... keep me safe ‘til the storm passes by ...
My People Israel

“For thus saith the LORD of hosts; After the glory hath he sent me unto the nations which spoiled you: for he that toucheth thee toucheth the apple of his eye.” Zechariah 2:8

God chose Abram in the twelfth chapter of Genesis, saying, "Now the LORD had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will shew thee: And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.” Hebrews 11:9 adds, “By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise:"

It is amazing to watch the panorama of Bible prophecy that is being played out before our very lives. The eyes of the world are on the tiny nation of Israel. Nation after nation is turning against her. In the coming United Nation vote scheduled for September, 110 nations out of 192 favor accepting the Palestinians as a Nation. This will divide Jerusalem as a Capitol and be detrimental to Israel and may even mean the end of Israel as a nation. Even America, by the voice of President Obama, has changed sides. He is forsaking a great ally and has plainly shown who he supports. He stated before the nation and the world that Israel is to go back to pre-1967 borders. Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu continues to stand unmovable for his nation and the promises given by God to this nation so long ago. The UN itself treats Israel as an outcast nation while at the same time giving known sponsors of terrorism such as Libya and Syria seats on the Security Council. That’s like putting the fox in charge of the chicken coop.

It is also amazing how disinterested and uninformed much of the church is concerning the nation of Israel and the global Jihad that is taking place against her and her ally of the West, the United States of America. Much of this subject remains silent from the pulpit. Fellow Christians, we must not put our heads in the sand and pretend this does not affect us. Make no mistake; what is happening in nation after nation in the Middle East such as Egypt, Jordan, Yemen, Libya and Bahrain is being fostered by the Muslim Brotherhood. They are out to destroy and eliminate Israel as a nation and the United States as well. Attorney Craig L. Parshall, a leading trial lawyer, says, “An ultra-liberal movement is ripping its way through American culture.” We are facing a world-wide cultural war that is using political correctness to hinder freedom of speech, using the intolerance of tolerance to stifle and silence “spiritual orthodoxy, the rule of law, and the intellectual and moral traditions of America’s founding fathers.” This is going to affect not only the fabric of our society but the very core of the church and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Israel may be deserted by the rest of the world, but she has not been deserted by God. God will stand and fight in her defense. Bible prophecy will be fulfilled. Be a part of that small remnant that side with God, that pray for peace in Jerusalem, and that are looking for the soon coming of Jesus Christ.
Many started their day on April 27th, 2011, like any other day, but as night drew nearer, they realized that they would never be the same. In my home state of Alabama, and many of the surrounding states, a category F5 tornado, along with many of its companions had paid a visit and left in her wake … total devastation. In the days that followed, we listened to the stories, recounted the fears, dug through the rubble; and in the end, put our arm around the shoulder of the victim and thanked God for His protection through it all.

Everyone has a story. There is the retired couple that we helped look for the family china. We found one plate … across the street in the home of a lady who lived by herself and died in the storm. There is the man whose home was gone, except for the little space in the basement where he sheltered his wife, his neighbor, Stephanie and Stephanie's granddaughter. Stephanie's home … totally gone … no trace of roof or walls … just a slab. There is also the widow, whose yard our local church helped clean up; thirty-three trees were down and not one touched her house. A complete miracle.

But the common phrase that I heard repeatedly was, “We are so blessed, we may not have much left, but we do have our life and God has been good to us.” At the heart of this story is an individual that has been very interesting to me and to others. He receives a lot of criticism and frankly, he receives a lot of blame for things that are out of his control. He does his job every day of the week without fail. He is your local meteorologist. If he is right we never thank him; but if he is wrong, we blame him.

On April 26th, 2011, our local meteorologist, Mr. Spann, began to warn of the possibilities of a horrific “super cell” storm that would be in our area by the evening of the next day. Faithfully he warned. His warnings began twenty-four hours before the storm hit. As the time approached, his warnings became more intense and imploring. As the warnings became a reality, this dedicated weatherman, gave detailed locations of the devastating storm, begging people to run to shelter and safety. At one point, he commented that the storm was in a certain location and said, “All we can do for those dear people right now is pray.”

After the storm, as Mr. Spann was recapping the day, he was viewing the video footage that had been recorded during and after the storm. Those videos revealed that while the storm was raging, there were people out driving their vehicles and conducting business as usual, only to have their lives taken away moments later. Mr. Spann sat there watching as people who did not heed his warnings, were taken by the storm, and many lives were lost. At one point, he screamed at the monitors where this was being played, “I warned you! Why didn't you listen to me?”

