

# On Borrowed Time

A Biographical Sketch of Julian Claudius McPheeters  
by his son  
Chilton C. McPheeters

"If everyone in the holiness movement had your father's spirit I would change my theology today." Thus did one distinguished Methodist liberal recently express to the writer his own appreciation and respect for a man his theological opposite.

In accepting the happy assignment to present this brief biographical sketch, I, too, would pay tribute to this same spirit of integrity and devotion so much the hallmark of my father's life. Without such an example and influence the way would have been made easy to evade my own call to preach.

## A Passing Era

Twilight was descending upon the frontier days of American life when a farm family near Oxly, Missouri, celebrated the birth of a son on July 6, 1889. Such an event was especially welcome in a society still dominated by the ideals of the self-sufficient farm family. The happiness of the occasion was not menaced by any conscious awareness of the gathering shadows of social revolution, economic upheaval, or scientific change. The validity and permanence of the established order remained unquestioned. Honesty, hard work, and thrift continued to be a trinity of virtues guaranteeing the present as they had served the past. To a later generation would belong the dubious privilege of testing the ethic of a new order based on a deification of freedom, a repeal of the Ten Commandments, and a new trinitarian formula of pleasure, comfort, and security.

If life on the farm was not easy, neither could it be termed harsh. Manpower was needed to wrest fields from forests, uproot stumps, cut the annual crop of spring sprouts, plough, plant and harvest. Therefore, the school year was necessarily limited to six months. Daily chores requiring the cutting of wood, tending of fires, drawing of water, feeding of the stock,

and milking of the family cow, gave little time for leisure. But none went to bed hungry, and juvenile delinquency was unknown.

Moreover, life had its never-to-be-forgotten moments when a boy and his dog could hunt for rabbits and squirrel, bait traps to catch quail, or visit the old swimming hole on Logan Creek. On very special occasions there would be the magic of a two-day trip to the city market in Poplar Bluff, twenty-five miles away. Here a country boy could thrill to the sight of steam engines, racing fire engines, and the wonders of a local zoo.

### A Spiritual Heritage

If the McPheeters household lacked in material benefits, the same could not be said for its spiritual legacy. William McPheeters held a local preacher's license in the Methodist church for over twenty-five years, and supplied the pulpit on numerous occasions. On Sundays he never failed to hitch his team to the wagon for a family visit to either the Methodist or Baptist churches whose circuit pastors preached on alternate Sundays. Boyhood memories were marked by brush-arbor camp meetings, church dinners-on-the-ground, prayer meetings, and the shouts of converted sinners. The age fought the devil as ardently as it wooed God.

I have often heard my father tell of his first conscious encounter with God at the tender age of four. It was a custom in that part of the country to conclude some preaching services with the singing of a hymn and a "ritual of handshaking" with the preacher. One Sunday as young Julian watched his parents go forward he felt "a strange moving within the heart." Responding to the inner voice, he, too, made his way to the front, unnoticed and ignored by the adult world. Later in the day he asked his father if he had witnessed what he had done. To the negative reply he said, "Well I did, and I gave my heart to Jesus." Love understood that day as a father gathered his son to himself and pronounced an unforgettable blessing upon him. From that day to this, God was to hold first claim on the life of Julian C. McPheeters.

Something "extra" always went into everything Dad did. At the age of eleven the family moved to Poplar Bluff to assure full educational advantages. Compelled to compete with those whose school year had been half again as long as his own, he, nevertheless, graduated second in his class in high school.

As a paper carrier he ran from school to the newspaper office in order to be first out with his papers and first home for study. As a summer worker in the local spoke mill "the kid" learned to "tail" with the men and increased his pay from ninety cents to a dollar and thirty-five cents a day. The added dividend paid off by financing a trip to the World's Fair in St. Louis.

### The Shadow of Asbury

Many flattering opportunities in the business world had to be turned down in order to honor God's call to preach. To prepare the way he enrolled in Marvin College, Frederickstown, Missouri. There he was licensed to preach in the spring of 1908. Here for the first time the shadow of Asbury was to fall across his pathway.

