Three early preachers at Essex, Missouri. From the left, George M. Patterson, Walter Higgins, and J. R. Flower. See features on Flower and Higgins in this issue.
INDIANAPOLIS AND THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD
Here is a story of the Assemblies of God origins in the capital city of Indiana. A timely article as the Assemblies of God meets in that city for its 47th General Council. Includes sketches on J. Roswell and Alice Reynolds Flower and Thomas and Elizabeth Zimmerman. By Edith Blumhofer

A HONG KONG PRISONER DURING WORLD WAR II
With Hong Kong in the news this summer, you'll want to read about another chapter in the city’s history—those dark days during World War II when missionaries were interned. One who suffered this fate was Margaret Jay. Here is her story as told to Elsie Bolton Ezzo.

WALTER J. HIGGINS—A PENTECOSTAL PIONEER
One historian called this former barber a model of the numerous pioneering families early in the history of the Assemblies of God. He helped start 23 churches in 25 states. By Glenn Gohr

ROSE SANDERS RECALLS MIRACLES
She and her husband Edward F. Sanders pioneered churches in the Midwest beginning about 1920. Edward, like Walter J. Higgins, was also called into the ministry from a barbershop. Rose Sanders' son D. Leroy transcribed her handwritten notes on some of their experiences.

WHEN THE “HOLY ROLLERS” CAME TO SUMMERFIELD, LOUISIANA
An early preacher tells of his first experiences with the Pentecostal movement in Louisiana. By E. L. Tanner
The 84th Year of the Assemblies of God
A Quick Look at 47 General Councils

By Wayne Warner

Inquiring minds might ask, "If this is the 84th year of the Assemblies of God, why is this the 47th General Council? Don't we have General Councils every other year?"

We do get together on odd-numbered years, but it wasn't always that way. Let me explain.

First, we'll test your history knowledge by throwing a trivia question right down the center of the plate and see how well you handle my best split-fingered fastball: Can you name the only year in our history in which two Councils were held?

If you answered 1914, you just parked my fastball in the upper deck.

The organizational meeting was conducted in Hot Springs, Arkansas, April 2-12, 1914, and the 2nd Council convened at the Stone Church, Chicago, November 15-29. You're right again if you noticed that Councils were longer in 1914 than they are today—11 days for the organizational meeting and 15 for the second time around. Maybe we have learned to streamline the business sessions. Maybe they prayed more in the early Councils. Maybe they fellowshiped more than we do.

By now you suspect that in addition to the two Councils held in 1914, others were more frequent than biennially.

The founders followed an annual schedule from 1915-21 but in 1921 decided that meeting annually was unnecessary, that a biennial General Council would suffice. That's the way it has been for 75 years—even during World War II.

Now, add them up. Two in 1914, seven between 1915-21, and 38—counting Indianapolis this year—between 1923-97. And that's how our math gives us 47 General Councils.

Isn't that inspirational! Well, at least it may be helpful to you in case the subject of General Councils pops up in a trivia game. And this year if you need some reason to celebrate, you can tell your friends this is the 75th Anniversary of biennial General Councils!

Most General Councils are remembered for a particular issue, an election, musical groups, youth and missionary services, the memorial service, for fellowship, even a wedding (see my General Council article, "The Family Comes Together," in the July 20, 1997, issue of the Pentecostal Evangel). Some Councils might come to mind because this is where boys met girls and the meetings resulted in happy marriages (maybe this topic can prompt a Heritage feature: "I Met My True Love During the Missionary Parade." Or, "...While the Tellers Counted the Ballots." Or, "...in the GPH Bookstore.").

Who knows? A story might actually surface because of this column!

Getting back to the business of Councils and how they are remembered, many of our readers will remember San Antonio for important changes in leadership—first in 1959 and then again in 1985.

The 1959 Council saw Noel Perkin, DFM director, and J. Roswell Flower, general secretary, retire from office. And they saw T. F. Zimmerman replace Ralph M. Riggs as superintendent.

When we returned to San Antonio in 1985, the delegates elected G. Raymond Carlson to replace T. F. Zimmerman, and Everett Stenhouse as assistant superintendent to replace Carlson.

Executive leadership saw its biggest change in recent memory in 1993 at Minneapolis when Superintendent G. Raymond Carlson and General Secretary Joseph Flower retired. To refresh your memory, General Treasurer Thomas E. Trask became superintendent; George O. Wood, Southern California assistant superintendent was elected to succeed Flower. The other two executive positions were filled by Charles T. Crabtree, assistant superintendent, and James K. Bridges, general treasurer.

We remember other Councils for significant changes in leadership. In 1925, the delegates turned to youth when 39-year-old William T. Gaston replaced the venerable John W. Welch as chairman (later changed to superintendent). And William Faux replaced another founding father, DFM Treasurer J. Roswell Flower.

E. S. William replaced W. T. Gaston as superintendent in 1929. And when Williams retired in 1949, Wesley R. Steelberg was elected, which was another major change.

Wayne Warner is director of the Assemblies of God Archives and editor of Heritage. He is author of The Woman Evangelist (Maria B. Woodworth-Etter); Kathryn Kuhlman: The Woman Behind the Miracles; and compiler of two books on Smith Wigglesworth’s sermons: The Anointing of His Spirit and Only Believe.
Students of our history remember certain Councils for particular issues which helped shape the denomination.

If you go back to 1915 and 1916, the big issue was the “New Issue,” or the “Jesus Name” and “Oneness” controversy. The delegates hammered out our Statement of Fundamental Truths at the 1916 Council. But it came with a heavy price. Some questioned whether a trinitarian A/G would survive when 156 of the 585 ordained ministers left following the 1916 meeting.

F. F. Bosworth raised questions in 1918 about speaking in tongues as being the only initial evidence of one who is baptized in the Holy Spirit. But the early members held firm to this statement, and—as you probably know, the belief is still a very important part of the Assemblies of God 79 years later.

If you were in the 1949 Seattle Council, you will remember that the delegates came to grips with the “New Order of the Latter Rain,” which caused divisions among Pentecostals in the U.S. and Canada.

God did help us through these troubled waters, and today our growth and strength and bent toward revival give us new hope for now and the approaching 21st century.

One of the traditional high points of General Councils has been the missionary parade on Sunday afternoon. Countless young people have dedicated their lives after seeing hundreds of missionaries in national dress and after hearing stirring testimonies and sermons by missionaries and nationals.

And you can watch for the same thing to happen in Indianapolis on Sunday, August 10.

Although other meetings and events and decisions help shape the direction of the Assemblies of God, historians regard General Councils as very important in keeping us on the same track our forefathers built in 1914.

Now comes the hard part of our time together.

This next section will take more thought on your part if you want to score well. We’ll call this section Geography 101. That’s because I’m going to ask you where the previous 46 Councils met. Can you even remember where the 47th General Council will meet? (We’ll give you a hint: the city name begins with an “I,” and is in a state that also begins with an “I.”) Here’s a bonus question: How long has it been since Springfield, Missouri, hosted a General Council? (Another hint: if you haven’t reached your 50th birthday, you were not born when the Council met the last time in Springfield.) You’ll find the answers to these two questions when you make your matches below.

There are no prizes offered, but maybe you’d like the challenge our little General Council matching game offers.

GENERAL COUNCIL MATCH

Instructions: Match the years with the cities to complete this General Council brain teaser. Some will be tough, depending on whether you took A/G 101. So start with the ones you know for sure—like Indianapolis and Hot Springs—and your job will become easier as you proceed. (Look for answers below.)

2. Portland_________  B. 1931
3. Atlanta_______  C. 1914
4. Miami Beach_______  D. 1933
5. Baltimore_______  E. 1918, 1920, 1927,
6. Hot Springs, AR_______  F. 1947
7. Indianapolis_______  G. 1951
8. San Francisco_______  H. 1979
10. Oklahoma City_______  J. 1971
12. Kansas City_______  L. 1915, 1916, 1917,
13. St. Louis_______  M. 1953
14. Milwaukee_______  N. 1975
17. Cleveland_______  Q. 1967
18. Seattle_______  R. 1965
19. Anaheim_______  S. 1959, 1985
20. Memphis_______  T. 1929
21. Des Moines_______  U. 1957
22. Wichita_______  V. 1949
23. Long Beach_______  W. 1973
24. Minneapolis_______  X. 1937, 1963
25. San Antonio_______  Y. 1983
26. Eureka Springs, AR_______  Z. 1925
27. Chicago_______  AA. 1914, 1919

If you aced this test, consider yourself as very knowledgeable in General Council facts. Even if you scored 50%, your score is probably higher than the average member in our churches. If you didn’t get any right (not even Indianapolis and Hot Springs), you might want to keep it quiet and begin to read the Assemblies of God Heritage regularly.

You’ll never know when this information will come in handy—like the next time your brother-in-law tries to dominate the Thanksgiving Dinner conversation!

ANSWERS TO GENERAL COUNCIL MATCHES

Material for this column was adapted from the editor’s article, “At the 75-Year Mark, A Look at General Councils,” in the August 8, 1989, issue of The Council Today.
INDIANAPOLIS

AND

THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD

A Look at an Important City for the Pentecostal Movement

By Edith Blumhofer

This article first appeared in the August 10, 1989, *The Council Today* during the 75th Anniversary celebration of the Assemblies of God, which met in Indianapolis. Since that time, two of the subjects of the article—Alice Reynolds Flower and T. F. Zimmerman—went to be with the Lord.

Indianapolis is a most appropriate setting for this 75th anniversary General Council. For 75 years Indianapolis has contributed leadership and vision that have shaped the Assemblies of God. Several of the denomination’s most influential leaders either embraced Pentecostal teaching in the city or were trained for ministry here. The early Pentecostal movement in Indianapolis influenced the denomination’s course.

Indianapolis was experiencing a surge of economic growth when the first several itinerant evangelists from the Azusa Street Mission in Los Angeles arrived in January 1907. The city’s diverse population already had several hundred churches. Predominantly protestant, Indianapolis had a large single denomination. The major protestant groups were the family of Methodist denominations, the Negro Baptists, and the Disciples of Christ.

Pentecostal teaching hardly touched these major denominations at first, however. Rather, a visitor from Los Angeles, Glenn Cook, brought news about a revival in Los Angeles to a small “after meeting” in a multi-denominational gathering of people seeking a “deeper Christian life.” Organized into a congregation known as the Gospel Tabernacle—and affiliated with the Christian and Missionary Alliance (CMA)—these men and women were united more by their spiritual longings than by denominational preference. As they listened to Glenn Cook describe the fervor and excitement at Azusa Street, their hearts were stirred. Cook explained that the full New Testament faith had now been restored and that a new dispensation had begun which would end in the return of Christ. Speaking in tongues evidenced not only the baptism with the Holy Spirit but also the onset of the “latter rain.” Healings, exorcisms, prophecies and other New Testament “gifts of the Spirit” would mark the church in the last days. If people would “enter in,” the revival would come to Indianapolis.

