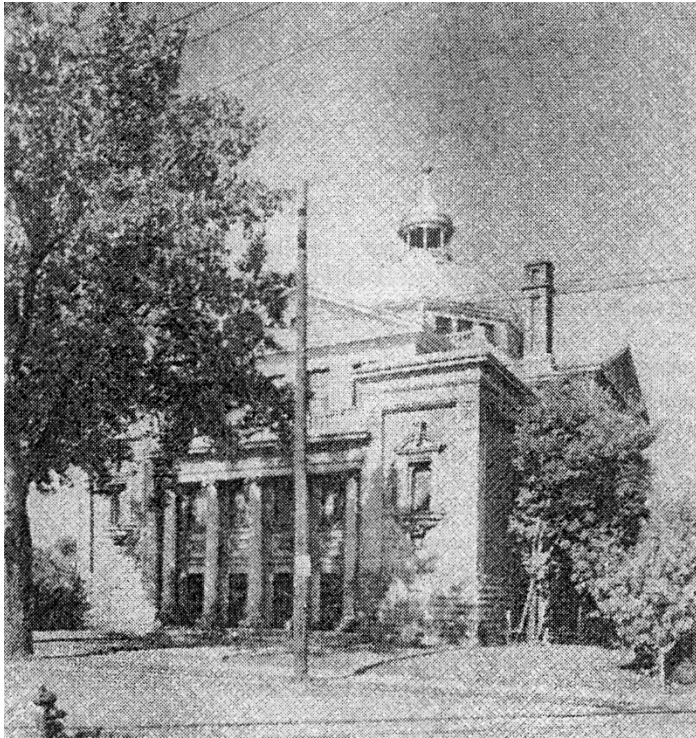
Franklin Small
Pastor



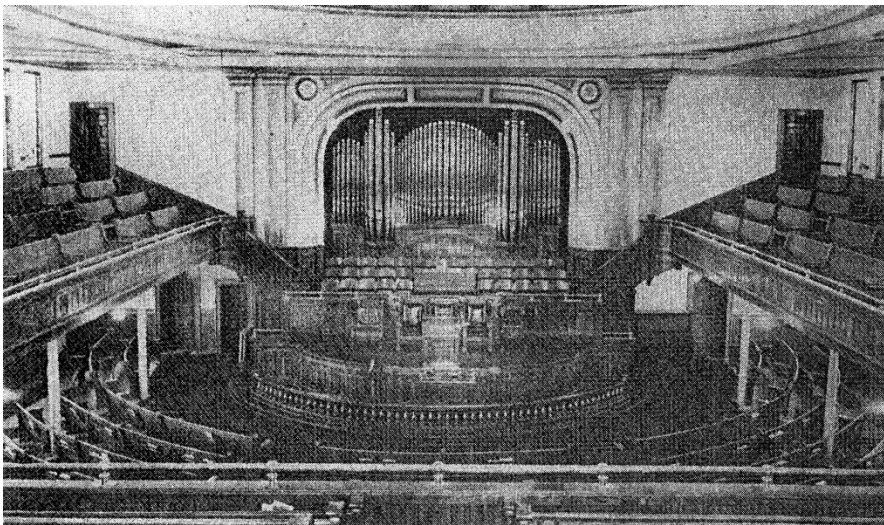
Mrs. Corabelle Small
Assistant Pastor



Alice Joyce Small
Organist



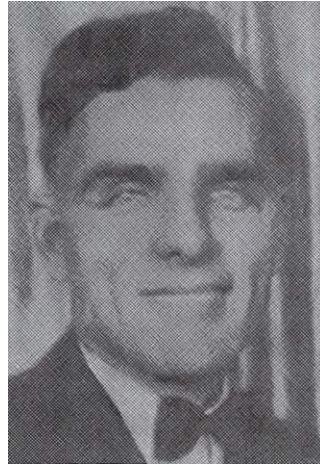
Zion Church, Winnipeg.



Interior of Zion Church.

JOSEPH REX DYSON
1900-2006
PASTOR OF MIDWAY TABERNACLE
1930-1931

Bro. Dyson was born in Redfield, Arkansas, a small town that lies south of Little Rock into a family of eleven children. He received his call to the ministry at age twenty-three. In 1926, he began to preach revivals. He was miraculously healed of a heart condition when he started evangelizing. He met Carolyn Schaefer when he preached a revival at Midway Tabernacle. Carolyn had served as a secretary for the church when Andrew Urshan was the pastor of Midway. Bro. Dyson left after about a year as pastor. The Dysons were blessed with five sons and one daughter. Of his progeny, five sons and four grandsons are ministers.



Bro. Dyson loved to preach on street corners, courthouse squares, and brush arbors. He held revivals wherever there was an opportunity including Tennessee, Arkansas, Virginia, Oklahoma, and Texas. His gift for music—guitar, vocal and writing gospel songs—was a blessing to his ministry. He was well known for his "Acts Two Thirty-Eight"

Back in the '50's, Elvis Presley and his family stopped to listen to Elder Dyson as he preached at a street meeting in Memphis. They came to the church on Seventh Street and were baptized in Jesus' Name. But his grandson, J.W. Atkins, wrote that his grandfather told him "that there was no glory in baptizing Elvis because he never went on and lived for God."

There was a special celebration for Bro. Dyson's 100th

birthday at Bethel Church in Memphis with hundreds of saints,
friends and family in March of 2000.

BENJAMIN DAVID URSHAN
October 28, 1905-October 21, 1998
PASTOR OF MIDWAY TABERNACLE
1931 & 1931-1934

Benjamin David Urshan was born to David and Nassimo Urshan in Abajaloo, Azerbaijan in northwestern Iran (Persia,) an area where mostly Assyrians lived. His father was a Presbyterian minister; an educated man who spoke five languages and was over several churches in Abajaloo and Urmia.



Benjamin had five older brothers: Andrew, Timothy, Joseph (Joseph's twin, Benjamin died in infancy,) and Josephus. Two daughters died in infancy. Andrew, twenty-two years older than Benjamin, had immigrated to America in 1901. The family lived in a beautiful brick home carpeted with Persian carpets, a courtyard, a garden and vineyards.

After twelve years, Andrew returned home and testified about his conversion experience to the people of the area. Andrew began to sing and preach in the area. God's presence and convicting power caused many to seek the Lord. Within the next six months, the Holy Ghost was given to hundreds of seekers.

The Russian military who had occupied northern Persia had to return to Russia. This left the Christian population subject to the Turks and Kurds. *Jihad* (holy war) was called to destroy Christianity. The people suffered greatly in this first massacre of 1914. The *Jihadists* stole their goods and money. The dead lay in the street and the houses were burned. They raped women and girls, skinned people alive, burned others alive demanding that the Christians deny Christ. Some of the Moslem neighbors gave

the Christians temporary shelter.

The Urshans were escorted to the Presbyterian Church at Abajaloo where two hundred more people were hiding, As the Turks and Moslems prepared to set the church on fire, American missionaries came and demanded the Turks to withdraw which they did. About seventy thousand Assyrians had been driven from their homes which were then destroyed and most were killed in bloody massacres. Typhus broke out due to the unsanitary conditions the refugees lived in. Andrew became ill but survived. His mother succumbed to the disease. Nine-year-old Benjamin and the surviving family grieved for her. The siege lasted six months, until May 1915, when the Russians returned and drove back the Turks and Kurds.

The second massacre and genocide began when the Russian army again left the area. In 1916, Andrew who had had his passport confiscated by the Muslims was advised by the American Consulate to escape to America. He took his brothers Joseph, Josephus and three cousins with him. The family and Andrew's party escaped to Georgia in southern Russia. Americans sent them help to survive. Andrew preached and about one hundred eighty Russians were baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost.

While in Georgia, Benjamin contracted smallpox. His father took care of him for several months. After that, Timothy, Benjamin and their father returned home to Urmia. The November 1919 issue of *French Asia* reported, "(T)he Assyrian massacres resembled the Armenian slaughters. And as about this nation, which had 250,000 victims, has been spoken much less, it is necessary to inform the world about it." The genocide of the Assyrians has never been recognized by any country.

In 1918, the British army was in Persia working their way from southern Persia to the north. Again, the Turks, Moslems, and

Kurds killed and plundered the local population. The roads were filled with those trying to escape. Ben, Timothy, and his family and their father, along with many other refugees, walked for twenty-two days, three hundred miles, day and night, in the intense heat. Their father became very weak and unable to walk due to the severe swelling of his legs. One evening, Ben's father laid his hands on him and prayed that God would watch over and care for his youngest son. His father was found dead early the next morning.

Many of those in the death march were killed when Moslems fired on them. Others starved. Many of the elderly and very young died. One hundred thousand survived. The British soldiers at Hamadan assisted them the best they could and convinced the Ottomans to let them have about 30,000 Assyrians. The British were able to deport them to Baquba, Iraq. This transfer took twenty-five days; at least 7,000 of the displaced died during the trip.

The British provided an orphanage for the children where Benjamin stayed. Later a Christian family in England heard of the Urshans' circumstances through Andrew. His brother, Timothy, was given money from America and Andrew advised him and his family to move to Palestine. Young Benjamin, along with Timothy and his family first sailed on a Japanese freighter to Bombay, India to a place where refugees were staying. Timothy was ill and in the hospital; Benjamin prayed, "Oh God, please spare Timothy. Heal him in Jesus' name." Timothy left the hospital in a few days. After about a year, Timothy and his family moved to Palestine.

Through the help of a Christian couple in England that Andrew had contacted, thirteen-year-old Benjamin sailed for England via Marseille, France. Benjamin carried an envelope on which Timothy had written in English, "Please take this boy to Mrs. Cantel's Missionary Home, 93 Highberry Park, London, England." From Marseille, France, young Benjamin went by train to Paris. Citizens were helpful to him and he boarded a train, rode a ferry

across the channel to England and then went by train to London and the Cantel's mission. After staying there a few days, he went on to the Thompson's home. In their beautiful home, he was loved, educated, and learned to speak in the English language.

While at the Thompson's, a letter came from Andrew telling Ben of the death of their brother, Josephus. He and a cousin had come to the U.S. with Andrew in 1917 and settled and worked in Chicago. Josephus had caught a cold that developed into pneumonia. This was very difficult for young Ben—he became grief stricken, another added tragedy for the boy to suffer.

Six years later, Benjamin sailed to America, tourist class on the *SS Mauritania* to New York City. They docked and young Ben saw Andrew at a distance waiting for him. He lined up with the other immigrants, but they held his papers. Ben hollered to his brother, "They are examining my papers, Andrew. I hope nothing is wrong." Andrew hollered back, "Don't worry. I'll meet with the officials and see what the problem is." But the outcome was that Ben would not be allowed in the U.S. due to the quota being full. He was held for five weeks at Ellis Island and spent a short while in the hospital at Ellis Island with a fever. After that time, he was given his deportation papers. He was brokenhearted. His dreams were shattered. His ship fare for return to England was lost. Andrew tried through lawyers and a congressman who was a friend of his father-in-law to help his brother, but young Benjamin ended up having to return to England.

Andrew was pastoring in Chicago and suggested Benjamin immigrate to Canada. Young Benjamin arrived in Montreal in 1923. He stayed with saints of the Montreal church. In a few months, the two brothers were reunited. It was there that Benjamin was baptized in Jesus' Name and filled with the Holy Ghost.

In 1927, Benjamin left his job and began to evangelize in Canada. A year later, he was ordained by Bro. Howard Goss and

Bro. Frank Small and joined Andrew in Winnipeg where Andrew was preaching. Benjamin went on to evangelize in churches in western Canada where the people experienced a great revival. He sometimes was accompanied by musicians; he was a singer and trombonist.

Benjamin accepted, his first pastorate in New Westminster, British Columbia. This was in a time of economic depression. He had evangelists to come and minister to the church. One of the visitors was Elder G. T. Haywood who held a two-week Bible conference in 1929. Shortly after that, Benjamin went back into evangelistic work. He preached in Washington, Oregon, and California and recounted many adventures. Then he went on to New Mexico, Oklahoma, Iowa and Chicago.

In March 1930, he came to St. Paul to preach. And after a three-week revival, he went on to Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Andrew was preaching in Auroraville, Wisconsin, a village surrounded by a farming community a little northwest of Milwaukee. Andrew wanted Benjamin to meet a young woman—a spiritual, talented and beautiful girl—Alice Lentz. It was love at first sight.

When Benjamin returned to Chicago, there was a letter waiting for him from Albert O. Newstrand, Secretary of Midway Tabernacle in St. Paul, stating that the pastor had resigned and left. The church board had decided to ask Benjamin to become their pastor. So in April 1930, he became pastor at the age of twenty-four. God blessed his ministry from the start. Alice and her mother came to visit.

Bro. Robert Martin and his wife, Lillian, served as assistants while Benjamin conducted a revival in Winnipeg. There he met with the American consulate and applied for permanent residence in the U.S. However, he was delayed re-entry into the U.S. for six months as the authorities required guarantees from the church

Midway Pentecostal Tabernacle
464 Pierce St.
St. Paul, Minn.
April 20, 1931.

Benjamin D. Urshan
3219 Osgood Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Brother Urshan:

Greetings in the Name of Jesus our Lord.

Last Sunday evening Brother Dyson preached his farewell sermon and received his final love offering. As we have no regular pastor and you were voted upon a few Sundays ago, we desire to have you come and take up the work as permanent pastor immediately.

Please let us know when you will come.

With Love and Christian fellowship.

Albert G. Newstrand, sec
Charles W. Wallace
W. L. Hodge
Howard H. Moffatt
Ole L. Olson
Robert M. Martin
R. E. Neuge

The invitation to Evangelist Ben Urshan to pastor Midway Tabernacle, April 20, 1931

board of their support. Bro. R. E. Lang, a businessman in Midway, helped him with the papers needed to satisfy the U.S. officials. Meanwhile, Pastor Robert Dawson, arranged for him to go to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan and care for the struggling Apostolic church while he waited for his papers. Bro. Dawson drove Benjamin's 1930 Chevrolet to St. Paul and preached in Midway during Benjamin's absence.

In December 1931, Benjamin's re-entry to the US. was accepted under the non-quota law as minister of Midway Tabernacle. Benjamin and Alice set their wedding date for January 13, 1932. Andrew officiated at their wedding ceremony. Benjamin brought Alice to St. Paul and the church gave them a wonderful reception. They lived in the second-floor pastoral apartment Their daughter Joy was born in April 1933. (Other children born in the second-floor pastoral apartment over the years were Nathaniel Urshan, Alice Small and Catherine Booth-Clibborn.)

In the 1930's, Bro. Urshan was associated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ and was Secretary-Treasurer of the North District for twelve years.

Problems arose with two of the men of the church. Andrew counseled Benjamin that because he was very young, it was better to resign and return to evangelistic work than to enter into the conflict. Andrew did not want Benjamin's ministry to suffer on account of this trouble. One of the men had a history of causing problems for several of the previous pastors. Andrew suggested that Bro. S. G. Norris, a pastor in New York City, be introduced to the church. Bro. Norris was asked to come for a week's meeting. The church accepted Bro. Norris as pastor. A farewell was held for the Urshans and a welcome service for the Norris family. Sometime after that Bro. Norris dis-fellowshipped the two parties which Benjamin thought was long overdue.

The Urshans left to evangelize in Wisconsin, Ohio and in

Minnesota at St. James and Duluth. Alice assisted him at the piano. After Bro. David Johnson resigned the Duluth church, Bro. Urshan assumed the pastorate. Beside the Duluth work, they also ministered to the saints at Hibbing, Minnesota and Superior and Dairyland, Wisconsin—there were not enough preachers to serve these small churches.

After Joy, Carol two sons were born: Jonathan Paul and David Fredrick.

The American people were suffering through the Great Depression (1929-1941). Bro. Urshan looked for work in Duluth and found a job as a painter. They lost their church building. After renting a storefront for some years, they saved enough money to buy a church that they were able to pay for with cash. They called their church the Apostolic Gospel Church located on 10th Avenue East and 6th Street. God began to bless the faithfulness of the saints both spiritually and monetarily. They also had a radio ministry. Benjamin also pastored the Kettle River, Minnesota church for five years until a pastor was found. Kettle River is a small town south of Duluth originally settled by Native Americans and Finns.

Andrew came to Duluth about once a year and held a two-week revival. The church sponsored Timothy and his family to come to the U.S. After an extended illness, Timothy died in 1954.

In 1960, Benjamin and Alice left Duluth and sailed to London and then by plane to Rome, Egypt, and Jerusalem. Then they traveled to Lebanon and onto Teheran, Iran. The Iranian saints welcomed them as they visited their old home-place of Abajaloo and preached there. They spent eighteen months in Iran and returned to New York City to 296 West 92nd Street where they had once lived for three months when Andrew was the pastor. After evangelizing for a while, they assumed the pastorate in

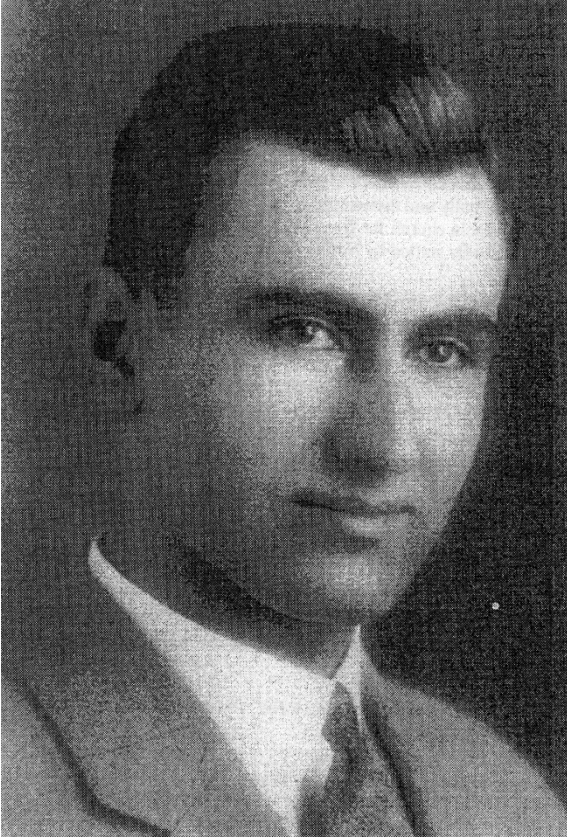
Clintonville, Wisconsin in 1962.

In 1966, they received a call to pastor in Albuquerque, New Mexico. This was thirty-six years after young Benjamin had held evangelistic meetings there. The church was heavily in debt so Bro. Urshan got a job at Kirkland Air Force Base and worked there for several months. The church made hundreds of pounds of peanut brittle which they sold wholesale and retail. They were able to buy two buses, remodeled the church, and paid off the \$35,000.00 debt. The church grew. They had a special ministry to the "hippies." Bro. Urshan often visited their coffee houses and held Bible studies and discussions with these young people. Later some came to church and had a real change of life.

Andrew died in October 1967 while on a preaching tour at age eighty-three. By now Benjamin had lost three of his four brothers.

Benjamin pastored the Albuquerque church until April 1983. The church gave them a retirement gift—an all-expense trip to England. They visited their old friends and saw the old sights and afterward retired in Albuquerque. Bro. Urshan died in his sleep in 1998. Alice continued to live in her own home; daughter Joy Tschawuschian lived nearby. Alice died in 2008. Dave and his family live in California and Paul in Florida with his family.

Thanks to Paul for giving me a copy of out-of-print *Survivor*. Thanks to Joy for answering my many questions and her generous sharing of family pictures and documents.



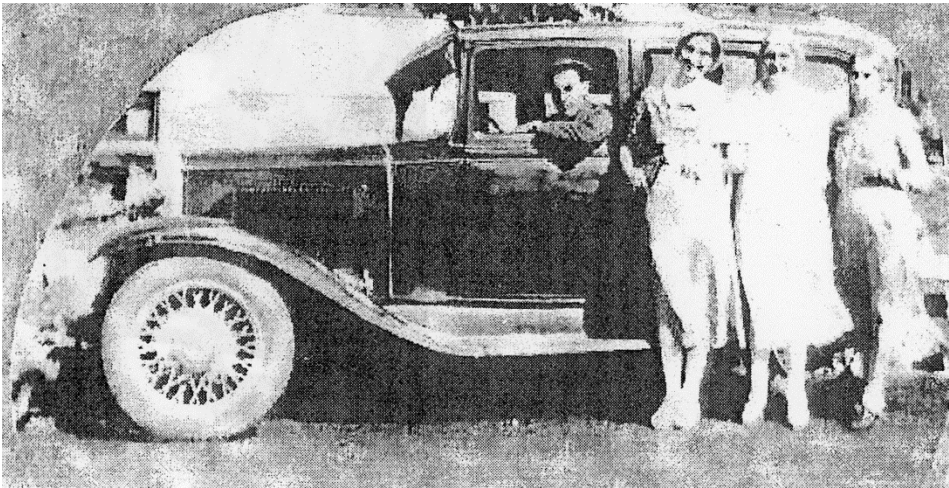
Young Pastor Urshan with Andrew.





Pastor Ben Urshan and Alice.

*Below: Benjamin and his 1930
Chevrolet with Alice, Sis.
Knutson, and Sis. Peterson.*

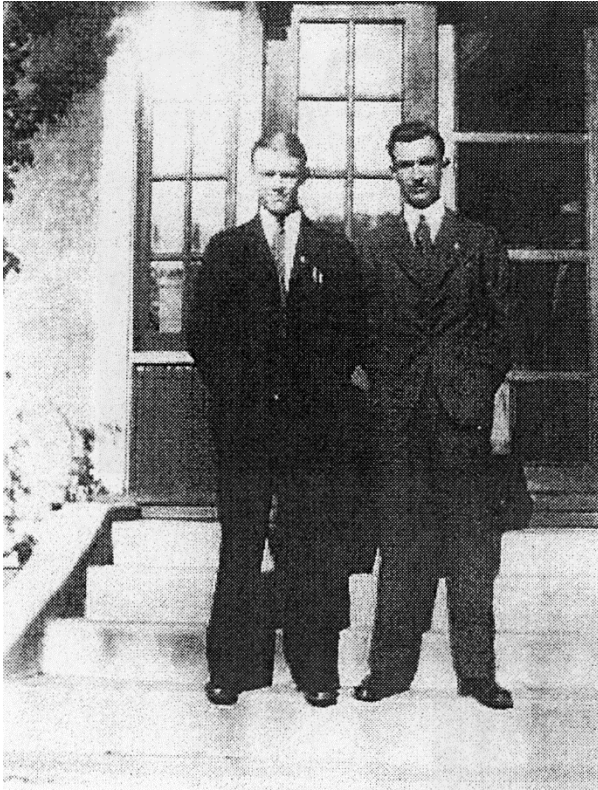




The Urshans with baby Joy.



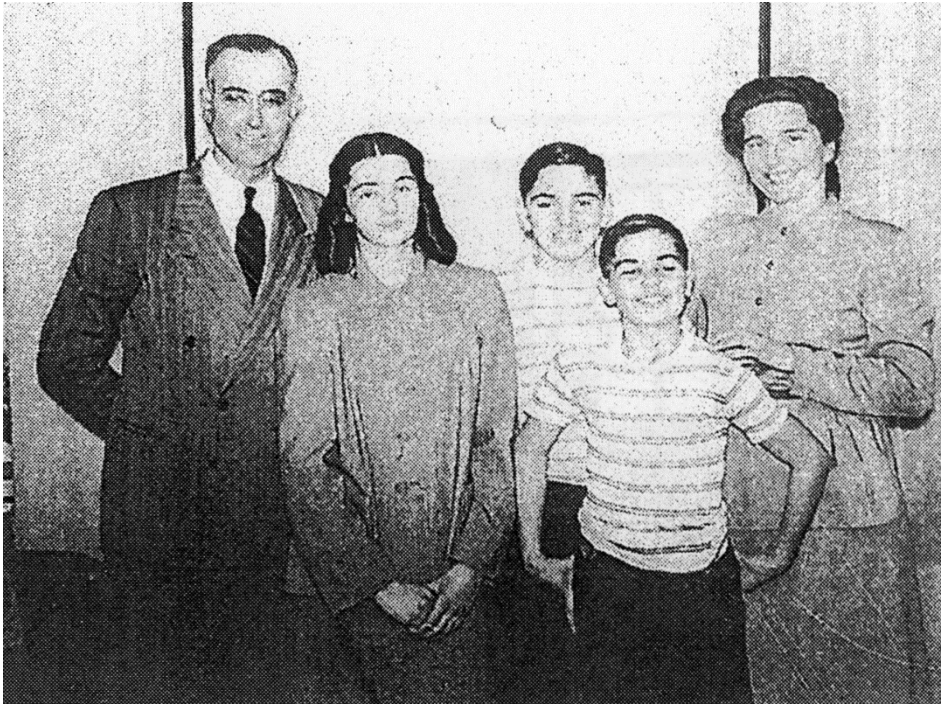
Alice with friends Gen Lundquist and Jean Stone.



Pastor Urshan with Assistant Pastor Robert Martin.

Little David Urshan on a visit to Brewster Street with the Newstrands: Bev, Mary, and Ronny.





*The Urshan Family.
Courtesy of Elizabeth Urshan.*



The Urshans in the Nineties.

ROBERT DAWSON
INTERIM PASTOR OF MIDWAY TABERNACLE 1931

Young Pastor Benjamin Urshan of Midway Tabernacle accepted an invitation to conduct a revival in Winnipeg and while there he met with the American Consul to apply for permanent residence in the U.S. His re-entry to the U.S. was delayed and he was obliged to wait for six months before permission was granted. While awaiting reentry his friend, Pastor Robert Dawson of Moose Jaw in South-Central Saskatchewan asked Benjamin to go and minister to a struggling Apostolic church in Saskatoon. Bro. Dawson introduced young Benjamin to the congregation of twelve people.



Bro. Dawson helped him by driving Benjamin's 1930 Chevrolet back to the States and consented to preach in Midway while Benjamin waited on permission from U.S. immigration to return to the United States.

STUART GREENE NORRIS

1901-1990

Pastor of Midway Tabernacle and Apostolic Bible Church

1934-1971

Bro. Norris was like my second father. Like my own dear Daddy, Albert Newstrand, he was a great inspiration in my young life. Reflecting on him for this story of his life has brought back to me how he was so keenly involved in our young lives—his pulpit ministry as well as his concerns for his younger flock. I sometimes went on little local trips to keep his youngest daughter Ruthie company. We went to rallies and meetings in the North Central District. Bro. Norris had a subtle sense of humor, but in some ways was rather distant, reserved and quite circumspect. We youngsters had such faith and confidence in him.



Stuart Greene Norris was born on July 16, 1901, to Frank and Susan Norris in Royalton, Ohio, a small town about 27 miles south of Columbus. He was their only child. His ancestry was English and German. In 1906, his father was killed in a work-related accident. Around 1906, Susan and Stuart moved to Columbus. Susan had three sisters in the Columbus area who helped her relocate and find work. These were the days before Aid to Dependent Children. The aunts were married, but only one aunt had children.

At about age eight, I imagine dressed in the knickers, jacket,



and soft hat the little newsboys wore, he hawked newspapers (the *Columbus Dispatch* was first published in 1871) in downtown Columbus at the corner of Broad and High Streets across from the Ohio Statehouse. He shouted in his little-boy voice to the passersby to buy his papers. After he sold his papers, he went to a little cafe and bought himself the famous five-cent "fried egg sandwich" at first savoring its brown, lacey edges. In high school, he worked nights at the Western Union Telegraph Company.

He met Miss Jessie Alberta Dunn (1900-1994) in high school and later they both attended Ohio State University c. 1922. He studied business administration and she chemistry. It was through young Jessie's father that they were introduced to Pentecost. Her father, William, heard the message from Andrew Urshan. When Stuart was seeking for the Baptism, he told of sometimes lying on the floor and telling the Lord he didn't need to be "slain in the Spirit" —he was already on the floor. In 1923, both young people were baptized with the Holy Ghost. Stuart and Jessie celebrated their wedding on July 27, 1923.

Stuart assisted in the services of the Apostolic Gospel Church in Columbus, Ohio, with Pastor William T. Witherspoon. For about ten years, he led singing, played his saxophone, taught the Young Adult Bible Class, served as Youth Pastor, and preached his first sermon. In time, he became an elder.

Sis Norris told that one day when the young married

couple was riding in their car, Stuart pointed to the backseat and said they would fill it up with children. Indeed that came true with the births of James Dunn, Mary Susan, David Stuart, Eleanor Ann, and Ruth Elizabeth.

For some time, he worked for National Cash Register as a salesman and later branch manager in Columbus, traveling the road between Columbus and Dayton, NCR's home office and factory. In this work, he was very successful. The Wall Street Market crash was followed by the Great Depression which ran from 1929 to approximately 1939-1940. It bottomed out in 1933. Young Stuart lost his job, but was able to find one that required him to move to New York City where he sold commercial refrigeration. Not finding a church home, he found an old church building and rented it with the help of the Columbus church. He called it Satisfaction Tabernacle. In an announcement of the 1937 opening of ABI he wrote, "We pounded the streets, knocked on apartment doors, passed tracts, prayed, fasted, preached and sang." Thirty-two people were baptized in Jesus' Name and eighteen received the Holy Ghost. He sometimes told the story of how he sifted the ashes from the church furnace to save little bits of coal that could be burned a second time to keep warm in those New York City winters.

One night in 1934 at the close of the service, Stuart heard from God, "You won't be here long"—the only time he said that he audibly heard the voice of God. Then Bro. Andrew Urshan contacted him by letter explaining the situation at Midway and encouraged the Norris's to move to St. Paul, Minnesota. Young Benjamin Urshan was the pastor of Midway and planned to evangelize. With help from the Columbus church and Bro. Witherspoon, the family traveled to St. Paul arriving in February 1934. Bro. Andrew Urshan took over the pastorate in New York City.

He wrote, "My wife never complained that we left the

business world to give full time to God's kingdom. I do not believe I could have made it without her." The following quotes are from Jessie Norris' book, *Comfort*. She wrote about their early experiences at Midway.

The thirteen dollars a week which we received at first did not stretch very far, especially when five dollars went for gas and oil.

One member with a dominant unbreakable spirit and an unclear experience with God proved to be the key controversial person. Later we decided that one, who had taken sides against former pastors, felt unhappy in a church where anyone, including the pastor, superseded others—especially that one in authority. Without knowing of that one's former disloyalty, a position was given which could have been a blessing in the church. However, the position offered little or no authority. We paid small attention to the mutterings of members who wished to enlighten us by saying, so-and-so (mentioning the name of the disloyal one) tries to run the church!

Evidently the wrong attitude blinded that one to the realization that every department in the church operates for the good of the whole. Also, each department must be concerned with the welfare of other departments and must not be run as a separate entity.

But no, without considering the capabilities of other members of the church or their holy lives, unqualified friends in that one's little circle were selected to work in that department.

Those friends, guided by their leader, decided to

campaign against the present minister—my husband. Not finding any actual wrongdoings they began to tear down, make light of and find fault with every proposed project. Anyone loyal or related to the pastor was immediately ostracized from the discordant group, a working clique. The day came when the calloused leader took advantage of a department picnic to show authority. Everything was organized but the helpers included only those in the clique. Every event was timed and orderly but with no real warm fellowship. Everyone had to participate at a certain clock stroke in cold obedience to the unbreakable schedule. Then, as if a bell rang, the picnic was over. However, there was work to do, tables to be cleared, litter to be carried away and I, the minister's wife, who had no part in the gathering, saw a chance to be useful and show a little concern ...

Soon another incident occurred. My husband, teaching a Sunday School class in the chapel, was interrupted while answering a questioning adult by a loud pounding on the piano indicating that the time had come for his lesson to be over. He turned with widened eyes, puzzled, trying to understand. He quickly ended his lesson. Of course, many were shocked at the show of rudeness to the minister.

The members left that service unsmiling. It seemed that they thought—Well here we go again—another disruption, another minister and his wife. Just when we were getting along so nicely.

How was this handled? My husband called a church business meeting. There he cleared the air and exerted his undeniable authority as a minister ... Each was exhorted in his own department and

warned to work for the best of the church and not for himself. Those who decided against this procedure were to be exposed and brought before the church. There they could repent or leave the church.

That one left, defeated. Those friends in the group who stayed, weak and embarrassed, slowly came to enjoy the standard of the church-working together for the salvation of souls ...

Most often in our testimony service she began her words "I'm thankful for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost" — sometimes with a chorus. One of them was "Safe Am I."

*Safe am I; safe am I
In the hollow of His hand.
Sheltered o'er, sheltered O'er
With His love forevermore.
No ill can harm me,
No foe alarm me;
For He keeps both day and night.
Safe am I, safe am I
In the hollow of His hand.*

Mildred Leightner Dillon

Sis. Norris was a great teacher who taught others how to be great teachers. For fifty years, she taught in ABI such subjects as Religious Education, Educational Psychology, Choral Reading, Story Telling, and Child Psychology. She always held an interest in the arts and finer things of life such as books, music, poetry and beautiful clothes. As a child, she studied the piano and violin. Her father kept horses and she loved to ride. Even in her later years, she continued to study and learn. Her life was very full and busy. June Demos, her younger sister, wrote in her own recollections *Everything Came Up Roses* on pages 430 and 431:

Those of us who watched her during that period often asked ourselves, "How did she do it all?" It was a hectic schedule. To ABI the first thing in the morning to teach classes. Being determined that her children would not suffer, would not be neglected, she hurried home at noon to fix a meal for her son, David, who worked the afternoon shift. We chided him, told him he was spoiled. She just smiled. It was her time alone with him. Back to Macalester and then home to prepare her evening meal, church three nights a week. The other nights, you heard that typewriter, long past midnight, preparing her papers for school. Preparing her lessons for ABI. How did she ever do it all?

We don't dare forget the Junior Sunday School class that she taught for so many years. She didn't go in there with a flippant attitude. Her preparation for next Sunday's lesson began the previous Sunday after she had just finished teaching. She coveted their souls for the Lord; those nine, ten and eleven-year-olds. She prayed for their personal endeavors. She prayed for their career goals. I know, I had children in those classes.

I remember one Easter morning, Ruthie was wearing a beautiful new dress; she told me her mother had to stay up late the night before in order to finish it.

In 1983, Bro. Norris recalled and wrote:

In 1937 I was returning from a conference at Spencer, Iowa, on my way back to St. Paul. God impressed me as I drove along mile after mile to start a Bible school. There were no other Bible schools in our organization at that time. I had a deep desire to help

ministers ...

We concentrated on four main subjects: The Word of God, Public Speaking, English and Foreign Missions. We had twelve students for our first year. I was determined that nothing would ever supersede the Bible training. No one received a salary from the school. We simply placed all we had in the hands of God. Little by little we grew, and God honored the graduating students ... More than one night I was up until almost morning digging out sensible answers.

In teaching his classes, Bro. Norris used a small black leather loose-leaf notebook. The subjects he taught at ABI were Old Testament, Doctrine, Epistles, and Church Government. His only text was the Bible. His teaching methods were by lecture (after the students had completed their own "notes" on assigned chapters) dictating certain principal "points" and sketching out diagrams and maps on the blackboard. He questioned individual students after his lecture and liked feedback from them. In his own unique way, he expressed his approval. If the response was unsatisfactory, he could return a gibe resulting in the student's wish that the floor would open up and swallow him. He was not above giving individual teaching for a student who was genuinely puzzled or hungry to understand a particular truth.

One day at 464 Pierce during a morning recess of ABI, Bro. Norris was playing volleyball with the young people. He made a play while moving backwards and came too close to a concrete staircase that led to the basement, falling down the steps. It was a very alarming situation. The young men placed him flat on a door for support and carried him up to the pastoral apartment. He suffered much pain and wore a back brace for a long time.

Like many Pentecostal ministers, Bro. Norris loved music. In our early years, he played his saxophone during the song

service. Later, he played the marimba with two mallets. After our move to 860 Hague Avenue, he bought a larger marimba and continued to play. One time when we youngsters were visiting in their home on Portland, I listened on the "Q.T." to Bro. Norris as he played a gospel song on their Hammond organ.

He was always encouraging us to develop our musical skills. My younger sister, Carol, started taking lessons on a "C" melody saxophone. The first night she played in the church orchestra, (she remembers sitting close by saxophonists Bob Cook and Faith Johnson), Bro. Norris chose hymns written only in the key of C. This was typical of his thoughtfulness to us youngsters. A chorus he wrote in his younger years as he traveled the Ohio roads for NCR was:

*Jesus, I love You, yes I do, I do,
Jesus, I Love You, yes I do, I do;
You look my sadness, You gave me gladness,
Jesus, I love You, yes I do, I do.*

Looking back, I remember an event that took place in the forties as we were returning from some meeting late at night. Bro. Norris drove; can't remember the man who sat in the passenger seat and Ruthie and I were in the back seat. We came across a car accident and stopped to help. I can still see the darkened farm field near the road. An injured woman lay quietly on the ground murmuring the Lord's Prayer. Bro. Norris went to her and asked her if she wanted him to pray and she said "Yes." The scenario is still so vivid—he knelt down on one knee praying for this stranger with such compassion. After a while, a white ambulance drove up and they took her away.

The Norris's owned a beautiful lake home on Long Lake near Brainerd, Minnesota. It was built of logs with interior birch beams that were left covered with their pristine white bark and a large stone fireplace. It slept about ten people. During the summer,

he invited different families of the saints to spend a week there. In the cabin was a music box which had belonged to Bro. Norris' mother, Susan. According to my recollection as a youngster, it was a table-top instrument, about two feet by two feet and about a foot high, encased in a beautiful wood and powered by a winding crank. The sound was produced by a set of pins over which the punched holes of a large revolving metal disc—about eighteen inches in diameter—passed. It also produced the sound of small bells. (The bell sounds have been described as the sound of an "mbira birdie bird," The Mbira is a Zimbabwean musical instrument they have used for thousands of years that has metal keys attached to a wooden board.) There was a large stack of these metal discs of 18th and 19th century music, but my favorite was "The Holy City" written by Stephen Adams and Frederick E. Weatherly.

*Last night I lay a sleeping
There came a dream so fair
I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there
I heard the children singing
And ever as they sang
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heaven in answer rang
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna in the highest.
Hosanna to your King!"*

*And then methought my dream was changed
The streets no longer rang
Hushed were the glad Hosannas
The little children sang
The sun grew dark with mystery
The morn was cold and chill
As the shadow of a cross arose*

*Upon a lonely hill
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Hark! How the Angels sing,
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King!"*

*And once again the scene was changed
New earth there seemed to be
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea
The light of God was on its streets
The gates were open wide
And all who would might enter
And no one was denied
No need of moon or stars by night
Or sun to shine by day
It was the new Jerusalem
That would not pass away
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem
Sing for the night is o'er
Hosanna in the highest
Hosanna for evermore!"*

I wonder whatever happened to that beautiful music box.

Bro. Norris was a genuine clock aficionado and had a collection in his home. The hourly and quarter-hour chimes sounded throughout the house—the melodic bongs and ding-dongs. He loved dogs. My Daddy gave him his first dog—a little female mutt he named "Jo." After her, the subsequent dogs came from better bloodlines. He liked to have a dog with him, even in the car. The dog sat proudly in the front seat of his master's Cadillac.

Bro. Norris always dressed beautifully—but conservatively. He patronized a men's shop in the 1st National Bank Building called Hubert W. White. Now that shop is only in Minneapolis on the

Nicollet Mall. In the 1952-1953 St. Paul phone book, White's was listed as "Men's Fashion Clothiers, with brand names from famous designers that set the pattern in men's wearing apparel."

Even into his older years, Bro. Norris loved fishing—both fresh and salt water—a favorite pastime for Sis. Norris as well. Still today there is a large sailfish mounted on the wall of the entry hall at ABI. Another sport he loved was baseball. He was always part of the team at our Sunday School picnics. When he was older, he had a youngster run the bases after he hit the ball. Other times, he was the pitcher or the referee.

Though his duties were family responsibilities, pastor, president and teacher of a school, advisor, state and national positions, he could be counted on in a crisis. Bro. Norris was a strong leader and took his job of serving as shepherd and overseer very seriously. He was a good storyteller and his remarks were often fun of irony and satire. And he definitely had a proclivity for business.

THE PENTECOSTAL OUTLOOK

James A. Frush was the first editor of *The Pentecostal Outlook* published from Newark, Ohio. He resigned in 1938 because of health reasons and Bro. Norris became both editor and publisher of *The Pentecostal Outlook*, the official organ of the organization known as the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. There was a big noisy black printing press in the basement at 464. Bro. Martin and Bro. Meyer assisted him for a time in publishing the *Outlook*. The motto below the masthead was "Devoted to the best interests of the Pentecostal work everywhere, standing for the teachings of Jesus Christ and His Apostles."

An appeal for new subscriptions read, "The *Outlook* is like a mother to us. Every month we digest good spiritual food that is contained in its pages—the good sermons, the editorials, the news

and other constructive departments. We expect the *Outlook* to be good and serve us well—like a mother." Examples of the articles were: "Thou Shalt Not Compromise!" by Bro. Norris, and "Sin" by A.D. Urshan. "Grains From the Harvest Field" held testimonies of healing, camp meetings and revivals. There was a testimony of a healing that took place in Wisconsin where young Eldrige Lewis and Elmer Ball, both ABI graduates, were holding services. Pastor Ooton wrote after his return from West Virginia about a "very gracious old-time outpouring of the Spirit."

The "Young People's Page" by Elder Oliver Fauss advertised: "Attention! Young People. All young people are urged to attend the National Conference of the PYPA. (Pentecostal Young People's Association) to be held at the National Convention in St. Paul ... All young people are invited regardless of whether you attend a young people's meeting or not. Prepare an article, reading, poem, song, sermonette, chalk drawing or report to be given on Young People's Day."

Other departments were "Current Events" by Bro. Ooton. The "Foreign Missionary Bulletin" contained letters from Sis. McCarty of India, Bro. Coote of Japan, Cathryn Hendricks of China, Bro. and Sis. Holmes of Africa, W.L. Hull of Palestine and Syria, the Russells of Jamaica, Bro. Stuart and Bro. Egorge of Iraq, Pastor Ruhlied assisted by Bro. and Sis. Sikora of Estonia. Bro. Huba of Slovakia and Bro. Stiles of Hawaii.

The last page displayed an advertisement for:

The National Convention, September 13-17, St Paul
"Land of 10,000 Lakes"
Constructive and Spiritual
Minimum Business
Able Teachers and Evangelists for Day and Evening
Sessions
Indications Are for Large Attendance

Large, Spacious Conservation Building
Minnesota State Fair Grounds
Dining Room with New Plan for Meals at Cost
Rooms-Free as far as possible.
Expect to be taxed to capacity.
Entertaining Assembly: Midway Tabernacle
464 Pierce Street, St. Paul
Elder S.G. Norris, Midway 5829
(This notice was decorated with a picture of a
fisherman in high boots snagging a large bass.)

Other periodicals Bro. Norris wrote for were *The Pentecostal Herald* and *The Way*—the yearbook and catalog of ABI.

During these years, Bro. Norris served as Presbyter for the North Central (later called the Minnesota-Manitoba District) and was one of the leaders at St. Louis, Missouri in 1945 when the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ and Pentecostal Church, Incorporated merged into the United Pentecostal Church International.

On an ABI graduation weekend sometime in the 1950's, Bro. Sabin and his ABI class put on an excellent drama on the life of Bro. Norris.