Yesterday, someone who attends church with me was privileged to meet Mr. Spann and commented on the passion of this man. He told us about the personal responsibility that this weatherman feels for every life that is lost in a storm that he is covering. He has a strong intuition that it is his duty to convey the dangers and convince others of the need for safety.

As believers, we have a God-commissioned duty to warn others of the storm that will surely come. As pastors we have been commanded of God to warn our flock of the impending storm. We are to instruct them and point them to the areas of safety.

After a close reading of Ezekiel 3, we see the importance of being alert as watchmen over the flock of God. “Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at
We went to meet the train around 1:30 P.M., Sunday, when Bro. Johnpaul arrived with Bro. Snodgrass and Bro. Truitt. It was very good to see them. I did give them a hard time about forsaking me, even though I knew it was not their doing. I told them I had covered for them and had done my part already and they could do the rest of the services and sessions. They did hook on and did a wonderful job. It was such a blessing and a privilege to work with these men.

They took us to the hotel room where we were served another meal from Sis. Sudapaul and then we were allowed to rest for a short while. Later that evening we were taken to another village church where Bro. Snodgrass dedicated a well in memory of Bro. Ed Robinson, and Bro. Truitt preached his first sermon in India. He hit a home run, and God’s presence was so close there that night.

We returned to our room and got showers and went to bed. I woke up about 3 A.M. and saw Bro. Truitt sitting on the floor near the bathroom door where a little light was shining through, and he was journalizing the events of their trip so far. We all awoke early every morning (around 3 or 4) except the next to the last morning when we slept till 7 A.M. By then it was almost time to return home where we would have to adjust back the other way. The time difference was 11½ hours (later) in India.

On Monday morning around 9 A.M. we were taken to Bro. Johnpaul’s house where we were served breakfast by Sis. Sudapaul. She did a superb job of feeding us. She is such a blessing to her husband and the work there.

After breakfast we had 2 sessions with the pastors. In the first one, Bro. Snodgrass asked them to give their testimony. There were several outstanding testimonies of how God had used Favor the Helpless Mission along with Bro. Johnpaul and Bro. Isaac to bring about a change in their lives. In the next session, Bro. Snodgrass spoke to them on the subject “Why We Preach.” They seem to be very open and receptive to the truth.

We then had lunch served by Sis. Sudapaul. It was another good meal. Food was brought in from a nearby restaurant for the pastors. After lunch I had the first session where I used some simple illustrations about what Holiness is. They seemed to be able to connect to these simple truths. The last session was given by Bro. Truitt. These afternoon sessions were a bit short because the food for the pastors came late, but I believe they were profitable.

We did have some time in between the sessions to look over the grounds and see the progress that has been made on the buildings. There has been a lot of improvement and progress since I was there over 3 years ago. The area where the children’s home and the new church are was just a nasty swamp. Now it has all been filled in and is very usable. I will say more about this later. We had supper, and later in the evening, returned to the hotel for rest.

Tuesday was much the same as Monday with morning and afternoon sessions with the pastors. Both days, Bro. Truitt was able to spend some time with the children, but he will report about that. There was also time to connect on Skype to each of our families and they were able to meet Bro. Johnpaul, Bro. Isaac, and Sis. Sudapaul. That was very exciting for everyone involved.

Wednesday was a very moving day for all of us. We
Deliver thy Soul (continued from page 3)

thine hand. Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall
die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Again, When a righteous man doth turn from his righteous-
ness, and commit iniquity, and I lay a stumbling block before him, he shall die: because thou hast not given him
warning, he shall die in his sin, and his righteousness which he hath done shall not be remembered; but his blood
will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless if thou warn the righteous man, that the righteous sin not, and he doth
not sin, he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul.” Ezekiel 3:17-21 (emphasis
mine).

One thing is certain, the storm is coming! Ministers of God, how heavy does the responsibility of the safety of
those in your trust weigh upon you? Are you being faithful to warn? Are you remaining alert to the location of the
storm? The storm comes in many shapes, sizes and from many different directions. There are storms of formalism
and emotionalism. There are storms of legalism and liberalism. There are storms that will cause us to drift ever so
slightly, and there are storms that will cause people to lose a lifetime of spiritual attainment. There is a storm that is
seeking to blow away our principles of modesty of dress, doctrine of holiness, humility of spirit and totally destroy
all that we have ever stood for. Are you being faithful to warn and instruct your flock to seek safety and shelter in
the blessed Word of God?