The immediate token of the new dispensation was speaking in tongues, and experience Cook explained would always follow the baptism with the Holy Spirit. Intrigued by both Cook’s message and his fervor, some of his listeners decided to pray for the baptism with the Holy Spirit. George Eldridge, their leader at the Gospel Tabernacle—and a district superintendent for the CMA as well—bristled at the expectation of tongues, however. Like many Alliance adherents, his spirituality focused on Christ. Alliance participants understood Christ as All. They spoke more of Christ, the Healer than of healing; of Christ, the baptizer than of the baptism with the Holy Spirit; of Christ, the believer’s Sanctification than of either a moment or a process of sanctification. And they stopped short of endorsing a single evidence of the Spirit’s empowering indwelling.

Eldridge ordered his members to shun the teaching; some refused, and the congregation split. Before long, a core of Apostolic Faith believers had their own meeting hall, and some of their number had experienced their “personal Pentecosts.”

When Glenn Cook left, another band of workers arrived from Azusa Street. Led by Tom Hezmalhalch, they gave the new mission enhanced visibility by organizing street meetings on the statehouse steps and other forms of public witness. Reporters for *The Indianapolis Morning Star* responded quickly. In a parody on tongues speech, they dubbed the Apostolic Faith adherents “Glizzy Bluks” and described “lulu glug” services. Opposition peaked in an appeal to the mayor to stop the meetings; he refused. Meanwhile, reports of “tongues crushing idols” (in this case, “idols” were some participants’ desires for higher education) and people “approaching their acre of wild
Alice Reynolds' Pentecostal experiences were reported in the Indianapolis newspapers in 1907.

J. Roswell and Alice Reynolds Flower were ordained in 1913.

Two young men who studied and evangelized together, Fred Vogler (seated) and J. Roswell Flower.

General Secretary J. Roswell Flower

Thomas F. and Elizabeth (Price) Zimmerman on their wedding day, June 17, 1933, in Indianapolis, with Zimmerman's parents, Thomas, Sr., and Carrie Zimmerman.

A familiar scene for over 25 years (1959-86) was Thomas F. Zimmerman as general superintendent of the Assemblies of God. Here he chairs the General Council in Denver in 1975.
enthusiasm [in] odd demonstrations, strange words, sidewalk arguments and gifts to the brothers and sisters” aroused curiosity. Hezmalhalch wrote to his friends at Azusa Street: “God bringing people through is stirring up the ministers and people, and the newspapers are lying and trying to put the people against us, but God is over-ruling.”

**J. Roswell and Alice Reynolds Flower**

Amid this excitement in the spring of 1907, Alice Reynolds Flower received the baptism with the Holy Spirit. Sometime later, her future husband, J. Roswell Flower, also identified with the Apostolic Faith movement. In these two young people, the movement acquired committed participants and capable leaders.

Alice Reynolds was a native of Indianapolis. J. Roswell Flower had migrated with his family from Canada. After identifying with the Apostolic Faith (or Pentecostal) movement, these two immediately sought opportunities to evangelize. They participated in street meetings, distributed tracts, Alice Reynolds led the mission’s young people’s meetings, and Roswell Flower joined other young Pentecostals in evangelistic teams for evangelism both within and beyond the city. In 1908, shortly before his 20th birthday, he began to Myland. Myland, a former Christian and Missionary Alliance worker, was a giant among early midwestern Pentecostals. A man with considerable ministry experience, he was the author of an influential book explaining the meaning and purpose of the Pentecostal movement, *The Latter Rain Covenant*. Myland conducted a faith Bible school from 1912 to 1913 in Plainfield, 14 miles west of Indianapolis. The Flower, Fred and Margaret Vogler and Flem van Meter were among the students. By the end of their studies, they were a closely knit group with shared perceptions about the Pentecostal movement and Pentecostal ministry that united them throughout their lives.

In 1913, after a picnic lunch in an informal setting at the riverside, Myland ordained the Flower and his other students to the ministry, giving them credentials from his World’s Faith Missionary Association. At about the same time, Myland encouraged the Flower to begin a project they had in mind—the publication of a weekly Pentecostal magazine. They called it the *Christian Evangel*: it became one of two predecessors of *The Pentecostal Evangel*.

After they affiliated with the newly formed Assemblies of God in April 1914, the Flower moved to other states to minister in the new fellowship. They never moved back to Indianapolis, but their lives and ministries continued to be molded by the understanding they had gained there of the Pentecostal movement’s purpose and meaning.

Alice Flower put it this way: “This is what the baptism of the Holy Spirit should be—the opening of the door to vital and continuous communion with God for effectual worship, prayer, and service for Him.” And “like a great organ where every key is available to the artist’s touch, so in truly Pentecostal meetings God would have His Spirit-filled ones responsive to His plan for their part in the service, however humble.”

J. Roswell Flower recalled his experience in Indianapolis Apostolic Faith missions: “To be filled with the Spirit, as the disciples were filled on the Day of Pentecost, became the primary objective of each seeker. A manifestation of spiritual gifts apart from

**The Assemblies of God owes an incalculable debt to these men and women.**

a mighty filling with Holy Spirit was considered to be a shallow experience. The fruit of the Spirit was expected to be in evidence. The exaltation of the Lord Jesus was the Chief ambition, and there was a passion to love Him, worship Him and make Him known to others.”

Thus motivated, the Flower affiliated with the Assemblies of God at the first General Council. Young J. Roswell Flower promptly became the new organization’s General Secretary. He would fill every denominational administrative office except General Superintendent during the next 45 years. Flower and Ernest Williams were primarily responsible for deciding to align the Assemblies of God with the National Association of Evangelicals in the 1940s. Flower helped shatter some negative stereotypes, gained the respect of NAE leaders and served on key organization committees. Alice Reynolds Flower, meanwhile, proved a popular speaker and a gifted writer. Now 98 years old, she lives in Springfield, Missouri and still recalls with satisfaction and enthusiasm her participation in the early Pentecostal revival in Indianapolis.

Others shaped by Myland’s school in Plainfield also found positions of leadership in the Assemblies of God—Flem Van Meter as the first full-time Central District (Ohio, Indiana and Michigan) Superintendent, and Fred Vogler as Kansas.

**Indianapolis is where Alice Reynolds and J. Roswell Flower met and began their ministry together.**

issue a monthly magazine which he called *The Pentecost*. After their marriage in 1911, the Flower took an opportunity to receive training for future ministry under a personal friend and widely esteemed Pentecostal preacher, David Wesley.
District Superintendent, then as Assistant Superintendent with responsibility for education and home missions.

The Assemblies of God owes an inca lculable debt to these men and women. The sense of identity and calling that Myland nurtured in them sustained them through years of service. The vision that compelled them directly enhanced Assemblies of God home and foreign missions, local churches and education. Its source and its goal, however, were personal as well as corporate. The experience of “Pentecost in [the] soul” expressed itself in a Christ-centered spirituality

“Under John L. Price’s ministry Thomas F. Zimmerman received the baptism with the Holy Spirit in October 1923. At the Apostolic Church...he met and married the pastor’s daughter, Elizabeth Price.”

that was “heaven, begun within [the] soul” to “last, while endless ages roll[ed],”

Thomas F. and Elizabeth Zimmerman

Shortly before the formation of the Assemblies of God, Daniel B. Rickard, a 42-year-old father of 4, was ordained to Pentecostal ministry. He served briefly as an Assemblies of God executive presbyter while he pioneered a Pentecostal mission in Indianapolis. A popular evangelist and pastor, he preached the evening sessions at the 1915 General Council. While he did not prosper financially (in 1917, he found the $1 fee for credentials impossible to pay promptly); he succeeded in establishing a thriving mission. By 1917 he reported to J. W. Welch, Chairman of the General Council: “You will be glad to know the Lord is blessing us greatly. Some are being saved and baptized in the Spirit every week. Blessed people from the churches are coming into work.”

Among those “blessed people” were Thomas F. and Carrie Zimmerman, members of a local Methodist Protestant Church. Carrie Zimmerman had first visited a Pentecostal meeting with her second cousin, Alice Flower. Unaccustomed to the informality and exuberance, she did not return for over a year. When she was diagnosed as terminally ill with tuberculosis, however, desperate for help and mindful that Pentecostals believed in healing, she and her husband called to request prayer. In response, Rickard came to their home to pray. Nothing dramatic happened immediately, but the next day Carrie Zimmerman resumed her household duties and within two weeks, doctors diagnosed her as free from the disease.

When she attempted to testify about her healing in her Methodist church, however, the pastor protested. She and her husband, with their young son, Thomas Jr., began attending Sunday afternoon Pentecostal services and in 1919 left their Methodist affiliation for Rickard’s mission, then known as the Apostolic Church.

T. F. Zimmerman’s mother Carrie was healed of TB, thus moving the family into the Pentecostal church.

A short time later, Rickard moved away and left his congregation to a devout young convert, John L. Price. Under Price’s ministry, Thomas F. Zimmerman, Jr. received the baptism with the Holy Spirit in October 1923. In the Apostolic Church, he imbibed his formative perceptions about the meaning and purpose of the Pentecostal movement; there he gained his first experience in ministry; and there he met and married the pastor’s daughter, Elizabeth Price.

The Zimmermans began their pastoral ministry by accepting part-time responsibilities for a congregation in Kokomo. Their first, full-time ministry was in Harrodsburg, where they pioneered a church during the Depression. Pastorates in South Bend, IN; Granite City, IL, Springfield, MO; and Cleveland were followed by years of growing responsibility at the continued on page 33
Missionaries with General Superintendent Ernest S. Williams, third from right.

Highway Tabernacle, Philadelphia

1933

GENERAL COUNCIL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PHOTOS COURTESY OF DEAN OSTERBERG

A group of ministers at the General Council.

Council delegates visiting Atlantic City: from the left, Grace Osterberg (Mrs. Arthur), Arthur Osterberg, Evelyn Carvel, Esther Leatham, Marjorie Price, Lucille, Price, Ethel Price, and Charles S. Price; in front are Dorothy and Dean Osterberg.

Alexander and Peter Voronaef, whose parents were imprisoned missionaries in Russia.
MARGARET JAY’S OWN STORY

A Hong Kong Prisoner
During World War II

As Told to Elsie Bolton Ezzo

On October 23, 1941, I flew to Hong Kong from Kunming, Southwest China, for my long-awaited vacation as teacher of the American School. The last hour of our flight had taken us over Japanese-occupied territory. Suddenly, we looked down and saw the amazing sight of Hong Kong, looking indeed like a fairyland with all its blaze of lights. Soon we landed at Kai Tek Airport, and two of my Kunming friends, Margaret Morgan and Pai Laan, were there to meet me. Since they were both working in the Kowloon government hospital, I stayed with them in a flat nearby. I enjoyed sight-seeing, shopping, visiting other friends, and packing Christmas parcels to my family in England.

What was planned for a few weeks vacation in Hong Kong soon turned into a nightmare. For it was during this time that the Japanese planes bombed and then captured the island. Along with thousands of others, I would suffer much hardship, and it would be more than 3 long years before we would be released from the makeshift concentration camps.

Allow me to take you back to England so you will learn about my early life and then how I became trapped in Hong Kong at the outbreak of World War II.

I was born on November 29, 1900, the third child of John and Margaret Jay in Castle Hedingham, a small town in Essex County, England. For several generations, the Jays worked in the business of making and repairing shoes and boots. I grew up in a friendly community where the village folk shared their joys and sorrows. When my grandmother died, the family moved into the house on St. James Street to share life with my bereft grandfather.

In 1919 I yielded fully to Christ and committed myself and my future to His control.

Street to share life with my bereft grandfather.