In Bro. Norris' younger years his voice was strong and vibrant. In the early years, there was no microphone for the speakers and singers that sometimes led to voice strain. That together with his years of speaking led to his voice becoming weaker. After about age sixty, muscles that control tone and volume begin to grow weaker and atrophy causing the voice to sound hoarse and breathy. But that did not hold him back; he continued to teach and preach.

SOME NOTABLE QUOTES

"If you take away the absolute Deity and incarnation of the DIVINE BEING (God, the Spirit) from the Lord Jesus Christ, then you cause the Bible to crumble and our HOPE OF SALVATION to perish."

The Mighty God in Christ

"Then [only following baptism and the infilling of the Holy Ghost] and then only would they be cleansed."

A Great Honor -Water Baptism

"Is it necessary to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost to be ready for the Coming of the Lord? The answer in the Bible is in the affirmative ... Without the Holy Ghost baptism with the evidence of speaking in tongues, you simply do not have the real Bible HOPE OF GLORY. . . When are you sealed with the Holy Ghost? Any search for a biblical answer to salvation must pay close attention to this verse Acts 2:38; no other text in Scripture reveals the door to salvation."

From "The Holy Ghost: Is It Necessary for the Rapture?"

The Pentecostal Outlook, 1945

"The full gospel was Acts 2:38 while the message of faith was an 'emergency gospel'."

The Pentecostal Herald, 1951

"Acts 2:38 is the most precious religious truth in the world today."

President's Message,

The Pentecostal Way, November, 1955

"Never give up until you've tried Pentecost"

Slogan for 1956 radio program over St. Paul's
WISK.

This does not mean that we are to be fearful and
afraid to launch out, but it does mean that whatever
we accomplish, we are still unprofitable servants."

"It Takes a Little While to be a King"

(The Story of Melchizedek and King Saul),

The Way, 1977

All in all, Bro. Norris' teaching and preaching had
such a profound influence on the saints at Midway and the
students of ABI. At one point, there were a majority of former
ABI students on the General Board of the UPCI.

Little by little, Bro. Norris placed the mantle of his life's
work on his son-in-law, Gerald Grant. The Norris couple then
spent more time at their Fort Lauderdale home. But they came
home in their last illnesses and died in St. Paul. Bro. and Sis.
Norris, son Jim and daughter Mary Susan are buried in Roselawn
Cemetery.

In that great getting' up morning,

Fare thee well, fare thee well.

In that great getting' up morning,

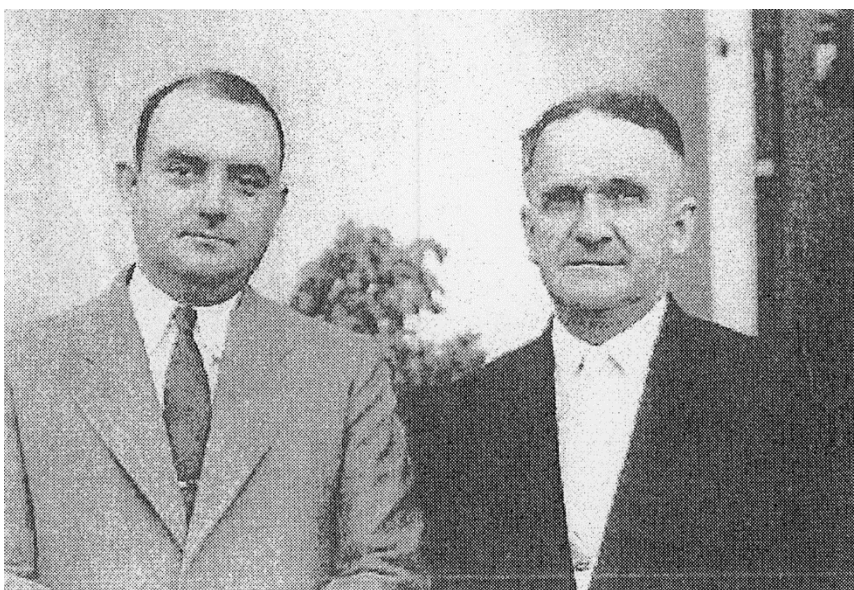
Fare thee well, fare thee well.

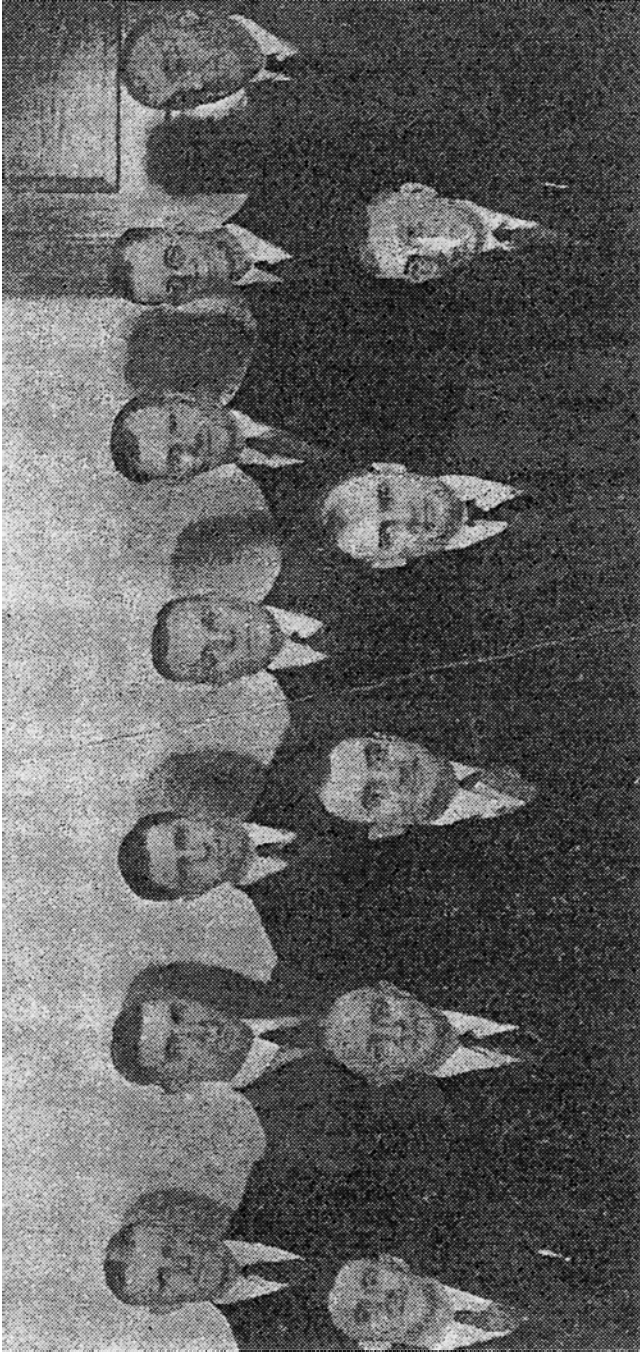




The "catch of the day" at Long Lake.

Bro. Norris with his mentor, W. T. Witherspoon.





1937 MIDWAY BOARD OF ELDERS AND DEACONS

Front row: A. Saunders, D. E. Carr, S. G. Norris (Pastor), A. G. Newstrand, O. L. Olson.

Back row: R. Martin, H. Moffatt, F. Jaspersen, O. S. Goserud, P. Andreason, George Bye, W. L. Hodge.

"Where brethren dwell in unity, there the Lord commands His blessing."

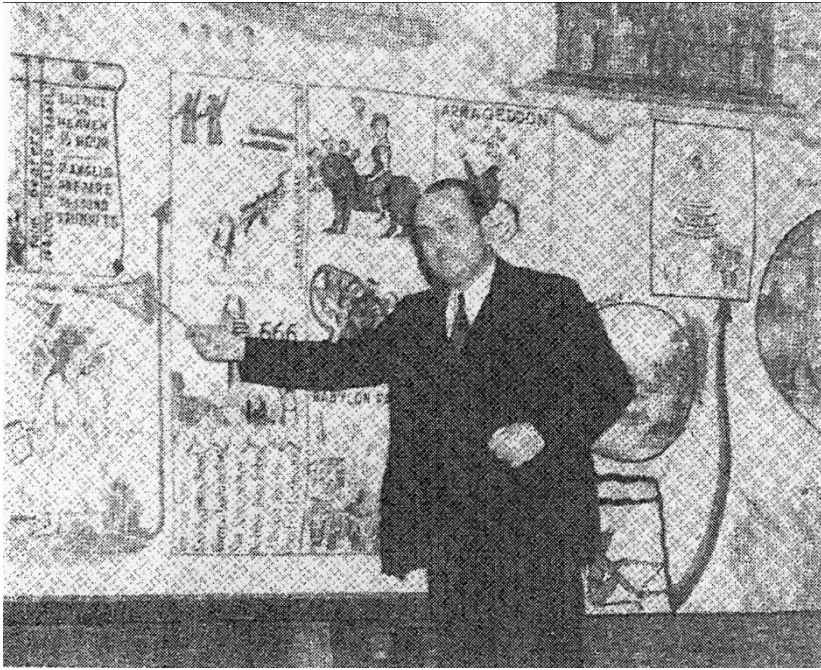


The Norris children.

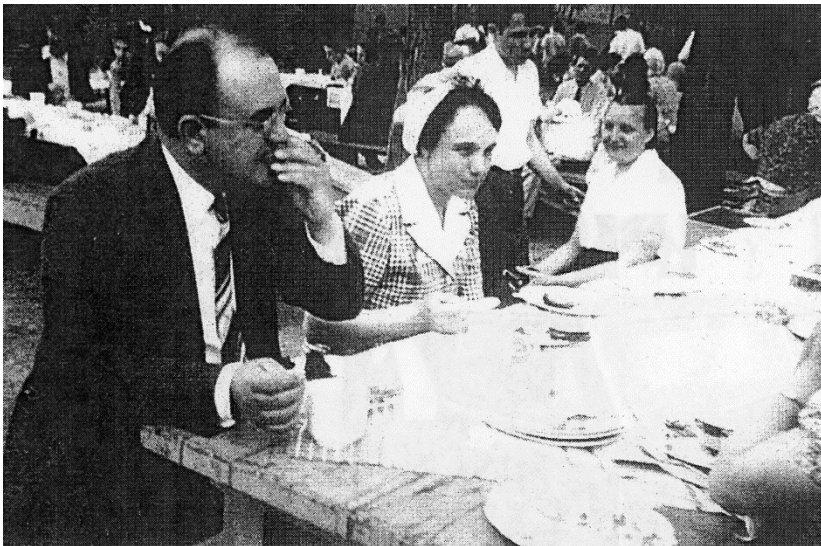
Above left: Mary, Eleanor, Jim, and Dave.

Above right: Ruth.

Below: Jim and Eleanor.



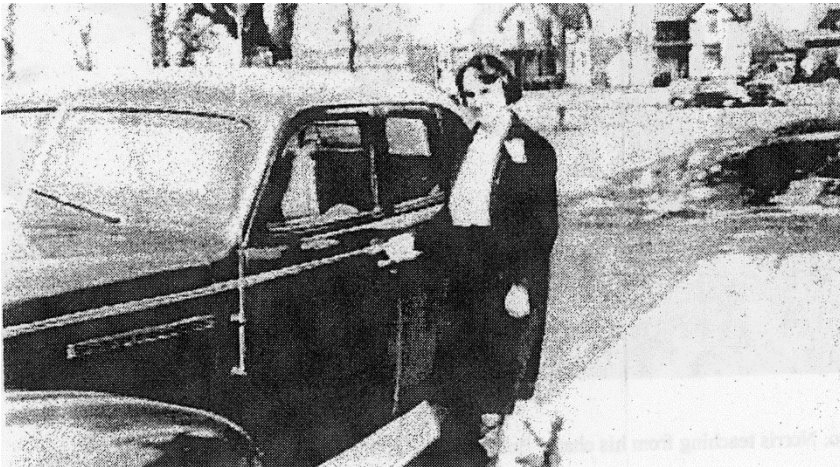
Bro. Norris teaching from his chart.



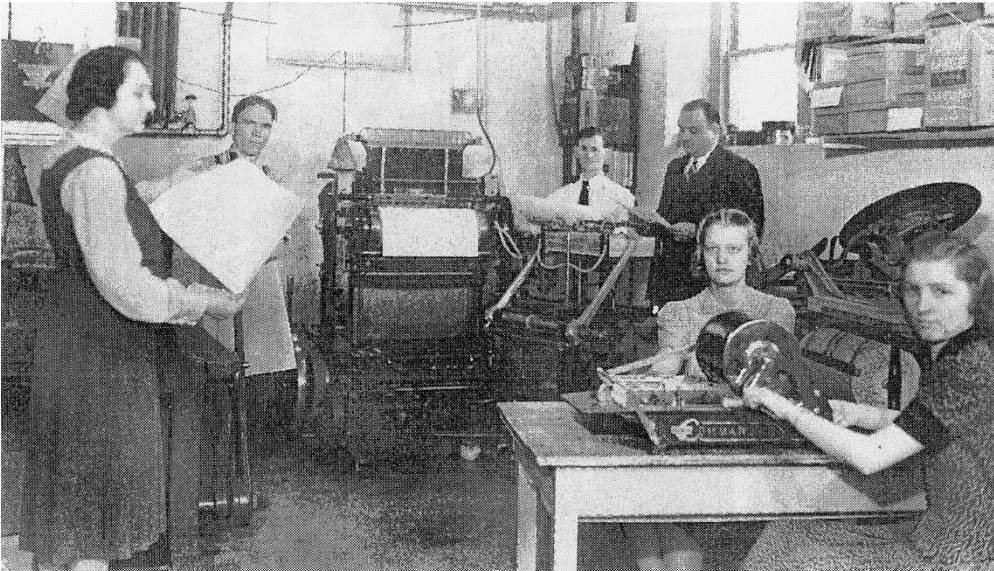
Bro. and Sis. Norris at a Sunday School picnic.



Bro. Norris out on the road, teaching at a camp meeting.



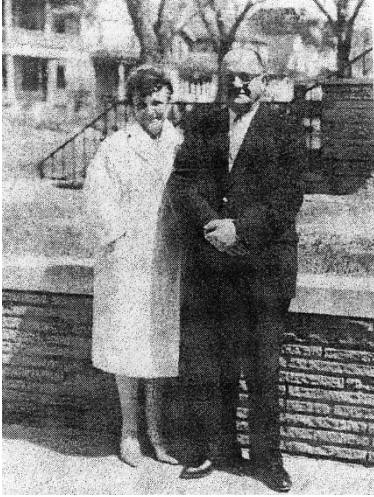
Sis. Norris at 464, getting into the Buick.



In the print room, 1941, with Sis. Norris, Roy Maki, Bro. Scott, Bro. Norris, Lorraine Bye, and Irene Anderson, putting out The Pentecostal Outlook.



It looks like Sis. Norris and her mother, Sis. Dunn, working on a WWII "Victory Garden" on the south side of Midway.



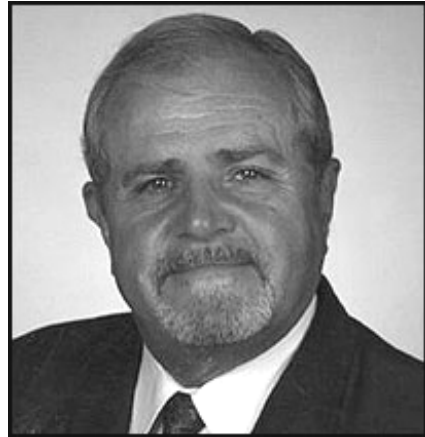
Bro. and Sis. Norris outside 860 Hague Avenue.



Sis. Norris and Bro. Minniear with their Sunday School class.

ROBERT A. SABIN
October 30, 1932 – October 15, 2014
PASTOR OF APOSTOLIC BIBLE CHURCH
1971-1998
Pastor Emeritus 1998-2014

Robert Sabin was born to Robert N. and Evelyn Sabin in Minneapolis. He was greatly influenced by his grandmother, Nellie Sabin—see the write-up about her in "Memories." He is the oldest of four sons—Robert, James, Thomas and Timothy.



Bob was part of the early Midway Junior Choir group and a good friend to my brother, Ronald. His personal salvation story started in about 1938 and in 1948 he received the Holy Ghost baptism. As a youngster, he studied the trumpet and won special awards from the University of Minnesota. His mother used to say he loved to practice the trumpet in the kitchen while she worked. He helped out, along with his brother Jim, in the family grocery store. In 1950, he graduated from Central High School on Lexington Avenue in St. Paul.

Bob was married to Louise Whitaker, an ABI student from Indiana. They had two children, Vickie Lou and Nathan and were blessed with six grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

Robert graduated from ABI with a diploma in 1953 and in 1975 earned a Bachelor of Theology. In 1962, he earned a Bachelor of Science with Special Honor from Winona State University and took graduate courses. He also did graduate work at the University of Minnesota.

From 1953 to 1963, he pastored the Full Gospel Assembly in Cochrane, a village in a farming community in southwestern Wisconsin. Branching out, he then founded churches in Winona, Minnesota; Dubuque, Iowa and Rochester, Minnesota. The following is the story he tells about the founding of the Cochrane Church: D. J. Hammergren brought Pastor Glazier of the German Evangelical Church, George Eikamp and R.W. Eikamp (Nancy Eikamp Shirley's uncle and grandmother) with him to a revival in St. Paul. They were filled with the Holy Ghost. They went back to Cochrane and their friends at church noticed there was something different about them. They were disenfranchised. So they bought a little patch of land that bordered the land of the GEC with plans to build a new church. They started cutting down trees; one of the brethren was tragically killed by a falling tree. People said that was what happened to "Holy Rollers." At one point, Bro. Hammergren served as interim pastor for a short time at the Cochrane church.

Bro. Sabin had a stellar teaching career beginning at Winona State University from 1960-1963 where he was on the faculty in the science department and principal of the laboratory department. He accepted an invitation to be on the faculty of ABI and taught there from 1963 to 1992. He also served as Adjunct Instructor at Kent Christian College in Dover, Delaware from 1987-1992.

Louise and Robert Sabin served as youth ministers on first returning to St. Paul and had such a profound influence on my children—they loved him deeply, looked up to him and respected him.

In 1971, he was elected pastor of Apostolic Bible Church and along with shepherding the flock, preaching and teaching in four services a week, he taught at ABI such subjects as Religion Analysis, English, Public Speaking and Apologetics, and directed the orchestra. He wrote scripts and directed dramas for ABI graduations that the students put on. In the summer, he traveled to publicize the school. Additions to this busy schedule

were invitations to preach and teach in many conferences and camp meetings, including our own Camp Galilee.

Bro. Sabin undertook a ministry of specialized instruction of the Oneness Message traveling to St. Petersburg, Russia; Belgrade, Yugoslavia; and Sophia, Bulgaria. On further efforts to enlighten many other souls about the Name of Jesus he held seminars in Seoul, Korea; Tokyo, Japan; Sydney, Australia; Jakarta, Indonesia; New Delhi, India; and Auckland, New Zealand.

In 1985, Bro. Nathaniel Urshan called Bro. Sabin to say he had been invited to the John Ankerberg television show to have a discussion with Walter Martin, author of seventeen books, some of which were used at ABI. Martin was known as the "Bible Answer Man." The other presenter was Calvin Meisner, editor of the Navigator's *Discipleship* magazine. Bro. Urshan wanted Bro. Sabin to be there with him. They taped thirteen half-hour programs on the subject of the Oneness message.

Not long after this, ABC and ABI had a parting of the way. The Apostolic Bible Church purchased its present building at Hoyt and Dieter in East St. Paul. The church ran two buses and a van to help with the Sunday School, a Youth Department, and an inner-city ministry. ABC bought and paid for 38 acres of land in St. Elmo for future growth and building. For about ten years, Bro. Sabin operated a school at ABC called LEAP or Life Eternal Alternative for Parents. One of his assistants was Jill Maxe.

About 1992, Bro. Sabin felt compelled to explain his position as to a resolution that was presented to the UPCI conference in Salt Lake City, Utah. He wrote the UPCI brethren regarding external compliance and inner belief of the individual. He felt that a call for Bible conferences would promote broader understanding of "holiness" for a more precise meaning of what the Bible teaches.

The following is Bro. Sabin's response to my question

about his insight about the status of women:

Prior to my first visit to Russia in 1992 I was not aware of what God had really said about women. I was a part of a system that purportedly thought well of women, but subtly, and maybe not so subtly, demeaned them. This system imposes gender-specific standards of dress and conduct that were totally one-sided. In other words, the same system did not apply to men.

God marvelously delivered my mind from those fetters and allowed me the freedom to accept His Word as he really intended it, not as I had narrowly misinterpreted it.

I visited and taught seminars in countries that were formerly behind the Iron Curtain—Russia, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia—where false standards were misapplied even more stringently to women. Women couldn't lead in public prayer if a man were present, even though he was an unsaved man. Women could not stand upon the platform to minister—in fact, could never minister the Word from any place. Women couldn't be in the church unless they wore on their heads a covering, a sign of their inferiority and of their submission to the will of their husbands. Some even imposed upon women the necessity to bear many children, a particularly noxious false doctrine based upon the misinterpretation of I Timothy 2:15, "Notwithstanding she shall be saved in childbearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." Such was the reason given for one woman who was forced to bear sixteen children. Her husband was trying to "save" her. Conversely, the

bulk of every church was comprised mainly of women. It was not unusual to see fewer than 10% men present in worship services while the women quietly and faithfully worshipped and gave their support. I really can't explain this fact, but it is true.

Thankfully, God relieved me of the terrible burden to oppress women with false standards. I saw for the first time His lack of "respect for persons." I noticed that He did not make gender-specific demands upon those to whom He gave gifts, even remarkable gifts of ministry. He was never ever responsible for the distorted way Bible texts were interpreted. The wonderful Grace of God to all men and women began to appear to me.

These ideas, revelatory to me at least, caught fire in Russia. Be certain, I do not take credit for all of the changes that took place, but women began to wholeheartedly engage in Christian ministry. God was simply moving in those places that had been behind the Iron Curtain to give liberty to His people. The churches there that embraced these truths grew exponentially and are still growing. Thousands have come to the knowledge of the Truth.

About two months ago, I received a call from a great Russian leader inviting me to return once again to Russia and to again journey with him north of the Arctic Circle to visit a place where I had taught and preached several years ago. The church had grown from one church to six churches. Women were "loosed" as God had advised. But all was not well. The old doctrines that put women down had once again been instilled in some of these churches. This good brother asked if I could return again to combat

these false notions. I could do nothing else but respond that I would go back again.

His first visit to St. Petersburg with Pastor Dimitri Shatrov Jr. was in 1992. The following are some excerpts he wrote about his trip there in March 2008:

Really, God is moving on their behalf all over Russia due to their TV station which has been set up now for about ten years. The services there are attended now by the thousands ... This joy is in complete contrast to the previous downcast attitude they had developed from the major Russian religious milieu ...

These members as well as other "little flocks" throughout Russia dated from 1917 when Andrew Urshan visited there during the First World War ... While there he and two Russian men baptized each other in Jesus' Name in the Black River. I have visited the very spot many times. Since 1917, the beginning of the Russian Revolution, no one could know for certain what the future would be for those Christians in Russia and there was absolutely no communication between them and American Christians ...

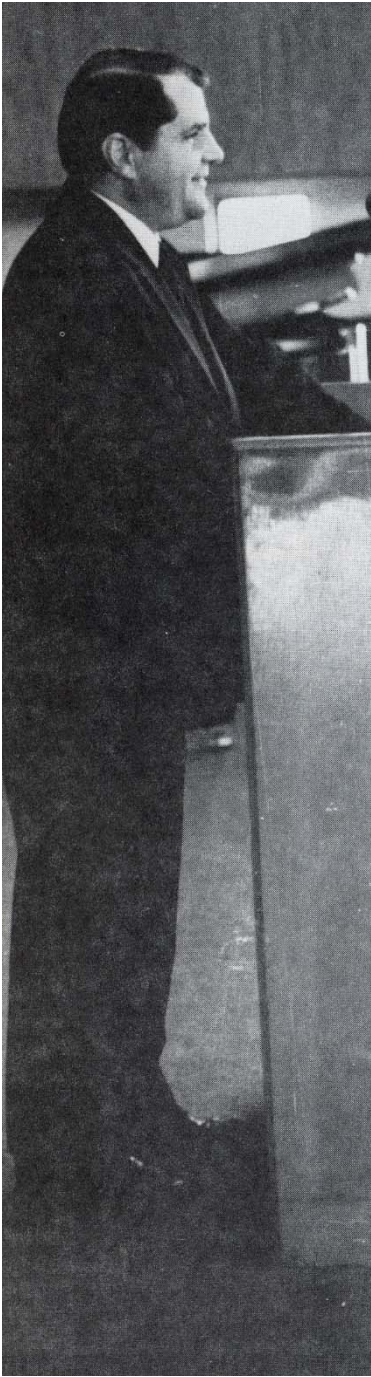
Although it was unknown to anyone in America, that little work grew and there were little flocks established all over Russia ... After 1992, I began to work with Pastor Shatrow and together with his father and others we were able to help establish a Bible school that met for two weeks each quarter ...

We were also able to go north to Kandaluxia where my major concern was the women's issues. Kandaluxia is north of the Arctic Circle and we rode

the train for twenty-five hours each way. The place was once a prison camp and the present inhabitants are the descendants of former prisoners. They have at least one pastor that is a woman, but she was discouraged in that work by someone who came in from the outside with the old and discredited ideas. The church that she had founded and pastored was divided into several churches due to this disgruntled preacher who came invading the work and trying to re-establish the inferiority of women doctrine which required head coverings and non-participation in any kind of prayer or ministry which he believed was reserved for men only. Only time will tell how successful we were ... Dmitri's sister, Olga, is called the Joyce Meyers of Russia. She is a full-time co-pastor with Dmitri and preaches regularly on TV ...

Bro. Sabin lives in St. Paul with his wife, Margayla, and continues to travel and teach the Oneness doctrine.

* Resolution #1 was made by the late District Superintendent of Kansas, Leonard Westburg, at Salt Lake City, Utah in 1992, to ministers of the UPCI. The resolution included the pledge to practice, preach, and teach the fundamental doctrine and holiness standards as defined in the Articles of Faith of the UPCI manual. The ministers must also pledge not to speak or write in opposition to those Articles of Faith. Every year, in order to receive his or her fellowship card with the UPCI, each minister is required to sign this statement of pledge and belief.



MICHAEL FRIEND
Born 1955, Cincinnati, Ohio
Pastor of the Apostolic Bible Church
1997 to Present

After a prayer, Pastor Friend, my daughter Patricia Dehmlow, and I had an open and pleasant talk in Bro. Friend's office at the church on October 16, 2007. I asked Bro. Friend about his history, education, experience and philosophy. Here are his spontaneous answers to my questions:



My Mom and Dad were part of Frank Curts' church in Cincinnati in 1953. My Dad got in the ministry then and there. My older brother's name was Albert. After I was born, we moved to St Paul to the Apostolic Bible Institute. My sister Bonnie was born while we were here in St. Paul. Then we moved to Hamilton, Ohio, where my Dad was called to pastor. My younger brother, Mark, was born in 1960. Dad started a little storefront on E Street in Hamilton and we were there for years. Then he bought the church at 320 Heaton Street. I was raised with deep ABI roots. My philosophy and education started there.

Every Saturday night he had what he called "Bible School" with in-depth teaching exactly what he received in ABI. When I was old enough to read and write and not have to go to a babysitter on Saturday nights, I went too. I learned so much as a kid growing up. I drew the maps, did the whole geography thing, the life of Christ—all of that before I came up to ABI. We had Bible Study on

Wednesday nights, church on Sunday, and Youth on Friday.

I graduated from Fairfield High School in 1973 and came to ABI in the fall of '73. My older brother Albert graduated from high school in 1972 and when I came up, he was already here. Then my sister Bonnie came up after her high school graduation while I was here. She married Clark Baker. They pastored the church at Middleport, Ohio, for years. After Dad retired, now Clark and Bonnie pastor in Hamilton.

A lot of the pastors in the United Pentecostal Church in Ohio that were my Dad's contemporaries were ABI graduates. Most of the preachers that I preached for when I evangelized were ABI people—a whole lot of them—so there was no struggle with Scripture or philosophy. We all meshed on the basics.

I traveled singly at first and then later with Terri, my wife—Teresa Ezell from Jonesboro, Arkansas. We lived in Cincinnati for six months where Bro. LeRoy Buller was pastor and left in the fall of 1981 and went back to traveling and evangelizing. I worked with Bro. Scisco in Racine, Wisconsin as Youth Pastor. Then we traveled about a year and a half. We went back there in 1983 and were with him another year and a half as Youth Pastor and Associate Pastor and stayed there until March, 1984. We spent a full three years in Racine. We traveled up until the time we had our three daughters—Tifini, Britney and Ashleigh—and then moved to South Bend, Indiana where I was elected pastor in June 1984. Michael was born there. The South Bend church had been pastored by Roland Baker for fourteen years followed by Carl McKellar and his wife, Sharon for fourteen years. We were also there for fourteen years. I was in the UPCI until 1992 when Resolution # 1 was made at the Salt Lake City National Conference. It was a difficult time for us.

In August 1997, my two oldest daughters went to Notre Dame University and spent the night in the dormitory with one of Tifini's friends. Tifini had just graduated from high school. When

they left Notre Dame that morning, instead of turning toward our home and with all the new construction, they headed to downtown South Bend and got lost and pulled into a gas station to get directions. A man came to their car window with a pistol and kidnapped my girls on a Saturday morning and held them for several hours. We couldn't go to our home but had to stay in a hotel because this man got their driver's licenses and knew all about us. For several weeks the police hunted for him.

We had been invited to preach here in St. Paul in September, I had been gone that summer preaching several camp meetings and I did not want to be gone anymore from home and church, so when that happened, I talked with Bob Sabin and said that O.K. we'd come up. That's when he got serious about our coming here. In October, the church had a vote on it and invited us and that's when we moved here at the end of January. So that's how the transition happened. We were having some really great meetings. While here the Lord spoke to me on a Monday morning when I came to the church to pray at 6 AM. That was my habit for decades. The Lord spoke to me about moving here. So, it's been ten years this month that we have been here.

My brother Albert passed away. He had brain cancer and then a brain aneurysm. Mom and Dad are still alive. Terri's father passed away just before Christmas in 2006. Her mother is still alive. We have a wonderful relationship with my family—we're still connected. My brother Mark was just up from Chicago where he is an associate pastor. So, the whole family is in the pastoral ministry.

My philosophy is that it is all about caring for people. It's not about position. We need to condescend from some image; we need to be human. There's a human side of ministry. My dad was a pastor and that's all I've been around all my life. He was wise, a great Bible teacher, scholar, and philosopher.

I had such a fear of authority and pastors almost like they were a different species or something. I felt as I grew older and became acquainted with the failures of ministry that were so many and everywhere—all around me—that many were pretending to be something they were not. Then I realized that they really *were* pretending because none of us are that—whatever that was. So I thought I would let that be known, I would expose that reality to the church.

So my philosophy was if you get to know me—really know me—I want to be that—I want to really be a Christian truly. That doesn't mean without failure, even without sin and faults. But I didn't want to make setting the bar so high that no one could reach it because I felt I was lied to. I felt like that was almost like a cancer in the ministry. Everyone had to pretend and nobody could talk about his real stuff. Men all around me were falling—like living in a glass house. The pressure drove them to horrible secret sin and terrible pressure in their families. I said that I'm not doing that. I've really been criticized about it. It's almost like a secret society but nobody ever talks about it. It's not like it really is—just that it felt that way. Everything that goes on everywhere else goes on there too. It bothered me so badly. I don't know why I became so rebellious to that thing. It didn't bother me that the guys were real and human or failures. The problem was when I saw that pressure that made them be that. Why can't you be just honest? Like I have my blue jeans on, my sweater and my Danners. I don't have to come today dressed like a preacher. What's dressed like a preacher mean? When people might ask if I'm a pastor, I answer, "Yes, just under cover."

I feel the message of the Bible—the absolute message, number one message, is to try to change people's priorities—this is first. There can only be one first and I think we've made doctrine our identity, our denomination first. I don't think that makes a difference at all. I don't think God cares what the name of our church is, our organization—I think that's all man-made to divide

us. It's to signify our difference instead of talking about what's alike. This sounds ecumenical—maybe it is.

This philosophy is real scary if you're going to try to keep your people in a certain controlled environment. You can't expose them to this. Even these small groups in the Twin Cities—they worry about your compromising the doctrine. You don't compromise when you love people. If it's in the Book, it's in the Book. We don't have to compromise that. We have felt we had to fight over it instead of being friends. We actually felt like we *had to*—to prove to our brothers—which is a fear. We were afraid of being ostracized by our friends so we have to hold the "party line." Anything that is done out of fear is horrible—fear that somebody else is going to look over your shoulder and can you a compromiser. And that's exactly what I faced. It's a control issue. If you offer fellowship to people that aren't like you, people are going to claim that you're compromising your beliefs to gain their friendship. But both you and the other party recognize the value of fellowship. You can fellowship with them and other things you can leave as preference instead of doctrine. Some of it is just preference.

As to children and education: I feel like the basic Bible stories we all learned in Sunday School are really important to their foundation. But I'm more concerned that this philosophy of friendship and loving everybody and being able to share Christ with joy rather than like a pressure—to know the Lord without shame. When I was young, I was ashamed to tell people about our doctrine and church. I don't know why. I felt unaccepted, not allowed to participate outside of church. So my philosophy is let the kids participate—be in school, be popular, be honest and love the Lord.

I also recognize the brokenness of families as that affects our nation. Even in the church, a kid's sense of self-worth and dignity all plays into their testimony. You can have all the right doctrine but if your personality is so twisted by the mess in your home or

whatever, you don't have the strength of character and the personality to tell the Good News. So I don't think it's just us pounding doctrine into their head. I think it's healing the nature of our families and our kids. So for me it is to give them that sense of love and value. I value that we value them. That gives them a sense of peace so they feel like when they talk to somebody that what they have is worth listening to.

I wish it weren't so, but our church has changed because so many people have left the church. Had those people stayed, it would demand another building or having two services on Sunday morning to accommodate the crowd. However, they can go to church elsewhere, worship, and go on with the Lord. It's just too bad that they didn't wait and see and feel that what we're about is the Kingdom. It's really hard though to change one's mind about values if you think that doctrine, name, identity, personality or who we are is so important. It's very difficult for people to trade that for a mission.

Speaking in tongues is an evidence—it isn't the only evidence—the Bible doesn't say that. Neither is it the initial evidence. It is a manifestation of the Spirit. People in this church when they receive the Spirit often manifest the Spirit with speaking in tongues. But there are other manifestations that the Scripture speaks of that we completely ignore. I didn't look into this until just several years ago. All my life I thought that the Holy Ghost was tongues. I didn't know. I didn't even understand the whole concept like when the Trinitarians talk about the Holy Ghost being a person. The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of the Almighty God. When He comes into a person. He manifests Himself and one of the manifestations is tongues. But it's not the only manifestation. I wish the people who talk in tongues would manifest Him in love. Hasn't that been our Pentecostal thing? Even preachers in camp meetings for a hundred years have said that if you're going to talk in tongues, be sure you walk straight when you stop.

We baptize everyone in Jesus' Name who comes here to be baptized. We believe in divine healing. We had people who testified just a couple of weeks ago they were healed of cancer — even one that was an open and shut surgery — filled with cancer. God completely healed and that was about two or three years ago. So there's no doubt.

The coming of the Lord: I do believe we have a wrong philosophy about that. Jesus is coming but it's not supposed to scare everyone to death. It scared me all my life. We were wrong. I'm 52 years old and I'm allowed to say they were wrong to put that kind of fear and twist into the doctrine and the coming of the Lord into such a fearful thing. Here's what had to accompany that teaching: who is and who is not going. Again, you have division over what they believe or what they say and what others believe and say. I believe He's coming and I think there's a whole lot more people going than what we thought. All my life they said He's coming and a lot fewer people are going than what we think. I do not believe that at all; it is just exactly the opposite. It frustrates the life out of me that we've turned that glorious thing into a divisive thing and scared people. There are people that think that's what the fear of God is. But that's the fear of being left behind. It is the fear of ostracism and was used to keep people in the church.

I think our church lacks in fellowship. Part of what happens when churches become religious is that you have to sacrifice relationships and friendships for the "program." I think we were a "malnourished" messed-up church when it comes to friendships. If it were not, you wouldn't leave your friends over an idea. People were able to break relationships as if it were nothing because I think the church was based more on doctrine than relationship. Consequently, you don't know God because you don't have a relationship with God. Not just the Book. They can quote scriptures but not know Him. Or if they knew Him, they would love because He is Love. The evidence is that "by their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits have not been loyalty and friendship. So I'm

saying, I'm going to be loyal; I'm going to be forgiving and if these people were my friends and they've made a mistake and have turned against me, I'm going to love them through it. And I love them. They don't have to come back to this church—just go to church. Serve the Lord. Just don't be so miserable. Don't fight all your life.

There are people who were a part of this church when I came here who didn't want to be a part of the church. They were just afraid to leave. When they had permission to leave and would still be saved, they left. In the past, they didn't have fellowship with their families. Fear divided families and people. All my life that's all this thing has done. I came and said: No, you have fellowship with your family. If they invite you over on a Sunday night and you want to go, be with your family that's not saved instead of coming to church. You're going to do more for God being with your family than coming to church. Well, people couldn't handle that. They thought, "My God, he's telling us that we don't have to go to church anymore."

No, there's something more important than being here. For example, if you stop on the way to church and help somebody to fix a flat tire and you miss church because you're helping them, don't feel bad about it—you're doing the work of God. This confused them because I was reducing the fear. No more fear—no more condemnation—no more! None!

I came late to church a couple times because I actually did that—stopped and helped somebody. I remember picking up a guy walking—he didn't have his coat on and it was cold—about 20 degrees. He had parked his truck at Byerly's [*a high-end grocery store in St. Paul*] and had stayed with a friend because his truck had broken down. His friend had to work Sunday morning and he didn't have a way to get over to his car—it must be about four or five miles down White Bear Avenue to Byerly's. I saw him and turned around and asked where he was going. He said Byerly's so I

gave him a ride and he told me his story. He asked, "What are you doing?" I said, "I'm a pastor." He said, "Aren't you supposed to be at church?" I responded. "Yes, but isn't this more important?" and he said "It sure is to me." I took him to his truck where a mechanic was to meet him. There's my philosophy—a glimpse of it. That's what I believe. It's confusing to people who think you have to do the doctrinal, church, religious thing. Instead, do what's in your heart and help someone rather than be bothered by what someone else may think.

I think there will be people who have left us who may sometime wish for those relationships to be restored. That desire is a bigger step more often than it is to reunite after a struggle. I believe that the Apostolic Bible Church is going to fulfill its mission. It was a Bible college church for years supporting a Bible college that trained ministers, I believe it will become a church of the region where people can come and be saved. We'll disciple people. It's been on my mind a lot lately.

The long history of Midway is of great value to me—that I would be involved. It's amazing that I was included. I respect that awesome and wonderful history. I'm not discouraged by the madness that has happened along the way. It has happened to others—to every denomination and church. I don't feel bad about it. It's part of what people do and what sometimes happens. It's when we take personal pride in something that God is doing and we take ownership when it should have been God's all along. We denominationalize it. We separate other people that don't have this new experience. So I am honored because I think as the Scripture says that He is going to have a Bride without spot or blemish.

I think He's bringing the thing around and I think I'm part of that renewal. There was a time when there was no racial prejudice. It was across the board. Then there came this racial divide. So let's get it back to what He intended it to be—every tribe, every tongue, every people and nation. Not just tolerating it, but to

actually be that. And I think that's what the most mind-blowing, wonderful thing is that I am in St. Paul where this thing was so original and beautiful.

I don't speak harshly against past leadership because you don't know all that went on as part of the process that God had to bring us through. I wouldn't feel so strongly about it if it had not been part of our past. I would be passive but there had to be a change. I know what it's supposed to be. I was angry and felt like I had a cause. Championing that cause has gone from me. I recognize the desperate need for us to change and come back to God. And now it's a joy. I feel like it's right. It took me a while to not be critical and those feelings to be the reason for what I was doing. I see the reasons for growth and revival—for the positive thing that God wants to bring about—a return to the old paths. This isn't new at all.

I visited on a Sunday in October 2007 when the church held a "Pastor Appreciation Service" for Pastor Friend and his wife, Terri. Assistant Bro. Craig commented, "When Pastor Friend comes into a room it's like watching John Wayne walk in." Jimmy Churchill said, "The thing I appreciate most about this man; he's always been there for my family and me when I've needed him—24/7." Youth Pastor Stewart Ward explained. "I think the best expression of love and life happens through their children. If you really want to know what's going on in a family, you need to get with the kids for a few minutes... Whatever God has put into you two is being lived out through these kids and now grandkids."

God's presence and power is in the services at ABC. He is blessing their work as evidenced in their worship, excellent music led by Nathan Sabin, the enthusiasm of the young people, the teaching of the "Bread of Life", and their outreach programs. ABC is listed as an ethnic church by North Central University located in Minneapolis.

Editor's Concluding Remarks

Midway Tabernacle/Apostolic Bible Church was affiliated with the United Pentecostal Church International – the largest Oneness Pentecostal organization – since the UPCI's founding in 1945. The UPCI formed as a merger of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ (PAJC) – S. G. Norris served as the editor of *The Pentecostal Witness*, the official publication of the PAJC – and the Pentecostal Church, Incorporated (PCI).

Both bodies were Oneness, or apostolic, Pentecostal churches. All ministers in these organizations agreed on several doctrinal distinctives: the experience of the baptism of the Holy Spirit evidenced by glossolalia (speaking with other tongues), the invocation of the name "Jesus" as the correct spoken formula for immersive baptism, and the "Oneness" of God – the assertion that God is an undivided unity and the rejection of the historic Trinitarian depiction as "God in three persons." Rather than "persons," Oneness theology sees the distinction of "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit" as different manifestations of the one undivided deity in His dealings within the creation and human history. Succinctly, Oneness Pentecostals understand that the entire Godhead dwelled bodily in the human Jesus of Nazareth and that "Jesus" is God's saving name which must be invoked in water baptism – the ultimate and final restoration of the first-century apostolic church in the end time age.

But the 1945 merger that the UPCI was built upon was a doctrinal compromise. Various ministers disagreed on the nature of the "new birth" – the exact components of the Christian salvation experience. Some held the classical Pentecostal view that salvation (new birth) occurs at the act of repentance, with water baptism acting as a public affirmation that sin has been forgiven and Holy Spirit baptism consisting of a "separate, distinct" experience from the new birth/salvation that imparts either sanctifying grace or empowerment for service or both. Others – the "new birth" or "water and spirit" men – asserted a one-to-one correspondence between the "new birth" passage John 3:5 and Acts 2:38 in Peter's Pentecost sermon. This view held that the "birth of water and spirit" in John's gospel – a requirement to enter the Kingdom of God – equates with water baptism in Jesus' name and the baptism of the Holy Spirit as

experienced on the day of Pentecost (Acts 2), always accompanied by tongues-speaking. For this group, the new birth is only complete when all three steps of Acts 2:38 have occurred. Simply stated, one must fully repent, one must be correctly baptized by immersion with the name "Jesus" spoken over the candidate, and one must receive the Holy Spirit baptism with the initial evidence of speaking with other tongues to be "fully saved." Historically, Apostolic Bible Church sided with the "water and spirit" view. The heritage of the teachings of G.T. Haywood, W.T. Witherspoon, and S. G. Norris is one of the clearest and most persuasive expressions of the John 3:5/Acts 2:38 "new birth" message.