May we “deliver our souls” before the storm hits and leaves a path of total devastation. As the local weath-
erman, may we feel responsible for everyone that comes under the sound of our voice and the reach of our influ-
ence. May our objective be that, yes, there was a storm, but there was not one casualty. Everyone made it safely
through the storm!

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May/June 2011 § The Pilgrim Nazarene Herald § 5

§ SRS

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Orlow Webb once said, “If you get saved real good, you will want to be sanctified real bad!”

Do you want to be the best Christian you can be? The best minister? Missionary? Wife? Husband? Parent? Student? Employee? Do you want to be the best church member and Christian worker that you can be? If so, then the search for heart holiness must become a passion and an obsession with you.

*God could not justify a man unless in his desire to be forgiven there is also a desire for the cleansing of the whole being.* (George W. Shaw)

The plain truth is this. You dare not be trifling about God’s sacred call to holiness. You will not long retain His smile if you do so, for the call to holiness is God’s call. I repeat, “He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God, who hath also given unto us his Holy Spirit” (I Thessalonians 4:8)

Be careful! Do not frustrate or grieve the Holy Ghost.

Recently a man said, “I am saved tonight because I’m sanctified.” I understood fully what he meant; for that man, like every man, had discovered a warped, carnal nature within him. The Bible calls this inward depravity a "bent to backsliding" (Hosea 11:7). Fortunately, that Christian man sought the Lord for entire sanctification, the second blessing, and found deliverance from his inward moral weakness and the consequent stabilizing power of the indwelling Holy Ghost for daily victorious living.

Unfortunately, many Christians have failed to obtain this great experience of sanctification; and the carnage of backsliding and dead religious profession is widespread. One has said,

*We cannot more fearfully and dangerously show our contempt for the Holy Ghost than in despising God’s call to holiness.* (John Thompson and E. I. Pepper)

I recall as though it were yesterday how serious and intent I was in obtaining entire sanctification. Alone in the church, I sought earnestly, with many tears for the blessing. I well remember kneeling at the altar with the hymn book open before me and singing this prayer with a broken spirit:

*Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;*  
*I want thee for ever to live in my soul.*  
*Break down every idol, cast out every foe—*  
*Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.*  
*(James Nicholson)*

Yes, I really did long for this inward washing. I seriously wanted every idol of my heart broken by the power of God, and I yearned for release from my inward carnal foes. God knows how desperately I needed this inward washing, and I praise Him that He gave me a serious yearning and hunger for it. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," said Jesus, "for they shall be filled" (Matthew 5:6).

Even Your Sanctification, Good News for Christians
Many have this verse underlined in their Bible, it has given promise, comfort, and direction to those who will heed what the Lord is offering. First notice some definitions of these Hebrew words. Wait means to bind together (by twisting), to collect, expect, to wait for or upon. Shall renew means to spring up, alter, and change, to grow, to strike through. Strength means to be firm, vigor, hardiness, and able.

Who are these that WAIT? “BUT THEY.” Who makes up this privileged, select group of people called “THEY?” It is not all of God’s people—not all of them wait upon the Lord. It is not sinners of the earth, for they are chained to the habits of sin and fettered to a life of misery. They are miserable to themselves, and they make others miserable. They wander in hopeless darkness, always searching and never finding. Who is this group called, “THEY?” This is a small group; Isaiah 1:9 calls it a very small remnant. God will always have a faithful remnant who believe God. They have entered into a covenant with Him. They honor Him by their life, testimony, praise and worship. They have faith in God’s Word—He said it, and therefore, they don’t quit, give in or give up. They are like the “Special Ops” of God’s Kingdom. They don’t shrink from the challenge, they step up. They don’t run from the enemy, they charge and are aggressive. They don’t look at obstacles, but to the Lord.

They wait upon the Lord, the “Everlasting God,” Who knows how to deliver from every test, trial, temptation and snare of the enemy. He knows how all things will work for good. He is able to bring good out of sorrow, good out of defeat, good out of ridicule, good out of grief, good out of darkness and good out of depression. He will never be out done.

