

This Is My Story



Bob Kirkland

Headline News - 1942



The Second World War Was Raging. William Lyon Mackenzie King was the Prime Minister of Canada. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the President of the United States. Winston Churchill was the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom and a madman named Adolf Hitler was the Chancellor of Germany.

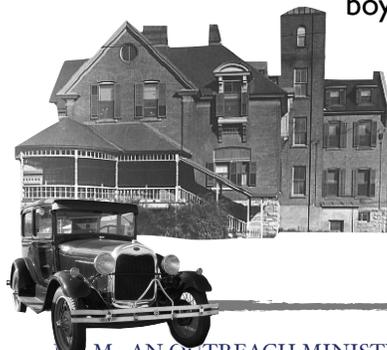
German U-boats - Nova Scotia

In January, 1942, twenty-six countries were organizing the United Nations. During the month of May, German U-boats were operating in the area of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. They had penetrated the



Gulf of St. Lawrence and the St. Lawrence River. In 1942, twenty-two Canadian merchant vessels and warships were sunk and 249 lives were lost. On August 13, Walt Disney was introducing his animated film, "Bambi," and in December, Bing Crosby was crooning about a "White Christmas."

On the morning of December, 21, 1942, William Lyon Mackenzie King announced that butter was being rationed in Canada, because of the war. Ken and Mae Kirkland were announcing to their friends who visited them at the Grace hospital in Ottawa, Ontario, that they now had a little boy they named Robert Douglas Kirkland. And so, this is where my story begins.



If Mom and Dad wanted to buy a new car to take me home from the hospital, it would have cost them about \$920.00. They didn't have a new car, they had a 1929 Model-A Ford. They could purchase gasoline for their Ford for fifteen cents a gallon. A new house would cost them

about \$3,500.00 or they could rent one for \$35.00 a month. They were poor people so they had none of those new things; however, they might have spared five cents for a bottle of Coca Cola.

The Move From Ottawa

By the time I was three years of age my family had moved to Ajax, Ontario, where my Dad was the foreman of a large sheep farm. I guess that makes me the son of a shepherd. I would spend the next ten years on that farm. I have many fond memories from that period of my life. I will not bore you with those stories; however, one thing I do remember was learning how very stupid sheep are. The Lord did not do us a favour when He likened us to sheep.

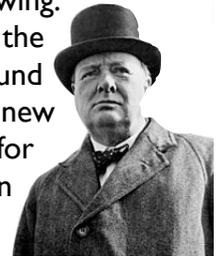


Headline News - 1955

The race for space was underway, the St. Lawrence Seaway was opened to Ocean Vessels from Montreal to US ports on the Great Lakes, Disneyland opened in California, and "In God We Trust" was added to all US paper currency. The first pocket transistor radio was introduced, the McDonald's fast food restaurant chain was underway. The first Guinness Book of World Records was published and, "The Mickey Mouse Club" made its debut on television.



In 1955 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., was leading the Montgomery Bus Boycott, and the Rock and Roll craze was in full swing. Winston Churchill resigned as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, and the average yearly wage was around \$4,000. The minimum wage was 75 cents an hour, a new house cost about \$11,000 or one could be rented for about \$90.00 a month. New cars sold for less than \$2,000 and gasoline had soared to twenty-five cents a gallon.



Winston Churchill

By this time, our family had left the sheep farm and had moved to a small village in the country that had a one room country school with about thirty students ranging from grade one to grade eight. There was a gas station, a postoffice that operated out of a house next to the school, and a tiny grocery store that was also part of someone's house.

Dad had started a new job as a welder in a factory and with that job came new friends and much more money than he ever had before.

He started going to the hotel with his new friends. He was very popular among them and they nicknamed him "the farmer," because he had recently worked on a farm. At first, he only drank with his friends on the weekends, then they started going to the hotel every day after work. He would get drunk, come home and argue with my Mother. Our home was in shambles. I remember Dad getting so upset with Mom that he threw his plate of food at her. I can still see that spaghetti sliding down the wall in the dining room.

On October 7, 1955, Everything Changed

On that cold October Friday, about 8:45 a.m. before leaving for school, I noticed my Dad's suit laid out on his bed. My Mom had put it there because he was going to go out with us that night as a family. I was so happy! I could only recall one other time when we went out together as a family and that was to a restaurant for supper. Before the meal came, Dad got into an argument with Mom and we left without eating. Tonight would be different! We were going on a bus to the big city of Toronto. I wasn't much concerned where we were going. It didn't matter as long as my Dad was going with me.



As it turned out it wasn't different! Dad purposely stayed away until the bus left, then he came home, put on his suit and went out to a drunken party. There was only one empty seat on the bus, it was the one where my Dad was supposed to be sitting. As a twelve year old boy I stared at that empty seat and came to the conclusion that Dad would rather be drinking with his friends than spending time with me.

While he was getting drunk again, my brother, my Mother, myself, and most of my school friends were at the Coliseum at the Exhibition Place in Toronto, Ontario, listening to Dr. Billy Graham.*

We were sitting in the very back row, as far away from the speaker as one could possibly be. I do not remember his text or anything he said in his message; however, I remember when the choir started singing "*Just As I Am,*" and the invitation was given to receive Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I remember how the conviction of the Holy Spirit gripped my soul. I wrestled with God through all of the verses of that hymn.



Taken From The Spot Where
We Were Sitting

I was not about to walk that long aisle with all of my school friends watching. Finally, the song was over, and I hoped when it was, that the pressure to respond to the invitation would stop. The preacher said, "*someone still hasn't come, we will sing one more verse.*" It was as if he said, we are going to sing one more verse because a twelve year old boy named Bob is sitting way back there at the back and he needs to be saved. I remember thinking, that God, the Creator of the universe was talking to me, and I was worried about what my school friends were thinking. How stupid is that? My brother whispered to me, "*do you want to go?*"

That was all I needed. I said "Yes!" On Friday, October 7, 1955, at about 8:30 in the evening I received Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. The crusade reports said that during the crusade, "*more than 7,000 men and women left their seats to stand for Christ.*" Only God knows how many of those "*men and women*" were sincere; however, both God and I know that at least one twelve year old boy was.

One thing that puzzled me as I walked that long stretch to the front, was the amount of people who were coming out of the choir to trust Christ as their Saviour. I was wondering what they were doing singing at that meeting, if they were not born again. Within a few minutes I had trusted Christ as my personal Saviour and my adventure in Christian living was underway.

(* Billy Graham is now an apostate and a disgrace to the cause of Christ. The fact that I mention that I was saved in one of his crusades should not be taken as an endorsement of his present day apostasy.)



My New Testament

A few weeks earlier, at our school, the Gideon's had come and presented the students in grade five with a New Testament. In the back was a place to sign your name if you wanted to receive Christ as your Saviour. I read it carefully and not being sure what it meant I asked my Mom to explain it to me. It was obvious that she did not know what it meant either, so I put the New Testament on a shelf in my room without signing it. I somehow understood whatever salvation was it was far too important to sign that page, if I did not understand it. I did two things the night I was saved before I went to bed. First, on the bus ride home, I memorized the verses the man who led me to Christ told me to memorize. Second, as soon as I got home I went to my room, got the New Testament down from the shelf and signed it. I took it out and showed it to my Mom and said "now we know what it means."