The debate about the nature of Christian salvation resulted in a compromised paragraph in the original UPCI statement of "Fundamental Doctrine" approved at the 1945 merger.

We shall endeavor to keep the unity of the Spirit until we all come together in the unity of the faith, at the same time admonishing all brethren that they shall not contend for their different views to the disunity of the body.

But this language of compromise came to mean different things to different parties. For some, it was a guarantee that all views would be honored in the new fellowship. For others, the compromise pointed toward a day when all would come to share a unity of faith – that is, the ultimate triumph of the "water and spirit" view and the fading of all other positions.

This ongoing debate reached a crisis point at the 1992 UPCI General Conference in Salt Lake City with the passing of the "Westburg Resolution" that required that all UPCI ministers sign an annual statement affirming the UPCI articles of faith – the water and spirit/new birth view of "full salvation" – and the maintenance of "holiness standards" of lifestyle and dress. These "affirmation cards" were to be signed and submitted to the UPCI headquarters on a specific annual deadline date. Failure to submit or sign this pledge resulted in the loss of ministerial credentials with the UPCI.

For some UPCI ministers – even those who supported the water and spirit/new birth view – the newly required annual statement smacked

of "creedalism" – a perceived step "backwards" into nominal – and stood in direct opposition to the unity language of the merger compromise. Pastor Sabin was a leader in the opposition to this new doctrinal test.

This opposition led to Sabin's departure from the UPCI and set the stage for a growing disagreement between Sabin and Gerald and Eleanor Grant who carried on the tradition of S. G. Norris at Apostolic Bible Church. [Norris had died on January 4, 1990.] This disagreement eventually led to a split in the Apostolic Bible Church with Pastor Sabin retaining the "Apostolic Bible Church" name and forming a new congregation on Dieter Street off White Bear Avenue in St. Paul. The church at Hudson Boulevard North was renamed the First Pentecostal Church. Pastored by Gerald Grant, this congregation retained its affiliation with the United Pentecostal Church International and remained the home of the Apostolic Bible Institute.

More significantly than this organizational split, the two resulting bodies followed two different trajectories for their congregation's futures. First Pentecostal Church, under the direction of Gerald Grant, retained its historical commitment to Oneness Pentecostalism distinctives and its affiliation with the United Pentecostal Church International. The "new" ABC under the leadership first of Robert Sabin – and later Mickey Friend – evolved into a more mainstream non-denominational, charismatic community, leaving behind the conservative doctrinal stance of Oneness Pentecostalism – the "full salvation"/new birth message and its attendant holiness lifestyle. Eventually, the "new" ABC was renamed "Grace Place," reflecting its more casual worship atmosphere and its greater openness to all Christians. Following this name change, the First Pentecostal Church at Hudson Boulevard North reacquired the name "Apostolic Bible Church."

Today, Apostolic Bible Church/First Pentecostal Church and Grace Place offer two quite different visions of conservative Christianity with Apostolic Bible Church/First Pentecostal Church reaffirming the traditional Haywood-Witherspoon-Norris expression of "water and spirit"/new birth and the holiness lifestyle of Oneness Pentecostalism; while Grace Place embraces a more all-inclusive contemporary expression of broader non-denominational, charismatic Christianity.

**MEMORIES OF THE SAINTS and MEMBERS of MIDWAY
TABERNACLE and the APOSTOLIC BIBLE CHURCH**

This collection of memories, told or written or as I remember them, is a tribute to a wonderful group of people. There were some that did not answer my inquiries for their stories and pictures. I apologize to anyone that I was unable to contact. May the words of these dear ones help keep Midway and ABC in our memories.

Alicia Aeziman and Mary Susan Norris. Alicia was Mary's third daughter who grew up in Midway. Mary's other two daughters were Candy and Deborah Cook. Both Mary and Candy passed away in 2008. Mary was a woman of many talents: pianist/vocalist, painter and designer. She wrote this poem sometime in the 1940's:

*The walls were silent.
Dark gloom enveloped the room in a cloud.
Rain striped the windowpanes with silver ribbons
and streamed unrelentlessly into an open window.
The musty smell of the damp soggy rug permeated the
whole room creating an atmosphere of despair.
There was no life to be seen.
The once shining pews now rotting and
covered with dust,
stood forlorn and empty.
Here and there a handkerchief, a ribbon,
a tassel from a little girl's dress lay forgotten.
Silence reigned here. Death was at home.
The once vibrant altar lay dormant.
The hallowed tear-stained carpet was dissolved
into a rag of weaving.
The foot-worn altar lost its glory and it was now the
personification of shabbiness.
A mouse ran across the orchestra pit*

*where once illumination began,
Now a crumbled skeleton of metal.
The echoes of the old hymns mingled with
The whistling of the wind
And the beating of the rain as if to say:
WE'RE GONE! WE'RE GONE!
THE LORD HAS COME!*

Paul and Jeanette Stone Ahlstrand. Jeanette was the daughter of Erick Stone, the elder of the early Jenks Street Mission, and a charter member of Midway Tabernacle. (See her as a little girl in the 1915 camp meeting picture.) She married Paul Ahlstrand in the early forties (I was the flower girl in their wedding) and they first lived in a home on St. Anthony in the apartment above Jeanette's aunt, Esther Nordstrom. They were devoted workers in the church. Paul became the superintendent of the Sunday School at Midway and was known to his friends as a great man of prayer. Jeanette played the piano at Midway for many years.

JoAnne Larson Albin is the eldest of five children of Grace Urshan and John Arvid Larson. She lives in Eureka, California and attends the Full Gospel Tabernacle pastored by John and Marilyn McDonald, her sister. She wrote:

What a wonderful and rich heritage I have with such fond memories of being raised in St. Paul, Minnesota, and growing up attending Midway Tabernacle under the direction of Bro. and Sis. S. G. Norris. The older I get, the more I appreciate the beautiful music (and beautiful organ music played by you, Beverly) we had in our church then. I heard a saying by a preacher recently that the music today is just crossing over the "Cross" and really has no deep meaning of words. It just makes me appreciate how I was raised.

We children are very thankful for our parents. John Arvid and Grace Urshan Larson who brought us up in the Pentecostal movement as found in Acts 2. All my brothers and sisters are in the ministry today except my sister, Jean Lois Taylor, who went home to be with the Lord.

The others are Marilyn McDonald; John and his wife, Judy, who live in Stockton; and James Nathaniel and his wife, Joni, who pastor in San Diego.

I believe we are all in church today because of the sound teachings under Bro. and Sis. Norris. Our home was an open door to a lot of the Bible school students who came from all over the country. It was just wonderful socializing with them. What great memories.

One thing that has helped me through life and I will never forget this. Sis. Norris said to me that whenever you are in a situation in life and don't know what to do about making a decision, stand still and do nothing. I have always lived by that and it has helped me throughout my journey in life.

Agnes Ruth Anderson (1918-1999) was a niece of my Grandma Lundquist and an important part of Midway for many years. Agnes was a quiet, dependable, and faithful part of our church family. She was a singer—soloist and in the church choir, a part of the Girl's Group and, in her later years was a greeter at the doors of ABC.

Oscar (1894-1975) and Ruth Signe Carlson Anderson. Oscar came to St. Paul when the extended Anderson/Lundquist family moved here. He was Augusta Lundquist's youngest brother. My Great Aunt Ruth was a quiet and sweet Christian. Their children were Agnes, Paul, Irene (Barnett), Eugene and Joyce (VanNess). Uncle Oscar was a lay preacher, played the guitar and sang in a low, rumbling voice—often visiting and ministering in nursing homes. He left our church about 1945, but Aunt Ruth continued to worship with us. Below is an excerpt from a letter Ruth wrote to Sis. Irene Sanders in 1941.

May the Lord increase my faith—that we might touch the hem of His garment and pray we might covet the best gifts. I Cor. 14. Someday we'll understand why we are being tested and tried, that we might come forth as pure gold ... It has been very cold today, 18 degrees below zero this morning. I did not send the children to school ... Eight of the sisters

went over to see Sis. Danielson last Friday. She has been sick ... glad to report Sis Goserud is lots better.

Paul and Delia Andreason were charter members of Midway from 1917. (See them in the 1915 camp meeting picture.) Paul was a deacon for years and Delia was a great worker in the church and a special friend to my mother. She was my first visitor when I was a newborn. Delia said that when she felt tired and out of sorts she would go to her pantry and sniff her coffee—the Swedes love their coffee. I remember going to their house for lunch with my mother.

Ruth Antonson came into Midway at an older age. Her son, Donny, was part of our Junior Choir group. She was in the group of older women friends who loved to be together—going out to a restaurant or visiting in each other's homes. Sis. Antonson was active in teaching in the Hobby Club.

Guy and Betty Atchison and their children were an important part of Midway. Their children were Shirley (David Patrick), William (Judy), Sharon (Lee Webster), Rachel (Larry Malan) and Thomas (Ginny). Shirley has been organist in the Miami church for many years. Bill and Thomas are pastors and Rachel is married to a pastor. Sharon teaches for Pastor Bobbie Stewart in Miami—school/day care and Bible study for adults. So, they are all active in the ministry. Midway enjoyed this lovely family in the children's growing-up years. Betty lives with the Patricks.

Roger Barcus (B: 1946) graduated from ABI and Texas Bible College and has been in full-time ministry since 1969. He evangelized for seven years and has served as pastor for 28 years. His four-year experience as missionary to the Windward Islands is an exciting tale. He is married to Maurine Smith and they have three children and four grandchildren. Currently, he is the pastor of St. Paul Apostolic Tabernacle which he founded in 1990. He came home to St. Paul and felt compelled to start an inner-city church and after renting for nine years found the present location at Lexington and

Dayton Avenues. They have done much remodeling and the church is thriving. He writes a very interesting and entertaining bio on his website (www.stpaulapostolic.com/index.html) called "About Pastor Roger Barcus." You can appreciate his writing talent in the light of his having been an editor of *The Minnesota Messenger*.

Mother and Dad (John and Hannah) first came to Midway in 1953 and we moved there in 1954 when I was eight years old. I knew the Holy Ghost was what I needed to get to Heaven and often went to the altar to seek for the infilling. Sometimes, seeing church would start at 8 P.M. (can you believe that?), the altar service would go way into double digits. Sometimes I would have many ABI students all around me praying the house down and Dad would elbow his way through, wake me up, and take me home, much to the embarrassment of the students who thought I was in deep repentance.

On the last day I was nine and wanting to receive the Holy Ghost at the same age my Dad did, I prayed hard until one minute into my birthday and calmly got up and stopped praying and went home. I thought: why pray any longer—I'm ten! Obviously, that was one of the reasons I didn't receive the Holy Ghost was worshiping my Dad's salvation memory and experience.

When I was twelve, we had a powerful evangelist named Willie Johnson who told us she only had two white dresses, wearing one and washing the other to wear the next night. I wanted to buy her another dress,

The Spirit of God moved one night in a wonderful way while I was seeking God at the altar and I began to dance. I don't even know where I got the idea! I thought I had received the Holy Ghost then and after David Larson (Werner's son) came up to me and said, "Nice dance, Rog!" I didn't receive the Spirit until I was fourteen and it was August 4, 1960 at 11:10 P.M. after Bro. Dyer preached one hour and 15 minutes. I can't remember the sermon, only that Timmy Sabin (about three years younger than I) and I had agreed to fast that day to receive the Holy Ghost but didn't stop our other activities and were so tired during the sermon we had to keep waking each other up. But we both received the

Spirit that night.

Receiving the Holy Ghost was glorious, but also a relief to know that I finally got over that hurdle. Later it was at the altar lingering when other boys wanted to play—and I did more than my share of that—when I fell in love with Jesus.

I have no agenda to tell you as I have already told many others of this happening. It occurred when you were playing the organ—when you were just behind the short wooden wall on the west wing of what is now Shiloh Missionary Baptist Church. The chords, the various emotions your spirit transmitted through those black and white keys and settings on the walnut Hammond organ with the Leslie speaker and your faithfulness to your calling emitted a touch of God which helped me draw closer to Jesus Christ. I guess I never had the chance until now to thank you. So, thank you!

I never dreamed that the Presbyterian Church I walked by on my way from Central High School would one day be the building in which I would pastor a church. St. Paul was my parents' home, not mine. They had a good church here and I wasn't needed here. I graduated ABI in 1968 and was given a General License with the UPC and flew out east to evangelize full time. Now I pastor just a little over one-half mile from my old church on Hague Avenue—hard to believe. I've been back there several times just to remember and they had me speak once.

We paid our church loan off in seven years by adding to the principle each month during the eight-year loan. It saved us about \$15,000.00.

Susan Becker was a young single woman in the 1930's and 1940's known for her Christian walk and faithfulness.

Kenneth R. Benson is the pastor of Christian Life Church in Bloomington, Minnesota, a suburb in south Minneapolis. His wife, Ruth Martin Benson, is the daughter of Robert and Lillian Martin. After Ruth's father died in 1917, Kenneth became the pastor. Ruth was only five years old when her family left Midway and Ken was very young when his family transferred to the Christian Life Church—neither can remember a whole lot about their own

experiences at Midway.

Kenneth is a member of the International Ministerial Association. He served as Missions Director for twenty-five years. as Chairman of the Board in 2004/2005 and has been on the General Board since. They have one child, Dan, who is married to Katherine. I remember once when Kenny was accidentally left asleep on the church pew and his parents had to make a quick trip back to the church to get their little boy. He was a very cute and charming child.

Ted and Lucille Benson: This delightful and devoted family moved from Clintonville, Wisconsin pastored by Bro. F. E. Ellis. The children were Jerry, Arlene, Dick and Kenny. They lived on Grand Avenue near Macalester College and were lots of fun.

Hank and Dorothy Berkland: Robert Sabin related:

Dorothy was my Dad's older sister who lived in Northeast Minneapolis. Husband Hank saw that everyone got to church. If the car didn't start, he'd get mad—he'd get out and get the crank and beat it all over the radiator—put dents in it. The next day he spent trying to get the dents out. But he saw to it that his family got to church.

Pamela Gleason Blaszyk (B: 1952). Pamela's account of her life spent at Midway is precious. She is the third of the Wendell Gleason children. Pam is a quiet, able woman—with many talents she uses for the Kingdom.

During the summer of 2006, a group of us drove from Kansas City, Missouri, to Minnesota to attend the homecoming services at Camp Galilee. After riding on a steamboat down the Mississippi River with some of our old friends who there also attending the camp meeting, we had some free time and decided to drive by Midway Tabernacle. Several of us piled in the van and drove to Hague and Victoria. A myriad of memories began to surface as we looked at the dark brick structure with

the beautiful stained glass window in the balcony. Tears came to my eyes as we recalled so many precious hours that were spent in this special place.

My parents, Wendell and Rea Gleason, took us children—Gary, Pat, Stan and me—to Midway Tabernacle several times per week. Our lives were centered around the church. In addition to the four regular services per week, there was Hobby Club for the children on Saturday afternoons. When we were older, we had Teens on Friday nights and Youth Service on Saturday night. During a revival, we just had Monday nights off and those revivals often lasted two weeks. We heard many wonderful sermons and lessons from our pastor, Bro. Norris, and other ministers. There were some Sunday nights when the presence of God was so wonderful that the saints would linger around the altar until 11:30 or after midnight. Although it was hard to get up for school the next day, those precious moments in prayer left a lasting impression.

I also recall the congregation being blessed by the stirring testimonies that were given by Sis. Verdeja, Bro. Brigley, Bro. Bye and Sis. Lundquist. In looking back, Midway Tabernacle provided a wonderful cocoon for us to grow in spiritually as children and teenagers.

Some of my favorite memories of Midway involved the beautiful music in the church. I remember the adult choir under the direction of my father, singing some soul-stirring songs such as "Sweet Jesus," "Thine Alone," "What the Lord Has Done for Me," and "Born Again." My father often directed the Sunday evening congregational singing. We knew that the service was red hot when he pulled out the song, "Goodbye World, Goodbye!"

The adult choir Christmas cantatas were always a special part of the Christmas season. As children, we were not allowed in the room where the adults practiced the Christmas music, but the songs were so beautiful that I would often stand outside the practice room just to listen for a while.

Since the Apostolic Bible Institute was so closely connected to Midway, it is hard for me to think of one without the other. As children, we looked forward every spring to the dramas that were presented at Midway by the ABI students. I remember running down to the corner store one block away to get some candy. Then we would return to the

church to find a place to sit on the floor in front of the pews. We were thrilled with the depiction of Hosea and Gomer, Goliath, and many other Bible stories. The ABI students added a special dimension to the services with their enthusiasm and dedication for the work of God.

One aspect of Midway that made a lasting impression on my life was the Sunday School Department. Although Bro. Charlie and Sis. Alice Johnson were so patient and would try to persuade me to stay in the pre-school children's church, I would sometimes manage to slip away to join my sister Pat and the older children to hear Dolly McElhaney tell her wonderful Susie and Johnny stories. My Aunt Thyra Soberg taught the "Midway Niners." Bro. Frank Sanders and Bro. Jim Norris taught the children's church where we had so much fun with Bible sword drill games including "Tic Tac Toe" and "Pressure!"

While I appreciate all of the Sunday School classes, one Sunday School class had a special impact on my life, and that was the Junior Class taught by Sis. Norris held in the balcony. I still remember many of the lessons she presented including "Christian Habits," "The Mighty God in Christ," and the "Books of the Bible." These lessons gave the children of Midway a strong foundation in doctrine and a love for the Word of God. There were times when the presence of God would fall during the Sunday school session and our prayers would extend into the worship service.

In the days when our message and type of worship was not popular, Midway stood as a beacon of old-fashioned Pentecost. The experiences we had growing up in this congregation are priceless. Only God knows the impact that Midway Tabernacle has had throughout the nation and world as a result of the spiritual foundation that was provided to so many children and young people by this church.

Patricia Gleason Bollmann (B: 1949) is married to Tim and is the mother of Clayton, Rachele, and Sherry. Patsy's story about a memory verse and gift from Sis. Norris of a box of pencils is a portent of her future as a writer and editor. She is a delightful person who contributed much to Midway through her music and now the church at large in her teaching at Gateway and editing for the UPCI publishing house.

At first, I thought I couldn't remember much about Midway Tabernacle but last night Mom and I started talking about it, and some memories floated to the surface.

I remember playing the piano for my first cantata at age thirteen, which would have been Christmas 1962. Up until then, I played only for one of your solos, I think. For that first full-length performance, you and I had concentrated on the piano accompaniment during my piano lessons for weeks. Mom and Dad bought me a beautiful baby blue chiffon dress and I wore my first pair of nylon stockings (which were sagging by the end of the evening). The piano and organ had been moved off the platform and to the side to make room for the large Christmas tree and choir risers. I think the cantata was "Born A King" although I played for so many I could be wrong. That first time I was so nervous.

In November of the same year, Bro. Bowe baptized me in the tank at Midway. I had received the Holy Ghost at Camp Galilee that summer.

Mom remembered one time during one of Bro. Norris' sermons that a dive-bombing bat caused quite a stir until it swooped a little too close to my dad who was sitting on the platform. Dad's long arm reached up, his hand swatted the bat and he took the offender out.

I remember enjoying children's church with Jim Norris. We had so much fun: songs and sword drills—including sword drill baseball. I think Fritz Sanders could find any Bible verse within a few scant seconds. But my all-time favorite part of children's church were the stories. I particularly remember Robert Trapani tell the story about the ants and Dollie McElhaney tell the story, "Call It Courage." Years later I found that book in a used bookstore (or maybe it was a thrift store) and bought it just for the memory.

Every year we children looked forward to the ABI dramas. One class portrayed the story of Saul's downward spiral and death. The scene in which he visited the witch of Endor was so vivid in our minds that Pam and I were deliciously scared of the witch for months afterward and had to bolster our courage to turn out the light at bedtime.

Sis. Norris was my favorite Sunday school teacher. When I was

in the Junior Class, we met in Midway's old balcony. Her story telling was so impacting. She allowed ABI students to assist her. Many of our heroes were those Bible school students. One time, Sis. Norris asked if anyone could remember the Bible verse from the week before and I raised my hand. She called on me and I stood and quoted Romans 12:1-2. I was thrilled when she unexpectedly rewarded me with a box of pencils!

For some time, Sis. Norris also led our Junior Choir which I enjoyed immensely. I still remember Pedro Verdeja singing a solo for "Noah Found Grace in The Eyes Of The Lord." Grace Larson accompanied us on the piano and our march-up theme song was "Boys and Girls for Jesus." After I grew up and became a pastor's wife and Sunday school teacher, I taught my students one of the songs Sis. Norris had taught us: "Christian Cowboy." I still remembered both of the verses.

Another Midway activity that impacted me was Friday night teens with Robert Sabin. Every other Friday we had lessons, one of which I remember was on all the chapters in Acts where people were saved according to the Apostles' doctrine—a lesson that stuck with me. On alternate Friday nights we did fun things, such as skating, hiking—I think it was all the way to Como Park and back, but I could be mistaken—and one time, Bro. Sabin took us to a Friday evening Jewish service at a temple.

I remember Bro. Norris' Tuesday night Bible studies. Pam and I took notes. I especially liked it when Bro. Norris taught from his chart. Unfortunately, it seems that Apostolic people now-a-days don't receive the quality teaching we grew up with.

Thanks for this trip down memory lane. Yes, I am still marginally involved in music. My eyesight has deteriorated to the point that it is difficult for me to read sheet music anymore. I haven't done that since I turned forty. The music director at The Sanctuary asked me to play the organ for Wednesday evening church, so I do but I don't know many of the new praise choruses. I've been too busy doing other things like teaching for twenty years, both at the grade school and college levels, getting a master's degree and breaking into the editing field.

Bro. and Sis. Albert Booker were the great grandparents of James

Booker who pastors the Full Gospel Church in West Bend, Wisconsin. Sis. Albert Booker was a well-known speaker in the Twin Cities and a missionary to China. Albert had also served as assistant to Bro. Frank Small in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Sis. Evelyn Forrey wrote (no date) in a separate document (see her own report of early Midway):

I remember Bro. Booker's 'grandmum'. The Bookers were originally from Canada. I remember his Gram as a most wonderful preacher with a sense of humor in her personality. She evangelized too and people fell in love with her (Christian love.) Bro. Booker and my husband remember her as a little short fat lady and that bugs me because I remember her as a physically beautiful, feminine woman—some lady preachers are masculine acting. I forgot that Bro. Booker's folks were the first pastors in Superior, Wisconsin until I read a history of the Superior church. I didn't know his Dad was still alive. Now I have to know where he lives and if his wife is alive. Seems so long ago since I sang at street meetings in Superior when I was six years old and we lived in Superior. My Dad and others worked in the shipyards because they didn't want to go and kill someone in World War I.

In Frank Small's paper, *Living Waters* 1941—Bro. Small's paper always included some history of Canadian Pentecost—is a report taken from Frank Ewart's *Meat in Due Season*:

We have received word from Bro. Bert Scott that his convention in the Twin Cities has been the best ever held there. Many received the dual baptism and many who had already received the Holy Ghost got light on the word concerning water baptism and went down into the watery grave in the precious name of Jesus.

In another *Living Waters* dated June 1918, Bro. Frank Small wrote:

Evangelist Bert Booker of St. Paul, Minnesota, who is a

young worker with good qualities whom God has so graciously permitted to be with us for the past year, has proven of great help and blessing to us in this ever increasing work.

Dan Bowe (B: 1945) is the son of Rudy and Vivian and lives in Arkansas, the father of Mindy and Laurie. He was so kind as to write the following:

My first memory of Midway Tabernacle is lying on my back looking up and studying the ceiling. I was not at the altar but on one of the pews next to my Mom and sisters. This is where I spent hours as a four- or five-year-old. We never missed a church service; there was Tuesday, then Thursday and Sunday morning and Sunday night.

Every once in a while, I would say to myself why does Bro. Norris have to preach so long? Doesn't he know that this little fellow has to get up and go to school tomorrow? But all those hours did affect me just as it did all those others who attended that wonderful church. In kindergarten my teacher asked all her class what nationality we were. I told her I was half Swede and half Pentecost.

I remember going downstairs during the service—that was where the bathroom was. You could hear the singing and the instruments and the clapping, but what impressed me were the hundreds of people tapping their feet to the music.

I remember visiting my Grandma Lundquist who lived on the second floor in the far southeast apartment at 464. I was impressed enough to still remember the squeaky front stairs—every one of them. You could walk down the dark narrow hallway and hear everything that was being said through the paper-thin walls.

We were all so fortunate to have such a wonderful pastor as Bro. Norris. Looking back, it is amazing how he could preach Tuesday night, Thursday night, Sunday morning, and Sunday night, and then every day at ABI, also taking charge of the district and building Camp Galilee.

One picture that is indelibly pressed on my mind was the night of the church fire. When walking through the auditorium you had to step over the hoses and sense the smell of the fire just put out. Now all this

extra work to renew the building was added to the unfinished addition on the back. Where was Bro. Norris? I remember seeing him as I walked by his office, standing behind his desk dressed in a flannel work shirt talking on the telephone ordering plywood to cover the windows that were broken by the firemen. That was Bro. Norris, always standing firm, challenged by the future.

You can find a picture of the stained glass window in the balcony on Hague Avenue in the World Book Encyclopedia under "Resurrection".

Rudolph Frank (1912-2008) and Vivian Alida Lundquist Bowe (1913-1995). My Uncle Rudy was the son of Ralph and Grace Bowe who in their later years were part of Midway. Rudy was saved under my Grandfather Lundquist's ministry in Spencer, Iowa. He courted their daughter, Vivian, and they were the first couple to be married by Bro. Norris in Midway. They had four children—Charlotte, Roger, Dan and Susan. He worked for the Railroad Retirement Board. Uncle Rudy was such a faithful saint, a real "Steady Eddie." He later became an Elder in Midway and for many years led services, conducted the congregational singing, sometimes preached, and visited the sick. He put on his work clothes and worked hard in any building project. He could always be "counted on" in the most difficult of times. After Aunt Vivian died, he married Marvel Weisbrod.

My Aunt Vivian received her Baptism as a young person in Midway. After her move to St. Paul, she was a Sunday School teacher. She was such a faithful saint and participated in the myriads of activities in Midway. She had a gift for friendship and hospitality—always a ready giggle—a wonderful homemaker and excellent seamstress, baker, and cook.

After all those faithful years in Midway, Uncle Rudy and Aunt Vivian built a church—both the congregation and a beautiful building in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. God blessed them there. When he retired, they came back to St. Paul and

ministered under Bro. Sabin. Aunt Vivian suffered a debilitating stroke and even in her nursing home bed could smile and crack a little joke.

Donald (B: 1926) and Ione (B: 1934) Brigley. Don went through ABI and later felt in love with 19-year-old Ione, a Lutheran, who came from the Browerville area. Don brought her into Midway. She was saved and they were married in 1952. Their three children—Vicki (Wayne Gilliland, ABI), Greg (Heidi) and Dan (Penny) all received the Holy Ghost and love the Lord.

Ione has been faithful to Midway/ABC in teaching, cooking for special church-wide meals, and leading a prayer group. The thing I remember is how she would bake and bring cookies and her delicious home-baked bread to my Aunt Gen Larson when she was elderly and lived alone. Her good deeds are not unnoticed. She wrote:

Don has been in Midway all his life. He was in a terrible automobile accident in 1983 and was in Intensive Care for three months. Six years ago, he went through heart surgery and 5 1/2 years ago had a severe stroke.

Don knows a lot of history, but can't tell me. God means everything to me. I never worry—just trust the Lord. So much has happened where I had to depend on Him completely. He has always given me strength to bear it all. God is faithful.

Louis and Frances Veronica Brigley. Louis is fondly remembered by our church body for his passionate and fiery testimonies in his distinctive Italian accent. He brought many of his Italian friends and fellow workers into Pentecost. Ione writes about her in-laws:

Bro. Brigley was born in Italy and came to America with his father when Louis was a young boy. They settled in St. Paul where Louis attended school. He was led into Pentecost by a friend. At first, he worked as a salesman for a roofing company and later went into that business for

himself. Louis' hobbies were hunting and fishing. Don told that when he was a little boy that while they were resting his father would sing songs to him.

Veronica was from Jordan, Minnesota—Louis and his friend married sisters. They had two children, Viola and eleven years later Don was born. Veronica was a quiet, lovely woman and always dressed beautifully. She was baptized around 1915 to 1920. They were always a close couple. Louis loved to garden and Veronica supervised.

They enjoyed our three children and we spent lots of time together like trips to the farm. They were faithful to ABC until their deaths.

Susan Elaine Bowe Bryson was up brought up in Midway, the daughter of Rudy and Vivian Bowe. After graduation from ABI, Sue moved to Canada to work in the school and church pastored by Char and Barrett Church. Her husband is Tom and Joel, her son, graduated from ABI and has a real passion for the Lord's work.

George K. (B: 1895) and Agnes Bye. Bro. Bye was a beloved elder and saint of Midway. He was born in Oslo, Norway, and immigrated to Minneapolis in 1913. In 1921, he was baptized in Jesus' Name. Bro. Bye was an early student at ABI—the 1937-1938 class. He was ordained, evangelized and for several years traveled for the District in support of the Three-Way Plan (Home Missions, Foreign Missions and Bible School) and worked for many years at 3M. He always had a fiery testimony. Sis. Bye was always available to cook and serve at church functions. The Byes had three daughters: Winifred, Lorraine and June. See their story told by their daughter, Lorraine Churchill.

Edwin H. (B: 1920) and Virginia Mae Goserud Caldie (1913-2008). Virginia and Ed were married for 66 years. Virginia was a very beautiful woman, both physically and on the inside. Theirs was truly a love match. Ed and Virginia had three children: Ed Junior, John, and Mary (Parker) and have four grandchildren and eight

great-grandchildren. The Caldies have been such a blessing in our church using their talents and gifts for God's glory. Virginia played the piano at Midway from 1928 when Bro. Steinberg was pastor. We all appreciate her beautiful musical offerings that touched our hearts as she led us into worship. For years Ed has been known for his designing and interior decorating in the Twin Cities. Ed wrote a paper for his family about his early life called "The Upper Room." The following are some excerpts from his story.

Around 1912, there was a revival in Menominee and Marinette, Wisconsin. A hungry group put up a tent that was set afire several times by hecklers. The little group moved into a home where the Lingensjos' lived on the first floor and services were held on the second floor they called "The Upper Room." The Swedish Lingensjos' were all baptized in Jesus' Name and filled with the Holy Ghost. Mattie Crawford and Aimee Semple McPherson were among the speakers to the group. Other visiting preachers that visited the "Upper Room" were Kirby Tiller and Sadie and Sammy Hart. Many rich sermons and prayers went out from there. In 1934 my sister and I were baptized in the Menominee River. Other families of the Oneness message joined the flock in Menominee.

The group split—the Assembly of God group met in a large home and was known as the Full Gospel Mission. Periodically the A/G people would place a young couple to take over the work. Nothing ever came of it. Many of the original group went to the Baptist church and some apparently backslid.

The Lingensjos had moved a number of times leaving the Jesus Name congregation to fend for themselves, but the faithful continued to have prayer and Bible study. The Lingensjos returned to the small congregation. Their son, Richard, started holding services and also founded a church in Marinette about 1934. They invited the Robert Youngs, a musical family from Chicago, to help minister. These were hard times because of the depression and poor economy. I wanted so badly for a work to start in our town. I did my best by acting as janitor and custodian. I was not to be a preacher.

Then in 1941 I went to ABI and in the spring of 1942 went into the U.S. Army for four years. Sadly, the four families comprising the church purchased a church in Marinette but it did not work out though various ministers tried to continue. The work was dismantled and the proceeds most likely went to Wisconsin Home Missions. Now there is a church in Peshtigo—an outcome of the "Upper Room" of Menominee.

Ethyl Carlson was a single woman when I knew her, a younger sister of Ruth Anderson. A quiet woman who loved the Lord. I remember her mink cape.

David and Anna Carr. Bro. Carr was a widower who worked in one of the big flourmills in Minneapolis. He served on the church board and as an usher/deacon. Later he married one of the young single women at Midway. Anna Carlson. Often the Carrs would pick up the Sabin boys for church; the Sabins lived in Northeast Minneapolis.

Bro. Carr had a son, Wally. Bro. Norris used to tell at one of the tent meetings on University Avenue that some man came into the meeting causing a disruption. Bro. Zachmeister and Wally took the man out and convinced him to leave peacefully.

Charlotte Ruth Bowe Church (1939-1989). Charlotte was born in Baltimore because of her father's career, but Charlotte spent her childhood and teen years at Midway. She was our playmate and we saw her frequently. At ABI, she met and married a Canadian, Barrett Church. After his graduation from ABI and Macalester College, they moved to Canada and established a preschool, the United Pentecostal Church of Oshawa, and operated the Apostolic Missionary Institute of Ontario. The Church children are: Jim, David, twins Shelly and Tammy and Calvin.

Char was indeed a very able woman; a hard worker, organizer, teacher, and musician. My daughter Brenda tells of the time she and her husband, Rande Greene, evangelized there. Early

morning bedlam: the five children taking turns in the bathrooms, noisy chatter at the breakfast table, running about and rapid footsteps up and down the stairs. Then the front door slammed five times and silence descended. The maid dutifully cleaned and straightened the house and then pandemonium again—they all came home after school—sounds of busy and happy children.

When Calvin was so sick with cancer and treatment, my sister Carol and I visited them. Calvin was healed and had a wonderful recovery. Char and Barrett were so tender with him. Very early in the morning on our visit, Carol and I were surprised to hear and see a young man, strange to us, at the piano. He informed us that he lived in the neighborhood and always came early to practice his music lesson on their piano. As we were sitting and visiting with Char late one evening, her sons came in with a young man—an Eskimo from northern Canada. He needed a bed for the night. Char explained that having unexpected overnight guests was a frequent occurrence. She ran a busy and loving home.

Later Char was diagnosed with cancer and suffered much pain. But she was so brave. We don't know why she was taken as she was so important to so many. We all miss her still but we remember with a smile.

Her son, Jimmy, wrote for her funeral:

The foremost thing that comes to mind is Mom's prayer. She taught us to pray at a very young age. As a young mischievous boy, I can remember coming in the house after running around all day doing the things that boys and teenagers do—to rush to the fridge and I would hear a sound that never failed to freeze me in my tracks. I always knew what it was but it never failed to grab a hold of me and stop me instantly and I would listen. My Mom would find a place to pray, somewhere off by herself in a corner. It would not matter where she was in the house, I could always hear her ... it always had a particular sound apart from anything

else ... It was electrifying to me.

Colby and Lorraine Bye Churchill (B: 1921). I like to think of Lorraine as being like the women helpers and friends of Apostle Paul that he wrote about, like Phoebe and Priscilla. Lorraine has been so faithful and a friend to so many over the years. She was married to Colby; they pastored in Connecticut and Wisconsin. Their children are Stuart, David, the twins—Jimmy and Judy. Lorraine wrote the following story:

My folks were just seventeen years of age when they left Norway, but not together. They knew each other though. Papa, George K. Bye, was an adventurer and loved the ocean and sea. So that must tell us why he loved fishing. My mother, Agnes Bye, had an aunt who lived over here, so she sponsored her so she come to America. Mama's father was a warden in a prison so they had a nice home with brothers and one sister. When Mama was about seventeen, her mother died. Her father remarried and the second wife did not want any of the grown children living at home so her sister went to nursing school and stayed in Norway and Mama came to America. I often think of how sad that must have been for her—losing her mother and then having to leave her father and family. On the ship over here, she went through severe storms on the water. So, she never went back to Norway but she kept in contact with her father, brothers and sister. My father was able to go back and see his family a couple of times.

After arriving here, she lived with her Aunt Minnie and Uncle Oscar Bergersen. They had built a home on St. Anthony and Beacon here in St. Paul. At first, she must have stayed with Minnie and helped her with housework and cooking. Minnie went to the large Lutheran church on University and Park Avenue. They had many friends and Aunt Minnie had many dinner parties that my Mother helped her with up until about 1940. I think that is where she learned to cook all those good Norwegian dishes. I don't know if you were ever in that home, but I'm sure your mother was.

My folks were Lutheran and went to the Ebenezer Lutheran Church in Minneapolis. That is where a lot of the folks from Norway went. Papa's father was a Lutheran minister. I think they were married

in 1918. I know Papa did some drinking. My sisters were Winnie (Winifred) and June. On Winnie's last birthday (2006), she was eighty-six. Winnie is widowed and Junie died about seven years ago.

Papa said he first felt the touch of the Lord when someone invited him to a service at the Salvation Army. Then sometime after that he was invited to a Pentecostal Church. In 1921 or 1922, he was baptized in Jesus' Name in the Mississippi River around the Marshall Avenue Bridge. He received the Holy Ghost Easter Sunday in April, 1922. I was six months old. They attended the Apostolic Faith Assembly at Eleventh and Minnesota. John (Artie) Nelson was the pastor and I think they were affiliated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of the World with headquarters in Indianapolis, Indiana. Papa was an elder in the church. Brother Foy who is pastor of Christ Temple on Hamline Avenue in St. Paul is a branch from that church. I think Ed Larson helped build a church on Central and McKubin or thereabouts after the Eleventh and Minnesota church closed. Many main conventions were held at Midway. I can remember Bishop Lawson coming for revival meetings. Bishop Haywood, Bishop Grimes, Bishop Davis and others. In many of our services the power of God came down—people were healed and left their crutches on the altar. Because of trouble in the church, my folks left Midway around 1933. This was during the Depression too.

Bro. Norris came to Midway Tabernacle in 1934. He must have known my folks did not have a church home. Bro. Norris came and invited my Dad to come with the family and become members of Midway Tabernacle and Midway was his home church until he passed away. He was an elder at Midway also. I guess there was only one Bro. Bye. Mama was active in the church too—president of the Helping Hands Group for many years. She was a sweet, sweet mother and how I miss both of them. I miss Colby too. But times go on and on and on.

Stuart Churchill is the eldest of Colby and Lorraine Churchill's children. He pastors the Kenai United Pentecostal Church at Mile 16.5 North Road. North Kenai, Alaska 99635.

I was born in Stanley, Wisconsin, where my Dad, Colby, was pastoring. When I was six months old, Dad resigned the church and we

went to the Twin Cities for a few months and then my Dad took the church in Cochrane, Wisconsin. We lived there until I was eight years old and then moved to Bristol, Connecticut which had been my Dad's home until he went to ABI. So, I spent my formative years in Connecticut, but every summer we would go back to St. Paul on vacation. I remember going to 464 Pierce Street for ABI graduations. The one drama that stands out to me was one on David and Goliath. I must have been six or seven years old at the time. Most of my memories were of Midway Tabernacle at Hague and Victoria. I remember that just about every summer I would be here for Daily Vacation Bible School. Sis. Mary Testa was one of my Sunday school teachers along with Elsie Norris and Bro. and Sis. Roland Grant. I have fond memories of church picnics at which Warren Walker and Jim Norris would wrestle with me. One time, Jim Norris accidentally gave me a black eye.

When I think of Midway Tabernacle, I think of the Newstrands and who could ever forget old Bro. Brigley. He would testify and get so excited! For years when I would run into people around the country who had spent time in St. Paul, I was Bro. Bye's grandson. What an impact G. K. Bye had on hundreds of lives of those who had passed through Midway Tabernacle. Bro. Orville Crabtree visited us here in Alaska before he passed away and he told me how he remembered Bro. Bye singing "'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me."

*I was lost in sin when Jesus found me,
but He rescued me, all glory to His name
And the cords of worldly pleasure bound me,
till He saved me from sin and shame.*

*Chorus: 'Twas a glad day when Jesus found me,
when His strong arms were thrown around me;
When my sins he buried in the deepest sea
and my soul was filled with joy and victory.*

*T'was a glad day, O Hallelujah,
t'was a glad day he claimed His own*

*I will shout a glad Hosanna in glory
when I see Him upon His throne.*

Grandpa said "Yeesus" in his thick Norwegian accent as he worshiped God and inspired others also. One of the last times I was with my Grandpa, he was sitting in the backseat of the car and my Dad and I were in the front seat. My Dad and I were just talking in general when Grandpa leaned over the front seat and said, "Stuart, where could we go and get in a red-hot Pentecostal service tonight?" When I was twelve and thirteen years old I would be kind of ashamed to go anywhere with him because I knew he would find someone to witness to. It did not matter where or who—he was always ready to say something for the Lord.

The night he died, he was in the Emergency Room; my mother was standing beside him holding his hand. The nurse came in and asked my mother to step outside the curtain which she did but it was open enough so she could see in. The nurse took Grandpa's wrist to feel his pulse and she asked him if he was experiencing any pain. Grandpa said he felt heavy pressure on his chest and then looking up into her eyes, he said. "Have you ever experienced Pentecost?" She stammered and stuttered. Her eyes got big and she finally blurted out, "No, I haven't". Grandpa said. "It would be the greatest thing you could ever have!" And then he was gone. What a testimony! What a heritage was handed down to me.

But of course, Midway Tabernacle and ABI to me was all about Bro. S. G. Norris. I don't know how many people, many of them having never been to St. Paul, would say to me that people coming out of ABI knew their Bible and knew "The Mighty God in Christ" doctrine. When it is all said and done, I believe we will look back and say that Bro. S. G. Norris had one of the greatest impacts on the Oneness Apostolic movement of anyone who has stood in a pulpit!

Bro. Norris gave me my first fishing rod and reel. I remember that just before leaving the Midwest to go to the East Coast his taking my Dad and me fishing on the St. Croix River.

My first year at ABI—and by the way, my class of '66—was the last class to graduate from 745 Grand Avenue. Anyway, up until I went to ABI, I had always worn my hair quite short in a "flat top" but I was

letting it grow out and one morning I couldn't get my hair to lie down like I wanted it to, so after my last class I went to the barber and got another "buzz cut." A couple days later in class, I was looking out the window and kind of daydreaming. Bro. Norris had that uncanny art of picking you out when you weren't focused on what was being said. He leaned back in his chair with his hands behind his head when suddenly the chair came down with a bang and he asked me a question, I no more had any idea as to what he said, but I blurted out something. He just gave me the "Bro. Norris look." scratched his head, shook his head and said, "Churchill, you better let your hair grow out. This cold weather is getting to your brain!" But then on the other hand, after correctly answering a question, one time he nodded a yes and then said. "Churchill, it may take a while for you to get it, but once you do. you've got it." One of the last times I was at the Apostolic Bible Church, I had just finished preaching and had knelt down to pray. A few seconds later I felt that "paw" on my shoulder patting it and saying in the raspy voice. "Good job, son. Good job." I will always cherish that as one of the greatest compliments I ever received.

Another great honor I carry is in my being named after Bro. Norris. God bless, Stuart.

Frances Cruipi was a pretty, petite and soft-spoken young Italian woman. She was my Sunday School teacher c. 1941. I remember her flannel graph and in her quiet manner telling us little ones Bible stories. I have the little Christmas Program book that she, Mary Testa, and later my Mother used for her Beginner's Class. How I thank God for such role models that He places in young lives. Her mother was one of the Testa family. When her father, Dominic, was seeking for the Holy Ghost, Bro. Norris overhead him say, "God, why are you so stingy?" in his strong Italian accent, but he came through and was a faithful saint. Eleanor Grant remembers when she went with her father to visit the Italian saints on the East Side that they sometimes stopped off at the Cruipi's small grocery store where Eleanor was always given a treat.