As the years passed, other children were added to the family, making a total of eleven. However, my little brother Bertie died of pneumonia when I was very young. Another baby came into the family by the name of George when I was older, and I was a second mother to him. He too passed on to be with the Lord at the age of 2 after a severe bout of meningitis. I was especially grieved at his death, and during the funeral, he looked just like an angel with his sweet baby smile.

We attended the Chapel School in town. Since the headmaster lived next door to us, he noted that I as a young girl was “always in a hurry.” He remarked to my father one day, “Margaret must have been born half an hour late and is always trying to catch up!”

Other tragedies included the death of my grandfather, and the injury of Frank my next oldest brother while he was playing football (soccer). The injury developed into a tubercular hip, needing periods of treatment in the hospital.

However, my family were strong in their faith in God. On Sundays, we attended the strict Baptist Chapel in the nearby town of Sible Hedingham. Here I was nurtured in the doctrines of God’s Word which I so ardently taught later in the missionary school. As a young teen, my friend Winnie and I won scholarships to Halstead Grammar School equivalent to American high school.

In 1914, World War I broke upon the scene, and my two older brothers, John and Frank, enlisted in the British army. John was wounded in Palestine, but wrote many letters home to reassure us that he was recovering and would soon return home.

One day in 1918, our family received the tragic news that Frank had been killed in France. This came as a great blow to us, but we knew that we would see him in heaven. How we
rejoiced when Armistice Day arrived on November 11, 1918, and the war was over! In September, I began my student teaching along with my other studies.

At the age of 19, however, a spiritual change came into my life. In August 1919, I traveled to Bournemouth for a holiday (vacation), and while staying with my uncle and aunt, William and Ada Bolton, I attended their little mission hall. I was challenged by the gospel message and the Christ of Calvary.

Humbly, I yielded fully to Christ and committed myself and my future to His control. He filled me with the Holy Spirit, and I spoke in tongues for hours! The Pentecostal message was new to me, and the course of my life changed from that day. I determined to give my life to God and serve Him with all my heart!

In September, I started my first full-time job teaching in the Sible Hedingham Church School. Many parents expressed their appreciation for what they said was "my talented teaching and personal interest in each child." A few years later, my father died; my mother, along with Billie, Edith, Harry, and I moved to Sible Hedingham. It looked as though my life would continue indefinitely as a country school marm, but God had other plans for me.

In 1935, my missionary cousin, Leonard Bolton and his American wife Ada, whom he met in China and married in the States, came home to England on furlough. They had three small children—Robert, 6, Elsie, 5, and Irene, 3 years old. While traveling around England telling the story of revival among the Lisu tribes in Southwest China, Len and Ada allowed Robert and Elsie to stay with my family and me and attend the school where I was teaching. I formed a warm attachment to the children and enjoyed teaching and looking after them.

During the summer holiday, I traveled with Len, Ada, and the children to Louth on the seacoast. The question was raised as to how the Boltons intended to educate their children when they returned to China. Ada Bolton explained that in Yunnan Province where they labored, there were a number of missionaries who had children. They had all been praying for many years that God would lead a Christian teacher to come and start a school for their children.

Mrs. Donald Gee (wife of the famous Bible teacher) turned to me and remarked, "You're a teacher, aren't you? Why don't YOU ask the Lord if He would have you go to China and start a school there?"

The challenge startled me, and the Lord started speaking to my heart. The next day, I stayed at the flat when all the house party went for an outing to the beach. Going to my room, I knelt in prayer and asked God to show me definitely from His Word if it were His will for me to go to China. Opening my Bible at 2 Corinthians 8:10, 11, and 14, these scriptures spoke to my heart: "that your abundance may supply their lack." I felt an inner witness that God wanted me to go and organize the missionary school in Kunming!

The Boltons were happy to hear the news, and when a suitable opportunity came, I told my mother of my call to go to China. She replied that when she was a young girl, she had felt led to go to China as a missionary, but the door did not open for her. She was happy that her daughter would be able to serve in her place!

In September, Len and Ada Bolton decided to return to the States and asked me if I would be willing to join them as soon as I could. When school started, I gave notice that I would resign my position in the spring. However, my faith was sorely tested that winter, for my mother became very ill and needed constant nursing.

In the spring of 1936, a letter came from the Boltons in America, urging me to arrive in New York City by May 20, as they were planning to travel west after that date. By this time, my mother had recovered and the family procured a housekeeper for her. I took a trip to London and booked my passage on the Aquitania, which was sailing from Southampton on May 13, and would arrive in New York on May 20. How excited I was!

The Lord supplied my financial needs as well, for people unknown to me sent checks and gifts. My dear mother helped me prepare my wardrobe, mark my clothing, and pack my trunk.

Finally the day for my departure came. Tenderly I kissed my mother good-bye, wondering if I would ever see her again as the missionary term would last 7 years. Several of my rel-
The American School in Kunming in 1947. Following her imprisonment and a few months in England, Margaret Jay returned to China to teach these children.

alternates traveled with me to Southampton to see me off on the ship.

Seven days later when the ship steamed into the New York harbor, I received shocking news from the Boltons. The telegram read, "Meeting you at the ship. Your mother died on Saturday." I was stunned with grief as I thought my leaving must have caused my mother’s death. When I met the Boltons, they shared my sorrow and prayed with me that the Lord would comfort me. In subsequent letters that I received, I found out that my mother had a peaceful homegoing, and my departure had not caused her passing on to be with the Lord.

After a few days spent with Ada’s brother and family in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the Boltons and I started our 3,000-mile journey across the States in a Model-T Ford. It took about 3 weeks for us to travel across America. The trip was especially hard on Ada as she was expecting their fifth child. They had lost a little son, John William in 1934, who died of pneumonia in China, and they were looking forward to the birth of this new baby.

How excited we were when we finally arrived in Oakland, California, at the Home of Peace, a missionary home run by Carrie Judd Montgomery and Mr. and Mrs. M. Berry. (Faith Berry was the daughter of Mrs. Montgomery who published Triumphs of Faith for many years.) The Boltons and I were given the use of a full-furnished bungalow near the missionary home. The Lord was really directing me; for when we attended a Pentecostal church in Oakland, Pastor and Mrs. John Hubbard, along with their people, decided to take on my support. How grateful I was!

Little Ralph Leonard Bolton was born August 21, 1936. He was a precious little baby and endeared himself not only to his immediate family and me, but to the whole circle of missionary friends. The day of our departure for China came in October. A loving company of friends came to San Francisco to say farewell as we boarded the Taiyo Maru. We were pleased to meet other missionaries traveling to the Far East.

After stopping in Shanghai, we went on to Hong Kong, where we stayed several days in a missionary home. While there, we shopped for school supplies and packed up a sample desk in sections to be used as a pattern for the new missionary school.

The next part of the journey involved a boat ride to Hanoi, and then a 2-day train ride to Yunnanfu, later known as Kunming, the capital of Yunnan province. Kunming is situated 6,000 feet above sea level and is known as the “city of eternal spring.” It was considered an ideal place for the school as there was a Christian hospital there.

After some days of house hunting, the Boltons rented a large house for the boarding school with a large grassy area that could be used as a playground. A dozen desks were made for the school, as well as kindergarten tables and chairs. There were about 16 children to start school, ages 5 to 10 years. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson from California became the first houseparents. They had three children of their own, Pearl, Charles, and Paul. It was my responsibility to teach the children, each on his or her grade level, incorporating Christian education along with the secular subjects. I was happy, and felt I was in the perfect will of God in starting the school.

After Christmas, during which we had a program for the parents, we were ready to start school in earnest. We called it the "American School," as I decided to organize and grade it American style. Morning assembly began with a hymn and prayer, followed by a Bible study. Secular subjects were interspersed with music, physical education, creative writing, and piano lessons. Later, more students were added, making a total of 20.

In the new year, Leonard Bolton decided to return to the mission station of Wei Hsi, about a month’s journey away while Ada stayed in the missionary home with little Ralph. There was an epidemic of smallpox in Kunming, and since Ralph had developed a strange rash and fever, Ada took him to the hospital. The doctor diagnosed it as smallpox, and the baby along with Ada was quarantined from the school. For many days and nights we prayed and watched the baby struggle with the disease, but at last, 6-month old Ralph passed on to be with the Lord.

A day or two later, we stood around the open grave in the little foreign cemetery, and we sang “Safe in the Arms of Jesus.” We learned later that two wealthy Chinese girls con-
fessed their faith in Christ during the funeral, and dedicated their lives to His service. One became a doctor, and then devoted her life to caring for sick children. Out of death comes life in spite of sorrow and pain! A few days later, Ada Bolton left her three children in the missionary school, and bravely set off on the month's journey to Wei Hsi to join her husband in their work for the Lord.

That year with all my hard work and change of diet, I had bouts of dysentery. The Johnsons put me in the hospital where an elderly missionary couple came to visit and pray with me. Then the Lord healed me in answer to their prayers, and within a few days, I was able to eat and regain strength.

In 1938, we heard that war was being fought in eastern China with the Japanese. Reports came through the shortwave radio that the Japanese were bombing areas in nearby provinces. Arthur Johnson ordered a rough air raid shelter to be built in the school yard. One day, a shrill air raid alarm went off and the entire city was in an uproar. Multitudes of people streamed out of the city carrying sewing machines, bedding, etc., to find and shelter in the hills. Quickly the Johnsons and I herded the children into the improvised shelter where there were benches along the dirt walls for the children to sit. They were very cooperative, and we sang and told Bible stories until the siren sounded an “all clear.”

In 1939, the Johnsons and other parents decided that Kunming was no longer safe for the school, and they should move farther inland to a town named Tali (now spelled Dali). The Johnsons’ furlough was overdue about this time, so they decided to leave for the States.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wagner took over the school and the big job of moving 10 children, equipment, and supplies to Tali. They had a small son, Paul, who started school at that time. All the furniture had to be carried by coolies 10 days’ journey on the Burma Road. Never shall I forget that hair-raising 3-day journey by bus! The magnificent scenery; the zigzag bends of the newly constructed road; the wrecked trucks and buses we saw over the edge; the frail-looking bridges; and the giant potholes washed out by the rain, provided a very eventful trip. On the second day, due to the steepness of the road, the engine of our bus caught fire. We had to evacuate the bus, taking some of the smaller children out of the windows! After a night at Miss Morgan’s mission station, and another at a Chinese inn, we arrived safely in the walled city of Tali.

Here the China Inland Mission had their church and missionary

Just prior to the outbreak of World War II, the school sent Miss Jay to Hong Kong for a vacation. Nobody could guess that she would be captured and that they would not see their teacher for nearly 4 years.

home. They agreed to rent two houses to us—one for the houseparents and children, and the other for the school. Very soon, the home and school were in working order. Before long, the number of children increased to 16. Many missionaries, college professors, and business people moved to Tali from the war zones. I asked a French professor to teach the children French; a music teacher, to teach music; and others came to speak and work with the children.

After 2 years, the Wagners left the school, and Leonard and Ada Bolton became the new “father and mother” for the children. I encouraged the children to publish a magazine, titled “The Peak,” since we had snow-capped mountains nearby. We worked hard for Parents’ Day in October, which culminated at the end of the school year. Vacation would last from October to the end of December when the children would go home to their families.