A student by the name of Green transferred from Asbury College, bringing with him a shocking example of religious emotionalism through a vocal use of "Amen" in college chapel. It was this same Green, moreover, who persuaded a reluctant group of students to meet with a Miss Margaret Skinner, retired Deaconess, who had come from her home in St. Louis to do personal work during the annual College Revival. Strangely enough, the meeting was held in the home of a Mrs. Chilton. Here, for the first time, the claims of holiness, perfect love, and the sanctified life were explained and championed. For Dad the biggest stumbling block was the thought that this might include the saying of "Amen" in chapel. Once the horror of this issue was resolved the deeper commitment followed. Upset classmates hastened to assure him they understood and knew that within a few days he would recover from this "holiness nonsense." Doubts might follow, but there would be no compromise, no turning back. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from *all* sin." "The altar sanctifies the gift."

Summers were now spent in revival campaigns "as far back in the sticks" as one could get. At Good Hope, on Cane Creek, the young evangelist learned a major lesson in church finance. A gift of twenty cents was turned down as coming more appropriately at the close of the meeting. The revival closed, however, without any mention of a love offering. Never again would any offered money be refused.

Near the close of his final year at Marvin College the Presiding Elder issued an invitation to fill out the conference

year at Oran, Missouri. The appointment carried with it a magnificent stipend of fifty dollars a month. During the months that followed, sermons on the completely dedicated life brought the greatest spiritual awakening ever known in the life of the community. One sermon on "Sunday Baseball And Hell" led to so many conversions on the team that Sunday baseball became impossible.

Now a torrent of evangelistic calls began to pour in upon the young evangelist. All were turned aside in favor of additional academic training even though his Bachelor of Philosophy degree was considered adequate by the Conference. A position as instructor in Latin and Greek opened up at Meridian College, Meridian, Mississippi, which provided the desired opportunity for study. The move brought him into association with such teachers as Joseph H. Smith, Frank H. Larabee, John Paul, W. E. Harrison, M. A. Beeson, and J. W. Beeson. Here a series of remarkable dormitory prayer meetings brought further discipline and training in the life of prayer.

After a stay at Meridian College, Dad returned to his evangelistic labors which centered largely in the St. Louis Conference of the old Southern Methodist Church. He had for a song leader A. A. Myrick, a converted gambler, and one of the most remarkable personal workers. Together they "turned the world upside down" for Christ. Meetings inevitably grew beyond the capacity of the local church and had to be moved into larger community quarters.

The young evangelist made it a rule never to solicit a meeting. Indeed, invitations exceeded his ability to respond. The single time the rule was violated led to romance and marriage. It came about through the desire of an attorney to have the evangelistic party visit his old home town. Myrick took the liberty of writing and arranging for such a meeting. The place was Summersville, Missouri, a small county seat town in the Ozarks some eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station. The dismayed evangelist agreed to "fill this one date" on condition that such a performance never be repeated. As a result he met and married "a beautiful black-eyed girl" by the name of Ethel Chilton.

Marriage and family responsibilities dictated an early return to the pastorate. As preparation he again turned to the academic community and took his wife and infant son to Dallas, Texas, for the opening of the newly organized Southern

Methodist University. Among his classmates were Umphrey Lee and Frank Smith. At the end of one year he returned to pastor the Methodist Church at Williamsville, Missouri, where a second child, Virginia Wave, was born.

An invitation came the following year to be one of the conference preachers, a singular honor for one yet in his twenties. The urge was strong to use the message God had blessed so abundantly. But the doctrine of sanctification was controversial, and with theological currents flowing in an opposite direction, an unwise choice could easily jeopardize the future of a young preacher. But the voice of God must be obeyed at whatever cost. Preach on it he must. When the time arrived, he preached with great liberty before a capacity congregation, and did not hesitate to conclude with his customary altar call. The altar was filled with preachers willing to tarry for the Mighty Baptism. And before the day was out the pastoral relations committee of the Crondolet Methodist Church of St. Louis, later known as Mellon Memorial, was busy making arrangements to secure him as their pastor.

One major hurdle stood in the way of such an appointment. It was expressed in a question by the Presiding Elder, "Do you have any hobbies in your preaching?" The young preacher readily admitted that he did give emphasis to the doctrine of sanctification. "But do you make it a hobby?" insisted the Presiding Elder. "I do not regard that I make it a hobby," was the reply. "But in fairness to you and the church why don't you make inquiry among those who hear me preach and get their opinion as to whether I make this a hobby." The appointment was made.