Bro. Louis Brigley witnessed to several men that worked at the railroad shops in St. Paul. They were Frank Testa (Lil Testa Felder's

father) and Pat Marion—whose wives were Antoinette and Jean. My Dad, also worked at the same shop. I think Lil's Dad started going to church then. My Mother, who was Lil's Dad's sister also heard the Good News about 1919. I think that is how it all got started.

My mother took me when I was just a baby—possibly six or eight months old. She would tell me how the women would say, "If you want to go and pray and seek for the Holy Ghost, we will take care of your baby." That was me. Of course, she eventually received the Holy Spirit and in time my sister, brother and I were all baptized. Dad had still not come in. My mother's family all were going to the Catholic Church in the neighborhood. One day the priest asked them why they no longer were coming to church. Then he told them, "You have found a good thing." But if others did the same, he would not have a congregation! We lived in a very Italian neighborhood and of course after our change in religion, we were looked down upon. Thank God for men who are willing to preach the Word without fear or favor. I remember Benjamin Urshan, Bro. Norris, and Robert Sabin. Way back I remember talking about Bro. Ooton.

Some of the Italians—"old timers"—in our church were: Bro. and Sis. Ananias DiBucci who originally heard about something more than the Catholic religion through some services they had attended at the Gospel Mission. Also Bro. and Sis. Anthony Palumbo, Bro. and Sis. Pat Martin, Bro. & Sis. Frank Testa, and Sis. Mary Testa and family. My Dad, Dominic Cruipi, finally came into the church about 1946 and was filled with the Spirit at that time.

I taught Sunday School when Bro. Norris first came to St. Paul and taught until 1970. It was probably about twenty-five years that I had the Six-Year-Old class. Charlotte Bowe was my assistant for quite a few years. I wish I could tell you more but I hope this might help you. I am now eighty-seven years old. God has been good to me and I'm in pretty good health for which I am very thankful. I know it is only the Lord that has kept me! God bless you. Frannie Cruipi, November 2006.

Robert and Barbara Goserud Dainty. Barbara was one of the young women in Midway and both she and Bob attended ABI. (See the 1932 picture of the N.W. Young People's Convention of July 1-4.

1932: she is seated as #5 and Bob is in the wedding picture of Lorraine and Colby Churchill.) Barbara was a very devoted young woman; she wrote her high school junior essay on the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Bob is the son of pastor George Dainty in Spencer, Iowa. They had four sons; Jack, Robert, Richard and Lynn. Barbara suffered with cancer and died in 1981 and Bob now resides in a nursing home at age 89.

Bro. and Sis. Danielson were saints of long ago. On a Sunday morning he got up and testified in church. He always had a good testimony and then he went back and sat down and died.

Dixie Morkin Danielson, her sister Meg and friend, Phyllis Nelson, were part of our later teenage years in Midway. They introduced us to Mexican food they cooked in their apartment at 254 Farrington, Street in St. Paul. Now many beautiful homes in that area have been restored or torn down to make room for St. Paul College on lower Marshall—a technical school. They had an old car, a '39 green Chevrolet for which they paid \$89.00, called "Hackie." Many times, the car was stuck in the snow and ice and the three girls in their dresses and high heels pushed "her" out wherever. They drove "Hackie" until she died. Not only were they a lot of fun but had an inner Spirit-filled richness you could see and feel.

Growing up in Red Wing, Minnesota, our family attended a little storefront church. As a teenager I came to totally hate the cold winters so at age twenty, a friend and I moved to Corpus Christi, Texas, for the weather knowing no one there. I went there to "backslide" though I had never really slid forward very far.

I saw a picture in the local newspaper of some evangelists coming to a certain church. I had met those evangelists that summer in St. Paul and, being a long way from home and a bit lonely, we decided to go. We rode a rattling bus through dark unpaved streets (this was 1950) and the city was still recovering from WW II, the home of the Naval Air Station. (John McCain once crashed his training plane into Corpus Christi Bay according to his book.)

When we got to the church, it was not a service night; Pastor AW. Hicks and the evangelist were outside talking. My friend, Phyllis Nelson, was a Lutheran and had not heard of Pentecost. The evangelist asked her, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" I answered for her — she had never heard of the Holy Ghost. Anyway, we went back, met the young people, made some good friends, so we continued to go although Phyllis said several times she was not going back. We did love the sun, sea and sand. The famous Padre Island was many miles of sand dunes and we went there for church outings, etc. My sister, Meg Morkin Sabin and a friend from our childhood, Jan Sundby Parr, came to Corpus Christi too. We were loved into that church. We were different, full of fun and carefree. Some of us remain friends today as time and distance and advancing age allow.

On May 2, 1951, Phyllis and I met the living God in the power of the Holy Ghost. He changed our lives forever. After three years in Corpus Christi, Phyllis and others from that church went to St. Paul to attend ABI. Eventually I went there too and made many more friends. Midway Tabernacle and our time there remain a good time in my thoughts and memories. I was asked to sing in groups which I totally enjoyed. It was good training for later church work in married life as we all eventually married guys we met there. God impacted every decision of our lives from then on. Phyllis lived many years in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and was church secretary/treasurer for 35 years. She is now rejoicing in Glory having remained faithful to God all her life.

I still say that beyond meeting Jesus and having a hope beyond this life, the greatest blessing of living for God is friendship with God's people. As Lanny Wolfe wrote, I'm so glad I'm a part of the family of God."

David Allen Dehmlow (B: 1985). David, my grandson, is in the Architectural College at the University of Minnesota and for now wants to design private homes. He is part of that faithful and enthusiastic group of young people at ABC.

ABC is a big part of my life. I was seven or eight when I got the Holy Ghost. Bro. Sabin baptized me when I was eight. I don't remember

the old church (Hudson Blvd.) like Debbie does. We have a pretty tight-knit group. Stewart Ward is our leader. He's cool—a little guy from Canada but he loves us. He's a real funny guy—tells a lot of jokes. He's pretty down-to-earth which is nice and he's always willing to like come and talk to us. He's not too "official" about everything. He invites people into his home and likes to know what's actually going on and teaches anyone that comes in and is nice that way.

Some of the old churches are really beautiful and are filled with meaning. The new churches are not so corporate about being a church which is cool. The idea of a storefront church—the building is not important and the money is not important. They just want to reach out to people. But at the same time, it'd be nice if you had something affordable but still beautiful and meaningful so that when you are in church you feel like you're in church.

I like the idea of discipline as much as I like the freedom of our church. Not forgiveness for forgiveness' sake—go and do whatever we want all week and then come back to church and be forgiven again. I don't know if I'm a real big "faith by works" guy. But I think there's a big value to not take Him for granted—trying to live clean and respectful of the Word as you can. I like to read the King James Version and I can understand those who don't because I was raised with it and it's not that hard to read for me. I also like it when you look up the words for their meaning.

David Lynn Dehmow (B: 1950). Dave is married to Patricia and is the father of Debbie Ann and David Allen and works in ABC Sunday School. He is an ABI alumnus.

I grew up in Worthington, Minnesota and came into Pentecost under Bro. Lloyd Shirley. He and my father, Vern, worked together at Armour's. Bro. Shirley helped my Dad and the family in counseling and support during my brother's troubles. In the meantime, my mother, Julene, looked into Pentecost and told my sister, Lois, who was a student at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis about Pentecost. Lois found ABC and was saved and started going there.

I was eleven years old and didn't have a choice. In the Lutheran

Church, you're taught to be very quiet and respectful and the Pentecostals were noisy, clapping their hands, and shouting. I never wanted to go back, but my Mom made us kids go back. At age twelve, I decided they were OK and started to seek God and the Pentecostal experience for myself. I was baptized by Ken Shirley in 1972 and received the Holy Ghost in 1975.

When I was younger, Dave Churchill and I taught the 3- and 4-year-olds in Sunday School. We lost our Sunday School superintendent a couple years ago and the Sunday School was a little bit in chaos—things like how to get equipment or order supplies. And we needed our teachers. I told Bro. Friend I would be a Sunday School advisor—streamline the materials and help train teachers. For a while, I helped teach the 3rd and 4th grades. We also started Sunday Church for the children to be held once a month.

My philosophy is like Grandpa Newstrand said: you do the best you can. That's been the motto in our house. Everybody messes up. Our church has been in constant change for the last twelve years but I believe that God is bigger than the church and God uses the church to reach and help other individuals. I believe you should have a church you belong to and are faithful to it. As long as you're doing the best you can and the people you're involved with are doing the best they can, you live with that and let God deal with it.

Deborah Ann Dehmlow (B: 1983) is my oldest granddaughter who is attends college studying to be a gemologist and designer. Debbie recounted:

I started going to ABC as far back as I can remember—long services and sleeping on my Dad's lap. I remember singing hymns. I did sing in the children's choir with my brother, David. It was good—it was spiritual. Sunday School was a fun time. I loved the Bible stories and my teachers. I remember Sis. VanNess the most. The Bible stories are pretty applicable now even now as an adult. I got the Holy Ghost first. I remember Big Frank (Sanders) praying for me and a lot of saints being around me when it happened. I was six years old. I think Frank baptized me too in his waders at Dieter Street. In school, I was different from other kids because I wore long skirts and had long hair.

As to choir: I want to keep singing. I have a loud voice—soprano. When I first started, I didn't know how to sway. I kind of tipped to the side instead of swaying to the side. I remember feeling awkward and self-conscious, wanting to raise my hands and praise God but I was scared what people might think. Now I can do it all the time.

My romantic situation: His name is Shevek McKee and he's a really good guy. He's a good Christian too.

Patricia Joyce Hicks Dehmlov (B: 1958). Patricia is my daughter and has been an active member of Midway and ABC using her gifts for art and music as well as teaching Sunday School for many years. She is by nature enthusiastic and bubbly.

My first memories of Midway Tabernacle are being very sleepy on the pew late at night. Services were long and I fell asleep on Grandpa's lap. Mom was playing the organ; I have sweet memories of 860 Hague Avenue—walking on the cement/brick walls that fronted the church, going up the big front steps of the brown brick building. There was lots of love and the feeling of belonging. It was a sweet place to be. Camp Galilee was the thrill of white sugar at the concession stand, late nights, mosquitoes, lots of shouting and austere male figures with lots of rules. Nancy and I were baptized by Uncle Rudy at ABC after camp on a Sunday morning. I received the Holy Ghost at age ten.

When I was a Junior in Park Senior High School, we had a revival. There were many people from high school that came to the Lord and our church. We had so many wonderful kids. And I had a revival in my own life and committed myself. I had always loved the Lord but not so much in my daily life—there was a strong desire to evangelize and witness in school. It kind of clicked with me along with the input of Bro. Sabin and my Mom that part of my Christian walk was to be responsible for any gifts that I might have. I didn't feel that before. Something happened in that revival and I felt that responsibility. I started applying myself and kind of shocked myself. After testing in school, they put me in the Alpha-Omega Program and after an I.Q. test they pulled me out of some stuff and I got to do pretty much what I wanted like drawing, painting, sculpting plus my regular work. Dave Norris was our Youth Pastor—a dear, dear man. He

used to come way out to Cottage Grove and pick us kids up for youth service. And Lucille Erickson who lived on Gray Cloud Island used to pick us up too. Sis. Sabin was my Sunday School teacher in my high school years. She was very down-to-earth with the girls—very practical things like manners, dating, conduct in church. and family. Personal questions could be asked (only girls in class) and we were comfortable with that. Sis. Sabin was very involved and supportive of all of us—always ready with a cup of coffee and a kind word.

We had parties and picnics at Battle Creek Park. And we went to the pizza parlor after church, usually Angie's Pizza in Woodbury and Chuckle's Pizza down by Tanner's lake. We had a teen choir led by Pat Norris and traveled by bus to sing at different churches.

After high school I wanted to continue to study art. God led me to Bethel Baptist College where I could still be in a Christian atmosphere. Later Bro. Sabin encouraged me to go to ABI. I sang in the ABI choir and played in the drama. "None Other Name", written by Bro. Sabin and performed here in St Paul and Salt Lake City. It was the story of the Oneness message and G.T. Haywood. I painted the props, sang Booth-Clibborn's beautiful "Down From His Glory," and had the role of a woman evangelist.

I remember the vote for Bro. Sabin as pastor of ABC on a Sunday morning. It was an exciting time for me. I thought my Pastor Sabin was very dynamic. He committed his gifts to the Lord and used his intellect as a sacrifice and discipline. Bro. Sabin's son, Nate, was like a brother to me—took up guitar and his talent blossomed—God anointed him. I started teaching Sunday school in ABC at first with Louise Sabin right out of high school—the Junior High Girls. Then I went with Sis. Norris who taught the Junior Class for about five years. I took a break for marriage and having my two babies and then taught the Junior High girls and later the Senior High girls and later still the Primary Class, ages nine and ten—both boys and girls.

We wanted our children to respect and love the Lord—not to be afraid of Him. So, I tried to make our family devotion in the mornings very sweet and welcoming and intimate. That stuck with my kids. We did art projects and made up songs; "Be Kind to One Another" was one of them.

When the children had fights, we sang that song about forgiveness.

Alan Demos (B: 1947) married Valerie Thieme, an ABI student from Marshfield, Wisconsin. Their three children are Laura, Joe, and Philip and they have five grandchildren. The Demos's were pioneer missionaries to Athens, Greece from 1974 to 1989. They were approved for Germany in 1989 and began there in 1991. Alan is missionary, pastor and superintendent of UPCI of Germany and Austria. Along with those positions, he is German Language Literature Coordinator and heads the Regional Literature Commission of Europe and the Middle East Region for UPCI.

"Midway" was more than a "Tabernacle." It was an experience. It was an experience with truth, with teaching and an experience with God. Few churches today, and I have been in many, have the deep quiet times that we experienced many times at 11 :00 P. M. on Sunday nights as we lingered in the presence of God's Spirit with the organ softly playing, often a single voice leading in song.

Midway was an experience with the mission—not missions either home or foreign particularly—but the Mission. The mission was to prepare people for salvation, for service and for God's calling in whichever capacity God would take the individual. One year on deputation my wife, Valerie, and I were with Barrett and Charlotte Church and their congregation in Oshawa, Ontario. Charlotte, a native of Midway from the Bowe-Lundquist clan, observed that our pastor in our formative years, S.G. Norris, never called us to preach. He never called an individual to a specific ministry but the accumulative effect of example, leadership and ministry brought a desire within not only Bible school students, but also among young people from the church, growing up in the church and surrounded by a Bible school teaching ministry—a desire to work for God. The result is dozens of former saints of Midway Tabernacle and later the Apostolic Bible Church, are active in the ministry today in one capacity or another.

Part of that accumulative effect came from the impact of visiting ministers: the Kinzies, the Paslays, Sis. Willie Johnson, Mark Hanby, Gerald Mangun, Winfred Black. Marvin Hicks, George Chambers, Bill

Carouthers, A.D. Urshan and many more. Another group of individuals and families left their mark, quietly but indelibly: the missionaries. There were home missionaries like S.R. Hanby, L.R. Mitchell, Jim Yohe, T.J. Miller and H.M. Howe. Then there were those who came representing a foreign field and a foreign call like the Pardues, Ellis Scism, Harry Scism, Robert Norris, Sam Latta and many more. Former students of ABI returned to visit and they too left their mark and the burden of their mission: Elsa Lund, Bennie and Theresa DeMerchant, Roy Well, John Paul Hughes, Lloyd and Nancy Shirley, Mack Carpenter, James Burton and others. These servants of the King left their mark as they shared their mission of proclaiming His Gospel, whether at home or abroad.

Midway Tabernacle was on the vanguard of multicultural ministry before we discovered what that was. We had people of Italian background like Mary Testa, Frannie Crupi (one of my Sunday School teachers) and Bro. Brigley. I hope he testifies in heaven with an Italian accent like he did when he got anointed at old Midway! Elder George Bye represented the Norwegians as he spoke or led the singing, asking us to sing number "Tirty-tree." The Larsons were led by their Swedish grandparents who spoke, quietly of course—they were Swedes-English with an old world accent. (When the young men of Midway played ice hockey together, I often had to play with the Johnsons because there were more Larsons than Johnsons! As Jim Larson later told the Wisconsin camp. "Alan Demos and I walked on water together." Frozen water, on ice, in ice skates!

I later realized that the Koehlers had to be of German background. Mike Wasco, of strong Polish background, was a neighboring pastor in River Falls, Wisconsin, had baptized me at the age of twelve in Lake Galilee. Even ABI was represented by the world among its students like Boshra Sedra and Wilmar Loeffelhardt. My mother made sauerbraten for Wilmar and his German friend who came to ABI at the behest of Pastor Harry Branding, also of German background. in St. Louis, Missouri.

As a young person in the church, I wanted to do something for God. I remember going to personal evangelism classes in old Midway and then going out on Saturday to knock on doors, hoping that no one would answer the door. In the fall of 1963 or 1964, the church sponsored a

missions/personal evangelism conference. One of the main speakers was Vesta Mangun. I knew that I could never become a Vesta Mangun—you can't be someone else—or have the unique ministry which comes from a unique personality in a unique situation, but I could do something for God! It was this same conference in old Midway where the anointed speaking of Vesta Mangun left an indelible mark on Lee Stoneking, a young Bible student from Des Moines, Iowa.

What I did not know, however, was that as a baby attending Midway Tabernacle in approximately 1948, my maternal grandmother, Gertrude E. Dunn, the mother of Jessie Norris and my mother, June Ellen Demos, had prayed for me. I was born in Midway Hospital across from old 464. As Grandma Dunn was dying, she prayed over my baby bed praying that "God would give him a special calling." Grandma Dunn had sent checks to the missionaries years before for the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ under the leadership of her pastor in Columbus, Ohio, Rev. W.T. Witherspoon. She wrote letters to the missionaries. No doubt she prayed much for missions and missionaries. Was this what she had in mind for me? I did not know of this prayer, however, until after I had received my own call to missions—until after I was married to Valerie and not until we were expecting our own firstborn. It was Gen Larson who at my wife's baby shower told Valerie of Grandma Dunn's prayer. Grandmothers, keep praying!

It was approximately twenty-eight years later after her prayer that God gave the answer. Between college years at Sutler University in Indianapolis, Indiana, I was home for a summer job. Eleanor Grant from ABI had given me the name of Galen Merrill who had a maintenance business in St. Paul. He had employed other students, and needed summer staff. I was not too proud to be a janitor—it was a step up from McDonald's! I later amplified the Bible to include the verse, Demos 6: 11, "If you can't be a good janitor, you can't be a good preacher!" Service precedes leadership. Work precedes ministry.

I had received the Holy Ghost the year before at Camp Galilee under the faith preaching of Winfred Black. That night, while speaking in tongues under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost for forty-five minutes, I had a vision. It was only years later that I realized that it had been a

vision. With my eyes closed while speaking fluently in a heavenly language, I saw people: people, people, people. As far as I could see, from right to left, from left to right, I saw people. I didn't think then about being a missionary. I just related it to the promise of the Spirit in Acts 1:8: "But you shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be My witnesses ... even to the remotest part of the earth." (NASV) As Sis. C.E. Lundquist always told her Bible school students, "YOU are a missionary."

In that summer of 1966, I was singing, praying and worshiping God while cleaning the offices of the Griggs-Cooper building on University Avenues not far from old 464. There is no sense doing only doing one thing at a time. Multi-task. If you can "whistle while you work" you can pray or sing while you work or while you drive or while you wash the dishes! At eleven P.M. one night, the Spirit of God descended upon me in a dentist's office while I was working on the floors and specifically called me to become a missionary to Greece. I knew what I felt. I knew what I knew—what God was speaking to me for the next two hours. I also knew, however, that the Word of God will always confirm the Spirit of God. So when I left work at 1 AM, I asked God for a confirmation. (If you cannot confirm the will of God, it may not be the will of God! If you cannot confirm the Word, the Rhema of God, it may not be the Word, the Logos, of God.)

As I drove home, I realized that the Book of Acts is full of references to Greece—Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, Athens, Corinth. I decided then to exclude the Book of Acts from my consideration. Nothing is too difficult for God, however. As I arrived home I opened the Bible that the Norrises had given me for high school graduation the year before, looked down and immediately saw the verse: "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise ... the gospel of Christ ... is the power of God unto salvation ... to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." Romans 1:14, 16.

It was settled. My life's course was changed and settled. I made plans then to finish college, attend Bible college, get some experience and go to Greece as a missionary with the United Pentecostal Church International. With my own preparation, the training of others and the

grace of God, Valerie and I arrived in Athens, Greece on September 7, 1975. Since our appointment in 1974 we have served thirty-five years as full-time missionaries; first to Greece and now in Germany. Thank you, Midway Tabernacle, for a foundation for living, for service and for your missions ministry.

Milton (B: 1923) and June Ellen Dunn Demos (1924-2006) settled in St Paul after his time in the U. S. Navy. Their children are Alan, Eleanor, Ellen, and Carolyn and later were blessed with three grandchildren and now great grandchildren. They were an important part of Midway. June became mayor of Roseville, a northern suburb of St. Paul. They retired to Sarasota, Florida. Milton now attends the church pastored by Andrew Urshan in North Port, Florida.

Bob Dorn came into Midway at 860 Hague Avenue, a pleasant and quiet man who proved to be so faithful. No one ever knew the extent of child abuse he suffered until his younger brother spoke at his funeral at ABC. Despite the history, he was a kind and loving father to his own two children, LuAnn and Scott. He performed his job well at ABC as Sunday school hall monitor. He certainly won the love and respect of the saints.

Ellen Gertrude Doolen Dunn (1882-1948) Sis. Dunn was the mother of five children including Jessie Norris and June Ellen Demos. While in Columbus, Ohio, she was a faithful member of the Apostolic Gospel Church pastored by W.T. Witherspoon and also served as church treasurer and Foreign Missionary Secretary for the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ. She moved to St. Paul in 1943 with her daughter, June Ellen.

Here in Midway, she was known for her devotion to the Lord and Midway Tabernacle. She also worked in the ABI office and was much loved by the ABI students. One of the women's ABI dormitories is named for her.

Bonne Burnham Ebel started going to ABC in October 1966. Whenever I visit ABC, I can see the love of God in Bonne's face and in her worship.

I was raised in the Evangelical United Brethren Church. Since then they have joined with the Methodists and become the United Methodist Church. During my high school years, I felt like something was missing. There surely must be something more. I determined that when I graduated from high school in the spring of 1961 that I would start my search for whatever it was that was missing. So, it was that I started visiting different churches: Lutheran, Baptist, Catholic, Episcopal, Latter Day Saints, Assemblies of God and so on. I would also fast and pray and study different books about various religions.

Meanwhile I had gotten married and had three children. My husband was in the Navy. Our first child was born in Rota, Spain and our next two were born in Bethesda, Maryland. My son, Paul, was born about six years later in 1972. My husband's time in the Navy was up in September 1966, so we moved back to Minnesota.

My husband was not a church-going man. I decided to go back to the Evangelical United Brethren Church to get the children and I established in a church while I waited for God to show me "the" church He wanted me to go to. At that church we were studying the Book of Acts. I became curious and desirous for the Pentecostal experience. I don't think that church believed that this experience was for this day and age but I did.

And so it was that an ABI student came to my door where I lived in Landfall Village inviting me to visit ABC. During my first visit a bell rang in my heart and I knew immediately that this was "the" church I was looking for. This was October 1966.

The Lord spoke to my heart to be baptized in Jesus' Name which I did in November. Bro. Rudy Bowe baptized me. On New Year's Eve of 1967, I determined that I would receive the Pentecostal experience before the end of the year and I did on January 8, 1967. It was some time during this period of time that God revealed His Oneness to me. After all those years of searching. I finally found what was missing in my life.

ABC has gone through many growing pains since then and so

have I, but God is true and faithful. Praise the Lord! May God bless you richly as you put together "this record of praise."

Bonnie and Ronald Erickson were faithful workers, especially with children in the Sunday School and Hobby Club. Bonnie writes:

When I first came to ABI in 1973 and after a Thursday evening service, I turned around and shook hands with this sweet older lady (Fern Newstrand). She asked me how I was doing (she didn't know me) and I said, "I'm fine. I guess I'm hungry right now." It was Fast Day at ABI. She said, stay right here. I have a loaf of bread in the car and I'm going to get it for you! I said, "Oh no, you don't have to do that." She said, "No, I insist." So what could I do? She brought me that loaf of bread and my roommates and I made sandwiches later that night in the dorm. Another great memory that showed her love and care was when I observed her slipping money to Eileen Lundquist on occasion. Your mother was a very precious woman.

LeeRoy and Lucille Erickson were married in California in 1942. They came to St. Paul with their two children, Cheryl and Bob, in 1953 to attend ABI, LeeRoy's second year. He was originally from Louisiana and attended ABI sometime after 1937. After ABI, they returned to California. Then in 1964, they returned with their all four children, including Ron and Diana, to St. Paul for LeeRoy's third year. LeeRoy taught the senior high boys Sunday school class. They became ABI dorm supervisors and later the caretakers at Camp Galilee for fourteen years. In 1981, they moved to Oakdale, near ABC. They had seven grandchildren and now great-grandchildren. Daughter-in-law Bonnie who is married to Ron wrote:

Ron said that at age twelve on trips to the basement bathroom, he remembers the sound of feet tapping on the floor in time with the music at Hague and Victoria.

Lucille and LeeRoy were wonderful in-laws to me. They were also wonderful godly grandparents. LeeRoy lived to see and hold most of his

great-grandchildren. LeeRoy loved the Oneness message and urged Bro. Sabin many times to dig deeper into Scripture to find hidden truths about the Oneness of God. Lucille loved to "put on" Hawaiian luaus. She suffered a stroke when she returned from Dover, Delaware where she "put on" a luau for the Bible school there. Lucille and LeeRoy were cheerful givers and gave in many, many offerings to support the church and ministry. Lucille and Lorraine Churchill were close friends—born one day apart in the same year. Lucille also loved Fern Newstrand, Ione Brigley, Betty Roos, Gen Larson and Marvel Weisbrod. Lucille took Marvel to Hawaii after Marvel's son, Dan, passed away—thought it might help lift her spirits. She and Betty (Maxe) Larson had children around the same time and enjoyed working on food projects together.

Earl and Phyllis Weisbrod Evans were from the Spencer, Iowa church—part of a migration from there to St. Paul. Larry, their son, is an ABI graduate and married Naida Dixon from Canada. Naida was a close friend of Mary Caldie who went to be with Naida when she was dying with cancer in Texas.

Lillian Testa Feldick was part of the "Italian Band" as Mary Testa used to call it—our saints of Italian descent—a reference to the story about Cornelius in the *Book of Acts*. She was active as a Sunday school teacher and administrator. Sadly, Lil passed away in August 2009.

Arlene Flater was a single young woman when she came to Midway and is remembered for her sweetness and infectious laugh. Never a complaint, always positive things to say. She worked as a *domestique* for St. Paul's upper crust society. Sometimes she hosted our Girl's Group in the Weyerhauser (lumber baron) home. She was a very special person.

Lloyd E. (1910-1994) and Evelyn Bernice Olson Forry (1912-2007). The following excerpts are from a paper Sis. Forry wrote in October 1985 to her children about early days at Midway. They were in "Gospel work" most of their lives in Superior and Rice Lake,

Wisconsin. I give special thanks to her daughter-in-law, Barbara Mrenca Forry, for her sharing these wonderful memories. Barbara died at age 65 of ALS or Lou Gehrig's disease in June, 2009. She was such a beautiful woman.

I remember Midway Tab being built. Everyone was happy and excited about this lighthouse being built to spread the message of Jesus' Name (God in Christ) message of the Pentecostals. I was living in Rice Lake, Wisconsin, and some folks there sent money to start this project. One lady's husband would not let her send money that she got from him so she saved eggs until she got a crate-full and when she sold the eggs, the money went to help build Midway. All the preachers from here and visiting preachers would visit our little Oneness church way out on the Norwegian Road there where God's blessings flowed.

I remember visiting the church here as a child. There was a wonderfully alive spirit and joy unspeakable and the power flowed and hovered over each of us. It was a happy time. Many visiting ministers came to make the meetings alive with God's Spirit and there thrived love, joy and peace.

I remember some ministers only faintly because I was only a little child but a child can feel the blessing and goodness of God. The Lord did say to this effect, "Allow the children to come unto me." Thank God for ministers who were examples to us and showed us the love of God and told us how to live for him and be saved forevermore.

I remember explicitly Bro. William Booth-Clibborn whose grandfather started the Salvation Army which reached out to every class of people. He was a very good man and a good friend to know. The church was blessed by his presence and his care of the church. His mother was General Booth's daughter and his brother Herbert was an evangelist in Pentecost. His brother Eric was a missionary to South America. But Eric died young. We do not know why a good man's work is cut down like that before he accomplishes all that he sets out to do but thanks to God, someone can carry on if they will listen to the voice of God within them. Bro. Booth-Clibborn was also an evangelist and composer. He wrote the song, "Down From His Glory" which is a superb, beautiful creation.

There seemed to be more hope for a bright future in those days and the air was aflame with enthusiasm and joy. The Bible states we are to be baptized "with the Holy Ghost and fire." We have the power within us to do great things for God. We are the vessels through which He speaks and works if we yield ourselves to Him. We are the only Bible some people read and we are God's ambassadors.

I do not remember the pastors in sequence as I was only three years old seventy years ago but I count it a privilege to have been a part of this great Oneness Pentecostal movement. Bro. Andrew Urshan was a dynamic pastor here. He prayed two hours a day undisturbed in his office. The power fell in the services but he watched out for wild fire. Meetings were exuberant and lively and neighbors and hospital staff complained. There were no air conditioners in those days so the funeral home gave us little fans to cool us off when it was hot weather. I was a frequent visitor to Midway Tab as we called it. It was a lighthouse for souls in trouble with sin.

I remember Bro. McAlister as a fine stately man. Those days before many families had cars, we would hop aboard a streetcar on Payne Avenue on St. Paul's East Side where several of our Pentecostal brothers and sisters lived and did the same. In winter the streets were not as open as they are now and many people put their cars up on blocks and took the streetcars which ran on electricity and followed trolley lines. You had to run into the middle of the street to catch one. They ran on rails. When it stormed, the lightening flashed above us as it hit the wires. The drivers knew us all and said, "Going to church again?" At the glorious evening services, the saints had to keep track of time if they rode the streetcar. If they missed the last one, they were in dire trouble. They did not have money to take a cab for the many, many miles home. But we made every service so as not to miss any of the blessings of God that poured down upon us all.

We had afternoon services on Sunday and took a bag lunch along. I stayed at my great aunt and uncle's home when I visited St. Paul. Bro. Albert Newstrand lived with his widowed father three blocks away. The DeBucci, Palumbo, Cruipi and Testa families all lived nearby and were firebrands for God and some of the first members of Midway. There are too

many wonderful saints to mention here that belonged to Midway, God's lighthouse at that time. The Swedes had bag lunches at church and cooked coffee on an old wood stove. The Italians wanted a real meal between services so they used the big commercial stove for their meals. We young people would top our meal off by going to a nearby ice cream store for a cone. (We should have bitter and sweet at each meal because life is both bitter and sweet.) Many families lived on the East Side, and all over the city and in Minneapolis. The meetings lasted into the wee hours of the morning as we had "tarrying" meetings and a grand and happy time in God. Love flowed from one saint to another with the genuine love of God. These sweet spirits permeated the building. Even today I heard someone say, "Truly this was holy ground." There are too many wonderful saints to mention here that belonged to Midway Tabernacle at one time.

When people did come to church in winter by car, there was no antifreeze those days. There may have been two cook stoves in the basement at one time and the place was steaming with hot water with which the men had to refill their radiators before they could go home. There were great sacrifices in those days. Like Bro. S. G. Norris said, "Today you are handed this church home on a silver platter—yet blood, sweat and tears went into the foundation of our church as it stands today." I remember Bro. Ooton and his love for music. He also composed songs. I do not have space to compliment all the fine wives who backed these ministers.

Later when Bro. Steinberg was here, I was grown up. Bro. and Sis. C.E. Lundquist were my pastors in Rice Lake, Wisconsin. Bro. Steinberg used to come to help us in Rice Lake and Cumberland, Wisconsin in our services and street meetings. When Bro. Dyson was in Milwaukee one time, he was called to come and pray for a dying boy. The preachers in those days were usually poor so the doctor in his fine car beat the preacher to the home. When the doctor came out of the house, he told Bro. Dyson that the boy was dead. But Bro. Dyson went in and prayed and the boy came back to life. God promised that He would confirm his Word with "signs and wonders." Bro. Marsh came down from Canada to be a pastor. His wife also was anointed to preach and also was a blessed leader. So, they were a team who worked together.

Bro. and Sis. Benjamin Urshan were also pastor and wife here but by then I was busy helping with God's work at the head of the lakes in Superior, Wisconsin where Bro. David Johnson was pastor. He was also baptized in St. Paul by Bro. G.T. Haywood, one of our great leaders who burned the candle on both ends for God.

There were great sacrifices made in those days which are realized today. I remember Bro. McClain—a fine man. Bro. Moffat buffeted the preachers by his pioneering spirit of a need for a Bible school. He felt that the preachers ought to use better English and know the Word of God better. The preachers felt that all they needed was God's anointing and it seemed that the more they were enthused the better English they used. They believed that if they opened their mouth, the Lord would fill it, but Bro. Moffat said that without the anointing it might be filled with hot air. So, Bro. Moffat must have been inspired by God to pave the way for a Bible School. Many preachers were endowed by a gift of oratory to sway people and some were educated and some spent hours on their knees or meditating on the Word of God and God blessed without schools with signs following.

There were many healings in those days and restored lives—too many positives to note here, but isn't God wonderful? I rejoice to know that He loves and cares for us all.

In the old days on the East Side, the people of Midway were great witnesses to their neighbors. The milkman who went with a cart and horse belonged to our church. It was a joy to see him walking down the street reading the Bible. The horse pulled the wagon and knew just where to stop at each house. I believe even animals are blessed if we live by the Scriptures. The popcorn man downtown belonged to our church as well as the iceman. I would go out from my aunt's house to meet him and he would chop off a small piece of ice for me. Two sisters whose folks owned a mansion on Summit Avenue belonged to our church and several other wonderful people also attended. Most of them have gone to their reward—those who saw to it that our church was paid for. As the Depression came, every one of us suffered in some way but God's work went ahead.

When Bro. Norris and his family came, I was busy helping the Oneness work in Northern Wisconsin. My aunt was dead by then and I

did not get down this way as before, but I wish I had gone to Bible School. It would have given me a better platform from which to expand in the work of God. Thank God for everyone who has helped me on my way. It takes the love of God, compassion and commitment to go forward in God's ways which really are "past finding out."

Herschel and Ruth Norris Foster. Hersch was from Texas and came to St. Paul to attend ABI. Ruth is the youngest of the Norris children. Their children are Beth, Heather and Herschel Jr. ("Skip"). Sadly, Hersch passed away, but Ruth is still active in ABI and First Church.

Mike and Joy Hodges Gilliam left St. Paul with some of the Hodges family to work in the Spencer, Iowa church where Mike started their bus ministry. After about seven years they moved to Monroe, Wisconsin and started a home missions church which is still going great today. Now they live in St. Paul. Joy is a nurse and still maintains a strong faith.

Gary Gleason (B: 1947) is the oldest child of Wendell and Rea Gleason and grew up in Midway. He graduated from ABI, is married to Linda and has four children—Donna, Stan, Andrew and Anthony. He is pastor in Oregon City and the Superintendent of the UPCI Oregon District. He wrote:

Some of memories are being baptized at the old Midway Tabernacle by my father.

Receiving the Holy Ghost at age 15 at Camp Galilee.

The fire at Midway on Hague Avenue.

Bro. Bye leading song service. He would stop after the second verse and preach a little and then say, "Let's sing the "tird" verse.

Helping Bro. Grant build at the camp ground.

When someone came in and stole coats from Midway during service.

Christmas cantatas.

ABI graduations including the dramas.

The Gleason family singing.

Sis. Norris teaching me in the Junior Class about the journey of Abraham from Ur to the Promised land. We acted it out and I still remember that class.

Quoting the books of the Bible in Children's Church. I can still quote them easily.

Bro. Norris teaching with a black-board.

Mark Hanby coming for a revival and singing "Prayer Is the Key to Heaven."

Stanley Gleason (B: 1957) is married to Marlene Dyson and has four children—Justin, Marissa, Micaela and Caleb. He was nurtured by Midway/ABC and graduated from ABI. For years, like most young couples aspiring to work in the ministry, they spent time evangelizing. Now he is the senior pastor of the Life Church in Lee's Summit, Missouri and the UPCI Missouri District Superintendent. Gary and Stanley are the only two brothers in the UPCI to be district superintendents at the same time.

One Sunday night at Hague and Victoria (Midway Tabernacle) Bro. Norris had just read his text and was preparing to make his opening remarks for his message. Suddenly, a bat got loose from the belfry and began to "terrorize" the congregation as it flew around the sanctuary. I can still see Elroy Wunderlick leaning out over the baptistery with a broom trying to swat it as it flew by. Women were very concerned and there was a collective moan going up from the saints and ABI students. Bro. Norris bowed his head and prayed silently. My father was on the platform standing near his sousaphone. Without warning, the bat started to make a dive straight for Dad. He stuck his hand up in the air; the bat flew right into his hand and fell dead on the carpet. He picked it up by a wing and hauled it off the platform. You might say Dad "batted" 1000 that night.

Many aspects of the Hague and Victoria property yet stand out in my memory. There were milky-white chandeliers in the vestibule (they are still there). Staircases on either side led down into the basement. The

balcony had two rows open into the sanctuary and then a glass wall that allowed for a Sunday School class, but could also open up into the sanctuary.

While Dad and Mom and the other adults were in the prayer room before Thursday night service, my friends and I occupied ourselves by playing hide-and-seek in the basement. There were nooks and crannies galore. An ABI student named Dennis Witkus started gathering up us 10-year-old hide-and-seekers and perfected his fabulous story-telling techniques on us, much to our delight.

ABI graduations were always bittersweet for me. All year long I looked forward to the weekend dramas presented by each class. We would arrive early to get a front row seat. They brought a banister down from the platform that was usually right behind the preacher's chairs and set it in front of the front row. It made a nice seat for us kids. It seemed like an eternity until the drama curtain opened and then we would laugh with glee and scream in sheer terror, much to our overall delight. That was the sweet of it. The bitter was to say good-bye to the graduating seniors who all were the heroes of my childhood.

One of the highlights for me as a child was the music at our church. We were blessed with a nearly full orchestra most every service, two adult choirs — Sunday morning and evening and a youth choir on Sunday night as well. There was also a plethora of local church talent that sang specials on Sunday night and Thursday night services. One special treat for me was the playing and singing of Beverly Hicks. Bro. Norris would invariably ask her to play the organ (Hammond B3, of course) and sing for the offering on Sunday morning. Her trained voice, accomplished playing and choice of sacred music was such a touch of class and beauty in the worship service.

Bernice Chapman directed the children's Christmas Cantata for several years. The most popular children's cantata I remember was "The Night the Angels Sang." The children of all ages wore white over-sized tops with large red ribbons around the neck. During one particular performance, it seemed to become quite warm in the church. To the shock and amazement of us all, Doreen Maki, who was standing on the front row fell straight forward in a faint. Indeed, it was traumatic for us younger

ones. She was carried to the front row and eventually regained consciousness. And yes, the show did go on.

When I was about five years old, I was asked on the spur of the moment by Jim Norris to sing a song during Children's Church. Well of course, being a very spiritually inclined person I broke out in an unashamed full voice with "Davey Crocket, King of the Wild Frontier." I don't think anyone was blessed, but several who were there must have enjoyed it because they still bring it up on occasion.

My most precious memory of Hague and Victoria was the Sunday night I prayed for the first time. I don't remember what Bro. Norris preached that night, but I distinctly remember him closing his Bible (how I longed for that moment as a child.) When he did that, suddenly something gripped my heart and I realized my sinfulness as an eight-year-old. I found my way out of the pew where I was sitting by my mother, made my way down the left outside aisle and knelt at the altar on the side. I still remember feeling the Spirit of God flood my soul for the first time in my life and tears pouring down my cheeks. I can still hear my Dad's voice praying over me and feel his big strong hand on my head.

I remember the secure feeling I had as a young child and young man when my pastor took the pulpit. Bro. Norris was like the Rock of Gibraltar to me. No matter what was going on in the world (JFK assassination, oil crisis, Nixon resignation, etc.), I had a sense that if he would just preach the Word everything would be all right.

One night when prayer was being made for the sick, I bolted away from my mother and made my way forward for prayer. When I returned, my mother asked me, "Stan, are you sick?" I said, "No, I just wanted to feel the hand of my pastor on my head."

Chester & Edna Goserud were of Norwegian ancestry. Their seven children were Willeane (Oliver), Dean, Dorothy (Olson), Virginia (Caldie), Margaret (Swanson, Wynn), Kenneth, Barbara (Dainty) and Howard.

Bro. Goserud was an inventor and a successful businessman. The family belonged to the First Christian Church. Willeane's boyfriend from Seattle, Emery Oliver, was given a tract

by a Pentecostal woman who lived on Roy or Shields Street. He worked for Chester Goserud and witnessed to him. For a while, they attended Luke Rader's Tabernacle on Lake Street in Minneapolis. They met a woman preacher, Mrs. Engstrom. The family came to Midway in 1927 or 1928 under Pastor Steinberg. The story is that when their daughter Margaret first came to Midway, she danced and spoke in tongues—they had never been in a church like that—that attested to the moving of the Holy Ghost in the meetings at Midway.

Gerald and Eleanor Ann Norris Grant. Bro. Gerald Grant is the President of the Apostolic Bible Institute and pastor of First Pentecostal Church of St. Paul. He came from Canada to attend ABI. He took on the mantle of Bro. Norris and has faithfully served. Eleanor, despite illness, has been right at his side administrating and teaching. Their daughter, Ann, tragically died of cancer leaving her husband, Scott Hackler, and two small sons. Eleanor writes her memories as follows:

What an exciting life! Midway Tabernacle was our home. The small rooms upstairs from the church housed Mother, Dad, the five Norris children and Grandmother Norris. We were surrounded by interesting people. Often, just at dinnertime, there was a knock at the door. "We stopped by for a word of prayer." To stretch the sparse food, we developed a code: FHB: Family hold back, for example on meat; MIK: more in kitchen.

Dad started the Apostolic Bible Institute in 1937, located in Midway Tabernacle. Loyal saint Bro. Newstrand caught and encouraged his vision. Elmer Ball arrived on a motorcycle from West Virginia and became the first ABI missionary. Big, tall Eldridge Lewis came from Texas. His meticulous notes are cherished by his daughter, Mrs. Ron Guidroz. The men lived downstairs and the ladies lived upstairs. "Never the twain should meet," we joked. The sanctuary was in the middle. Music, Bible teaching, prayer, and laughter permeated the building. Charts were stretched across the platform as Dad taught the saints and students. I'd try to mimic the eloquent prayers I heard. In a simple child's language, at age nine, the Lord filled me with the Holy Ghost by one of the

pillars in the church. A lifetime of faith was built when I saw students like Gerald Mangun fast until Dad made him eat. The result: Faith Urshan was healed of tuberculosis. Dad played the saxophone and xylophone and encouraged the saints and students to participate in the orchestra or choir. Later Bro. Gleason joined the staff and directed music that resounds world-wide. Teacher Bro. Hodge stood in the back of the church as the students preached. He counted every English error and dropped participles and also admonished them, "How can you say you'll go to heaven when you don't have your homework?"