It was at this time, the various parents of the American School decided to send me on a vacation to Hong Kong since I had taught for 5 years with very few breaks. I had to get a visa from the British Consul, and travel arrangements were made.

While enjoying my stay in Hong Kong, the rumors of a Japanese invasion became uglier. Then one day early in December while I was returning from the hospital, fear gripped my heart as Japanese planes appeared overhead. Swooping down on the nearby Kai Tek Airfield, the Japanese pilots began dropping a barrage of bombs.

Hong Kong was now involved in a war that they had only heard about in previous months and years. And I was experiencing a conflict we had hoped and prayed would never come to pass.

In spite of some resistance from the British, a few days later the victorious Japanese army swept into Kowloon. As the three of us crossed from the hospital to the nurses’ home, we met the soldiers face to face. At bayonet’s point, they drove about 25 of us to the grassy lawn, made us kneel, and bow our heads to the ground. Surely this was the end, I thought, as my heart pounding fiercely! I sent an SOS to heaven, and God’s peace filled my heart. After about 20 minutes, we were commanded by the enemy to get to our feet and listen to their orders.

The hospital was commandeered by the Japanese army and all of the nurses were ordered to evacuate, taking the patients to one wing of the hospital which was already hopelessly crowded. The nurses and I were housed in the YMCA building opposite the hospital. Here we spent the first Christmas of our captivity. On that day all of Hong Kong was forced to surrender to the Japanese. (The British had limited their fortifications in favor of defending Singapore.)

By the middle of January, 1943, our captors decided to send us to Stanley Prison on the other side of Hong Kong Island. A large part of the war prisoners were housed in a former jail. Nearby were blocks of flats used as homes for the officials of the jail. On a nearby hill, stood St. Stephen’s College with homes sur-
“What a rich reward she will receive in heaven for her investment in so many young lives!”

—Elsie Ezzo
rounding it. About 3,500 British and American prisoners filled these buildings with a barbed-wire fence and Japanese guards surrounding us.

What was going to happen to us? My heart was filled with dread for our future!

We gathered in the war-devastated chapel of St. Stephen's College and sang, “O God, Our Help in Ages Past.”

We tried to make the best of our prison life. About 4 weeks after our capture on the first Sunday of the month in Stanley Camp, all the Christians gathered in the war-devastated chapel of St. Stephen's College. We sang “O God, Our Help in Ages Past,” with a yearning prayer not known before. Never had our need been as great as at that moment! A minister read Psalm 91, and gave us a message of hope and consolation in the midst of tragedy.

Food in the camp consisted of two small meals of rice and watery spinach soup a day. We learned to make rice flour with which to make a kind of bread, cooking it in left-over tins over a chatty fire. Many people starved and died. I managed to stay alive for the duration of the war through prayer, a bird’s appetite, and sharing food with others.

Several of us organized a school for the children of the camp in St. Stephen’s Hall from 8:30 to 11:00 am. We had about 10 groups with no school furniture and very few books. Later, some supplies were made available, and seats brought in from the town which made things a little easier.

In June of 1942, all the American citizens—men, women, and children with their baggage were repatriated, since the Americans had war prisoners to exchange with the Japanese. Likewise, after a year and 8 months the Canadians were repatriated. We British had to stay for the duration of the war—3 years and 9 months!

In spite of chafing at my imprisonment, I learned to commit my life to Christ, reading my small Bible and trusting Him to take care of me. I thank Him for every lesson learned in the camp and for every revelation of my own weaknesses and His unfailing grace.

With school teaching, Sunday school, hospital work, and other duties, my time became fully occupied. About every 6 months, an illness or septic wound would indicate that my reserves of strength had gone, and I would find myself a patient in the hospital. As time went on, my eyes began to bother me, my hair became lifeless, and my teeth decayed due to lack of nutrients. However, when my strength seemed to be at its lowest ebb, new life and courage seemed to flow into my body. (I found out later this was due to heartfelt prayers being offered for me around the world!)

Chinese folk in town were very helpful and were allowed to send small parcels to their friends in camp. Many sold their properties and possessions to do this, and some were later arrested, imprisoned, and tortured for being “pro-British.” I received parcels from time to time composed of lard, wong-tung, soap, cookies, toothbrushes, and towels. When I received a parcel, I experienced such a consciousness of wealth!

Roll calls were held twice daily in the building to check on the prisoners. An outside roll call was summoned once a week, when we were all lined up and often kept waiting for hours in the tropical sun or teeming rain.

Suddenly in August of 1945, the guards came into the camp with the news that the war had ended! At long last relief came with the arrival of the British fleet led by Admiral Harcourt. What a crowd we were, emaciated and ragged, but thankful to listen to the Admiral’s words of greeting. Once more, we sang the hymns that had meant so much to us during the years of imprisonment, “O God, Our Help in Ages Past!” Faith in God had seen us through!

Finally, after a voyage of several days, the other internees and I arrived in Columbo, Ceylon, where we were transferred to a large troop ship which took us home to England! We arrived in Southampton on October 22, 1945, 4 years after I had gone to Hong Kong for my fairyland vacation. It was 9 years since I had left England. Would my family be there to greet me?

The next morning after we arrived, I saw my brothers on the quayside. I descended the gangway rapidly and received their loving welcome home! They had traveled all night to welcome back the sister who returned as “one from the dead.” The Bolton family, who had gone to the States and then to England, along with many other relatives, were there to greet me on my return as well. What a lot we had to talk and thank God about!

On December 8, 1945, we had a Jay Family Reunion at the Hedingham Hotel, which included 43 relatives—brothers, sisters, nieces, and nephews, 14 of whom I had never seen! The next day, we attended the Congregational Church for a Thanksgiving Service. We thanked God for lives spared and prayers
Focus on California

The Archives is indebted to Dean “Bud” Osterberg, Mesa, Arizona, for the donation of these rare photographs from the 1920s and 30s. He also donated the 1933 General Council photos seen on page 9. Dean is the son of the late Arthur and Grace Osterberg.

Gospel broadcasting was pretty primitive in 1931 as seen above on The Pentecostal Hour over a Southern California station. The mail seems to bring smiles to these three ministers, from the left, A. G. Osterberg, Floyd Gressett, and Charles Opie. Below, another radio minister, J. Edgar Freeman on KFXM, San Bernadino, has a lot of mail to read.

Early Pentecostal leaders in Los Angeles in 1927: from the left, Southern California District Superintendent Arthur G. Osterberg; Josephine Turnbull (Mrs. Louis); Louis Turnbull; and George Eldridge.


Azusa Street Revival veterans, Grace Osterberg (Mrs. Arthur) and Irish Lee.
Pastor and Mrs. Marcy Glassbrook, 1928, in Merced, California.

Pastor and Mrs. Leland R. Keys, who pastored at Fresno and Inglewood. He was later superintendent for the Northern California and Nevada District and taught at Glad Tidings Bible Institute, later Bethany College.

An evangelistic team ministering at Fresno Tabernacle in 1926. From the left, Ben Bauer, A. G. Osterberg, and former Methodist pastor, Dr. Charles Shreve; in front is song leader Joe Elliot.

A Christ’s Ambassadors convention in San Diego Assembly.
In compiling a list of faithful Pentecostal ministers used by God in the early days of this century, it would be hard to overlook the name of Walter J. “Daddy” Higgins. According to Carl Brumback, one of the early historians of the Assemblies of God, Higgins and his family serve as a model of the numerous pioneering families who, as a unit, spent years on the evangelistic field. Two other typical evangelistic families mentioned by Brumback are the James Cardiffs and the Hiram Brookses (see story on the Brooks family in *Heritage*, Spring 1995).

Brumback declares, “Traveling over the highways and byways, playing their musical instruments, singing

“He received a prophecy [1911] that a number of people would be converted, including his father and an aunt. In all, 28 of his family members and friends were converted soon after this.”

and preaching in tents, schoolhouses, homes, barns, brush arbors, and on street corners, these families went out by faith, usually not knowing exactly where they were going, but the record shows where they have been!”

Thanks to his autobiography and other references, we are able to reconstruct some of the ministry highlights of Walter James Higgins, who was one of the charter members of the Assemblies of God fellowship, having attended the organizational meeting at Hot Springs in April 1914.

He was born on May 1, 1884, at Sainte Genevieve, Missouri, the son of William Minor Higgins and Mary Henderson. His father was a lead miner in the hills of Missouri. Then in
later years he farmed wheat and corn on Kaskaskia Island, Illinois, just across the Mississippi River from Ste. Genevieve.

Higgins went to school and learned to farm on Kaskaskia Island. He was also a barber by trade. One year a major flood ruined all the crops in that area, so Higgins went to Kansas to work for a couple years. In 1911, he returned to Granite City, Illinois, and found work in a barbershop. The owner of the shop was William Cherry, a large burly man with a gruff voice, who was not easy to get along with. But Higgins needed a job, and his work satisfied the man, so he not only landed second chair in the barbershop, but the Cherries allowed him to board in their home.

It so happened that the Cherries became curious about a group of “holy rollers” who were meeting at 817 N. Garrison Street in St. Louis. They attended a meeting and were converted. In the days that followed, Cherry told Higgins about his wonderful conversion and all the Lord had done for him. Higgins noticed a profound change in his boss’s demeanor and actions. Before this time, Cherry had been a habitual user of tobacco and drank a lot. He quit those vices once he was converted.

Soon after this, the preacher of the group in St. Louis, was invited to hold a meeting in Granite City, Illinois. Cherry helped him rent an old store building on Missouri Avenue. Higgins was invited to attend the meeting. Because Higgins was a boarder in the Cherries’ home, he felt obligated to attend. And leaving his prejudices behind, Higgins could not deny that the minister and those present had something that he did not have. He yielded his life to the Lord on the first night of the revival, and the next night he was healed of tuberculosis.

On the second night, March 4, 1911, while prostrate in prayer, Higgins testified that God “showed me my lung like an old frozen turnip that He had thawed out with sunshine.” “A large hand appeared and touched me,” he declared, “and a wonderful feeling went through my body when the hand touched it. Both of my lungs and an ailment of my stomach was made every bit whole. I was perfectly healed from that moment on.”

That same evening Higgins had a vision of heaven and felt a call to preach the gospel. Before this time, Higgins had only been able to speak in a whisper, but he was able to speak normal from that time forward. In fact, Higgins testified that later he conducted a revival meeting in southeast Missouri, where a man reported that he heard Higgins preach from 1 1/2 miles away. And to prove it, the man was able to give Higgins the sermon text! That same man was convicted by the message and gave his heart to the Lord as a result of that sermon.

From 1912 to 1920
Higgins helped establish 13 churches in Missouri, Arkansas, and Illinois.

On the third night of the Granite City revival, Higgins received the baptism of the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues. He received a prophecy that a number of people would be converted, including his father and an aunt. In all, 28 of his family members and friends were converted soon after this.

Higgins began his ministry in 1911, just 3 months after he was converted. With the assistance of a coworker, John Brown, his first evangelistic tour was on the banks of the Ohio River at Shawneetown, Illinois. Unable to secure a building to hold services, the two men built a brush arbor on the edge of town. One light was furnished by kerosene lanterns. Out of curiosity, people came for miles to hear the “holy roller” preacher. Higgins invited people on the street to come to the meetings, he prayed for the sick, led the singing, and at the latter part of the meeting did some of the preaching. Higgins’ father came to the meeting to try to end it, as he thought his son had been hypnotized by the “holy rollers.” Instead the father was converted. Later an aunt, and Higgin’s younger brother came and were saved. At the
end of 3 weeks, there were over 100 conversions with 98 receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

This was also the beginning of persecution. Higgins and Brown endured much cursing and were threatened by law enforcement officers. Some of the people tried to run them out of town. (In later meetings, mobs threw rocks and eggs.)

