

Kentucky District News

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THIS IS THE DAY
THAT THE LORD
HATH MADE

...

I WILL REJOICE
AND BE GLAD
IN IT!



Kentucky District News



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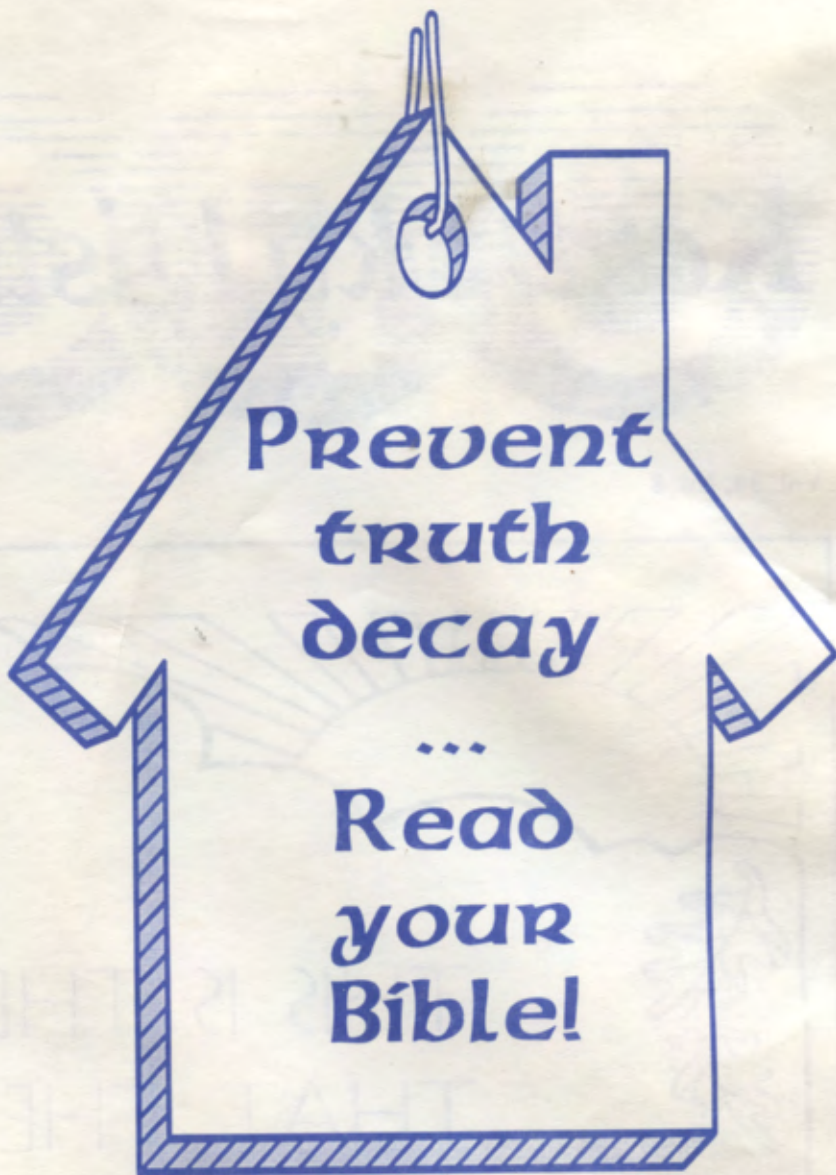
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FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINE

The 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 Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and the baptism of the Holy Ghost with the initial sign of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance.

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"Thank you for the Love Offering we received at Senior Camp. We love and appreciate the Kentucky District!"
Bro. & Sis. Marshall & family

If It's Wrong, It's Wrong

By T. F. Tenney

"You can be right, yet wrong in the way you are right. And that's the worst kind of wrong, because it's right."

E. L. Holley

Under what circumstances, or in what variation of time, does something that is wrong become right? I have known people who grievously hurt, betrayed, or erred against a brother—never made it right—and yet years later tried to pick up where they left off. Does the passage of time bring eradication of the wrong? I've heard this adage: "Under those circumstances, you'd have done the same thing..." Does a change in circumstances change the word of God? I have often mentioned men who preached strongly against and criticized others who disagreed with them on certain issues. Yet, when it came home to them, suddenly we needed to be understanding and tolerant.