The platform was HOLY. Dad roped it off. It was kept for the ministry. "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism" was inscrolled around the baptistery. The Norris kids got into the baptistery and immersed Katrina, the alley cat. Dad didn't have to punish us; the cat digging her claws in our arms making bloody wounds was enough.

The intense heat in the building in the summer with no fans was solved by dragging mattresses down all the steps to the cooler basement. New clothes were at a premium. Mother saved her quarters in a little bank and eventually bought a lovely dress. Sis. Car bought each of us girls a new shiny dress for Christmas. A kind businessman gave my brother, Dave, his first suit. Wonderful missionaries enriched our lives. Mother McCartney from India said, "Children, never pour out that half glass of water. We don't waste water in India."

The congregation was predominately Scandinavian. Church dinners became a gourmet smorgasbord. Preachers held great revivals every night for two or three weeks with services often lasting until midnight. How did we ever get up for school each day? The Kinzie Evangelistic Party and the Paslays were regular guests. A telegram arrived from a preacher one summer: How's fishing in Minnesota? May I come for a revival?

Mother taught the students Choral Reading. One line, "the hammer, the hammer" became a favorite family quote. Dad always had something pounding—building an addition, building dorm rooms or tearing down walls. Everyone learned to work on some project. "Now this will only take a few minutes, if you'll all help" he said. Usually, it happened with food and fun. We were rewarded with dozens of Dixie

Cream doughnuts and playing volleyball.

Dad taught us that every gift came from God. He had all five of us lay hands on a new washer or car to thank God for it as he dedicated it to the Lord. With each special blessing he'd say, "This is only because we have been faithful to the Lord."

God provided us with a home after ten years and a new location for the church and ABI. In our home, there was a bell on the dining room floor under the table designed to step on to call for a servant. Dad immediately had that removed. "We are in this world to serve others." That philosophy has created an action-packed, exciting life.

Ralph (D: 2007) and Valrea Grant were part of our church along with their children: Jeremy, Darlene, Esther and Danny. Jeremy and Esther graduated from ABI. Since St. Paul, the Grants have lived in Delaware, Texas and Florida. Later, they moved back to Canada to care for their aging parents. Daughter Esther and her husband, Don O'Hern, have a home mission work in Waterloo, Ontario. See Darlene Isbell's memories. Jeremy and Danny are in the construction business. Valrea wrote:

I grew up in Canada and was visiting my grandparents when it was camp meeting time. I was 13 years old when I felt conviction. While at the altar repenting, I had a vision of a long stairway to heaven with Jesus sitting in a very large chair with his face turned so I could not get a view of it. An infant about six months old was climbing the stairway. Beautiful angels stood on either side of the infant with their hands outstretched as if to protect the child from falling. Immediately I knew that infant was me being born into the Kingdom of God. I was baptized in that camp meeting in Jesus' Name. That was in July and in the following February I received the Holy Ghost at a private home prayer meeting they held every Friday night. I was having difficulty in yielding to the Spirit so an elderly man who always had "laughing" blessings took hold of my shoulders and started turning me around and around. At first, I resisted but with his strength and laughing I soon lost myself and started speaking in tongues. Four other teenagers received the Holy Ghost baptism that night. It was a marvelous experience. Everything looked brand new to me. We walked

home through the snow—the stars, the moon all seemed to glow. The next Friday night I was right back after more. God came down and more teenagers received the Holy Ghost that night. I danced and talked in tongues for a couple hours. I could not stop or sit down. There was so much power and that experience stayed with me my whole life and kept me through all these years.

We had been living in Nova Scotia for three years but had no church in Bridgewater. NS. We had to travel about 50 miles on weekends so we could attend the church pastored by Bro. John Mean. Later, they started a church nearer to us in Middleton. We would take a picnic lunch on Sundays and spend the day. After about three years, it seemed we would have a job transfer to Newfoundland. There were few churches there in the 1960's so we started praying that we could live where we had a church foundation to bring our children up in. That was when we received a phone call from Gerald, Ralph's brother, asking us if we would like to move to the U.S. as Camp Galilee needed residents on the property for insurance purposes. So, we readily agreed and started the paperwork for permanent residence status. We had just adopted Danny—he was 16 months old and the paperwork was not even finished, but God intervened and they readily agreed to granting the adoption papers before the one-year trial period was up. It took a few months to get all these papers, health record, etc. together and with Gerald sponsoring us we were soon on our way.

We arrived at Camp Galilee in January 1964. Ralph promptly found a job with First National Bank and later I found a job. In the meantime, we were happy to have Sunday School for the children and a home church to attend. It was the right move for us at that period in our lives.

Jeremy and Esther received the Holy Ghost during children's camp while we lived there. All three were baptized in the lake. That was special! We all have many good memories of the three years we lived there. The children had a pony and dog and enjoyed skating on the lake and playing in the wooded areas. The ABI students' skits at the Halloween gatherings with food and fun were so enjoyable. Later we moved to our own home on Point Douglas Road which made for fewer miles to church.

Roland and Myrtle Johnson Grant. Roland was an ABI student from Maine and Myrtle was the older daughter of Mildred and Arnold Johnson. Bro. Johnson was on the Midway board. The younger daughter was Faith (Cook). Roland served as Sunday school superintendent for a number of years. Myrtle was a good role model for younger women—a quiet dignity and a devoted Christian. They have one son and live in Florida.

Brenda Ann Hicks Greene (B: 1956) is married to Pastor Rande K. Greene in Dayton, Ohio and is the mother of two sons, Tyler and Garrison. After ABI and marriage, Rande and Brenda evangelized, then pastored in Delaware, Ohio. After Rande's father, Wilbur Greene, suffered a massive stroke, Rande became the pastor of Faith Christian Fellowship here in Dayton, Ohio. Brenda has given to the church her talents of music, administration, and the genuine warmth of her personality. She and I had a fun interview:

My first memory of Midway is sitting in the wing where the organ was. I sat with Grandma and Grandpa Newstrand when I was a little older. I was really convicted about falling asleep every Sunday night during the sermon. I really prayed God would help me not to fall asleep but I always did. Grandma sometimes let me go through her purse. I remember:

Looking up to the ABI students and thinking they so interesting and fascinating.

The music.

One time a man came to give a chalk talk and his last picture was the ascension of Christ while altar music played—a very powerful impression.

The ABI dramas—one especially—about the satanic thing; they used red lights. Pedro Verdeja was in it and it was pretty scary.

Running around in the balcony—all the crooks and crannies in 860—pretty exciting.

Then when we moved to Hudson Blvd. I remember the ABI quartettes with Pam Gleason, Bob Gibson, Bro. Gleason and others really

impressed me. I could really feel the Spirit when they sang.

Dorothy Hodges in Junior High was a great teacher as well as Doris Walker whose class was held in the church kitchen. She gave us Tootsie Pops and was just fun as well as a great teacher. You could tell she really cared about you.

The Sunday school teacher that made the biggest impression on me was Sis. Sabin. I was a young teen and she really took an interest in us. She made class not only about learning but we had refreshments by Sis. Mrenca who would bring a nice tablecloth and candles, sometimes flowers and Danish. That social setting was something I needed at the time. Sis. Sabin was the first person who talked to me about hiding the Word of God in my heart and memorizing Scripture. We had an extensive study on Fruit of the Spirit.

Many of the ABI students assisted the Sunday school teachers. They had a big influence on my life, like what a Christian girl is like and looks like.

Off and on throughout my childhood I had spiritual experiences. I had an experience in Camp Galilee and was later baptized by Uncle Rudy (Bowe) at ABC. Some of our neighborhood kids would ride their bikes out to Camp Galilee when we were out there—we lived within a short distance of Camp Galilee. Sometimes in the long summer days we Hicks and our friends would bike out to Galilee even when Camp was not going on. It was a great place to explore—the grounds and the Mississippi.

During altar services kids would get drunk on the Holy Ghost and we'd have to carry them back to the dorm. Oh! the snow cones, the smell of the damp wood in the dormitories, the little cabins around the lake. They had lots of rules, sometimes I didn't pay much attention to them.

When I was a senior in high school, our neighbor next door, Greg Boyd, was fascinated that we went to church for half of the day on Sunday. When we were dating, he wanted to see what it was all about and really became interested and through his interest I had a spiritual awakening and appreciation for the church and started seeking the Lord. I went away to college in St. Cloud, Minnesota, and was part of a home missions work there. A young couple from Louisiana, Bro. and Sis. Wheat, held church in their townhouse living room; the coffee table was the altar. They knew I

was seeking the Holy Ghost and were so dedicated to helping me pray. I would seek the Lord early in the morning in the stairwell of my dormitory because I didn't want to disturb my roommate. It was a time of really seeking the Lord and the Holy Ghost and making commitments. Because it was a small work, I felt an obligation to be involved more than maybe in a bigger church.

Back in St. Paul, we had a Youth Rally service on a Friday night. I had worked that day and wasn't really feeling well but I went anyway. That was the night I spoke in tongues. I had sought the Lord but it was a struggle for me. That night when I started speaking in tongues I found how easy it was. Grandma Newstrand and her little friends were around me praying. They got very excited. Bro. Sabin really prayed for me. I was just thinking about the Lord and expressing my love and appreciation for Him when He came. I was nineteen.

I loved the music at ABC—Bro. Gleason was so enthusiastic. Our youth choir was led by Pam Gleason, Sis. Sabin and Nancy Norris.

Bro. Norris was my pastor in my young years and was a good teacher and leader. I felt touched when Bro. Sabin spoke—he preached with a lot of passion. He was my youth leader and I was always proud to be with him, like walking down the corridors as a group, going somewhere. One time he had a breakfast for us. Of course, Sis. Mrenca did all the work. He had an anonymous Q&A—we could submit any question we wanted to. I submitted, "Why can't we wear lipstick?" (Giggles.) He never did answer my question. I loved the Paslays, so full of enthusiasm and motion. They really touched me. And Don Deck. I really liked him.

David Norris was our leader for a while, a good leader. He took us to a synagogue. Nancy Norris was just a blast. After David, we had Fritz Sanders. He and Kathy were really good. At that time, he was interested in going into the ministry. Dub and Mary Parker helped the Sanders a lot. Faithful Lucille Erickson picked us up in her car for Sunday night service; I loved her.

When I went to ABI, it was like going to Camp Galilee all year long. I enjoyed being with friends. I enjoyed being part of the music program a lot—going on choir tour.

Allen W. Hicks Jr. (1928-2007). Though Allen was not a part of the church, Midway/ABC was his family's home church. Deep in his heart, he felt a comfort that his children loved to go to church.

John Allen Hicks (B: 1961) lives in Wisconsin with his wife, Linda.

I remember Sis. Norris' Sunday School class, learning the books of the Bible. She was always very kind and patient and warm to me. I really liked her. ABC was so big—running down the hall to her class and the tradition of going to church and then coming home to dinner. At age twelve, our boy's class was taught by Norm Cunningham.

I remember Teen Night: sometimes we had movies like The Ten Commandments, Abbot and Costello, sometimes going out for pizza out by Tanner's Lake. Sometimes they rented a gym for sports and rec. One time we went on a camp-out with Sam Westburg, Dave Churchill, Bobby Norris—"the crew."

Bro. Sabin was a good speaker. As a teenager I liked to listen to him, And I always liked the singing—when the whole congregation sang and clapped. I loved Sis. Testa when she played the organ for Sunday School. She was precious. Church had a family atmosphere. Jim Norris and Warren Walker paid us quarters for finding Bible verses in Children's Church.

I remember when we prayed for Mom when she backed the car out of our long driveway not to get stuck so we could get to church in snowy Minnesota. When we started the tires started to spin and we would get a little more serious in our prayers until we zoomed on down the driveway.

William L. Hodge was a single gentleman who came to teach at ABI. He was a graduate from River Falls Teacher's College and the University of Minnesota. He taught in various places in North Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Starting in 1937, he taught English in ABI. Here is the write-up in the 1938 ABI catalog about him. "Most everyone knows 'Bro. Hodge.' He has been faithful for many years at Midway Tabernacle and is known in a number of foreign fields as a friend to the missionary cause. He is progressive and has also shared in the burden for a better-trained ministry. He

is well qualified to take charge of our English Department and we are happy to have such a man available. No student graduating from the Apostolic Bible Institute will leave without a warm feeling of gratitude towards this man whose whole heart is centered in the cause of Christ."

When my parents were young marrieds, they went on a trip to Washington, D.C. with Bro. Hodge. When they stopped for their meals, Bro. Hodge would go and check out the kitchen for cleanliness before they took a meal. Maybe not a bad idea even today.

Arthur (1913-1999) and Esther Hodges (1920-1999). With their children, Darlene, Dale, David and Joy, the Hodges moved from Worthington, Minnesota in 1960. They had pastored previously in Spencer, Iowa (1940's) and Worthington, Minnesota. They bought an older 19-room home at 555 Grand Avenue. Bro. Hodges fixed up several rooms for housing ABI boys as the dorms were full. The Hodges were vitally interested in ministries to children and were real workers in Sunday School and Hobby Club.

David Hodges is married to Joyce Mooney and has three children: Jonathan age 25 who lives in Indianapolis, Rachel age 23 is a graduate of Iowa State University and has a One-Year Theological degree from Indiana Bible College, and Angela Bigelow who also graduated from IBS. David started playing the organ and piano on Sunday evenings at Midway from age 15. His music was reverent and tasteful, inspiring our worship. He is an ABI graduate of 1968. David attends and does the music of Faith Pentecostal Church at Spencer, Iowa pastored by his brother, Dale. David still loves to visit ABI especially on their graduation weekends.

Nancy Marie Hicks Holt (B: 1957) lives in Oklahoma City with her husband, Donald. They have three children: Robert who is married to Nicole has two children, Madison and Trey, and lives in Kansas City, Missouri, Courtney, and Taylor who both live in OKC. Nancy

is one of those people you are fortunate to meet—so dependable—when you ask her to do something, it will be done without further asking—just ask once. Her "I's" are dotted and "T's" are all crossed and she is devoted to the Lord and her church.

My first memory of Midway Tabernacle is at 860 Hague Avenue. It was old but beautiful and had kind of a musty smell. I remember falling asleep in the long services and Mom playing with my hair, wrapping it around my ears. We didn't bring food to church like they do now—fruit snacks and coloring books. We had Sunday School in the basement and Children's Church in the annex with Warren Walker and Jim Norris.

When I was sixteen, Bro. Sabin baptized me at ABC and I received the Holy Ghost at age 17 after a message from Kelsey Griffin. This was during a wonderful revival among the young people.

Camp Galilee was so much fun. You always wanted to go there. And we all went to camp. There was a lot of conviction there—it wasn't all fun stuff. Sometimes it was so hot—with mosquitoes. My sisters and I didn't always hang together—we went with our friends. I remember Esther Grant. Pam Gleason led the choir.

When we were older, we went out to eat after Sunday night service. Sis. Sabin liked to go with us. Nathan, her son, was in our group. I remember the Sunday morning we voted for Bro. Sabin to be our pastor. We always had good preaching and teaching there.

Grandma Newstrand had such a huge influence on my life. She always wanted us to be involved in church. Sometimes we spent Saturday night at her house. Then early in the morning, Grandma Lundquist came into our bedroom and in her outspoken way said, "Wake up! 'Harvest Time' is on!" (The UPCI national radio program.)

I remember how good the Ericksons were; they came by sometimes to pick us up for church for Sunday night services.

Darlene Grant Isbell has been married to Jerry Isbell since 1973 and lives in a suburb of Birmingham, Alabama. They attend New Life UPCI there. Their three children are Shawna, Adrian and Clinton and they have three grandchildren.

I have been thinking lately of what it meant to me to live at Camp Galilee and attend Midway Tabernacle—Sis. Norris' Junior Sunday school class and Children's Church where I earned my first Bible by quoting the Books of the Bible and where we used to play Bible Baseball. Hobby Club was on Saturdays with Bro. Wolfe and his chalk-drawing stories, Bro. Stark and his magic trick stories, Bro. Dale Hodges who headed Hobby club and Junior Choir with Vicki Sabin and Mickey Lumpkin as soloists.

Then we moved to Hudson Blvd. and were part of the Teens and Senior choir with David Hodges, the Condons, the Fosdicks, etc. And Bible Quizzing with David Norris on the team with Bob Erikson inventing the first buzzer system. There was Bible Study on Tuesday nights, midweek service on Thursday, Teens on Friday, Hobby Club on Saturday and on Sundays we had Sunday school, morning service and then back to church early in the evening. I remember how sometimes Bro. Norris would tell us the history of the hymns we sang. And the variety of music with Sis. Testa, Beverly Hicks and the quartets, trios, orchestra. We loved the Camp Galilee activities: the Sunday School picnic, camp in the summer for two weeks, hayrides, hot dogs and marshmallow roasts with the teens in the fall, the October Fest with sloppy joes and caramel apples and skits put on by the ABI students and skating parties on the frozen lake.

There was a lesson that Sis. Norris taught in Juniors that I have used over the years on prayer using her "prayer sandwich" illustration on the flannel board. I have taught that same lesson to my Sunday School children. Thanks be to God for their vision and faithfulness. I truly feel that I was blessed and privileged to grow up there.

Carol Ruth Newstrand James (B: 1937) is married to E. Glen James. After ABI, they evangelized and then pastored in Colorado and Ohio. Their two children are David and Melinda who is married to Andrew Smith. They are in ministry in Maryland. The "apple" of Carol's eye is her granddaughter Emma Grace. Carol and Glen are retired and live in Athens, Ohio, but they travel some doing supply ministry. Besides writing her memories of Midway, she has kindly consented to also writing about our Daddy, Albert Newstrand.

Precious Church of My Childhood - Midway Tabernacle

Carol Newstrand James (Athens, Ohio, May 2007)

Within each of us there are memories of places shared. We perceive differently those places, as well as the events and people. The following is from my memory.

I was carried through the doors of Midway Tabernacle in St. Paul, Minnesota at the age of two-weeks.

Accompanying my parents and me were my siblings, Ronnie, Beverly, and Mary Fern. Our lives centered around the church and we learned to love it as our parents did.



Our daddy, Albert Newstrand, was part of the small group that evolved into Midway Tabernacle in 1915 after hearing of baptism in Jesus' Name.

Mother, Fern Lundquist, became a part of the church as an older teen around 1920. She and Albert fell in love and were married in 1930. She gladly changed her name to Fern Newstrand. Four children joined them on the family pew.

Thus, begins my connection to this precious church.

I have realized as I journeyed through my memories that Brother and Sister Norris were the foundation of my impressions regarding Midway Tabernacle. Daddy and Mother faithfully brought their children to the House of God. There I absorbed precious truths that have followed me through life. I observed. I participated. I was connected to something bigger than me. I hold these memories close. The songs of those days, sung by the church family, are still now within me. My spirit still responds to the wonderful melodies of faith.

So, I remember ...

- *My memory says the church was always full. That probably wasn't really so, but that is how I remember it. It really was not a large sanctuary. Our family sat together in the middle section in one of the front pews. Many traveled great distances across the city and from Minneapolis, often by streetcar. These early days were the days of the Depression followed by World War II. To all who struggled during those difficult times the church offered a place of security and hope. The church family was of mixed nationalities and so provided a unique, colorful community of believers.*
- *I remember the altar. It is a strong memory in me. I was placed by the side of Mother as she knelt with the other women of the church and prayed. We lingered. I miss the flow of altar-lingering in this hurried generation we now live in. I received the Holy Ghost as a 13-year-old at the altar at 464 Pierce Street. A precious place.*
- *I remember quiet worship. Flow of Presence. When visiting the church as an adult, I still felt it when we gathered around the altar following a Sunday night service — even though the church family had relocated many years before. Deep, quiet worship.*
- *I remember Sunday School picnics. Were they always at Highland Park? Games and food loaded with food. Baseball with Brother Norris serving as the umpire and pitcher. Ice cream bars that had been kept frozen on dry ice. A long day of enjoyment.*
- *Sunday School and DABS. I remember the basement classrooms and some of the teachers who planted Bible stories in my heart. They are still a part of me.*
- *I remember dashing down the back steps to the church kitchen following the Sunday morning services. There waiting for us on*

an inner-window ledge would be fruit pies in small tins to take home and enjoy. Did Sister Sanders, the ABI cook, give these pies to all the kids in the church? Or were we just special? They were yummy — and we felt loved.

- *I remember Junior Choir. Eleanor Norris was in her 20's when she was given the ministry of the church kids. We had other leaders before her, but she is the one I remember. She is the one who influenced my life. We sang on Sunday nights. Probably difficult listening for the congregation, but we were connected to the church and to each other. Strong bonds were created in us. Friday nights were designated Junior Choir night. Perhaps to practice? There were bonfires, prayer meetings, serious lessons taught, taffy pulls and other silly fun activities. It provided an alternative to the Friday nights of school games and dances. We belonged to something more important. And most of us remained a part of the church. Some later entered the ministry. The picture below is of our group sometime in the 1940's.*



- *I remember evangelists and visiting ministry.*

*Who could ever forget Evangelist Joe Urshan, in national costume telling of the dramatic accounts of the Persian massacre?
Brother Andrew Urshan and his firm style of ministering?
Brother R. G. Cook, the tall man from the East Coast who sang*

about The Great Speckled Bird in his deep voice and New England accent?

The Kinzie Patty and their music and matching dresses? And smiles?

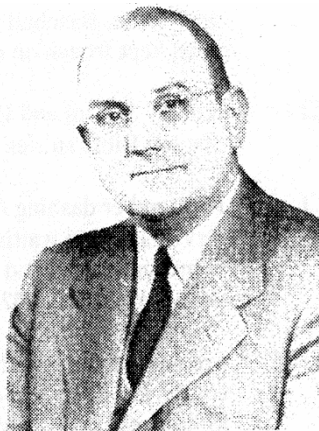
Evangelists Nathan and Jean Urshan from New York City?

Brother and Sister Norman Pasley who sang about being happy people? I received the Holy Ghost in a revival the Pasley's preached.

How blessed we were!

- *I remember ABI dramas. How exciting for a child to see Bible stories portrayed. Front seats were definitely desired. And there were several dramas each graduation. Welcome Nights at the beginning of the ABI school year were always special too. New faces and people who would become part of the church family— and part of my memories.*
- *And I remember Brother Norris: A man of burden and vision. A defender of Truth.*

One memory has stayed with me: this great man bowed over the pulpit weeping. My heart has never forgotten that scene. I really didn't understand it until years later.



He taught us, and then he taught the lesson again. Repetition. A wonderful teaching method. His purpose was to put the lesson deep inside of the learner.

Brother Norris brought stability to a troubled church. He told my husband, Glen, in later years that it took him five years before he felt like he really had the authority of a pastor. Years of struggle and then a strong church. A church family and a Bible School

family were blended into one. An awesome accomplishment. Brother Norris gave to others — often it was in a private way. Our family was among the recipients. I have heard other stories of how he responded to people's needs.



I remember the two-sided easel where he would write and draw as he taught a lesson to the church. I still see the boot of Italy that he would draw whenever I see a map of Europe. The Time-Line and the map of Israel. I used those same maps and diagrams when I taught Sunday School many years later. Write. Draw. Flip the paper over the top. Swivel the easel. I can still see it today. And the teaching charts that were pulled across the platform — colorful and detailed. The Tabernacle in the Wilderness and Revelation.

Brother Norris affected the Pentecostal movement more than any man of his generation. His influence was far-reaching. His reputation solid.

The Newstrand children had an opportunity to develop and use music in the church — much of the opportunity provided by Brother Norris. Instruments were made available. That, along with our father's provision of music lessons, opened a wonderful way to express what was inside of us.

Brother Norris had strong hands — a symbol of his strength as a pastor. I remember standing in the cold baptistry at 464 Pierce, frightened of the water. Brother Norris held my hands in his and I remember feeling secure. His hands would hold me safe. I could trust him. And I could trust him to teach me the Truths of the Word.

- *Sister Norris in my memory exemplified Godly elegance. She was a woman of sacrifice. She gave herself to her husband's vision of a Bible school. Many days of many years were given to instill principles of Godliness in young people. One individual who sat in her classes as a young man said he had never heard that quality of teaching before. He never forgot the lessons. They became a part of him, and then of his ministry.*



One precious observation of Sister Norris that I have shared with other people was from an adult view. I was home visiting my parents. The church had moved to the Hague Avenue location. It was Sunday night and I had walked up the back steps, passing the prayer room. There was only one person in the large room — Sister Norris. She was kneeling at the altar and holding the opened Bible close to her. I had a momentary picture of a woman who loved the Word. I have never forgotten it.

Was it a perfect church — this church of my childhood?

No. For it was populated by imperfect people.

Was it precious?

Yes. It built security in me, mingling with the strengths of my precious childhood home.

Does it still exist?

Yes. In me, and in all of those who were a part of it and embraced and lived what we were taught.

It continues in our children who have been given the solid truths and lifestyle of those days:

- *Faithfulness. Submission. Sacrifice.*
- *Loving God and His Church.*
- *Holding the Truth of the Word close.*
- *Holiness exemplified by appearance and conduct and conversation.*
- *A separated lifestyle.*



The Jaspersons. Bro. Jasperson served as an elder at Midway and later went to the Minneapolis church to help Bro. Martin.

Gordon and Mary Lou Jensen have been faithful members of ABC. Mary Lou passed away a few years ago. Gordon serves on the ABC church board. He and his daughter are staunch supporters of Pastor Friend and ABC.

Charlie and Alice Johnson were a devoted couple to each other and to Midway. They were active in the young people's group and Sunday school. They tragically lost their young daughter Barbara to hepatitis. Later they moved to San Diego, California. The three Johnson brothers were from Dairyland, Wisconsin (see below). Their father was Oscar who was a brother to Hildur Larson. Oscar's children were Charles, Ingrid, John and Gust.

Gust and Virginia DeFord Johnson. Gust was the younger son of Oscar and married Virginia, an ABI student from Indiana. Their children are Jody, Patty, Gregg and Gina. They later made their home in Oklahoma.

John and Ellen Larson Johnson. John was another son of Oscar and married Alice's sister, Ellen, who lived close by in Dairyland, Wisconsin. Their children are Sharon, Donald, Douglas, Bruce, Bob, Janet and Michael. They raised their family in Midway and later moved to California.

Victor (died 1948) and Ragna Johnson (Juszczak) (born 1898). These excerpts are from an article Ragna's son, Vernon Johnson, wrote in *Historical News*, January 2002:

Ragna was orphaned early in her life and was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Malmberg of Superior, Wisconsin. They attended the Mission Covenant Church in Superior. In 1906 the church began to study the book of Acts. A serious discussion arose as to whether the Acts 2 experience was for today. Tracts came from Azusa Street addressed to only their home address; the Malmbergs knew no one in California. The tracts and pamphlets told of how the Holy Spirit was falling in Azusa. Many of the Bible study group began to seek for their Spirit baptism. Little Ragna received the Holy Ghost with tongues in their home in 1907. The newly baptized group was asked to leave their church. So, a Oneness Pentecostal church was opened in the Malmberg home at 1128 Weeks Avenue.

Ragna's aunt who worked in St. Paul was attending a tent meeting on University Avenue led by Bro. G. T. Haywood. Ragna and her mother came to St. Paul and were baptized in Jesus' Name. In time, Rev. Rouline was sent to Superior. This message spread from their living room to Duluth, Two Harbors and Kettle River in Minnesota and in Wisconsin to Dairyland, Barrenette, Eau Claire, Milwaukee and Madison. Therefore, it is believed that the first Oneness Pentecostal church in Wisconsin was born in Superior.

Offerings and pledges were taken at the tent meeting to build a tabernacle at 464 Pierce Street. Ragna gave \$2.00—money she had been given to spend during the tent meeting. Later Midway Tabernacle came to be her church home for most of her life. Ragna married Victor Johnson in 1920 and they had three children: Vernon, Victoria, and David. Vernon served over the years as pastor in Wisconsin, Indiana and Tennessee and as a missionary to Sweden. After Victor died, Ragna married Frank Juszczak of Moose Lake, Minnesota in 1954

Bro. & Sis. Frank Koehler were both such great people. Bro. Koehler has such an infectious laugh; you couldn't help laughing back to him. I believe the Koehlers brought Betty Atchison into Midway resulting in a large extended family in ministry today.

Sis. Knutson and son, Lloyd were some of the "old-timers" from years back.

Anton (1888-1965) and Hildur Larson (1893-1981). The Larsons immigrated from Sweden with their oldest child, one-year-old Gustav Arthur, in 1913. Son Carl William was born after their arrival in Lowell, Massachusetts. Anton was one of ten sons and settled his family in Dairyland, Wisconsin—a community made up largely of Swedes—close to two of his brothers, Helmer and Hjelmner. The Larsons' other children were Edward, John Arvid, Henry who died at three months, Elsie, Paul Werner and Dorothy Mae. Their Pastor David Johnson from Superior, Wisconsin held prayer meetings and services at the local schoolhouse at Cozy Corners. Roads back then were dirt roads and on first arriving they walked everywhere they went, even to church. By 1934, most of the extended family had come into Pentecost. Daughter Elsie related, "Our services were beautiful. The power of God came down when we worshiped. We loved God." Anton and Hilder moved to St. Paul in 1946 and were faithful members of Midway. They lived near 464 Pierce Street.

Carl William (1916-1950) and Genevieve LaVerne Lundquist Larson (1909-2004). Will moved down to St. Paul and Midway from the family farm in Dairyland, Wisconsin c. 1940. (A word about Swedish names: "The children were given a last name ending with "son" or "dotter" that started with the father's first name, e.g. Larson, known as a patronymic name. A man was called by his familiar or middle name by friends and family.) Will married Genevieve Lundquist in 1942. There were other brothers, younger than he, that came also: Ed, Arvid and Werner. They all found their brides in Midway. Will served as Midway's Secretary-Treasurer until his terminal illness. He and his brothers founded the Larson Building Company. His young life was cut short after several bouts of illness. The church remembers him for his quiet but firm stand on the gospel and his Christian life.

My Aunt Gen moved from the Lundquist home in South Dakota in the 1920's and received her Baptism in Midway Tabernacle. She was part of the active young people's group. On looking at some of the 1930 photos you catch their joy and love they all had for each other.

She lived in St. Paul and often visited her parents who preached and were pastors at various places. Will and Genevieve were blessed with two children: Katy (B: 1947) and Bill (B: 1950). Bill married Judy and they had two daughters, Kathleen and Alicia. Will died after only a few years of their marriage but Genevieve went on, continuing in her faithful way to the church and bringing up her two children. Among her many activities: a Sunday School teacher and leader of the "Girl's Group" (young single women). After Will's death, she was Midway's Secretary-Treasurer for many years. Genevieve was an excellent cook and caterer—always active cooking for special meals at the church and the camp meeting on Gray Cloud Island. Her Swedish pancakes were delectable. She was a dear and you could always count on a fun time when you visited her.

Edwin and Esther Erickson Larson were faithful Midway people. Ed served on the board for many years. Their children are Gordon, Richard, Ruth, Kenneth and Rodney.

James Nathan Larson (B: 1953) sent his memories of Midway/ABC. He is the pastor of the Anchor Church in San Diego, California and is married to Joni. They have one son, Vince, and two grandchildren. Pastor Larson wrote:

When you are the baby of the family as I was, you will hear a common phrase all of your life from your family, relatives and church. "Jimmy, before you were born ..." and they will fill in the blanks. In my opinion, coming into the world July 1953—it was the "golden era" of St. Paul, Minnesota, Como Park and the great Midway Tabernacle and ABI. I found myself surrounded by Swedes and Scandinavians and this great

church family that became our life on a weekly basis.

Encompassed in old Gloria Dei Lutheran Church on 860 Hague Avenue were the most amazing stairwells, passageways, stained glass windows and high ceilings along with a huge balcony that made this church seem unending to me. We christened it a "One God Apostolic, Jesus Name Church" —renamed Midway Tabernacle. A sound bite as you enter the worship center captured Wendell Gleason leading songs and praise with Beverly Hicks tearing up the organ. An ABI Quartet would jump up in melodious tones and then I can see the ABI choir with Billy Bates as soloist singing "You Ought-a-Been There When Jesus Saved My Soul." The next number, Wendell Gleason would jump up and the choir would go into their "Lu, lu, lu, lu, lu," and that great baritone voice would dive into the classic solo, "Long ago I didn't know about my Jesus and His Love..." which became the great song, "You must be, you've gotta be, honestly born again." Intermittently during the service were the great personalities of Rev. George K Bye, Ron Newstrand and Rev. Rudy Bowe, with a host of others that added such flavor to the service.

How could we forget testimony time with Sis. Verdeja, Anton Larson, Bro. Brigley or Bro. Barcus and the climactic testimony from the one and only Mrs. S. G. Norris. Lest I forget, here comes the orchestra with every kind of amazing instrument. Pastor Norris on the xylophone. Wendell Gleason the tuba, Robert Sabin on the trumpet and drums? ... oh no—forget the drums. As you stood facing the pulpit from the middle aisle—to your extreme left and right off the sides of the platform were two wings that appeared to be VIP seating just because of their location. Those wings always amazed my young mind. The highlight of the night—my great pastor, Rev. S. G. Norris, preaching in the July heat with no air conditioning and his booming voice became a part of all our souls. I remember so well the hanky-wipe over the top of his head as he got to sweating and those big arms coming over the pulpit with emphasis. It didn't get any better than that. Let me mention Sunday School. Lest we ever forget Roland and Myrtle Grant and Big Frank Sanders and his wife Cele who taught us how to fold our hands and pray as we began, "Dear Lord Jesus ..."

The combination of my Persian-Swede mixture, coupled with

A.D.D. certainly contributed to putting into an early grave my awesome Sunday School teachers who greatly impacted me towards ministry, tithing and becoming a good boy that chose spiritual direction. My heartfelt thanks to Mom Smith, Mary Solberg. Elder Lloyd Hodges, Sis. S. G. Norris. Sis. Lundquist, Jim Norris, Robert Sabin. Robert Trapani and Don Deck.

W.C. Gleason and a quartet birthed a love for Gospel singing in me but more importantly, my parents forced me to be involved in the children's church choir. My own mother, Grace Larson, played the piano for many of those years and how well I remember the impact of Sis. Lois Newstrand and Louise Sabin as they teamed me up to sing duets with Mickey Lumpkin and later, Vicki Sabin. I can still remember the song and the words that I sang with Mickey, "In the morning sunshine He is there, In the shades of midnight. He is there ..." The 60's ushered into the St. Paul church the awesome experience of a new venture called Camp Galilee on Gray Cloud Island. I remember my Dad, John Arvid Larson, snapping a chalk line on the first concrete blocks that made up the front wall of the tabernacle. It was awesome to watch men like Art Sawyer, Frank Sanders, Gerald Grant, Johnny Johnson, Gus Johnson, Guy Atchison, Ed and Warner Larson, Kyle Minnier, Bro. Wasco and so many, many other great people joined the pastoral staff in creating those structures for the camp. We were quite the district, blending Iowa, Minnesota, and Canada together for an exciting camp. The unquestioned highlights, in my opinion, were the Winfred Black camps with the largest crowds and the greatest outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

Again, some short sound bites of Camp Galilee were as follows:

The dinner bell call to eat.

Mom Wasco in the kitchen.

The concession stand with awesome Sloppy Joes and a suicide drink which consisted of all the pops and notice I said "pop."

The ball field with Pastor S.G. Norris pitching and intimidating every umpire behind the plate as he yelled out, "Right in there!" I was so honored that Bro. Norris would ask me to run the bases for him. And he would say, "Larson, I want you to run like Oliva around the bases when I

hit the ball.”

Camp Galilee was like a Disneyland or Fantasyland for us because you had the lake, the boats, the fields, the woods, where many a young person held their girlfriend’s hand for the first time or stole a quick kiss ... No, I’m not telling anymore because a lot of these people are married and in the ministry.

Of course, morning devotion was great with S.G. Norris or some awesome teacher dividing the Word of Truth. What am I leading to? I along with thousands can report to you that in my case on August 3, 1963 I was filled with the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, speaking with other tongues in the boy’s dorm at that camp. Then I was baptized in Jesus Name by Rev. George P. Dainty in Lake Galilee after an awesome One-God doctrinal message by Rev. W. E. Gamblin. A treasure came to me two summers ago, in 2007, when Rachel Atchison came up to me with Kodak pictures of my baptism.

There are, of course, four distinct seasons in Minnesota and that would cause things to be far too lengthy just describing how tough our families were. For example, in winter with snow blowing and winds howling we did not miss church and the five of us children were bundled up in boots, mittens, coats, scarves and hats—with fogged up windows just to get to a church service. This was followed with the reward of a ten-cent White Castle hamburger after church on the way home.

In closing, I could tell humorous things for hours and how a young boy never understood that music had different styles such as Mary Testa with her operatic style that Bro. Norris would rave about. Remember, I was just a child and Mary Testa was an awesome woman.

I will never be able to thank the following people enough who showed an interest in me and got right into my eyesight and told me that God was going to make me a preacher if I would stay with Him. They believed in me. Thank you forever to Fern Newstrand, Sis. Lundquist, Jean Lumpkin and my pastor’s wife, Sis. S. G. Norris. Never take for granted that a child is not listening to your spiritual direction. With love and respect to the many I did not have time or space to mention.

John Arvid and Grace Susannah Urshan Larson (1918-2008). Grace

was the first child of Andrew and Mildred Urshan. Grace sometimes traveled with her father to minister. In 1940, she came to St Paul to attend ABI where she met Arvid. They made their home in St. Paul and had five children: JoAnne, Marilyn, John, Jeannie and Jimmy. They had 13 grandchildren and 27 great grandchildren. Arvid and his brothers formed the successful Larson Building Co. in St. Paul. They were an integral part of the life of Midway. In 1972, the family moved to Stockton, California, where they were active in Christian Life Center pastored by Marilyn and her husband.

Grace loved the social part of life and loved to cook big Persian dinners. At Midway, she taught Sunday School and was part of the music program, playing the piano. Sadly, Jeannie died at a young age of complications of Diabetes Mellitus shortly after Arvid's death.

Sharon Bennett LaRue came to Midway with her parents, Guy and Esther, and brother, Duane. She is married to Bill LaRue. Sharon wrote:

I started attending Midway Tabernacle in June of 1952 when my Mom and Dad moved there so they could go to ABI. I was fourteen at the time and I loved the church. All of the young girls were friendly and made me feel so welcome. The girls I remember best that were my age were Carol and Mary Newstrand and Shirley Sjostrand. I enjoyed going to the Newstrand home and also the Sjostrand home.

One Sunday morning, all of the girls met in the foyer of the church to go to our Sunday School class which was taught by Sis. Genevieve Larson. She was such a great teacher and I still remember her teaching us on Paul's missionary journeys. We all got to class and waited a few minutes and finally someone came and told us that Sis. Genevieve wouldn't be there. We all went upstairs to Bro. Norris' class and when we walked into the auditorium, he stopped teaching and said, 'Why are you girls late?' You all come right up here on the front row.' We were so embarrassed.

I had some great experiences at Midway Tabernacle. I met my husband (to be) there. I was very young when we decided to get married. Bro. Norris told me that if we wanted to get married that he would do everything in his power to help us. I heard so many Bible truths from Bro. Norris and I am so thankful for the truth that he taught. Sis. Eleanor Norris also was a great young people's leader and I am so thankful for her influence on my life.

Sis. Lemmer was a special saint of long ago who loved to dance when the Spirit moved her.

Donald and Virginia Lerche and their children Don and Ronny were a family from South St. Paul. Virginia was such a warm and loving person. Donald worked in the Sunday School. Don's mother continued at Midway after Grandpa Lerche died. The boys were a delight. Sadly, Ronny died at a young age and Virginia succumbed to leukemia. But they all leave a lasting memory.

Carl Edward (1878-1936) and Augusta Anderson Lundquist (1880-1979). The Andersons emigrated from Sweden in 1882 when Augusta was only two years old. As a young man, my Great Grandfather, John August Anderson, had a Pentecostal conversion in Sweden sometime in the 1870's. A Pentecostal revival swept the country; the hungry met and prayed in small groups in the woods and barns where they experienced singing, shouting and powerful preaching of the Word that could save from sin. This was illegal under the Swedish law and Lutheran Church.

It's such a blessed thought that John August's experience and his faith makes my grandchildren sixth generation Pentecostals. Augusta left us the following in an autobiography she wrote in 1971 of the testimony of her father, John August.

Something fell on me from heaven. All my religious rites, rules and forms fell from me. Joy and peace filled my soul. My being was flooded with a heavenly downpour and I knew without a doubt I was a child of

God. At once I felt I must hurry home to my people. It must have been about two "Swedish" miles. My joy was so great. It seems I was carried like Philip in the Bible. As I hurried along, I continued to speak in a language I did not know. When I arrived home, told my family about my newfound joy but I met much resistance. They told me I had disgraced my home and the Church. I was forbidden to ever again attend the meetings in the woods. I had to make a decision. I felt sure I must obey God rather than man. This decision resulted in my being put out of my home, disowned and disinherited. However, I knew I had an inheritance given to me from God.

Augusta married Carl Edward Lundquist (born in Illinois shortly after his Swedish immigrant parents arrived in America.) Later Augusta and Ed farmed in South Dakota. Their children were Fern (Newstrand), Genevieve (Larson), Vivian (Bowe) and son Fayne. The Holiness people held a 3-day conference in Clark, South Dakota, and there Augusta and Ed made a real commitment to the Faith. The little community church had a revival. Prayer meetings were held in homes and a deep conviction settled over the countryside.

Augusta's sister, Beda Hendricks, wrote to the Lundquists about a Holy Ghost revival taking place at Midway Tabernacle. Bro. Booth-Clibborn was the pastor. Ed left for St. Paul to see for himself. Special meetings were being held at Midway with Evangelist Andrew Urshan. While preaching, Bro. Urshan gave a message in tongues in the Swedish language. After the service, Carl Edward met Bro. Urshan and commented on his Swedish delivery. Bro. Urshan said he did not speak Swedish. The message Carl Edward received was, "This is the way. Walk ye in it," from Isaiah 30:21. Carl Edward was then baptized in Jesus' Name. He went home rejoicing and the fire fell in their home. The town and country folk were so hungry for God. Bro. Booth-Clibborn sent his wife, Genevieve, who was also an evangelist to minister to them. The revival flame of Pentecost burned and Augusta received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost the second night of the meetings.

Carl Edward and Augusta went into fulltime ministry. They pastored and preached in various churches around the Midwest—in South Dakota, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There was a revival in Mercer County, Missouri with Bro. Elias Norris (1876-1945)—no relation to our Pastor Norris. He and his brother bought a tent and evangelized in Spencer, Iowa. That was the beginning of a Pentecostal church in that city. His son, Robert, was baptized in Spencer and later became a missionary to Brazil. Bro. Norris' son Charles Jr. wrote, "I remember about 1934 when Bro. and Sis. Lundquist came to Modena to hold revival. I would have been about ten years old. I remember Bro. Lundquist was a big man and Sis. Lundquist was small. He was always trying to get me to sing for him. He offered me quarters. A quarter was quite a lot of money ... Phyllis Weisbrod and Vivian Lundquist came with them." Grandpa Ed later served as pastor in Spencer.

After Grandpa died, Grandma became an instructor in the newly established Apostolic Bible Institute in 1937. She taught Church History, Religion Analysis and Missions. For years, she lived very simply in a one-room apartment with a little kitchen nook at 464, but it was her joy to do so; she so loved the young people she taught. Grandma could give a fiery testimony. Sometimes she started out with a song in her low-pitched voice but enthusiastic "He's Truly Wonderful." All who knew her felt her enthusiasm for her Lord and her church.