### The Hidden Thorn

The move to St. Louis was happy with promise. The spirit of evangelism quickened the life of the new church as the crowds grew and sinners were converted. However, a health problem began to cast a shadow across the pathway of success. The work week was stalked by fatigue, abnormal temperatures, and night sweats. Five different physicians prescribed treatment for malaria. It became more of a struggle each week to pull things together for the following Sunday. Obviously such physical deterioration could not continue indefinitely. Finally, in February, 1918, Dr. Charles H. Neilson diagnosed the case as one of advanced tuberculosis.

The verdict was a jarring one: "McPheeters, there is no doubt about your case. You have tuberculosis in the last stages. Both lungs are involved. I do not know whether you can be cured. If you had come a month from now I would not give you any chance at all. As it is, all I can promise is to give you every advantage in treatment known to medical science. You must give up your pulpit immediately and go to bed for at least six months. In four or five years, if all goes well, you may be able to engage in some kind of light work. But you must never think of continuing in the ministry."

Calmly, and with characteristic dedication and zeal, the young pastor turned to face his fight for life. Four fundamentals would be essential: fresh air, rest, diet, and a proper attitude of mind. Christian faith would guarantee the latter. The former would be more of a problem. Fearful city landlords had a simple formula for getting rid of unwelcome tenants. Just increase the rent fifty percent each month until the tenant was forced to move. Church income would continue at half salary until Conference. A special offering, amounting to one hundred and sixty-five dollars, would be taken. After that the afflicted pastor and his young family would receive only pity and prayers from official Methodism. Under these circumstances it seemed wise to move to the little Ozark town of Summersville where he had met and courted his wife.

For the next three years, regardless of the weather, Dad slept on an open porch and meticulously followed the doctor's orders. The routine included increasing shots of tuberculin, inhalations of tincture of benzoin compound and breechwood creosote three times a day, and an abundance of fresh food and sleep. By autumn, strength was sufficient to walk to the front gate. Each day the walk was lengthened so that before long he could hike in the nearby woods. Soon he was taking his gun and a dog and making a regular four-mile walk each day. In the winter a trap line enhanced the journey. By the summer of 1919 a few hours each day could now be devoted to the sale of books and insurance as a step toward aiding the family finances. By fall he began to supply the vacant Methodist pulpit on alternate weeks. Within a year the man who was never supposed to preach again was doing it twice each Sunday. Frequently I have heard my father say that the succeeding years have been lived, as far as he is concerned, on "borrowed time." For that reason the story which follows is essentially a story

written under the providence of God on the pages of "borrowed time."

### On Borrowed Time

On September, 1921, Conference was held at Kennett, Missouri, and Dad answered the roll call and reported for an assignment. Assurance was given that a church would be open for him in St. Louis. However, the Conference had as its visiting Bishop that year H. M. Du Bose who was recruiting hard-to-fill vacancies in the Northwest Conference. He made a special point of seeking Dad out and convincing him that he had just the place for a young man who relished "challenging opportunities" coupled with an assured climate for health. His glowing words made the pull of Missoula, Montana, irresistible. He gave his consent and hastened home to convince a much-distressed wife about making such a radical change. At this point, some of the persuasive eloquence of the Bishop proved to be most useful. With the true spirit of an itinerant Methodist preacher's wife, she was soon busy with preparations for the long trip.

A new band of pioneers headed West in early October, journeying in an overloaded Overland touring car. The race against winter was temporarily lost at Cheyenne, Wyoming. But as the snowstorm was waited out, it was comforting to know that a balmy paradise awaited farther north. As the trip resumed, the roads at some points became little more than glorified cattle runs. Across the open range frequent stops were required to open and close gates. But it took the benefits of a road under construction to stop the family whose automobile suffered a broken axle only twenty miles short of their goal. There was no alternative but to flag down the train with a lantern and complete the trip as quickly as possible. As a matter of fact, family funds were now so low that Dad had to borrow money from a construction worker willing to take his shotgun as collateral.

The weather in Missoula that November was all that had been promised. The only trouble was that it lasted only two weeks. Then a blizzard roared down out of Hell Gate Canyon, dropping the mercury far below zero, and introducing Montana to the coldest winter it had had in thirty-two years. The ground remained covered with snow until June. However, it

was during this winter that the last vestige of a cough that had hung on for four and one-half years disappeared completely.