I can remember my friend, E. L. Holley, often saying, "You can be right, yet wrong in the way you are right. And that's the worst kind of wrong, because it's right." There are some things that are just wrong. You can be right in an idea and wrong in its administration.

War Cry magazine made an interesting observation in an article on marital infidelity. The author said, "Divorce because of infidelity is certainly not uncommon in our society and among Christians. What comes as a surprise to me in such situations, however, is the powerful feeling of goodness and rightness that accompanies falling in love with someone else." Well, I've heard that one before, too! "I just love her..." Or, "Surely God doesn't expect me to spend the rest of

my life with someone I don't love." I've also heard, "I married the wrong person the first time," and "My first marriage was not in the will of God." Have we totally forgotten the vows we took at an altar—or are we playing into this sensual society's "If it feels good, do it" philosophy?

I am sure when we first took our vows we meant them. In a sense, however, the vows are taken lightly because couples are so sure they will never want to break them. It is often the feeling of love that fuels the fervency of the vows. What couples can't grasp is the notion that those feelings may change.

Shelton Vanauken once said, "The sacred approval these individuals feel when they break their vows and enter into other relationships does not come from God who inexplicitly denounces divorce. It comes instead from Eros, the ancient pagan god of lovers. This false sanction deceives people into calling the bad, good—and the wrong, right. Eros promises this "in love-ness" justifies all betrayals and that it will last forever. Yet, Eros is known for its fickleness. These same feelings may descend on the betrayers again with the same promise."

I have seen that happen. I've seen men and women forsake their families for another only to see the second partner they choose do the same thing down the road. You just cannot nail Jell-O to the wall! There's something in character that keeps promises. If it violates them, it's not there.

To continue the article I mentioned; in short, the couple has misunderstood the nature of their vows. They thought their vows were an expression of their feelings for one another, a prediction of what their feelings would be in the future. The radiant feeling of being in love cannot go on every moment. I have often said, "One minute you feel you could eat her up, and the next minute you wish you had!" Let me tell you about vows. Marital vows are promises made for the times when the ecstasy of feeling in love is not present. They are not dependent on feeling, but on commitment to faithfulness regardless of feeling.

Vanauken also commented, "It is not 'in love-ness' that sustains love over the long haul, but charity—or unselfish agape love. Only charity can grow and deepen to include the humanness and faults of the other because they felt confident to resist the temptations and flirtations that came, betrayers ignore the warnings that come to their consciousness. Then comes the sanction of Eros to their betrayals. In our sex saturated culture, our sympathies are not with the betrayed spouse but with the lovers, never in the portrayals and novels of films does the betraying spouse consider the meaning of broken promises."

These things have no place in the body of Jesus Christ. "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder." Remember again, God hates divorce.

Reprinted from *Louisiana Challenger*



I've been washed, I've been redeemed!"

Written by: Robert G. Akers
Youth Minister
Apostolic Holiness Church
Dawson Springs, Kentucky

The grease in the metal tank spewed and sizzled, its black contents still boiling hot after being removed from an immense fryer. Allen, a teenage cook at the restaurant and I prepared ourselves for the most disgusting part of our job. We wrapped ice-cold wet towels around our hands, making sure no part of the flesh was exposed. The tank was as hot as its contents, and even the contact with the metal would sear a hand instantly.

The stench coming from the tank was almost as unbearable as the heat; the kitchen waste could turn even the strongest of stomachs at times. The quicker we accomplished this unpleasant task, the better.

"Are you ready?" I asked. The tank is far too heavy for one person to move alone, so nightly two cooks have to carry it outside to the cistern for disposal. "Yeah," Allen answered. "I hate this stuff! Let's just get this over with."

I told the crew of the fast-food restaurant that we would be gone for a few minutes, and we began to slowly make our way. The liquid in the tank sloshed around, almost coming out the top as Allen and I walked with the tank held between us. We crossed the parking lot and entered the fenced-in area that held the trash cans and grease cistern. The stench was overpowering.

"Okay, hold it level while I try to open the lid," I told Allen. Emptying the tank was the most difficult part of the process. Several times I had been blistered by the tank or its contents. With one hand still holding my side of the tank I used my other hand to throw open the heavy lid of the cistern. An odor that cannot be described escaped and I held as much air in my lungs as I could, hoping to finish and escape the whole situation before breathing again. I nodded to Allen, who was also holding his breath, and we lifted the tank in unison to the lip of the cistern's lid. We started to pour when something down in the gooey mess caught my eye.