Dad Came Home Drunk

In the middle of the night I was woken by the sound of a car horn blaring in our driveway. I ran outside and there was my Dad, unconscious, leaning against the steering wheel causing the horn to blow. He was so drunk he did not even know where he was. I pulled him back off of the horn. He looked at me and asked "what are you doing at the party?" I finally got him into the house where he collapsed on the floor, where he stayed most of the night. He finally realized where he was and made it to his bed to sleep it off.

Saturday, October 8, 1955

The morning after I was saved, I sat at the dining room table and wrote the following poem.

*I was sitting there relaxed, listening to the preacher.
But my heart began to pound when
I heard the preacher say,
"Unless you're born again you will
never get to Heaven,
Why don't you come and be born again today?"
My heart was getting heavy,
and the Devil said, "STAY HERE!"
But I heard the Lord whisper softly in my ear,
"Don't let the Devil keep you,
come on and take your stand,
I'll guide you through your troubles,
I'll always hold your hand."
I began to think back at all the sin I'd done.
My heart was loaded with them,
and I could no longer run,
So I took the Lord's advice and I stood up on my feet.
And back from the Lord I would never, ever, retreat.*

A Christian lady in the area who was responsible for us getting to the meeting came by to visit. I read the poem to her and said I needed a title for it. She said, "that's conviction!" I asked her how to spell it and named the poem, "**Conviction.**"

When my Dad finally woke up I went to him and told him I was a Christian now, I had quit smoking cigarettes, and I wanted a Bible. He was stunned! Not only because he found out I had been smoking, but mainly because I said I was a Christian!

Sunday, October 9, 1955

The next morning, Sunday, October, 9th., Dad went to make some overtime money at the factory where he worked, and the Christian lady in the area took my Mom, my brother and myself back to Toronto for the afternoon meeting. After the meeting we went to a restaurant for supper and planned on going to her church for the evening service.

Dad came home and found the house empty. He was not happy! He went to the home of the Christian lady thinking we might be there. We were not. She had a little sign on her door that said,  "Jesus Saves." That sign made Dad very, very, angry. He drove ten miles to the town where the restaurant was. I have no idea how he knew where we were. He came in yelling and everyone in the place could hear him. Once again, we left before the meal came because my Dad was arguing with my Mom.

Things were different this time. My Mom did not argue back. She had a very submissive and sweet attitude which made Dad even more angry. The fact is, the Lord used the change in my Mom to convict my Dad of his sin.

Monday, October 10, 1955

On Monday morning, before going to school, I pulled the grips off the handlebar of my bike, and threw away the cigarettes I had hid in the handlebars. I put a New Testament in my shirt pocket and headed back to face my school chums who had watched me go forward at the meeting on Friday night.



One of my friends tauntingly shouted, so everyone could hear, "why do you have that Testament in your pocket?" I shouted back, loud enough for everyone to hear, "...to testify!"

Picture Taking Day



It happened to be the day when school pictures were being taken. The teacher said I should take the Bible out of my pocket as it was pulling my shirt down and it would not look good in the picture. I said thank you, but the Bible stays. Pictured here is part of that group picture with my New Testament in my pocket.

Wednesday, October 12, 1955

On Wednesday evening of that week I went down in the basement of our home for something and saw Dad down there weeping. I had never seen him cry before. I turned and went back upstairs before he saw me. The Lord continued to work on his heart and on the final night of the crusade my father decided to take us to the meeting. That night the message was from Joshua 24:15, "...choose you this day whom ye will serve...but as for me and my house, we will serve the LORD." When the invitation was given I prayed earnestly for Dad to be saved; however, he did not go forward during the invitation.



Dad Got Saved In His 1953 Ford

The next day after work, while driving his Ford to the hotel with his drinking buddies, he was under such conviction he prayed and simply surrendered to the Lord. He later testified that as he pulled up in front of the hotel he actually had a distaste in his mouth for beer. He told his friends that he was not going in that night. Prior to that day he smoked two packages of cigarettes a day. As he was driving home he threw them away.

He came home, walked to the closet where he kept his beer, dragged several cases into the bathroom. He then came out to the kitchen, got his bottle opener and dumped all that booze down the toilet. He looked at us and said, *“As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.”* Dad went back to work the next day and told all his drinking buddies why he did not go into the hotel the night before, and why he would not be going there anymore. He said, *“As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.”*



The Farmers Got Religion!

They laughed at him, and ridiculed him. They said, *“the farmers got religion!”* They lined up at the punch clock after work and all bowed down chanting, *“here comes the Holy Ghost.”* They told him he would soon get over it and that he would be the life of the Christmas party, as he always was. I guess they have had dull parties for the last sixty years.

Dad’s First Day Off Work As A Christian

Dad usually spent Saturdays at the hotel with his friends. On Saturday, October 23, 1955, Dad asked us to get in the car. We drove several hours to a farm in northern Ontario, where he had worked as a teenager. The people on the farm were Christians and they had witnessed to Dad when he was on their farm; however, his response was to ridicule them for being Christians. Prior to coming to work on this farm he had lived with fourteen brothers and sisters.



Their father was a Presbyterian minister. Obviously, it was a very religious environment. Most of the family found no reality in a religion without Christ, and my Dad was no exception. During his teenage years, when these folks on the farm talked about God, he wanted no part of it. One of the people on the farm would go up in the hay in the barn and have his devotions. My Dad would go out and play *“Turkey In The Straw”* on his mouthorgan while the man was praying. After he was saved Dad loved to play his mouthorgan for the Lord.

The people who owned the farm were standing in the yard when we drove down the long driveway to their home on October 23, 1955. They did not recognize him after all these years. He told them who he was and said, *“I came here today to tell you that I have received Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour.”* They wept for joy as they said, *“we have prayed for you ever since you left, that you would get saved.”*

They Prayed!

Why else does a drunk get saved while driving his car to the hotel? Why else would God put it in his heart to drive for a couple of hours to tell these people he was saved. We must never underestimate

the power of prayer. From the day Dad was saved until he died he talked about the Lord. His favourite song included the words *"I would love to tell you what I think of Jesus. Since I found in Him a Friend so strong and true; I would tell you how He changed my life completely."* His favourite Bible verse was *"as for me and my house, we will serve the LORD"* (Joshua 24:15). Pictured here is Dad and our family taken shortly after we received Christ as our Saviour. Everyone in this picture is holding a Bible.



I Recently Conducted Dad's Funeral

He was ninety-three years of age when he died. Just before he left this world, *"to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord"* (Second Corinthians 5:8), he talked to his doctor about the Lord. Dad said he would soon be going to meet Him and then asked his doctor, *"...where are you going when you die?"*

When my brother and I went into the funeral home to make arrangements for Dad's funeral, the funeral director remembered him witnessing to him about nine years previously, when he and my Mom went in to make their funeral arrangements.

Recently, I had the privilege of leading that funeral director to Christ on the strength of Dad's testimony.

No Slick, Salvation Sales Promotion

Just think, all that happened without a slick sales presentation offering Heaven as an incentive for just praying a prayer. May God deliver us from our incentive sales program and get back to preaching the Word of God.

An incentive is a thing that motivates or encourages one to do something. I was taught to ask a sinner if he wanted to be sure he was going to Heaven when he died. Getting saved has nothing to do with going to Heaven.