The church opportunities were equally revealing. Pessimism had so seized the church that even the faithful were ready to give up. A request was even then on its way to the Bishop, urging him not to appoint another pastor. On this note began a two-year ministry which was to reverse the morale, double the membership, and send one young couple to the mission field.

But weather can be an insurmountable problem, especially in matters of health. This time it was Mother who was stricken down. It was during the second winter that she suffered her fourth attack of pneumonia, a disease often fatal at high altitudes. As this crisis passed it was followed by another even more grave--Vincent's angina. Again the doctors held out little hope. For twelve weeks the fever never subsided, and nursing care was required around the clock. Only prayer turned the tide. Health returned, and the doctor advised a mild climate. Accepting the doctor's verdict as the voice of Providence, the next move was to Tucson, Arizona, the "city of sunshine." Here Dad became the first pastor of University Methodist Church, now known as Catalina Methodist.

### Social Concern

Strictly speaking, the term "Social Gospel" is a misnomer. There is the Gospel, the Good News of God, which in turn has its profound and far-reaching social implications. Dad was never one to forget that the Church owes something to every community besides the distinctly spiritual ministrations to the souls of people. Social concern was expressed, but was never a substitute for a concern for souls. In Summersville, for example, arrangements were made for a "farmers institute" with faculty members coming from the School of Agriculture of the University of Missouri. Much scepticism greeted this initial pioneer effort. But Dad knew that better farming would mean better homes, better schools, and better churches.

"The Church is here to serve the community regardless of any religious beliefs or doctrines. Of course, the one big job of the church is to save souls, and we are not losing sight of that. But in fulfilment of our great purpose we must render service to mankind." So impressive were the results of this unique



venture that it was repeated several times and written up in the March, 1922, issue of *Better Farming* in an article entitled, "Mixing Farming and Religion."

Tucson offered a new challenge in this respect. Called to build a church and bring a congregation into existence where none had been before did not deter a sense of mission to the city. As a health mecca the "city of sunshine" has no peer. The dry heat was particularly beneficial for cases of tuberculosis. Over half the households in this community of twenty-three thousand (grown now to two hundred and seventy-five thousand) had been touched by this disease alone. The T.B. battle in those days nearly always occupied many long, arid years of bedfast loneliness. Poverty and discouragement added to the ravages of time. People with barely enough strength to reach their destination often arrived without funds or any advance provision for care. Strangers streamed by hundreds into a strange land, fighting the battle for health and life, desperately needing friendship and contact with the outside world. Scores knocked on the door of the Methodist parsonage. None were ever turned away without new hope and some provision to help meet their need.

Radio, then just emerging from the era of the crystal set, enabled the shut-ins to hear the message of love and hope which the church offered. Arrangements were completed for the broadcast of the Sunday morning worship hour as soon as KVOA was ready for operation. Some questioned the propriety of such a broadcast under the sponsorship of a mortuary. But since this was the only firm in the community willing to underwrite such a public service, the sponsorship was accepted and was to continue over many years. Let those who would, be critical and find excuses. In the meantime the sick and discouraged had the Gospel brought to their bedside. The response was so great and the need so evident that a ten-minute morning devotional program was soon added to the daily schedule.

Another obvious need in the city of Tucson was for books to circulate among the sick. Discovering that public policy did not permit the Public Library to offer such a service, Dad went on the air, solicited books, and began to create enough mobile library units to cover the city once every two weeks. Before long, over a dozen cars were on the road visiting any home upon request, regardless of race, creed, or color. No limit was placed on the number of books that could be taken or

the length of time to be used. Service was always on the basis of individual need.

Small wonder that the church grew and prospered, and youth heard and answered the call to preach and to go to the mission field. Today, after forty years of history, it stands as the second largest church in the Southern California-Arizona Conference with a membership of over four thousand. Heartwarming Christianity and service to humanity are but reverse sides of the same coin. You cannot long retain the one without the other.

### Busy Schedule

In the fall of 1930 a call came to go to San Francisco to become the founding pastor of the Glide Memorial Methodist Church. Mrs. Lizzie H. Glide, a saintly woman of God whose benefactions have reached around the world in the cause of Christian education and the spread of Scriptural holiness, was completing the dream of a lifetime by building a church in the heart of downtown San Francisco. Bishop Arthur J. Moore had the task of finding a suitable pastor. He gave Mrs. Glide a book of sermons by Dad published under the title, *Sons of God*. Their enthusiastic endorsement meant that the Bishop's quest was over.