"Wait!" I shouted. The grease splashed out of the tank as Allen jerked it away from the opening. "Set this down," I said. "Something's in there!" "I don't see anything," Allen said, peering into the darkness of the cistern. "Hey, it's a bird!" We placed the tank on the ground and got a better look. The most forlorn creature I have ever seen floated in the mire, unable to move. Only its head could be seen; its listless eyes were only half opened. "Jesus help us," I said. Death was near for the bird, and it had given up hope of rescue.

I grabbed a stick and reached in to pick it up. The grease on the door got all over my uniform and hands, but I soon had the bird. It clung tenuously to the stick and made no move to escape.

"I think they need us in the kitchen," Allen said. For a moment I had forgotten about our responsibilities. "Run inside and get me towels," I said. "Some wet and some dry." Allen ran back into the restaurant, reappearing momentarily with the things I'd requested.

"Go cook for them. This is going to take me a little while," I said. The bird was black with the filthy grease from beak to talon. It dripped the messy liquid all over me, trying to shake it off. It had been in that cistern for at least twenty four hours! I shook my head. "Little bird," I said, "you're a mess, but I'm going to try to save you. You just hold on!"

I quickly found that I could not wipe the bird off while it clung to the stick; I would have to hold it steady in my hand. I didn't think this was possible, but much to my surprise the bird made no protest. For the first time a wild creature stood perfectly still, at rest in the palm of my hand! I talked softly to it as I began to clean. Each feather was carefully wiped, and soon color started to appear where only blackness had been before.

The minutes rolled by and I continued to work. Others came from the restaurant to watch, but the smell of the cistern so nearby made them go away quickly. It seemed that the more of the grease that I got off the bird the more I got on myself; my hands were covered with it and it probably was smudged on my face. I didn't care, though, because my only thought was on saving the bird.

After what seemed like an eternity of cleaning, the bird began to perk up. It twisted its head back and forth, and walked up my arm to my elbow. I was so happy to see it revive itself I could scarcely contain my feelings. I continued to clean until I was sure I could do no more.

"All right, little buddy, do your thing!" I said with a smile on my face. It crouched on my arm and surveyed the surrounding area. It fluttered its wings once or twice, and my heart stopped -- it wasn't going to be able to fly! it pranced around for a moment longer. Suddenly it leaped from my arm and flapped its wings wildly. It didn't go very far, but it did fly!

I said a prayer as I watched it flutter near my feet. My hope began to return as I saw that the bird was making it a little higher and farther with each attempt it made. Finally it winged its way to the top of the high fence and paused for a moment. I smiled and watched as with another burst of energy it disappeared from sight, a totally different creature from the one Allen and I had discovered only shortly before.

As time has passed I have thought of how very much we are like that bird. Once we were trapped in the mire of sin, many of us without hope of ever being rescued. When it seemed like time had ran out the hand of God reached farther down than we could ever reach up and pulled us from the pit that we were in. Taking our sins upon himself he cleansed us and made us whole again. Now, with newness of life, we can live our lives the way that God intended for us to live -- just like the bird who took wing and soared farther and farther away from that horrible cistern!

Guest Editorial... Reprinted from Ohio Apostolic News

When is the last time you heard a message about hell? Yes, that is right, I mean an old fashioned fire and brimstone filled discourse about the lake of fire. The kind of message about hell that left you breathless and ever so determined that with the help of God you would do everything possible to keep from going there.

I asked a friend of mine a few months ago to share with me some of the reasons he felt his church had experienced solid growth and revival. One of the things he mentioned at first sounded odd, almost humorous to me. He said, "I have developed several strong sermons on the subject of hell". I had always felt that preaching on hell was "negative", and that far better results could be obtained by preaching "positive" themes. I did not want to be labeled a "fire and brimstone" preacher. Later that evening, as I examined my approach to preaching about hell, I was struck with a most ironic thought.

Years ago I had written a series of articles for the Ohio News that would later become a book on the subject of balance. In those articles, I had written how easy it is to go to extremes and how important it is to find balance. Suddenly I realized that I, Rev. Balance himself, had been guilty of lacking balance in my own ministry. I had failed to balance my preaching on the "Love of God" with a healthy dose of the "Fear of the Lord". In almost eighteen years of pastoring, you could probably count on one hand the messages I had preached on hell. I began to search the Scriptures and found two passages that underscored the need of balance in this area.