Fayne Edward (1910-1983) and Eileen Olson Lundquist (B: 1920). Fayne was the son of Augusta and Carl Edward and for many years lived in Oregon. After moving back to St. Paul, he married Eileen, a young woman who had grown up in Midway—a cheerful and loving woman. They had three daughters: Krystal (B: 1954, Brown), Gail (B: 1955, Gillespie) and Deborah (B: 1959, Feifcrek). He was a quiet man and despite struggles, he loved the Lord. Some years after his death, Eileen moved to West Virginia to be near her daughter Gail.

Ernest Jeremiah Maki (1920-2002) and Evelyn Ruth Molberg Maki (B: 1922) were a part of ABI and Midway when their children were small. They were married in Duluth by Bro. Ben Urshan in 1941. They had four sons, Calvin (a businessman in Florida), Jonathan (an evangelist for 35 years,) Winton (a pastor), and Orrin (a minister). Their three daughters are Dana, Lori and Barbara. They have 14 grandchildren and four great grandchildren. Evelyn presently lives in Syracuse, New York with her daughter, Dana Knapp and son-in-law Don. Evelyn writes:

Ernest was the youngest of five, born in a log cabin in Allen Junction, a small town in northern Minnesota near Hoyt Lakes, about fifty miles north of Duluth, the son of Finnish immigrants. He felt a divine call on his life from birth as his mother never used her ticket for the Titanic. His father was a railroad worker. After his father died in 1926, his mother moved to Duluth where she worked and raised the children. Someone witnessed to her about the church where people were happy. She and the children were baptized in Jesus Name by Pastor David Johnson. I met Ernest when I was ten and he was twelve.

When Ernest was in the WW II Navy and on a voyage on the Great Lakes, he made macaroni and cheese for President Eisenhower. He baked cherry pies for the troops on the fields of Normandy and he loved to bake rolls for his children.

In 1947 and after his service in the Navy, he enrolled in ABI. We lived on Herschel Street in a house trailer near the Boy's Dorm. Some of the boys were nice enough to baby sit for us once in a while—where they could study and have something good to eat. Ernest worked at Dokmo's Motors and Montgomery Ward. After graduation, he pastored his first church in Hazleton, Pennsylvania. There he attended the college in Wilkes Barre. He loved to learn. After seven years, he did Home Missions work. In 1959, we pastored in Duluth and then Beloit, Wisconsin, and then to Eau Claire in 1970; we built a parsonage in both cities. I was so happy in Eau Claire, but then we went to California to take care of Ernest's sister, Irene, who was very ill. Then after her death, we stayed in California. There we met so many fine people of our faith and were so blessed by them.

I was born in Washburn, Wisconsin, near Spooner. When I was two years old, we moved to Duluth. At age ten, Pastor David Johnson baptized me. My ancestry is half Swedish with English, German and a little Irish.

I have pleasant memories of Midway. We had many friends: The Larsons, Johnsons, Goseruds, Walkers and George Bye was special. I sang in a ladies' trio with Coleen Presnell (Varnado) and Louella Sawyer. We were also close to the elder Sabins, Bob Martins, Clinton Stones and the Newstrands and of course, your family. I loved the preaching of Bro. Norris and Bro. Sabin. The choir was so good with Bro. Gleason and the Kloeppers.

Our three girls are musically inclined and we made a C.D. when I was 81 years old called "Just Jesus." I loved doing it. It was a great experience to sing every song about Him. He is always with me and I love Him.

Roy (D: 2001) and Katherine Maki (B: 1927). Katherine now lives with a granddaughter in Oak Grove, Minnesota. She has a loving cat and two dogs that keep her company throughout the day.

My mother emigrated from Norway and attended Midway. Bro. Booth-Clibborn was the pastor at that time. Mother then moved to Duluth where she and my father were married. There she was baptized in Jesus' Name and received the Holy Ghost. Mother especially loved Pentecostal worship and singing. I was born in Duluth. My first encounter with Pentecost was at the Apostolic Gospel Church with Bro. Ben Urshan and I received the Holy Ghost in 1947. I'm still loving this Pentecostal experience.

I met Roy in 1945 and we were married there in 1948. Roy attended ABI in 1940 and 1941. He played the trumpet and worked in the print shop. Along with other students, he helped build the addition on the rear of Midway. We moved to St. Paul in 1958. Roy worked as a field auditor for the State of Minnesota and we attended Midway at Victoria and Hague. Roy passed away in 2001. He enjoyed 43 years at Midway and ABC.

We have three daughters and I'm thankful we could raise them in

the church. Kirsten and Doreen attended ABI, completed their three years and graduated. Doreen married Ken Poole who also went to ABI. They had one daughter who is now married to Brandon Batton and pastor a congregation in Columbus, Georgia. Ken and Doreen moved to Marietta, Georgia. After Ken passed away in 1995. Doreen stayed in Marietta and faithfully attends the Pentecostal Church there. Bro. Warden is her pastor and is also a graduate of ABI.

Kirsten and Paul Foley were married in 1976 and live in Napoleon, Ohio and have two daughters. Colleen is a nurse and attends church in Toledo. Krista is still in school and is organist for the church in Defiance, Ohio with Bro. and Sis. Robert Frake. Bro. Frake also attended ABI.

Karen is married to Greg Dupre. The children's father passed away so Greg is now the loving father of her three children as well as three grandchildren. Karen sees that I get to church. We attend the Pentecostal church in Coon Rapids. Bro. Gary Weisbrod was our pastor and now is Pastor Emeritus. Bro. Tim Sanders is now our pastor in Spirit of Grace Church. We are the sister church to Spirit of Life Church in Woodbury, Minnesota. Trish Sanders, Tim's wife, is a beautiful singer and Lil Weisbrod plays the organ—so many from Midway/ABC. We are truly blessed.

Sis. Norris taught the 5th and 6th grade Juniors up in the balcony at Hague Avenue. Some of the Juniors received the Holy Ghost up there. Thyra Soberg and I taught the 4th grade Juniors. I remember some of the activities at ABC—the Fidelis Guild, the Dorcas Guild, and the Helping Hands. We had bake sales and made lots of peanut brittle. Later, all the ABC ladies met in one group with Sis. Mary Kloepper in Ladies Set Apart instead of smaller groups. Bro. and Sis. Kloepper were a blessing to us—she led the choir and we enjoyed his preaching. The teens had their special group and we seniors met every month for a potluck supper and a time of fellowship and worship. Bro. Sabin blessed us occasionally with his trumpet. Bro. Rudy Bowe and Marvel, his wife, led this group. Bro. Joe Lee played the guitar. His mother, Nellie Lee, played the piano and Don Brigley the harmonica. So, we had good music.

Robert and Lillian Martin. Young Robert Martin and Robert N. Sabin received the Holy Ghost on the same night about 1927 at a tent meeting in St. Paul. Their children were Faith, Robert Jr. called "Buzzy", Grace and Larry. For a while, he was assistant pastor for Bro. Benjamin Urshan. After Bro. Norris came, Bro. Martin worked at ABI as teacher, print shop assistant, and later the Vice President of ABI. Later he pastored the Minneapolis church called The Apostolic Gospel Church for many years.

Sis. Middleton and Arlene, her daughter, as I remember from many years ago, were faithful members of our church. For a while. they lived next door to my Aunt Gen on St. Anthony and walked to church. Arlene had such a beautiful smile and deep dimples.

Kyle and Catherine Minniear. I have included the Minniears because of the willingness to work so very hard on constructing the various buildings of ABC, ABI, and Camp Galilee. They came to St. Paul to attend ABI. Such faithfulness and joy of life.

Roy and Dora Moorman were an outstanding couple in Midway—always friendly and willing to help others. Roy served as a missionary to South America for a while and worked as a teacher in the public school system. He was an avid fisherman and I loved Dora's delicious fish soup made of the fish Roy caught in the beautiful and pristine Canadian lakes. Their children are Patty, Aaron and Craig.

Eunice Sabin Mrenca. Sis. Mrenca was a person who loved people and did whatever she could to help anybody. She worked hard; in her younger years, she worked as a house servant and cook for wealthy people in Minneapolis. She and her sister, Dorothy Berklund, worked at the Minneapolis Club for a while. As caterer, she served many a gathering and private dinner party for the people in Midway. She loved to bring people to church in her car and was a good friend and neighbor to my mother. Her three daughters are Barbara (Forry), Nellie (Bolinger), and Gail.

Charles Nelson (B: February 5, 1879). The following excerpts were written by Charles' daughter-in-law, Sharon Nelson, their family genealogist and historian and as well as an article in the *Pentecostal Herald*, April, 2006.

Charles was born in Sweden. At age fourteen, he ran away and joined the Swedish Merchant Marines. On ship during a great storm on the Pacific Ocean, he repented and promised the Lord he would always serve Him. In April 1906, the ship docked at Los Angeles. On Sunday morning Charles began to look for a church, took a streetcar and then walked not knowing just where he was in the city. He heard the Azusa saints' beautiful singing and walked into the mission and felt the presence of God. It was so strong he was knocked to the floor and in a while he spoke in tongues.

Charles felt the call to preach and did so for eight years, eventually reaching St. Paul. Here he met Rieka, an immigrant from Holland and fell in love with her. Rieka received the Holy Ghost in St. Paul c. 1916. Rieka's father, Jacob Van Wieren, came over from Amsterdam, the Netherlands, first and later he sent for his family—Rieka the eldest at age twenty-eight down to little Cora, age five. Their mother, Trienje, and two of the daughters had already received the Holy Ghost in Amsterdam right after the Azusa Street revival so they were interested in finding Pentecostal saints when they came to this country. After several years, daughter Anna wrote to the rest of the family that she had found Pentecost in St. Paul (or Minneapolis) and that is why they settled down in the area.

Then the "Jesus' Name" folks came to town and started tent meetings. God sent this small group a revival—services were held three times a day, every day, for three years. The tent was pitched in an open field on University Avenue. Bishop G.T. Haywood was the speaker. Both Charles and Rieka were re-baptized in Jesus' Name. Rieka remembered when the Andrew Urshans were married. Charles and Rieka were most likely married at the time of the tent meeting because Rieka always said that she spent her honeymoon in the tent meeting. Charles and Rieka had their first child, Jacob, in 1918 and three years later their second son, David was born. Bro. Nelson evangelized throughout the Upper Midwest.

Rieka told of helping clean up the Midway building right after it was built to get it ready for services.

Helen DiBucci Nelson. Sister Forrey wrote about Helen: "Bro. Sweazey baptized our own Sis. Helen Nelson in 1922 when she was seventeen years old and she received the blessed Baptism of the Holy Ghost the following year and has been faithful to her pastors and church ever since, never missing a service if she could get there—that is quite a record." Helen was one of our dear Italians who came to church via the streetcar from the East Side. She married Bob Nelson and always had a ready smile and greeting. In her older years, she worked at ABI on Grand Avenue in housekeeping.

Jacob Nelson (B: 1918) is the son of Charles and Rieka Nelson. Jacob was born and raised in St. Paul. Jacob married Sharon in 1951 and then evangelized before starting a church in Kansas City, Missouri. In 1968, Jacob and Sharon moved to St. Louis where he taught at Gateway College for 25 years.

Sharon served as registrar at Gateway for sixteen years and at the UPCI headquarters for seven years. The following are excerpts from reports from Jacob Nelson's wife, Sharon, and the *Pentecostal Herald*, April 2006.

My husband's first memory is sitting at center front of the congregation and looking up as Bro. Booth-Clibborn preached. He remembers Bro. Booth-Clibborn introducing the Nelsons to Bro. L. R. Ooton, the man who evidently was in the incoming pastor. Bro. Booth-Clibborn introduced "little Jacob" and said Jacob was always an inspiration to him when he preached. All he had to do was to look down into that little upturned face to find special inspiration.

My husband was present in the meeting when Bro. Witherspoon introduced Bro. Norris to the congregation.

Both Jacob and his brother, David, served in the Navy during WW II. Then they went to Bible College in San Antonio, Texas after which they

evangelized together. They then earned a master's degree in theology at the Bible Baptist Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas and later they served as co-pastors of the First United Pentecostal Church in Fort Worth.

Albert George Newstrand (1890-1968) was born and lived in St. Paul all his life. His parents were Swedish immigrants who arrived in America in 1883. They were Lutheran in the old country and later went to the Swedish Covenant Church here. Daddy was part of the Swedish Mission at Jenks and Greenbriar, located near the Newstrand home on the east side of St. Paul. When the light of Oneness came, the majority of the church was obliged to leave. Daddy was a charter member of Midway Tabernacle.

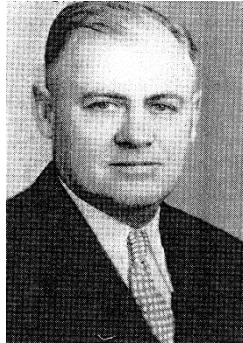
He was a faithful member and served as a deacon, secretary-treasurer and trustee of both Midway and the Apostolic Bible Institute. When the call came to work on the building, he took up his hammer and saw and joined in. Daddy was a good example and teacher of the daily Christian walk. He was a supporter of Bro. Norris, Midway and ABI. In his quiet and unassuming way, he held up the Pentecostal truth, witnessed readily to anyone who would listen, and was a devoted husband and father of four and grandfather of eleven. Carol James, my sister, has written about our father.

My Daddy, Man of Integrity

by Carol Newstrand James

How does one write of a man and his influence and participation in a family of believers when the viewpoint is of a man who lived and loved on a more personal level . . . as a father?

My childhood memories of church and home are woven together with strong threads. Home was warm and loving. Church was special and we felt loved within its walls as well. The church family, some of whom were relatives, were dear and familiar to Albert and Fern's children. We still talk of them when we are together.



Daddy was one of the members of the small group that became Midway Tabernacle. He was baptized in the Mississippi River after hearing the message of the Oneness of God and Jesus Name Baptism preached by G. T. Haywood of Indianapolis, Indiana. This was a step of mighty faith and obedience as his relationship with his mother was threatened by it. Daddy was still a single man and living with his parents, but his baptism opened up another family to him. His friends were fellow believers. His choice of a life-time partner was found at Midway Tabernacle, my mother, Fern Lundquist. They loved each other and together created the warm, loving home of my childhood.



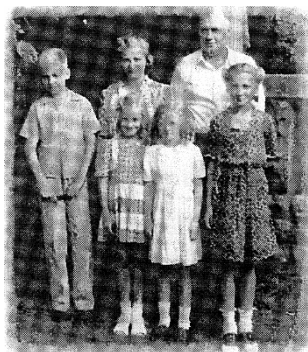
Daddy served in several capacities in Midway Tabernacle: Custodian. Deacon. Secretary-Treasurer. Trustee. His service was quiet, faithful, and loyal. When the Norris family first came to St. Paul, they and the Newstrand family lived in apartments on the second floor of the church. I think Daddy built strong friendships with the Norris children. He loved children and perhaps they followed him around the building as he worked. The Newstrand children were settled each service close to

the front with our parents on the family pew and it was there we absorbed and learned. We children certainly did not understand all the deep things of the Word that were ministered by Brother Norris, but the spirit of the ministry and congregation definitely ministered to us as Spirit flowed. We still remember those services. The songs are still sounding in us.

One individual who had been a part of Midway Tabernacle stated to me, "I never heard Al Newstrand explain Daniel's 70th Week—but this quiet man preached what he believed by the life he lived." An exemplary life. We are epistles that men read. Daddy's life was observed and read. It was good reading.

My Midway Tabernacle memories have only the foundation of Brother Norris, but Daddy had twelve pastors before the Norris family came to St Paul. Each minister has his own distinct leadership style and it must have been interesting and challenging to learn and submit to the different men. When Brother Norris came with his strong personality and his dream of starting a Bible school, it was accompanied by great challenge for the congregation. These were the early years of the Depression, as well as people problems within the church family. Brother Norris often spoke to me when I became an adult of the strong support of loyalty he always felt from his friend, Al. Sometimes the loyalty was expressed with just Daddy's gentle smile and a pat on the pastor's back. Brother Norris understood what it meant. What a wonderful compliment to my Daddy. Every pastor needs a man who will watch his back and I am certain Daddy did that for his pastor. His role was submission and support.

One special story of Daddy was told to me by Mother. I was not there to observe the touching demonstration of love Daddy had for the church, but I can envision it. Daddy had been sick for a long period of time and was no longer able to attend services. It was a Sunday and communion had been planned for the congregation. When Daddy heard of it he said he wanted to participate. So, with much effort he



Newstrand Family (c.1940's)

and Mother walked into the church and down the aisle. He joined his church family as communion was received ... and then walked back down the aisle, through the outer door and back into the car. His strength was gone. It was perhaps the last time he was able to join the church family at the altar. His intense love for God and the House of God brought him to the church that day. What a man. What a testimony for his family.

Our children, David and Melinda, often speak of Grandpa Newstrand. David has memories from his early childhood. Melinda was only nine-months old when Daddy died, so she has none. Yet it really seems she does and her memories mingle with David's . . . for we have always talked around our dinner table of their grandparents. Stories have been shared. Thus Daddy lives on in his family. He left us forty years ago on a cold February night after a long season of being sick. I still miss him and his unique ways. I miss the gentle hugs. I miss the letters he would write, always with the day's weather included. I miss hearing his words of praise for his God.



Mary Rogers, Beverly Hicks, Carol James,
and Ron Newstrand (2005)

Daddy, you taught us well. I am not sure just how you and Mother did it, but you awakened in the hearts of your children a desire for God and a love for His House. Yours was a gentle life. It was a life of labor. It was a life of good food and sharing it with others. I was aware of your generous monetary gifts and notes of encouragement to people outside our family. Your earthly dreams like Florida were not

fulfilled for you ... but Heaven must be more than you ever dreamed. Now you and Mother wait for us. We will all be together again and share in the Marriage Supper. What a hope?

Fern Rosella Lundquist Newstrand (1903-1984) came to St. Paul c. 1920 from the family farm in South Dakota. She received her

baptism at Midway and was active in church and the young people's group. She played the piano and guitar and sang. You can find her in the 1928 photo of Midway, with her guitar, wearing a cloche hat. She was very attracted to the Pentecostal music. Fern married Albert in 1930 and they had four children: Ronald, Bev, Mary and Carol. Midway played such a prominent role in her life. Once a young mother asked her how she kept her children in the church and she replied, "Keep them involved and active in church" which she certainly did. She led Women's Prayer that met on Wednesday afternoons, taught Sunday School, and was a genuine friend to the church body. She and Daddy often invited people in our home for meals—even those who could never reciprocate. My sister, Mary Fern Rogers, was so kind to write about our mother:

I have warm, fuzzy, and good memories of my dear mother. She was more than a mother—she was my best friend. I loved being with her. We always had a good and enjoyable time. Even though she's been gone from my life for 22 years. I miss her.

Daddy and we children were the love of her life. The reminiscences of my early childhood are sweet. My first recollections are at our home at 2274 Brewster Street in St. Paul—Mother at the sewing machine until late at night while Daddy was at work. We loved to brush her hair and try different hairdos while she sewed. She loved to sew and one of her projects was lingerie; I still have a beautiful red gown she lovingly created.

She was so energetic, a very hard worker—always cooking, baking, cleaning, gardening and canning. It seems like she was always moving. But at night if there was no church meeting, she read Pilgrim's Progress and Bible stories to us before bed. In the evening, she would blow her "policeman's" whistle (the kind that warbles with a piercing sound) on the back porch to tell us it was time to come home. This probably saved her voice trying to corral four kids in from play.

One vivid memory I have: It was late, we stayed home with Daddy, she had taken the streetcar to church and I couldn't sleep for worrying about her. Finally, I could hear her walking up the sidewalk. It seemed like it was so late and very dark outside. What a relief—Mother

was finally home safe. Another strong memory is being with her at 464 Pierce Street, while she led the women in prayer. She loved to worship and sing praises. Many times through the years, she would tell me about a song that was sung and how she was blessed. She had such a wonderful spirit that whatever she was asked to do in church, she did.

Our mother loved to entertain. Her coffee klatches were most often with her sisters and Grandma Lundquist. The smell of freshly brewed coffee filled our house and of course, something sweet to go with it. Our birthday parties, were always with our grandma, aunts, uncles and cousins. Almost every Sunday, we had roast beef, potatoes, vegetables, salad with a dessert of red Jello with bananas and real whipped cream.

Oh, the wonderful heritage I have. God blessed me with such awesome parents. Mother and Daddy were people who weren't afraid of work and were driven by desire to have a comfortable home for their four children. I never knew what it was like to go hungry or to live in a home of confusion. Peace reigned in our home. This was a blessing from parents who loved to live by God's Word.

Daddy was a deacon and church treasurer and Mother taught Sunday School for many years. Every Saturday night, she would prepare her lessons at the dining room table, arranging her flannel-graph.

Mother's high soprano voice joined with the spirited singing of the church family. Bro. George Bye often led while Bro. Norris played the saxophone or xylophone. Beautiful Virginia Caldie played the grand piano. To me the music was heavenly and I loved the zesty worship too.

It was always a joy to see Mother continue to be so faithful to church after we children married and moved from St. Paul. She sat with her special senior friends and continued her lifelong habit of church attendance. This group of about ten ladies loved each other and after service most often went to a restaurant that honored their clipped coupons. On some Sundays, they would enjoy home cooking at one of their homes. All of these darling ladies have joined together in heaven and I'm wondering what kind of coffee and cookies they're having. What a life my Mother and Father gave me.

Ronald Albert Newstrand (B. 1933). Ron is my big brother and ever

since their marriage, Ron and Lois Anne Dyer have been in the ministry and are now retired from the Newark, Ohio church, but are keeping busy preaching and traveling. Lois Anne is a "P.K." and learned about ministry from her childhood. She is a multi-talented person—piano, organ, voice, speaking and teaching, counseling and administrating. They are parents of Tim and Lisa Popham and have two grandsons, Taylor and Kenley Popham.

I was privileged to be born into a Oneness Pentecostal home with godly parents, Albert and Fern Newstrand, and grew up with three sisters who loved the Lord with all their hearts.

I was blessed to grow up in Midway Tabernacle at 464 Pierce Street where I received the Holy Ghost on March 30, 1948. Evangelist Joseph Urshan was ministering and frightened a group of us boys into getting "down to business" about our walk with God. Bob Sabin was a friend who received the Holy Ghost in the same revival. We both played in the orchestra. Bob played trumpet and I played trombone. We had many great revivals with the Kinzie Party, Bishop Lawson from New York City, Bro. Ace Summers from Mt. Vernon, Illinois, and Roland and Jolene Gardner. Precious memories.

The Bible school moved to 745 Grand Avenue and the church moved to Hague and Victoria Streets. I taught the Junior High Boys Sunday School class for years and drove the "Banana Wagon" (the church bus.) We took numerous trips in that bus; some of the trips included taking the boys out camping on Saturday. Several men from that Sunday School class are ministers today.

Our classroom was over the furnace room. One night the men were working there converting the furnace from oil to gas and while using a torch a fire started that destroyed that area of the outside wall and part of the altar. Bro. Don Fleming's father and I worked rebuilding that wall. One of the firemen fell into the baptistery and we all called him "John the Baptist." The only item in our classroom that survived was a map of Paul's missionary journeys that I had painted for an ABI project. We spent many hours working to rebuild all the damage. It seems we were always building or rebuilding something in those days.

Life was busy with my attending ABI and Macalester College and working a full-time night job at the train station. Working for the church is always a blessing and honor!

My pastor, Bro. Norris, was very good to me. He often took us up to his cabin on Long Lake to work and do some fishing—but never on Sunday. Bro. Norris was firm about that. So, I still don't to this day.

The boys and I went out "canvassing"—knocking on neighborhood doors inviting people to visit our church. We brought the Verdeja family in. The parents could not read or speak English. After they were saved, God miraculously enabled them to read the Bible and give inspiring testimonies in our services. Sis. Verdeja often said she learned English by reading the Bible.

In 1958, I married Lois Anne and brought her back to St. Paul where we lived for three years. She loved the church and was a great help in many ways at the church and Bible school. She loved the Norris's and they loved her. Every Thursday night after church, Bro. and Sis. Norris took us out to the Embers restaurant.

One night, Bro. Norris said he needed some help. A lady who was possessed by the devil came to his office. Together with another minister we prayed and the Lord completely delivered her.

My loyalty has always been with the church and Bible school. They gave me a great life.

Charles (Art) and Esther Norris were part of the Spencer migration to St Paul. Their children are Jeannie who is married Gordie Larson, Janet who died when she was quite young, and their son Kevin.

Esther and Art moved back to Spencer from Fort Smith, Arkansas where they had retired and were a blessing to the Spencer church until his health became poor. Jeannie and Kevin wanted them to move to the Twin Cities. Art has since passed away and Esther attends First UPCI/ABI church.

David Sr. (1928-1992) and Dorothy Norris (1930-1980). Dave was the third of the Norris children. They had six children. My sister, Carol, remembers my parents sometimes picking the children up

for church when they lived on Hague Avenue—on their way to 860. Their front door would burst open and out would come this little flock. Now-a-days you could not pack all of them into a backseat like then. Daughter Linda Ducklow was kind to write and up-date us on the family.

Barbara Ann Dawson (1951) graduated from ABI and Walsh University, B.A. She plays the keyboard at River of Life church in Smithville, Ohio. Her children are John, Julie, Josiah and Joy. Josiah has two sons, Isaiah and Quintin. The children all live in Ohio.

Patricia Marie Roos (1953) was married to William Roos and lived in Worthington, Minnesota. She passed away in 1994. Their children are Jessie, Rebecca, Deborah, Joseph who is currently serving in Iraq and Timothy is in pre-med at the University of Minnesota.

David (1954) is married to Nancy Abshire and had one son, Nathaniel. They live in St. Louis where David teaches at the Urshan Graduate School.

Linda Ducklow lives in St. Paul and graduated from ABI and Northwestern College in Roseville. She works as a certified sign language interpreter. Her husband is Anthony Ducklow who teaches at Battle Creek School in St. Paul. Linda plays keyboard for church and is involved in deaf ministry. She and Tony have monthly children's church. Their children are: Marcus who works at UPCI in IT in Florissant, Missouri; Luke is a college student and works full time as a PCA and is a Sunday school teacher and a drummer at church; Clint is a college student who works part time and plays drum at church and Nichole is a high school senior, has a black belt in karate and currently is a student of American sign language. Linda writes they are all faithful to God.

Robert lives in Pryor, Oklahoma and is married to Denise Shafer. Their children are Jamie (1985) who has one son, Caeden

and lives in Sioux Falls, SD. Alyssa (1987) is married to Moses Roach and they live in Pierre, SD. Alyssa (1987) is a drummer at church and also plays keyboard. Adrianna (1990) lives in St Louis, attended Gateway and now is studying at St. Louis Community College. Whitney (1991) is married to Ray Lund; she has one daughter, Tiyauna, and lives in Sioux Falls, SD. Stuart G. (1993) is still in high school in Pryor and plays drums in church.

Joanne (1963) lives in Albert Lea, MN and is married to Greg Reese. She is a teacher having graduated from ABI and Concordia. They are very involved in church—Greg teaches Sunday school and Joanne plays piano/organ and both are in youth ministry. They have three children: David (16) is in high school and works part time. Benjamin (14) is a high school student and plays drums in church. Hannah is ten years old.

Linda writes:

One of my first memories at Midway Tabernacle was being allowed to attend an ABI drama. I was too young to really grasp the spiritual meaning behind the drama, but I remember seeing the ABI students and church members worshipping in a mighty way when the drama was over. I knew that I felt the Spirit of God and wanted to be like the adults I saw worshipping. That experience at a very young age made a lifetime impression.

I received the Holy Ghost at Camp Galilee at age eleven, the same night as my cousin Ann Grant Hackler. Paul Gregory was the camp evangelist. That was when camp was two weeks long. By the second week the kids were so tired it was common to nod off during the service and wake up in time for the altar call. I was baptized in Lake Galilee by Bro. Rudy Bowe.

Midway Tabernacle was such a blessing in providing a firm and secure foundation for my walk with God. We were blessed with a wonderful Sunday school and Hobby Club on Saturdays. I remember Bro. Lloyd Hodges leading the kids in sing-time. I loved the buzzing bee he would swing around during "Everybody Ought to Be a Busy Bee For

Jesus.”

I remember my grandfather, S. G. Norris greeting every person in the church as they exited the sanctuary. Sometimes he would slip me a quarter and I thought I hit the jackpot.

I loved growing up in a big family. There was always someone to play with or to blame for something. Seriously, siblings can be one of God's greatest blessings. When our parents became ill before their deaths, sibling support was huge. I have great memories of a noisy, toy-filled house. Isn't that what life is about?

James (1924-2002) and Elsie Larson Norris (B: 1922) These are two people who so greatly influenced the children of the church, my childhood and my children's generation. Elsie worked for many years as a teacher in the Sunday School, a member of the choir and a wonderful hostess in her home. Jim is remembered for his work in the Children's Church, the sword drills and keeping order but still in a "fun" way. He had one of the first modern Studebakers and would weave in and out of the University Avenue traffic with Dorothy Larson and me in the backseat. Elsie now lives with her sister and brother-in-law, Dorothy and Art Sawyer. The following are some of Elsie's memories:

At home (in Dairyland, Wisconsin) and church I prayed almost every night for the Holy Ghost—my Dad made me pray and pray. I didn't understand all that. But shortly after Dorothy was baptized, I got the Holy Ghost. At age 16, I moved away from the farm to St. Paul and got a job at \$5 a week to be a nanny to a family of boys. I attended Midway starting in August 1939. The following spring Bro. Norris talked me into going to ABI. We had services until midnight. I used to take the streetcar home to where I lived in Highland Park. I walked almost a mile after getting off the streetcar but wasn't afraid. I loved Midway. It was a big church compared to what I'd been going to. I just loved it, every minute of it. Bro. Norris was a good teacher. I attended every time I had a chance and loved the prayer meetings.

At age 21, I moved to New York City and worked as a cook for a while for a family outside of NYC but it got to be too much—taking the

train into the city for services. I taught in the Sunday School and canvassed—can you imagine canvassing in NYC? I moved to the A. D. Urshan home and lived on the 3rd floor at 292 W. 92nd Street. Grace was home for a while, but then went back to ABI. I worked for a company that printed a bulletin on stocks and bonds. They sent me to school and then I ran the printing part of the company. Christmas came and I had a long letter from Bro. Norris saying. "Please come home." I didn't want to go home, but he continued to send me letters. I told my boss they're begging me to come home. He said I'll pay your way if you'll come back, but I never went back to NYC.

Susan Norris moved to St. Paul from Columbus, Ohio. She was a widow after 1907 and worked outside her home to provide a living for her son, Stuart, and herself. The job market in those days for women was mostly domestic work and intermittent casual jobs. The *New York Times* of April 1911 lists the monthly income for general house workers in 1910 as \$17.50 per month—probably less in Columbus, Ohio. She brought up Stuart alone. Susan Norris came to live in St. Paul in the early forties and served as Dorm Mother for many years. The early women's dorm was in the former living quarters of the pastor's family on the second floor of 464. Supervising young Christian women was a calling in itself—she was known as "Gram." She was the listener to the secrets and fears, keeping a "safe" environment, encouraging study, and maintaining a schedule—"lights out"—and discipline. The contribution she made to these young women's lives may never be known to us.

Christine Olson was one of the Midway widows when I knew her, mother of Kenneth and Eileen, who lived on Wheeler Avenue near University. Her house was situated on a high bank across from the Oscar Andersons. In her younger years, she walked the 3 or 4 blocks to church. Christine was a very quiet, pleasant person and you could count on her being there in all senses of the word.

Dan (D. 1972) and Dorothy Goserud Olson (D: 2004) were married in 1933 in St. Paul. They met at J. C. Penney where they both

worked. They had four children: David, Patricia, Ronald and Dennis.

Kenneth Olson was among the young people active in the 30's and 40's. His picture floats around in this record of those years. A pleasant, sociable young man who was fun to be around. After he retired, he loved to hang around the coffee shop at Byerly's.

Ole Olson was an early board member who is remembered by some as a faithful and supportive saint to our church and Bro. Norris.

The **Palumbos** were a large Italian

family that lived on the East Side. I don't remember the father or any sons. The daughters that I can recall were Pearl, Lillian and Carol. They were an enthusiastic group.

Florence Payzant with her son and daughter (Jean) lived over by Lake Iris just across from 1899 University Avenue. Jean was a very beautiful young woman. I remember visiting in their home one afternoon with my mother.

Sig and Pearl Palumbo Peterson with sons Richard and David were an important part of Midway. Pearl had that wonderful outgoing Italian way—a pleasant conversationalist animated by her intense brown eyes and lively, expressive hand movements. David had a beautiful tenor voice and became part of the Lanny Wolfe singing group and toured extensively.

Jeffrey and Christine (Tulla) Barcus Priessler (B: 1959) pastor the Minnetonka Apostolic Church just west of Minneapolis. They have three children: Johannah, Tim and little Andrew Jeffrey. Tulla writes:

Jeff's story began in 1974. His first visit to church was at a revival preached by Bro. George Glass Sr. He received the Holy Ghost the first

night he came to church! He danced all over the church with Greg Boyd, his high school wrestling buddy. That very night the Lord healed Jeff and delivered him. He never had a craving or withdrawal symptom (from drugs) afterward which is another miracle in itself.

I was born in 1959 at Midway, the fifth child (four older brothers: Roger, Bruce, Dan and Chuck) and much awaited baby girl. The Barcus family had moved from Decatur, Illinois, to Minneapolis in 1954 and then to St. Paul in 1955. My father's job at Western Electric transferred him which made my Mom so happy since she was born and raised near Northfield. She graduated from North Central Bible Institute in Minneapolis sometime in the forties.

My first memories of Midway were of my Sunday School teachers: Doris Walker, Don Lerche, Cheryl Erickson. I remember Hobby Club and the ABI students teaching the crafts and leading the devotions. When I look through the ABI annuals, I recall so many of the faces. It's no wonder for we were at church Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and two times on Sunday. Church was truly my home. I was called by the Lord into the ministry at age sixteen and it was later confirmed at age 31.

I remember:

Sis. Esther Larson handing me hard candy over the back of the pews,

The great choirs at Hague Avenue,

Parking on the street and walking and walking to the big steps up to the front doors.

Easter Sunday dresses,

Christmas candy boxes given to the children usually by Jim Norris,

ABI students coming to my house with my brothers.

Lee Stoneking, Darla Burns, Gary Reed—so, so many,

Moving out to Hudson Blvd. when I was seven,

Mom and Dad taking us to our cabin and rushing home for Sunday morning service—we rarely ever missed: we didn't really want to,

Being baptized at age seven by Bro. Rudy Bowe at Camp Galilee and receiving the Holy Ghost there under the

*anointed preaching of Bro. Winfred Black,
Pat Norris tirelessly praying for me to receive the Holy
Ghost and taking me to the concession stand for an ice
cream cone stand once I had regained my composure—it
took a while.*

Virginia Lee Rigdon had a very important place in the lives of the youngsters of Midway. She was our first youth leader in the early forties, known as the Junior Choir. In her quiet and refined manner—she taught us great lessons, took us on field trips, and directed our singing. We all loved her and she was a great role model to us girls. The following is from a 2007 telephone conversation:

My mother, Alice, had two sisters. Sophie who was older and Hannah. They received the Holy Ghost in Winnipeg under Bro. Frank Small. Sophie traveled to California to enter Aimee Semple McPherson's Bible School and Alice was a seamstress. They were in Los Angeles as workers for special revival meetings for Andrew D. Urshan when he was holding meetings in the Los Angeles Cow Palace. Bro. Urshan, and his wife, Mildred, along with baby Grace, stayed in Alice's home. 450 souls were filled with the Holy Ghost in this meeting. Hannah was secretary to Bro. Urshan for a while and also played the piano.

Mary Fern Newstrand Rogers (B: 1936) is my sister. Mary has retained her sweetness and has the wonderful ability to rise above the humdrum—to see beyond the present moment. She married Manuel Rogers, a former ABI student from Bossier City, Louisiana, who has been in the ministry since his Bible school days, mostly in Wisconsin. Their children are Cynthia, Steven, and Marietta Fern. They are retired now and their son, Steven, is the pastor of Elim Tabernacle in Milwaukee. If you are ever fortunate enough to visit this charming couple in their smaller "retirement" home, you will be treated to enjoyable conversation and wonderful food. Mary Fern has studied music over the years and sings and plays the piano beautifully.

Oh, the wonderful heritage I have that God blessed me with such awesome parents. Going to church four times a week was never questioned. Midway Tabernacle was our second home and Pastor S. G. Norris was our spiritual guide. I remember the big stucco building with the tiny yard and the pipe fence around it. We all sat on the pipe fence while we kids waited for our parents to come out after church. Sometimes even during church, we sneaked out and sit there.

Our blue '36 Plymouth could have driven itself from Brewster Street or Hague Avenue to Midway Tabernacle with four of us children in the back and Mother and Daddy in front. At the end of this car's life, we could actually see the pavement from the back-seat floor because of the rust.

Services were long at Midway, beginning at 8 PM and many times lasting until 11 P.M. or even after midnight. Altar services were so dynamic with many tarrying at the altar for long periods of time. It was at this altar where I received the Holy Ghost on my 10th birthday. Grandma Norris and Sis. Irene Sanders were praying for me. Sis. Sanders would hold up my arms until they were absolutely beyond aching—or hitting my back.

That's where I fell in love with music—especially spontaneous singing which we don't hear much in our churches today. Now most of us sing three songs and then we're through, but back then we took time to worship the Lord. I loved it when the Kinzie Party came—every summer it seemed. I thought it was music from heaven.

We kids always sat in the front. We did not leave church to go to the bathroom. I got really sick to my stomach one night. I just sat there. So after our two or three hour service and dismissal, I went back to my mother and on the way threw up all over the aisle.

I loved when Bro. Norris drew little stickmen on the tear-away big sheets of white paper on the easel. And the wonderful big chart he would pull across the platform. Oh the teaching was so deep back then. One time he said, "Mary Newstrand, are we going to ascend or descend when we go to heaven. I answered, "descend." Of course, I was so embarrassed because I was so wrong.

I loved Sis. Norris and always respected her. She was always

learning; age didn't make any difference to her. She always carried a book in her purse. After I was married and grew out of my shyness, I decided I would take her out to eat. It was so much fun because it was my one and only time to do that. What she talked to me about I shall never forget—to always stay "salty." Another memory of her was at Bro. Norris' funeral when she walked behind his casket. My memory kind of changes from her being a very strong, valiant woman to a tired, worn woman supported by two of her children. She had accomplished a lot, really lived a very purposeful life. I'm glad she was my pastor's wife because she taught me how to be strong and brave and stay beside my husband to encourage and strengthen him.

Grandma Lundquist was a strong tower in my life. She lived upstairs in the church—in this cute little apartment—a little sitting room and kitchen nook. I doubt she ever missed church. I remember her calling Daddy one night. She was really frightened. Someone had come in the church during the night and gotten into the tithing box. Those were scary times for her in that old, empty building in the summertime.

Junior Choir was another wonderful part of my life. There were probably about twenty of us tight-knit friends. We got together on Friday nights. Virginia Lee was a student from Hamline University in St. Paul. I fell in love with her and when she left, I missed her so much. She must have paid a lot of attention to us girls.

Another woman who came into my life as a little girl was Sakia Oka, an ABI student from Hawaii. I remember we took a bus trip to Grandma Irene Sanders' farm. I went with Sakia and it was so much fun. I thought our next leader, Joyce Drinkwater was marvelous. Glenna Brott was our pianist. I still see her; she's in her 80's—a vibrant little woman out in Nebraska. I loved Eleanor [Norris]. She was always a lot of fun—just one of us. She was a responsible leader—always there on Friday nights. It seems our group fell so in love with the Lord. I remember the boys would walk over from high school and have prayer meetings. I don't remember that we girls did that.

We sang every Sunday night. I remember the first time I played for Junior Choir on Hague Avenue. I was so nervous I got a headache. I was about sixteen. Bro. Norris later asked me to play the piano on Tuesday

nights and I did. I stumbled all over the place. I always say that because I was willing to do that even though I wasn't really qualified, God blessed me to be able to play for church—even today.

I especially loved the social part of Midway. The picnics at Como and Highland Parks were the best—tables were laden with hot dishes, potato salad, cakes and pies. We carried our food in large white kitchen towels that were drawn up and knotted making a carrying handle. Mother's usual dish was made with hamburger, onions, tomato soup and egg noodles baked until a crispy crust was formed over the top. At one picnic, there was an egg throwing competition. Bro. Norris threw an egg which broke on another man's clothing. The man became angry and never came back to church. After our picnics, we would gather together on the park benches and sing some of our beloved gospel songs.

No one can ever take these memories and teaching away from me. They are a treasure I will always enjoy.

Joe and Betty Roos came to Midway in their later years from Worthington, Minnesota. Joe had been a businessman and mayor of the town. Betty still faithfully attends ABC. In pressured times, Joe lived out his loyalty to Pastor Sabin. In today's world not many people talk about or practice "loyalty."

Nancy Rose (D: 2007) mother of six and long-time member, usually sat in a certain pew up toward the right front. She could be counted on—always "there" whether for a service or for a friend. The almost overwhelming battles she went through and the tragic losses she suffered—the ones we knew about—over the years might have crippled some. But never a complaint. It seems she just shrugged them off although we know she was a sensitive woman. She told us her secret in the way she lived—her special relationship with our Lord.

I suppose that unless you knew her, she could be looked upon as a tragic figure. If you wanted to be cheered and loved, you could just look at her beautiful smile. Truly, God's light shone through her eyes. In her last years, she suffered with Diabetes

Mellitus and its many complications. Sometimes in a group of many people, her kind get overlooked for the more vocal personality, but she will always be loved and remembered by her church family.

Nathan O. Sabin (B: 1958). In an interview at ABC on October 2, 2007 in his church studio, I focused questions more on his life with music. Nate has been Youth and Music Facilitator of ABC since 1991. Nate is the son of Robert A. and Louise Whitaker Sabin. In 1994 he married Lori Atkinson of California and has two children, Greyley and Indigo. Nate said:

I've loved music as long as I can remember. Both my folks were musical. Dad especially loved instrumental music. Mom loved to sing and write. I inherited and was taught to love those things—instrumental music and writing. I studied piano about five years along with my sister, Vickie, not long after we moved up to St. Paul when I was five years old. After studying trumpet in school, I gravitated to the guitar. My Dad had an old Gibson guitar he kept in the closet trying to hide it from us kids so we wouldn't bang on it. We played and sang Sunday School songs. Then he bought me a guitar from Sears or someplace. I never did play that guitar much, but always went back to the Gibson. I love that guitar and still have it.

Dad played the guitar. He and my Mom bought it and Mom played the accordion when they evangelized and also at Cochrane (Wisconsin). I enjoy the flute and took it up when I was in college. I'll play pretty much anything I can get my hands on—the recorder, horns. I'm not much good with string instruments—the violin—but I've tried. Guitar is my favorite. The piano comes close. I took voice lessons from a nun at St. Catherine's College, but it didn't take. Technically, I didn't study composition but have always loved writing. I remember on long road trips, my Mom sat in the back seat quietly humming to herself. Then when the family arrived at our destination, she showed us what she had written.