Acceptance of this new challenge was made with at least one qualified reservation. Could his health survive the dampness of a coastal climate. Added life insurance was taken out as a precautionary measure before moving the family to San Francisco. Here again the pattern of life would undergo a drastic change. The parsonage would be a fifth floor apartment in the midst of the most pagan city in America, so far as statistics of church membership were concerned. Only a third in the city claimed membership in any church, and Protestants of every description numbered only four per cent. He would inherit a new church building free of debt, but no congregation to fill it. Depression gripped the nation. Men sold apples on street corners, while multitudes looked for work. A steak dinner cost only thirty cents, if you had the price. Despite the fun-loving nature of a port city, its transient nature and its indifference to all religion, the Gospel could be counted on to perform its transforming miracles if men would bear a witness. The backdrop of open speakeasies, bookie joints,

and women of the street, served to make the task more obviously urgent.

For years a normal speaking schedule called for a minimum of four hundred and sixty-seven addresses. One, and sometimes two, radio programs were on the air. Evangelistic services were conducted every night in the week but Saturday. All of this was in addition to the regular round of pastoral calling, counselling, and interdenominational responsibilities. Dad's policy has always been to cooperate where he could and then, without breaking fellowship, to supply the missing dimensions. A prime example of this is the Redwood Camp near Santa Cruz which came into being to supply certain missing spiritual factors for persons of all ages.

To help meet the spiritual hunger of a great city, Dad developed a monthly devotional booklet called, "Today With God." Bible centered, the series went through the entire Bible chapter by chapter, lifted out and expounded key verses, and closed with a brief prayer. Because this series served as a format, he has been called the spiritual father of *The Upper Room*. For years the San Francisco *Examiner* carried a weekly column entitled "Religion In The News," with his byline.

On yet another front, the serving of low-cost home-cooked meals was developed to foster fellowship and to attract the apartment dweller. At the same time it provided a few more job opportunities. Self-help rather than the dole governed church policy. The problem was always to help the worthy and to screen out the dead-beat. On one occasion I remember being offered a job in a local department store. Dad held to the opinion that no two members in a family should hold employment until at least one member in every family had a job, especially when the head of the household held an adequate job. A work opportunity such as mine ought to go to someone having a family to support. As a result the idea was abandoned.

For eighteen years he served as pastor of Glide Church. When he stepped down in 1948, the membership was close to eighteen hundred despite the flux of city life. Percentage-wise, his church contained five per cent of the Protestant church life in the city. His voice was heard and respected throughout the Bay Area. His exposure of city vice and corruption had from time to time made newspaper headlines. He had been called to the mayor's office for conference. He had helped to establish and organize the Northern California Council of Churches

and had given it leadership. He was active in the state organization in behalf of temperance, serving as president. For a time he was president of his Conference Board of Evangelism. But he remained a minority voice in his own Conference. Men respected him and listened when he spoke. But he was not representative either of their theology or their basic concerns. To have conferred on him much leadership would have risked sending the stream of church life into different and unwanted channels. For this reason there would be little recognition given him in Conference balloting.

Dad accepted this lack of official recognition philosophically, as part of the game of life. It has neither peeved nor provoked him. His life has been too busy building the Kingdom to allow him time for negative reactions. At this point he may think his son too forward in mentioning this matter. But Dad's life has been more of a bridge than a highway. And in building bridges he has sought, without compromising his basic convictions, to bridge any chasms which have separated opposing units.

Also during these years hard work went into establishing and building up the assets of The Glide Foundation, a non-profit religious foundation. Without doubt the crowning achievement at this point came with the acquisition of the Californian Hotel. While one group of Methodists in the city were losing the assets of five congregations in a disastrous hotel venture, a San Francisco banker thought enough of Dad's business and administrative ability to let The Glide Foundation purchase another hotel without one dollar down and on terms which would permit payment out of income.

However, the acquisition and operation of a major hotel would provide yet another test of Christian conviction. People in the trade contended that no first-class hotel could operate successfully without a bar. Moreover, they were prepared to help prove that the contention was correct. The bar was closed, and at once the Californian Hotel was cut off from the benefits of reciprocal courtesies and advertising. Dad's response was to blanket the state with letters to churches and other interested organizations, informing them that San Francisco had a "temperance hotel." Within a month its average rate of occupancy became the highest in the city. And so far as is known only one person moved out when the bar was closed.