He shall renew. Now notice—they that wait upon the Lord are bound together with Him as by twisting. In other words, He mingles and mixes Himself with our soul and spirit. We then collect knowledge, wisdom and experience as we wait upon Him. New hope springs up within our heart and life, and this alters or changes both us and our emotions. It also changes the outlook or outcome of our circumstances. It brings spiritual maturity. We grow up and our spiritual battles are overcome—we strike through. Our difficulties—we strike through. Hardships—we strike through. The impossibilities—we strike through. And we do so with firm vigor—no more question or doubt. We have a new-found capacity and ability all because we waited. Are you willing to be a part of the “THEY” the Lord is looking for in volunteers?

LWP
Extreme Focus

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.
Colossians 3:2

Me Ling was young when she was arrested for her Christian activities in Communist China. During times of interrogation, the police would torture her to try to force her to betray friends in the underground church.

At first Me Ling was extremely fearful, and she could not see the purpose that God had for her in that terrible place. But then she remembered the teachings of her pastor who had said, "Real suffering lasts only a minute, and then we spend eternity with our awesome Savior."

When asked how she was able to keep from going crazy during those terrible times, she replied, "When I closed my eyes, I could not see the angry faces of the men or the instruments of pain they were using. I kept repeating the promise of Christ to myself: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God' (Matthew 5:8). I also found that when I purified my heart of the fear of men, I learned to really see God. I took courage from all the others who had gone before me and focused on him until everything else faded away. when the officials learned of my defense, they taped my eyelids open. But it was too late because my vision was secure."

"I purified my heart of the fear of men, and I learned to see God."

"Extreme Devotion, The Voice of the Martyrs"
Mrs. Dorothy Tietloff is “Grandma D.” She would love to hear from you! Her e-mail address is grandmadt@juno.com.

One Dozen for 5 Pennies

“Forget it, Sis, there’s not a chance of getting Mom a Mother’s Day present way out in the wilderness.”

Jack, her brother, was bemoaning the fact that his parents had recently moved the family to the country. He was unhappy that he had to leave the school he was attending, which meant leaving behind all his friends.

“Can’t I buy her some flowers? I have five pennies that I have been saving and there are a lot of beautiful flowers in the little building across the road.”

Jack laughed softly. He did not want to hurt Dottie’s feelings. “That little building is a conservatory. It belongs to the people who live in that nice big house next to it. Those flowers are for their enjoyment and I’m sure they are not for sale.”

Reginald Barnhardt was in the conservatory tending his beautiful orchid plants and for a moment did not notice the little child who had opened the door and softly entered.

Startled and annoyed, he said sharply, “What do you want? Run along home. Go away!”

Dottie did not run away. She said softly, “My name is Dorothy Priscilla Jackson and I live across the road. We just moved here. I think your flowers are very pretty. Are they all yours?”

“Of course they are. Now, run along.”

Dottie still did not “run along.” “If they are yours, then you can do what you want to with them. You could sell some of them if you liked, right?”

“That is right - and I don’t like - and that’s that.”

Still undaunted by Mr. Barnhardt’s gruff manner, Dottie looked up at him with a beautiful smile and said, “Wouldn’t you sell some for ALL these?” She opened her little fist and showed him her five pennies.

Mr. Barnhardt’s heart was beginning to soften. Those big blue eyes and that captivating smile were beginning to melt his hardened heart. He was remembering many years ago when he had looked into a similar face of his own blonde headed, blue-eyed angel. But death had robbed him of his only child and he had steeled his heart against any appeal from a child since.

“May I ask what you want the flowers for?”

“Well, you see, tomorrow is Mother’s Day and I wanted them to surprise my Mommy.”

“How many do you think I should sell you for your five pennies?”

“Oh, I think a dozen - that’s twelve, right?”

Mr. Barnhardt laughed in spite of himself and said, “Yes, twelve is a dozen and I think we can make a sale. You come over in the morning and I will have them ready for you so they will be nice and fresh.”

Dottie let out a little squeal of delight and reached up and hugged the old gentleman. There were big tears forming in his eyes. “Thank you so much! Mommy will be ever so pleased.”

She placed the five pennies in his hand and he received them, knowing she would be hurt if he refused to accept “payment” for them.

“By the way, why did you decide to try my “market” to buy your flowers?”

“I asked Jesus about it. He loves me and He loves you. He knew you would sell me the flowers if I came to you, so I did. Good-bye until tomorrow, and thank you again!”