It is a wonderful byproduct; however, Jesus said, *"I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"* (Luke 13:3). Our incentive sales pitch says, *"If you will just admit you are a sinner God will let you into Heaven."* It simply isn't Scriptural.

Balaam said, *"I have sinned"* (Numbers 23:34), and Judas said, *"I have sinned"* (Matthew 27:4), and according to the Scriptures they both died and went to Hell.

Sinners need to understand that even if there was no Heaven, they need to repent of offending God with their sin. *"I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"* (Luke 13:3).

"All Things Are Become New"

The Bible says, *"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new"* (Second Corinthians 5:17). That certainly fits the salvation testimony of my Dad, myself, and everyone else who is truly born again. No one had to preach against booze, or cigarettes. No one had to preach about witnessing for Christ. It was simply the natural result of knowing Jesus Christ as Saviour.

That is why one of the first things I did after I was saved was to throw away the cigarettes I had hidden in the handlebar of my bike. I was *"a new creature."* That is why everyone in the family picture is holding a Bible. That is why I had to tell everyone about Christ. It was just the natural thing to do.

Anyone who professes to know Christ as Saviour and is ashamed to tell people about Christ is just fooling himself. He or she, may have had a warm and fuzzy emotional experience of some kind; however, unless *“all things are become new,”* they are simply not saved.

Billy Graham said we should *“join the church of your choice.”* In spite of that foolish and unscriptural advice from a preacher on the road to total apostasy, God kept His guiding hand on our family. We began our Christian adventure in an evangelical Baptist church that was at that time, taking a better stand than most so-called fundamental churches of today.

From October 7, 1955 until today, my life has been an adventure in Christian living. The dictionary says an adventure is *“bold, exciting and unusual activities involving risk or danger.”* That pretty-well sums up the last sixty years.

Our Local Church Adventures

As perviously mentioned, Billy Graham said we should *“join the church of your choice.”* That was foolish and unscriptural advice coming from a compromising preacher on the road to apostasy. However, by God’s grace we joined a Bible-believing church. Although it was what we now call an evangelical church, as compared to a fundamental church, it was more fundamental at that time than most so-called fundamental Baptist churches of today. It was at that church, at the age of twelve, that I met the young lady who would become my wife. When we joined the church it was in a house. In 1959 the new church, pictured here was built. Our family was baptized by the pastor who is seen at the pulpit in this picture. Unfortunately the church was already on the road to apostasy.



I Immediately Became Involved In The Service of The Lord

One of the first things I remember in serving the Lord was going out on visitation with a deacon of the church. We drove his little Vauxhall Victor to a home where we were greeted in the driveway by two very vicious-looking German Shepherds. The deacon laughed and said lets just go to another house. I said, *“where is your faith?”* I got out of the car and walked to the front door of the home, the dogs barking and growling at me all the way. The woman opened the door and with an astonished look asked me if I was not afraid of those dogs. I said *“No,”* and gave her the Gospel materials we came to deliver, and got back in the little Vauxhall. The snarling dogs were only inches from my face as I sat in the front seat of that little car. I don’t know if that lady got saved or not; however, if she didn’t it wasn’t going to be my fault.



Asked To Preach

In my early teens I was teaching Sunday School, running a children’s program and actively involved in the youth work at the church. One day they asked me to preach a message in the Sunday evening service.



I had been studying my Bible about the soon return of Christ. I decided I would preach about *"His Soon Return As Taught In The Scriptures."* I spent much time in my message denouncing A-millennialism. I had no idea that the church I was preaching in was an A-millennial church. Sometime later when a deacon asked me to preach again, he told me I needed to preach a straight forward message and not get on any controversial subjects like the second coming. I said *"sir, with all due respect, find someone else to preach."* I said, *"when I preach, only God will tell me what to preach about."*

We Always Become Like Whom We Run With

The church had a very active youth group. They were active in everything except spiritual things. Soon I was smoking cigarettes just like the ones I associated with. The influence and the peer-pressure to fit in was very powerful. The people we associate with always have an effect on our character and behaviour. And so it was, that much of my teenage life was wasted playing church.

The Blame Lies At The Feet of The Pastor

I have no doubt about that statement and I make no apology for making it. Our family was on fire for God; however, that middle of the road Baptist church put the fire out. If we had received some Bible teaching about the issues we would have followed the Scriptures; however, like most of our so-called fundamental churches of today, the focus was on numerical growth rather than spiritual growth.

My friends smoked and had motorcycles, and soon I smoked and had a motorcycle so I could fit in with my peers; however, God had this sweet little teenage girl in that church that caught my eye. I knew if I got too worldly I would not have a chance with her and that helped to keep me in line.

Married In 1964



By 1964 the cost of the average house had risen to \$13,000, the average income was \$6,000.00, a new car cost about \$3,500.00 and gas had risen to thirty cents a gallon. A loaf of bread sold for around twenty cents and a letter could be mailed with a three cent stamp.

The really big news in 1964 was Bob Kirkland married Daphne Jones on July 25. Our first apartment, in a brand new high rise apartment building rented for \$1,105.00 a year.

Big News In 1967

Canada was 100 years old, the Toronto Maple Leafs won the Stanley Cup. (As of the writing of this article they have not won it since.) The Boeing 737 took its maiden flight and more important than all of that a little girl was sent from Heaven to our home.



Debra weighed in at only five pounds, four ounces. The doctor handed her to me just minutes after she was born. As I looked into her tiny face with those big dimples, I realized it was time for me to grow up.

The awesome responsibility of raising a child hit home during the first few seconds that I held her. At that moment, I determined with the Lord's guidance we would raise our children to the glory of God.

A Solid Family Needs A Solid Church

The first change in our lives would be to seek a church where the pastor would not shy away from preaching *"all the counsel of God"* (Act 20:27). In the previous twelve years the church we were members of

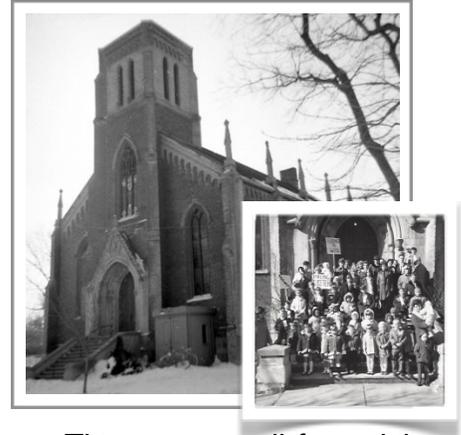
never warned us about any of the issues of the day. The church was also picking up speed on the road to apostasy. This was not what we wanted for our children. We did not know for sure what we were looking for but we knew there had to be something more to Christianity than what we were experiencing.

We Started A Church

We met a man who wanted to start a church in our area. We explained that we wanted a church that was interested in winning the lost, had Bible standards and would teach about the issues of the day.

People who say pastors should not preach standards are stupid people. Everyone from prostitutes to perverts have some kind of standards. The army, the navy, the boy scouts and every other organization on planet earth has standards. The only place that doesn't teach standards is a church with a compromising pastor.

Most of the Bible deals with the standards God demands for Christians. We are to be "Proving what is acceptable unto the Lord" (Ephesians 5:10).



We bought the building pictured here and the new church was underway. Things went well for awhile, however, before long we realized the pastors talk was better than his walk.