Acts 9:31 Then had the churches rest throughout all Judea and Galilee and Samaria, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.

Jude 1:22 And of some have compassion, making a difference:

Jude 1:23 And others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.

One of the verses of "Amazing Grace" says "'twas Grace that taught my heart to fear, and Grace my fear relieved..." Solomon observed that the Fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge (Proverbs 1:7). When I stand in front of a group of people and tell them that they need to be saved, their logical response is going to be "saved from what"? Only when they understand the horrors of hell and the judgement will they become strongly motivated to reach out for a Savior. One desires a Savior only when there is something to be saved from.

When one observes the lukewarm involvement and lackadaisical attitudes of many church members today, it becomes obvious that something is missing. Could that something be the "fear of the Lord"? The early churches walked in the fear of the Lord and were multiplied. That is, they experienced growth.

In the June 12, 1997 issue of *USA Today*, there was a half page devoted to a revival that is taking place at the Assembly of God church in Brownsville, Florida. The headline read "Fire and brimstone and the

hand of God". For two years the revival has run every night and has drawn 1.5 million people. The following quote from Evangelist Steve Hill reveals the tone of the messages he has been preaching to capacity crowds every night.

"He's coming back with a sword in his hand and vengeance on his mind", warns Hill. "If you are a Christian, you better be white-hot, because if you are lukewarm he'll spew you out of his mouth. And if you are cold, you are doomed. You are going to hell."

You may point out that the Brownsville Assembly of God has a distorted view of the Godhead. We also know that they do not follow the apostolic mode of baptizing converts "In the Name of Jesus Christ". Yet, we must acknowledge that they have discovered the principle of instilling the fear of God into people's hearts.

Jude tells us that some sinners who come our way need to be saved by compassion. Hurting, abused by life, they respond to preaching about the love of God. The church needs to impress them that Jesus loves them. Most of our churches today preach from this paradigm. Our emphasis is on Spiritual Healing, and it has helped many to be delivered from the ravages of sin.

There are others, however, that must be saved with fear. These individuals will listen to our "Jesus Loves You" sermons, say, "That's nice", and go on their merry sinful and carnal ways. They need to be impressed with the reality of hell. When people fear God more than they fear man, they will be willing to take a stand, live holy, and witness to all they meet.

For those who need a little booster shot of the fear of God, here are a few scriptures to meditate on. I cannot help but wonder what could happen if more of our Apostolic Churches, blessed with Truth, began to preach old fashioned "fire and brimstone" messages.

Rev 20:14 And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death.

Rev 20:15 And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.

2 Th. 1:8 In flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ:

2 Th. 1:9 Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power;

2 Th. 2:11 And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:

2 Th. 2:12 That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.



Victor Bentley



Burn the Ships!

By: H. Michael Anderson

Michael Anderson was former District Secretary Kentucky District. Currently he is an instructor at Texas Bible College in Houston.

Reprinted from *Apostolic Sentinel*

"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ," (Philippians 3:7-8).

Julius Caesar, before becoming Rome's emperor, was a conquering general. Sent to the north to subdue the Gauls, he also set his sights beyond the European coasts to subjugate the British Isles. After his successful military campaign through the north, his soldiers sailed to the shores of England. Preparation was complete, but how do you motivate exhausted veterans so far from home?

To insure triumph, Caesar cleverly marched his legions to the chalk cliffs of Dover. From there they could see the last of their ships consumed by fire. With no vessels of retreat, totally separated from help and home, there was only one option: move forward and vanquish! that is exactly what happened.

If we are to advance as Christians, we

must also destroy our means of return to the old life. We will never get far from the shore, never experience triumph, if we don't burn the ships. It is for this reason that I encourage all new converts to testify about the Holy Ghost immediately after receiving it. They are then to go home and share their feelings with their families. Then, they are to phone a friend and tell what has happened to them before the day is ended.

Paul, to be able to write Philippians 3:7-8, at some point in his life "burned the ships." That total commitment enabled him to endure the battles and come through victorious. he had nothing to turn back to. The only direction he could march was forward, growing stronger and feeling more victories with each completed skirmish.