Mr. Barnhardt stood staring at his flowers for some time, but his mind was hearing the words, “He loves you” and he was thinking back nearly fifty years ago, when he turned his back on that love. His heart was warmed with the thought of God’s love for him and right there he knelt, asking for forgiveness for the wasted years God, for Jesus’ sake, forgave him and it was with lightened heart and step that he made his way home to tell his wife the happy news.

with love,

Grandma D

Mrs. Dorothy Tietloff is “Grandma D.” She would love to hear from you! Her e-mail address is grandmadt@juno.com.

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March 9 – 11, Bro. Darrell Stetler was the special speaker for our Preacher’s Meeting in Westlake, LA. His messages were just what we needed and I appreciated the great spirit that was there. The Adamsons and the Westlake crowd were wonderful hosts and did an excellent job of taking care of everyone. It was good to be with our fellow laborers. We all left encouraged in our hearts, ready to be busy about the Master’s business.

March 12–13, My family and I stayed in Westlake for the weekend and had a great time of fellowship. On Sunday evening, we held the Camp tour service, and the wonderful people at Westlake gave a good pledge to start the tour. We traveled home on the 14th, and it was good to be home for a few days.

March 17–24, After being home for 4 whole days, we hit the road again and traveled to Duncan, OK, to be with the Covingtons and their people. We conducted a Sunday through Wednesday meeting, and I felt that God helped us in a tremendous way. Bro. Robert Durr III and the people from Osage Hills PNC attended the revival as well, and it was good to be with them. I held a Camp tour service while there, and Duncan and Osage Hills PNCs gave a good offering. We traveled to Durant, OK, on Thursday, March 24th, and held Bro. Chucky Dodd’s pastoral recall. Once again, it was good to be with our old friends the Dodds and the people of Durant. God has helped them to build a beautiful new parsonage, and the Dodds were to be moving in a few days after we were there. Before we left the area, we stopped by and visited Sis. Doris Meek, who had recently fallen and broken her hip. At the time of this post, she is doing much better, and we thank the Lord for His help.

March 25–26, we traveled to Mesa, AZ, where I was to preach a revival for the Mesa PNC. Bro. Chuck Boardman is the pastor there. We had a great meeting with several seeking God and many in attendance. The folks there made us feel welcome and we were privileged to get better acquainted with them. Bro. and Sis. Boardman have decided to retire and move to Indiana sometime in May, and at the time of this post, Bro. David Spivey has accepted the pastorate. We wish the best for the Spiveys in their new field of labor.

April 5th, my family and I left the Boardman’s and continued our trip northwest. We were able to see the Grand Canyon and traveled 15 hours that first day. The next day made it to Twin Falls, ID, where we met with an old friend from Muncie, Misty Payne, and took her and her children out for a meal. We first met Misty while canvassing for VBS in Muncie, and she just became one of our spiritual babes. She is hungry for God, and we are continuing to pray for her. Wednesday, April 6th, we traveled on to the Rick Bork’s in Nampa, ID, where we had been invited to come and visit and speak in the mid-week service. We had a wonderful time with the Borks and enjoyed our time with them. Thursday, we were able to have lunch with my cousin, Sheila Seward, and her girls. Later in the day we accompanied the Borks to Bruneau Sand Dune State Park where we camped for the night. It was a relaxing time of sitting around the fire, and we enjoyed the fellowship of friends. The next morning after a great camp breakfast, we started the long trip to Denver, CO, to be with the Mike Yanceys.

Mike and Regina Yancey are doing a great job in Denver, CO. The parsonage has been remodeled, the church is growing and the people are encouraged. It was so easy to preach in both services on Sunday, and the Lord’s Presence was so real. The Yanceys were great hosts and it was our privilege to be with them for a few days. We left Denver on Tuesday, April 12th, and drove down to Colorado Springs for two days of rest and sight-seeing. Focus on the Family headquarters, Pike’s Peak, riding horses through the Garden of the Gods were just a few things that we did while there. We left on Thursday, and our target stopping point was Kearney, NE. South of Sidney, NE, we got stuck in a snow storm. We did not know it at the time, but the conditions were such that the news classified it as a blizzard. Sixteen inches of snow … visibility 100 feet or less … it was a mess. We sat on the interstate for an hour and a half until a snowplow came and plowed us out. Thankfully we got out just before they closed the interstates for 24 hours. We made it to Kearney as planned … very late that night. Again, thank the Lord for His hand on us.