## Seminary President

It was while Dad was pastor at Tucson that Dr. Henry Clay Morrison first invited him to become a member of the Board of Trustees of Asbury College. At that time both the College and the Seminary were operated on one campus, under one Board. Through the years concern and interest in this field grew. When Dr. Morrison received his heavenly summons in the spring of 1942, it came as no surprise that his mantle fell on the shoulders of Julian C. McPheeters. Suddenly he found himself with two additional full-time jobs: Editor of *The Herald* and President of Asbury Theological Seminary.

In many ways the years that were to follow would be the acid test of faith: faith in God as well as faith in his fellow man. Yet in other ways they would be the most fruitful and enjoyable years of life. Through the storms that came there would be not one word of invective, not one word of complaint, not one word of defeat, fall from his lips. Accreditation for both the College and the Seminary required that the Seminary move to its own campus and operate under its own Board of Trustees. The very suddenness of the move deprived the Seminary, for a time, of most all its faculty members holding earned doctorates. He found himself head of an institution having only one building, sixty students, six faculty members, and assets of less than one hundred thousand dollars. Everything needed to be done, and done at once, if the institution were to survive and fulfill its function. And all of this at a time when the whole world was locked in a war of survival. But faith must look beyond. A qualified faculty must be recruited and, in some instances, trained for the job. Buildings must be erected, an operating budget raised, endowment funds provided, and full accreditation achieved. For a man of lesser faith and ability the odds seemed hopeless. Yet the necessary goals were all achieved.

However, the days of testing were not over. The growing needs of the Seminary called for a full-time president. A choice must now be made between the pulpit and the school. In 1948 the move was made to Wilmore, Kentucky. With it came a major financial setback. The Glide Foundation, under new leadership, promptly expressed its appreciation of Dad's past efforts by divorcing itself immediately from any and all relationships with the Seminary. Indeed, it even sold a fifty thousand dollar note it held with the institution to a commercial

agency. Had such a move come a few years earlier it might have proved fatal. As it was it called for a little more belt-tightening, a little longer period of strain and sacrifice.

But this was not the end. The greatest crisis the Seminary would have to weather would come from her friends. Differences of conviction within the faculty were given journalistic circulation. One editor suddenly found himself a paragon of truth among men who for years had avowed "the truth is not in him." The "unexamined life" might not be worth living, but "unexamined facts" could be made to serve as jury, judge and executioner. For a decade the Seminary would be on academic probation, examined and counter-examined, visited and re-visited. Enrollment would drop, her graduates compelled to take work in approved schools in order to gain admittance to most Methodist conferences. Even friends would despair of ever finding a way out.

Again the larger vision turned "lean years" into fruitful enterprise. Now was no time for invective or complaint. Prayer and faith in God would find a pathway through, and use the very obstacles as God-given opportunities to build a finer school than may have been originally envisioned. The results speak eloquently of the soundness of such a policy. For Dad it was nothing new. It was just the way a Christian should normally conduct himself. During this decade over fifteen new buildings were erected, twenty-five acres added to the campus, the number of faculty members increased, salaries improved, and a foreign scholarship program successfully inaugurated. Today the Seminary is fully accredited by the American Association of Theological Schools and the American Association of Schools of Religious Education, has assets in excess of four million dollars, is free of debt, and has a student body limited to about two hundred and fifty because of a lack of housing facilities. The new T. Delos Crary Missions and Evangelism Building is soon to be under construction, and the Seminary is in the initial phases of a three and one-half million dollar expansion program. In Dad's honor there has been established the Julian C. McPheeters Missions Foundation which will serve to underwrite the missionary program, present and future, of the Seminary.

Forty-four years have passed since the grim reaper knocked on the door of life. Now at the age of seventy-two, Dad can look back over these years lived on "borrowed time" with the

satisfaction of realizing that the achievements of his life have been crowned by the sure planting of Asbury Theological Seminary. The school's graduates number over thirteen hundred serving in forty-six different countries of the world; this will one day grow to a mighty river. By the grace of God, Julian C. McPheeters came to the kingdom for such an hour as this. Dad's favorite hymn is "Amazing Grace." But I think the words of one of Charles Wesley's hymns are even more descriptive of the principles which have governed his life:

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live,  
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord prepare  
A strict account to give!

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.