From The Frying Pan Into The Fire

One night while we were having a prayer meeting, the pastor's teenage daughter was in the local cemetery with some other teens having a seance trying to raise some spirits of dead people. We also found out that he had a very bad reputation with the business people in the area. This was not at all the kind of Christian leadership we were looking for. Our children deserved better.

My Formal Education

Immediately after I trusted Christ as my personal Saviour I began to study the Word of God. I fell in love with that Book. I still study it about forty hours a week. The Bible promises the Holy Spirit will guide the sincere Christian into all truth. The dictionary tells us that, "A formal education is the process of training and developing people in knowledge, skills, mind, and character in a structured and accredited source." There is nothing more structured in this world than the Word of God and there is nothing more accredited than the Word of God. In that case, I guess I have a formal education.



M.R. Dehaan - A.W. Tozer

M. R. DeHaan And A.W. Tozer

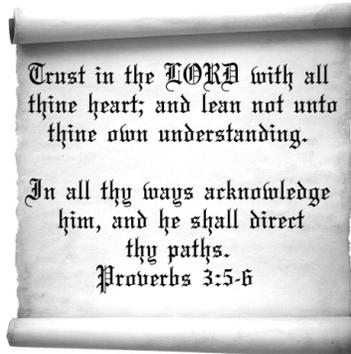
Two men who had a very strong influence on my life were M. R. Dehaan and A.W. Tozer. I have every radio booklet that DeHaan wrote and many of the twenty-plus other books he wrote. These books helped form the foundation for my Christian life. It has been said of A. W. Tozer that he "combined the power of God and the power of words to nourish hungry souls, pierce human hearts, and draw earthbound minds toward God." At the age of fifteen Tozer began a lifelong pursuit of God. He said "It will cost something to walk slow in

the parade of the ages while excited men of time rush about confusing motion with progress. But it will pay in the long run and the true Christian is not much interested in anything short of that."

It was statements like that, that helped define my philosophy for Christian living. A philosophy is "a theory or attitude held by a person or organization that acts as a guiding principle for behavior."

"He Shall Direct Thy Paths"

My life's Verses Are Proverbs 3:5,6. *"Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."*



A Path of Hills And Valleys

God warned the Israelites saying, "The land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys" (Deuteronomy 11:11). The next phase of our adventure in Christian living certainly fits that category.

Go West Young Man, Go West

When our daughter was eighteen months old we began a trek across Canada looking for a solid church. Our journey took us west to Alberta because that area was often referred to as "**The Bible Belt.**"

The Bible Belt???

Premier William Aberhart, was the seventh Premier of Alberta. He was known as "*Bible Bill*" because of his outspoken Baptist views. In 1918, he began a Bible study group in Calgary, which steadily grew until the Palace Theatre had to be rented to accommodate the number of people that attended. In 1925, radio station CFCN began broadcasting his Sunday sermons.



Premier William Aberhart

His Sunday broadcasts proved as popular as his Bible studies and Aberhart drew listeners across the Canadian mid-west, and the northern United States. In 1927, he became the Dean of the newly-founded Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute. Aberhart served as the seventh Premier of Alberta, Minister of Education, and as Attorney General.

Ernest C. Manning, was the Premier of Alberta from 1943-1968. As a direct result of listening to Aberhart's radio broadcasts, Manning became a student at the Calgary Prophetic Bible Institute in 1927. He was their first graduate. That same year, Manning also began speaking on the Calgary



Prophetic Bible Institute's radio broadcasts with William Aberhart. After the death of Premier Aberhart in 1943, Manning continued these broadcasts on his own. The broadcasts were eventually aired on over ninety radio stations across Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver, with a very large listening audience. I was one of those listeners in the 60's.

Alberta was also the home of the Prairie Bible Institute which by 1948 had become Canada's largest Bible college and at that time took a solid Scriptural position. In spite of Alberta's past history, we found no Bible Belt in Alberta. The dictionary says a Bible Belt is "Those areas...where Protestant fundamentalism is widely practiced." To our surprise we soon learned that the term "fundamentalism" was, and is, an ambiguous term that can have many different possible meanings or interpretations, as it does today.

An Exercise In Frustration

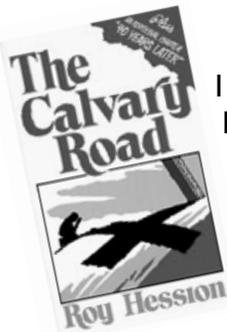
We settled in Edmonton, Alberta and began searching for a church that preached the Word. As we went from church to church, we found it to be an exercise in frustration. Sometimes we visited three churches on a Sunday morning. I remember going to one church for their Sunday School hour and leaving thinking there would be more life in the average morgue. We arrived at the next church for the morning service and there on the platform was a man with a guitar and his shirt open exposing his hairy chest. Their religious country hoedown was soon underway and soon we were back in the car. We visited another church that evening that was a Calvinist church.



As a young man in my twenties, without much knowledge of the Scriptures I knew that anyone that teaches that God brought some people into this world for no other reason than having them burn in Hell for eternity was teaching a wicked heresy! I am still amazed that some leaders in our so-called fundamental movement have no problem putting their stamp of approval on the heretics who promote that blasphemy in our age of fundamental apostasy.

We Would Start Another Church

We left Edmonton and travelled several thousand miles in Canada looking for a solid church to raise our family in but found none. We ended up back in Ontario, and decided the best thing to do was to start a church and find someone to pastor it who had the same goals for Christian living as we had.



The Calvary Road

I had been reading Roy Hession's book "The Calvary Road." It had a major influence in my life. I liked what it said and also thought it would be a good name for a church.

By this time we had had our fill of "Baptists" and decided to call the church "The Calvary Road Gospel Center." The "Calvary Road" part was good but the "Gospel Center" part was a mistake.

With a “no name” church we were classified as anything from a kookie religious group to holy rollers, so eventually we changed the name to the Calvary Road Baptist Church.

At the time, I was working at a full time job selling tires at an automotive centre. We started the church with a program on Tuesday nights that was designed for children. We called it “Happy Hour.” That was before any booze-joints started having their so-called happy hours, which will bring far more sorrow than happiness.

We made up some flyers, handed them out in the area where my parents lived, inviting children to come to my parents home. Before long we were averaging over one hundred children every Tuesday evening.

Another Gift From Heaven

In 1971 astronauts drove on the Moon in a lunar buggy. GM sold 21,801 Corvettes. Evel Knievel set a world record jumping nineteen cars on his motorcycle. Walt Disney World opened in Orlando, Florida. Intel released the world's first microprocessor. The cost of homes had risen to over \$25,000.00, the average income was about \$10,000, and gas was pushing forty cents a gallon. Stamps were now six cents; however, the big event for us was the birth of our son. We named him Allan.



We Started A Radio Program For Children

I went to C.H.O.O. Radio in Ajax and had them listen to a sample of the program that I wanted to air. I recorded it on a reel to reel recorder and took it in on a little portable player. It started off with the voice of a little girl singing **“I’m On The Faith Line.”** It was a professional recording of a very good quality and the manager of the station thought she was singing “I’m On The Base Line.” There was a road in the area called **the Base Line** and he assumed we had a church there and with this quality of recording he figured we knew what we were doing.