I kind of always had that. As a kid, I'd get alone in my bedroom with my guitar and make up songs. That's really what I like. In the act of record production, there's a similar kind of thing when you try to put

together a full artistic piece of work—songs that relate to each other. I really love to write songs and share music with people in my life. Anything can happen.

When producing, technically you're the creative director. I find myself always surrounded by my betters—people who are incredibly gifted at their instrument or voice. I like it that way—I'm surrounded by people who do what they do better than I could possibly do. Some composers create the whole work and then get people to perform that work. I kind of like to create the content or theory of the work and to build from there and like to have players who do that.

The artists and writers that I've worked with are Michael Olson, Jerry Groves, Jason Gray, Vicki Yohe, Sarah Renner, and Stacy Furnace—contemporary Christian artists. Brian Bates, a Hmong Christian, made a wonderful record with Asian instruments. Steve R—, a drummer in Nashville, is an incredible musician. Not all drummers are musical. First of all, he cares about the song—would just as not play certain songs. He plays with a lot of passion.

To aspire to be a Christian artist you have the gift and the Giver of the gift. God doesn't give identical gifts to each. While we are influenced by other people and their accomplishments, in the end you have to find out what God has called you to do. The thing for me for the rest of my life is to try and find a path that wasn't necessarily modeled for me. I've been inspired by a lot of people, but I have to find my own way.

I love working with the young people here. The Youth Choir has been sort of an accidental and great blessing. We didn't set out to, but it struck fire. They enjoy singing and are energized by the joy of singing.

I feel our real joy as Christian leaders is to replace ourselves.

Nellie Sabin (1892-1958). The following are excerpts from tapes that Sis. Nellie Sabin's granddaughter, Barbara Mrenca Forrey, preserved from some of Pastor's Sabin's fond memories of his grandmother as he spoke to the saints of ABC. Barb wrote these are "just some clips that I copied over a period of time when he was a bit melancholy and needed to talk."

"Grandma" Sabin suffered from thyroid problems for many

years. She was a devoted and wonderful woman. Her favorite song was "Some Golden Daybreak."

*Some golden daybreak Jesus will come.
Some golden daybreak, battles all wo.,
He'll shout the vict'ry, break thro' the blue.
Some golden daybreak, for me, for you.*

C.A. Blackmore

My Dad, Robert N. Sabin, (1912-1997) and I went to see his birthplace. He was eight years old when his mother received the Holy Ghost. As we drove past houses where the Sabin family had lived, he told of the hardships they had. Grandpa Sabin, Oran, was a carpenter and moved to Minneapolis from Michigan. They had several children. Three of the little brothers died and my Grandmother had a lot of sorrow because of that. One of her babies died in the doctor's office in her arms and she had to carry the baby home on the streetcar. There was no money for anything else. One morning she was out in her backyard hanging up clothes where they lived on Madison Street in Northeast Minneapolis. The house is still there. The neighbor lady was in her backyard, also hanging up clothes and singing a hymn.

My Grandmother walked to the fence and said, 'What is it that can make you sing on a Monday morning?' She said, 'Well, I'll tell you — you come with me and I'll show you.'" My Grandmother went with her to the prayer meeting on Lowry Avenue. While Grandma was praying, she was baptized with the Holy Ghost This was an unusual thing. My Grandmother was an orphan and only spoke English. But the people there were Swedes and they said that when she received the Holy Ghost, she spoke in Swedish and prophesied that her husband would also be saved. They told her that afterward.

Dad said that Grandma tried to find a church. Everywhere she went she didn't feel it was the right place. For a while they went to Luke Rader's church over on Lake Street. Then they went to the church that became the Assemblies of God in Minneapolis (later pastored by Bro. Lindquist). Dad said that one of the things that was so evident of the change in her life was that she started throwing out of the house

everything she thought was worldly and bad. Dad said, "Mama really went to town."

Ultimately, a lady brought her to Midway Tabernacle. This would be 1921 when Bro. Booth-Clibborn was the pastor. She had been to a service at the Christian Missionary Alliance that was just a block away from Midway—the Simpson Memorial Church. She thought she had seen Midway Tabernacle and decided to go there and found some lady to take her. When she got there, she said that was the end of her search. She knew that was where she belonged.

She had a sister, Anna, one of three orphaned children—two girls and a boy. Anna was in Michigan and my Grandma was very concerned that Anna get saved. Then my Grandmother got very, very sick and they put in General Hospital in Minneapolis. She was there for months and did not get better. All that time she prayed for her sister. Finally, she sent word to Michigan: "Please come and see me." Anna came to Minneapolis and Grandma said, "I'm glad you came. I want you to have what I've got. There's a church over in St. Paul called Midway Tabernacle and I would like you to go over there." My Aunt Anna went—there was no service but some of the ladies got together and prayed for my aunt all that night. At 6 A.M., my aunt received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and was baptized in Jesus' Name. Dad said that right then Grandma got better. She came out of the hospital and the sickness was over.

Later I went to visit my Aunt Anna in Traverse City, Michigan. She was a wonderful child of God. She never had a Oneness, Jesus' Name pastor. But she took Oneness papers from all over the country—she had a stack of them. Some were from William Booth-Clibborn. I wish I had some of them. When she died no one saw any value in them. But she walked with God. When you'd sit down at her table and she prayed over the food, she'd start speaking in tongues. She loved the Lord. She was holy. She was a saint of God.

My Grandma made a quilt for me when I was a boy. She gave it to me when I got married and I really loved that quilt. Nathan and Vickie also loved it when they were growing up and completely wore it out. I told them, "Couldn't you use some other blanket?" I still have the quilt but it's in tatters. Nellie Mrenca Belanger, another granddaughter and sister to

Barb Forrey had two or three of the quilt tops that my Grandma made and she gave me one. Sis. Veda made a quilt of it (for Pastor Sabin's birthday.) Bro. Sabin held it up and said "Isn't it nice? My Grandma sewed all those little stars. I don't know if some of them came from dresses that she wore, table cloths that they used or whatever. . .

When I was a young man, my Grandma proved Jesus to me. She knew somebody. I could tell that. Whenever we had Thanksgiving Dinner and were gathered around the table, all the cousins fought to sit next to Grandma. Maybe once or twice I got to do it. You felt like you were next to a very holy person. Then she would pray. Her husband was not much interested in the Gospel, but she took the occasion of Thanksgiving to say what she wanted to say in that prayer. She prayed for all of us. The power of God would come on her and she'd pray in tongues. I grew up with that. She was a godly woman. She never went beyond the third grade but was extremely intelligent and believed with all of her heart. She was a Christian from morning to night. We lived above her for ten or eleven years and I was in her home every day. She was Jesus to me. That's where my faith was formed. You could say all kinds of negative things about Scripture, about Creation, what the Bible says. It doesn't explain my Grandma.

Grandma would bring me to church on the streetcar from Northeast Minneapolis. It was a difficult thing. You had to take the Johnson streetcar, transfer downtown Minneapolis to the Minneapolis-St. Paul car. When we left church after the service—if we left too late and you got downtown Minneapolis and missed the car that was going out northeast. You could stand there for one hour and I did stand there many times with my Grandma for an hour. But she always wanted to come to church. She always thought, "maybe that Bobby will get a hold of this thing and God can do something in his heart." She had anticipation and I think that was our secret. We thought something could happen. Something more than preaching, more than singing—life changing decisions, resolve, people being fined with God's Spirit, hope being given and revival taking place in the heart!

Robert N. and Evelyn Hector Sabin (1915-1999) are the parents of

Pastor Robert A. Sabin. They attended Midway throughout their adult life. Bro. Sabin wrote that Robert was baptized c. 1927. Evelyn and Robert N. met at Windom Park in N.E. Minneapolis and later married. Bro. Sabin was a non-professing Pentecostal. He and his mother, Nellie, brought Evelyn to Midway to hear a "converted nun" and Evelyn walked out, stood on the front steps, vowing to never go back there again but did. Evelyn was a quiet and loving person. She had many close friends at Midway such as Grace Larson, Virginia Caldie and the other Goserud girls. They visited often with the Marvin Weisbrods.

Franklin and Cele Sanders. Frank brought Cele into Midway, a widow with two young children, Alan and Lillian. They married and had four children: Franklin Jr., Bonnie, Timothy, and Becky. For many years Frank served as Sunday School superintendent and Cele served at his side. Their home on Tanner's Lake was often full of ABC youngsters who enjoyed swimming, fishing, and ice hockey on the lake.

Franklin Jr. (Fritz) and Kathy Sanders. Frank is an example of Midway "kids." He is the pastor of Spirit of Life Bible Church in Woodbury, a suburb of St. Paul. Frank was on the University of Minnesota hockey team and played in the Olympics and later became a professional player. Franklin wrote the following tribute:

Midway Tabernacle was the greatest place a young person could grow up in. We had the chance to meet people from all over the world through the Bible Institute. Many of these people are still dear friends. My grandmother was the cook at ABI and my maternal great-grandparents were in the church also—Oscar William and May Rose Bonn. This makes my grandchildren fifth generation Oneness Pentecostals and I'm so happy for that. My father was the Sunday School Superintendent for about forty years and I was raised on the pews of Midway; first at 464 Pierce Street and then later at Hague and Victoria. When I say raised on the pews that is exactly what I mean as Dad and Mom would not miss a church service during my younger life. That meant Sunday morning, Sunday night,

Tuesday Bible study, Thursday worship, Friday youth, Saturday Hobby Club (which I seldom went to).

I was ten years old when Jesus mightily filled me with the Holy Spirit. The only vision I ever had happened to me that night when the Lord started to take over my tongue and I spoke in tongues for 45 minutes while the vision of Christ coming through the apex of the tabernacle at Camp Galilee flooded my soul. Shortly thereafter, God called me to the ministry from which I ran with all my might. I got involved in sports and eventually became a professional hockey player. When I found out that fame and fortune do not make you happy, I retired from professional sports at the ripe old age of 24 and gave my life to the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ I have never been sorry for that decision. The Sanders family at one time had over 60 family members attending Midway Tabernacle and later Apostolic Bible Church.

Things I remember about Midway:

The greatest preacher ever was our pastor, Bro. S. G. Norris. He inspired me to live for Christ and his tenderness to me when I decided to play hockey instead of ABI will never be taken from my memory including:

The great people that visited the church from all over the world. Meeting kids from all over the Twin Cities that to this day I communicate with and see on a regular basis and even preach in some of their churches.

Great picnics and parties for the youth and the whole congregation.

The worship of all the saints still brings tears to my eyes and emotions of thanksgiving and joy.

The building was a great place because it had so many nooks and crannies that we could play hide and seek in.

Having the ABI students there to mingle with us and even be our Sunday school teachers.

The great Holy Ghost revivals that came to the church and, of course, the graduation exercises were a great time to be a youth at Midway Tabernacle.

The great Bible teaching that has kept me from many errors in my ministry. I can still see the charts and the blackboard as Bro. Norris would expound on the "Mighty God in Christ." All these things are great things

to remember about Midway Tabernacle, but the most wonderful thing about Midway was the people. Big families and small alike seem to bind together as we worshiped. I still see George K. Bye leading songs and Wendell Gleason leading the choirs and, of course, Bev Hicks singing and playing. Sis Verdeja's testimonies would erupt the church. The fellowship meetings with the greatest friends I have ever made and most of all the precious presence of the Lord Jesus Christ rested on Midway and touched my heart forever. I recently walked through the building with Rev. James Larson and Rev. Stanley Gleason. Our hearts melted as we walked through the building at Hague and Victoria. Tears welled up as memory after memory filled out minds. There will never be a place like that again where so many people melded together to magnify the Lord and grow in the knowledge of the God of glory. I don't know if this helps you or not, but I will pray that your endeavor will be accomplished. If you are ever in Minnesota, please call us and come visit us at our church. We are excited for what God is doing in our little effort in Woodbury, Minnesota.

Louis Sanska was a young man who was with us in the 1930's and 1940's. He came from the Kettle River church led by the pastor of the Duluth church, Bro. David Johnson and later Benjamin Urshan.

Arthur (B: 1931) and Dorothy Larson Sawyer (B: 1934) were married in 1953 and had three children: Alan, Craig and Karen, plus nine grandchildren and seven great grandchildren and one on the way. They have served Midway and ABC in so many ways—faithful attendance and support. For years, Dorothy sang in a ladies trio along with Martha Larson and Lowella Sawyer. Art serves on the trustee board and picks up his saw and hammer to build/repair as is needed. They have given of their time and talent to bless others.

Art came from Carlton, Minnesota to attend ABI. Eventually some of his siblings settled for a while in St. Paul—Edna, Irvin, Butch, and Beverly. Art met and fell in love with Dorothy Larson, the youngest of Anton and Hildur's family. Dorothy and I are the same age and we have been good friends since age twelve, growing

up together in church and remain dear friends even today although we are separated by many miles.

Sis. Scoville was a very tiny woman who always wore a hat to church. She was quiet, never in the forefront. I venture to say she may have been the widow of Bro. Scoville in the clergy row of the 1915 photo.

George and Julie Schmitt. Julie lives on sixteen beautiful acres just outside Cannon Falls, Minnesota. She wrote:

I don't even remember the year, but Billy Graham came to the Minnesota State Fair Grounds. My husband, George, had an uncle in Red Wing, Minnesota, who had a passion to see and hear this man in person. We took Uncle Morris and Aunt Gen to the crusade and all four of us walked out as "new creations in Christ." We were thrilled. We also knew the Lutheran Church was no longer for us.

Morris had a sister, Doris Walker. We knew of her devotion to the Lord and so we contacted her. What wonderful times followed—hours of digging into the Word with wonderful cups of coffee and Dorie's great treats. Doris and her husband, Warren, were very wise in not immediately taking us into their church, Midway Tabernacle. The invitation did come during Thanksgiving week. Warren prepared us for a "different" type of church with much love, much laughter and noisy.

We loved it. George said. "This is now our church." Everyone took us under their wings. They already knew how to fly with the Lord. Gerald and Eleanor Grant temporarily adopted us. Eventually Frank and Cele Sanders, along with Jim and Elsie Norris, took to watching over us. Pastor S. G. Norris fascinated me. I literally loved the times of teaching he gave to us. Church was a joy and we were not eager to leave when dismissed.

Later the drive to ABC/ABI in Oakdale was much farther from South St. Paul. No one complained. We went through snowstorms and rainstorms and never doubted that we were going to be among God's blessed. Along came our daughters, Corrine and Deborah, adding to Terry and Rox and the children flourished spiritually at ABC. All the church and activities of the School were health to our bones. The music of the

church was like none other. Under Wendell Gleason, the choir truly became heaven's choir. One fashion of the day was hats. Oh my, the glory of the hats on the heads of God's daughters. Every week a new finery to balance on the huge puffs of hair—their large curls made oh so nice or big buns at the base of the neck. Somehow, the hats were made to stay put. One year before Easter, Bro. Norris cautioned the ladies to "keep it in control."

Wonderful memories. A deep respect for God and who He was and the Word of Life were taught and received. We attended church to praise and honor and worship the true and living God. Telling you about Camp Galilee and the power of the Holy Ghost would take pages and pages—all that God has done for His people. It was wonderful to have been a part of those years. They were God blessed. Now I am outside the Twin Cities area. Yet where I go God goes with me. I am never alone and my mind is filled with memories and people I will never forget.

Terry (B: 1952) Schmitt and his wife, Peggy Tan, are missionaries in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and serve in Indochina. They work mostly with children at risk, those who have been exploited and sexually abused, victims of human trafficking. Recently, Peggy ministered in Vietnam and spoke to 100 fellow Christian Vietnamese women. They have just graduated fifteen tribal girls at their New Life Center. Peggy is an impassioned speaker. Sophia John, the wife of the U.S. Ambassador to Thailand, came up from Bangkok and visited New Life Center where 100 tribal girls are cared for. Now Terry and Peggy are seeing wonderful results of those they have trained and mentored, furthering the Gospel. While in Vietnam, Terry met with various religious leaders about developing youth leaders as has been done in Cambodia. They plan to extend these ministries and training into North Vietnam. Terry wrote:

Massive gothic wooden doors towered above my head. My first impression was how were we ever going to open these bulwarks to get inside? The long forward march up the outside concrete stairway to these doors seemed a feat in itself. And yet curiosity heightened my desire to

conquer both steps and doors just to satisfy my need to know what was on the inside and beyond. The architecture reminded me of grand churches of ages gone by that I had seen in history books. Beautifully colored stained glass windows centered just below the roofline added to the magnificence of the moment of discovery and wonder. These are the curious thoughts of a nine-year-old boy in 1962 visiting for the first time. Later I found out it was one of the best known churches of St. Paul as governors had been married inside the walls of this magnificent church.

Uncle Warren and Auntie Doris Walker asked my parents to join them at a service at Midway Tabernacle on Hague and Victoria. This was the night we all made good on their offer. As the door was opened, I immediately was hit by the voluminous sounds crashing my way from the front of the church. I thought what is this mighty sound of a sousaphone, trombone, a double bass, organ, saxophones, clarinets and xylophone. These joyful sounds seemed to be alive and compelling as if to say: Come and rejoice with us and be a part of this celebration. I had never heard such sounds in church before and I immediately took a liking to this distinctive clapping of hands, standing while singing, and doing a little rhythmic dance in one's place in the minimal space between the pews. Innate curiosity further beckoned me. This church had Spirit and life and I was soon willingly drawn into its merriment as the Spirit of the Lord freely moved in this place and more importantly moved on me. I offered no resistance to His moving. It did not take me long to decide, "I like this!" Joy, life, sounds, color, aromatic smells, well-dressed people and the Spirit made for a compelling allure which drew me deeper into a quest of: "What is this all about? But whatever it is, I want it too."

I found out later the grand sousaphone player was Rev. Wendell Gleason and the trombone player was Dale Hodges. The xylophone musician was the man who was called the "Bear", Rev. S. G. Norris. Added to this the organ and I thought this is an amazing sound bellowing out in a chorus of praise. Eddy Lucas, Sharon Reed, Sharon White, Darrel Doughty, Dan Mena, if my memory serves me well, were there in those days of Midway and ABI. It was memorable and grand and I knew I wanted to be back for more.

How could I ever forget the day Rev. S. G. Norris came to our

house in South St. Paul at the request of Warren and Doris Walker to expound the Word more clearly to Mom and Dad as they were new Christians. He wore a large full-length coat and what appeared to be an Italian dress hat fitting for the day. He looked like an important man and dressed the part. Bro. Norris began to underscore and scribble into my dad's Bible. I was not amused this man in a large coat and hat was actually writing on the Holy Bible. In later years, I came to forgive Bro. Norris for his ways of teaching and training using my dad's Bible. It made much more sense as I did that same thing with my own Bible while attending ABI's 71-74 classes.

Sis. Soberg and Sis. Maki were my first Sunday School teachers. I remember my very first class with them as they taught me all the books of the Bible by division by placing my hand on a sheet of paper, outlining my hands in pencil. The basement of the church was rather foreboding at first and yet in time, the floors below began to appeal to me as we celebrated many events and times with great fellowship and meals plus homemade pies for Watch Service New Year's Eve and special days.

I knew all was well on Sunday morning with my faithful teachers and Bro. Sanders in charge—all going as planned. I graduated to Sis. Norris' class with trepidation. Sis. Norris was known for her excellent teaching ability and her no-nonsense approach to teaching, training and mentoring and I knew I could not get by with much in her class. One Sunday morning I was simply getting a piece of paper out of my Bible and Sis. Norris quickly and knowingly rebuked me for digging into my Bible for baseball cards. There was no way I was going to tell her in class with all the other students I was simply getting out a piece of paper to write notes on but far be it from me to make a feeble attempt to correct Sis. Norris.

Saturdays, Dad dutifully took my sister and me to Hobby Club. It was always an event. I constructed many oddball things from clothespins and matches and popsicle sticks and what not. What fun! Sometimes Bro. Frank Sanders would take the devotional time toward the end of Hobby Club and I always enjoyed our times in singing and the Word as he had a way of making this entire time lively and well-spent. Bro. Dale Hodges was a good ventriloquist and I made it my mission to gauge whether or not

he did a good job of it with his dummy so I scrutinized him to see just how much his lips moved or not when the dummy was "speaking."

I will not forget the time Jimmy Larson asked me if it was OK if my dad would take him home from Hobby Club. Dad was none too happy about it afterward as we got into a minor car accident taking him home. But that was of small concern to me at the time because Jimmy and I were friends and he provided lots of amusement all through our boyhood days including at Camp Galilee. I think he still holds the record for the number of times being kicked out of camp, but that is debatable and I say that with a grin.

Many great men and women of God came through the doors of Midway. My dad was one of the photographers for the church and ABI. I remember Dad taking pictures of Bro. Andrew Urshan. Smile, ready; picture time. Young Mark Hanby was asked to speak one Sunday evening and how he could preach. The Lord was always there strong in Spirit. When Bro. Norris spoke on Sunday evenings and he felt he was not getting through to us, he would utter, "My God!" Then he proceeded to take off his suit coat and throw it on to the seat behind him and then with greater and renewed determination offered an exegesis on said sermon enveloped in grounding conviction. Now that is good preaching!

Bernice Chapman led our children's choir in the early 1960's. She was one of the many people that shaped our belief system and our lives. I always liked her inner spirit and mannerisms and I looked forward to singing each Sunday evening. Sis. Chapman took a few of us to the Como Zoo and we had fun. How embarrassed I was on the twirl-a-whirl with my peers like Mickey Lumpkin and Jimmy Larson only to be outdone by Mickey as she spun the twirl faster and faster to the point that when I got off I couldn't stand up straight and Mickey just laughed. I turned green and did not get on another ride that day. Humiliating. This was all too discomfiting seeing that most of the young guys at Midway liked Mickey and I was one of them. Her parents and mine were good friends in the 1960's and I thought this pretty gal was quite the catch. Just a few years later, a young guy from the South named Anthony became all the rage at Camp Galilee.

His parents were powerful speakers. For some unknown reason,

Mickey was taken up by this fellow. The girls even made up songs about this Anthony. Didn't they know us "Minnesnowta" guys were cool too?

ABI dramas were not to be missed. They had an impact on all of us. I know they made lasting impressions on me.

One of my favorite activities in church was to zing spitballs off the top ledge of the balcony and then quickly duck down below the three-foot balcony wall. Jim Norris did not see the humor in this extra-curricular church activity for us young guys, so he took it upon himself to be the "balcony spitball cop" and took the fun out of it. I never wanted to hurt anybody, but it seemed a delightful to get a reaction out of someone who just got a spitball in the back of the head. I was not mean, but nine years old.

I grew out of that phase and at age twelve years old, Bro. Rudy Bowe baptized me in the big water tank that took hours to fill. How the Holy Spirit moved on me when I came up out of the water. It was life-changing. I always felt I was fortunate to have him baptize me; he was very tall and handsome and could preach well also. His warm cheery smile was always a welcome sight each service.

Another woman that stands out to me was Sis. Verdeja. I never heard a more Spirit and power filled testimony than hers. I looked forward to her testimony and I would tune myself into whatever she was going to say to glorify "the living God" as only she could do. Her son, Pete, and Fritz Sanders were really cool. Each remains a friend to this day.

One of the highlights for me in those days was to go to Bro. and Sis. Frank Sander's house on Tanner's Lake to ice skate knowing a big cup of hot chocolate and marshmallows were at the ready when we were done. A meal would follow and the fellowship with my friends was great fun. I think the world of all these saints.

Even years later, Frank Sanders and Uncle Warren and I cut down trees on Mom's place in southern Minnesota. My wife fixed us a lovely Chinese meal and Bro. Frank enjoyed that meal immensely. I was glad we could give back something back to these fine people who made up a big part of your life growing up.

I grew up with David Peterson in our South St. Paul High School. His mom, Pearl, was one of the funniest people I ever met. She had us all

in stitches as she talked about her courtship with her hubby, Sig. And she could make a wonderful Italian meal. The days at their lake cottage were fun-filled that they shared with Midway's youth.

The Petersons, the Uhls, and the Lerche's were so faithful to ensure we Schmitt kids and our Mom made it to church during the week or when Dad was working overtime at the Ford Assembly Plant. I liked the lively conversations during our travel time even on those very bitter cold evenings during the week. I always desired to be in church when the doors were open and these folks helped to make it happen. I am forever indebted to them for their sacrifices for us.

Some of my best memories are the are the times we all went out to eat after church on Sunday nights. And then the times spent with the Hicks', Lumpkin's, Uhls' and Lerche's, ABI students and others.

Midway Tabernacle was and is connected at the hip to ABI and Camp Galilee—all fond memories for me—a major part of my life. I am eternally grateful to those who paid the price to simply pay any heed to this young man and give of themselves unselfishly, helping to mold the future being played out even now in Southeast Asia where I live with my lovely wife.

Donald Sjostrand was part of our "Junior Choir" group in our growing up years in Midway. He graduated from ABI, married JoAnn Gerald, and has pastored for years in Lonok, Arkansas. He is the father of Pastor Keith Sjostrand in Newark, Ohio.

Here are a few of my youngest memories of Midway. My Grandmother Gould was an early member. She received the Holy Ghost during a tent revival. She would go early to service and sweep the sawdust and straighten the "wilderness-type sanctuary." She was later killed in an accident while waiting for a streetcar—hit by an out-of-control automobile when it ran up on the streetcar island. (Streetcar islands were raised platforms about 6 inches high above the street surface—the area one stood on to board the streetcar. They ran down the middle of the street close to the tracks, were about a yard wide, and had no protective barriers.)

My Uncle Earl and Aunt Helen Myers (my mother's sister) always gave us a ride to Sunday School. When they moved to

Minneapolis, the church bus started coming to give us a ride. My sister, Shirley (four years younger), and I would pray that the bus would break down and not come. We prayed amiss! There was an older bald-headed gentleman by the name of Bro. Olson who always greeted us at the door. He made us feel so welcome that we ended up being glad we came. In April of 1941, Bro. Joseph Urshan preaching a revival at Midway. Someone from ABI invited us. Shirley and I were both baptized during that revival. After that, the bus picked us up not only for Sunday School but church as well.

The following January 16th, I received the Holy Ghost. I rode the streetcar to church. I had a token in my pocket for the return ride home. I was so drunk on the Spirit that Bro. Norris led me to his car and gave me a ride home. When we arrived at my house, I was still speaking in tongues. He made a deal with us kids that if we wouldn't read the comic papers, he wouldn't. He probably didn't read them anyway (LOL). He was teaching us to spend that time reading our Bibles. That is when I began to love the Word.

During the winter, I would go early to church and shovel snow. I always wanted to be busy around the church. In the summer, Bro. Norris had me paint his house. Mary (Bro. Norris' daughter) would make me grilled cheese sandwiches for lunch. She always put a few olives on the plate. I thought those sandwiches were the best ever.

Harry and Thyra Soberg met at Midway after she had come from Oregon to be with her sister, Rea Gleason, before Gary was born. The Soberg family farmed near Alexandria, Minnesota. Other siblings that attended Midway at some time are Maurice, Rebecca and Jimmy. Harry and Thyra's children are Jean, Larry, Andy, Linda and Susie. Thyra now lives in a mother-in-law cottage on Linda and Ricky Nance's homestead in Adair, Oklahoma.

Clinton (1912-1993) and Ruth Stone. Clint was the son of Elder Eric Stone, pastor of the Jenks Street Mission, who converted to the Oneness message. He was part of a group of young people and served the Lord and church. Ruth was a beautiful young woman, the mother of three sons: Stanford, Warren who is an Assemblies of God minister, and Bobby.

Pearl Strom was a young single woman back in the old days. You could count on her being faithful in attendance and support of Midway. Later, she was married and moved away.

Sister Svolny was a dear saint of Midway who had fled from Communist Russia. She escaped by walking through the mountains arriving at a seaport with just the clothes she had on. To pay for her passage to America, she used the jewelry she had sewn into her clothes. On board ship, she met another emigre who later become her husband and through much hard work they came to own several real estate holdings in St. Paul. I remember her as a tall and dignified woman with high Slavic cheekbones, dressed in beautiful suits and hats.

She was generous to me as a youngster giving me beautiful clothes that her niece had outgrown. I remember one especially—a navy blue silk shantung dress with red plaid silk trim. It had a circular skirt and I loved to twirl in our living room. Her daughter was an actress in New York and Hollywood. Sis. Svolny went to live in California after her husband died.

Russell and Margaret Goserud Swanson. Russell was part of the single young people in the early days of Midway. He and Margaret had three children: Shirley, Jimmy and Janet. In 1924, Russell wrote a letter to the St. Paul Dispatch testifying God's miraculous healing of a broken arm when he was 12 years old. The church prayed for him and the Lord instantly healed him requiring no medical help.

Russell's mother (D: c. 1945) was also named Margaret and worked as a housekeeper at the Angus Hotel, a very spiritual woman.

Frank and Dorothy Szimiot were a couple that were part of the church in the early 1940' s. He helped people with his knowledge of car mechanics. They lived in Iris Park, a few blocks from the old 1899 University Avenue location of the first church.

Mary Tucci Testa (1912-2003) was a very important part of Midway. She married Mike in 1942, part of the Italian group of saints. Their children are Angela Van DeWalker born in 1944 and Michael in 1946. Her son, Mike Testa, wrote:

Mom was born in Livingston, Montana, of Italian immigrants from Calabria in southern Italy. The immigrants helped build the railroad and settled there when the railroad put in a huge repair shop. My mother was one of eight children—difficult times back then. Can you imagine? Someone should write their story. Only she and her youngest brother survived past age five. When she was a young woman, she moved east to study music in Chicago and St. Paul.

In 1942, she married Mike Testa. I don't know if you know, but it was my dad who started attending the Pentecostal church first. This caused quite a stir in the Catholic Italian community I am told. He later quit attending, but never objected to my Mom going and taking us. Angie is much more the "historian" than I am.

It's at Christmas time that I remember her most. I wish there was a recording of her singing. When I hear "O Holy Night" sung by some "famous" singers, I just remember how much better she was. I remember watching Bro. Norris sitting behind her with his eyes closed, mesmerized by the beautiful sounds that came from her. Let us know if we can help further and let me know when your work is done.

Mary played the Hammond organ for Sunday School and was our church soprano soloist. Her clear voice blessed us most Sunday evenings and on special occasions. Bro. Norris sometimes said, "Sing that last verse again, Mary." He loved to hear her sing. She gave me many practical insights on the art of piano accompaniment. My favorite of her solos was "I'm In Love, Deeply In Love" with its high, soaring notes in the last line of the chorus.

*I've found a Lover, He loves me so, Jesus who died for me,
Bears all my burdens, sorrow and woe; loving and kind is He.*

Chorus: I'm in love, deeply in love, with the Lover of my soul.

*I will sing praise to my King, while the years of Eternity roll:
His love is in my heart never to depart, His blood has made me
whole;
I'm in love with Jesus, He's the Lover of my soul.*

*Daily He's with me, close by my side, whisp 'ring sweet words of
peace.
Deep in my soul He's there to abide; His love will never cease.*

*Soon He is coming back for His bride, from that far golden shore,
In that bright city there to abide with Him forevermore.*

For many years, she taught Sunday School to the Beginners fitting in so well with them as she was little—about five feet or less. Mary worked for the St. Paul City School District for many years. To me, she was kind and most understanding and I loved her for it.

Ellen Demos Tonack (B: 1953) went to ABI after college and later served in missions in Greece from 1983 to 1984. Later she served in St. Croix, in the Caribbean, under the AIM (Associates In Missions) program missionaries Lloyd and Nancy Shirley. She also spent two years in Australia and Papua, New Guinea, working for the U.S. State Department. In 1988, she met and married Brian Tonack who worked for the American Embassy in Manila, Philippines.

Dino and Diane Wunderlich Tuttle. Dino wrote:

Beverly, I am sorry to get this to you late, but I just received it from Debbie Stigen [his sister-in-law].

You probably remember me as the young man from KNOF Christian radio who came to Camp Galilee and received the Holy Ghost in the water as I was baptized in Jesus' name. That was August 6, 1965, a glorious time when 82 people received the Holy Ghost within two weeks. I had been encouraged by Oscar Anderson to go among the Oneness people because they really believed in the Holy Ghost. God did just what His Word said.

Lee Stoneking had shown me the plan of salvation one afternoon in his home. I met Sis. Lundquist and Sis. Leaman who also confirmed that this was the plan of salvation. Gordon and Sandy Boettcher picked me up and took me to camp meeting and there I found true salvation.

In those days, the church was full of holy people who were on fire for the Lord and zealous for the true doctrine. We had many prayer meetings at the old ABC. The church services were so loud—without amplified instruments and super microphones. You could hear them a block away—much to the neighbors' dismay. I remember Bro. Brigley's dances and the tremendous teachings of Bro. Norris, many of which I can still recount in detail.

Probably the best thing that happened to me while attending there was that as an enthusiastic young man sitting on the front row of the "boys' section," I noticed petite Diane Wunderlich who stood in the front row of the choir. We married on May 4, 1968 and have raised two sons and many spiritual children.

I am still a witness that Acts 2:38 is the true plan of salvation and have written several tracts explaining it. For the past 28 years, we have ministered in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, seven miles from Mexico. We founded the Iglesia Apostolica Internacional in 1990 which is now an independent Spanish Apostolic church run by three elders. I also minister 500 miles south in Veracruz, Mexico, where the work is growing and developing into a self-sustaining local church.

When people want a changed life (repentance), we baptize them in the Name of Jesus and they receive the Holy Ghost. We ground them in the Word and they begin to minister under the anointing of the Holy Ghost. Feel free to use any or all of this brief remembrance. Dios le bendiga.

Joyce Marie Anderson VanNess (B: 1934), my second cousin, was in our group growing up in Midway. We went through Central High School together. Joyce was baptized at age seven and received her Spirit Baptism the same night as nine of us at Hague Avenue. She is the mother of Vickie, Ruth, and David who lives in Hopkins and has three children: Alex, Andrew and Megan. She wrote:

I'm so glad the Lord put a love for children in my heart. I've been

teaching Sunday School 55 years now and plan on teaching until I'm not able to. My daughter, Vickie, has been teaching for 26 years. The Lord is so good!

I remember the Sunday School picnics we used to have and when Bro. Norris was the pitcher and my dad was the umpire. Your Mom used to make a hamburger hot dish. I still remember the bowl it was in. I had it at many picnics and also at your house. You don't by any chance have her recipe?

When I was four years old, I remember singing at a tent meeting on Jackson by the Taystee Bread factory. Bro. Norrs called me his "nightingale." I don't know how I sang because I was so shy. Region Hospital is now across the street where the tent was. I also remember tent meetings on University, almost to Minneapolis. There was a tower on a hill above where the tent was.

Remember my sister, Irene (Barnett); she is 87 and quite weak. She reminds me so much of my mother. She doesn't look like my Mom, but she's a wonderful, spiritual lady. My Mom would pray and read the Bible every morning before she read the newspaper.

The Lord is so good! What would we do without Him?

Bro. and Sis. Verdeja came into the church on Hague Avenue as a result of a door-to-door canvas of the neighborhood. The testimonies of Sis. Verdeja were so compelling and filled with power. She said that she learned how to speak English by reading the Bible. Their son, Pete, also came into Midway and is married to Ellen Friend and they were blessed with a lovely family.

Bro. and Sister Stanley Wabbe brought their family of boys to St. Paul when he attended ABI. They lived near 860 and later moved to a farm near Watertown, Minnesota.

Warren and Doris Walker, a lovely couple, were introduced to the Midway congregation by Grace Larson. They were faithful workers: Warren owned an excavating company and over the years was so helpful in Midway's building projects. Doris was a loving teacher to the children in Sunday School. They retired to Arizona.

John Lester (1913-2006) and Ilse Maria Kuss Ward. Lester came to St. Paul from Illinois to attend ABI in 1941 and stayed here. He served as a lay minister for many years and at one time planned to be a missionary to Alaska. He married Ilse who lived in Minneapolis. She had escaped from East Germany and the cruelties of Russian occupation. Their three children are John, Heidemarie, and Rolf and they have four grandchildren. He is remembered for his friendly smile and encouraging words that for fifty years so blessed hundreds of ABI students.

Robert Sabin tells this story of Bro. Ward: "Lester drove the 'Banana Wagon' — the small, yellow church bus. He'd come all the way over to Northeast Minneapolis and pick up Jim and me. After the service, he would take us home. Later on, when I got the property I own now, Lester would come over and cut my grass—all of it. Lester was unique. He lived in a very little trailer for years and worked in a frozen food plant trying to get accustomed to the cold so he could go as a missionary to Alaska. That never materialized because he fell in love and married Ilse.

Michael (1904-1967) and Mary Wasco pastored the Apostolic Gospel Church, River Falls, Wisconsin, for many years and also had a close association with Midway and ABI: he as substitute teacher for Bro. Norris and Mary was the ABI cook. One day as he was working at ABI, he collapsed and died, working for God up to his last earthly moment Their two daughters are Blanche and Betty. The relationship of Midway and the River Falls church was a close and loving one.

Dan (D: 1988) and Bonnie Sanders Weisbrod. Bonnie is a lovely woman with a quiet manner. She lost her beloved husband as a young woman and continues to serve and bless the Body of Christ.

No, I didn't spend any time at my Grandmother Irene's farm. I was only two years old when she died of cancer (1952). She was the cook at ABI when I was born. I do remember stories of how your grandmother and

aunts would come to the farm and visit and have great services at her home. What a rich heritage we have.

My wonderful husband, Dan, died in 1988 of cancer. He was 43 years old. He valiantly fought this cruel disease for almost two years. As he drew his last breaths, I held his hand and said that I didn't want to say "Good-bye." He tenderly touched my lips and shook his index finger and said, "Not good-bye, but see ya on the other side." Isn't it wonderful we have hope beyond this troubled world where there will be no more sickness or disease, tears, or heartache. Thank You, Jesus! Our children are Elizabeth, Daniel Jr. and Emily. He adored them and was a fantastic father.

Forrest and Alice Norris Weisbrod assisted Bro. George Dainty in Spencer, Iowa, for many years; Alice had been church secretary and pianist. Their children were grown and gone when they moved to St. Paul and were part of our church c. 1959.

Gary and Lillian Sanders Weisbrod met and married at Midway. Their children are Chad, David, Andrew and Wendy. They served in working with children in the Sunday school and with our young people. Gary was assisted by ABC in establishing a church in Coon Rapids and today it is still growing and pastored by their nephew, Tim Sanders.

Marvin and Marvel Carr Weisbrod moved from the farm in Spencer to St. Paul about the same time that his brother, Forrest, relocated to St Paul, c. 1959. Their two sons are Gary and Dan. Marvin taught the intermediate boy's Sunday school class for years. These two dear saints were quietly devoted to God and the church and were an inspiration to us all.

Charlie and Gladys Winkler. Charlie loved to play the harmonica, even into his older years. Once at a New Year's Eve service, Charlie played and the people applauded generously after each piece. Bro. Sabin said, "Don't keep clapping for Charlie—he'll play all night." Gladys was an attractive woman. The young men admired their

two beautiful daughters, Betty and Lorraine.

Elroy (1922-1993) and Iona (1929-2007) Wunderlich came into Midway in 1953 after an invitation from an ABI student who worked with Elroy at Midway Ford. Elroy was immediately drawn to the truth but Iona, urged by her sisters, promised to divorce him if he continued in this heresy. He persisted and soon she followed him into the church. Soon the whole family was in church. Little 4-year-old Diane would stand on the pews and plug her ears as the congregation worshiped. There was some good-natured contention between Iona and Elroy as she received her Baptism before Elroy did.

Their children are: Diane (Dino Tuttle)—Diane received the Holy Ghost in 1959; Jim is married to Rebecca who was from South Dakota; Steve received the Holy Ghost at Camp Galilee in 1967 and is married to Candy Ketchum (from the DiBucci/Palombo line.) Debby is married to Alan Stigen whose parents came to Jesus through Elroy's testimony.

Bro. and Sis. Zeichmaster were a couple in the 1940's who always sat in the same spot in the auditorium at 464. He was portly with a florid face and she was short with curly gray hair. And she was a great worshipper.

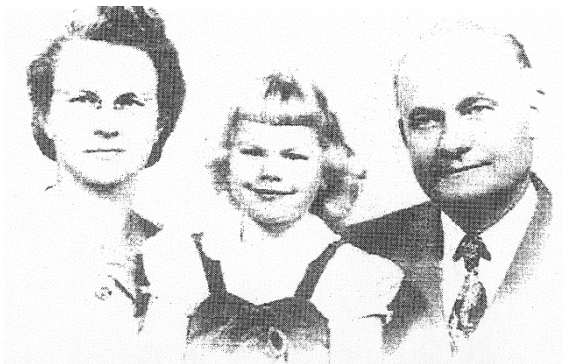
* The Lingensjos' daughter, Grace, attended ABI in its early days and married fellow student. Elmer Ball. They served as missionaries for many years in Columbia and are now retired in Indiana.

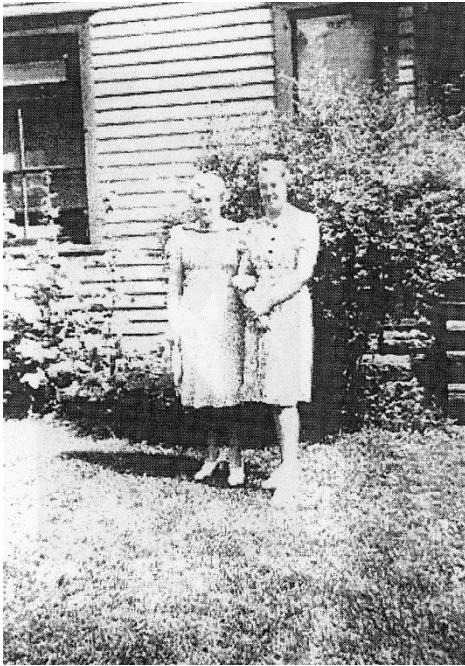
** Erick Booth-Clibborn died in Africa in 1924 as per A/G Heritage, Spring 1998.

*** For you youngsters, an iceman made his rounds to homes to deliver a large "cake" of ice—for the "ice box"—before electric refrigerators—from his horse-drawn wagon or truck. His tools were large tongs and a canvas for his shoulder where he carried the ice to keep from getting to cold or wet.