At the beginning of his ministry he was willing to be slipped out of Damascus hidden in a basket because of his preaching. Plots were formed against him in Jerusalem before leaving for Tarsus. Then followed a ministry in Antioch, three

missionary journeys and Roman imprisonment. At one point he recorded his times of suffering (II Corinthians 11:23-28); beatings, stoning, prison, ship-wreck, robbers, weariness, painfulness, hunger, thirst, and his constant responsibility of the care of the churches. He was able to move forward when obstructed by opposition because he had "burned the ships."

Each committed Christian soon meets the enemy in battle. After the list of Paul's confrontations, he is qualified to prepare us for warfare. His advice is for us to wear the whole armor of God: loins of truth, breastplate of righteousness, boots of peace, shield of faith, helmet of salvation and sword of the Spirit. Apparent by its absence is protection for your back, why? There is nowhere to turn and/or retreat. All the ships have been burned.

What of us? Have we secretly left a ship of retreat in the case of fierce opposition? Have we quietly planned a way of escape in case the journey becomes too difficult? So that we have no vessels of retreat, we must burn the ships!

Recently, I heard a story of an incident that happened several years ago to an old-timer in Pentecost. It seems this minister travelled from town to town holding revivals. His means of travel was an old wagon drawn by two horses. He loaded up his family [of 8 children, if I remember correctly] and started for the town where the revival was to be held. along the way, one of the horses was injured and there was nothing to do but to shoot the horse. There was still several miles to travel so the minister put the yoke around his neck and proceeded to help the other horse finish the journey. How he must have loved this gospel! I am sure his children never forgot how much this wonderful truth meant to their father.

I have heard many stories like this of the sacrifices of our forefathers in Pentecost. It should convict us when we realize the price they paid. Our excuses for missing church seem quite foolish in comparison. I have heard the story how my own great-grandfather walked two

miles to church with three of his children during the winter because they had no car. We now have cars [with air conditioning and heat], churches [with air conditioning and heat], padded pews, P.A. systems and every musical instrument imaginable; yet we stay home with a headache.

What are we teaching our children? Will they remember how we loved and sacrificed for this gospel? Or will they remember that we go to church when it is "convenient"? I do not want to forget my heritage and the price my great-grandparents, grandparents, and parents paid. We are blessed with beautiful churches on the right side of the tracks, but do we have the same zeal and love as those saints in old wooden buildings and brush harbors? "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion..." [Amos 6:1] I must impart this glorious truth to my children so that they will "buy the truth and sell it not." My ancestors sacrificed dearly for me to

have a place to worship and learn the truth. How can I do anything less?

Reprinted from *Illinois District News*



My Heritage

By Jill Bland Fierge

I'm a Sheaves for Christ Miracle

Spirit of Freedom:

I started drinking at age 14 and was soon a high school drop-out addicted to drugs and alcohol. During this time I heard the tape "Raised From the Ruins" by Brother Fred Hyde. I accepted my cousin's invitation to attend church, and there the Lord changed my life. Now Holy Ghost filled, I am a home missionary and a sectional youth leader in Louisiana.

Thank you Sheaves for Christ for supporting Spirit of Freedom. I'm a Sheaves for Christ miracle!



Before Calvary



Pat
Miller

After Calvary



Debbie Hanniwald

Home Missions:

I lacked something in my life, but couldn't find it anywhere in Scottsbluff, Nebraska where I live. Pastor Brott began picking up my children for Sunday School, and in time I decided to go with them. At Bethel Christian Fellowship I felt a touch of another world. Soon I was baptized in Jesus name, and then on a Sunday evening God gloriously filled me with the Holy Ghost. I told Brother Brott that for the first time in my life I felt "light as a feather!" Thank you Sheaves for Christ for assisting Pastor Brott in planting a church in Scottsbluff. Without it I could not say, "I'm a Sheaves for Christ miracle!"

SFC '97

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Man of God

by Loren Rudd

*O, man of God, come to our city;
their prayer was heard with voices of pity.
Who would come? who would stay?
There are souls in need, O, God, we pray.*

*Then, a man of God, with his head bowed low,
heard the Masters call and decided he must go
To reach a people he had not met,
To preach a gospel not preached there, yet.*

*The people came and souls were reached,
By the gospel of Christ that this man preached,
How many have been helped,
How many have been saved,
By the efforts that this man of God gave?*

*Day after Day, year after year,
Crying out to God with tear after tear,
Name after name rolls out of his lips,
Their need of salvation, his soul does grip,
Tired and worn, he'll not give up the fight
O, man of God, look just ahead
For heaven is in sight.*