We signed a contract and the program was extensively promoted by the station prior to the first broadcast. I did not know that the station used a full-track recording system and he never guessed we would be unprofessional enough to use four-track equipment.

Unfortunately, four programs played at the same time (two of them playing backwards) so as a result, our first program sounded like a bunch of turkeys speaking in tongues. Well, we got that all sorted out and that was the beginning of our adventure in the radio ministry that lasted seventeen years.

We added Sunday services to the Tuesday night meetings as well as a weekly prayer meeting and soon we found my parents home too small. We needed more space.

We rented a gym and several rooms in a local school and purchased a couple of seventy-two passenger buses. Soon we were averaging over 100 in Sunday School and I was still working a full-time job as a tire salesman. I decided we needed to get a pastor to take it over.

Right Motives - Wrong Methods

At that time my motives were good; however, my methods were far from Scripturally correct. I sincerely wanted to see people saved; however, sincerity is not enough with God. God wants His work done His way. The Books of First and Second Timothy, Titus and the letters to the seven pastors in Revelation teach us all we need concerning the philosophy of ministry for a local church.

I Was Hooked On Hyles At That Time

At least eighty percent of the New Testament gives us instructions for Christian conduct and church conduct; however, by that time in my life I had become hooked on Hyles. It was much more exciting to travel to Hammond, Indiana to the Pastor's School and listen to Jack Hyles, and his staff teach their carnal, worldly, and unscriptural methods than it was to follow God's instructions as outlined in the Word of God.

I had been going to the Pastors School at Hammond, every year for seven or eight years and figured this would be the best place to find a pastor for our growing church.

We found someone, and my wife and I personally paid all of the moving expenses to get him and his family here. The church continued to grow numerically; however, after his third literal fistfight our new fundamental pastor was involved in, I once again concluded that this was not the kind of leadership I wanted for my children.

Front Page News

After one of the fights he was involved in, the pastor charged the other Christian man with assault. It went to court, the pastor lost the case. The judge told the man who had been charged, if he charged the pastor with assault he would win, and the pastor would have to pay all the court costs. The man told the judge he was a Christian and it was unscriptural to take a fellow Christian to court. The court case made the front pages of the local paper, and the cause of Christ was greatly hurt. I wanted to be able to say to my children, "*follow that pastor as he follows Christ.*" Obviously we could not say that.

A Scriptural Meeting To Deal With The Problem

I do not believe anyone has the scriptural grounds to openly oppose a pastor and so we had a meeting with the pastor and the men of the church as outlined in the Word of God. At the beginning of the meeting the man who chaired the meeting said, "*we will operate and if there is a cancer we will remove it.*" During the proceedings the pastor lost control and came at me with his fist clenched and was about to punch me in the face. Two men had to physically stop him; however, in spite of the facts concerning the previous fights and the actions of the pastor at the meeting, the men decided to continue to support the pastor.

The man who chaired the meeting said, "*We must keep this quiet, what if other churches hear about this.*" It was obvious we had no choice but to leave. At that time I had a bus route with two seventy-two passenger buses on my route, one following the other, picking up children for Sunday School. It was very heartbreaking to leave those children.

It is not surprising that the pastor was soon out of the ministry. The church got another pastor from the Hyles group in Hammond. He told the people that God had called him to be a Canadian. He took the church into major debt, and moved back to the States.

Another pastor took over who soon left his wife and ran off with a married woman who taught in the Christian school. The church became the first church in the history of Canada to declare bankruptcy. And to think, we call all this “*fundamentalism.*”

The Adventure At Hammond

Years prior to the destruction of the Calvary Road Church while still hooked on Hyles, we heard that Hyles was starting a college. We had made the trip to Hammond, Indiana every year to the Pastor's school for many years, and so with a sincere heart, and a brain that was in neutral we set out for Hammond, to check it out.



We were totally unaware of all of the garbage they were sweeping under the carpet, and are still sweeping under the carpet at First Baptist Church in Hammond. This next part of our story could have been avoided if it were not for those preachers who called themselves fundamentalists covering up all the depravity that was flooding out of that cesspool of immorality. One can only wonder how many young people will end up totally disillusioned with Christianity because of the coverup that still is being promoted by Baptist leaders who should be openly exposing First Baptist for what it is.

Totally ignorant of the situation I talked with Hyles about going to the college. He thought it was a great idea and suggested I could continue my radio program from Hammond. Now, as I look back, the program would obviously have been a good marketing tool for the college. I would be his drone into Canada.

I drove home and found a letter saying “*Congratulations! You have been accepted as a student at Hyles Anderson college. You have met the necessary entrance requirements...we take this opportunity to welcome you to our student body.*” It was signed by Max Helton - Dated July 17, 1972. Met all the requirements??? I had not been told about any requirements. On July 20, 1972 I wrote Hyles. The letter included, “*Brother Helton has found out the immigration department will allow me to work ‘on campus,’ and has arranged for me to begin working on the 7th. of August.*”

I quit my job, sold our house, packed the trailer and was ready to take my family on our most exciting adventure so far. All that was left to put in the trailer was our mattress which would be packed when the house deal closed in a couple of days.

Our Adventure Turned Sour

It was then that I received word that the college was not able to get the I-20 form that would allow us to cross the boarder into the USA.

I had been promised a job on campus but was now informed that job was not available, and foreign students could not work off campus. I found out the house I was told we could rent at a good price, if I agreed to paint it, was already rented to someone else. We had two days to get out of the house we had sold. I phoned Hyles three times and he finally phoned me back at one o'clock in the morning.

Hyles Lied To Me

I asked him what he knew about this and he straight-out lied about it. He denied knowing anything about a meeting concerning foreign students not working on campus. I told him the night the meeting took place and named the five men who were in his office when the meeting took place. At that point he went into a yelling rage wanting to know how I knew about that meeting.

I did not reveal my source as I figured it would cost him his job. He suggested I had no character. I said *"I have enough character not to tell you where I got my information."* He hollered and screamed some more and hung up.

In a few minutes he called back at which time I asked again about the I-20 form. He advised me to tell the authorities at the boarder that I was a tourist. I asked what I should tell them about the trailer full of furniture at which point he hollered *"has God called you to come to college here or not?"*

He said Abraham went on faith and he wanted to know what was the matter with me. I said *"Abraham was very wealthy, I had nothing."* I said *"Abraham didn't need an I-20 form."* I asked him if God would call me to lie at the boarder and he said, *"I'm not going to answer that question."* He started yelling again and hung up again.

He phoned me the third time, and still yelling at which point I said *"Dr. Hyles, I have a problem. I called you because I thought you were the greatest man of God on the earth. I said all you have done is holler and yell at me. I guess I needed that. Thank you."* At that point he got very quiet. He said, *"If you will come down here I will help you."* I said, *"no I won't be coming."* At that point he went ballistic. He told me he didn't recognize my kind of Christianity and hung up again. (Note: I later received a letter from Max Helton apologizing for his part in this mess.)

I got off the phone and wept until I had no more power to weep. We had only our mattress to pack in the trailer and so we laid on the mattress on the floor of our empty house wondering what this was all about. I did not understand it at the time; however, I certainly did come to *"know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."*

Soon my phone rang again. I hesitated to answer it; however, my curiosity got the best of me. It was a man from Alberta. He said *"I am calling you to tell you that God does not want you to go to Hyles Anderson College."* (No kidding). He said, *"God wants you to come over here and help us start a church."* Well, we had the trailer packed, our house was sold, and we had to go somewhere, so off to Alberta we went. We went down a 2000 mile hallway and the door was locked. It was definitely not God's will.