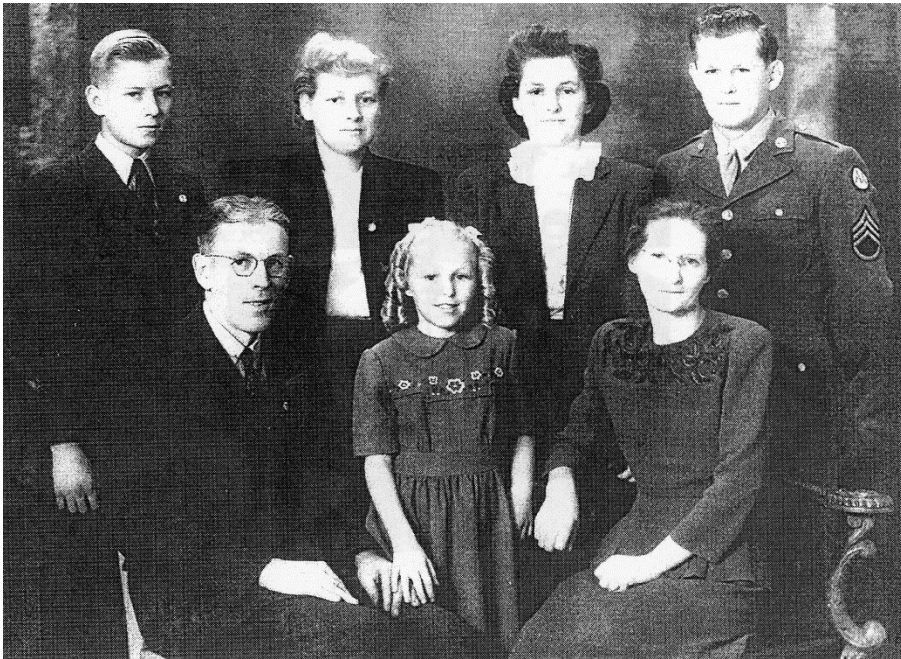
*Above: Alicia Aeziman, Marry Norris
Below: Paul & Jeanette Ahlstrand with daughter, Linda. Right: Joanne Larson Albin*

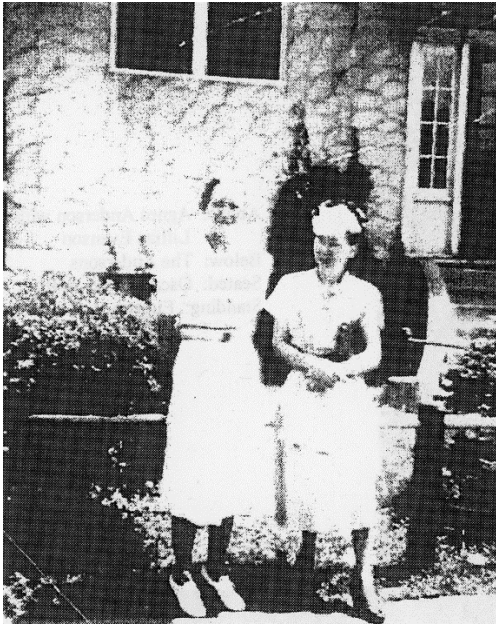




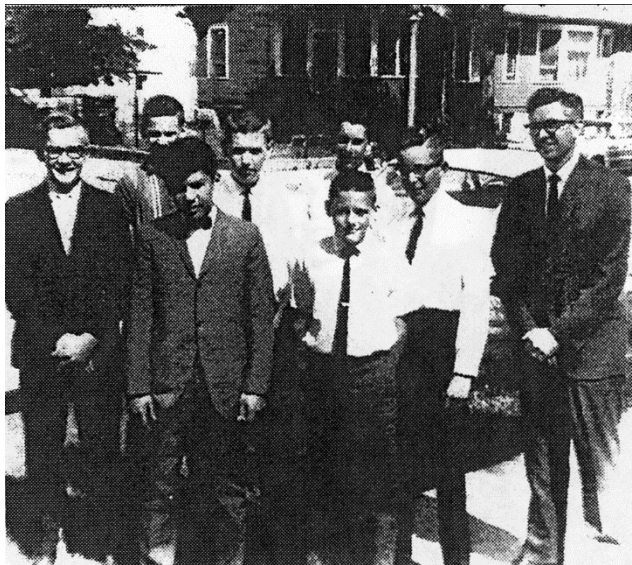
*Above: Agnes Anderson with
Lillian Evenson*

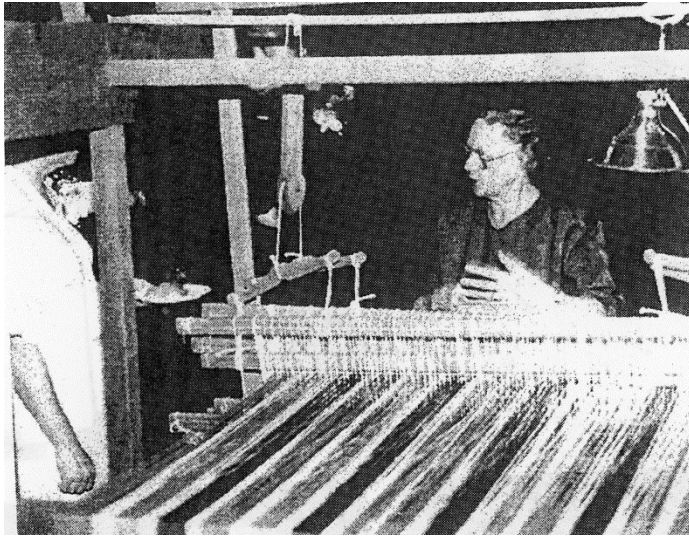
*Below: The Andersons
Seated: Oscar, Joyce & Ruth
Standing: Eugene, Agnes,
Irene & Paul*



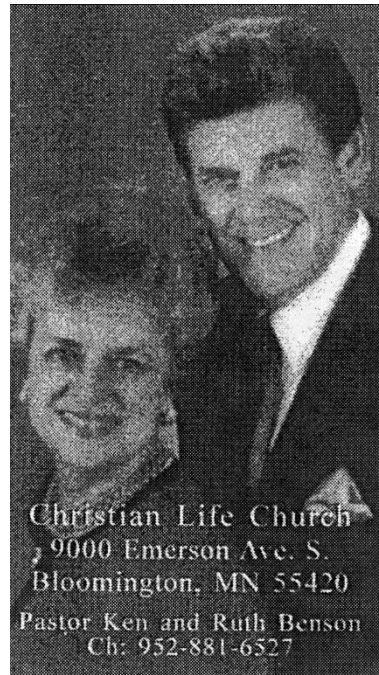


*Above: Ruth Anderson and Ruth Antoson. Right: Roger Barcus.
Below: John Barcus with his Sunday School class.*





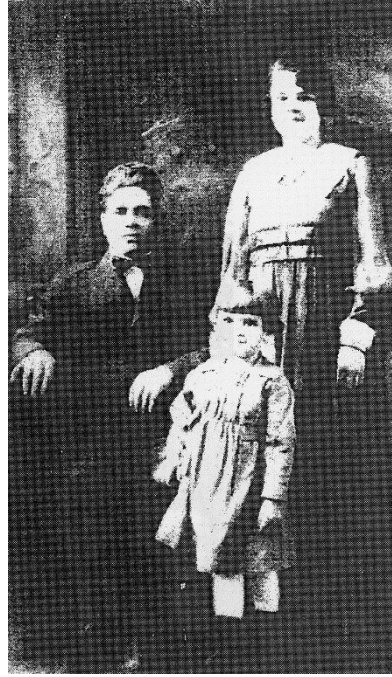
*Top: Hannah Barcus giving a demonstration of her weaving.
Below: Brenda Beaver & Pastor Ken & Ruth Benson.*





*Top: Jim Booker. Right: Victoria Johnson Booker with ABI friends.
 Middle: David & Victoria Booker. Right: Greg Boyd.
 Bottom: Linda Norris, the Gleason sisters & Pat Bollman.*

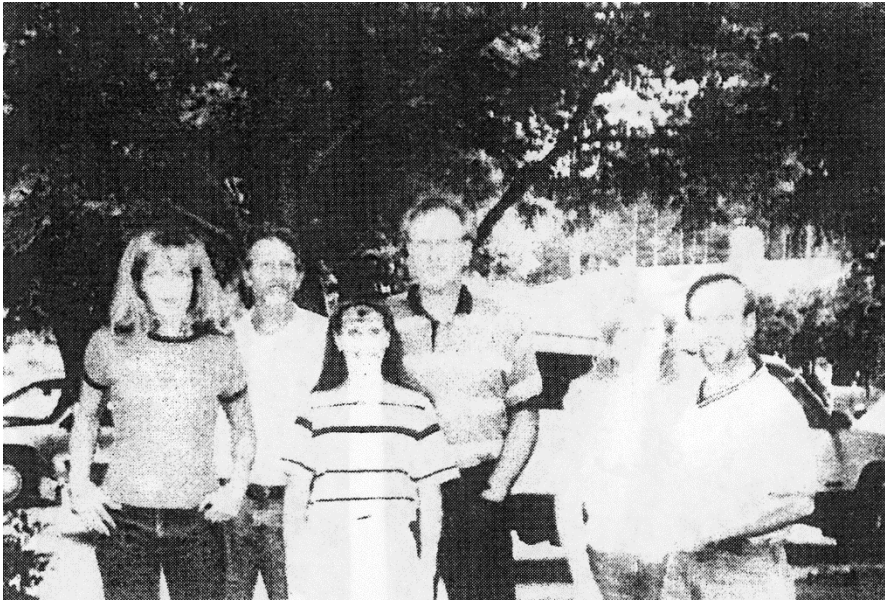




*Top: Louis & Veronica Brigley
with Daughter, Viola.*



Left: Brigley's 50th anniversary.



Above: Brigley children: Heidi & Greg, Vickie & Wayne Gilliland, Penny & Dan.

Below: Ione & Don Brigley. Right: Vicki Brown.





Above: Vivian Bowe with her children. Right: Dan Bowe.

Below: Rudy Bowe with little Charlotte. Right: Vivian and children.

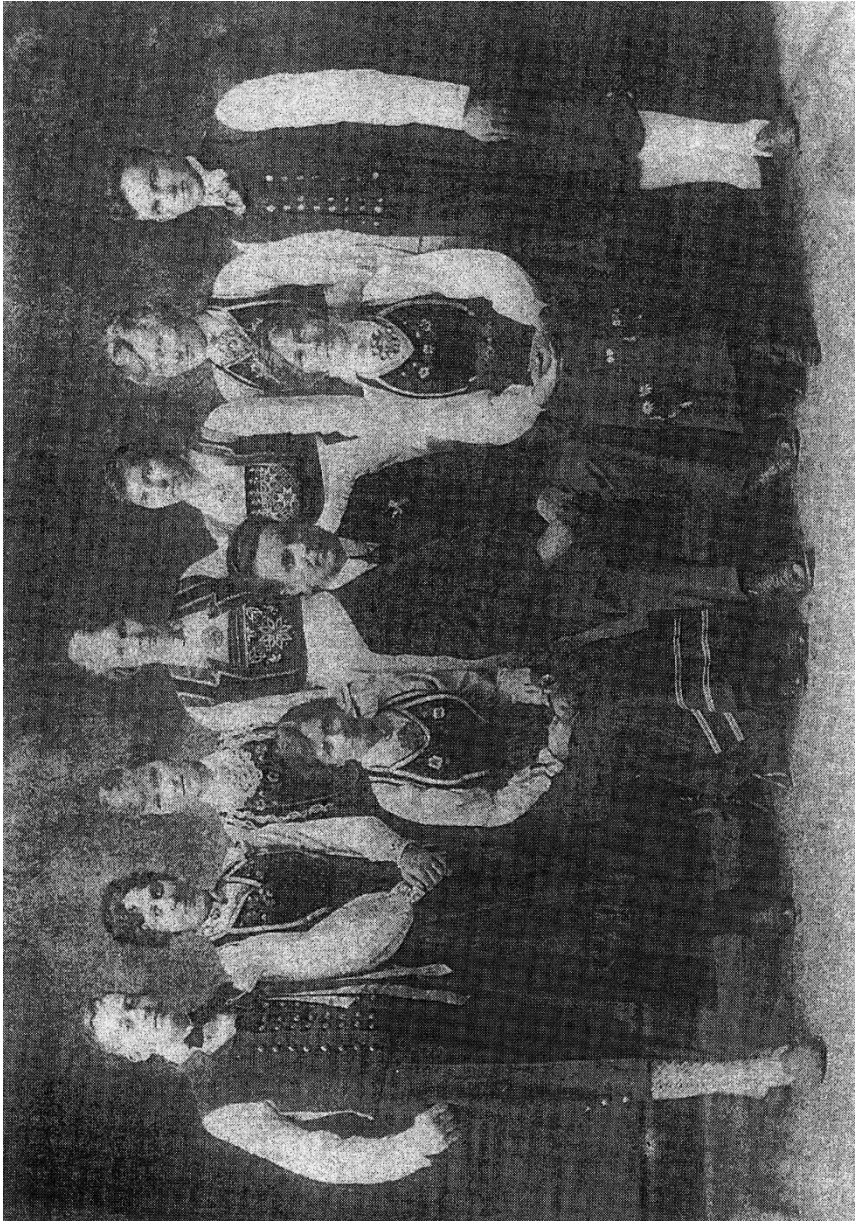




Above: Dorothy Buckland & Marvel Weisbrod. Right: Rudy Bowe.

Below: Christine Olson & the Byes. Right: Bro. Bye with Sis. Moffatt & Sis. Bye.





It was not unusual for the newly arrived immigrants, the Byes, to join and celebrate in their national costumes and food to remember the "Old Country."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."
"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLIES of JESUS CHRIST
INCORPORATED AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

Ministerial Credential

This is to Certify:

That the bearer hereof George K. Pope
of St. Paul State or Prov. of Minnesota has
been called by the Holy Ghost as a Minister of the Word, working in conjunc-
tion with THE PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLIES OF JESUS CHRIST,
and is recommended to the saints as an ordained Elmer
in good standing.

We commission ^{him} _{her} to perform all the functions of the Christian Ministry
in accordance with State, Provincial and International Laws.

Recommended by Ed. Norris of St. Paul, Minn.

Ordained by Ed. W. J. Withington et al

Minute Book, page May 17 1936

Issued June 12 1936

Ed. W. J. Withington Presbyter
Ed. S. K. Norris Secretary
District Elder

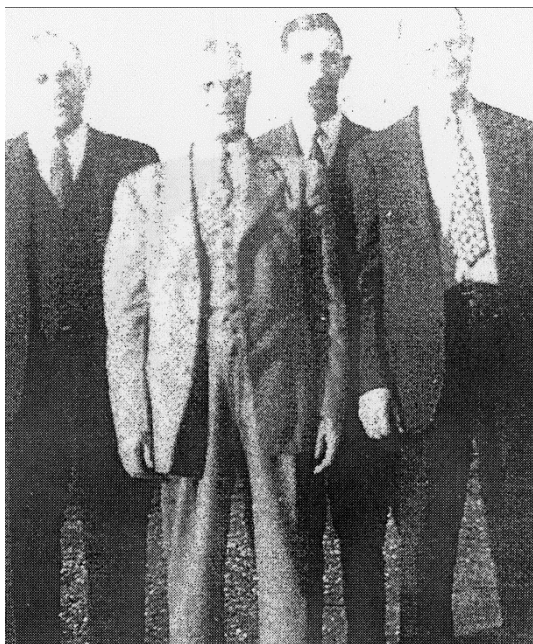
Unordained workers are permitted to officiate in Marriages, Funerals, Baptisms and Services
and Lord's Supper in case of emergency



Above: Ed & Virginia Caldie.

Below: Old friends, Virginia & Fern Newstrand. Right: Mary Caldie Parker with her daughter Gina.

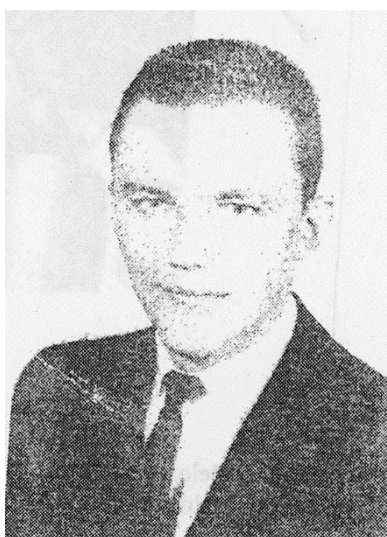




Above Left: Pastor Michael Wasco, Pastor Paul Andreason (Red Wing) & David Carr (Head Usher).

Above Right: Colby & Lorraine Churchill.

Below: Lorraine Bye Churchill & Pastor Stuart Churchill (Kenai, Alaska).

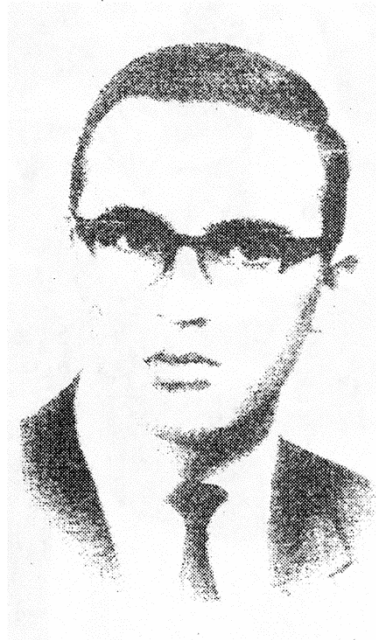




Above: Two of the Goserud sisters: Barbara Dainty & Margaret Swanson with Lorraine Churchill.

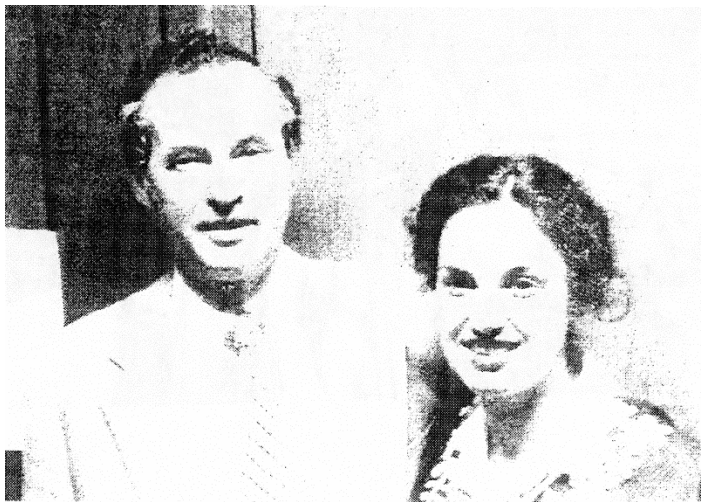
Below: Meg Morkin Sabin, Phyllis Nelson McManus, Dixie Morkin Danielson.





Above: June Ellen Dunn (Demos) with friend, Lorraine Bye. Left: Alan Demos.

Below: Milton Demos with his daughter, Ellie Tonack..





Above: Girl's Group at Crocus Hill. Front center: Fannie Cruipi. Front right: Mary Testa.

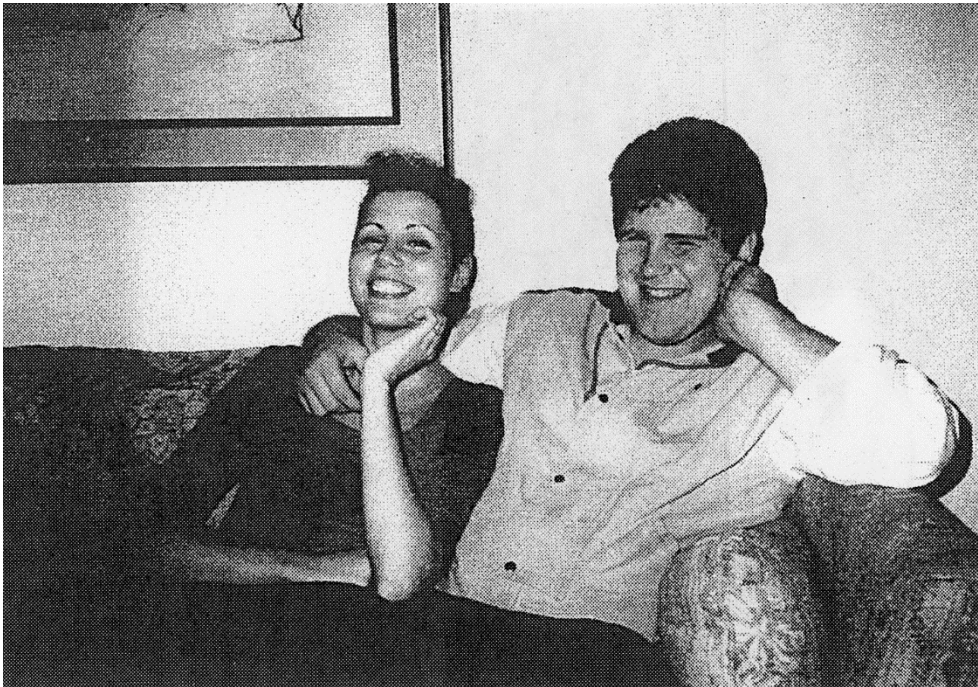
*Below: David A. Dehmlow.
Right: Debbie Dehmlow.*





Above: 17 year-old Patricia. Right: David Allen, David, Patricia & Deborah Dehmlow.

Below: Patricia & David Dehmlow.





Above: Gertrude Dunn with her daughter, Jesse Norris. Right: LeeRoy & Lucille Erickson.



Below: Arlene Flater & Agnes Anderson. Below Right: Lil Feldick.





*Above: Scott & Mary Forry.
Right: Lloyd & Evelyn Forry.*



Below: Lloyd & Barbara Forry.

*Below left: The Fosters: Ruth,
Herschel, Skip, Heather & Beth.*





*Above: The Gleasons: Patsy, Wendell, Stanley, Pamela, Rea and Gary.
Below: Stan and Gary Gleason.*

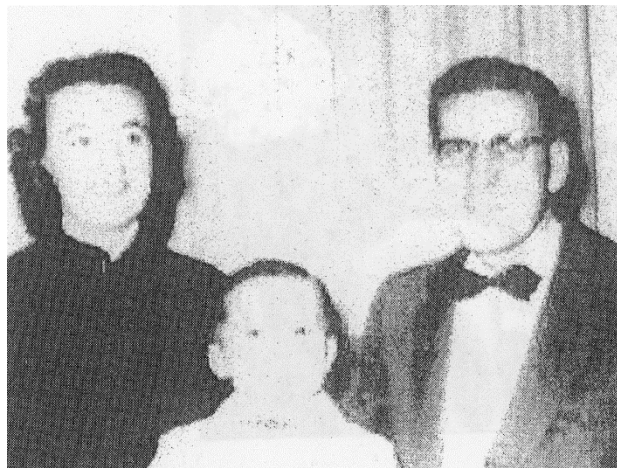




Above: Esther, Dan, Jeremy, & Darlene – the Grant children.

Right: Eleanor & Gerald Grant.

Below: Roland & Myrtle Grant and son.





*Above: The Greenes – Tyler, Rande, Brenda & Garrison.
Below: Brenda Greene, Allen & Bev Hicks.*





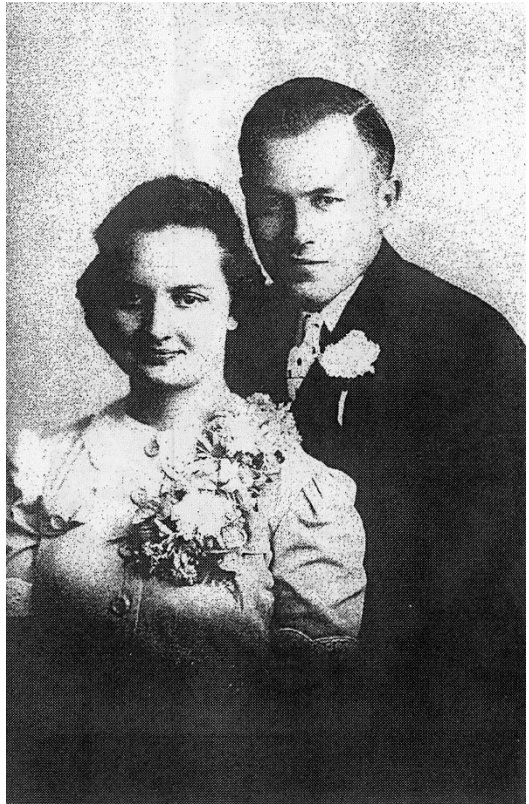
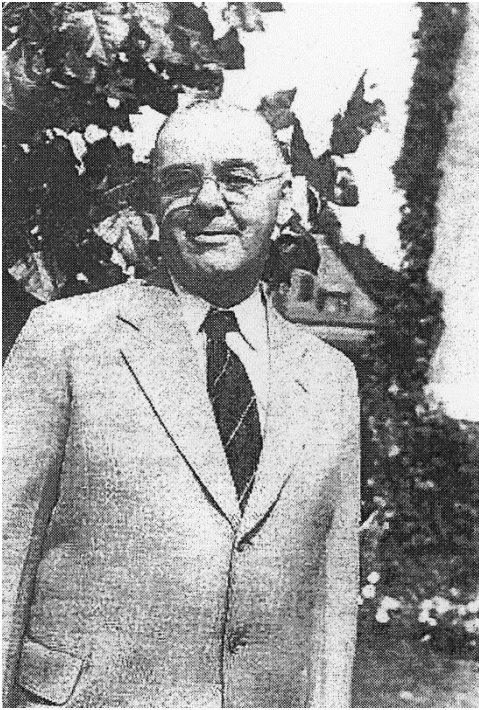
*Above: Johnny Hicks & Ann (Grant) Hackler.
Below: Brenda greene and her brother John.*



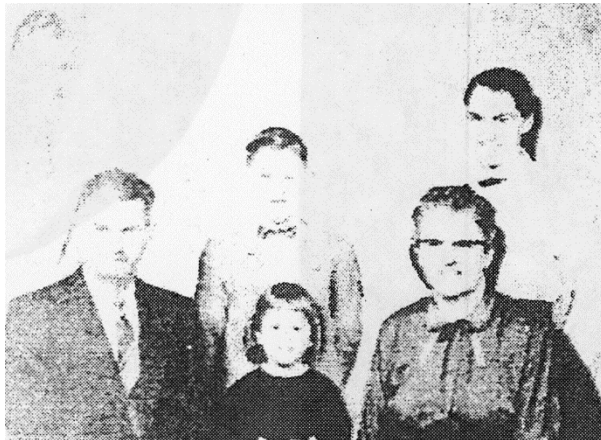


*Above: A young & teenage
Nancy (Hicks) Holt.*

*Left: Nancy (Hicks) Holt
with her family – in front her
children, Robert, Courtney
Marie, & Taylor and in back,
her husband Donald &
Nancy.*



*Above: W. L. Hodge. Right: Alice & Charlie Johnson.
Below: The Hodges family. Front: Arthur, Joy & Esther. Back: Dale, David & Darlene.*





*Above: Carol Newstrand James with her sister, Mary”
Below: Carol Newstrand James.*





*Above: Lillian Weisbrod & Marilyn Jensen.
Below: Waiting for church to begin: Bro. & Sis. Kaehler, Veronica,
Ione & Don Brigley, Hannah & John Barcus.*





*Above: Charlie, Barbara & Alice Johnson.
Below: Warren Walker with John and Ellen Johnson.*





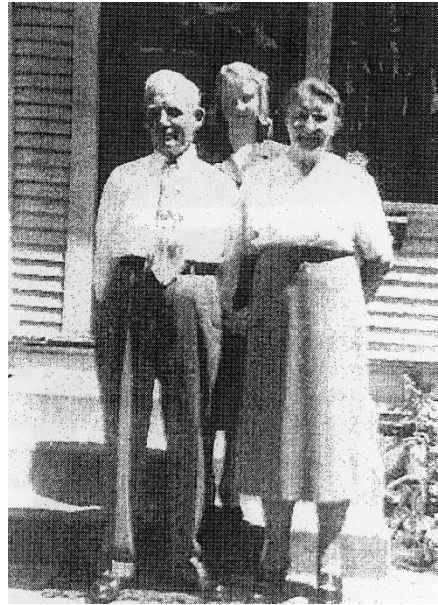
The Larsons. Front row: Elsie, Hildur, Anton & Dorothy. Back row: Gust, Carl William, Edward, John Arvid & Paul Werner.



*Above: The Larson cousins:
Elise & Ellen.*



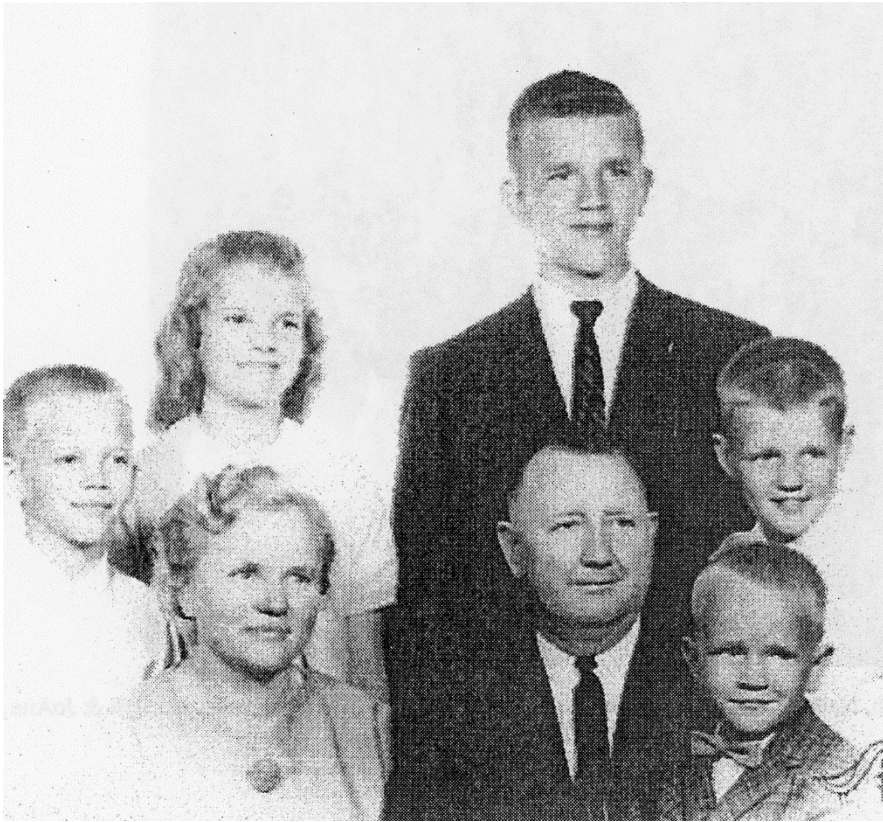
*Below: Katy Larson. Right:
Anton, Dorothy & Hildur
Larson.*





*Above: Genevieve Lundquist Larson. Right: Will Larson.
Below: Judy, Licia, Kathleen & Bill Larson.*





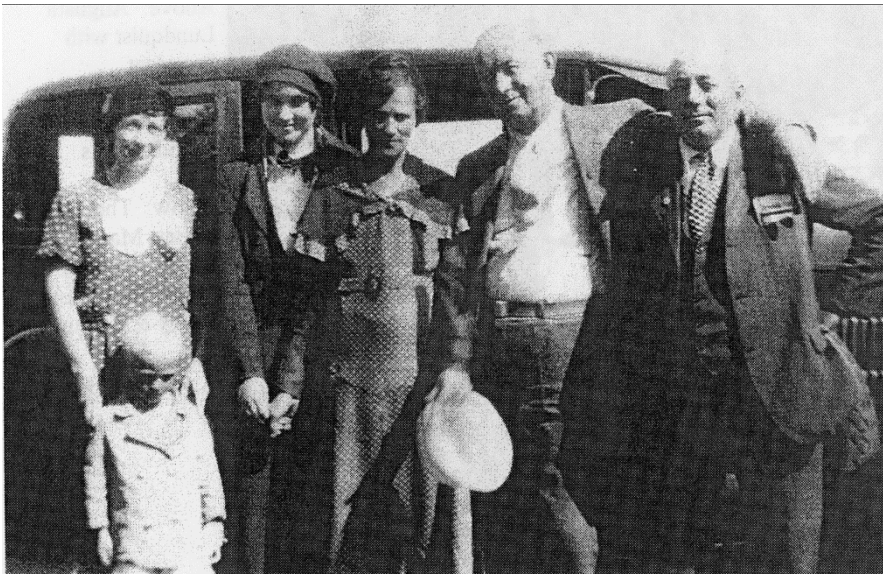
*Above: The Ed Larson Family: Ed, Esther, Kenneth, Rodney, Ruth, Gordon & Richard.
Below: Esther & Alice Johnson.*





*Above Left: Faith, Nathan & Grace Urshan.
Above Right: Arvid Larson with Daughters, Marilyn & JoAnn.
Below" James & Joni Larson with Vince.*





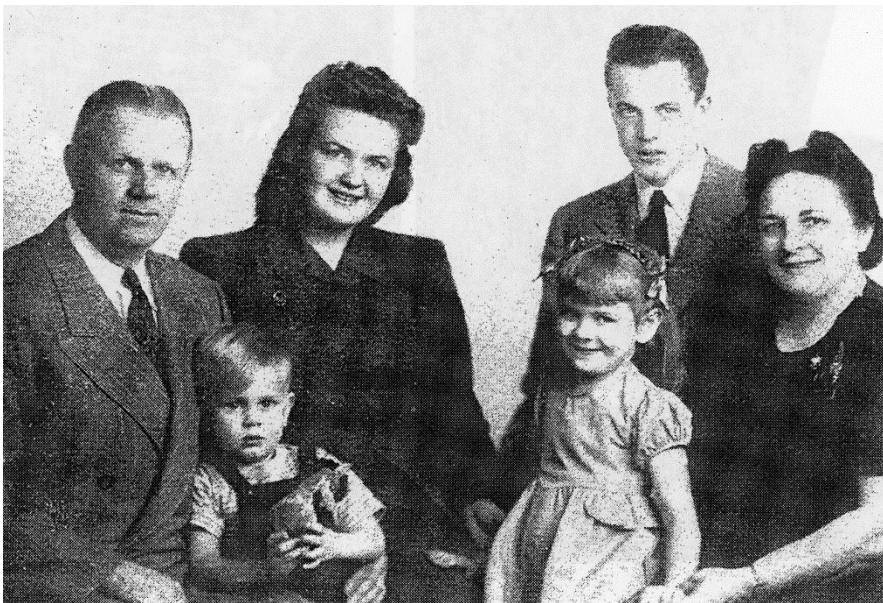
*Above: Augusta & Edward Lundquist with ministry friends.
Below: Eileen Lundquist & Vivian Bowe. Right: Ed, Fayne & Augusta Lunquist.*





*Above: Augusta Lundquist with her great-granddaughters:
Nancy, Patricia & Brenda Hicks.*

Below: The Robert Martin Family: Robert, Larry, Faith, Ruth, Buzzy & Lillian.





Above Left: Evelyn Maki & Genevieve Lundquist.

Above Right: Evelyn and Ernest Maki.



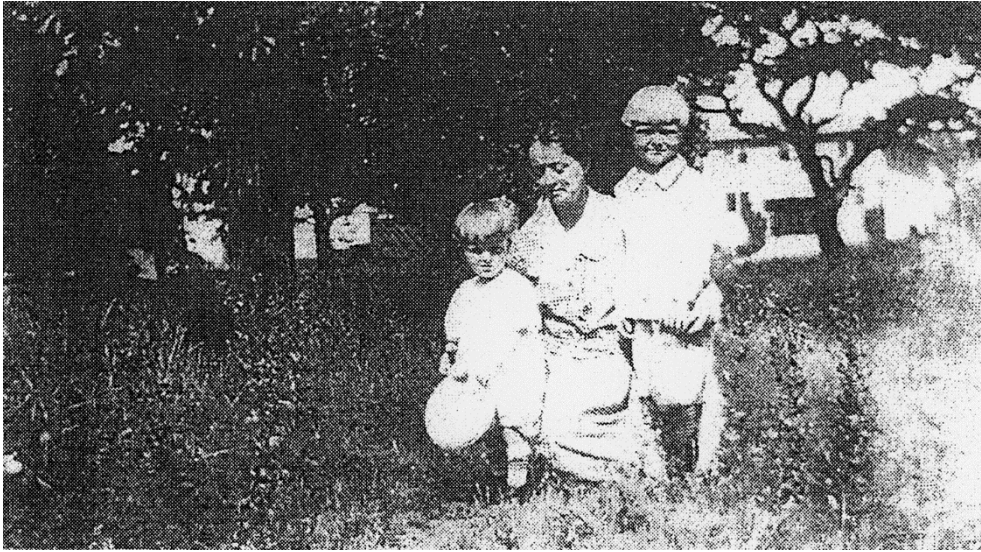
Below: Kyle Minniear.





*Above: Eunice Mrenca. Right: Jim Mohlberg.
Below: Daryl & Patty Wieneke, Aaron Moorman at front right.
Back: Ellen Verdeja & Doris Moorman.*





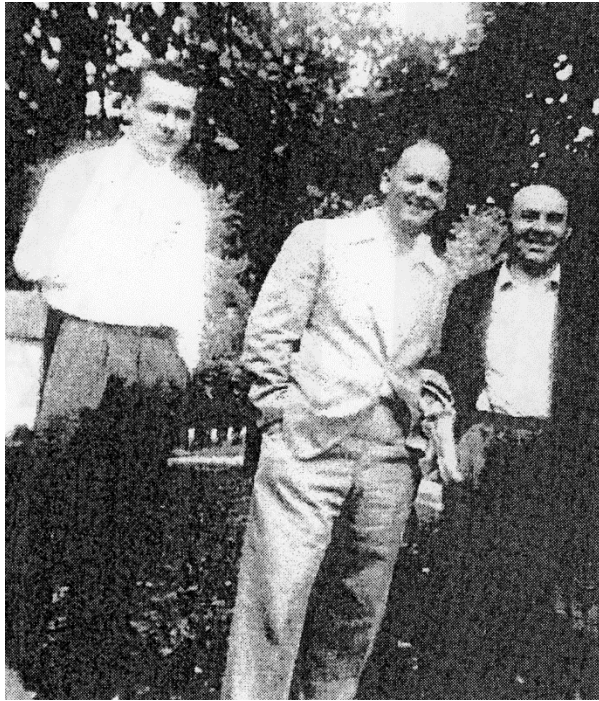
*Above: Rieka Van Wieren Nelson
with David & Jacob in the
“wilderness” with Midway in the
background.*

*Below: Helen DiBucci Nelson.
Right: Fern & Albert Newstrand
with little Ronny & Beverly.*





Fern and Albert Newstrand.



*Above: Ron Newstrand with fellow clerics: Fred Kinzie & Michael Wasco.
Below: Lois Anne & Ron Newstrand.*





Above: Susan Norris & Ruth Anderson. Right: David & Nancy Norris.

Below: Tulla & Jeffrey Priessler.





Mary Fern Rogers with her sister, Carol, as flower girls for the wedding of Nellie & Russell Walters.





Above: Nancy Rose.

Below: Nellie Sabin at home.





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*Above: Louise Whitaker
(Sabin).*

*Below: Nate & Lori Sabin
with Indigo & Greyly.*





*Irene Sanders and grandson,
Franklyn (Fritz) Sanders, Jr.*



*Above: Dorothy Larson & Art Sawyer in their courtship days.
Below: The Sawyers. In front: Dorothy & Karen. In back: Art, Alan & Craig.*

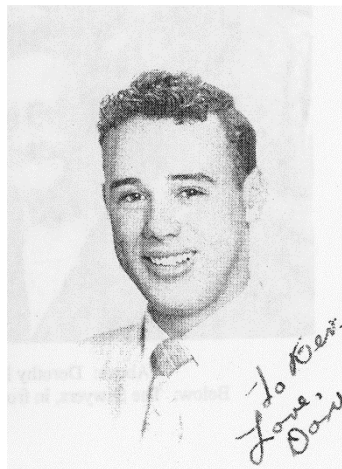




Above Left: Mary Rogers, Beverly Sawyer & Charlotte Bowe.

Above Right: Cele & Frank Sanders.

Below: Lowella Sawyer. Right: Don Sjostrand.





Above: Terry & Peggy Tan Schmitt.

Below: Rea Gleason & Thyra Soberg.. Right: Pearl Storm



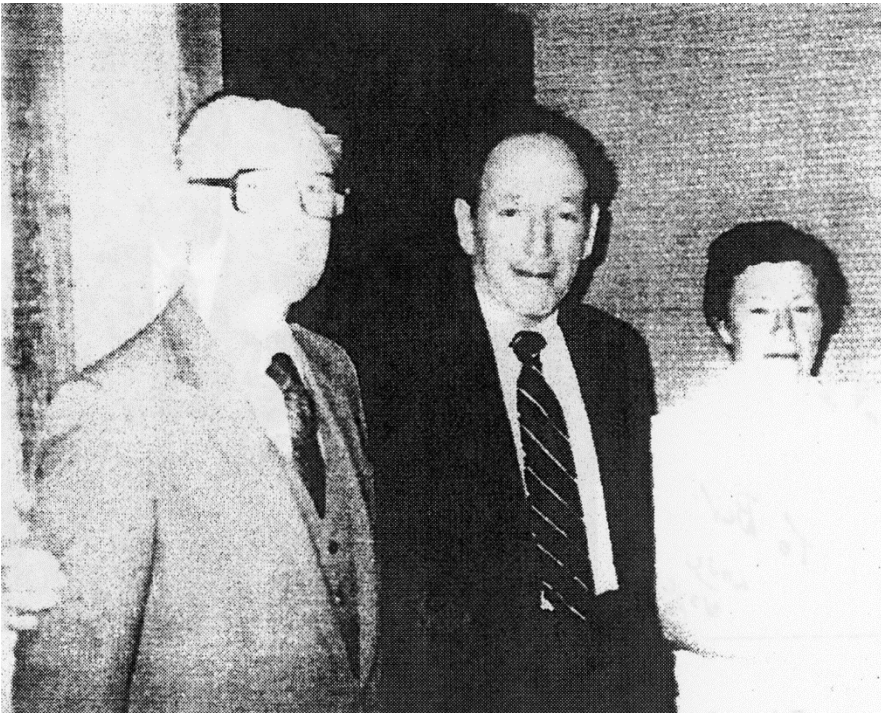


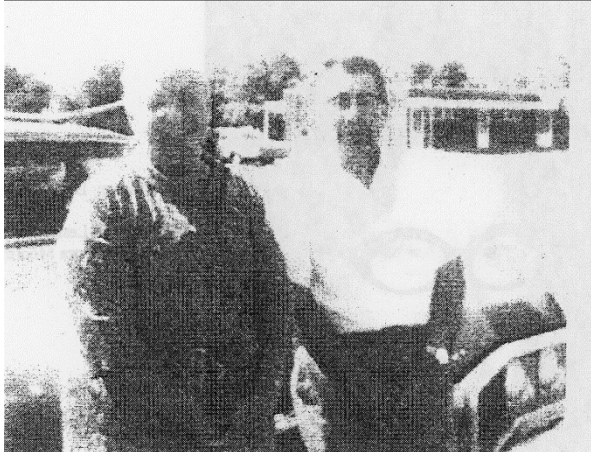
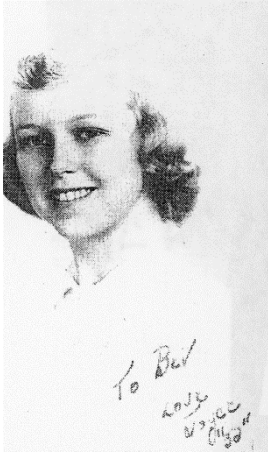
*Mary and Mike Testa
Married December 30, 1942*



Above: Doris Walker.

*Below: Lester Ward with Ray
& Dora Moorman.*





*Above: Bro. and Sis. Vedeja.
Below: Joyce VanNess and her children, Ruth, Vickie & David.*





*Above Left: The Winkler family:
Lorraine, Charlie, Gladys &
Betty.*

*Above Right: Danny Weisbrod.
Below: Cary & Marvel Weisbrod.*





Above: Charlie Winkler playing his harmonica.

*Below: A church supper.
Left: Fern Newstrand, Robert N. & Evelyn Sabin.
Right: Rudy Bowe, Robert A. Sabin, Elroy & Iona Wunderlich.*



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Photographs are from many sources—from the archives of Midway Tabernacle/Apostolic Bible Church; *The Way*, the yearbook of the Apostolic Bible Institute; Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada's archives; Flower Pentecostal Heritage Center and personal pictures from friends and family.