In the fall of 1911, Higgins was called to a community about 15 miles from New Harmony, Missouri. He worked with G. C. Sweaza and his wife. Years later he recounted this story: "We began a revival in a Baptist Church with a membership of fifty-one. In four weeks, fifty of these members had received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost according to Acts 2:4. The one member remaining was the owner of the church building."  

In a 4-month revival he helped conduct at Essex, Missouri, Higgins met a girl named Erin Henry. By the close of the meeting they felt called to become a team in God's work. The evangelist, G. C. Sweaza, united them in marriage on March 24, 1912.

Here at Essex, Higgins was ordained on August 5, 1913, and soon gained a reputation as an evangelist and church planter. His ministerial file shows that he changed addresses every year or two.

From 1912 to 1920 Higgins helped establish 13 churches in Missouri, Arkansas, and Illinois. His first pastorate was at Morehouse, in southeast Missouri, where he rented a building that had been condemned. He and his new bride fixed up an upstairs attic as best they could as their living quarters. They cleared the place of wasp nests, mudshooters, and other critters. Their furniture consisted of wooden crates, a table made of rough lumber, a cook stove with only one leg, and an iron bedstead that was barely usable. Many of their meals consisted of potatoes and sorghum. Not a palace by any means!

With all their money spent and no church offerings, the Higginses took what potatoes they had, boiled them in water, peeled them, and soaked them in molasses for three days.

The couple united in prayer and began to petition God for some food. They were getting desperate. They even named some specific items they desired.

Two days later, when Higgins went to light the stove of the church for the evening service, he found a nice new market basket sitting on the platform. It was loaded full of groceries. Since no one had visited them and accidentally left behind anything, they felt this was a direct answer to their prayer. In fact, the doors had been bolted and the windows nailed shut. Upon opening the packages, they found every item which they had requested, plus a few items extra. The basket included pepper, salt, sugar, lard, bacon, a small sack of flour, and miscellaneous other items. Even as Elijah had been fed by the ravens, it seemed that the Lord had miraculously met their need.

Also at Morehouse, Higgins was given a new pair of shoes and socks by one of the deacons in the neighboring town of Canalou. It seems that Higgins' shoes were worn completely through, which forced him to walk on the railroad ties between Morehouse and Canalou whenever he would conduct a meeting there. Otherwise, the rocks would cut his feet. The kind-hearted deacon saw a need, and woke up a merchant in the middle of the night to buy Higgins a new pair.

During the meetings at Morehouse, one of the converts was W. W. Childers, an engineer on a log train who worked at the local sawmill. Childers was called into the ministry and joined Higgins in a revival campaign at nearby Canalou. Over 100 were converted. In this same town, Higgins received a terrible beating. He relates: "Because the Methodist church could not get a crowd, a man from that church had hired a man to whip me. But God sent a revival into the Pentecostal church the following week, and 18 adults received the Baptism."

After gaining 100 converts, Higgins and his wife had moved back
to Morehouse to begin pastoring a small group of people. Occasionally he would return to Canalou to preach. One time upon arriving at Canalou, Higgins was approached by the deputy sheriff, who told him, "I warn you to leave town. There is a mob fixing to give you a beating."

Higgins remained steadfast in his intentions to continue preaching at Canalou. Refusing to leave, he said, "I didn’t consult you when I came to this town, and it’s a sure thing I’m not going to consult you when I leave. God has blessed my labor in this town, and I came here in the name of the Lord.”

“I want you to leave town” was the deputy sheriff’s only reply.

Higgins gave no further thought to this warning, and preached that night as always. But after the service, he felt a strange burden to stay at the church and pray all night. In the morning one of the ladies from the church asked him why he had prayed all night. "I could not answer for I did not know," he said later.

That morning, after praying at the church all night, he went to catch the train back to Morehouse. After buying his ticket, a stranger approached him and asked if his name was Higgins. After Higgins identified himself, the man asked him to step outside the train station.

At that moment another man of husky build began to curse and abuse him. Higgins relates: "Then he pounded my head with his fists, knocked me down, and stomped my head and sides with his heel. Scarcely able to move, I climbed to my feet, my face, head, and sides throbbing with pain."

"Have you had enough?" the man asked foolishly.

"Brother, I don’t know why you treated me this way," whimpered Higgins in pain.

Shortly after this a crowd of men gathered, and when they recognized Higgins, they wanted to kill the assailant on the spot. One man wielding a knife said, "Brother Higgins, I’ll cut that man to pieces if you’ll just say the word.” But Higgins pleaded with the men to do him no harm. He told them, "No, God said ‘Vengeance is mine and I will repay.’"

After this ordeal, Higgins got on the train and occupied the last coach by himself. But he was not alone. For he later shared, "To my surprise, however, a band of angels appeared with me and sang the song, ‘We shall stand before the King; with the angels we will sing.’" The presence of the Lord was so real to him. What a happy trip back to Morehouse!

As he got off the train at Morehouse, the people could only stare. His face was beaten to a pulp. Leaving the station, he decided to visit Mrs. White, who was a woman who knew how to pray in faith. She was busy washing dishes at about 10 o’clock in the morning, and she said, "My God, what has happened?" Higgins answered, "Sis. White, I’m all right, I’ve just received a few stripes for Jesus Christ’s sake.” She laid her hands upon his face and began to weep and travail in prayer for him. After she had prayed earnestly for him, the soreness went away, and he declared, "I felt a definite touch in my body. Only a few bruises remained. Praise God!"

And that was not the end of the story. It appears that God did take vengeance on Higgins’ assailant. Later Higgins learned that his attacker had been paid $4 to beat him. But just 3 days after the brutal attack, the man was bumming his way out of town on a freight train. A short distance from the town, he slipped between the cars, and his body was severed in two pieces.

Some of the railroad section men who had heard about the beating, witnessed the accident. One of them declared, "That is what a man gets for beating up a preacher."

This event stirred the town so much that in the following week about 18 received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. And the people of the community, generally speaking, held Higgins in the highest esteem after he took a beating for the gospel’s sake.

This was not the only time that God intervened miraculously in the life of Walter J. Higgins. On the way to attend the organizational meeting of the Assemblies of God in 1914, Higgins, G. C. Sweaza, and their wives, conducted a revival at Benton, Arkansas, a small hamlet about halfway between Little Rock and Hot Springs. The church building there "was a sight to behold" according to Higgins. Instead of windows, there were open places with jagged pieces of glass where rocks had been thrown. For some time, it seems, a group of men and boys had made it a practice to throw rocks at the building whenever church services were in session. Higgins wrote in his autobiography, "We held services in that building for 10 nights, and every single night rocks would come banging against the walls, and some would fly through the space formerly occupied by the win-

W. J. Higgins

“Then he pounded my head with his fists, knocked me down, and stomped my head and sides with his heel. Scarcely able to move, I climbed to my feet, my face, head, and sides throbbing with pain.”

continued on next page
Fortunately, no one was seriously hurt, although there were several near misses. Despite all the hindrances, the services were blessed, and a number of those in attendance accepted Christ. After the 10 days, Higgins and Sweeza went on to the General Council at Hot Springs.

The people of Benton had appreciated their labors so much, that they pleaded with the young evangelists to return after the Council was over, so they did.

As soon as they opened the service, the rock throwing continued. “The harder the rocks hit the building,” Higgins recalled, “the louder the shouts on the inside.” But something was wrong. Higgins spent much time in prayer over the next few days hoping to discern the situation. Then he announced that the Lord had revealed to him the cause of the rock throwing. He announced that at the Sunday morning service, he would reveal the secret to overcoming this problem. He was so convincing that a number of the sawmill workers left their work to attend this meeting because of their concern over the situation. Their foreman even let them attend the meeting with pay.

The audience was in rapt attention as Higgins revealed the truth that God had laid on his heart. He explained that when the rocks started flying, people were shouting because the rowdies were throwing rocks. He believed God had a better idea. The people “didn’t have a shout of joy, neither did they have the shout of [winning] the hearts of those men and boys,” Higgins wrote. He asked the congregation to follow his example the next time a disturbance started.

That evening, after a song or two, bang! came a rock against the side of the building. Higgins quietly went to his knees in prayer, and the people immediately followed. This caught the rowdies by surprise. One of the gang members slipped to a window and peeked in. “They are praying for us,” he called to the others. The congregation continued to pray, and the gang members outside began to whisper among themselves. Amazingly, they put down their rocks and quietly slipped into the back of the church and sat down.

In answer to the prayers of the believers, most of the rock throwers were saved and later baptized in water. With most of the rock throwers converted, the people were finally able to install new window panes as they praised God for the victory.12

At Idylwild, Missouri, in 1915, Higgins held a 2-week revival in an old one-room schoolhouse. From the very first night, antagonists threw rotten eggs at the building. When the culprits ran out of rotten eggs, they threw fresh ones. Although the egg-throwing never quit, the people prayed, and God still moved in the services. It was reported that within 90 days after that meeting, judgment befell the community as a tornado struck, destroying many of the crops, buildings, and livestock. Also it was reported that six of the men who had been persecuting the Pentecostal believers died painful deaths within in a short time. Higgins felt this was God’s vengeance repaying those men and boys for their actions.13

Higgins suffered a great sorrow with the death of his first wife, Erin, on December 16, 1919, about 2 weeks after the birth of their son, John. At that time Higgins was the father of 4 small children. About a year later he married Ella Elisabeth Rough at the Puxico, Missouri, Assembly of God parsonage. To that union were born 13 children. His wife, Ella, was also ordained and would often hold meetings in the churches they pastored whenever Higgins was preaching elsewhere. Four of the sons (Joseph, Minor, David, and Samuel) became ministers, and a daughter, Martha, married a minister (Dalton E. Webber).14

In later years Higgins encountered other persecution and trials, including his house being burned at Essex, Missouri; a flu epidemic at Yellville, Arkansas; raids by the Ku Klux Klan at Woodriver, Illinois; and rabbit fever at Litchfield, Illinois. In each case Higgins reported that God brought a dramatic deliverance.

God’s power was also manifest when Higgins was pastoring at Alton, Illinois. A 3-year-old child was very sick. The doctor came, and not long afterwards the baby died. However, the parents asked their pastor to pray for the child, and he did. After

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When the “Holy Rollers” Came to Summerfield, Louisiana

By E. L. Tanner

My wife and I were full of curiosity when we were told, “The Holy Rollers are coming!” We wondered why these strange religious people would expect folk to go to revival services through the deep mud of country roads such as we had in the little community of Summerfield, Louisiana.

The weather was cold and rainy when the strangers arrived—seven adults and one child—in January 1913. My father and two uncles, trustees of the Methodist Church, gave them permission to hold services there. None of them claimed to be a preacher, but all sang, testified, and explained the Scriptures.

Word got out that it was not a safe place for women and children, so only a few men and boys went at first. Finally one night a doctor broke the ice by bringing his wife and children, and others followed. The church was filled every night.