We rented an apartment and began checking out Bible schools in the west; however, it was not to be. My wife went shopping and I was at our apartment praying about what the Lord wanted us to do. I decided to listen to a message on a cassette tape.

In that message a preacher was preaching to preachers. He asked the question, *"why don't you just start a church where God has put you in the first place"?* When my wife came home I asked her if she had gotten any of the groceries in boxes. She asked why? I said, we are packing up and going home.

Was I Crazy?

Everyone who knew us had recently heard we were going to Hammond. Now, here we are, driving back from Alberta with two children, no job and no place to live. I knew that all my friends were going to think I was crazy and quite frankly, I was beginning to wonder.

I had taken the radio program off the air when we left Ontario; however, I thought it wise to keep the post office box open. As I parked in the lot in front of the post office in Pickering, Ontario, I prayed, *“Lord I really don’t care if everyone thinks I’m crazy as long as I know I am following your will for my life.”*

I went in the lobby of the post office and opened P.O. Box 22. There was one letter from a man whom I had met a year earlier at Perry Rockwood’s church in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He had no idea of any of the things that had taken place in my life. I opened the letter and the first sentence read, **“A lot of things have happened since we first and last met but we can thank God that he foreknew it all.”**

There was forty dollars in the envelope for the radio ministry that he did not know we had taken off the air. I drove straight to the radio station and put the broadcast back on. The next day I was approached by the personnel manager of a large company and offered a job that would pay four to five times what I was earning when I gave up the other job.

Romans 8:28 is true. *“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”* We purchased a home and wondered what God had in store for us next in our adventure in Christian living.

A Dream Job And Lots of Money But Very Discontent

God was blessing us in many ways. The average cost of a new house was now well over \$30,000.00. The average income was about \$13,000.00. Cars were now selling around \$4000.00 and gas was over fifty cents a gallon. I had a dream job; I was making a lot of money; had purchased a nice home, drove a new car, but we still needed a solid church for our family.

It Was Time To Start Another Church

1974 Begins The FaithWay Adventure. The previous church we started we turned over to someone from the Hyles organization who ended up destroying it. This time I determined we did not need to pay someone to destroy it, if that was going to happen I could do it for free.

I gave my employer two week’s notice, and my wife and I and our two little children started FaithWay Baptist Church with no income; however, we had a verse. *“My God shall supply all your need”* (Philippians 4:19).

Still Going To The Pastor’s School

I was determined not to let my experience with Jack Hyles stop me from building the fastest growing church in Canada. I continued to go to the Pastor’s School in Hammond every year for three years after the college incident. Hyles knew every trick in the book to grow a large church and I wanted to know how to do it. The problem was his book of tricks and the Bible had absolutely nothing in common.

My wife and I purchased a seventy-two passenger bus and started knocking on doors and people started to come. Within one year we were averaging 242 in Sunday School and had nine busses. We used one carnal thing after another to get people to come. One week we had Snoopy and the Red Barron land in a helicopter.

Another time we had seven Santa Clauses in the morning service all arguing who was the real Santa Clause. We were eating live goldfish and throwing pies in peoples faces. We learned it all at Hammond.

We Had The Gall To Call It Church



The thing about all that trash is it works if your goal is to get a crowd. I had about forty in my adult Sunday School class, however, it was a different forty every three months. These people had prayed a little “*vote for Jesus minus repentance prayer*” and actually thought they were saved.

The Christian School Adventure

The radio program was now being broadcast every day, we purchased a building and put a full page ad in the local paper stating we were starting a Christian School in September. We did not have a school program, or a teacher, however, we had a God-given burden to start a Christian school. My wife and a lady that had been saved only three months were our first teachers in the school. We soon outgrew the building, and purchased another property that had a house and a barn. We used the house for the school and renovated a barn that was in the backyard for our church services.

Soon the town authorities came by to tell us we could not have a church in a barn. I suggested that Jesus was born in a barn and it was a good thing we didn't have all their minimum standards or we would never have had Christmas.

They did not appreciate my sense of humour. They also told us we could not have the Christian school in the house. They agreed to let us finish out the school year with the promise that we would not be there in the fall. The following year we rented an empty government school on Hilltop Street, in the Ajax area.

Something Was Very Wrong!

I was beginning to realize that something was very wrong. All that was happening was exciting, however, it was not Scriptural. We were still promoting the church with the carnal, worldly promotions we had learned at the Hyles pastor's school in Hammond.

About that time God brought Dr. Jim Phillips into my life. He was the pastor of FaithWay Baptist Church in Ypsilanti, Michigan. It was once considered the fastest growing fundamental church in Michigan. Dr. Phillips was also hooked on Hyles and used all the tricks in the Hyles book to draw a crowd. He told me that one day he had an attendance drive with a man who called himself bird man. He had a bunch of trained birds.

Dr. Phillips came to his auditorium that morning and saw all these birds flying around and expelling feces all over the pews and the people, he thought, **“What am I doing?” “This has to stop!”**

Dr. Phillips and I became good friends as we compared our adventures in unscriptural stupidity. We also lost a lot of friends as we began to openly oppose the carnal unscriptural methods taught at First Baptist in Hammond, Indiana.

How A Church Should Operate What Does The Bible Say?

(I took five years to figure it out)

I knew what Jack Hyles said, but what does the Bible say? I took the next five years to figure it out. I did not go to any exciting how to do it meetings, I went to the Word of God. I determined to find out what the Bible says about *the local church, evangelism, Christian education, separation, missions, and every major Bible doctrine*, and **how** God wants us to do what He has commanded us to do.

The FaithWay Baptist College of Canada Adventure

In 1983 God laid it on my heart to start the FaithWay Baptist College of Canada. There was a serious problem. We had never been able to sell the original property and we were facing a serious debt by this time. We had been surviving with one nostril above the water for over five years. How could we start a college?

We Prayed For Three Things.

First, we prayed for a *faculty*, I knew nothing about how Bible colleges operated. I remembered Bob Jones Sr. saying, “*You can always hire brains.*” If we were going to start a college we must have some people who were capable of teaching in the college.

Second, we prayed for *facilities*. We needed a place to house the college.

Third, we prayed for *finances*. Plain and simple, we needed to get out of debt and we needed money to start the college.

A Fifteen Round Main Event

Do to my ridiculous and unscriptural “*fly now pay later philosophy*” we had bordered on bankruptcy for several years. There is a thin line between *faith* and *foolishness* and in the area of finances I operated on the foolish side of the line. If we were going to have a college, this would have to change. I decided to have a fifteen round main event with the Devil. I told the Devil we would be out of debt in fifteen weeks or I would quit the ministry. (I don’t talk to the Devil much, but when I do I call him smut-face.)

“We’re Fighting Back!”

“We’re Praying And We’re Paying!”

I put a banner across the front of the church that said “*We’re Fighting Back!*” Across the back was a banner that read, “*We’re Praying And We’re Paying!*” It was a Friday morning when I finished the banners. I stood in the auditorium thinking about the people coming on Sunday and my announcement about being debt-free in fifteen weeks. **It was then that the Devil really began to do a number on me.** I started thinking, am I crazy? What if it doesn’t happen? I was looking at the banners I had just tacked to the wall. I was almost ready to tear them down.