After spending some time in Newton, IA, at the grave of our daughter, Robyn Rene (who would have been 16 years old this year), we arrived at the Wendell Conner’s in Mt. Pleasant on Saturday, April 16th. We had a good service in Mt. Pleasant on Sunday morning. We then were able to speak to the Bible Club in Davenport, IA, that evening. Following the service, Dr. Steve Boardman
provided us a place to stay, and we appreciated their kind hospitality.

April 18th, after being on the road for 29 days, we pointed the van towards the house. We were able to spend the night with our friends the Troy Truitts, in Jackson, MO, and attend Miss Lauren’s 17th birthday party that night at the Dave Boardman’s. It was good to fellowship with so many of our friends that evening. Early the next morning, we rolled out and arrived HOME in the early afternoon. We had been gone for 31 days, traveled in 16 states, held 21 church services and saw a host of friends and made many new ones.

The next morning, April the 20th, I took my wife to the oncologist office for her monthly visit. After they ran the necessary test, they told us that the cancer is still gone and we thank the Lord for this answer to prayer. There is not a day that goes by that I do not look at my wife and feel humbled in my heart at the miracle that He has performed for us. He receives the praise.

We spent Easter at home and it was the first time that we were in our home church on a Sunday in 7 weeks. Three days later, Connie, Madelyn and I traveled to Dayton, OH, for the 2011 Interchurch Holiness Convention (IHC). God gave a wonderful convention and I was encouraged in my heart from the truths that were preached. We were a little distracted though … while we were there, as many of you already know, many tornadoes went through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and other states. We thank the Lord for keeping His hand on our family and the PNC family during this time. Our daughters were in the middle of the F5 tornado that totally destroyed thousands of homes and claimed many lives. I will be reporting more on this at another time, but both the Pell City church and the Pleasant Grove church sustained damage in these storms. Bro. and Sis. Harbison and their people are safe and the folks in Pleasant Grove are safe also. I came home to a war zone … no words can describe it…

Before returning home from IHC, we were able to spend some time with more of our people in Indiana. We spend Saturday with the Don Bates Jr. family and preached in Winchester Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon, I was privileged to dedicate Brayden Paul Clough, son of Anthony and Marie Clough, in a special service in Muncie PNC. It was good to fellowship with the Scott Turners and their people. We then traveled to Milford, OH, where we preached the evening service. It was good to spend some time with the Wrights before we had to get back on the road toward home.

It was so good to have all of my family safe and under one roof Monday night. We are thankful for His blessings and we are doing our best to help those around us who have nothing.

Please continue to pray for all of the storm victims across our nation and the fire victims in Oklahoma, Texas and Arizona. There are many needs right now, and we want to exhibit the love of God in a time of need.

May the Lord Bless each of you!

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\hline
\textbf{Brother Snodgrass’ contact information:} \\
\hline
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\textbf{Cell Phone:} & (765) 730-0268 \\
\textbf{email:} & stevesnodgrass@pilgrimnazarene.org \\
\hline
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\textbf{RECOMMENDATION FOR EVANGELISM}

Ev. Harrold Taylor is available for revivals, Vacation Bible Schools and other special services. Pastors, you can call on him to fill your pulpits while away. I recommend Bro. Taylor, not just as a long–time friend, but also as a good preacher. He also provides music. I have included his contact information for your use.

\textbf{Harrold E. Taylor} \\
528 St. Luke Drive \\
Plainfield, IN 46168 \\
317-519-4527 \\
harroldtaylor@yahoo.com \\
\textcopyright SRS

\textbf{CAMP PLEDGE REMINDER}

I have been blessed to travel around to the different churches for the interest of the 2011 General Camp. It has been encouraging to see your commitment to this tradition that reaches far back into our great heritage. Let us do our best to reach our goal of $25,000 by camp time and send your pledge to \textbf{Bro. Covington} as soon as possible. Thank you again for your giving.

SRS
Pilgrim Nazarene Camp Meeting
Monday, July 25, 2011 — Sunday, July 31, 2011

1925 W. 59th St.
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Rev. John Parker
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Rev. Stephen Snodgrass
General Superintendent

Rev. Daniel Stetler
Evangelist

Daniel Edwards Family
Song Evangelists

DIRECTIONS:
• 45 minutes west of Nashville
• Exit I-40 @ Route 48 (exit 163)
• Right on Route 48—1.3 miles
• Left on Sam Hollow Road—2 miles
• For reservations, contact: Mrs. Carmelita Turner (765) 744-5729