The first young man to respond to the altar call was picked up by two other men and carried from the altar.

A few nights later, to my great surprise, the first one at the altar was my wife! We had been married almost a year, and I knew her to be a quiet, timid person. Remembering the stories of how these folk supposedly would “hypnotize” people, I moved closer to see that nothing should happen to her.

As I sat watching her pray, she suddenly threw up her hands and began praising the Lord for salvation. Soon she began to sing in an unknown tongue as the Holy Spirit rested upon her. I was convinced that this was the work of God, although I was not saved until several months later.

In the summer of 1913, we attended a camp meeting at Malvern, Arkansas. There we met E. N. Bell whose paper, Word and Witness, had been an inspiration to us. When I went to pay him for a Bible I had ordered by mail, Brother Bell said to me, “I have no accounts against my brethren. Pay me what you remember the price to be.”

Evangelist Maria Woodworth-Etter came for the last few nights of this camp meeting. As she prayed, both a deaf-mute child and a lady dying with tuberculosis were instantly healed.

One night we were thrilled to hear the heavenly choir join the earthly voices in a song. Sister Etter had asked the choir to stand and sing, “Holy, Holy, Holy,” and to yield to the Spirit, for she believed the Lord was going to visit the meeting in a special way. As they sang, my wife and I, as well as the whole congregation, heard a separate and distinct choir of voices blending perfectly with those of the singers before us. The sound of music and voices came in from the front, then swelled to fill the entire large tent above our heads, and finally lifted to fade away in the distance. It was truly heavenly and not of this earth.”—E. L. Tanner

This article was published in the Pentecostal Evangel, December 18, 1966, as “When the Holy Rollers Came,” and was a chapter in Touched by the Fire, a book editor Wayne Warner compiled in 1978. See “Testimony Time” in this issue for a few thoughts on Tanner by Charles G. Clary.

In May 1924 we came to West Monroe, Louisiana, and the Lord helped us establish a church we served for some 30 years. God performed many miracles in this city. One was the healing of my wife in 1952.

When she became very ill, the doctor X-rayed and found she had cancer too far advanced for surgical help. The whole congregation went to its knees in prayer, and the Lord heard and answered by healing her completely. X-rays later showed no trace of the cancer. We do give God all the glory.
My father, Edward Franklin Sanders, was born December 27, 1883. He stumbled into a wonderful discovery early in his life: Prayer plus faith in God's promises produces miracles. My mother, Rosela Griggs, was much younger. She was born July 7, 1894. She and the family, sometimes rather reluctantly, went along for the ride. Many years later she wrote down what she had actually seen transpire through prayer. Her eight boys and one girl were often involved in those miracles. Mom tells in her own words about some of the amazing miracles she witnessed during a lifetime at the side of a simple tradesman turned preacher.

After hitting the sawdust trail in a 1916 Kansas City Crusade directed by Evangelist Billy Sunday, my father, a successful barber, spent all his time at home reading the Bible and each Sunday found him in some church, praying at their altar. That's the introduction. Pop soon enrolled in a Kansas City Bible School founded by Dr. Walter L. Wilson and answered the call to preach. Transcribed from handwritten memories, here is how Mom remembers the answers to those prayers that forced many doors open as they went about planting new churches throughout Missouri and Oklahoma beginning about 1920. —D. Leroy Sanders

Memories from a Pastor's Wife

ROSE SANDERS RECALLS MIRACLES

THE FIRST HEALING (KANSAS CITY)

The first healing in the family occurred in mid-December 1916. When I was seven months pregnant with Raymond (the first child), I had severe pains and was bleeding profusely. Dr. Burkhardt came out and said mother and child could not live until morning unless there was immediate delivery of the child. An ambulance was called and I was taken to the hospital. Ed had read in the Bible about healing, and he said as we were on our way to the hospital, "I will pray and you pray also." By noon the next day I had been visited by most of the interns and doctors of the hospital along with my doctor who declared nature had miraculously undertaken. When the baby was born two months later, he proudly showed the baby and told of the miracle.

THE FLU EPIDEMIC OF 1919

When John (the second child) was born, Pop had a chance to buy his own barbershop, which he did, on Southwest Boulevard. That was the winter the flu was so bad in Kansas City. Couldn’t even get enough help to bury all who died. Raymond became very sick with the flu. We went in the bedroom to pray for him when Ed came home from work. As we prayed for him the fever left and he got right up out of bed and followed us into the other room.

HEART TROUBLE HEALED

Ed had been afflicted with heart trouble and also stomach trouble for almost a year at this time. It became worse and he wouldn’t go anywhere by himself for fear he would drop dead. One night he gripped the sides of the pulpit to keep from falling. The next day or so as he was walking down the street in Lebanon he said to the Lord, "If you can get more glory out of my life like this, all right Lord." He was instantly healed.

EPILEPTIC HEALED

While he was working in his own barbershop, he had a man working for him who was an epileptic. Ed talked to him about healing, and the man asked him to pray for him. And the Lord wonderfully healed him. He heard (later) that Ed was back in Kansas City, so he came to see us and told us that he was still healed. As he got ready to leave, he took out his checkbook and wrote out a check for the exact amount of the ticket to Lebanon. Ed had not said a word about going or anything. Then he told the man that was the exact amount he needed and told him what for. That night he went to Lebanon, his first preaching mission.

GOITER DISAPPEARS

At this time Sister Woodworth-Etter came to Kansas City, Kansas to preach for Brother (Henry) Hoar. Pop was away, so I went almost every night, taking Raymond and John on the streetcar early in the afternoon so we could get
a seat. I saw the most wonderful baptisms of the Holy Spirit and healings of my entire life. I saw a goiter on a woman’s neck melt. Also a tumor in a woman’s stomach went down. A man got off a bed where he had been carried and walked. Dozens of people receiving the Baptism each night. It took police to hold back the crowds. From this time, 7th and Riverview prospered.

BRUSH ARBOR CROWDS

The Lord blessed in Pop’s revival close to Lebanon. People drove for ten to fifteen miles in wagons, getting to the brush arbor by sundown. People were saved every night. One night they estimated a thousand people were there. At the close of the revival an offering of seventy dollars was taken up. This was a large offering for that time. We had been getting as little as ten cents for two weeks. I was pregnant and at times was hungry, living on bread and gravy with meat. So this offering was really appreciated.

BOILING COFFEE EXPLODES

While we were in Joplin, a widow woman was boiling coffee in a half-gallon bucket. The lid blew off, filling her face with coffee grounds. They called us and by the time we arrived, all the skin was rolled off her face and water just dripping. We prayed and the pain ceased. We took chewing gum and got the grounds out of her eyes. Not a scar was left on her face.

Edward and Rosie Sanders

A DOLLAR IN THE WIND

We knew Charles Parham, who had been a Holiness preacher and was in charge of the Bible school in Topeka where the first woman (Agnes Ozman) received the Baptism. He came to our church in Joplin and preached and prayed for the sick. Also while in Joplin, it was in the wintertime and men were out of work. We were out of groceries. Raymond was out playing in the yard and found a dollar bill by our woodpile. Possibly blown there by the wind. Anyway, there was our grocery money.

CAR HEALED ON HIGHWAY 66

One of our families moved to Ash Grove and invited us up to hold a revival. On the way to Ash Grove the car stopped and we couldn’t find anything wrong with it. Pop kneeled right down on the ground on Highway 66 and prayed, then got up, cranked the car and we were off. Pop thanked the Lord for starting our car.

GIVE A QUARTER, RECEIVE $26

One afternoon we went out in the country to visit one of our deacons. A man was walking down the road so we picked him up and took him as far as we went. As we let him out of the car, Pop just sat there instead of driving on. Finally he said, I feel like giving that man this quarter (the last and only money we had), I said all right. He thanked us and said he hadn’t eaten anything all day. He was trying to get home for a funeral in his family. That night as I was shaking hands with a woman in our church she slipped something in my hand. At home I thought of my gift as I was taking off my coat and on opening it found a check for $26.00.

OKLAHOMA HAIL STORM

In the fall of 1926 there was a terrible wind storm in Oklahoma with rain and hail; big hail that broke windows. I walked the floor praying, with John right after me. (Pop was traveling in revivals). When the storm was over, there was not a house in town but ours that didn’t have a broken window. Lots of talk about the preacher’s house not touched.

CHILD DRINKS COAL OIL

One night as we started to a service, we were taking coal oil for the lamp; I set it down and turned around for something. Rosemary picked it up and started to drink some of it. I grabbed her up and laid her on the bed while stripping off her clothes. Her stomach swelled up right before my eyes. We prayed for her, washed her and dressed her again, and took her to church. When we told about it, everyone wondered at the healing.

SPINAL MENINGITIS HEALED

In the Spring of 1929, Ed was asked to come to Barnett to hold a revival. While there, Eugene took sick one night about four o’clock. He began to complain and his fever went so high he was almost immediately unconscious. I sent Raymond and John to call their father. So after church he drove home. All night I stood over Eugene, keeping him from falling out of bed. His head drew back and his feet drew up and he was in terrible misery. When Ed arrived home by daylight, another man with him, they prayed for him and at once the misery stopped and he sat up. There was an epidemic of this that time and a nurse told us that almost everyone died. The Lord healed him but the misery
The Southern Missouri District ran out of certificates for males when Edward Franklin Sanders received his in 1927. Secretary W. H. Boyles evidently changed the certificate gender with a pen. Signing the certificate were H. E. Waddle, A. A. Wilson, S. K. Biffle, and Boyles.

was so terrific that the eardrums burst.

WHEELCHAIR HEALING

We had a tent revival in West Lawn (Versailles) with two young fellows, Evangelists Martin and (Bond) Bowman. Unheard of crowds for that town, even the mayor came out. So many were saved and received the Baptism. Pop and Martin were called before the city council for noise. One night they brought a woman to church in a wheelchair. She hadn’t walked for eight months. We talked to her and prayed with her and she immediately walked. It caused many to believe in healing. One of our neighbors who belonged to the Excelsior Church was sick with rheumatic fever, suffering so that he could hardly have a cover on. They turned him in a sheet. He sent for us to come and pray for him. He was healed and that night rode in a buggy over rough roads ten miles to church to testify what God had done.

TYPHOID FEVER AND UNCOOKED BEANS

While we were pastoring at Barnett, one of the men was very sick with typhoid fever. After church on Sunday night, several of the men went to pray for him most of the night. The Lord healed him, and he was so hungry that he ate beans his wife was cooking while they were still not done. If you know anything about typhoid fever, you know this is a miracle.

HEAD-ON CAR CRASH WHILE PREGNANT

On September 14, 1931, we were holding a revival (between Barnett and Versailles) and started to church. We were about five miles from home when a man ran into us head-on. Ed was unconscious and they thought I would die. A large woman weighing over 200 pounds was in the back seat, and she had landed in my side. By the time we arrived at the tent (we were brought there by a passing acquaintance), there was a very large swollen place in my side. They prayed for us, and I think that the entire church followed us home and prayed all night. The neighbors heard that I was dead and that the unborn baby was dead, but after being in bed all week, the next Sunday morning a lovely healthy baby was born without a scar on him. The scar on my forehead that was open to the bone was healing nicely. In three weeks I was in the grocery store of the man who took us to the tent and home (he came back to our house the day after the wreck with a large amount of groceries) and a woman in the store said, “Mrs. Sanders, you were not hurt as bad as I heard you were.” I didn’t have time to answer. The grocer man turned around and said, “Oh, yes, she was worse than you heard, but she was healed.”