I reached for my Bible and it opened at Psalm 20:5 that says, “***In the name of our God we will set up our banners: the LORD fulfil all thy petitions.***”

Hey, Smut Face Can You Read?

I held up my open Bible and yelled at the Devil. I said, “*Hey, Smut Face, can you read?*” I said “*in case you can’t let me read it to you.*” It says, “***In the name of our God we will set up our banners: the LORD fulfil all thy***

petitions.” I said, “*Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us*” (Romans 8:37). I said “*Smut Face, You Lose!*”

Our church family started meeting every morning at 6:00 am for fifteen weeks. We prayed for specific bills each week. That is, we did not just pray for money, we prayed for a specific amount of money each week to pay specific bills. The total debt was around \$80,000.00. God took care of it during those fifteen weeks. I could tell you many stories, I will share just a few.

The first morning we met to pray, shortly after six o'clock the phone rang. A lady on the phone asked this question, “*Does your church need money?*” I said “yes.” She said, “*my husband has phoned me from work and said we should send you money.*” These people had previously left our church very disgruntled. They didn't come back to the church; however, they sent money every week during the fifteen weeks.

Another time a lady phoned and said that a woman in a seniors home north of Toronto, was trying to contact us. She said all she knew was that the church was north of Ajax somewhere, it had a school and needed money. We got her address and went to see her. As it turned out, she was blind. I asked how she heard about us and she said “*there is only God and I in this room.*”

I asked if she had heard our radio program and she said “*I do not have a radio.*” She gave us seven hundred dollars that day that made up the amount we were praying for that week. Over the next few years she sent thousands of dollars to help with the church and the college.

Another time we received a phone call from one of the businesses in the area that we owed several thousand dollars to. I promised the man that they would have the money by the end of the month. We received some money but with only one day to go before the end of the month, we were short of meeting our goal.

My assistant pastor said that he had figured out if he and I did not take our pay that week we would have exactly the amount of money we needed to pay the bill. Quite often we had turned our pay back in; however, I did not think we should do that this time.

The next morning there was an envelope on my desk from someone who did not attend our church. In it was the exact amount we needed to make up the funds to pay the bill.

There was another serious problem. I had no idea how to run a college. I had never attended a Bible college, how could I be the president of one. Dr. Jim Phillips was the president of a Bible college in his church and offered to help me get FaithWay going. At his own expense, he travelled all the way to Canada's west coast looking for students.

Together, we travelled in a beat up Volkswagen van to the east coast. It was an interesting trip. The heater didn't work and the pop we had in the van actually froze.

God Sent The Staff

We had more doctrinally solid Bible college professors asking me if they could come and help, than we had positions to fill. I told them I could not promise any of them any money. They came on those terms.



We were only a month away from beginning when a beautiful very large home with a maids quarters attached, was made available to us. It was only a half a mile from the church. We needed about fifty students to pay the bills. We started with eight. This meant there was no possible way of making it financially. We announced to the students that we had a no debt policy. On paper, we would

be going behind one thousand dollars a week. I said, if we do not pay the bills we close the school. My advice to the students was to get serious about prayer.

I was the pastor at FaithWay Baptist Church for five years after we started the college. We ended every year debt free. God took care of the yearly expenses of over \$52,000.00 because the students were serious about prayer.

The Local Church Ministries Adventure

Things were going well. The church had no bills, people were getting saved on a regular basis, the philosophy of ministry was now in line with the Word of God, and the Lord began to move me to turn the church over to my assistant pastor and travel the country of Canada to encourage pastors and their people in the many small churches in our land.



We purchased the unit pictured here and left on our first trip to help encourage small churches in Canada. We had a guaranteed income of only \$300.00 a month. It was costing us about \$1000.00 a week to travel across the country. We were going to small churches that usually had less than fifty people on a good day.

Since an adventure is a *“bold and unusual undertaking with risk or danger”* we could certainly classify this part of our lives as an adventure.

We travelled from coast to coast more times than we can remember; however, the bills were always paid on time. *“To God be the glory great things He hath done.”*

We heard about a small group of people in Alberta who wanted to start a church. We felt led to help them get it underway. Once again, God blessed and we were able to purchase the building and the house pictured here. Recently, a missionary contacted me to tell me he was a young



boy who came to our church when we were in Alberta. He said it was through our ministry there that God called him to the mission field. He and his family are now missionaries in South Africa. Once again,

this ministry was turned over to my assistant pastor and we resumed our travels across the country to encourage the faithful pastors and their people in our small churches; however, this time our meetings would be different.

The Need For Encouragement

I sent a bulletin across Canada indicating we had designed some special meetings to fight discouragement. I thought I might hear from one or two churches and then schedule other meetings around them. To my surprise I heard from every province in Canada with requests to please come.

This time we decided against the normal so-called revival services. We had previously conducted hundreds of *sing, pray, sing, announcements, special music, preach, and everyone walk the isle meetings*. This time we designed meetings simply to encourage the faithful.

I suggested to the pastors that they simply announce the meetings. I also suggested they not waste any money on flyers. All we wanted was the faithful which is usually about ten percent of the church attenders. The faithful will not need to be coaxed to come. We set up tables, gave everyone a pad, a pen, and a cup of coffee. I announced that we would hold the meetings for about an hour and simply discuss what they were discouraged about.

Most felt like failures because they were small in number. I said *“let’s discuss it and see if we are failures.”* I suggested *“If we are failures I’m going to quit the ministry, take the motorhome, and go camping on the weekends.”* I said, *“If we are not failures we need to quit whining and start shining, and get on with our God-given responsibilities.”* The meetings were tremendous. They usually lasted until ten or eleven PM.

We could tell many exciting stories concerning every church we visited; however, suffice it to say people were greatly encouraged. We travelled on this trip having meetings every night and Sunday services for over seven months and finally, totally exhausted, we took a break.

After several warnings from our doctor telling us this lifestyle would kill my wife we decided we needed to pray about what we would do next as we travelled on in our adventure in Christian living.

I determined I would like to start a church in Toronto. This time I would raise the support needed before starting; however, God had a different plan.

The FairHavens Adventure

My plan was to move back to Ontario in the spring, set up a home there, and raise the support necessary to begin another church. We still had a motorhome to get rid of and so I decided to bring it to Ontario and put it up for sale hoping it would sell over the winter months.

I stopped at a little church in Sarnia, Ontario for the Sunday services. They were without a pastor and a preacher friend and I went out for supper on Saturday night. He spent most of the time trying to convince me to become the pastor of that church. I informed him in no uncertain terms that that was not going to happen. This time, I was going to raise the necessary support before starting a church and then start it in Toronto.

Three Green Lights

The pastor asked me what it would take for me to know it was God’s will to take the church in Sarnia. I told him that I would need three green lights. One from God the Father, one from the Son, and one from the Holy Spirit.

I explained that God the Father is in charge of the circumstances of life. We call it *“the providence of God.”* I further explained that the Son is the Word. The Bible says *“The Word became flesh and dwelt among us.”* I explained that the Trinity is always in total agreement. Therefore, concerning the will of God, the Spirit, working with the Father, and the Word, will guide us *“into all truth.”*

My friend said well, the church at Sarnia needs a pastor. Could that not be a green light from the Father? I said, *“perhaps; however, I would also need confirmation from the Word and the Holy Spirit.”*

I preached in that little church the following morning and it was very obvious that God was working in my heart about taking the church. I announced that we would have a prayer meeting that afternoon. We would pray specifically concerning God's will for whoever should be their pastor.

I was hoping it would not be me. We had started other churches without an income and I didn't want to do that again.

One of the pastors who was at the prayer meeting read some Bible verses before he prayed. When he read those verses I wondered why he had chosen that portion of Scripture.

We were praying for direction. Why was he reading from Isaiah 43? Why not choose one of the Psalms or Proverbs? He read, *"But now thus saith the LORD that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."* What's that got to do with us seeking God's will? Then he read *"For I am the LORD thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee."*

About that time I began to think there would be no green light from the Word; however, he then read, *"Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west."*

The hair stood up on the back of my neck. I had goosebumps. This was a very bright green light from the Word. I had just driven over 2000 miles from "the west." The seed (the beginning) of all my ministries had begun in "the east." The Word hit me like a thunderbolt. *"Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west."*

I asked the pastor who read that portion of Scripture why he chose it. He said he didn't choose it. He was reading through the Bible again and that happened to be where he left off. He said it was his manner to read the Bible before he prayed and so he simply read from where he had left off. He said he thought verse five was for me.

Sunday night was another service where God was obviously directing things. The Holy Spirit confirmed it. I was to take the church in Sarnia. I left that night with the key to the building in my pocket. I was the new pastor of the church.

Halfway between Sarnia and Toronto, I stopped in a service center and phoned my wife who was in Alberta. I told her I was pastoring a church in Sarnia and wondered if she would be interested in moving there.

I phoned her again the next day and told her I had rented a truck at Calgary, I told her when I would arrive, and said *"have the furniture packed and the dog ready. I will see you then."* Her astonished answer was *"you were serious about the church in Sarnia!"*

We rolled up to the church with a truck load of furniture and no place to unload it. A pastor friend went with me to a real estate office and I enquired about a house for rent in the area. They said they had one. If I remember correctly the rental price was 1,200.00 a month with first and last in advance.



I told him I would pay 600.00 a month and no first and last month in advance. The real estate man laughed. I reminded him he worked on commission and had nothing to lose by calling the owner. He reluctantly agreed, called, and the owner agreed to the monthly rent; however, he said he wanted first and last in advance. I said *"tell him we have a deal."*

I had about forty dollars to my name at that time. I asked the preacher that was with me if he had the funds available so we could close this deal. He said he did but he would need it back before the end of the month to pay his rent. He gave the man a cheque and on the way to the car he asked me if he was going to get the money back before the end of the month. I said "I don't know, it depends on your prayer life." We were able to refund him his money in time. To God be the glory, the new phase of our adventure was underway. What are the odds of traveling 2000 miles and having a house empty and ready to move in at half the asking price? Actually, there are no odds. God's work done God's way will not lack God's support.

The Highest Unemployment Rate In Canada

Sarnia was blessed with the highest unemployment rate in the country. For the first five years I was pastoring in Sarnia we had no one in the church with a full time job and the mortgage company was about to foreclose when a cheque arrived in the mail enabling us to pay the mortgage in full.

More Hills And Valleys

We have been in Sarnia for nearly twenty years. We have seen many hills and valleys. We love the mountaintop experiences; however, it is in the valley where everything grows. In one of those valleys I wrote the following poem.

Down In The Valley

*Down in the valley, help me to know,
That I'm in the place where You want me to grow.
I want to clime to the mountain above.
But You keep me low, because of Your love.
You know that nothing, on the mountain will grow.
It's just a rock, all covered with snow.
Down in the valley, You've taught me to know,
That I'm in the place where everything grows.
Thanks for the mountain, and thanks for the snow.
And thanks for the valley, where You let me know,
That flowers and grass and things that are dear,
Grow down in the valley, where it becomes clear,
That You keep us there, because of Your love,
So, help me forget the mountain above.
Then if for a season, I'm up for a time,
Bring me back down, that growth might be mine.*

Our Greatest Outreach Ministry

FairHavens Baptist Church is a small church and probably always will be. Our website is not a commercial to lure people in. Everything we stand for from morals to modesty is on our site.

In this age of apostasy most professed Christians refuse to pay the price to live like the Bible commands us to live; however, God has some faithful Christians who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

In the past month (September 2015) over 3000 articles and sermons have been downloaded from our website by people around the world. Also as of September 2015, over thirty-three thousand, audio messages have been downloaded from www.sermonaudio.com.

Last month 449 messages were downloaded **in Canada**, and 504 messages were downloaded in the **U.S.A.** Other international locations that downloaded messages in **September 2015** included...

UNITED KINGDOM - Downloads: **37**
NETHERLANDS - Downloads: **32**
SPAIN - Downloads: **29**
FINLAND - Downloads: **25**
GERMANY - Downloads: **22**
GUAM - Downloads: **13**
AUSTRALIA - Downloads: **10**
SWITZERLAND - Downloads: **6**
MACAO - Downloads: **4**
ISRAEL - Downloads: **4**
FRANCE - Downloads: **3**
SOUTH AFRICA - Downloads: **3**
NORWAY - Downloads: **3**
PHILIPPINES - Downloads: **2**
SINGAPORE - Downloads: **2**
SRI LANKA - Downloads: **2**
TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO - Downloads: **2**
ZIMBABWE - Downloads: **2**
CHINA - Downloads: **2**
JAPAN - Downloads: **2**
MALAYSIA - Downloads: **2**
MEXICO - Downloads: **1**
NIGERIA - Downloads: **1**
KOREA - Downloads: **1**
JAMAICA - Downloads: **1**
COSTA RICA - Downloads: **1**
ESTONIA - Downloads: **1**
INDIA - Downloads: **1**
SWEDEN - Downloads: **1**
PAKISTAN - Downloads: **1**

Conclusion

Shortly after I was saved I read First Corinthians 1:27 that says, “*God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.*” I concluded that statement put me at the front of the line. God can use anyone who is more concerned about the “*I will*” than the I.Q.

My service for the Lord began with two growling german shepherds who really didn't want me doing what I was doing. Later, I read in Philippians 3:2 that I should “*Beware of dogs.*” God is not referring to german shepherds, he was referring to people who will try to stop you from doing God's will. Don't let it happen.

Early in this material I mentioned that I had wept until I had no more power to weep. My adventure in Christian living has not been all sunshine and roses. There have been four times when I have wept until I could weep no more. I can relate with *“David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept, until they had no more power to weep”* (First Samuel 30:4). David and his men had a great victory after they had this time of weeping.

This Is My Story

Several times I have been asked to put my life’s story into print. It is with reluctance on my part that I do so, lest I should rob any glory from the Lord in any way. If God has accomplished anything good through my life, it has been in spite of me not because of me. With the hopes of it being an encouragement or help to someone along the trail of life I have shared a few of the experiences of my first sixty years on, **“My Adventure In Christian Living.”**

The dictionary says an adventure is **“a bold and unusual undertaking involving risk or danger.”** With that definition in mind I can say my Christian life has been and still is, an exciting adventure.

“To God Be The Glory!



“Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus” (Philippians 3:13-14).