INFANTIGO SCABS FALL OFF

We went to Clinton, Missouri, for a revival, then on to Vinita, Oklahoma, where we stayed a few months. While there we had a wonderful healing. While doing some visitation work, I laid Ed Jr. down on a bed. The baby at the house had infantigo and our baby took it. Ed went out in the country to hold a revival, and Jr.’s face broke out and the disease spread rapidly. The baby’s face was a skid scab with his eyes swollen shut. Finally (Aunt) Dora wrote Ed that he had better come home. I was sitting in a chair rocking the baby (Ed and I compared the time afterward) and Ed went into the woods to pray. As I was mopping the baby’s face with cotton to take care of the discharge from
The Story of Another Mailman

I wish to tell the readers of Heritage the story of two mailmen. They both hailed from Summerfield, Louisiana, which is located near the Arkansas state line.

Everyone far and near knows the first one. His name is Karl Malone. He is simply referred to as “The Mailman.” He lights up the NBA scoreboard to the cheers of the thousands of fans. “The Mailman” gets the job done. He delivers! His career is ongoing, and his point total continues to rise.

The second mailman is not nearly so famous. He is the late Rev. Elmer Tanner (1887-1917). He too delivered. He too got it done. His delivery was prayer-soaked sermons from the Bible. To enter a new town with a view to starting a church was, to him, kind of an away game. The crowd was usually hostile. He survived more than E. L. and Mrs. Tanner with their daughter Mary in about 1920. The man behind is unidentified.

See elsewhere in this issue E. L. Tanner’s 1966 article, “When the ‘Holy Rollers’ Came to Summerfield, Louisiana.”

Richard Orchard with Martha Jane Ward, 1940. Martha is the daughter of C. M. and Dorothy Ward.

leadership. Following graduation from Bible school, I became a member of the C. M. Ward Evangelistic Party and traveled extensively in many meetings across the country.

For many years I served in family and senior camps in many states and Canada as Bible teacher. Two books were published: Look Who’s Coming, and This Is Our Hope, both by Gospel Publishing House. For several years many of my articles appeared in the Pentecostal Evangel, Advance, and Team.

It has been a life of faith, exciting, wonderful, filled with surprises. Three different years God permitted me to serve on a team that went to India for crusades in Madras and Bangalore and a MAPS trip to the Fiji Islands. My accordion has supplemented my preaching ministry from the beginning. The love of God to my heart has been manifested in many answers to prayer and actual miracles.

May God continue to use your ministry in giving us so many good articles in Heritage.

R. E. Orchard
Casper, Wyoming

R. E. Orchard
Revival Crossword
By Joyce Lee, Assistant Archivist

Answers are related to evangelists, evangelism, revival, tent meetings, etc.

ACROSS
1. With 24 Across, where some revivals were held
4. Abraham, formerly
8. Short for Public Relations
10. Works with 17 Across
11. A catch-all abbrev.
12. Adam's __________
14. A female child evangelist of the 30s
17. Hospital worker (Abbrev.)
18. Iron or stone ______
19. Evangelist Hammond
22. Sticky stuff
24. See 1 Across
26. Beginning for angle or corn
27. Abbrev. for North Dakota
28. The Lord our God is ______ (Deut. 6:4)
29. Say
31. All things are become ______ (2 Cor. 5:17)

32. First word of the Great Commission
33. Musical tone
34. Evangelist healed under ministry of 8 Down
35. Southern youth evangelist of the 1950s
36. Praise
37. Evang., Bible teacher, founder of Southwestern
40. Female child evangelist “still going strong”
41. . . to save that which was ______.
45. Well-loved British evangelist
48. A word to express obligation
50. Biblical pronoun
51. Revival-time evangelist
52. Site of first H.S. outpouring of the 20th century
57. My ______ is easy (Mt. 1:30)
58. Prefix meaning across or through
59. Zero
60. Child evangelist Uldine.

DOWN
1. Upper limb
2. A leader in the 1909 Thayer, MO revival
3. We should live by the Golden one
4. 312 ______ St.
5. Adjust again
6. Had lunch
7. Dynamic founder of Foursquare church
8. Editor of Golden Grain
9. Equip or furnish with gear
13. Early leader in South Dakota
15. Canadian evangelist family
16. Lady evang., who flourished in the late 19th century
18. Evangelist Segesman
19. Summer forecast
20. Crag
21. Neuter pronoun
23. 1950s evangelist from Missouri
24. Swamp
25. Wife of Missionary evangelist Mark Buntain (Variant spelling)
30. Half of a British good-bye
31. Brother of 4 Across
34. He says there is no God
37. Author of “Amazing Grace”
38. Biblical priest
39. Lower limb
41. Lady evangelist saved from the underworld
42. A pig is at home here
43. Early evangelists followed the ______ trail.
44. Wet dirt
46. Lang. of N.T.
47. Pastor of 4 Down
48. Evangelist Roberts
49. Measurement of stature (Abbrev.)
52. Small island
54. Founder of Stone Church
55. Evangelistic band founded by George Jeffreys
56. “A word fitly spoken,” for one
61. Superlative ending
62. Affirmative
65. Male offspring
66. Red or Black
67. Letter after el
68. Belonging to us
69. Many revivals were held here
70. Blind, piano-playing evangelist

Answers on page 35
Persons wishing to assist the Archives in its collection and preservation of historical materials should contact the office below. Materials needed include magazines, missionary newsletters and prayer reminders, artifacts, minutes, diaries, photographs, recordings, films, books, correspondence, etc.

A/G ARCHIVES
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W. Robert Mercer: “British Pentecostals” (Personal recollections and some materials on George Jeffreys) and cassette tape of George Jeffreys.

R. C. Cunningham: sermons of J. W. Welch (second general superintendent), transcribed by donor, and J. W. Welch memorial pamphlet; tracts by R. E. McAlister, Alice R. Flower, E. N. Bell, E. S. Williams, and Beatrice L. Sims.


Lois Hodges: master file of published articles written by Melvin L. Hodges (1931-91); other miscellaneous letters, memos, photos, etc.; notebook on School of Missions; Melvin L. Hodges lecture notes on indigenous church principles; 1940s-1983 family passports.


F. Eber Reitzel: postcards of Maranatha Park, Green Lane, Pennsylvania.

Elisabeth Lemp: Iceland to Nebraska (family history of Olafur Hallgrimsson and descendants).

Alexander C. Stewart: dedication ceremony of W. L. Bonner School of Bible and Theology, September 30, 1995; the first commencement exercise of the W. L. Bonner School of Bible and Theology, June 23, 1996, and other materials relating to this South Carolina institution. Raymond C. Perkins: 1996 research paper, “Israel and Missions.”

Robert Blodgett: clippings of references to M. L. Ryan and his mission from the Daily Oregon Statesman, 1900-06; other clippings from Portland papers, 1906-07; other documents on M. L. Ryan: Vivian Blakney: “Proclaiming Glad Tidings” by Marie Brown; “Living Sound and Song,” 1965 Evangel


Thomas and Elizabeth Zimmerman, left and right, visiting with J. Roswell and Alice Reynolds Flower on the dedication of Flower Hall at Central Bible College in 1966.


Philip Wannemacher: Assembly Messenger, Dec. 1949; postcard folder of Zion, IL, n.d. (When Voliva was head of Zion); Pentecostal Evangel, June 1, 1929; “Tuning in with the Infinite” by Cyrus B. Fockler; “Is the Antichrist Soon to Appear?” by L.B. Staats (pp. 1-12). Verna Flower: news clips from the 1950s re. ministry of George and Verna Flower in Dover, N.H. and Brockton, Mass.

Margaret Jay/ from page 15

answered! We also rededicated our lives to God’s will for our future.

I spent a happy year in England visiting my numerous relatives. In
1946, I heard from Len and Ada Bolton who had returned to China,
that the American School had been reopened. An American teacher by
the name of Doris Marsh had taken it over. About that time, the Foreign
Missions Department in Springfield, Missouri, requested that I return to
Kunming also, and help in the school.

So it was back to China in May 1947 to pick up where I had left off in
October 1941. I returned with Elsie and Irene Bolton through the States
and back to China. On November 7 we arrived in Hong Kong. What
memories of the past 4 years flooded my mind with our return! Len and
Ada Bolton met us and then arranged air flight to Kunming. A warm wel­
come awaited us when we arrived.

The school reopened in January 1948 with Doris Marsh teaching the
secondary level, or high school, and I teaching the primary level. We had
several new scholars, as well as former Tali students, making a total of
26 enrolled. Len Bolton had overseen the construction of a large brick
building for the school, with rooms upstairs for boarding the children.
Ada supervised the missionary home nearby which had 50 people at times.
It was a joy for me to be back teaching missionary children as well as
children from other families in the area.

One day, a letter from home told me of the death of Mrs. Sydney
Wells, my sister-in-law Dorothy’s mother. She had suffered from can­
cer of the spine. The Wellses had been very good friends, and my heart
ached with sympathy for the sorrowing family. Later on, Sydney Wells
and I started corresponding, as he was very interested in the missionary
work we were doing.

Meanwhile, school matters claimed most of my time. A school
board had been elected, and school plans and programs were arranged. I
had 18 in the elementary school, and Miss Marsh had 8 high school stu­
dents, including Elsie and Irene Bolton. We had American, German,
Finnish, and Norwegian children in our school. On Sunday, we organized
Sunday school, followed by services for everyone. There were many
speakers available who enjoyed ministering to the children.

One day after a year of teaching in the school, a letter came from
Sydney in England that he wanted very much to marry me. He asked if
I would return to England for several days. I was in a state of perplexity as
there was so much to do for the school. However, Anita Osgood, 16
years old, told me she was praying and fasting so that I would
know if it were God’s will for

The China school teacher, Margaret Jay, becomes a December 1948 bride of Sydney
Wells in England.

A letter came from Sydney in England asking me to marry him. I was in a state
of perplexity. Anita Osgood, a 16-year-old student said,
“It’s all right, Auntie. God
has assured me that it is His
will for you to go back to
England, and He will work
it all out!”

me to return to England. On the sec­
ond day, she came to me and with a
loving hug, said, “It’s all right,
Auntie. God has assured me that it is
His will for you to go back to
England, and He will work it all out!”

The Parents’ Day Program in
October of 1948 was the climax
of the school year. We had an audience
of 140 with art and schoolwork of all
kinds exhibited in the schoolrooms.
Scenes from Dickens’ “Christmas
Carol” were portrayed. I gave a
farewell address explaining that,
though I was leaving for England
shortly to get married, I would con­
tinue to pray and take an interest in
the American School. The students
and their families presented me with
a beautifully embroidered Chinese
bedspread as a parting gift. We con­
cluded the program with excerpts
from “The Merchant of Venice.”
Miss Marsh proudly presented high
school diplomas to two students—
Elsie Bolton and David Van Meter,
who had completed their correspond­
ence course with the American
School in Chicago.

I was happy to hear that the
Boltons had been able to procure a
new teacher, Miss Downey from
Canada, to take my place in the ele­
mentary school.

On November 2, 1948, I bade a
fond farewell to all the missionaries
and children, and I left for Hong
Kong. While there, I was able to
meet many friends from Stanley
Camp Prison and to attend the

*A Anita Osgood later married Gerrit Kenyon, pastor
of First Assembly, Millville, New Jersey.
Remembrance Day services on Sunday. On November 8 I left by BOAC for my flight back to England. How different was this homegoing than the last one! I was able to say with Samuel, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!” (I Samuel 7:12).

PROLOGUE

Margaret Jay and Sydney Wells were married on December 11, 1948, at the Congregational Church in Ipswich, Suffolk, England, with many loving relatives and friends attending the wedding. By May of the following year, the Bolton’s had to disband the school due to the defeat of General Chiang Kai shek by Mao Tse-tung of the People’s Republic of China (Communists). General Chiang was forced to flee to Taiwan. Pressure was put on all foreigners to leave.

After Sydney and Margaret enjoyed 20 years of marriage, Sydney passed away to be with the Lord. In 1975, Cyril Martin, widower of Margaret’s friend Winnie, came to Bournemouth where Margaret lived. Their friendship deepened, resulting in their marriage. After 3 years of loving companionship, Cyril was suddenly called home. Later Margaret went to live in a nursing home.

My sister Irene Riddle and I had the opportunity to go to England in September 1990 and visit “Auntie Margaret,” as we called her. What a wonderful reunion we had with our former beloved teacher, foster mother, and mentor! We spent an hour or more talking and praying with Margaret Jay Martin. She was now 90 years old, but her face still radiated with the glory of God and the peace that passes all understanding.

The following February 1991, Irene and I received the news that dear Margaret Jay Martin had passed on to be with the Lord she loved! What a rich reward she will receive in heaven for her investment in so many young lives! Only eternity will reveal the long-reaching effect her teaching and her loving ministry had on all who knew her!—Elise Ezzo

OLD-TIME TENT

REVIVAL MEETINGS

At the General Council, August 6-9


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Indianapolis and the A/G / from page 8

Assemblies of God headquarters in Springfield, MO.

During the same years, the Zimmermans accepted invitations that linked them to larger Pentecostal settings as well as to other evangelicals. Interested in evangelical cooperation through the National Association of Evangelicals from that organization’s inception he has attended most of its annual meetings and served as its president. His experience in radio preaching while in Granite City and his involvement with the first Assemblies of God radio program made him interested in the progress of evangelical cooperation for broadcasting, and he became a founding member and prime mover in the national Religious Broadcasters Association. The Zimmermans have also been active in the world Pentecostal Conferences: Thomas Zimmerman serves as Chairman of the Executive Committee. He is also U. S. president of the Lausanne Committee for World Evangelization. Service to evangelical voluntary associations like the American Bible Society also marked his years of active ministry.

Rose Sanders Remembers / from page 26

the sores, the discharge dried up before my eyes. Then next morning when we got up, the scab, the shape of his cheek was left on the pillow. No place the size of a pin head on his face hadn’t been covered with sores. The folk that he caught it from went to the doctor and all winter long suffered. The doctor would drive in and then the baby spent time crying, and it would break out again. There was never a scar on Jr.s face.

CANCERS FALL OFF

We had so many wonderful healings. One woman who had a cancer on her face was prayed for in a service, and in the next few days it fell off her face. A baby had a growth on her neck. The neck was swollen to twice its size. She was prayed for and it went down to normal.

DIVINE HEALING WORKED FOR 36 YEARS

Our children, while home, never had a dose of medicine or homemade remedy of any kind. Thirty-six years, nine children, and complete trust in the Lord for their healing.

TONGUE BITTEN IN TWO PIECES

One afternoon I was feeding Eugene his bottle, when Leroy, who was almost two and a half years old, began turning around and around on the linoleum covered floor. I had just warned him that he was going to fall when down he went, hitting his chin on the floor and biting his tongue. When his father, who was outside, came in, he found both Leroy and myself crying and very bloody. Pop immediately prayed for Leroy and we began to wash away the blood. When we could finally see the tongue, it looked like it was in two pieces. The neighbors said, “He will never talk plain. He won’t be able to eat with a spoon or eat any solid food for weeks.” But the Lord had undertaken. The next morning he ate his cereal with a spoon as usual. No after effects.

MOCKER HITS THE FLOOR

In our early ministry in Lebanon, we went out in the country to hold meetings in a schoolhouse. It was rough country and rough people. Pentecost was unheard of, and we were something unusual to see. There was a great deal of disturbance, led by a woman who came every night and sat in about the center of the house. It took the grace of God to sing and preach with what was going on. After a few nights of this, all of which time Pop was praying, we were standing for an altar call and the woman who was standing hit the floor, stretched out just like someone had thrown her down. A couple of the men carried her out to the porch and laid her down. Pop went out and prayed for her. She recovered and, from that night on there was perfect behavior and a good revival.

TUMOR ON THE BRAIN DISAPPEARS

While we were living in Jefferson City, one of the women who belonged to our church brought her 12 or 13 year old niece to our house to be prayed for. She had terrible headaches and two doctors in the city had decided she had a tumor on the brain, and they were sending her to Mayo Clinic the next day. We prayed for her and she said the headache left immediately. But they sent her on to the hospital. Several doctors there examined her and could find nothing the matter with her. When the Jefferson City doctors heard it, they were amazed because they had proven to their own satisfaction that she did have a brain tumor. The girl’s father sent her down to our house with a five dollar bill for praying for her. Of course Pop refused to accept it. We saw the girl frequently through the years and after she grew up and married we talked with her and she never had a recurrence of the trouble.

D. Leroy Sanders, Roseville, California, is a retired Assemblies of God pastor. After retiring from First Assembly, North Hollywood, he served as a chaplain for 10 years at the Motion Picture and Television Fund Retirement Center in Woodland Hills, California.

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Higgins prayed, the child opened its eyes and coughed, and the doctor said he had never seen a person survive after being dead. He attributed it to prayer.

Higgins reported other testimonies of healing in his book, including his own healing of tuberculosis the same week that he was saved. He wrote, “I have seen a limb shorter than the other made as long as the other. One man totally blind was made to see in just a few minutes at Hot Springs, in 1914. One man was healed of pellagra. He was not allowed to come in, but somehow he slipped in and was prayed for.”8 Later at a camp meeting in Essex, Missouri, he witnessed the healing of three deaf mutes and rejoiced later to hear them speak clearly afterwards.

God also brought healing to his own family. Out of 17 children, all were protected from grave misfortune. One of the children was healed of acute pneumonia. The rest of the children each had their share of diseases, but in each case the Lord brought healing.

Higgins also shared an outstanding case of deliverance from demonic power. At a meeting he conducted in about 1920, there was a man who came forward to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. But when the man came to the altar, he began crawling and writhing on his stomach without using his hands and feet. He was hissing like a snake. Higgins immediately said, “This is demon power.” Two women helped him pray for the young man, and he was delivered from demon possession and then received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.16

And in times of need, God provided. Once when in Granite City, Illinois, Higgins had only one suit of clothes. It had gotten dirty, so he took it to the cleaners by faith. He put on a pair of overalls and tried to find work. He could find no work as a barber (which was his trade), and he journeyed to a farm to help with cutting the corn; but by the time he

“I believe that if a person really has the call of God, wherever there is an open door, wherever there are people without the glorious Pentecostal message of power and victory over sin, we should make some provision to go and evangelize them.”—Walter J. Higgins

In 1955, at the age of 72, Walter J. Higgins decided to retire from pioneer work. He had preached services in almost every kind of temporary quarters, ranging from brush arbors, rented store buildings, and schools to even converted saloons. In 44 years he had organized 25 churches in 23 states and figured he was getting too old to continue in pioneer work. During that same period some 30,000 people had responded to his altar calls and personal evangelism by accepting Christ as their Savior.17

And in honor of his many years of service in planting churches, he was given special recognition at the General Council meeting that year in Oklahoma City. In a newspaper report in the Daily Oklahoman, he stated, “At my age, I think I should stick to preaching and evangelism.” He did continue to evangelize in Oklahoma, Arkansas, Illinois, Missouri, and other places. And he continued to pastor the Bostonia Assembly of God in El Cajon, California, which he had founded in 1950. He was 75 years old when he passed away at El Cajon on February 21, 1960.18 Funeral services were conducted in San Diego by L. E. Halvorson, Southern California District Superintendent.

After his death, his widow, Ella, who also was ordained, married Alexander Benjamin, another Assemblies of God minister. Ella passed away September 10, 1995 at Siloam Springs, Arkansas at age 91. Out of 17 Higgins children, 9 are living today. They remember their father as an outstanding evangelist and pastor who also lived his faith in the home.

On the subject of pioneering, Higgins wrote, “I believe that if a person really has the call of God, wherever there is an open door, wherever there are people without the glorious Pentecostal message of power and victory over sin, we should make some provision to go and evangelize them.”19

Walter J. Higgins’ favorite Scripture was Titus 2:11-13. “For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and
PHOTOS FROM OUR READERS

Margaret A. Jacobsen (Mrs. Rayder O.), Auburn, Massachusetts, donated the photo of Cuba (Hill) Hall and Irene (Williamson) Jorgenson, at the right, to the Archives. Cuba Hill became a missionary to Upper Volta (now Burkina Faso) in 1931 and married missionary John Hall in 1934. She now lives in Springfield, Missouri, and will be 92 in August. Irene Williamson was under appointment to Nicaragua in 1929-30 but returned to this country because of illness. She married Einar Jorgenson, a Salvation Army officer in California. She is now deceased. Here are Mrs. Jacobsen’s comment about the photo.

In January I was in Portland, Maine, to hear Bro. George Wood speak. He referred to Missionary and Mrs. John Hall and triggered many fond memories of them each time they returned on furlough. My home church is the Full Gospel Tabernacle in Reedley, California. It was here that Cuba Hill and Irene Williamson pastored the small mission that became Full Gospel Tabernacle [beginning in the late 1920s]. Bro. Leland R. Keys, as presbyter, had come and officially brought the church into the Assemblies of God. [See photo of Mr. and Mrs. Keys on page 17 of this issue.]

I have returned from spending 3 weeks in Reedley with my older brother. We sorted through some old pictures and found the picture of Irene and Cuba...I know I also have a picture of Bro.

worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ.”

Notes

5. Walter J. Higgins, application for ordination.
7. Ibid., p. 6.
16. Ibid., p. 6.
17. Warner, p. 28; Higgins, Pioneering in Pentecost, p. 82.

Answers to Crossword/from page 28

- ARBOR
- ABRAM
- PRUE
- DRA
- A
- UZ
- ETC
- RIB
- E
- MARY
- LOUISE
- PAIGE
- W
- REN
- E
- HCR
- O
- AGE
- HATTIE
- E
- GOO
- BRUSH
- O
- TRIND
- ONE
- UTTER
- S NEW
- GO
- LA
- FOX
- MAYO
- LAUD
- NELSON
- HR
- D
- ADELE
- O
- LOST
- SM
- WIGGLE
- SWORTH
- A
- OUT
- TEPKA
- YOKE
- WAR
- N
- DIA
- NIL
- P
- M
- PME
- PI
- PLOTT
- SE
- S
- SEA
- EM
- L
- U
- OUR
- TENTS
- R
- HENRY
- N
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